

OLD PATHS AND LEGENDS
OF
NEW ENGLAND



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By KATHARINE M. ABBOTT

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G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

NEW YORK

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OLD PATHS AND LEGENDS OF NEW ENGLAND

*SAUNTERINGS OVER HISTORIC ROADS WITH
GLIMPSES OF PICTURESQUE FIELDS AND
OLD HOMESTEADS IN MASSACHU-
SETTS, RHODE ISLAND, AND
NEW HAMPSHIRE*

BY

KATHARINE M. ABBOTT



BY THE RUDE BRIDGE THAT
ARCHED THE FLOOD,
THEIR FLAG TO APRIL'S
BREEZE UNFURLED,
HERE ONCE THE EMBATTLED
FARMERS STOOD,
AND FIRED THE SHOT HEARD
ROUND THE WORLD.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK AND LONDON
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BY
KATHARINE M. ABBOTT

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TO THOSE
WHO LOVE THE
OLD ASSOCIATIONS, WHO
DELIGHT TO STEAL AWAY FROM
THESE RESTLESS DAYS TO THE TRAN-
QUILLITY OF EARLY NEW ENGLAND LIFE
AND SIMPLICITY OF ANCIENT HOMESTEADS, TO
THOSE WHO FAIN WOULD LISTEN TO THE
STORY OF EACH HILL, VALLEY, TREE
AND BROOK OF THE OLD BAY
STATE, THIS LITTLE BOOK
IS SYMPATHETICALLY
INSCRIBED

PREFACE

ONCE upon a time it might have been said, "Who knows an American town?" The world had been introduced to portions of our beautiful land—to the Hudson by Washington Irving, to Lake George by Cooper, and to California by Bret Harte, yet countless fascinating byways were quite neglected. Some travellers thought we were too young to be interesting; others in the words of the *Old Play* directed their search "to farthest Inde in quest of novelties," blinking owl-like at "ten thousand objects of int'rest wonderful" before their very thresholds, and even the most indefatigable lovers of America became discouraged by difficulties in the way of travelling almost insurmountable. The American found it a far more simple affair to journey with the immortals from Loch Katrine to Mont Blanc, than to follow the course of Whittier's Merrimack with its sheaf of legends from source to sea.

To-day we have changed all that: new modes of travel and philanthropic societies for the promotion of good roads have so successfully battled with the discomforts of long distances that our history-loving countryman, with his favorite volume in his pocket, may step down by the wayside from the wheel, the electric car, or automobile, and explore some little stream to the spot where the grist-mill's wheel turns still, and, in the hand-made nails of a primitive garrison, live over again, as it were, his great-great-grandfather's experiences. His thrill of sympathy with the past is akin to that which comes on seeing for the first time under the warmth of an Italian sun, rich roses smothering in wild luxuriance the balcony on which Juliet leans in one

of Verona's delicately tinted palaces. In this environment that old story, no one knows how old, appears to have happened but yesterday; and thus in the New World, with the inspiration of visiting the scene of the poet's theme, has come about a revival of American poets and American history.

I have tried to bring together in small compass and somewhat consecutively, from widely scattered sources, legends and illuminating chronicles of authors and travelers, things of which I myself have felt the want, believing that it may at least suggest a wider investigation of such a delightful and exhaustless subject as old New England.

My pages reveal to how long a list of authors I am indebted, and to their publishers for permission to include extracts from their works, especially to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., who have placed on our shelves many volumes of American poetry and vivid reminiscences which picture a fast-fading side of New England life. I wish to express gratitude to the artists who have lent their piquant interpretations of New England's charm in summer and winter, a story no pen alone can tell; to historians and librarians, to members of patriotic societies, and to many, many others who have graciously offered stores of home traditions out of pure love of their own countryside; these form a great brotherhood in harmony with the patriot creed of Félix Gras:

“I love my village more than thy village,
I love my province more than thy province,
I love France above all!”

BELVIDERE, LOWELL,
May, 1903.

K. M. A.

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Richardson's Brook, Dracut.

*"And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
With the master so cruel and grim,
And the shaded nook in the running brook,
Where the children went to swim?"*

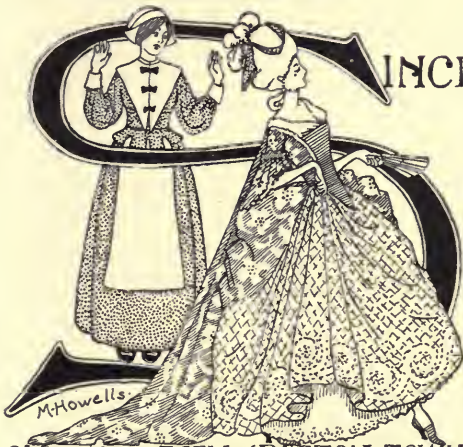
OLD PATHS AND LEGENDS OF NEW ENGLAND

BOSTON

THE MARSHALLING OF EVENTS PRECEDING LEXINGTON

*"Where are you going, Lord Lovell," she said:
"Oh! where are you going?" said she.
"I'm going, my Lady Nancy Belle,
Strange countries for to see, to see,
Strange countries for to see."*

OLD BALLAD.



OLD MIDDLESEX & BOSTON TOWN

INCE you are at last arrived in Boston and are to realize your beautiful dreams of trips over the old roads of Middlesex, Essex, the Old Colony, and even to the banks of the Piscataway, climb first the cupola of the State House, whose corner-stone was laid by

Samuel Adams,—himself a corner-stone of our independence,—assisted by the Masonic Grand Master Paul Revere. Look beyond the masts of tossing ships in the sun-kissed Harbor to the bold headland of Hull, the old Nantascot,

2 Old Paths and Legends of New England

whose grand sands possess once more the pristine beauties enjoyed by the Pilgrims. There is The Castle; ye fforty-ficacion of ye Port, first a Puritan stronghold; second Castle William, a bulwark of the Province; a sometime prison of Sir Edmund Andros:—almost had he succeeded in making his escape, disguised as a woman, had not a military boot belied his petticoats as he attempted to pass the outer guard. To this Royalist fort the harassed Governor Hutchinson fled from his beautiful Milton home, seeking refuge under the King's colors.

The Castle standard underwent many vicissitudes: Puritan abhorrence of the Cross of St. George caused the flag constantly to disappear, to the discomfiture of the commander and the loyal masters of ships; Endicott even dared, for conscience' sake, to cut out the cross. When Sir Henry Vane succeeded Winthrop as Governor he was forced to beg the use of a ship's flag to display on the Castle, lest the sailors carry news of the absence of the royal standard to England and the colonists be rated as rebels. Picture the royal boy-Governor of twenty-four, the dashing young nobleman in plumed hat and courtly attire, preceded by four sergeants with halberds, steel caps, bandoleers, and small arms, leaving his house at the head of Queen (Court) Street in the plain little town of Boston to sit under the bare great beams of the First Church. Milton wrote a sonnet to this brilliant knight, Harry Vane,¹ who became the leader of the Republican party in the English Parliament, suffered imprisonment through his rival Cromwell, and on the restoration of the Stuarts was beheaded for treason by Charles II., though not a Regicide:

“ Vane young in years, but in sage counsel old
Than whom a better Senator ne'er held
The helm of Rome.”

¹A magnificent bronze statue of Vane by Macmonnies stands in the vestibule of the Boston Public Library; the inscription by James Freeman Clarke being a most interesting presentation of his character.

After the Boston Massacre, the citizens forced the British soldiery to make their quarters at The Castle, crying with Adams, "Both regiments or none shall go." Captain Preston and others implicated were tried before Chief-Justice Lynde, with John Adams and Josiah Quincy, the patriots, and Robert Auchmuty as counsel for the defence, and Robert Treat Paine for the prosecution. Preston and all others were acquitted, except two who were sentenced to be branded on the hand. On the evacuation of Boston, the English garrison blew up the magazine of The Castle. Colonel Leslie's regiment departed without ceremony. Young Colonel John Trumbull, just out of Harvard, acting under Washington's commission, raised the flag of thirteen stripes over its ruins, and new bastions were constructed under Lieutenant-Colonel Paul Revere. Doubtless, during these lively days in Boston Harbor, Trumbull received vivid inspiration for his future memorial paintings of the Revolutionary War.

In 1779 the guns of Castle Island saluted the Marquis de Lafayette on his brig *Hermione*, as he passed on to disembark at Hancock's wharf. Received with enthusiasm by Congress, appointed Major-General, he gained the friendship, more precious still, of the great Washington! Finally, in 1779, the island fortress was rechristened Fort Independence by President John Adams. Built by Governor Dudley in 1634, it is the most ancient military post in the United States continuously occupied for defensive purposes.

Yesterday as you steamed up Boston Harbor in the brilliant early light of a June morning, a bugle sounded the *reveillé*; you saw the wonderfully picturesque and interesting way in which the city spires and buildings rose terrace-like toward the dominating Golden Dome on Beacon Hill. In like manner events at the beginning of the history of the old Bay State group themselves about Beacon Hill, the centre of the Trimountain. Long, long ago on its topmost

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peak, the Beacon's iron skillet blazed with ominous fire to warn the colonists of Indian depredation or British aggression. General Gage, finding a tar-barrel there, momentarily



expected to see it fired to call the troops from the ships in the harbor.

At the opening of the twentieth century in the frosty midnight air the soft miraculous light of the State House Dome flashed out its evening signal of peace and prosperity, as it were the unspoken "All 's well!" of the modern town-watch, or a benediction to the multitude assembled on the Common led by the venerable Edward Everett Hale, our captain in the reverent searchings for the old traditions.¹ With a long blast, four trumpeters on the Senate balcony answered the stroke of one from King's

The American cause appeared to be lost; Congress assembled despairing; when Lafayette, resolving to consecrate to this sublime cause his fortune and his sword, equipped a frigate and embarked for Charlestown.—Histoire Moderne.

the Senate balcony answered the stroke of one from King's

¹ The exercises were arranged by Edwin D. Mead, President of the Twentieth Century Club.

Chapel. The Handel and Haydn Society sang the prophetic hymn written by Judge Sewall for the new-born eighteenth century. This honest Judge, who stood up in the Old South to acknowledge his mistaken judgments in the witchcraft cases, would have found the curious spells cast by poor



Boston Common as Samuel Sewall saw it.

witches far less amazing than this instantaneous magic illumination of the great city and its suburbs by countless lesser suns. Through Sewall's Elm Pasture, his estate so-called, over its original Coventry and Bishop-Stoke streets and across the Puritan's Beacon Hill of wild rose and bayberry, swiftly glides to-day the odd carriage without the horse

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toward long lines of great houses in the Back Bay. Here in the past spread water, water everywhere, and the merchant rowed across to Muddy River (Brookline) to inspect swine and other cattle which were kept on his farm in the summer whilst the corn was on the ground in Boston, and brought back to town in winter.

In spite of the philosophy of Judge Sewall and a decided fondness of adventure displayed in his entertaining *Diary*, I fancy he would demur at accompanying us over his favorite turnpikes if, instead of travelling in seventeenth-century style on his good horse (without the carriage), he must forsooth first descend into our uncanny subterranean passage under Boston Common, on which he was accustomed to see cows grazing and witness the executions of Indians and Quakers.¹ How Sewall would marvel at the sensation of

¹ That cows were pastured on Boston Common as late as 1820 is shown by contemporaneous illustration on a rare plate of Staffordshire pottery in the collection of R. T. H. Halsey of New York. This plate—included among the exquisite reproductions in blue of Mr. Halsey's volume, *Pictures of Early New York in Dark Blue Staffordshire Pottery*—depicts the State House, and the Hancock mansion, which entertained Washington, Lafayette, D'Estaing, and often forty French officers, so that in despair of provisions Madame Hancock sent her cooks out to milk the cows on the Common. It also depicts the Mayor John Phillips's house, the Dr. John Joy, Joseph Coolidge, Thomas Perkins, and Thomas Amory houses. The latter, erected 1796, stands at the corner of Beacon and Park streets. It was occupied by Governor Christopher Gore, Fisher Ames, Malbone, the miniature painter, Samuel Dexter, celebrated lawyer, and George Ticknor, scholar. It was offered in 1824 by Mayor Quincy to Lafayette when the nation's guest. On this visit he laid the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument. Below, on Park Street, facing these beautiful elms, its north windows overlooking the pensive Granary Burying-Ground, is the Quincy mansion. On the street floor is a book room, in literary welcome after the sentiment of the agreeable old-time book-shop of the Misses Peabody in West Street. The Somerset Club House in Beacon Street was the Sears mansion, and Governor Bowdoin's house near the corner of Bowdoin, was occupied by General Burgoyne, and the Hancock mansion by General Clinton.



The Gardiner Greene Mansion, Pemberton Hill, Boston; built about 1758 by William Vassall on the estate set down in the Book of Possessions as belonging to the Rev. John Cotton. Here Mr. Vassall [a relative of the Vassalls who erected the present Longfellow house, Cambridge] lived in state, entertaining Earl Percy, 1775; he became a refugee. In 1803, Gardiner Greene bought the mansion, and laid out a terraced garden, "the most conspicuous and elegant" in Boston. It held the famous Japanese ginkgo tree, now on Beacon Street Mall of the Common near Joy Street path. Mr. Greene's second wife was a daughter of his Beacon Hill neighbor, John Singleton Copley, whose estate included Blackstone's six acres.

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being swiftly propelled up into the sunlight by an unseen force, perhaps as far as Mystic River, to knock at the door of the familiar Cradock house in Medford, or across Harvard Bridge to search for some feature of the Harvard College of 1668. The old road which he travelled to Cambridge was by Somerville and the Cambridge Woods, through Kirkland Street. In that decade, one Sargeant was convicted by the Harvard Corporation and sentenced "to be publicly whipped before all the scholars, and sit alone by himself in the Hall uncovered at meals during the pleasure of the President and Fellows, and be in all things obedient or else be finally expelled the Colledge."

In the summer of 1630, when the worthies Governor Winthrop, Coddington, and other men of Lincolnshire came to the Charles River from Salem, which pleased them not as a site for the capital, William Blaxton the recluse stepped forth from his solitary hut on his exclusive peninsula of *Shawmutt* and offered them the hospitality of his spring and a share in his pasture on Boston Common. Whether he offered them "Blackstone apples" is not recorded, but this "man of a particular humour," soon wearied of the Lords-Brethren, as he had of the Lords-Bishops of England, and drove his cattle to far-distant Rehoboth.

In the State House, which stands in Governor Hancock's field, you must see the charter of Massachusetts Bay Colony, brought over by Winthrop in the good ship *Arbella*, named for that beautiful Lady Arbella, of whom Mather said, "she took New England in her way to heaven." Her husband, Isaac Johnson, "a holy man and wise," held so large an interest in the New England adventure that he selected for his lot the square between Tremont, Washington, Court, and School streets, and built his house where the Old Suffolk County Court House stands. Mr. Johnson's request to be buried at the upper end of his lot now adjoining King's

Chapel, originated the first burial-ground of the Colony. (September, 1630.)

Let us turn over the leaves of Young's *Chronicles of Massachusetts* and Governor Winthrop's *Diary*, and follow the pioneers who left their good wives with Endicott at Salem, while they took little journeys of exploration up the Mystic and the Charles to find a place for their sitting down. You will agree that the letter of Deputy-Governor Dudley to The Right Honorable my very good Lady—the Lady Bridget, Countess of Lincoln—is the most vivid narrative of all these quaint, delightful, brief relations of early adventure in New England's plantation, this fascinating literature, half-autobiographical, half-narrative, of Francis Higginson, of Richard Mather, Wood, Hubbard, Cotton, and White. Like the apostles of old, each chronicler writes the New-World story out of his own experience and in the simple language of *Pilgrim's Progress*. These were leaders of men, guides of courageous bands, who left all the sacred grandeur, beauty, and comforts of Old England, that they might freely worship God in cabins and garrets, if need be, in face of the gaunt terrors of an unsubdued wilderness.

Some of these were of the seaport of old Boston, by the river Witham in Lincolnshire, a city of merchants, no one knows how many centuries old. The legend has come down to us of the derivation of the name "Boston." The harpers sang of a monastery, St. Botolph's in the Fields, Botolph being the patron saint of mariners, whose name interpreted in good Saxon means "to help the boat." Under the tutelage of the monks after a time little hamlets increased, and the graziers of the country round about became weary of directing many travellers to shelter by a name of such length, thus they spoke quickly the long title and "St. Botolph's in the Fields" gradually dwindled into Boston. The men of this maritime town dedicated their lovely parish

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church to Saint Botolph. Its corner-stone was laid by Dame Margaret Tilney in 1309, and as a fitting tribute to the good offices of their patron, they built the finest tower in England, and hung therein a lantern as a guide to mariners at a great distance. This venerable pile, where Cotton preached, was resigned by Dudley, Bellingham, and others who desired, above all, simplicity in worship.

In New Boston more than one sober Puritan in steeple-crowned hat, seated on the wooden settle at his unadorned fireside, told the story of the Sabbath of his boyhood days to his grandchildren as an admonition that all vanity may lure the unwary into sin.

In his cocked hat, slashed doublet, and silken hose he had knelt under the subdued light in the great nave of St. Botolph's, where fifty windows shed forbidden luxuries of color on titled heads; where twelve carved and massive pillars and three hundred and sixty-five broad steps paved the way to wicked extravagance of life: his lady mother instructed him that these steps were typical of the weeks, months, and days of the year, the flight of time not to be wasted in slothfulness. Others say that the twelve pillars signify the twelve apostles. And the grandsire especially loved to describe its lofty tower, the wonder of travellers, and to repeat the saying of the Puritans that St. Botolph's¹ lantern ceased to burn when its vicar, the Rev. John Cotton, their silver trumpet, their Attic Muse, severed the chains of custom and ordinance and sought Boston, the new land, that he might preach a more austere life unfettered by the decrees of Laud.

¹ A chapel in St. Botolph's has been restored and a monument erected to Cotton, in the name of Cotton's descendants and admirers, by Edward Everett. His address at Plymouth contains a most interesting reference to these links between old and new Boston. Boston in Lincolnshire sent us her charter framed in the wood of St. Botolph's Church, which hangs in our City Hall.

Cotton despised not the day of small things, and great was the flutter and perturbation in Boston when the teacher of the First Church "inveighed loudly from the pulpit against wearing of lace veils over the face, newly the mode, as a sinful and abominable practice, arguing a corrupt heart." Governor Endicott defended the custom, not holding the veil to be a snare of the devil as did Master Cotton. Nevertheless, the demure Penelope Pelham, recently arrived from England on a visit to her brother, Herbert Pelham, Treasurer of Harvard College, was much perturbed, as "I came hither with a smart new veil cast over my Tiffany hood." She writes in her *Diary*: "Alack! how countless are the wiles of the tempter! Nothing surely seemeth more innocent than this film of network which marvellously enhanceth the comeliness of an indifferent face!" This young gentlewoman, Penelope Pelham,¹ as Winthrop relates in his *History of New England*, became the wife of Richard Bellingham, Governor.

Much more grave and weighty advice had the worthy Cotton given to the colonists. His celebrated *Farewell to Winthrop's Company* was a factor in the immediate prosperity and independence of the settlements.

Look well to your plantation, said he; be not unmindful of your Jerusalem at home! Neglect not walls and bulwarks and fortifications for your defence. Go forth, every man that goeth, with a public spirit; looking not on your own things but also on the things of others.

Sixthly and lastly. *Offend not the poor native, but as you partake in their land, so make them partakers of your precious faith.*

Benjamin Woodbridge, the first graduate of Harvard, eulogizes Cotton, the ripest scholar in New England, as a living, breathing Bible!

¹ *Penelope's Suitors*, by Edwin Lassetter Bynner.

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His very name a title-page; and next
His life a commentary on the text;
O! What a monument of glorious worth
When in a new edition, he comes forth
Without erratas, may we think he 'll be
In leaves and covers of eternity!

It is interesting to compare this eulogy with the epitaph of Benjamin Franklin, composed by himself.

At the date of Dudley's letter to the Countess of Lincoln from Boston, March 12, 1630, signed "Your Honor's Old Thoughtful Servant T. D.," the Indians have been carried off by a pestilence, some believed by a special providence to make room for the whites. Dudley has made acquaintance with Chickatabut upon the river *Neponset* near to the *Massachusetts Fields* by the *Great Blue Hill*, also with Sagamore John seated upon *Mystic*, and Sagamore James upon the *Saugus*; upon the Merrimack dwelt the powerful Passaconaway, "esteemed by us a witch." Dudley passed lightly over the settlements begun at *Wessagussett* (Weymouth), at *Plymouth* and *Mount Wollaston* (Quincy), and on the Piscataway at Odiorne's Point, Little Harbor, *Strawberry Bank* (Portsmouth), and at Dover settled by the Hiltons, and relates how

the Plantations of Boston which we have begun fell out.

How we set sail from Old England for Salem soon after Winthrop's letter to his wife, written "*from aboard the Arbella riding at the Cowes, March 28, 1630,*"—in these four good ships, the *Arbella*, the *Talbot*, the *Ambrose*, and the *Jewel*.

"The good ship *Arbella* is leading the fleet,
Away to the westward, through rain-storm and sleet;
The white cliffs of England have dropped out of sight,
As birds from the warmth of their nests taking flight
Into wider horizons; each fluttering sail
Follows fast where the *Mayflower* flew on the gale."

Some were sent to the Bay who reported a good place upon Mistick (Malden), but some others of us found a place that liked us better three leagues up Charles River (Newtowne or Cambridge), but owing to sickness "we were forced to change counsel and to plant dispersedly," some at Charlestown, led by Increase Nowell, William Aspinwall, and Edward Converse, first ferryman between Boston and Charlestown, and a first settler of Woburn, and some on the south side of the Charles which we named Boston; some of us upon Mistick which we named Medford; some of us four miles from Charlestown came to a place well watered, and settled a plantation and called it Watertown, under Sir Richard Saltonstall, Knight, and the Rev. George Phillips; others of us two miles from Boston, which we named Rocksbury, William Pynchon at the head; others upon the Saugus, Lynn; and the western-men, Ludlow, Maverick, and Rositer of the *Mary and John*, at Dorchester.

Famine then seized the embryo towns, and reduced them to a diet of clams and ground-nuts; the woful day arrived when Governor Winthrop had his last loaf of bread in the oven, and the discouraged people were about to gather for fasting and prayer, when Mr. Pierce's ship, long believed to have been captured by pirates, was sighted returning with provisions, whereupon the day of fasting was changed to a thanksgiving day on February 22, 1631.

The years of the free Puritan commonwealth in sunny New England were dark with shadows of a stern, constraining scorn of all gayety, symbolized by sombre gray and brown apparel. It is said that even to-day, in some secluded villages, a bit of embroidery or bright ribbon is the occasion of gossip and much solemn consultation among the elders. Many a tale is told of pulpit reproof, of "speaking right out in meeting." Parson Moody of York compared the proud array of a lady entering the meeting-house in her

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new-fashioned hoop to the rigging of a ship under full sail, which would eventually sink her into hell. Hawthorne's enchanted mirror reflects the domestic dramas of this gloomy period. On holidays, no minstrel nor juggler or Merry Andrew, with which their fathers had made merry in Elizabeth's England, was tolerated; the wrestling match was the uttermost diversion countenanced by the town-beadle. If it were not recorded in black and white, one might scarcely credit that the law decreed that a mother should be punished for kissing her child on the Sabbath, and that undutiful children were delivered to the magistrates and whipped in the market-place. Such was the result of an undivided church and state.

The strange follies enacted during the sad commotion of the witchcraft delusion naturally brought about a reaction, and so the forced, whimsical side of Puritanism faded. With the Province Charter granted by William III. came the first of the Royal governors. Despite those troublesome regal representatives, commerce flourished apace, and Boston became the wealthiest seaport of the colonies, noted for a generous hospitality. Splendid assemblies were given at the Province House.¹ The merchants of Boston and surrounding parts entertained handsomely at their country-seats in Milton, Winthrop,² Medford and Billerica, Danvers and Marblehead. Many a seven-gabled or gambrel roof covered a banquet-hall. But in the sixties a murmur of remonstrance arose against English Parliamentary regulations. The people would no longer sun themselves tranquilly in village dooryards. At town-meetings protest

¹ The Province Charter may be seen at the State House; Province House, a mere shell of its former glory, stands in the rear of shops opposite the head of Milk Street by the Old South.

² Governor Shirley had a country-house at Point Shirley, Winthrop; Governor Hutchinson at Milton; Governor Gage at Danvers.



The King Hooper House, Danvers. (Home of Francis Peabody.) Occupied by General Gage in 1774, when the General Court convened at Salem.

followed protest. Then came the unexpected. A private coat-of-arms peculiar to the Washington family alone, composed of stars and stripes, combined alongside of the spread-eagle heraldic emblem of John Milton, poet, Puritan, and Republican, had taken the place of King George's banner.

Opposite King's Chapel stood the mansion of Andrew Faneuil, and to those country people who were moved to enter and gaze upon a Church of England assembly, which many of them had never seen, the ecclesiastic sight must have been an astonishing one. The altar-piece decorated with green boughs and flowers; the strains of the organ,—such strains always the pet detestation of the Puritans; its noble organ, given by Thomas Brattle, being the first large one erected in New England; the fashionable elegance of the "loyalist" gentry as they with courtly grace handed in their wives and daughters, adorned in brocaded satins, wide hoops, towering head-gear and cobweb laces, to sit under the armorial bearings of the King and the Governors. More strange, perhaps, was his Excellency's pew lined with china tiles, its windows draped in crimson damask.

On the retirement of the Royal troops the rector and a number of prominent Tory parishioners departed for Nova Scotia: with the rector disappeared the Church registers, silver, and vestments; the crown and its supporting mitres was hidden in a garret; the name of the building became known as the Stone Chapel. In 1789 the Chapel became the First Unitarian Church under a Mr. Freeman as *rector* for curious reasons interesting to the church antiquary. A number of mural tablets, reminders of early monarchical Boston, yet remain on its walls: the Shirley arms, the really fine monument to William Vassall, and the tablets to John Lowell, Charles Apthorp, Samuel Appleton, and others. The recent one to Oliver Wendell Holmes, from the design of Mrs. Henry Whitman, must not be overlooked.

Here were buried Puritan and Royalist, notably Governor John Winthrop, his son, the first Governor of Connecticut, also the Rev. John Cotton, Governor Shirley, and Lady Andros. Her funeral of state is described by Judge Sewall as having taken place between five and six in the afternoon. The soldiers, he tells us, made a guard down Prison Lane to the South Meeting-house, eight lychins, that is, torches or links, illuminating the cloudy air. Drawn by six horses, the body was then borne from that church to the "Old Burying-Ground," to-day adjoining King's Chapel.

On the cross-beam of the Old South bell hovered the dove with its brooding note

"Whatever is rung on that noisy bell,
Chime of the hour or funeral knell,
The dove in the belfry must hear it well."¹

Contradictory human nature became sharply pointed in this period of assimilation. We find the complaining letters of Edmund Randolph to the King concerning "these poor people and their demeanor under the new government." He wrote again: "May it please your Grace we resolved not to be baffled by their great affronts, though they called our minister Baal's priest, and our prayers 'leeks, garlic and trash,' and we are now come to have prayers on their exchange, the town-house was too 'strait.'" This was indited before the efforts of Governor Andros against the common rights of the "Bostoneers," as Randolph called them. Tactless Andros did not even hesitate to send his deputy to the very doors of the "Old South" and demand the keys of the edifice for the convenience of the Church of England. Whereupon Judge Sewall, called the "Puritan Pepys" by

¹ *The Belfry Pigeon*, by N. P. Willis.

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Henry Cabot Lodge, waited upon his Excellency, strenuously objecting to giving up the same, especially during the accustomed hours of worship.¹

“Boston’s ‘Appeal to the World’ declared against unrighteous taxes and ‘that a legal meeting in the Town of Boston is an assembly where a noble freedom of speech is ever expected and maintained,’ where men think as they please and speak as they think.” (“A man ought to be proud to rule such a people,” said a Frenchman. “But one does not rule the American people,” answered Pierre de Coubertin, “one governs it—if it be quite willing.”) “Liberty, Property, No Stamps,” swayed the branches of the Liberty Tree.

In August, 1769, John Adams dined with 358 Sons of Liberty at Robinson’s the Sign of the Liberty Tree² in Dorchester. He writes, “We had two tables laid in the open field by the barn”; and in 1771 Adams writes: “Dined at Mr. Hancock’s with the members Warren, Church, Cooper, Mr. Harrison and spent the whole afternoon and drank green tea,—from Holland I hope but I don’t know.”

¹ King’s Chapel—“Queen’s Chappell” during Queen Anne’s reign—is almost the only memorial left standing of this dramatic and crucial Provincial period of our history. It is doubly interesting because its evolution seems to parallel the bitter controversial era betwixt Puritan and Episcopalian. So imperfect were the notions of religious freedom that even Charles II. was forced to read them a salutary lesson on this subject. Each side had reason to grieve over the other’s falling away from the true faith.

² Lafayette said, “The world should never forget the Liberty Tree.” It stood at the junction of Washington (Orange), Boylston (Frog Lane), and Essex (Auchmuty’s Lane) streets. A flag raised signalled the “Sons” to Liberty Hall under its branches. Bas-relief memorial placed over the spot by David Sears. In 1767, from the Sign of the White Lamb on Orange Street, the first stage-coach ran to Providence. It became, later, the Adams House, so named from the father of “Oliver Optic” who kept the tavern.

The speeches of Otis and Adams were like musket-shots. The *Boston Gazette* and the *Massachusetts Spy*¹ flung Whig sentiments broadcast. In the Green Dragon Tavern, Paul Revere and the Sons of Liberty swore secrecy at every meeting. The citizens of Boston could scarcely restrain their anger at the insults heaped by the British soldiery derisively playing Yankee Doodle²:

“Yankee Doodle came to town
For to buy a firelock,
We will tar and feather him
And so we will John Hancock.”

What an excitement there was throughout Boston over the Massacre on King (State) Street in front of the Town House, the “Lobster Backs” firing from Exchange Place!³ Faneuil Hall⁴ in old Dock Square, now Merchants’ Row, could not hold the patriots who met with the delegates from the town-meetings—these little republics, the bone and sinew of the great republic. Middlesex County led in bold plans for a Provincial Congress, later called at Concord.

“This meeting can do nothing more to save the country,” shouted Samuel Adams in the Old South Meeting-house,⁵

¹ The *Massachusetts Spy* is the ancestor of the *Worcester Spy*.

² It is said that our Yankee Doodle is a parody on the first Yankee Doodle, written in ridicule of Oliver Cromwell and his coming to Oxford on a small horse wearing a single plume which the Royalists dubbed a “macaroni.”

³ The Crispus Attucks Monument on Boston Common, commemorating Boston Massacre, was unveiled 1888: John Boyle O’Reilly, poet.

⁴ During the siege the British made a playhouse of Faneuil Hall, and a riding-school of the Old South. Governor Hancock gave a dinner in honor of Lafayette at Faneuil Hall on the anniversary of the Capitulation of Yorktown, October 19, 1784. It was announced by thirteen guns from the market-place. Under thirteen arches thirteen patriotic toasts were given.

⁵ The Old South stands on Governor Winthrop’s “Green” or garden, which extended from Milk Street to Spring Lane.

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the "Sanctuary of Freedom," after Governor Hutchinson determined that the vessels laden with tea should not re-pass the guns of The Castle. At the word, the war-whoop of the patriot Mohawks startled these Friends, Brethren, Countrymen, summoned by printed broadsides to meet in manly opposition to the Machinations of Tyranny,¹ the Tea Party, in Indian war-paint freshly and fervently laid on at the Hancock Tavern in Corn Court,² were off down Milk Street to Griffin's Wharf (Liverpool Wharf). One hundred thousand dollars' worth of tea were mixed with water, the Tories wept salt tears, and joy-bells were rung throughout the colonies.

" Rally, Mohawks! bring out your axes,
And tell King George we 'll pay no taxes
On his foreign tea;
His threats are vain, and vain to think
To force our girls and wives to drink
His vile Bohea."

—*Rallying Song at the Green Dragon Tavern.*

In 1774 the Province Charter was recalled; Boston went into mourning, as her ports were closed waiting the King's

¹ Broadside issued November 29, 1773. *Life of Colonel Paul Revere*, by Elbridge Henry Goss. Cupples & Schoenof, publishers.

² The Hancock Tavern, or Brasier's Inn, where the patriots disguised themselves, is the oldest hostelry standing in Boston, resembling somewhat the old English Coffee-House. Once upon a time, when here stood the inn of Samuel Cole—a charter member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company—there were wide grounds and a fine harbor view, and Governor Harry Vane entertained Miantonomo, Sachem, and twenty Narragansett warriors. Now one approach is through Change Alley, and into a narrower one, Indian file, off State Street opposite the Exchange Building, or south from Faneuil Hall through Corn Court. In the "Tea" room hangs the weather-beaten Hancock sign which swung for fifty years or more on a high post in the court-yard. Both Talleyrand and Louis Philippe, travelling incognito as M. D'Orleans, were guests at the Hancock Tavern.



The Old State House. Boston. Ames Building on site of estate of Henry Dunster, first president of Harvard. View up Court Street and Prison Lane from the Old Town Pump site.

" 'T is a gret city!' exclaimed Goody Surriage, peering over the shoulders of Agnes and Mrs. Shirley from the Governor's house."

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pleasure; her wharves once filled with the riches of the world were empty, the people without bread. Paul Revere was sent express to the Southern Colonies with printed copies of the Boston Port Bill engraved with a crown, skull and cross-bones, and a cap of Liberty. General Gage fortified Boston Neck. The patriots held "ludicrously scanty stores at Worcester and Concord." On the 18th of April Joseph Warren saw the preparations of the British to capture these supplies, and sent for Paul Revere.

"Just as the moon rose over the bay Paul Revere silently rowed to the Charlestown shore." What says the tower of the Old North Church? Two lights! the British advance by sea! Hurrying hoof-beats echo in Medford's silent streets. Peaceful Middlesex wakes in alarm. The regulars are coming! To Lexington!

Israel Bissell carried the watch-word *Lexington!* into Connecticut, and Israel Putnam left his plough for Bunker Hill. On Bowling Green his Royal Majesty shook in his leaden shoes. In Richmond, at old St. John's, the Virginia Convention applauded the burning words of Patrick Henry. In South Carolina the officers threw up their royal commissions. Its Provincial Congress, Henry Laurens, president, stood ready to sacrifice "the whole of our estates" for liberty. *Lexington!* was proclaimed at Savannah, Georgia sending aid to Boston. Ethan Allen and the Green Mountain Boys at Ticonderoga frustrated the British plans. King George would not listen to the protests of many English officers. Lord Dartmouth's dreams of conciliation were destroyed; and at the moment when Richard Carvel, Cavalier, gave the toast *Lexington!* in the noble halls of England, Pilgrim, Puritan, and Cavalier were standing shoulder to shoulder in the strife.

In King (State) Street the curtain had already been drawn on scenes leading up to the final tragedy of war. In

the Council Chamber of the Old State House¹ James Otis had flung scorching words against arbitrary law,—specifically the Writs of Assistance,—in the presence of Chief Justice Hutchinson and his associates in great wigs and robes of scarlet cloth.²

Looking out at the east window in its original ancient frame—down old King Street, you almost hear the huzzas of the crowd below on the 18th of July, 1776, upon the proclamation of the Declaration of Independence from the balcony. At these demonstrations the Lion and the Unicorn scowled, and the little bell of St. Michael's in Marblehead proceeded to crack its sides with joy.

From another balcony at the British Coffee-House across the way the officers had jeered at the speeches of Warren, Hancock, and Otis, and in this tavern Otis received the fatal blow to his reason. The favorite tavern of the patriots was the *Bunch of Grapes*³ on the corner of Mackerel Lane (Kilby Street). After Sir William Howe had stolen away from the Province House with his folded tents, and Colonel Ebenezer Learned had unbarred the gates of Boston to the Continental troops, a dinner was set here before General Washington and his officers.

At an earlier date this side of the Exchange Building was, in common parlance, "Justice Dummer's Corner," and the youngest of his distinguished sons was born here. Above,

¹ The Old State House stands on the site of the first wooden Town House at the head of King (State) Street.

² Robert Reid's striking conception of this incisive moment is portrayed over the grand stairway in the new State House.

In the same Council Chamber to-day Thomas Hutchinson and his wife, by Peale; Col. James Otis, by Copley; Stuart's Samuel Otis, father of Harrison Gray Otis, and James Otis, the patriot, by Blackburn, gaze amicably at each other from gilded frames—being a portion of the treasures in the collection of the Bostonian Society.

³ This tavern's name is still perpetuated in the places of refreshment of the Exchange Building.

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Elder Thomas Leverett's estate touched Congress Street, known as Leverett's Lane. Governor Winthrop, on his way to the Town House from his mansion in Spring Lane, passed through a part of Pudding Lane now Devonshire Street, which, between Water and Milk streets, was Black Jack Alley or Joileff's Lane. Here adjoining the Governor's "Green" was the dwelling of Anne Hibbins, a cousin of Governor Bellingham, "of more wit than her neighbors," and consequently hanged as a witch on the Common. In those days the exemplary citizen walked in a sort of strait-jacket to avoid breaking the minor canons of the Blue Laws. Strict penance was exacted should one fancy to stroll about one's own estate on the Sabbath Day; walking was countenanced only in the strait path to the meeting-house in King Street, and before its door the victims incarcerated in the stocks and pillory for non-attendance on exercise served as an admonition to all. As the town grew these instruments were placed on wheels for greater convenience. The whipping-post was used as late as 1805. The Town House was the centre of Colonial Boston, standing about midway between Frog Lane (Boylston Street), washed by salt water at the South End, and Copp's or Wind-Mill Hill at the North End, with Fore and Back streets (Salem and North) on the water-front. You must quite forget these sky-piercing buildings about our Old State House, and perceive only Boston's Town Pump on Old Cornhill (Washington Street), and softly steal up Prison Lane (Court Street) in the footsteps of the past. The present-day Court House, gowned in sombre gray, recalls the prison of the Colony on whose site it stands. Above the street clamor you fancy that you hear the clanging of an iron-bound door behind the witches or Captain Kidd, double-locked with two-pound keys by some grim jailer. Methinks he perceives not the blossoming rose-bush visible to Hawthorne beside that prison portal.

In 1718, Scollay Square, being common land, was set apart by the General Court for a spinning school, and the young ladies of Boston gathered here to spin wool for a premium in kerchiefs and stuff gowns made by their own hands.

Pemberton Hill was once the old Cotton estate, on which Governor Endicott built his mansion.

In later years the passer-by was enchanted by the lovely terraced garden of Gardiner Greene,¹ where peacocks flaunted jewelled tails against the dark-green box.

“ And where the marjoram once and sage and rue
And balm and mint and curled-leaf parsley grew,
And double marigolds and silver thyme.”

Seated in the rose-arbor of this garden long since displaced by the unromantic and learned halls of barristers, one commanded a view of Boston Harbor beyond the crosstrees of our first frigates, and perchance caught the echo of hammers knocking away the shores and spurs from *Old Ironsides*, launched to conquer by virtue of the fifteen Stars and Stripes, or may have witnessed the splendid military display of the Province which greeted the old *Massachusetts* frigate after the triumph of Louisbourg as she proudly swung to at Long Wharf with the Governor and Mrs. Shirley on board.

Faneuil Hall was planned by Smybert, the celebrated Scotch painter, and surmounted by Deacon Shem Drowne's unique grasshopper vane. Here Trumbull's picture of the

¹ Pictures of this garden and of the Greene mansion, presented by Mrs. James S. Amory to the Bostonian Society, may be seen at the Old State House, also photographs of Franklin Street from the Crescent, showing the lovely elm parkway and the Eldridge and Gardner houses; also the old Sears estate before occupancy by the Somerset Club on Beacon Street, the Caleb Loring house, Somerset Street, and the Samuel May house on Congress Street (formerly Atkinson Street).

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Declaration of Independence was visited by John Adams. Miss Quincy relates in her *Memoirs* that he pointed to the door next Hancock's chair, saying, "There is the door out of which Washington rushed when I first alluded to him as the man best qualified to be Commander-in-Chief of the American Army."

The tide flowed over Dock Square into Brattle Street, and Boston was divided at times into two islands. People were sometimes caught at flood tide and drowned in Haymarket Square. A swing-bridge gave access to Merchants' Row. In the Columbian Centennial of 1797 the firm of Thomas and John Hancock invited "Country Traders and others" to No. 8 Merchants' Row "*Where they shall feel happy to supply them in the following goods, for cash or approved Notes.*" A curious stock indeed!—Madeira wine, Holland's Gin, Swedes' Iron, Nails, crown and bar soap, dipped candles, chocolate, Raven's Duck and a constant supply of *Cushing's* much approved Anchors.

Wending your way from Faneuil Hall toward North Square, the early Court End of Boston, you turn aside from Hanover Street (formerly Orange-Tree Lane) into Marshall Street to see the Boston Stone, originally a paint-mill of 1700; when it became useless as a grinder a canny Scotchman turned it upon its side and inscribed on it "Boston Stone, 1737," to publish his cheese and ale after the fashion of his "auld acquaintance," the haberdasher, by the sign of the London Stone.

On Union Street the famous Green Dragon once curled its copper tail over the entrance of the tavern where the mechanics of the North End Caucus with Adams, Warren, and Hancock as leaders hatched patriotic plots to circumvent the movements of General Gage. This Caucus first saw the light at the sign of the *Two Palaverers* in Salutation

Street. At the *Green Dragon* were organized the St. Andrew's Lodge of Freemasons and the first Grand Lodge in the Province, Joseph Warren, Master.

Fancy how interesting to have peeped in at a certain window at the corner of Hanover and Union streets under the sign of the Blue Ball, signifying that Soap and Candles might be obtained within of Josiah Franklin, tallow-chandler, and to have seen Benjamin, his youngest son, "Father of all the Yankees,"¹ filling the prosaic dipping-moulds, and "hankering for the sea." The day's work over, he would scamper off to fish for minnows on the edge of the salt-marsh bordering the Mill-Pond, or to the book-shop to spend his last penny on a new chap-book or volume of his favorite Bunyan. At eight years he went to the celebrated Latin School, the little wooden schoolhouse, on School Street, near the Franklin Statue in front of City Hall.²

Our humble printer of the two-penny roll, the genius Poor Richard, himself the epitome of his trenchant every-day wisdom, was pronounced by Lord Chatham "an honor to the English nation and human nature." Many charming attentions were showered upon him by the great ladies of Versailles while sojourning in France as minister plenipotentiary of the Republic. A French biography relates that Franklin found time to cultivate the mechanical arts. Touched by the goodness of the Queen, Marie Antoinette, he constructed for this amiable princess the first harmonica seen in France. This precious instrument is a part of the fine cabinet of M. Le Breton. Attacked by illness in his seventy-ninth year, and wishing to die in his own country,

¹ Walking through the British Museum the connoisseur, Mr. Edward A. Silsbee of Salem overheard Carlyle soliloquizing as he stood before the bust of Franklin: "Father of all the Yankees, father of all the Yankees!"

² Master Ezekiel Cheever and Master Lovell were well-known pedagogues, and among the pupils were Governors Hancock and Bowdoin, Lieutenant-Governor Cushing, and Sir William Pepperell.

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Franklin was carried in the Queen's litter from Passy to Havre. His arrival in Philadelphia was the first of the triumphs of which one finds examples in these States. On his death Congress ordered mourning throughout the Union, and the National Assembly of France went into mourning upon the motion of Mirabeau, led by Mme. de la Rochefoucauld and La Fayette.

*“ Sa vertu, son courage et sa simplicité
De Sparte on retracé le caractère Antique
Et cher à la raison, cher à l'Humanité
Il éclaira l'Europe et sauva l'Amérique.”*

When old Mother Goose immortalized the wheelbarrow wedding journey she may have had a vision of odd, crooked North Street, which enters North Square at the birthplace of Paul Revere. North Square has not lost entirely the antique setting familiar to the Mathers, Holyokes, and Clarks, though shorn of its most ornamental landmarks. The North Church stood here in the earnest, sober days of the Colony. In the aftermath of courtly magnificence, great houses of Boston's merchants were erected here, and these streets were for the most part merely private lanes leading to their docks. In that gay half-century, Moon Street, Garden Court Street, and Bell Alley (Prince Street) were lined at the “wee sma' hours” with chairs and coaches awaiting a charming freight of coquetry in powder and patches.

To-day what a strange anachronism have we here! Mr. Muirhead speaks truly of America as “The Land of Contrasts”; this sombre square is dashed with color here and there by a green kerchief or red sash belonging to the picturesque group of Italian men smoking leisure hours away as if in a Piazzetta of their sunlit land. Under our grayer skies they lose a trifle of the native happy-go-lucky



Christ Church, "The Old North," 1723.

High up in the steeple of an old church, far above the light and murmur of the town, and far below the flying clouds that shadow it, dwelt the Chimes I tell of. They were old Chimes trust me. . . . his own dear, constant, steady friends the Chimes began to ring the joy-peals so lustily, so merrily, so happily, so gaily. . . . —DICKENS.

light-heartedness, but on Sundays, when the drones are joined by the women in gala attire, there is a joyous buzzing as of bees, and on Shrove Tuesday the square gleams white with the *confetti* of the Roman Carnival.

Cooper has described in *Lionel Lincoln* the ornate Clark mansion on Garden Court Street as "Mrs. Lechmere's" house on Tremont Street. The Clark escutcheon of three white swans, and the coats-of-arms of the Saltonstalls and other Colonial connections were emblazoned on panels and on the tessellated floor. It was purchased by Sir Charles Henry Frankland, Oliver Cromwell's great-grandson.

The garden of its magnificent rival, the Governor Hutchinson house, extended back to Hanover and Fleet streets. This house, where the busts of George III. and his queen were reflected in beautiful mirrors, and the coronation of George II. was wrought in tapestry, became a target for the mob, compelling Thomas Hutchinson to flee for his life to Rev. Samuel Mather's house in Moon Street, leaving rare manuscripts to ruthless destruction.

A few short months passed, and North Square was glittering with the bayonets of scarlet-coated grenadiers. The beautiful Tory, Lady Frankland, had reluctantly retreated from her Hopkinton home guarded by six British outriders, and returned to her long-empty town house for protection. From her window she watched the siege of Charlestown. Erstwhile her thoughts flew backward to the unique fortunes of her girlhood, and the distant rattle of musketry seemed to be but the echoing hoofs of Sir Harry's pony as he dashed impatiently up the broad stairs to greet sweet Agnes.

A short distance away in the belfry of Christ Church, with its storied chime of bells, the "Old North," as we call it, General Gage reconnoitred the Americans at Bunker Hill. Again, from Copp's Hill Burying-Ground, among the

peaceful graves of the renowned Mathers, he swept the field with a spy-glass from behind his howitzers. Seeing Colonel Prescott walking with leisurely inspection on the parapet, inspiring his men with indifference to the cannonade, Gage inquired, "Will he fight?" "Yes, sir, he is an old soldier, and will fight as long as a drop of blood remains." "The works must be carried," answered Gage (Frothingham's *Siege of Boston*). Later the Copp's Hill howitzers set Charlestown on fire. Countless anxious spectators, amidst din of cannon, watched contending armies fighting under a dense black smoke, the sun serene over all, a scene most brilliant and most frightful, one of the crises of the Revolutionary drama whose far-reaching significance the world is just now beginning to comprehend. Mrs. Spofford finds the inclosure at Bunker Hill peculiarly typical of our national characteristics, inasmuch as, being badly beaten there, we built a monument to the fact, and have never ceased boasting thereof. "That rail-fence stuffed with meadow-hay was not merely the breastwork of Putnam and Prescott, it was the first redoubt of freedom."

ART AND LETTERS ON TRIMOUNTAINE

The personality of Boston is felt intensely in the vicinity of Beacon Hill. There are few among America's "Northern Pilgrims" of art and letters who have not lived on the ground once owned by Copley between the Athenæum¹ and the Charles, or been entertained in these storied houses of the purple panes behind the "crisp crocuses" which bloom in the little front yards on Mt. Vernon, Joy, Chestnut, Pinckney, and Beacon Streets, and walked literally or in

¹ The Boston Athenæum, founded by the members of the Anthology Club in 1806, contains priceless Americana, including the larger part of Washington's private library. Stuart's head of Washington is placed in the Museum of Fine Arts. The New England Historic Genealogical

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spirit with the "Autocrat" over the "Long Path"¹ through the Common.

Beacon Hill was the home of Gilbert Stuart, Malbone, Parkman, Josiah Quincy, Channing, Richard H. Dana, Charles Sumner, Charles Francis Adams, Cyrus A. Bartol, Edwin Booth, and of Ticknor and his friend Prescott,² each throwing light over untrodden Spanish fields, the latter blind, yet cheery, sparkling, and, as Mitchell writes, "showing the culture, aplomb, fastidiousness, and all the reserves of Beacon Street." Familiar names of the present day on Beacon Hill are those of T. B. Aldrich, Henry Cabot Lodge, Margaret Deland, Alice Brown, Abbie Farwell Brown, and Mrs. Henry Whitman.

The home of James T. Fields, author, publisher, and friend, was frequented by the most splendid group of men-of-letters America has ever known, and royal times were those at the early morning breakfasts, where sooner or later every celebrated stranger coming to Boston on a literary or historical errand was invited to partake of "the simple feast" and oftentimes of the witty sayings of their "Autocrat" neighbor.

On visiting the Fieldses' rare home of letters the dominant note is ever the gracious spirit which set the shy youth, Howells, quite at ease over his novel blueberry cake breakfast—an unknown luxury in the West at the time of his first

Society, most stimulating to research in local history, open to all students, occupies the Solicitor-General Daniel Davis house (1805) at 18 Somerset Street. Next door is the birthplace of the scientist, Rear-Admiral Charles Davis.

¹ Joy Street to Boylston Street.

² Prescott wrote *Ferdinand and Isabella* at 55 Beacon Street. Holmes lived in later years at 296 Beacon, previously on Charles Street, close to the old Eye and Ear Infirmary. Motley lived at 7 Walnut; Wendell Phillips was born at the corner of Walnut and Beacon; the Harrison Gray Otis house was 45 Beacon. The Nathan Appleton house, home of the celebrated wit, Tom Appleton, is 39 Beacon. Here Longfellow



Tremont Street Mall, Boston, "in misty, moisty weather." Park Street Church on "Brimstone Corner," erected 1809 on site of the Old Granary, where corn was stored for the poor and the sails of "Old Ironsides" made. Opposite the Subway entrance is Old St. Paul's.

visit to Boston. Howells writes: "I found here the same odor and air of books such as I fancied might belong to the literary homes of London."¹ One regards with reverence the portraits of the authors and friends of priceless *Yesterdays*. On the walls of "The Study" are rare engravings of Wordsworth and Carlyle, inscribed with a line from their pens. A note from the Fountain Inn is signed "J. Addison." The charmingly frank acknowledgment of Charles Reade discovers anew to us the not unusual experience of an unheralded prophet. He writes: "*In my own country I have, up to the present time, met with but little encouragement to go on tearing my brains out and putting them on paper.*" (Had not Mr. Fields in his sanctum at the Old Corner Bookstore been our trumpeter of good things through the *Atlantic*, how much would have been lost to the world of literature!) In one of the beautiful rooms overlooking the Charles River Bay, "where Hawthorne liked to sit at twilight to watch the vessels dropping down the stream," Dickens speaks to us through Alexander's brush. This sweet, quaint portrait of Miss Mitford might have been that of a lady of *Cranford*. And ah! we have now seen perhaps the most valuable autograph in the world, that of *Filippo Sydney*, signed to a money draft when travelling in Italy.

We are told by Mrs. Fields that Dr. Holmes delighted in the legends of his old house in the neighborhood of the Charles, where Washington is said to have tarried three nights, and Dr. Bradshaw to have stepped from the door and made a prayer on the departure of the troops. In the twilight of Holmes's life, when it was difficult to go far away, he spent many sympathetic hours before the warm hearth of Aldrich on Mt. Vernon Street.

wooded and won Miss Appleton. Sumner's home was at 120 Hancock Street, George Hilliard's at 54 Pinckney. Here Hawthorne was married to Sophia Peabody by James Freeman Clarke. Louisa Alcott lived in Louisburg Square.

¹ *Literary Friends and Acquaintance*, by William Dean Howells.

As we know, the event of Howells's visit was the "rapturous" little dinner made for him by James Russell Lowell with Dr. Holmes and Fields at the Parker House, which by a coincidence stands on the site of the brick mansion and



Copley Square. Trinity Church. Built 1877. Organized 1728. Richardson, architect. Institute of Technology. Spire of Arlington Street Church, Organized 1727.

garden of Jacob Wendell, the great-grandfather of Holmes. At the brilliant dinner given here by Dickens, after the humorous "Great International Walking-Match" over the mill-dam to Newton, the contestants being Mr. Fields and himself, "eloquence was voted a bore, as David Copperfield, Hyperion, Hosea Bigelow, the Autocrat, and the Bad Boy were present, and there was no need of set speeches." ¹

¹ *Yesterdays with Authors*, by James T. Fields.

The Jacobins' Club held its feast of wit at the old Tremont House, with Ripley, Channing, Theodore Parker, Alcott, and Peabody among the members. A dinner, the forerunner of the unceremonious Saturday Club of good talkers, at which was broached the project of publishing the *Atlantic Monthly*, was given by Moses Dresser Phillips in 1857. At the head of the Saturday Club's table during its prime presided successively Agassiz, Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, and Dr. Holmes.¹

Summer Street, the home of Daniel Webster, was, in 1636, ye Mylne Street, the grass-bordered road to the grist-mill. Hereabouts were the farms and gardens of many of the "F. F. B.'s": the Russells, Coffins, Prebles, and Geyers. On Pearl Street stretched the rope-walk of the celebrated Gray family, Harrison Gray being the treasurer of the province and a neighbor of the Lowells, Mascarenes, and Boutineaus, all Royalists dwelling in the vicinity of the Province House.² The spacious barn of the opulent Tory, John Prince, on Pearl Street, as the studio of Washington Allston, held *Belshazzar's Feast*, now in the Museum of Fine Arts. The Theophilus Parsons house was close by, and next door lived Thomas Handasyd Perkins, admired by Webster, and a benefactor of the blind and of the Athenæum. Colonel Perkins was succeeded in the presidency of the Boston Branch of the United States Bank by the Hon. George Cabot, leader of the Federalists, and of whom Aaron Burr said "he never spoke but light followed him"; he lived in Bumstead Place. Temple Place was then Turnagain Alley, having no outlet into Washington Street.

One may seek out many literary homes in and about Boston, those of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Louise Chand-

¹ A sketch of the Phillips dinner and Dr. Holmes's list of members is included in *James Russell Lowell and His Friends*, by Edward Everett Hale.

² *Old Landmarks and Historic Personages of Boston*, by Samuel Adams Drake.

ler Moulton, Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, Arlo Bates, Robert Grant, Bliss Perry, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Joseph H. Rhodes, Albert Bushnell Hart, Eliza Orne White, Caroline Hazard, Nathan Haskell Dole, Mrs. Abby Morton



Inner Court of the Boston Public Library.

Diaz; among the poets are Louise Imogen Guiney, Katharine E. Conway, Charles Follen Adams, and Josephine Preston Peabody.

COPLEY SQUARE

Closely allied in historic and literary associations with Boston are Cambridge and Old Concord. On your way

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thither beyond the Public Garden, the Arlington Street Church—the church of Gannett, Ware, and Brooke Herford, which grew out of the famous Federal Street Church of Jeremy Belknap and Channing—and the Institute of Technology, with Henry S. Pritchett as President, you linger in Copley Square, inseparable from Trinity Church and the memory of Phillips Brooks. The Boston Museum of Fine Arts and the Public Library offer to you the works of the masters, old and new, rare volumes and mural paintings; the pride of the good American and of the connoisseur exults over illustrious names attached to volume and canvas. By the New Old South, of the attractive tower, is the Boston Art Club, and not far distant, toward the Fens, is the Massachusetts Historical Society¹ and classic Symphony Hall.

The Venetian prospect from Harvard Bridge across the basin of the Charles will become in time far more beautiful by the artistic transformation of its banks, after the fashion of the celebrated Alster Basin; the work is already begun in the Cambridge Esplanade and the new Cambridge Bridge, a masterpiece in steel and stone. The regular fall of the oars of yonder crew, of the crimson pennant, recall the Charles River fleet of the "Autocrat" and his daily "pull" at sunrise with ten-foot sculls in his water-sulky. Dr. Holmes says: "I dare not publicly name the infinite delights that intoxicate me on some sweet June morning, when the river and bay are smooth as a sheet of beryl-green silk, as I run along ripping it up with my knife-edged shell of a boat . . . to take shelter from the sunbeams under one of the thousand footed bridges, and look down its interminable colonnades crusted with green and oozy growths, while overhead streams and thunders the other river whose every wave is a human soul flowing to eternity. . . . Why should I tell of these things?" And so the dear, delightful poet writes on, interpreting to us anew the river and life.

¹ 1154 Boylston Street; open to visitors on Wednesday afternoons.

Looking backward nearly three centuries, one perceives Captain John Smith in his shallop exploring this broad tidal river, and on his return offering his map of the *new* England to his Prince, a boy of fifteen, beseeching him to name at his pleasure the bays, rivers, and hills north and south of



*The New "Cambridge Bridge" in place of the Old
West Boston Bridge.*

the river Charles, which Smith had already named in his honor. To-day, of all the names given by Prince Charles and this king of adventure, so adept in cartography, only three are ours—the Charles River, Plymouth, and Cape Anna.

We will pause on the esplanade at the gate of Cambridge in anticipation of the pleasure of travelling over Massachusetts Avenue of long and high degree, which extends far northward into Middlesex County, yet keeps within the

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early bounds of Cambridge, the "Newe Towne," selected by Governor Winthrop as the seat of government, being further inland and more "safe" than Boston; the chronicles reveal that the colonists were most fearful of attack from "malignant adversaries," who might pursue in ships across the ocean highway rather than from the Indians in the byways of the forest. The first comers, after Dudley and Bradstreet, were a company from Braintree, England, who had tarried a little at Mount Wollaston, and then followed the Rev. Thomas Hooker to these sloping meadows. After a few months their democratic leader excused himself to the General Court, and was allowed to seek "pastures new" on the banks of the Connecticut, where he said more room could be found for their cattle. Yet the "knowing ones" surmised that which Hooker truly sought was more room for the expansion of the soul, out of reach of the asperities of the Boston Church. Doubtless he foresaw vexed discussion at the coming general election, and the heated climax when the minister of the Boston Church climbed an oak on Cambridge Common in order to carry his point, causing the dismal exodus of Anne Hutchinson and the other "heretics."

The vacant dwellings within the "palisadoe" were then purchased by the "sweet-affecting and soul-ravishing" Rev. Thomas Shepard, under whose administration occurred the event of the century,—the founding of "that happy seminary, Harvard College," and its endowment by John Harvard with the half of his fortune. During many tranquil years Cambridge kept the even tenor of her intellectual way, until again the streets resound with trampling feet and the sentry paces her ramparts.

"On Cambridge Green I see the army kneel
In the long twilight, ere to Bunker Hill
It made the night march for humanity."

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

CAMBRIDGE (NEWTOWNE), 1630-1633

"Now is the time to come to Cambridge," Longfellow would say, "the lilacs are getting ready to receive you."—AUTHORS AND FRIENDS.

IN 1775, on a hot July day, some weeks after the lilacs had smiled encouragement on Cambridge in the face of the rising storm of war, a troop of light horse swept on to the village green, and General Washington, whom they escorted, unsheathed his sword under a great elm, formally accepting the command of the Continental Army, and among its spreading branches ordered a platform constructed that he might view the camp. He surveyed the most extraordinary army ever seen. In outward array a motley band of rustics almost without accoutrements, nevertheless the fustian jackets hid undaunted hearts, each man constituting himself an ambassador for liberty; this one had left his nets unattended; a comrade his cobbler's tools, the young color-bearer his pen, and the sergeant his hoe to hasten to Cambridge. Close to the tents of the Rhode Island regiments, the only regular equipment in sight, appeared impromptu, rude, cave-like lodgings of turf on boards with windows of reeds; the Connecticut troops were quartered in Christ Church, and the "Yard" of Harvard College, which has ever played such a prominent part in our history, was for nearly a twelvemonth a drill-ground for untutored officers and men, while Massachusetts Hall, Holden Chapel, Hollis and Harvard Halls served their country as barracks; the surrounding farmers, from the Berkshires to New Hampshire, volunteered ample provisions for some fourteen thousand men. Few except the backwoodsmen from beyond the Blue Ridge were accustomed to hardship,—a little

CAMBRIDGE

LANDMARKS: City Hall, Public Library Building, and Manual Training School, gifts of Frederick H. Rindge. The Harvard Union, gift of Major Henry L. Higginson (here reception to Prince Henry of Prussia, March 6, 1902), Dana house (1823), occupied by Prof. E. H. Palmer, formerly by Dr. A. P. Peabody, and the President's house, Quincy St. Henry James house, remodelled into Colonial Club house. Agassiz house, corner Quincy and Broadway. President Jared Sparks house, now New-Church Theological School, Quincy and Kirkland Sts. (Professors' Row). Divinity Hall, Divinity Avenue. Memorial Hall, commemorates patriotism of graduates: South window, gift of Martin Brimmer—artist, Sarah W. Whitman; flags, gift of the nation, bequeathed by Dorothea Dix. In Sanders Theatre, statue President Quincy, by W. W. Story. Windows in dining-hall presented by University Classes—artists, La Farge, Crowninshield, and others. The University Museum, including Agassiz Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, Peabody Museum of Ethnology and American Archæology; Semitic Museum, equipped by Jacob H. Schiff; Botanical Museum, organized by Prof. G. L. Goodale,—here unique Blaschka collection of glass flower models, memorial to Dr. Charles Eliot Ware,—open 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sunday, 1 to 5. Robinson Hall (Dep't Architecture), beautiful interior, gift Nelson Robinson. Fogg Art Museum, Richard M. Hunt, Architect. Matthews Hall, near the site "Indian College," where first printing-press in country was set up. Class-Day Tree in quadrangle formed by Holden Chapel, Harvard and Hollis. Boylston Hall (Chemical Laboratory), on site house first ministers of town—Hooker, Shepard, and Mitchell. The Stillman Infirmary. Lawrence Scientific School. Jefferson Physical Laboratory, gift T. Jefferson Coolidge. Gymnasium.

parched corn and game of the forest, a tree-trunk for a pillow, were all the supplies required by the "Long Knives," these hunters of the unerring rifle, standing six feet in their moccasins.¹

Washington saw the intrepid Captain Daniel Morgan arriving after a forced march of twenty-one days from Winchester, Va., and smoke rising from the wigwams of the Stockbridge Indians, armed with bows and arrows. The Commander-in-Chief set up his plain *ménage* in the house built for President Wadsworth in 1736 (now facing Harvard Square), but finally removed to the more commodious mansion deserted by Col. John Vassall at the drum-tap of the entering militia, which necessarily beat out of town the allies of the King, bringing to an unhappy end the peace of the sumptuous and hospitable homes on "Tory Row."

As the grim November days advanced Washington gazed from Prospect Mount on the beleaguered city of Boston, longing to break the bonds of a forced

¹ "Of these men Frederic of Prussia learned the value of light bodies of sharpshooters."—BANCROFT.



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“Old Massachusetts” in The Yard, erected 1720.

Occupied by the American Army, 1775-1776. Matthews Hall,

In the Background are the Johnston Gate and First Parish Church—The “Sentinel” of Holmes’s Poem.

Soldiers' Field, Weld Boat House, and University Boat House. Gore Hall, containing College Library 520,000 vols.—one of its librarians Justin Winsor, historian. "Americana," 31,000 vols., includes libraries of Prof. Ebeling and David B. Warden, presented by Col. Israel Thorndike and Samuel Atkins Eliot. Private libraries of Francis Parkman and Charles Sumner, Dante collection of Prof. Norton. Presentation copies American poetry, gift Longfellow family. Carlyle's Collection on Cromwell and Frederick the Great. Largest collection known of folk-lore and mediæval romances. MSS. unpublished English ballads, French ballads collected with music under commission of Napoleon III. Slavic collection, through A. C. Coolidge, and Robert W. Lowe's dramatic library, gift of John Drew, the actor. Collection John Bartlett, on angling. For other University buildings, see pamphlet, *Official Guide to Harvard*, published by the University, with Map.

inaction; the tents of Sir William Howe's well-equipped army covered like mushrooms the ruins of Charlestown, and the fallen scarlet and yellow leaves revealed menacing batteries on Breed's and Copp's Hills. Even though our forces outlined a semicircle from Dorchester to Malden, what strategic attack could meet with success backed by half-a-ton of powder to be divided between Ward and Lee and Putnam, reinforced by bullets melted in desperation from the organ-pipes of Christ Church and the leaden

escutcheons of ancient tombs? Almost had Washington led his troops across the frozen bay, but the better part of valor prevailed, and in good time the fleet of Sir William Howe beat to windward in discreet retreat, and before starving Boston could throw up her cocked hat at the sight of the last English sail disappearing beyond the headland of Hull, the patriot army marched within her walls, and Cambridge was left to comparative academic solitude until after the capture of Burgoyne, when some distinguished prisoners were quartered here. The Baroness Riedesel, altogether charmed with her husband's quarters in the Lechmere house on Brattle Street, wrote to her German home of the beautiful lindens and agreeable social life of the town.

Under the gambrel-roof where Holmes was born was planned the battle of Bunker Hill, and Langdon, the President of Harvard, went forth from here to read to the troops the declaration by the Continental Congress for taking up

arms. We know the house, though it is no more, for has not the "Poet-at-the-Breakfast-Table" told us of its proper garret, "a place for respectable ghosts," of the mice scampering and squeaking behind the wainscot. The homestead farm covered Holmes Field; unnumbered fluttering ribbons, crimson and blue, here and there attached to a fluttering heart,—hit hard, perchance, from behind the bat,—have waved over this sandy soil where Dr. Holmes coaxed his damask roses to sweeten the June breezes.

"Know old Cambridge! Hope you do.—
Born there? Don't say so! I was, too.
(Born in a house with a gambrel-roof,—
"Gambrel!—Gambrel!"—Let me beg
You'll look at a horse's hinder leg,—
First great angle above the hoof,—
That's the gambrel; hence gambrel-roof.)
Nicest place that ever was seen,—
Colleges red and Common green."

In meditative mood Holmes looks beyond the Common and sees Christ Church and the First Parish Church standing one on each side of the ancient churchyard.

"Like Sentinel and Nun they keep
Their vigil on the green;
One seems to guard and one to weep
The dead that lie between."

The Christ Church chimes ring out each New Year's Day above God's Acre on the anniversary of the flinging to the breeze over the Cambridge of 1776 of the new flag of thirteen stripes, with the red and white crosses of Saint George and Saint Andrew in the corner. At that enthusiastic moment Washington had not heard that Virginia, one of the immortal thirteen, was in tears over her burning town of Norfolk.

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On this New Year's Eve, Colonel Palfrey had read service in the battered Christ Church. Lady Washington was present, having arrived at headquarters about the 10th of December, as we know from a letter of Washington's secretary, addressed to William Bartlett, Esq., concerning some recently captured prize vessels. Washington requests that the prisoners be treated with all possible tenderness, and then alludes to the cargo, directing that the limes, lemons, and oranges on board be sold immediately; "the General will want some of each as well as the sweet-meats and pickles, as his lady will be here this day or to-morrow. You will please pick up such things as will be acceptable to her. He does not mean to receive anything without payment, which you will please attend to."

After Mrs. Washington's arrival many other ladies came into camp for the winter, and the Vassall House opened its doors wide to the officers and their wives. A lifelong friendship was cemented between the Washingtons and the "Quaker-bred anchor-smith," General Nathanael Greene and his lady. "Old Put" created a sensation about the time of Dr. Franklin's visit with his Committee of Conference by dashing up to headquarters with a prisoner behind him on his saddle, a woman who had been intercepted with a treacherous letter in her possession, written by the unsuspected Tory, Dr. Benjamin Church, a member of the Vigilance Committee, and forcing her to enter the presence of General Washington. The traitor was marched to fife and drum to trial at Watertown from his military hospital established at the Henry Vassall house (standing on Brattle Street). This and the house of the brother, Col. John Vassall (the Craigie-Longfellow house), are said to have been connected by a secret underground passage, and in the Henry Vassall house was a panel large enough to conceal a refugee. Facing the old Watertown road, the King's Highway, it belonged to

the Remington and Belcher estate for some years. Jonathan Belcher, the royal Governor, travelled with much ceremony; on attending an assembly of the officers of Harvard College, he was “guarded into town by a military troop, then waited on by two foot companies.” Judge Sewall writes that “Mr. Jonathan Belcher and his bride dine at Lieutenant-Governor Ushers. Came to town at six o’clock, about twenty horsemen, three coaches and many slays.” At Mrs. Belcher’s funeral in 1736, one thousand pairs of gloves were given away.

Penelope Royall Vassall, entering this house as a bride in 1742, dwelt by her beloved row of hawthorns until the Tory exodus. The widow Vassall was a familiar figure in her chariot, driven every Sunday to Christ Church by her old Jamaica servant, Tony, and often into Boston to pay visits, perhaps even as far as her brother’s mansion at Medford. Madame Vassall’s servants were proudly laid in the Vassall tomb, one at her head and the other at her feet, and on the Vassall monument a vase and the sun, *vassol*, speak of a long lineage. In later years the acres of the West Indian planter became the hospitable home of Samuel Batchelder.¹

In the Brattle House was quartered that gallant and brave gentleman, Major Mifflin, portrayed in such a piquant manner by Mrs. Abigail Adams in her graphic description of the social situation and political happenings at the seat of war. Mrs. Adams was on a visit at the Quartermaster-General’s when General Lee commanded his dog, Spada, to mount and offer her his paw; this trusty friend was Lee’s companion at dinner parties, and received his guests at Hobgoblin Hall (Royall House, Medford). At a skirmish at Lechmere’s Point (in East Cambridge, near the Middlesex

¹ *The Batchelder House and Its Owners*, by Mrs. Isabella James. A chapter on “The Cambridge of 1776, with the Diary of Dorothy Dudley,” edited by Arthur Gilman.

County Court House, whence a cannon-ball from Putnam's Battery hit the Brattle Street Church), four hundred regulars seized some cattle, having caught the sentinels napping; Colonel Thompson and his riflemen marched neck-high in water and drove them off. "Major Mifflin, I hear, was there, and flew about as though he would raise the whole army. May they never find us deficient in courage or spirit," writes Mrs. Adams.¹

Strolling from the Brattle House of 1709 near Brattle Square, toward Elmwood, one easily recognizes, among lovely flowering shrubs, fragrant with poetic associations, the Colonial roof-trees of the seven "scarlet-coated" Tories. At the corner of Ash Street (the boundary of the Palisadoe of 1632) is the John Fiske house, which he arranged for the convenience of his library, whose rare volumes were crowded three deep on the shelves at the old house. (If you enter Brattle Street from the Washington Elm through Mason Street, you pass between the Shepard Congregational Church and the Judge Fay house, in which *Fair Harvard* was written by Rev. Samuel Gilman of Charleston and sung at the two-hundredth anniversary in 1836. This house is a part of Radcliffe College, of which Mrs. Agassiz was long President.² Under the favor of President Eliot and the Fellows it follows closely year by year the curriculum of Harvard University, though a distinct corporation.) Nearly opposite the Major Henry Vassall house of 1700 is

¹ In a letter from Braintree to Mr. Adams at Philadelphia some weeks before Mrs. Mifflin's arrival at Cambridge, Mrs. Adams says: "My compliments to Mrs. Mifflin and tell her I do not know whether her husband is safe here. Bellona and Cupid have a contest about him. You hear nothing from the ladies but about Major Mifflin's easy address, politeness, complaisance, etc. It is well he has so agreeable a lady in Philadelphia. They know nothing about forts, intrenchments, etc., when they return; or if they do, they are all forgotten and swallowed up in his accomplishments."—*Letters of Mrs. Adams*, edited by her grandson, Charles Francis Adams.

² Dean Briggs of Harvard University is now President of Radcliffe.

*"Hence gifted bards
Have ever loved the calm and
quiet shades."*

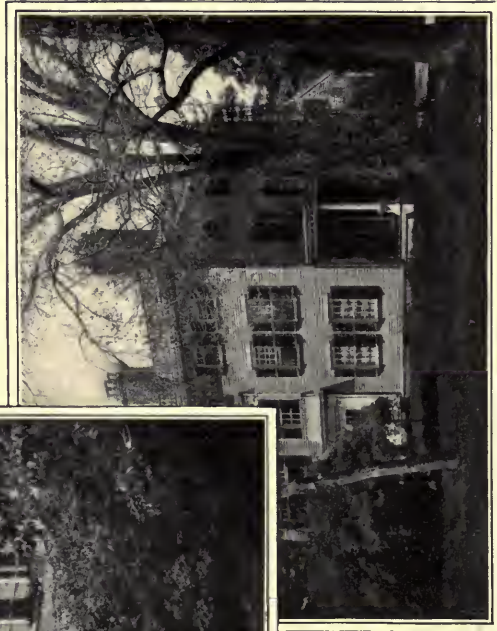
LONGFELLOW.



The Home of Longfellow, Cambridge.

The Old Craigie House, Washington's Headquarters.

Washington's office, on the right of the doorway, became Longfellow's study, in which he wrote "Paul Revere's Ride," and "The Building of the Ship."



*"Elmwood." The Home of James Russell Lowell.
At the end of "Tory Row," now Brattle Street. The Lieutenant-Gov. Thomas Oliver House of 1760.
After Lexington, Benedict Arnold was quartered here.*

the Episcopal Theological School (St. Johns' of 1867), with the Deanery and Chapel, and the Bishop Lawrence house adjoining.

"I stand beneath the tree, whose branches shade
Thy western window, Chapel of St. John!"

writes Longfellow in his study, the council chamber of Washington, on yonder charming estate, ever diffusing an atmosphere of repose, the home of Miss Alice Longfellow. Beyond the open fields, glistening with dew-drops or white with snow, now the Longfellow Memorial Garden, our poet daily watched the river current gliding in joyful mood or in sadness,

"Till the beauty of its stillness
Overflowed me like a tide."

You will pass the Lechmere house of 1760; the Judge Lee house, the Gov. William E. Russell house, associated with "The Cambridge Idea"; and the Fayerweather house of 1745, before approaching the Lowell Pines. If you had chosen to turn aside from Brattle and follow Garden Street you would arrive at the Botanic Garden and Harvard Observatory. Turning down Linnæan Street, near Massachusetts Avenue, is the Jonathan Cooper or Austin house of 1657. Deacon Cooper willed his wife, "also my silver cup and my Mare and chair and the best cow and one of the pigs." At Lowell's gate Longfellow lingered under the meeting elms, listening to the cry of the herons winging their way from Fresh Pond marshes over Elmwood, asking them to carry greeting to his friend. You, too, have kept silent tryst with Lowell *Under the Willows* in *An Indian Summer Reverie*, and even tiptoed up behind the arm-chair in which he sat "toasting his toes" and dedicating the twilight hour to Charles Eliot Norton, who dwells on "Shady Hill":

"My Elmwood chimneys seem crooning to me,
As of old in their moody, minor key,
And out of the past the hoarse wind blows."

Among the many touching and appropriate memorials in Mount Auburn is a unique chapel containing statues to



John Harvard, an "Ideal," by Daniel C. French, Sculpt.

the men of the Colony and of the Revolution; a Sphinx by Millmore, the Civil War memorial, and a Swiss boulder above Agassiz's grave. The crown of this man of science is

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the Agassiz Museum, for which he dug the first spadeful of earth.

Turning from Mount Auburn and the immediate past toward the Charles River Reservation (by way of Mt. Auburn Street and Willis Court), one experiences a curious sensation for America, of bridging centuries of time by traversing certain stone-paths, laid, perhaps, by the hardy Norsemen, followers of Thorfinn and Leif Erikson, who sought, Professor Horsford tells us, to establish fisheries on the Charles.

At Cambridge the first printing-press in the country sent forth the *Bay Psalm Book*, "for the comfort of Saintes in New England"; also Eliot's Indian Bible. The *North American Review* and the *Dial* were long edited by Cambridge men. The genus, author, is certainly indigenous in Cambridge soil, the informal salutation being, "How is your book coming on?" Nearly all the college presidents, moreover, entire families have been disciples of the quill, noticeably the Lowells, Channings, Wares, Danas, and Storys. You will know your Cambridge best by taking fireside journeys with those authors who have eaten of the poets' salt; with Dr. Hale, Horace E. Scudder, and Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and by following boyish footsteps about old *Cambridge Thirty Years Ago* pursuing *Cheerful Yesterdays*. Commencement was then the summer festival of eastern Massachusetts, and the squires jogged to their alma mater in chaises from miles around to stay a few days and entertain friends. The very games of the Cambridge schoolboy were seasoned with historic traditions, and as provincial colonels and generals in miniature they strode the grass-grown ramparts. Their curious oath, "by Goffe-Whalley," savored of the mysterious and exciting advent of the regicides. You wish, like Mr. Higginson, that you knew on which armorial tomb the boy Lowell sat one Hallowe'en and watched for ghosts.

Incidents here and there reveal the sympathetic chain welded by the "White Mr. Longfellow,"¹ linking Cambridge and the nation to all the world. China fans herself with the *Psalm of Life*, and Iceland said, "Tell Longfellow that we know him by heart." Mrs. Fields's *Diary* relates that Longfellow described being addressed by a strange, rough-looking officer in a railway station near Washington, saying, "Is this Professor Longfellow? It was I who translated *Hiwatha* into Russian. I have come to this country to fight for the Union."

¹The Norsemen in the days of their stormy and reluctant conversion used always to speak of the White Christ, and Björnstjerne Björnson, on leaving America, wrote to Howells, "Give my love to the White Mr. Longfellow."



Christ Church, Cambridge.

ARLINGTON (WEST CAMBRIDGE OR MENOTOMY),
1633-1807

SIGNS of a crisis, a coming appeal to arms, appeared in all the towns near Boston. If you had passed through Cambridge to Menotomy (Arlington) on the 18th of April, 1775, perchance you might have encountered an English officer in disguise mapping out the roads, or overheard the boast of one of the ten sergeants posted by General Gage hereabouts, to cut off communications, that "five regiments of regulars could easily march across the continent." To-day, crossing Alewife Brook, the Cambridge boundary line, let us halt under the mighty solitary elm, which, with its companion, long marked the east gateway of Arlington, and review the situation on the day before the first shot was fired. On pretence of drill, the British were gathered on Boston Common, at the foot of which the transports awaited the embarkation of Lieutenant-Colonel Smith and his grenadiers. Warren at once dispatched a message to Hancock and Adams at Lexington, and the Concord supplies were hastily concealed. Paul Revere was on the *qui vive*. Five minutes before the sentinels received at sunset the order to let no one pass, Revere's small boat glided under the grim bows of the British man-of-war *Somerset*.¹ He set out over Charlestown Neck for Medford, stopped at the Porter mansion on Ram's Head Lane,² to rouse the captain of the Minute-men, and crossed the Mystic twice before reaching Menotomy (Arlington).

¹ Afterwards sunk off the treacherous coast of Cape Cod. More than one hundred years later the battered hulk was uncovered and eagerly sought after by the relic-hunter.

² At the corner of Rural Avenue and High Street.



*The Samuel Bowman-Whittemore House, Massachusetts Avenue,
Arlington. Pre-Revolutionary.*

About two by the clock the red-coats—"Lobster-Backs" the mob called them at the Boston Massacre—silently crossed the sluggish, winding Charles to Lechmere Point, landing near the County Court House at East Cambridge. Over the Charlestown Road, or "Milk-Row," they marched to Menotomy, the Second Parish of Cambridge. Just under the elm gateway, Samuel Whittemore was "awakened by the stir in the street, and, looking out, saw bayonets glistening in the moonlight."¹ His grandson, Amos, repaired the old flintlocks in preparation for the fight. Hard by stood the Black Horse Tavern, which the troops searched in vain for the Committee of Safety. Vice-President Elbridge Gerry and Colonels Lee and Orne escaped by the back door, and lay concealed in the corn stubble. The house is still standing where Lieutenant Sam Bowman answered a soldier's request for water with "What are you out at this time of night for?" So they turned to the house opposite (destroyed), where they were sure of hearty welcome, because its whitened chimneys betokened a Tory inmate.

On the corner of Winchester Road (Mystic Street) the troops knocked roughly at the village shoemaker's, asking why the candles burned at this unseemly hour. The gude-wife replied that she was making herb tea. The shoemaker's "herb tea" was a concoction afterwards absorbed by the red-coats in the form of solid material, sometimes known as "Yankee bullets," made from the household pewter. Captain Locke mustered the Menotomy men, and they marched to Lexington. The "Exempts" did duty bravely,

¹ Address of Samuel Abbot Smith on West Cambridge in 1775. Mr. Whittemore was over eighty years of age, yet he refused to seek safety with his wife, but took up his stand behind a stone wall on Mystic Street, and did deadly work against the retreating British regulars. They bayoneted him and left him for dead, but he was borne to Cooper's tavern, attended by Dr. Tufts of Medford, and lived to ninety-eight years of age. Amos Whittemore invented the cotton and wool carding machine.

seizing Earl Percy's military supplies in front of the Town House, the first capture of the Revolution. The women fled to "George Prentiss on the hill." Lame Jason Russell was warned to fly by one Ammi Cutter, but instead barricaded his tavern (Jason Street corner). At this hour the



Procession of Birches, Mystic Lake, Arlington.

*" Cream birches, yellow-curtain'd, break
The cloudless, pale blue sky, and shake
Their sprays to the pellucid lake."—J. E. NESMITH.*

Danvers and Salem Minute-men were watching up the road to harass Earl Percy's men on the retreat. Suddenly a flanking party attacked them in the rear; they rushed into the tavern, and eleven were killed, with Jason Russell and two English.

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The Americans hastened down the hillside to the "foot of the rocks." (You may define this spot on your way toward Arlington Heights by the old Locke houses and the Lowell turnpike.) With Gen. Heath and Dr. Warren they pressed the flying British closely. The loss of the crestfallen regulars was 273 men; the Americans one third as many, twenty-two of whom were killed in Menotomy. As the last red-coat crossed the Alewife Brook into Cambridge, the men of Menotomy, who had waked up that morning as King George's subjects, slept as American patriots.

A visit in Arlington is not complete without a peep at the district of the "Flobeenders," by way of Pleasant Street, which leads past the Trowbridge residence to Spy Pond and beautiful Belmont, and also a ride to Winchester in view of the Mystic Ponds. Of course you will like to see "The Partings," the ancient shoal which divides Mystic Pond. The shad have deserted their haunts since the intrusion of the Water Works. The fishway is under the care of the Massachusetts Fish Commission.¹

It was the lovely Spy Pond which impelled J. T. Trowbridge to take up his habitation in Arlington, for no landscape is complete to him without water. Every boy knew how Jack Hazard found *A Chance for Himself* in the days when *Our Young Folks* was edited by Mr. Trowbridge and Lucy Larcom. His story of *The Medal* was suggested by an adventure of the author himself on Mystic Lake, when he rescued a boy from drowning, and for which the Humane Society surprised him with a medal. Longfellow, walking with his host, Mr. Trowbridge, on the shore of Spy Pond, said: "Have you never put this lake into a poem?" *Menotomy Lake*, was his answer:

¹ For details of delightful walks along the Reservation Parkways in this vicinity, see Bacon's *Walks and Rides About Boston*.



The Robbins Mansion.

Formerly Squire William Whittmore House, 1809.

View from Arlington Green.

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“I row by steep woodlands, I rest on my oars

Under banks deep embroidered with grass and young clover;
Far round, in and out, wind the beautiful shores,
The lake in the midst, with the blue heavens over.”

Beyond the Soldiers' Monument, on which stands the “Heater Piece,” the buildings of the square represent interesting contrasts of architecture: the First Parish Church of 1847 and the Robbins Memorial Library (1892), the first free library in Massachusetts. Its lofty frescoed reading-room, with bronzes and the valuable portraits, are most interesting. Conspicuous is the stately Squire William Whittemore house of 1809, now the Robbins mansion. The Russell store, of four generations, where the British pulled the plugs out of the molasses barrels, is opposite the Cutter homestead on Water Street, that ancient mill-lane over which the Watertown corn was brought to be ground at Captain Cooke's mill on Vine Brook.

Massachusetts Avenue is the Paul Revere route, except for a short distance, where the old road, now Appleton Street, makes a circuit back to the avenue. Arlington Heights was a part of the Welsh Mountains. A view of the fields of Middlesex and the entire stage of the siege of Boston may be obtained by following Park Avenue to the water tower.

LEXINGTON (CAMBRIDGE FARMS), 1640-1712

*"In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not."*

McMASTER.

It was the opening of a warm, languid day in an unusually early spring, when, after the rapid, silent march, Major Pitcairn halted on the scraggly, pasture-like common of Lexington, facing some sixty intrepid militia, drawn up by Sergeant Munroe. Pitcairn was aware by the alarm-bells from the villages that messengers had announced the advance of the troops. (Thaddeus Bowman, acting as scout, had escaped capture by "a hair's breadth," and dashed back to the parade-ground, warning Captain Parker, who summoned his company by beat of drums from Buckman's Tavern.) Nevertheless they expected an easy victory over "these country people," whom Governor Hutchinson's message to Parliament had declared "must soon disperse, as it is the season for planting their Indian corn, the chief sustenance of New England." Pitcairn was astounded when his "Disperse, ye rebels!" was answered by a firm stand on the defensive, and by volley for volley.

In the meantime, Revere and Dawes were captured on the road to Concord; Dr. Samuel Prescott, "a high Son of Liberty," escaped by leaping a stone wall. The British officers, frightened by the report of the Lexington guns, released their prisoners. Previous to this Revere had gone to the house of the patriot Counsellor, the Rev. Jonas Clarke, to persuade the proscribed Hancock and Adams to set out at once for Woburn Precinct (Burlington), as they were marked men,—"obnoxious leaders,"—outside the pardon of his most gracious Majesty. Thus ran the Tory ballad:

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“And for their King, that John Hancock,
And Adams if they 're taken
Their heads for signs shall hang up high
Upon the hill called Beacon.”

As Revere dashed up with his insistent message the guard begged him not to make a noise. “Noise! you'll have noise enough before long. The regulars are coming!”



Captain John Parker Statue, on Lexington Common.

“Stand your ground. Don't fire unless fired upon, but if they mean to have a war, let it begin here.”

Sculptor, H. A. Kitson.

Hancock polished his sword, all afire to answer the alarm-bell on the Green, but Adams finally persuaded him that “being of the Cabinet” *theirs* was another business, and they set off for the house of Madame Jones and the Rev. Mr.



A Glen on the Old Woburn Road, Lexington.

*"We paused beside the pools that lie
Under the forest bough."—SHELLEY.*

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Marrett, followed by the sprightly Madame Lydia Hancock, and the witty and coquettish Dorothy Q., in Hancock's coach.¹

LEXINGTON

LANDMARKS. Massachusetts Avenue. "Great Meadows," Mt. Ephraim. Tablet Benj. Wellington, corner Pleasant St. Follen house, now Library. Emerson and Dwight preached here. Follen Church. Jonathan Harrington house. Fifer Minute-men. Mt. Independence (320 ft.). Peirce homestead, Maple St. Elm, 161 years. Col. W. A. Tower estate. Munroe Tavern. Munroe Hill. Cannon Rock, British fieldpiece commanded village. Mason mansion. Lord Percy's cannon. Town Hall, with Cary Library, open 2 to 8 P.M.; Sandham's "Dawn of Liberty." The Old Belfry, Clarke St. Monuments on Common. First Parish Church. Old Burying Ground, tombs Parsons, Hancock, and Clarke; monument to Gov. Eustis. Site Daniel Harrington house. Mrs. Harrington was daughter of Robert Munroe, first man killed in battle of Lexington. Lexington Golf Club, North Lexington.

As the undaunted Captain Parker and the Minute-men returned their fire, the regulars recognized a foe worthy of their steel. These farmers might be unlesioned in the finesse of war, —yet here was reserve force, the discipline of character inherited from men who had conquered the hardships of the frontier. Each husbandman was the head of a little independent kingdom which rose early to churning and the hoe, the freeman's sceptre when upturning his own soil; they worked long by candle-light in the "keeping room," exchanging common-sense philosophy dashed with humor while husking corn, shelling the ears by drawing them across the handle of a frying-pan fastened over a wash-tub, and picking

¹ Madame Hancock was the widow of Thomas Hancock, who bequeathed the "Hancock House" to his nephew John. John Hancock and Dorothy Quincy were married the following September at the Thaddeus Burr house, Fairfield, Conn., and were forced to spend their honeymoon in hiding, as the red-coats had marked for capture this elegant, cocked hat "rebel" diplomatist of the blue and buff. Dorothy Quincy Hancock, daughter of Judge Edmund Quincy of Braintree, the niece of Holmes's "Dorothy Q.," is a fascinating figure in history. Lafayette paid her a visit of ceremony and pleasure at the Hancock House on his triumphal tour, and no doubt the once youthful chevalier and reigning belle flung many a quip and sally over the teacups of their eventful past. Madame Hancock was fond of depicting the manners of the British officers quartered in Boston, and dwelt particularly on the military virtue of Earl Percy, son of the Duke of Northumberland, who slept in a tent among

over cranberries, or plucking turkeys. It was customary for country lawyers, physicians, and clergymen to partake in homespun labors, the whole family rising at daybreak.

At first the kitchen served as parlor, storehouse, and shop, blocks of logs for seats, and bean-porridge in wooden



Munroe Tavern, 1695. Headquarters of Lord Percy.

On the Sign of the Punch Bowl. "Entertainment—By Wm. Munroe, 1775." Property of William H. Munroe, Esq.

trenchers as the *pièce de résistance*. The entire house of their first minister, to which the Rev. John Hancock brought his bride, was the present ell of the Hancock-Clarke house.¹

his soldiers encamped on the Common in the winter of '75. The rings made by these tents have been traced by Dr. Hale in the early grass of spring.

¹ The address of the Rev. Carlton Staples of the First Parish Church,

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By and by Lexington farms became so prosperous that the men drove the cows to larger pasturage in New Hampshire. For the two days' journey the women-folk packed hampers of goodies, and great was the merry-making over the return.

At Lexington the British also met the "fighting Munros." This patriotic and martial race lived in the eleventh century on the River Ro in the north of Ireland, and won by valor large grants in Scotland, becoming lords of the Barony of Fowlis.¹ The Munroe lands in Lexington are *Scotland* to this day.

Later on in the severe running fight on the retreat from Concord, the regulars were picked off from the stone walls by the Minute-men according to the tactics of the French and Indian Wars.² The Captain Parker statue represents

Lexington, on the anniversary of the ordination of John Hancock over Cambridge Farms Parish, 1698, is an interesting picture of the times. Young Parson Hancock was married to Elizabeth Clarke of Chelmsford, a minister's daughter, granddaughter, and great-granddaughter. The bride's mother was a daughter of the Rev. Edward Bulkley of Concord, son of the Rev. Peter Bulkley, the founder. Who will say that "blood does not tell" when we trace to this home a long line of men and women who have rendered grand services to the State, the Church, and the nation? Parson Hancock's *Common Place Book* held pithy sayings of his own: "War is a fire struck in the devil's tinder-box," "Some men will marry their children to swine for a golden trough."

¹ Sir Hector Munro dwells in the present castle (1600) of Fowlis, Province of Ross and Cromatz. The historic castle erected by Donald Fifth. in 1154 was burned. *History of the Munros*, by Alexander Mackenzie, and *Sketch of the Munro Clan*, by James Phinney Munroe, Lexington.

² In the far-away South, some weeks after the Battle of Lexington, a party of hunters clad in buckskin, — armed with flintlocks, hatchets, and scalping-knives, lest they encounter the redskin varmints in these impenetrable cane-brakes or the trackless forests, — sopped on "jerk" and parched corn. By a clear spring, they had resolved to pitch their tents and make a settlement, and what should they name this luxuriant wilderness? Strange news came on the wing: "King George's troops had called Americans 'rebels' and shot them down at Lexington on the 19th of April!" Every other name was flung aside, and *Lexington* in old Kentucky was born.

him as leaping upon a stone wall. In New England towns, you see this running from tree to tree, the "advance, cover, and retreat fire" of Indian warfare repeated in the games of the schoolboys.

Among the men of Acton, Woburn, Reading, and Concord were old Indian fighters, and -thankful indeed were the poor "red-coats," hot and hungry, without food since



*The Buckman Tavern, 1690, Lexington.
Here the Minute Men awaited the beat of drum.*

midnight, when Lord Percy's "square" opened and took them in.

Of the five houses which our "gran'thers" tell us faced the fight, three remain: the Buckman Tavern imbedded with bullets, the Marrett Munroe house next the handsome Congregational Church, and the house of Jonathan Harrington, to which he crawled, wounded to death. The great elm on the Green was a witness, as well as its sister elm, planted by the Rev. Mr. Clarke before his house on Bedford Row, now Hancock Street, where two illustrious guests were startled by the knock of Paul Revere.

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Here on the visitors' book of the Lexington Historical Society were recorded in one year twelve thousand pilgrims, who came, as one might say, from Kamchatka to Peru, to see not only this interesting collection,—from a cup and spoon used by Washington at Munroe Tavern to the inkstand of Theodore Parker,—but the dwelling of the fervent and learned Jonas Clarke, bold inditer of patriotic State papers, and its “best room,” where Hancock courted Dorothy Quincy.

The birthplace of Theodore Parker is a short walk through North Street from the Waltham road. In Waltham stands the Governor Christopher Gore house; from here the Charles River courses through the city toward Watertown and Newton. The loveliest of country vistas may be observed from the high ridge on the “old Woburn road” leading from Lexington past beautiful Shaker Glen toward Woburn, where in that ancient town this road as far as the “Winn” Library becomes “Lexington road,” once upon a time the old Military Lane leading from the training field to “Up Street” (Cambridge Street).

BEDFORD, 1642-1729

*"Old roads winding as old roads will,
Here to a ferry, and there to a mill,
And glimpses of chimneys and gabled eaves
Through green elm arches and maple leaves."*

WHITTIER.

THE quick marching course, which the British took from Lexington to Concord, measures two leagues; the other road to history is three leagues. Choose first the longest way round, that you may see the regal elms of Bedford. Metaphorically kept under glass in the heroic spirit of the fine old town, they rival in rarity the remarkable flag preserved at the Library¹ in the Town Hall.

This was the flag of the Bedford Minute-men in the Concord fight. Sent over from England, a hundred years before, it was carried by the Middlesex County Regiment of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. A century later it came forth from the garret of the Page homestead to answer the Lexington alarm. Ensign Page returned the flag to its garret corner for another hundred years; then it celebrated the Concord Centennial, and finally was presented to the town by Captain Cyrus Page. The rich red damask of the first banner to proclaim the sentiment of the patriots bids fair to hold its lustre as long as the precious independence it symbolizes.

On the approach from Lexington, just by the Shawshine River bridge, Shawshine Road led aforetime through the woods to the Shawshine house. Now you will find the old Webber-Kendrick house in its place. Brooksby Road turns

¹ Open Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

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from Great Road at the Reed Tavern,—residence of Elihu G. Loomis. Its halcyon days were those of the stage-coaches between New Hampshire and Boston; higher still is the Page house, whose ancient site across the road com-



First Parish Meetinghouse, 1816; within, Fitch Clock, 1812.

mands the Shawshine Valley. If you possess the genius for sauntering, which Thoreau admired in Channing, follow the Page Road and the old Billerica Road passing the ruins of the Fitch mill, where meal was ground, cider made, and lumber sawed by good miller Fitch. High on the left is the Willard Hospital, a benevolent enterprise; its President is Edward Everett Hale. You cannot mistake the Bacon homestead of six generations, or the flourishing Parker farms. This is a wide (two miles or so) digression from the Great Road, so turn back to the beckoning village

spire, which has these many years pointed upward over the enchanting vale of the Shawshine.

According to the old saying, “a rib was taken off Billerica to make Bedford,” but the evolution of Bedford began when Governor Winthrop and Deputy-Governor Dudley selected hereabouts their thousand-acre grants from the Crown. They journeyed down the Concord River, making up a little tiff on the way, and the Governor’s *Journal* tells us of their final friendly hand-shake over the *Two Brothers*¹ rocks which divided their farms. Meadows of distinction

¹ The Two Brothers rocks, in a fine botanical region, are north of the village toward Billerica. Follow Dudley Road and, with permission, a grassy back lane through the Pickman estate to the Concord River. Dudley Leavitt Pickman is a descendant of Deputy-Governor Dudley.

are these in the annals of wild blossoms, its rarest denizens being the water-marigold, the crowfoot, the swamp rose-mallow, and crowned in May by the amethyst petals of Emerson's loved Rhodora flower:

“ Here might the red bird come, his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.”

The Winthrop farm district runs south to the village, nigh to great Wilson oak in Wilson Park, where the Minute-men



A Farm Lane, Bedford.

“ There 's nae life like the Ploughman in the month o' sweet May.”

assembled. Snatching a hasty breakfast at Fitch's tavern, they marched to Concord, inspired by Captain Jonathan Wilson's "Come, boys, we'll take a little something, and

we 'll have every dog of them before night." The Fitch Tavern is the centre of an interesting group of homesteads representing different periods of architecture; on the east side is the Parson Stearns' homestead of 1790, with gambrel roof and twenty-four paned windows; west, shadowed by the symmetrical Fitch elm, is the Squire Stearns "brick-end" mansion with the four side chimneys, which replaced the early "one great chimney" fashion. Its fascinating door is the original denizen with "2-foot" hinges restored by the present owner, G. R. Blinn.

One hundred and seventy-two years sit lightly upon the exterior of the Fitch Tavern, the oldest house in the village, but the interior holds hall-marks of age: "great beams sag from the ceilings low," countless tall, short, and fat cupboards surround the six fireplaces of the six-flued chimney. How grateful to a weary traveller the glowing logs in December after the small chaise foot-stove, and the geniality of mine host as he dispensed flip and good cheer from the movable carved corner cupboard! Its scalloped shelves hold to-day the family delft of Jeremiah Fitch, merchant of Boston, for whom Bedford Street was named.

Among the public-spirited men of Bedford is Mr. Wallace G. Webber of the old Webber family. Bedford has happily restored to her highways the appellation of *Road* joined to that of a family holding, before having been irrevocably lost and lamented. In the Free Library the Bedford Historical Society have remarkable heirlooms,—among them the Webber cradle, brought over in 168—, Mistress Stearns's curious hand box for weaving lace, and Parson Stearns's desk.²

¹ Birthplace of the Rev. Samuel Stearns of the Old South Church, the Rev. W. A. Stearns, of Amherst, Josiah A. Stearns, Ph.D., and the Rev. Eben S. Stearns, Chancellor of the State University of Nashville.

² Illustrated *Journal* of Samuel Stearns and *Gov. Winthrop's Farm*, by Abram English Brown, *New England Magazine*.

Across the Great Road is the Rev. Nicholas Bowes house (1731), first minister, the residence of Mrs. M. R. Lawrence. Toward the northern bounds of the town, just beyond the Captain John Lane lean-to is Sweetwater Avenue, leading to Bedford Springs.¹

Across meadows and meadows rises the spire of the old Carlisle Meeting-house, and blue Wachusett rests on a green divan. Presently appear the three spires of Billerica. Your advent to Lowell from the North Billerica highway is welcomed by the chief Passaconaway, the genius of the Merrimack valley.

¹ An Indian legend clings to these mineral springs of *Sweet Waters*. The forest tribe had captured a young pioneer, bound him to a tree intending to put him to death; Sweet Water, the beautiful daughter of the chief Mancomee, snatched the burning brand from the fagots crying: "The Great Spirit is angry, the pale-face shall not die, unless Sweet Water dies with him." Mancomee heard the Great Spirit and bade a warrior unbind the captive, who eventually married Sweet Water, becoming a counsellor of the tribe.

CONCORD, 1635

MUSKETAQUID, GRASS-GROWN RIVER

“*The mind loves its home.*”—EMERSON ON “Nature.”

You are arrived in Concord with May smiling on the meadows, the river freshet climbing the tree trunks, and her elms' bare, brown branches delicately fringed with green lace; you say: “There is but one Concord in the world,” and wonder if beauty of environment is not after all a more compelling power in directing the true and beautiful pen and chisel than Chatterton's garret.

“Genius burns,” said Miss Alcott's Jo, and clinging to Hawthorne's *Mosses from an Old Manse*, you begin to pursue Concord's elusive many-sided Muse on the battle-ground at the Old North Bridge where the eternal Minute-Man¹ stands guard, traversing thence the river brink of the loitering, slumberous Musketaquid to the Old South Bridge under the hill Nashawtuk. How softly the Concord and the Assabeth glide together beneath the hemlocks' ² outstretched arms as they stoop to tell the flags and rushes and cardinal flower the golden thoughts of Channing, Hawthorne, and Thoreau, recounting the table-talk of three congenial souls who mirthfully partook of a savory meal spread out on a moss-grown log in this beautiful wildwood banqueting hall! And as you drift with the gentle current into the deeper solitudes of the Assabeth more and more you feel it a presumption to

¹ The first statue of Daniel Chester French, who was born in Concord

² A tablet is here inscribed “To the most courteous kindly gentleman George Bradford Bartlett.” It was his constant pleasure to show to his acquaintances the beauties of Concord.

attempt a word-picture of this spot, after Hawthorne's marvellous interpretation of the river and his glorification of the "black mud over which the river sleeps" in his aphorism



The Old Manse, Concord.

"My house stands in low land, with limited outlook, and on the skirt of the village. But I go with my friend to the shore of our little river; and with one stroke of the paddle, I leave the village politics and personalities behind, and pass into a delicate realm of sunset and moonlight."—"Nature."
Written by EMERSON in the Old Manse.

of the noisome yellow and the pure white water-lilies, the ugly and celestial blossoming from the same soil.

Through a cracked window-pane of his study ¹ in the Old

¹ This study was the "Saint's Chamber" of the minister's house. It was the study also of Dr. Ezra Ripley, of Hawthorne, and of Parson Emerson's grandson, Ralph Waldo Emerson.

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Manse, the Rev. William Emerson watched the fight at the Old North Bridge where the stream is about the breadth of twenty strokes of a swimmer's arm. At sunrise the good parson, shouldering his musket, had answered Dr. Prescott's alarm, and under Captain Minot's orders he climbed the Mile-Long Ridge with his townsmen and the men of Acton, of Lincoln, and Carlisle, to the Liberty-pole and looked down on his beloved Meeting-house, whence the Provincial Congress with John Hancock President had adjourned four days before, and where five weeks previous he had preached to the militia from this text: "And behold God is with us for our Captain." As the British regulars were seen advancing in numbers "more than treble ours," Colonel Barrett ordered the militia to fall back to Ponkawtasset Hill. The "fighting parson"¹ returned to the Manse to protect his family (it has been said that he was locked in by his devoted parishioners for fear that he might be injured through patriotic enthusiasm); he saw acting Adjutant Hosmer form the companies, and Major Buttrick lead down to the bridge, the captains intrepidly facing the British on the hither side.² "He waited in an agony of suspense the rattle of the musketry. It came; and there needed but a gentle wind to sweep the battle smoke about the quiet house."

Captain Isaac Davis of Acton was the first to fall. Two of the British invaders lie here peacefully by the stone wall, the musket of one may be seen in the valuable collection from "the Six Miles Square called Concord" at the house of the Antiquarian Society; also the first cutlass taken in the

¹ Parson Emerson asked his parish to excuse him that he might go to Ticonderoga as chaplain, but not before he had written in the family almanac under April: "This month remarkable for the greatest events of the present age."—*Concord, First in Many Fields*, by Frank B. Sanborn; in *Historic Towns of New England*, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

² *The Concord Fight*, by Rev. Grindall Reynolds.

Revolution,—that of Samuel Lee,—and the sword of Colonel James Barrett, Commander. At Colonel Barrett's, two miles distant on Barrett Mills Road, the cannon had been concealed under the ploughed furrows and in Spruce Gutter; a hundred redcoats marched out there to seek them, and these "enemies" were dutifully fed by Mrs. Barrett.¹ In the general excitement and exodus many odd things occurred. A farmer's wife, getting ready to take her children to the woods, donned her checked apron "of state," for she never did anything of importance without that badge of dignity. Unconsciously she went to her drawer for an apron again and again until when she recovered her wits in a safe hiding-place she found she had on seven checked aprons. History repeated itself at the great Chicago fire, when a lady was seen fleeing with four bonnets on.



*The Old North Bridge over the Concord River.
French's statue of the Minute-man on the
other side.*

¹ Mrs. Lothrop's story, *A Little Maid of Concord Town*, contains a charming picture of the Barrett family.

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If you ride into Concord over Bedford Road by shadowy Sleepy Hollow,¹ the next point in fascination after the river spreading broadly blue in the lowlands is the Mile-Ridge, the water-shed of Mill Brook. From nigh the elm, a colonial whipping-post, rude steps pick their way up this abrupt hillside between gray weather-beaten stones, marking the resting-place of Concord's forefathers. This quaintly placed burying-ground of 1668 was always included in the deed of the house at its foot (the John Adams-Deacon Tolman house) until 1818.

Tucked under the Ridge is the Hillside Chapel of the Concord School of Philosophy, founded by Amos Bronson Alcott, "whose orbit never, even by chance, intersects the plane of the modern earth," writes Lowell, and by Dr. W. F. Harris, first among American educators, and their disciples. Did transcendental thought simmer through these murmuring pines under which runs the tangled path where Hawthorne delighted to walk, unconsciously following the footsteps of the aborigine and quite oblivious of the primitive stone tool at his feet, which Thoreau could not have passed by, because, as Hawthorne said of his friend's characteristic trait: "Thoreau seldom walks over a ploughed field without picking up an arrow-point or a spear-head, as if the spirits of the red men willed him to be the inheritor of their simple wealth"? Doubtless Hawthorne paced in company with some stern Puritan of the day of the Rev. Peter Bulkeley, the founder of Concord, who left Odell or "Muddle" on the river Ouse, the country of John Bunyan and Cromwell, only to encounter dissension at Boston, and gladly came hither to abide by the river of peace. Or the lengthening shadows of

¹ In Sleepy Hollow, the beautiful rose-quartz boulder to Emerson is on the Ridge near the graves of Hawthorne, Thoreau, and the Alcotts. The monument to Samuel Hoar, "that walking sincerity" (*Emerson's Journal*), and those to others of this family of statesmen, are below the north slope.



*Orchard House, Concord.
The home of Meg, Joe, Beth, and Amy.*

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dusk took shape in the eyes of the dreamer in the form of his Majesty's troops sowing dragons' teeth, which sprang up just here on the Ridge as armed patriots. From "The Wayside" below, the little Alcotts with their packs climbed this "Hill Difficulty," seeking the "City Celestial," and descried a beautiful vision beyond the Great Fields of the town, through which the Sudbury militia ran to cut off the enemy at Merriam's Corner; some of the Minute-men pursued as far as the Bluff, others to Charlestown Ford. Dr. Fiske said to the author that while in England he wrote an account of the Concord fight, but only when he actually saw these rocky ledges between Concord and Lexington did he understand the whys and wherefores of the unique action.

Past the home of Emerson, built on square, sincere, and beautiful lines, runs the road to Walden Pond,—“My Garden,” as he called it,—and Emerson writes of swiftly flying hours passed with Thoreau, “of oaken strength in his literary task,” and with the other friends, many of whom had sought a home in Concord because it contained Emerson. Emerson said: “Those of us who do not believe in communities believe in neighborhoods, and that the Kingdom of Heaven may consist of such.” Among his neighbors were Alcott, Channing, Agassiz, Margaret Fuller, and Mrs. Ripley, who listened over her pea-pods to the men of letters eagerly seeking her sympathy and inspiration; and George Minot, Elizabeth Peabody, George William Curtis, and Elliott Cabot. The farmer Edmund Hosmer was an especial favorite,—a philosopher who donned a frock instead of a professor's gown, solving problems of church and state; so honest withal, said Emerson, “that he always needed to be watched lest he should cheat himself.”

When James Russell Lowell was “rusticated” in his senior year at Concord by the Harvard Faculty because he loved his *Beaumont and Fletcher* better than *Locke on the Human*

Understanding, he was overcome with the honor of being invited by Emerson to walk with him. During the Revolution, Annursuc Hill in Concord lodged Harvard College



Hartwell Homestead, Lincoln.

*“ His glittering axe subdued the monarch oak ;
He earned the cheerful blaze by something higher
Than pensioned blows—he owned the tree he stroke.”*

Tribute to Hosmer, “ the spicy farming sage,” by ELLERY CHANNING.

whilst Washington’s army was quartered among the classic shades of Cambridge. Thoreau wrote in 1847 to Emerson, with his peculiar emphasis, “ Cambridge College is really beginning to overtake the age. . . . They have been foolish enough to put at the end of all the earnest the old joke of a diploma. Let every sheep keep its own skin, I say.”

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Many historic houses are standing in Concord, though the beautiful first Meeting-house and the Hubbard house are sadly missed. The Wright Tavern is as of old when Pitcairn vowed his vow. Opposite the Old Manse is the Elisha Jones house with the British bullet hole, now the residence of Judge Keyes; the Major Buttrick house and "Battle Lawn"; the Bull house, home of the Concord Grape, the three Hoar houses, and the Thoreau house, the residence of F. Alcott Pratt; also the home of Frank B. Sanborn, who is closely associated with the halcyon days of literary Concord.

The charitable Library Society, dating back to 1795, became the Concord Social Library, and is now included in the Concord Public Library, the gift of William Munroe. One marks in its interesting art collection a bust of Miss Alcott, by F. Edwin Elwell of Concord, now Curator of Sculpture in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Who would not wish to slide round through a quiet back door of Concord and gain admittance to the warm fireside and the table loaded with wit and wisdom which she sets forth! From this feast how reluctantly the parting guest turns away, quite like her grass-grown river, of which Mr. Alcott says, "It runs slowly because it hates to leave Concord"!

MEDFORD, 1630

THE "Country Heigh Way" through Medford town to Boston was a much travelled road, as we know from the recorded disputes among the neighbor towns as to who should pay taxes on "Mistick" (Cradock) Bridge, the first toll-bridge in New England. Governor Cradock¹ never crossed the sea, or saw Cradock house, which his men enclosed with palisades for his future deer-park.

This highway skirting Governor Winthrop's Ten-Hills Farm between Charlestown and Mistick Ford is again become a way of great travel from Boston into Old Middlesex. The traveller on the little journey to Lowell in the Merrimack valley by the old Woburn road will meet all the charms of rural New England, particularly in the "Moon of Blossoms." So thick were the woods hereabouts between the Charles and the Mystic rivers that Governor Winthrop lost himself near his house, and took refuge in the friendly hut of Sagamore John on College Hill (on which Tufts College stands). Winthrop's launching of the *Blessing of the Bay* in the Mystic River was the beginning of Medford's noted ship industry.

The Governor's "Paradise," as Winthrop calls it in his quaint, pious letters to his wife, was sadly devastated during the siege of Boston. Here General Sullivan planted a "nine-pounder," and sunk the floating battery on the Mystic, which had been cannonading his breastworks thrown up in a night on Ploughed Hill (east of Broadway at Winter Hill).

¹ Charles I. created Mathew Cradock Governor of the Company of Massachusetts Bay. Cradock's coopers and shipwrights came in his ships *Ambrose* and *Jewel* with the *Arbella*, as doubtless came the first settlers of Medford from Suffolk and Essex.

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After passing Tufts Square the Old Powder House at Somerville is a conspicuous figure. In 1720 it ground the colony's corn; in 1774 sheltered its powder and shot, which



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The Royall Mansion-House (1738) of Provincial Days, with Servants' Quarters.

Sometime headquarters of Colonel John Stark, General Lee, and General Sullivan. "Hobgoblin Hall."

General Gage determined to carry off to the Castle. His troops embarked from Long Wharf, landed at Temple Farm, and seized two hundred and fifty half-barrels of gunpowder. The tablet¹ placed by the Massachusetts Society of the Sons of the Revolution sets forth the sequel: "*And thereby*

¹ An interesting sketch of the work of the Massachusetts Sons of the Revolution, by Walter Gilman Page of the Tablet Committee, is included in the Register of the Society, 1899.

provoked the great assembly of the following day on Cambridge Common. The first occasion on which our patriotic forefathers met in arms to oppose the tyranny of George III."

The story of Colonel Royall's mansion-house¹ (George Street) is as long as his acres; its paved courtyard and servants' quarters betoken the splendid state of Isaac Royall 2nd, the generous-hearted Tory, member of the Governor's Council. In magnificent style, Colonel Royall dined the Vassalls, Olivers, Sir Harry Frankland, and other Tory friends, toasting the King's cause in rich "Madeira," till the Sunday before the battle of Lexington, when, arming himself with a pair of pistols and a carabin, he hurried off in his coach to Boston, thence to Halifax, and died in England, bequeathing 2000 acres to Harvard. The Royall Professorship of Law is the foundation of the Harvard Law School. A daughter married William Pepperell Sparhawke, who succeeded to Sir William's estate and name. In the Records of the "third Meeting-house" (its bell struck twelve for Paul Revere) is written: "July 28, 1771. On this day was used the pulpit cushion given by Wm. Pepperell, who imported it from England at a cost of eleven guineas."

The Butters and Wait houses face the "Heigh Waye" which passes over Cradock Bridge (tablet to Mrs. Sarah Bradlee Fulton, "a Heroine of the Revolution," erected by the Sarah Bradlee Fulton Chapter, D. A. R.) into Medford Square.

Directly before you is Forest Street (the old Andover turnpike through Stoneham), which leads into the lovely Middlesex Fells by the ancient Kidder Place and Pine Hill. Spot Pond was discovered by "the Governor, Mr. Nowell and Mr. Eliot," and named for "the divers small rocks standing up here and there in it. They went all about it on the

¹ From the Royall mansion it is a pleasant half-hour's walk by Medford's landmarks as far as Grace Church.

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ice." A very high rock N. W. "they called Cheese Rock, because, when they went to eat somewhat, they had only cheese the Governor's man forgetting, for haste, to put up some bread." (February 7, 1632). On Riverdale Avenue (Ship Street) is the Cradock house (fifteen minutes' walk), passing the Greenleaf house. On Salem street (the Malden road) is the burying-ground; the birthplace of Lydia Maria Child.¹ Here is the Medford Historical Society Rooms and Collection, with models of Medford ships. In the Withington house next door lived Marm Betty, who kept a dame school, and was the envied possessor of "some flowered bed-curtains." The greatest cross of Marm Betty's life was that Governor Brooks saw her drinking from the spout of her tea-pot. Mrs. Child paid Marm Betty many a neighborly visit; she was indeed so benevolent as to deprive herself of every comfort that she might give more to some good cause. Mrs. Fields relates that at eighty years she sought in Boston the plainest lodgings; her one pleasure was in seeing her friends. Whittier was "an intimate personal friend from the earliest days of the anti-slavery struggle," and at the houses of mutual cronies they would sit side by side, reminisce and "make merry. 'It was good to see Mrs. Child.' 'Yes,' said Whittier, 'Lyddy's bunnets are n't always in the fashion' (with a quaint look as much as to say, 'I wonder what you think of anything so bad'), 'but we don't like her any the worse for that.'" ²

Turning to the left from the square (following the Winchester car) is the brick Secomb house (1756); the old Wade "Garrison" house (163-) of Pasture Hill Lane; the Armory built by General Lawrence. The handsome building of the Medford Public Library was the house of Thatcher Magoun 2nd, the shipbuilder. He built it as much like a

¹ *Lydia Maria Child*, by Anna D. Hallowell, in the *Medford Historical Register* of July, 1900.

² *Authors and Friends*, Annie Fields.

ship as possible, with high-studded front rooms for his wife and the other rooms after the fashion of a ship's cabins. The Library contains an ideal children's reading-room. In its Historical Collection is a letter from Washington to



The Cradock House (1634), or "The Fort." On Riverside Avenue, the old Ship Street, Medford. Property of General Samuel C. Lawrence.

Governor Brooks; the *Diary* of Dr. David Osgood, whose ministry began with the "revolutionary earthquake"; and two curious china cats over two hundred years old, the playthings of Miss Lucy Osgood. The Osgood house is above the Unitarian Church, also the Jonathan Watson-Samuel Swan house (1750), where General Brooks entertained Washington. The Train house is next; Grace Church of Richardson design stands on the site of the Timothy Bigelow mansion-house. Paul Revere called up the captain of the Minute-men at the Porter house, Ram's Head Lane, now Rural Avenue, leading to the "Lawrence" Tower.

Medford's "fat black earth," of which Mr. Higginson

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speaks, according to the old saying, was ready for seed "when the white oak-leaves look goslin-gray. Plant then, be it April, June, or May." The farmers' harvest list in Brooks' history of rare anecdote runs:

- 1646 Aug. 1. The great pears ripe.
- 3. The long apples ripe.
- 12. Blackstone's apples gathered.
- 1647 July 5. We began to shear rye.

The car passes the ancient Symmes Corner (1638) and site of the Black Horse Tavern, over the old Woburn road through Winchester, once South Woburn. A charming place is this "town of lawyers," very rich in water landscape: Wedge Pond, Winter Pond, and "Big Mystic" supplied by the lovely Aberjona River.

THE country mansion-house of Edward Everett on Mystic Pond,¹ entertained many men of many climes. On the Everett estate in 1638 was the royal house of the Squaw Sachem Queen of Nanepashemet, killed by the Taratines in 1619. Many of her deeds of land are on record. In 1621, when Edward Winslow and the Plymouth people went up to see the Sachem of Boston, Winslow writes of seeing at Mystic the house of this King, "not like others, but on a scaffold." And a fort seated upon top of a hill, "of poles some thirty or forty feet long, stuck in the ground, as thick as they could be set one by another," a trench digged about; "one way was there to get into it with a bridge." In this palisade stood a house wherein Nanepashemet lay buried. The Clock-Tower tells how many times Winchester has changed her name.² In the Library is the painting—*Coast of Normandy*—by J. Foxcroft Cole, a sometime resident of

¹ Cambridge Street.

² *History of Winchester*, by Abijah Thompson, Winchester Press.

Winchester. The room of the Historical and Genealogical Society contains a memorial to Edward Converse, pioneer and builder of the first house and mill. Among the residences in beautiful "Rangely" is that of Edwin Ginn, owner of the Park.



Entrance to the Brooks Estate, Winchester.

In Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, and especially in Malden ("Mistick Side"), the student of bygone days will find an interesting field. Wakefield, the old parish of Reading, is adorned by Crystal Lake and Lake Quanapowitt, the Indian "Great Pond," about which many stone tools have been picked up. John Poole's water-mill of 1644 stood on the site of the Rattan Works. Crystal Lake and Lake Quanapowitt adorn the town. Malden has an unusually fine park,—Pine Bank, arranged and beautified for the people of Malden by the Hon. E. H. Converse.

WOBURN, 1630-1642

THE antiquarian so inclined may spend an hour, an afternoon, or a day most profitably in Woburn. In Woburn Square the historical sites are admirably tableted. The Soldiers' Monument, stands as formerly did the first Meeting-house, near the market-place. Within the handsome



*The Woburn Public Library. Richardson, architect.
Founded by Jonathan B. Winn and Charles B. Winn.*

Winn Library, designed by Richardson, genealogists revel in colonial and revolutionary archives, exhaustively indexed

under the direction of the local historian, W. R. Cutter. Its attractive Art Gallery contains an interesting painting, *The Ordination of Thomas Carter* in 1642, first pastor of this little settlement, then known as Charlestown Village. That curious and oft-quoted narrative, *The Wonder Working Providence of Zion's Saviour in New England* (from 1628 to 1652), was written by Captain Edward Johnson, sometimes called "The Father of Woburn," and one of Winthrop's Company. A quaintly written letter from Woburn in 1804, by a young girl, reads:

Papa and Cyrus are busy planting, mamma takes care of the family cards.¹ Mary weaves, Emily spins, Abigail winds quills. Our meeting-house is almost done; I hope you will come to the dedication. We have had an ordination, dedication, and installation this winter, and did real piety keep pace with party spirit, we should indeed be an exemplary people, but there is as much division as ever.

¹ The carding of wool was one of the oldest traditional occupations of a Roman lady, held in great estimation as late as the beginning of the Empire. The highest praise bestowed on the mother of the family was "She stayed at home to card the wool."

WOBURN

LANDMARKS: Woburn Public Library. Site house Rev. Thomas Carter (1642), 23 Pleasant St., residence Charles Taylor. Site Fowle Tavern, 442 Main; here Minute-men met. Daniel Thompson house, 649 Main; "slain at Concord Battle," residence Mrs. M. A. Briggs. **Supplementary:** Legends of Woburn, 1642-1692. Ellis's *Life of Rumford*. Cutter's sketch of Woburn under Winchester in Hurd's *Middlesex County*.

NORTH WOBURN

THE stateliest of the fine old-fashioned houses of "New Bridge," or North Woburn, is the Baldwin mansion. Above the delicately moulded colonial doorway, linden-tree arched, a mullioned window gleams warmly iridescent under the touch of old Father Time. From its white fluted niche on the stairs a shining mahogany clock solemnly ticks away the centuries in lofty measure, talking over the happenings within these panelled walls with its lettered companion, the collection of rare tomes found in the Long Room.

The twin lindens, of a younger growth than the elms, were dispatched across the wide Atlantic to Loammi Baldwin by his friend Count Rumford, born plain Benjamin Thompson, whose notable career of rare interest on two continents began in the primitive dwelling just a little way up the road. Its closing chapter at Auteuil saw our many-sided philosopher of purely Yankee origin (who, by the way, had sided with the Tories, which, strange to state, had never entirely lost him the affection of his countrymen) a Knight of the Order of St. Stanislaus and the White Eagle, a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, a Lieutenant-General of Bavaria, and a Fellow of the French Institute.

More than a hundred and thirty years ago, on the old Woburn Highway, had you belonged to the rural wit and beaux of the precinct you might have met and exchanged glances with the youths Baldwin and Thompson striding home from Cambridge, both evolving schemes in daring suppositions for experiment suggested by their last lesson in the science of causes as expounded by the colonial teacher.

Tradition names a particular bad quarter of an hour when

young Baldwin was discovered by his family flying a silk kite in a severe thunder-storm, apparently enveloped in flames. The fact that glass bottles supported his rude platform appeared but little the consternation of the appalled lookers-on. Colonel Baldwin crossed the ice-bound Delaware with Washington and led to the battle of Trenton the 26th Massachusetts, one battalion having 16 officers and 190 men. Surveying one day for the Middlesex Canal near "Butters Row." in Wilmington, Colonel Baldwin was attracted by woodpeckers

NORTH WOBURN

LANDMARKS: James Baldwin house, (177-) residence Baldwin Coolidge. Baldwin mansion (1661), property of Mrs. C. Rumford Griffith. Josiah Bartlett-Wheeler house, here was held centennial ball. Thompson-Nichols-Winn house (1769), residence Mrs. Ruel Carter. William Tidd house. Home for Aged Women, Cleveland Homelands. Birthplace of Count Rumford, 1781. Tay-Nichols house. Lilley-Eaton house. Deacon Samuel Eames house (1730), New Boston St.



*The Baldwin Homestead, North Woburn. Built 1661.
Property of Mrs. C. Rumford Griffith. Residence of Loammi Baldwin
the fourth.*

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drilling circles about the trunk of a tree, red with apples. He set a dish of the delectable fruit before his guests at dinner. "What is the name, Colonel?" "It is an unknown species hereabouts," answered their host. "Then a toast to the Baldwin apple!"

The centennial jubilee ball, given by this Colonel Baldwin in the house opposite, was long the talk of old Middlesex at seasons' quiltings; especially was remarked the marvellous transformation of the figures 1799 traced by colored wick lights into 1800, at the turning of the hour-glass for the new year. The pretty schoolmistress imparted her impressions of *The Ball* in a dozen verses:

" On New Year's eve at Baldwin's Hall
Was held a great and splendid Ball;
Hand in hand the blooming pairs
Marched to the house and walked up-stairs.

" The waiters round with salver bend
And dealt to all, for all were friends,
No spare of cake or wine or tea;
The generous donor made it free."

WILMINGTON, 1642-1730

TEWKSBURY, 1655-1734

IN ancient Wilmington you journey past Squaw Pond and the aforetime famous "Ox Bow" of the old Middlesex Canal. Near Wilmington Depot appears the Tim Carter house, perhaps the oldest in the town. On the Boston Road to Tewksbury, circled by summer cottages, is the translucent Silver Lake or Sandy Pond of unsoundable depth in parts. Here was an immense lake, its adjoining "Great Sandy Desert" having been pushed in during the glacial period. The earliest localities of Wilmington were named Goshen, Nod, Lebanon, Ladder-Pole, and Maple-Meadow Brook. Wilmington at one period was nicknamed "Hop-town," because every farmer owned a flourishing hop-yard.

Beyond the "Rich" Carter house is "bound-stone" farm. Crossing the Shawshine River, in a wayside cemetery, lies buried "Life" Manning, Washington's bodyguard. The John Bridges farm is made picturesque by an elm of multitudinous branches. These Tewksbury farms are fine market gardens. The State Almshouse seems to be a little town in itself.

At the entrance of the pleasant village of Tewksbury Centre stands the Kittredge homestead, in the bend of the East Billerica road. On Main Street we come upon the Rev. Samson Spaulding homestead (1737) and the Rev. Jacob Coggin house, the residence of H. M. Billings. No one leaves Tewksbury town without a draught from the famous well on the green. When Tewksbury was Billerica this region suffered from Indian raids. Before stealing away from

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the scene of destruction the savage was wont to strap his dog's mouth with wampum lest the cur's bark should disturb the midnight silence and thus proclaim the direction of his retreat.



*"Little streams are light and shadow
Flowing through the pasture meadow,
Flowing by the green wayside,
Through the forest dim and wide."*—MARY HOWITT.

LOWELL, 1655-1826

*"I listen, awake, for the city's hum,
A faint little threadlet of far-off sound,
Growing ever confused like a skein unwound,
By heedless fingers, wherein I hear
The voices of myriad work-folk dear,
Who make earth the sheltering home that it is,
With their beautiful manifold industries."*

LUCY LARCOM.

THE hamlet of Wamesit, the praying town of the Pawtucket tribe, once extended over the great neck of land "where Concord river falleth into Merrimak river." No one can tell for how many successive moons of May the tribes had resorted to these falling waters for salmon, shad, and sturgeon before the Apostle Eliot followed them, "to spread the net of the Gospel to fish for their souls."¹

Over the red man's ancient capital-seat rise spires and smoking chimneys; the noon-hour bells of the "Spindle City," speaking to hurrying thousands, witness that all the wiles of the sorcerer Passaconaway, Chief Sachem of Penacook, stayed not the "increase" of the white man, though by Indian legend he caused "the green leaf to grow in winter, the tree to dance, and the water to burn."

Fort Hill was palisaded by Wannalancet, son of Passaconaway, to defend his people against the Mohawk's arrow. His wigwam stood on the estate of Frederick Ayer, near Pawtucket Falls. By the singing waters, in picture language, he said to his white brothers—the Apostle Eliot, General Gookin, Mr. Richard Daniel of Billerique, and other

¹ "And from Massic Island, where Stott's Mills now stand, told his dusky listeners of their great Father."—*The Lowell Book*.

Englishmen of quality: "All my days I have been used to pass in an old canoe, but now I yield myself to your advice, and enter into a new canoe, and do engage to pray to God hereafter."

LOWELL

LANDMARKS: City Government Building. Memorial Building, containing Free Public Library of 62,000 volumes, and Memorial Hall. Monument Square. Ladd and Whitney Monument. Statue of Victory, gift of Dr. J. C. Ayer. Unveiled July 4, 1867. Lowell visited by Presidents Tyler, Polk, Jackson, Lincoln, and Roosevelt; by General Grant, Jerome Buonaparte and Princess Clotilde, Louis Kossuth, Charles Dickens, Wm. Lloyd Garrison. The Armory M. V. M. Tappan Wentworth house, Lawrence St. Durkee house, (1704). Pawtucket Boulevard, Joel Spalding Homestead, Pawtucket St. Balch & Coburn's Tavern, or the "Old Stone House"; first town meeting held here. Kirk Boott Moderator. First School Committee, — Theodore Edson, Warren Colburn, Samuel Batchelder, John O. Greene Elisha Huntington, father of Wm. R. Huntington, D.D.; here First Unitarian Church organized 1829; enlarged for J. C. Ayer mansion. Now the Ayer Home, endowed by Mrs. Ayer and Frederick Fanning Ayer. Old Ladies' Home, Fletcher St. Old Marshall Tavern, Parker St. Livingston and French homesteads, Westford St. Fort Hill Park, from which may be seen Minot's Light.

Supplementary: Cowley's *History of Lowell*. *A Stranger in Lowell* by Whittier. *A New England Girlhood*, by Lucy Larcom. *Loom and Shuttle*, by Harriett Robinson. *Lowell*, by Mabel Hill, *New England Magazine*. *Merrimac River at the Junction of the Concord with its Waters*, by Jane E. Locke of Lowell. "Inscribed to the Hon. Caleb Cushing, by whose request it was written."

and liveness were facetiously said to be due to their being raised on lamprey eels.

The Pawtuckets sold their grant to Colonel Tyng and Major Henschman; a map of 1821 outlines *Sundry Farms of Pawtucket in the Town of Chelmsford*,¹ which were bought up by the Proprietors of the Locks and Canals. Kirk Boott was sent to prospect the river's mechanical force, pointed out by Ezra Worthen, and while apparently casting a fly for salmon appraised these valuable fishing rights. The young English officer was, however, worsted in his first bargain by a Yankee farmer, who doubled the price of his farm over night, "as I calk'lated *su'thin*' was in

¹ The Fletcher, Cheever, and Whiting farms occupied the present heart of Lowell. On the Nathan Tyler farm stand the Merrimack Mills of 1822, the Carpet Mills, and Ayer Laboratory. Little Canada occupies the Robert Brinley farm, and Ayer's City the Joshua Swan Meadows. Middlesex Mills stand on the site of the manufactory of Captain Phineas Whiting and Colonel Josiah Fletcher; at the raising, in 1813, took place a wrestling match, the favorite amusement of Dracut men at ordinations and Four Day Meetings. Their strength

the wind when I saw two strangers across the river sit on a rock and talk, then one feller go up and the other daown, an' talk ag'in." The Kirk Boott mansion, now the Corporation Hospital, stands near the Moody Street Bridge. Paul Moody's inventions followed fast after the first powerloom was set up by Francis Cabot Lowell,—the inspirator of cotton manufacture,—for whom the city was named. Early expedient called on the aid of the sun for bleaching, and the overseer's wife sprinkled with her watering-pot large areas of cotton cloth pinned to the grass.

That remarkable feat of engineering, the Northern Canal, was the thought of James B. Francis, later President of the American School of Engineers. The cynics called his Guard Locks, built on the Pawtucket Canal, "Francis's Folly," till after one fateful night in 1852, when the water rising fourteen feet above the dam would have flooded the lowlands, carrying off the Appleton and Hamilton mills, had his port-cullis not been let fall at the crucial moment. The Merrimack has never again attained that height. If you stand on the picturesque Canal Walk late in February—between the foaming canal forced out of its usual serenity into a boiling cauldron, and a maddened whirl of waters tossing ice-floes like snowflakes—you cannot but marvel that the wild course of these myriad streams hastening from the snow-covered New Hampshire hills to the Atlantic may be diverted by man's invention.

THE MILLS OF LOWELL

The merry comrades of Lucy Larcom, daughters of ministers and backwoodsmen who had broken out the primeval forest threaded by treacherous Indian trails from the Canadian frontier, reflected the purity and vigor of these New Hampshire hills. You fancy that you can see these Yankee girls in the spinning-room, Lucy Larcom committing to

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memory the poets from slips of paper pasted on the walls to the music of the shuttle, and after the day's work guessing the authors of the anonymous contributions to their little journal, the *Lowell Offering*. Later they found vocations in literature, art, or in marrying New England merchants and mill-owners. The looms were next watched by the witty Irish lassies, followed in turn by the dark-eyed graceful



"The gray stone walls of St. Anne's Church and rectory made a picturesque spot in the town, a lasting monument to the religious purpose which animated the first manufacturers. I had never before seen anything but a plain frame meeting-house, and the church and the benign, apostolic-looking rector were like a leaf out of an English story-book."—LUCY LARCOM.

French-Canadian girls who are marrying into the Greek colony. The French of Louis XIV. is heard on the streets, and *Le Jour de L'An* is the chief festival-day of *Le Petit Canada* in Lowell, kept with all the dear traditions of the home parish in the province of Quebec. These nationalities, as well as the Portuguese and Armenians, have their churches and schools in cosmopolitan Lowell.

Lowell's exports are not entirely from the loom; there

are many factories devoted to proprietary medicine, fancy leather, wire goods, machines, and in almost every department of mechanics. The city has made distinct strides recently in education through the State Normal School, with the Bartlett Practice School, the Lowell Textile School, and the Training School. The invaluable "Summer Playground" has been introduced through the Middlesex Women's Club.

Lowell offers splendid opportunities for out-of-door pleasures. The golf course of the Vesper Country Club at Tyng's Island is one of the oldest and most beautiful in New England. At the perfectly equipped Vesper Boat-house have originated, under a peculiarly efficient management, many events in the sporting annals of Massachusetts.

The American Canoe Association has a camping-ground on the lovely inland water, Tyng's Pond, or Lake Mascuppic, whose most ancient settlement, Willow Dale, has for generations been famous for "basket picnics," and the queer modern statuary guarding the lovely grove. The summer amusements at Lakeview Park are changed in winter to the ice sports of hockey and polo on skates. From Lakeview, travelling northward through the pines, you arrive shortly at Nashua on the Merrimack.

BELVIDERE

"Belvidere," the mansion¹ of Judge St. Loe Livermore,—previously the "Gedney" or the "Old Yellow House,"—

¹ A part of the house stands next St. John's Hospital. "It is beautifully situated at the confluence of the Merrimack and Concord rivers," writes the daughter of Judge Livermore, the wife of Judge J. G. Abbott, whose son, Captain Edward G. Abbott, fell at Cedar Mountain—leading the "Abbott Greys" of Lowell. Major Henry Livermore Abbott fell at the battle of the Wilderness. Judge Livermore's daughter Harriett was the "woman tropical, intense" of Whittier's *Snow-Bound*. The long military record of Lowell and the Grand Army of the Republic is included in the sketch of Lowell by C. C. Chase in Hurd's *Middlesex County*.

*Tyng's Island on the Merrimack.
"Where the sleeping river grasses
Brush my paddle as it passes
To and fro."*

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.



*The Jonathan Tyler Homestead (Residence
of Mrs. J. Tyler Stevens), and the Nesmith
Homestead, from Park Garden, Belvidere,
Lowell.*



gave its name to a large part of the 3000-acre grant to Madame Winthrop in 1649, which may be seen in fairest prospect from Fairmount Hill. Below, lies the city, in the heart of the Merrimack valley; the Concord, another Avon, creeps under a score of bridges to meet the greater river of widely differing beauties. The horizon is broken by Robin's Hill, distant Wachusett, the Peterborough, Temple Hills, and Uncanoonucs. Monadoc, the lonely peak, "rock-ridged," has been translated to our hearth-stones by the brush of William P. Phelps and the exquisite lines of James E. Nesmith.

" All day the purple shadows dream
Along his slopes or upward stream,
And shafts of golden sunlight gleam.

" The curled cups of the gentian catch
The eye with hues the heavens match,
Tho' Winter's hand is on the latch."

The suburb of Belvidere was founded by John Nesmith, Lieutenant-Governor under "War" Governor Andrew, and Colonel Thomas Nesmith. The Nesmith mansion entertained Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, Vice-President Henry Wilson, Parson Brownlow, and other distinguished guests. Near by is the Governor Frederick T. Greenhalge house and that of Hon. John A. Goodwin, author of *The Pilgrim Republic*. Lowell is the birthplace of Charles H. Allen, Assistant Secretary of the Navy during the Spanish War, and first Civil Governor of Porto Rico. In the Talbot house lived Judge Nathan Crosby, who, as our famous "Sixth" marched on, said, "We must take care of our boys," inaugurating the "Soldiers' Aid."

About Park Garden are grouped the older mansions of Belvidere. On their walls hang the paintings of many artists associated with Lowell: etchings by Whistler, whose father, Major George Washington Whistler, left Lowell to

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become consulting engineer to the Emperor of Russia. Portraits by David Neal, the first American to receive "highest award" from the Royal Academy, Munich, also born in Lowell; and by Alfred Ordway, Thomas B. Lawson, Sarah W. Whitman, Adelaide Cole Chase, the younger Healey; landscapes by Joseph A. Nesmith, and the Old-World handicraft of Laurin H. Martin. *The Young Trumpeter*, by Margaret Foley, recalls her earliest work,—the faces carved on her bobbins.



Ice-Cutting on the Merrimack, below the Lowell General Hospital, formerly the Fay Homestead.

Among the art treasures of the Public Library are Healey's portraits of Nathan Appleton and Patrick T. Jackson, founders of Lowell; Lawson's portrait of Webster, said to be his best likeness; and *La Basilica Di San Marco in Venezia*, in memory of Elizabeth O. Robbins of Lowell. To her memory also "A Library for the Use of Travellers" was founded in Boston by Susan Travers.

On Andover Street, overlooking Hunt's Falls and the

beautiful view down the Merrimack, is the General Benjamin F. Butler mansion, built by Samuel Lawrence, the residence of General Adelbert Ames. An ancient and curious powder-horn hangs in the library; it is carved by the hand of a soldier ancestor in this wise: "Zephaniah Butler His Horn of Woodbury, April 22, 1758. War."

Half way to North Tewksbury Hill, by the old blacksmith's shop across the course of the Long Meadow Golf Club, lies an unusual eskar—one of the ridges used by Indians for a camping- or burial-ground—extending to the Merrimack. On the opposite bank, high above the Indians' path described by Whittier in *Taking Comfort*, a car glides toward Haverhill and Methuen and the down-river towns.

Below the Hood's farm ridge is Deer's Jump, the river's narrowest span for miles, across which, tradition says, Washington was ferried to Varnum's Landing in Dracut, and rode up the rough fern-bordered cart-path escorted by General Joseph Bradley Varnum, to be greeted hospitably at the threshold by his wife Molly. Behind the gnarled pink apple blooms of the Varnum homestead is the family burying-ground, and hard by, on the old Lawrence road, is the General Simeon Coburn house. The river hurries along in occasional rapids between steep banks by Glen Forest, and falls under the long bridge at Lawrence with the force of a miniature Niagara, for the Merrimack has no leisure to form broad and fertile meadows like the Connecticut, its course being only half as long to the sea, starting at the same elevation.

DRACUT, 1664-1701

In passing Christian Hill at dusk on wintry days the great mills appear masses of soft light. The Merrimack is a silvery sheet in summer, in autumn reflecting foliage of myriad

hues, and perhaps most lovely at winter sunset, when the ice flashes opal tints against the heights of Belvidere.

Central Bridge of ceaseless traffic overshadows the path of Bradley's Ferry, and "Ferry Lane" (now Hildreth Street) leads to Dracut Common, a triangular piece of turf remaining after the division of the Hildreth estate, long before the Revolution, and presented by seven Hildreth sons to the town. Three homesteads adjoin this training green of more than a century ago: the Hovey homestead, built in 1760; the Lieutenant Micah Hildreth-Richardson house, and the General William Hildreth-Joseph L. Sargent house, built about 1800. The latter has a hand-carved cornice, and once had a gallery around its second story, after the fashion of the Southern homes which General Hildreth saw and admired before he finished his campaign at Yorktown. The Varnums, Hildreths, Parkers, Hoveys, Samuel Barron, and Thomas Coburn protested openly against Shays' Rebellion, and signed an oath of allegiance to the Commonwealth. The Dr. Amos Bradley house is close by, also the pretty Hillside Meeting-house; to another part of Dracut belongs the celebrated Old Yellow Meeting-house. Dracut, at first an inland fishing town, was patriotic to the backbone. Two thirds of her citizens wore the blue and buff; General Joseph Bradley Varnum, General James Varnum, and Colonel Louis Ansart were distinguished officers; romantic material enough for several historical novels was gathered under the rafters of the Squire Hildreth house, truly an *Old Curiosity Shop* of war accoutrements, firelocks, powder-horns, canteens, knapsacks, rapiers, pikes, and striking black leather helmets with floating white horsehair plumes worn by Ensign Thomas Hildreth, who lost his life in the French and Indian wars.¹

¹ *Origin and Genealogy of the Hildreth Family*, by Captain Philip Reade.

Dracut is the birthplace of the Honorable Gustavus Vasa Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy. During his unique mission to Russia in 1866 he was offered the bread and salt of welcome throughout the empire, receiving a thousand official courtesies. Arriving at Helsingfors in the *Miantonomoh*,—the first monitor to cross the Atlantic,—he was escorted to Cronstadt by a fleet commanded by the Russian Rear-Admiral. Mr. Fox delivered the congratulations of the United States to his Imperial Highness the Emperor Alexander II., then sent the first message from Russia to America over the Atlantic cable.

The splendid imperial banquet in honor of our American mission was succeeded by the magnificent entertainments of the Prince Gortchakoff, Prince Dolgorouky, and Prince Galitzine; by dinners at the Naval and English clubs. At the banquet of the Good-Birth Society of St. Petersburg, in their beautiful pavilion on the Countess Strogonoff's estate, a poem of Holmes was read in honor of the occasion. Mr. Fox having been invited to breakfast at the palace of the Grand Duke Constantine, the Grand Duchess and her daughter Olga paid the American officers the compliment of receiving them, gowned in white with sashes of red, white, and blue. On the Isle of Czaritzine in the gardens of Peterhof stands an oak grown from the tree shading Washington's tomb. Each of our officers reverently plucked a leaf to carry home to testify to the homage paid in Russia to the founder of our Republic. A superb "Malachite Box, Gift of the City of St. Petersburg," to Mr. Fox, is in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. The Emperor's farewell gift was a snuffbox, his miniature set in diamonds on the lid, presented by sovereigns only to persons of the highest distinction. In 1871, the Grand Duke Alexis paid a visit to his "good friend, Mr. Fox, at Lowell." These facts are from the interesting narration, *Fox's Mission to Russia. From the Journal of J. F. Loubat*. Edited by John D. Champlin, Jr.

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One hundred and twenty-eight years ago, a Dracut boy, Israel Hildreth, with but two pennies in his pocket, started out to seek his fortune in Newburyport; he shipped on the privateer *Vengeance*, Captain Newman, and after most adventurous voyages turned back to buy with his share of doubloons his father's farm in Dracut. As "Squire Hildreth," Justice and tithing-man, he was among the last of the Middlesex gentry to give up his cue and small-clothes.

On the old Hildreth farm sloping to the river is the house of Mrs. Rowena Hildreth Reade, with graceful trees, fronting the rapids of the Merrimack (Lakeview Avenue). Strolling thence toward the Navy Yard, where by Beaver Brook the famous Dracut Garrison faced Indian attack, there yet stands on Pleasant Street a tavern where, the story goes, shortly before Lexington battle, knocked two soldiers from the King's troops asking the road to Londonderry. At sunrise half-a-dozen pursuing red-coats demanded to know if the inmates had given shelter to two deserters. "No, but two men had asked the road." "Did n't you give 'em shelter or food? If you did, we'll string you up!" It turned out that the deserters were Irishmen, who, not wishing to fight the Americans, were seeking refuge at Londonderry with their Scotch-Irish kinfolk. The settlers of Londonderry, it is said, introduced us to the potato and the secret of the manufacture of linen cloth.

MIDDLESEX VILLAGE

Quiet Middlesex Village, at the Great Bend of the Merrimack in Lowell, was the lively shopping district of East Chelmsford, aforesaid called the "Glass-house village."¹

¹ On the opposite sandy shore, during his *Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*, Thoreau and his brother landed to gather wild plums, and discovered the harebell of the poets, common to both hemispheres, growing close to the water. "Here, in the shady branches of an apple tree on the sand, we took our nooning."

No vestige remains of the glass-works where lights were manufactured for the White House, or the hat factory, though "owner Bent's" house yet stands on Baldwin Street. At the substantial Clark Tavern Governor Hancock dined



*The Rebecca Warren-Smith Homestead. Built 1823.
Middlesex Village, Lowell.*

when he inspected the Middlesex Canal, for which he granted the charter in 1793. Up-street are the Tyler, Bowers, Major Nathaniel Howard, Amos Whitney, and Samuel Burbank homesteads; opposite is the Cyrus Baldwin house, where the village children beheld with awe gracious Madame Baldwin, the grand-dame of their day, as she sat erect in her carved mahogany chair receiving her friends.

Near by the stages emptied their passengers into the Boston packet-boat commanded by the jovial Captain Silas Tyler. In the Judge Hadley orchard by the Tavern is a grass-grown hollow reminiscent of the past delightful long-drawn water journey from Lowell to the Governor's seat at

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Boston, the half-hours marked by the winding of the horn at the locks. The canal's nose went out of joint and the stage coach's also, when, in 1835, steam became the vogue, in turn to be challenged by electric power. A farmer "sez, sez he," looking at the first train puffing onward to Lowell, "It 's only them resky fellows can afford to ride behind that there iron nag; a family man like me dare n't do it."



*The Zadoc Rogers Mansion, Lowell.
Endowed by Miss Elizabeth Rogers as Rogers Hall School.*

TYNGSBOROUGH, 1673-1809

*"For once for fear of Indian beating
Our grandsires bore their guns to meeting.
Each man equipped on Sunday-morn
With psalm-book, shot, and powder-horn."*

McFINGAL.

THE bard, John Trumbull, writes of King Philip's War, when Tyngsborough, Chelmsford, and Dracut men went armed to the ploughing. And these were the days when the farmer built first his house and then laid out the road over the grassy path to his neighbor's door, and when the size of the wood-pile in front of the farmhouse declared to the wise the rank of the owner.

Beyond Stony Brook, a half-mile above North Chelmsford, you will mark a ferry, somewhat after the fashion of the ancient chain ferry, crossing the Merrimack to Tyng's Island, the old Wickasuck Island of Tyngsborough. Hidden by pines is the summer house of the Vesper Country Club, with its fine golf course. The factitious Indian attack of the Knights Templars some years ago had a flavor of the days when Tyngsborough was the First Parish of Dunstable, a frontier town of seven garrisons, commanded by Colonel Jonathan Tyng, who faced the foe in his fortified house—and known as the "Haunted House"—alone. After King Philip's War, the last of the Pawtuckets, or Praying Indians, lived under the charge of Colonel Tyng, to whom the Court presented this island. The Tyng garrison stood on the little hill close to the Tyngsborough road opposite the ferry landing; beyond, at Drake's Corner, are the spacious halls, decorated in quaint scenes on silvery gray paper, built by Eleazer Tyng in 1700; on the great rock



Lilacs in Tyngsborough.

where Whitefield preached, shaded by a twisted butternut, is a tablet to Wannalancet, who lies at the feet of his friend Jonathan Tyng, in the family burying-ground yonder. Dudley Atkins Tyng, Reporter of Decisions, was of this family. A mile up the river, in the village, the Brinley homestead speaks of a splendid hospitality.¹ The tragedy of Holden's Brook was the shooting of the celebrated Joe English,² who taunted his Indian captors to save himself from torture.

There is still a Bancroft farm, and many are the descendants of the Spauldings, Esterbrooks, Colburns, Farwells, Varnums, Butterfields, Fletchers, and the Perhams of 1760. Among the famous sons of Tyngsborough are two chief justices, Judge John Tyng, and Hon. William A. Richardson, Secretary of the Treasury.

¹ The eminent lawyer, Francis Brinley, died at Newport. The great house at Tyngsborough was filled with fine portraits and the most elegant appointments. This distinguished family came from the village of Datchett near Windsor, the scene of Sir John Falstaff's ducking in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. The occasion of leaving England was the confiscation of certain estates in the Cromwell epoch. The life of Grissell Brinley, the bride of Nathaniel Sylvester, the founder of the historic house on Shelter Island, is full of romantic interest. Many of the Brinley heirlooms went to the bottom of the sea when they, with her brother Francis, were wrecked off Newport in the *Golden Parrot*.

² Joe English, a friendly Indian, and a great favorite in the settlements, was a grandson of the Sachem of Agawam (Ipswich). The tradition goes that on the hill in New Boston named for him, Joe, being pursued by an Indian, and finding escape impossible, threw himself suddenly over a precipice on to a familiar ledge, while his pursuer, unable to stop, was dashed to pieces below. Ford was another "Indian fighter." He was splitting logs when a party of Indians pounced suddenly upon him. Pretending to be very anxious to finish his work, he asked them to pull, while he drove the wedge, then quickly knocked the wedge out instead of in, and they were his prisoners, with their fingers caught fast.

NASHUA, 1673

*"What time the noble Lovewell came
With fifty men from Dunstable
The cruel Pequ'at tribe to tame."*

BALLAD OF LOVEWELL'S FIGHT, 1725.

NASHUA, N. H., just across the border of the old Bay State, on the Nashua River, and a part of the two-hundred-miles-square township of Old Dunstable, is to all outward appearance a sprightly young manufacturing city, yet the deer and bear were scared off by the whetting of the farmer's scythe many, many years ago, and houses were planted on Salmon Brook as early as 1673. Thoreau discovered traces, a mile up the brook, of the cellar of "old John Lovewell," an ensign of Oliver Cromwell, who lived to the age of one hundred and twenty years; notwithstanding his part in the Narragansett Swamp fight, he was unmolested through several Indian wars, because he had done some kindness to his neighbor of the forest. The smoke from Lovewell's chimney must have been a welcome sight to Hannah Duston after her long flight from above Penacook¹ (Concord), fearing to see at any moment a redskin's birch canoe cross her path. Lovewell is best known as the father of the valiant Captain Lovewell, who fell in "Lovewell's Fight" at Pequawket (Fryeburg, Me.), where, as the song goes, "they killed Lieutenant Robbins, and wounded good young Frye."² The English numbered thirty-four and the rebel

¹ In 1669 the bold and warlike Penacooks, fearing an attack from the Mohawks, moved down to Pawtucket (in Lowell); the following year in an expedition against this powerful enemy they were nearly all destroyed, the remainder joining the Praying Indians of Wamesit.

² Chaplain Jonathan Frye of Old Andover begged his comrades, Eleazer

Indians four-score, yet the English were left in possession of the field. Chief Paugus fell also, owing to a slip of his ramrod, through which he lost two seconds in the race between himself and Chamberlain in cleaning, loading, and firing their guns by Saco Pond. Paugus had raised his gun to his shoulder as Chamberlain fired.

But what availed the tomahawk's protest! The red man had already deeded away his magnificent hunting-grounds by a mere beaver or arrow mark to a laboring man despising game and sport and of great common sense; to a race which had crossed over a wide sea in order to plant enduring towns. The mill-wheel, turning near yonder rude bridge flung over the Indian's "carrying place," had driven the beaver and musk-rat further up-stream. The very wayside flowers, the free, wild things, were already nodding to more civilized foreign rivals scattered broadcast from English grain sown in Indian cornfields; glorious native mountain laurel,—carpeting the woods with snow in July,—the clinging trailing arbutus, delicate wind-flowers, Indian pipe, the red lily, purple iris, and the golden-rod were told by the South wind and the East wind of a new pale-faced being who threw up the rocks of good Mother Earth into stone walls, strewing his pathway with the dandelion and trefoil, the yarrow, pink and white, silvery mullein, and prickly burdock; and, moreover, of a strangely refined and experienced woodsman who, with dim longings for cathedral arches, cleared away the lesser trees, leaving the lofty elm and sympathetic willows to adorn his door-yard and the village green.

A hundred and fifty years are gone and this new Angle-race is engaged in throwing off old "coils" in open warfare.

Davis of Concord and Lieutenant Farwell of Dunstable to leave him and save themselves. Hawthorne's story of *Roger Malwin's Burial* is said to have been built upon this pathetic incident.



*"Nay, chide me not because my pipe oft sings
Of country doings and of common things,
Of sun-steeped fields where men forestall the day
To gather up in mows the winter's hay."
The Rustic Poet Soliloquizes (RICHARD BURTON).*

Nashua's flourishing farms advanced promptly to the front in the Revolutionary siege of '75. Bancroft says, "The husbandmen about Nashua had already sent many loads of rye to the poor of Boston." Concord Street is the finest in Nashua,—“The Gateway of the Switzerland of America.”

CHELMSFORD, 1653-1655

*" Let the wealthy and great
Roll in splendor and state,
I envy them not, I declare it.
I eat my own Lamb,
My own Chicken and Ham,
I shear my own Fleece, and I wear it.
I have fruits, I have Flowers,
I have Lawns, I have Bowers,
The Lark is my morning alarmer,
So Jolly Boys now
Here 's God speed the Plough,
Long life and success to the Farmer." ¹*

SONG OF AN ANCIENT PITCHER.



The Cloister, All Saints' Church, Chelmsford.

BUT a half-hour's ride from Lowell lies the little hamlet of Chelmsford, named for the English town on the river Chelmer. The charming old town is sought by lovers of grassy lanes, of quaint homesteads, of real country roads, bounded by stone walls, and scented with wild blossoms. Robin's Hill is a favorite climb, and its wide-spreading landscape after sunset includes the dis-

¹ Inscribed on a pitcher, decorated with agricultural implements, one hundred and fifty years old, inherited from Oliver Pierce of Chelmsford by Miss Harriette Rea.

tant lights of "The Hub." Daughters of the American Revolution delight in interviewing the town clerk, in whose charge are the ideally kept records of the mother-town of Lowell; the Molly Varnum Chapter have erected a boulder on the spot where Captain Ford's Company assembled in April, '75. Parson Bridge, one of Chelmsford's famous preachers, requested the men to go first to the meeting-house for prayer, but Captain Ford replied, "More urgent business is on hand," and hastened toward Concord.¹ In this company enlisted Governor Benjamin Pierce of New Hampshire (father of the President), who was born in East Chelmsford, now Lowell. He was ploughing when a messenger shouted news of the battle; tying his steers to a stump, he walked to Concord. In a subsequent battle where the color-bearer was shot, he seized the colors and bore them to the front. In the peaceful burying-ground (1690) lie some forty Revolutionary heroes.

The Chelmsford Social Library, established in 1794 by the Rev. Hezekiah Packard, is merged, into the Adams Library. Among the teachers of the Chelmsford Classical School were Ralph Waldo Emerson, Benjamin P. Hunt, and Professor John Dalton. The building is the present parsonage of the Central Baptist Society, whose church stands on the site of the Colonel Samson Stoddard house, in which, according to Parson Bridge's *Diary*, he "Dined with his Excellency the Governor and Hon. Mr. Bowdoin," June 24, 1763.

CHELMSFORD

LANDMARKS: Fiske house, Central Square. Henry Farwell-Timothy Adams house. On "The Road to the Bay," old thoroughfare from Groton and Lancaster by Chelmsford and Billerica to Boston. First Parish Church, on site of first edifice, 1665. Chelmsford Burying-ground. Soldiers' Monument. Captain Davis-Worthen house, Worthen St. Lovell Fletcher-Crosby Farm, 1800. Albert Perham house with three-flued chimney and two ovens. John Perham Cider Farm (1664), residence Henry S. Perham. Emerson house, 1660. Spalding house, 1769. The Richardson farm. Bartlett House (1690) Old Tavern, residence J. Adams Bartlett. Gibson-Adams-Bartlett house, residence of C. E. A. Bartlett. Robin's Hill. "Heyward Garrison," South Chelmsford.

¹Chelmsford, by Henry S. Perham, in Hurd's *Middlesex County*.

BILLERICA, 1650-1655

"The white man comes with a list of ancient Saxon, Norman, and Celtic names and strews them up and down this river,—Framingham, Sudbury, Bedford, Carlisle, Billerica, Chelmsford,—and this is New Angle-land, and these are the West Saxons, whom the red men call, not Angle-ish or English, but Yengeese, and so at last they are known for Yankees."—THOREAU'S *Week on The Concord*.

BILLERICA of the wine-glass elms and mighty oak must go hand in hand with Chelmsford in historic interest. The ancient "Billerickey," declared by the records of 1661 "a hopeful plantation," extended from Cambridge to the mouth of the Concord River, and with Chelmsford was possessed of grants including the larger part of Lowell and Tewksbury.

Billerica is endowed with the fairest gifts which Nature can bestow: grassy roads, beguiling trout-brooks, crystal ponds, and two sweet, reflective streams,—the Concord and the town's especial love, Shawshine, *the meandering*. This sleepy and neighborly stream delights in creeping this way and that, to gossip at the stoops of half the towns of old Middlesex. An enchanting spot on the Shawshine is the vine-wrapped ruin of the aqueduct of the old Middlesex Canal, once a quaint and favorite means of transit to Boston. For the sake of drinking in all the summer sights and sounds one would like to board a canal-boat this very summer's day, loitering by village spires between fields luminous with buttercups and daisies ("pesky weeds" from the farmer's point of view, "henderin' the first hayin'"), and occasionally sweep the strings of Miss Guiney's *Roadside Harp*:

“ Sweet is cherry-time, sweet
A shower, a bobolink,
And the little trillium blossom
Tucked under her leaf to think.”

Billerica's bustling taverns were many and noted in the latter part of the eighteenth century; the winding of horns, cracking of whips, and shouts of "The stage, the stage!" heralding the heavily laden stage-coach from Franconia Notch rumbling on toward Boston made halcyon times for the tavern-keeper. Billerica did not escape Indian calamity



A Waste-Way of the Old Middlesex Canal, Billerica.

or the witchcraft mania, and "stories of sorcery and midnight carousals filled with terror the simple and imaginative country folk." ¹ One of the Minute-men of this patriotic town, Thomas Ditson, Jr., while innocently trying to

¹ *Billerica*, by Frederick P. Hill, in Drake's *History of Middlesex County*.

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purchase a gun, was tarred and feathered and drawn through the streets of Boston to the tune of *Yankee Doodle* by a mob of British soldiery, on the pretence that he was "a rebel tempting a soldier to desert." Near the bridge on the



*The Manning Homestead, 1792, Billerica.
Open to visitors in summer.*

North Billerica road, the weather-beaten homestead on the left in front of which is a memorial boulder, was the home of Asa Pollard, the first man killed at Bunker Hill by a cannon ball thrown from the line-of-battle ship *Somerset*, witnessed and remarked upon by Colonel Prescott himself.

At the dame's school of 1680, little scholars gathered about the fireside and studied from the ancient horn-book,—a square of transparent horn with the alphabet pasted on the back. Pemberton Academy flourished in 1797, and Billerica

was known as a literary centre. Among her names of distinction are Governor Talbot of Massachusetts, Governor Stearns of New Hampshire, the Rev. Elias Nason, Miss Elizabeth Peabody, and the Rev. Minot J. Savage. The Rev. Samuel Whiting established an eminent family, and the Danforths, Parkers, Crosbys, Kidders, Rogerses, Whitmans, Lockes, Prestons, and Faulkners are prominent throughout the town records.

In the vocabulary of this Billerica of ours, and in secluded farming districts of New England, the casual visitor marks occasional quaint phrases now obsolete in England. At the old homestead farm on Thanksgiving day the white-haired house-mother—gentlewoman to her finger-tips—having heaped some twenty plates with turkey and “fixins,” seizes the golden opportunity to inculcate a bit of thrift and table manners into the lively mind of her youngest grandson with her mother’s early precept: “Look out for your *orts*, sonny, look out for your *orts*, then Grandma ’ll give you a piece of mince-pie!” The city boy’s mother has to translate the queer word to her little son, telling him that it means that the *odds and ends* left upon his plate must be duly swallowed. The expressive Yankee exclamation, “Oh dear me, suz!” is, in the original, “Oh dear me, sorrows!”

BILLERICA

LANDMARKS: *North Billerica*: Asa Pollard house and boulder; first man killed at Battle of Bunker Hill. John Rogers Farm (1695); scene of Indian massacre. Talbot Memorial Hall, near railroad station. *Billerica*: Bennett Hall (1800), Residence of the Hon. Joshua Bennett Holden. Howe School (1852). Stearns House (1811), now “Hillhurst.” Site Old Danforth Garrison house (1676), River St., near “Fairview” J. Nelson Parker residence. Bowers homestead (1804); summer residence of the Rev. Minot J. Savage. Bennett Library and Historical Rooms. Unitarian Church (1697), org. 1663; view from belfry. Town Hall. Soldiers’ Monument. The Common. Whitman’s Lane, from Bedford St. to Concord River. South Burying Ground, Bedford St. Jaquith homestead, cor. Old Middlesex Turnpike. Jaquith “Garrison.” Nutting’s Pond and Causeway, 1½ mile from Square. Bowman house, once famous hostelry on Lexington Road. Winning’s Pond. Gilson’s Hill. Site Fletcher “Garrison” (1676), Allen St. Fox Hill Cemetery. Old Aqueduct over Shawshine River and Old Middlesex Canal (near Wilmington line). Content Brook.

MIDDLESEX FELLS AND REVERE BEACH

MIDDLESEX FELLS and Revere Beach are everybody's playground; they are dedicated by the State to the people, and are a part of the almost ideal metropolitan park system of Boston. The Fells ¹ is a tract of wild woodland two miles square, a veritable paradise for children,—especially children of a larger growth. The grand feast of nature is spread before him who wishes to enjoy, accompanied by the melody of birds and brooks and talking trees, and the most beautiful woodland roads and footpaths wind in and out and across causeways between great ponds, where the sunset views defy description; the nature-lover lingers bewitched, until "The night shuts the woodside, with all its whispers up." The Metropolitan Park Commissioners are continually opening new paths for pleasure, and every year interest increases in their artistic work; our unrivalled park systems, we are told, may one day reach in an unbroken chain from the eastern seaboard to the shores of California.²

Revere Beach, the new American Brighton, has been under constant improvement by the Park Commissioners for many months. The original "shantydom" which destroyed the singularly beautiful line of the beach has been literally swept away. Everything has been arranged to forward the healthful pleasure of those who delight to disport themselves on the sand or in the ocean; the immense bath-house, with subway passages to the beach, is not the usual blot on the landscape; and there is music for the multitude. A fine promenade and a roadway are being built, and it is probable may be extended towards King's Beach reservation, and to Chelsea and Boston, eventually bordering the whole North

¹ "Park-Making as a National Art," *Atlantic Monthly*, January, 1897.

² *The Boston Park Guide*, by Sylvester Baxter.

Shore. At Chelsea a park is being laid out by the city adjoining the Naval Hospital grounds. Near by is the site of the first house in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, and under the shadow of Powderhorn Hill stands the Pratt house, black



Revere Beach Reservation, in Front of the Government Bath-House.

with the good old age of nearly two hundred and fifty years.

Winnisimmet (Chelsea) was declared by Ward to be "a very sweet place for a situation, being fit to entertain more planters than are as yet seated." Winnisimmet Ferry was kept by Thomas Marshall in 1635. The Marquis Chastellux, crossing in 1782, lamented that it should take seven tacks in a scow filled with cattle to reach Boston town. On Pullin Point, now Winthrop, is the house of the sixth son of Governor Winthrop,—Deane Winthrop,—built about 1650.

NAHANT

“ Skoal ! to the Northland! Skoal ! ”

*“ Of Ymer's flesh
Was earth created,
Of his blood the sea.”*

THE ELDER EDDA.

THE Norwegian sagas of long, long ago tell us that Bjarne of Iceland, colony of the sea-kings, drifted far out of his course as he sailed toward Greenland. Light and land were hid by clouds and sleet blowing about, these being the “brains of the Giant Ymer.” Suddenly Balder, “god of the summer sun,” smiled upon his ship, throwing a path of golden light across the blood of Ymer, and revealed to Bjarne an unknown land without overshadowing mountains. Returning to the Northland, the wonders of his adventure fired the bold Leif, son of Eric the Red, King of the Vik (bay), to discover anew the sunlit country of wooded hills.

It was now the year 1000, and King Olaf commanded Leif to carry hither the good news of Bethlehem, which the harpers had sung to his people. Thus he sailed, and sailed, standing high on the bow, guiding the oarsmen over Bjarne's course. For days the ship swept on before favorable winds, the rowers' seats were empty, the battle-shields hung along the gunwales. One morning, the raven-pilot let loose did not return to the masthead, and Leif, pointing the huge dragon-prow over the bird's flight, entered a fjord and landed where grapes were plenty. Erickson turning his ship into a house, dwelt here in Vineland, where there is no long darkness. Thorwald, his brother, exploring the coast in 1004, seeing a remarkable headland holding a bay, named

it Kialarnes, or Keel-Cape, because of its resemblance to a ship's keel (probably Cape Cod). Another day they were attracted by a promontory covered with wood and battlemented by stone (Nahant).¹ The Viking exclaimed, "*Here it is beautiful, and here I should like to fix my dwelling!*" On



Cottage of George H. Mifflin, Nahant. Egg Rock Light.

*"Across the narrow beach we flit
One little sand-piper and I."*—CELIA THAXTER.

the sandy beach three canoes hid each three Indians who had seen this strange big canoe approaching from their "Sea of Darkness" (the Atlantic Ocean). The Norsemen and the

¹ Some believe that the promontory on which Thorwald landed was Hull, others Gurnet Point. A party of young Norsemen built a ship after the pattern of the Vikings and voyaged from Norway to the "World's Fair" at Chicago in 1893.

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Skralligs fought, and Thorwald, finding his arrow-wound mortal, said: "I now advise you to take your departure, but me ye shall bring to the promontory where I thought good to dwell. There ye shall bury me, and plant a cross at my head and at my feet and call the place Krossaness—Cape of the Cross—in all time to come."



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The Nahant Life-saving Crew.

"A Gun! Where Away?"

Below the Cliff Walk of Great Nahant, the salt waters rushing in and out of wide fissures, diving into the Swallows' Cave and other grottos, gossip all the while in an undertone of the courtship of Wenepoykin, Sagamore of Lynn and Chelsea, and Ahanayet, maid of Nahant, daughter of Po-quanum, the *Dark Skin*, or "Black Will," who is said to have sold his birthright, Nahant, to Thomas Dexter, for a suit of clothes. The three beautiful daughters of Wenepoykin (*a feather*) were called Wanapanaquin, the *Plumed Ones*.

He was the youngest son of Nanepashemet, the Great Moon Chief, who left Lynn when he heard the Taratines were sharpening their tomahawks to take vengeance, and fortified himself at Mistic (Medford).

In the Puritan period, when wolves were plenty and sheep few, a demure and silent shepherdess watched the first flocks of New England lest they fall into the sea. Mehitable heeded the Province laws which forbade her "to hold converse with the young men meanwhile," and obediently spun the family tax of woollen yarn. Peradventure when a smitten shepherd came to the rescue of her wandering sheep the law was not broken by the glance which said, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"



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"She's Fast! To the Rescue!"

Nahant was the pet pasture of the Lynn farmer of old, who drove his flock behind the wolf barrier across the narrow neck of the Long Beach, linking Great and Little Nahant; he was wroth, indeed, when Mr. Edmund Randolph,

“the Collector, Surveyor, and Searcher in New England,” instant in the taking away of our colonial charter, after assuring the King that the “bank” of “The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts” might be diverted to build an Episcopal church, also hesitated not to ask Governor Andros to grant him Nahant as his private domain. Seeing “our Nahants” in danger of alienation, the men of Lynn protested without avail; fortunately, the landing of the Prince of Orange at Torbay, with the spirited rising of Boston against the tyrannical Governor, prevented more insult, and the men of Lynn went up to Boston to help unseat the hated Andros and his Councillors.

The following extract “from a Manuscript Account of the Insurrection among the papers of the Archbishop of Canterbury, is said to have been written by Randolph himself” (Lewis): “April 19th about 11 o’clock the country came in, headed by one Shepard, teacher of Lynn, like so many wild bears, and the leader, mad with passion more savage than any of his followers. All the cry was for the Governor and Mr. Randolph.”

The modern air of the aristocratic old watering-place,—Nahant,—this rocky promontory discovered by Agassiz to be older than the Continent of Europe, is rife with traditions of science, literature, and statesmanship. Nahant’s long familiar lovers were Longfellow, Motley, Agassiz, Prescott, Wendell Phillips, and the Eliots, Amorys, Austins, Princes, Minots, Codmans. The cliff path to-day passes through the estate of the Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge.

Among the pioneer cottages were those of the Breeds, Hoods, Johnsons, and Tudors. At the Jonathan Johnson house the *Song of Hiawatha* was written. The pulpit of this oldest Union Church has been filled by famous preachers for fifty years.

The *jiggers* of Swampscott swoop like curlews over the



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“Hold Fast! See the Life-Boat!”

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foaming wake of great steamers making port by Egg Rock, —a “lion couchant” on the sea. The traveller listens with Longfellow to the *Bells of Lynn*:

“Borne on the evening wind across the crimson twilight,
O'er land and sea they rise and fall, O bells of Lynn!
The fisherman in his boat far out beyond the headland,
Listens and leisurely rows ashore, O bells of Lynn!”

In Boston Harbor the setting sun touches the islands and inleted shore, burnishes the State House dome, tips Bunker Hill Monument and the many-masted craft with gold. Minot's Ledge Light flashing far to the left is the finishing touch to a twilight pastel.



Hemlocks in the Fells.

LYNN (SAUGUS) 1629

*"The bonnie heire, the weel faured heire,
And the weary heire of Lynne,
Yonder he stands at his father's gate
And naebody bids him come in."*

"The Heir of Lynne." OLD BALLAD.

LYNN of the New World challenges, forsooth, to legendary combat *Lynn Regis* or *King's Lynn*, famous for shrimps, that extremely ancient Saxon harbor town, flavored with its far-back Roman Empire nautical lore and favored by King John with his sword and a silver cup. Farther down the centuries it is well known as a storied bit of Norfolk, England, as we find in Thomas Hood's delicious verse:

"Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn
Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walked between
With gyves upon his wrist."

It must be acknowledged that our Lynn never possessed such a "Friar" as theirs, who by magic art flew over the seaport's embattled wall to the North Pole. Yet to her belong transatlantic Norwegian and Indian myths; moreover, our wonder-seeking dame weird Moll Pitcher, the Prophetess, here dwelt in lonely witchery under the shadow of High Rock, now itself overshadowed by traffic in the bewildering undertaking of fashioning daintily, by the million, my lady's shoe. An early New England follower of St. Crispin, Phillip Kertland by name, is said to have made for all the maids of Saugus, the name by which Lynn was first known, a pair of neat's leather shoes matched

by another pair fashioned in white satin for their wedding day. About 1727 the maid's buckles went out of date, and in 1750 a Welshman, John Adam Dagr, made the town celebrated for the production of foot-gear quite on a par with the best English make, thereby laying the foundation

LYNN

LANDMARKS: High Rock, 180 feet. (View of Massachusetts Bay.) House of Alonzo Lewis, the Lynn bard, Boston St. Old Hathorne house, now Lynn Hospital, Boston St. Ocean St. Lynn and Nahant Beaches (or Long Beach). Soldiers' Monument. Oxford Club House. City Hall. Kettle, first iron cast in America by Joseph Jenks, first founder, "who worked in brass and iron," here shown. Lover's Leap, 133 feet, West Lynn. Site of the first Iron Works in U. S. at Saugus, 1642. Floating Bridge, Glenmere Road. The Fay estate—in 1700 estate of Dr. Caspar Richter van Crowninscheldt, ancestor of the Crowninshields—Cotton Mather praised the virtues of his Red Spring. Rhodes Memorial Chapel, in Pine Grove Cemetery. Johnson's Grove. Lynn Woods (2000 acres). Sadler's Rock of purple porphyry. From hills of porphyry were erected St. Stephen's and the First Universalist Churches.

Supplementary: *Annals of Lynn*, by Alonzo Lewis and James R. Newhall. *Lynn Woods*, by Nathan M. Hawkes. *Boston Park Guide*, by Sylvester Baxter.

of a gigantic industry. The first emigrant "shoomaker" of New England, a Thomas Beard, was of such importance that he was assigned fifty acres of land by the New England Company, who mentioned in their letter of advice of 1629, that "the said Thos. Beard hath in the ship May Flower, divers hydes wch hee intends to make upp in boots and shoes there in the country."

In the days of Julius Cæsar, Paris itself is said to have been a sheer collection of huts, and the early "Proprietors¹ of Lynn," for the most part, lived in thatched cottages facing the south, each in itself a "domestic sun-dial," for when the sun "shone square" at noon, the h'us'wife knew it was

time to call her good man in to dinner, of which it seems

¹ The largest Proprietor being granted eight hundred acres, was Lord Brook, who never entered into his coveted heritage of liberty in America, because this "fanatic Brook," as Scott calls him in *Marmion*, was shot down as he "stormed and took" the fair cathedral of Litchfield. Other proprietors were Edward Holyoke, ancestor of Elizur Holyoke, for whom Mt. Holyoke was named; Allen Breed, Nicholas Brown, Edward Howe, also Tomlins, Hawkes, Burrill, Hutchinson, Newhall, Ballard, Howell, and the "very learned Samuel Whiting." The sons of the last

pumpkins was a prominent dish. Edward Johnson said, in his *Wonder-Working Providence*, "Let no man make a jest of Pumpkins, for with this food the Lord fed his people till Corne and Cattell increased."



"The Simple Cobler of Aggawam.

Willing to help 'mend his Native Country." (From life).

"Jest like the old jeller's shop where I use to swap politics." (Comment by Farmer B.)

The village folk were much put about by a visit from pirates, who anchored, tradition says, in Saugus River. The stranger crew were seen to hasten westward seeking an

named became ministers, one in England, another at Billerica, and the third in Southampton, L. I. Caroline Lee Hentz, the author, was the daughter of General John Whiting and sister of General Henry Whiting. Among the Kertlands (or Kirkland) family is Rev. Daniel Kertland of Norwich, Rev. Samuel Kertland, missionary to the Oneida Indians, father of John Thornton Kirkland, President of Harvard. Southampton, L. I., was settled by the Kertlands, Job Sayre, Farrington, and others, because they had found themselves "straitened" at Lynn.

impregnable spot in the recesses of the forest. This deep and narrow valley in Lynn Woods, hidden by pines and hemlocks, is known as the Pirates' Glen. From one point on the summit of the craggy rocks the banditti could spy the coast. Near the iron foundry a workman found a paper setting forth that if certain iron tools, including shackles and hatchets, were left on that spot, silver would be left in return, which came to pass, as the villagers dared not refuse. But men from a King's cruiser followed, discovered their hiding-place, and carried three of the pirates away to be executed. The fourth, Thomas Veal, concealed himself in a cavernous rock with the plunder, where he was buried alive by the great earthquake of 1658 in the Pirates' Dungeon. This rock was excavated nearly two centuries later by Hiram Marble, inspired by supposed "revelations" of pirate treasure. His labor was fruitless, and Marble's dollar bonds are "null," indeed quite void, inasmuch as his "spirited" tunnel is controlled by the Public Forest Trustees.

The Great Woods Road, once the woodman's cart-path, cuts so wide a swathe as it enters Lynn Woods by Glen Lewis Pond that it covers all trace of the ancient *Blood Swamp Landing*, where the Woodenders, Gravesenders, Nahant Streeters, and Mansfieldenders gee'd and haw'd to the patient oxen from their wood-sleds.

Once again we hold Lynn Woods in common, as did the colonists till it was divided among the freeholders in 1706. The ten crystal ponds, chained as it were within the town bounds, mirrored hosts of wild fowl, and William Wood, arriving in Lynn soon after the Ingalls settlers, tells us in his charming *New Englands Prospect* that the sun's light was obscured by the swarming flight of wild pigeons,—the Indian's *wuscowan*, or "wanderer."

Behind these venerable boughs and ledges of tinted porphyry lurks no catamount or bear, and the great Wolf-Pits,

dug by the farmers, still there after two hundred years, catch no game; the last captives being a squaw and a wolf who sat, each in a horrid fright, staring at each other.

Strolling through a lane of pines in Penny Brook Glen, or



Glen Lewis Road, Lynn Woods.

another, there is a spirit of mild adventure in a chance squirrel or woodchuck, a fox, or even an unexpected waterfall chiming with the wild-wood voice of the hermit-thrush,—“all the sweeter because he is a hermit.” The mystic fairy ring marks Oberon revels or some sylvan *Arabian Nights'* *Entertainments* related to the listening cedars by a dryad perched on a mossy boulder.

A climb to Tophet Ledge, Burrill Hill, or to Mount Gilead (267 feet) reveals the larger part of the Puritan's country,

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from the Blue Hills and Cohasset along the coast by the marshes of Saugus and Revere, following northward the line of curving surf toward Mt. Agamenticus. Lynn Beach, where the Indians held running matches, is the city's in-



A By-Path, Lynnfield.

valuable reservation for coming centuries. On Lynn Terrace below Ocean Street, where the lawns of beautiful homes almost touch green water, the harmonious scene is illumined by the lines of Aldrich:

“ For me the clouds; the ships sail by for me;
For me the petulant sea-gull takes her flight;
And mine the tender moonrise on the sea.”

SWAMPSCOTT, 1637-1852

THE Swampscott highway hugs King's Beach and Whales Beach on the right; to the left is the beautiful Mudge estate with the Mudge Memorial Church, formerly owned by the Hon. Ebenezer Burrill; beyond, lovely Paradise Road winds through the woodland. There are hosts of wild flowers in Swampscott,—hepatica, bloodroot, yellow violet, and fringed gentian; and at midsummer such a glory of yellow broom covers the rocky pastures that it would seem as if a King Midas gifted with the Golden Touch had passed this way. Yet some matter-of-fact historian may whisper to you

that, after all (the *Genista tinctoria*), a proud Plantagenet plume, was merely an immigrant in Endicott's goodly company.

To Master William Humphrey was granted Swampscott; on his arrival with his wife, Lady Susan of Lincoln, he distributed a gift from one Andrew, Alderman of London, of fifteen heifers,



Our Friend the Captain.

eight of which were for the Colony's ministers and the remainder for the poor. The Lady Deborah Moodie

bought his farm, "to her undoing," she being the occasion of great distress to the elders of the Salem Church. She was presented at the Quarterly Court, with Mrs. King and the wife of John Tilton, in 1642, not as "*common sleepers* in time



Short Beach, Swampscott — The Galloup House, on Galloup's Point.

*"Splendors of morning the billow-crests brighten,
Lighting and luring them on to the land."*

—"Surf." E. C. STEDMAN.

of the exercise of preaching," but for *houldinge* infant baptism a sinful ordinance. Dame Deborah fled from intolerance, and at Long Island she rendered such great assistance to Governor Stuyvesant that he at once conceded the nomination of the magistrates that year to her.

Passing the quaint Blaney homestead, the road winds inland. The view towards Phillips Beach is one of green

meadows, summer villas, and blue sea, to which the occasional high ledges on the left are in striking contrast. Beyond is cloistered Crowningshield Lane at Clifton, Clifton Heights, and Gun Rock, together with the old Devereux mansion along shore; the brave harbor of Marblehead reins in the prancing horses of the sea, saucily stamping and foaming half a league out around Half-Way Rock, on whose rugged, frowning slopes the outgoing fisherman must toss a coin to bring him "good luck and safe return."

Trace Longfellow's fancy in purple, fantastic flames of *The Fire of Drift-Wood*, at the old Devereux farm whose windows look over the bay:

" Not far away we saw the port,
The strange, old-fashioned, silent, town,
The lighthouse, the dismantled fort——"

.
" . . . from out the fire
Built of the wreck of stranded ships
The flames would leap and expire.
And, as their splendor flashed and failed
We thought of wrecks upon the main,
Of ships dismasted, that were hailed
And sent no answer back again."



MARBLEHEAD, 1629-1649

“Marvill Head is a place which lieth four miles south from Salem, and is a very convenient place for a plantation; especially for such as will set upon the trade of fishing. . . . Here be a good harbor for boats and a safe riding for ships.”—NEW ENGLANDS PROSPECT, 1633.

MARBLE HARBOR is best loved of the old fishing-towns. There is a hint of far-away Devonshire in the manner in which the fisher-folk set their *“quaint clusters of gray houses crowding down unto the harbor’s edge.”* Even the casual summer visitor “champions to the death” the odd little village which betrays its thrilling sea-history in every nook and corner; salty wharves and cobble-stones, bewitching old-fashioned gardens where unseaworthy dories and buckets carry a blossoming freight of warmest, deepest color; houses stand cornerwise on the amazing lanes—paths of the primeval calf followed by a million men¹—and the unexpected is always with us. Just such a crooked labyrinth of streets confronted the elegant Sir Henry Frankland, his Majesty’s new Collector of Customs and his liveried servant; seeking refreshment they gladly followed the direction of an open-mouthed urchin, to stand off on the “lorboard tack” till they came to Moll Pitcher’s, where a street to the leeward curved toward the shabby inn. (This led up to a love episode that fascinated Oliver Wendell Holmes in one of his playful moods, and more than one grave historian has analyzed its touching points.)

On the following morning, Sir Henry, from his case-ment, caught sight of the graceful, untutored maiden

¹ *The Calf-Path*, by Sam Walter Foss.

Agnes Surriage, swinging a heavy wooden water-bucket round her head, then come tripping down the path singing a snatch of an old ballad sweeter than the note of the bobolink. From the well here, the blushing girl brought sparkling water in a clumsy wooden biggin to quench Sir Harry's thirst after a dusty ride from Boston town on foot inspection duty. In yonder "berryin' gr-run" Ag' spoke her mind to loyal Job Redden when taking a bit o' a tur'-rn after meeting.¹

The br-r-r caught in the speech of this fishermaid and of Flood Ireson whose "horrt was never horrd" is like an ever-recurring minor theme of the sea. It may be that the pioneer fisher-folk of Guernsey and Jersey found some responsive chord on this side of the stormy Atlantic in the never ceasing swash of water against our marble-stone, like unto the music of the sea beneath the lime-stone cliffs of dear home-isles, and thus chose to plant here at Peach's Point their first rough cabins.

Old Burying Hill is an unusually

¹ *Agnes Surriage*, by Edwin Lassetter Bynner.

MARBLEHEAD

LANDMARKS: Abbot Hall. Mugford Monument. Mansion of Colonel Jeremiah Lee (1786), 169 Washington St. Hon. Robert ("King") Hooper house, now Y. M. C. A. Building, Hooper St. St. Michael's Church (1714). Dr. Elisha Story house. A "Son of Liberty" who spilt tea. Birthplace of Judge Story, 104 Washington St. Old Town House (1727), the "Fanueil Hall" of Marblehead. Site Public Whipping Post. Bowen house, corner Mugford St., below Pickett and Washington. Schoolmaster Feter—J a y n e—Prentiss—General Sam. Avery house, Mugford St. "Committee of Safety" and "Tuesday Evening Club" met here. Methodist Church, organized 1791. Major John Pedrick house, Pickett St. Marston-Watson house. Joseph Hooper—Chief Justice Samuel Sewall house (1770), Pleasant St. Captain Thomas Gerry house. Birthplace Elbridge Gerry, "Signer," and Vice-President U. S., Governor Massachusetts. North Church. Birthplace Captain Josiah Perkins Cressy, High St., Navigator in the "Flying Cloud," noted for speed between New York and San Francisco. Colonel Azor Orne house, Franklin and Washington Sts. Parson Barnard house, Franklin St. "The Old Brig," Orne St. Site of Fountain Inn, Orne St. Old Fort Washington. Burying Hill. Sailors' Monument, erected by Marblehead Seamen's Charitable Society. Powder House (1755), Ferry Road or Green St. Skipper Ireson house, Circle St. Mugford house, Back St. Gen. Glover house, Glover St. Old Tavern, corner Glover and Front Sts. Colonel Jonathan Glover, or "The Eagle" house, Front St. Old Custom house. Tucker house (1640). Tucker Wharf. Crocker Park. "Bartoll's Head." Fort Sewall. Gerry Island. Peach's Point. Codden's Hill. Naugus Head. Com-

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modore Tucker house, near Catholic Church, Our Lady, Star of the Sea.

MARBLEHEAD GREAT NECK

Marblehead Light. Corinthian Yacht Club House. Eastern Yacht Club House. John Andrews ("Shoreman") "Samoset House" (1762). The Churn or Spouting Horn. Castle Rock. View Half-Way Rock. Custom for fishermen to throw coin on this rock for "good luck."

Gerry's Island (where Parson William Walton built his parsonage) to the Great Harbor, made picturesque by the light-house on jagged rocks.

attractive spot to the reflective mind. Seated under the knotted limbs of a wind-swept tree, near the carved slates that have weathered wintry gales of two centuries, one may gaze across the green dismantled fort to Little Harbor dotted with sails, and beyond



The Oliver House, Smith Point, Marblehead, and Crowninshield Estate on Peach's Point. Scene of the First Settlement.

To pass away the long evenings, sailors spun yarns of smugglers and pirates hiding their identity as honest guests at the Fountain Inn; of the clever capture of the captain of the band, in 1704; of the strange adventures of Marble-

head's Robinson Crusoe, one Philip Ashton, Jr., who, seized by pirates on the high seas, escaped by concealing himself in the forest on a nameless island, where pirates had landed, tormented by want of fresh water and where he was eventually picked up by bluff Captain Dove, of Salem. Sometimes on a howling night, just as the story-teller had reached a dramatic point and the cutlasses of the boarding-party were close to the throats of their victims, the boom of a gun signalling a boat in distress would recall to his memory the white wizard of Marblehead; then he would anchor at the most thrilling point and call out "Belay there! harken to the voice of 'Old Dimond', shrieking orders to the vessels as he 'beats about' among the graves on Burial Hill." No one dared to question "Old Dimond's" power to save from shipwreck; his "black art" became a terror to evil-doers working good and never harm. It was said that he "charmed" the fellow who had stolen a poor widow's wood, compelling him to walk all night with a log of wood on his back.¹

Early New England was fed on the most uncanny superstitions, and Marblehead absolutely enjoyed witches; no judge ever meddled with Mammy Red for causing the butter churned by her enemies to turn to blue wool; it was left for Salem to harass their town-witch, and the sons of Marblehead's exclusive and brawny skippers delighted to snub a Salem boy and "rock him around the corner."

Marbleheaders were held in admiration by the other colonists for their brusque independence and extraordinary powers of fortitude. From Marblehead in June, '75, Colonel John Glover marched forth at the head of a daring company of

¹ We are indebted to the Honorable Samuel Roads, Jr., for the preservation of Marblehead legends of sea and shore. As a boy having indifferent health and kept from school, he listened instead to the yarns of old salts, often above ninety years of age, which are woven into his *History and Traditions of Marblehead*.

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soldiers. Time has not dimmed that march or his other exploits by sea and land; the "amphibious" regiment, as Irving called it, was chosen to row Washington across the Delaware and lead the advance at the battle of Trenton.



Marblehead Harbor.

*"My wingèd boat
A bird afloat."*

Commodore Tucker secured forty prizes of war and the Marblehead fleet of privateers won many a sea-fight. The first British flag was struck to Captain Manly as he sailed under the Pine Tree flag of Massachusetts, and in Nantasket Roads Captain Mugford defiantly ran off with a prize in the face of the English fleet.

When Colonel Leslie, of the Royal army, sailed down from the Castle in Boston Harbor to seize Salem's supplies and landed on Homan's Beach, Major John Pedrick galloped to Salem with the startling news. He was one of sixty merchants of Marblehead whose vessels swept the main and his generosity supplied much-needed stores to the new and quickly formed American government. It was he who instructed his son not to take a single copper in return for his services as a soldier, and requested his daughters to quilt him a belt with silver coin. The opulent Robert Hooper, of grave and stately depute, hugely enjoyed being dubbed "King" by the fishermen for his noble efforts on their behalf during the war.

A batch of fearless patriots Colonel Jeremiah Lee, Colonel Orne, and Elbridge Gerry, "the Signer," all of Marblehead, had a wonderful escape from the military clutches of the British, by hiding in a cornfield behind Wetherby's Black Horse Tavern after the meeting of the Province Committee of Safety and Supplies. Colonel Lee died from the exposure. In a long list of recorded guests at the Lee mansion appear the names of Presidents Washington, Monroe, and Jackson, and General Lafayette. Many of the pre-Revolutionary houses are well-preserved. Tories did not find life here free from agitation, and one, hotly pursued by angry citizens, took refuge in the Bowden house; Mrs. Bowden said: "Gentlemen, I assure you the man you seek is not in the house. On my honor, he is not under this roof; if you persist, you will cause the death of my daughter." The search was given up. The escaping Tory was, indeed, not under the roof, but on top behind the chimney.

Dr. Story, of Marblehead, "Son of Liberty," and Samuel Gore, of Boston, made a special capture by gagging the sentinels of the gun-house near Boston Common and carried

off the brass cannon to the American lines; these field-pieces, inscribed as *The Hancock*, *sacred to Liberty*, and *The Adams*, served through the war, and are comfortably pensioned at Bunker Hill Monument.¹

An interesting piece of the past is St. Michael's Church



The Churn, Marblehead Neck.

*"The sea drew its breath in hoarse and deep,
And the next vast breaker
Curled its edge, gathering itself for a mightier leap."*

with its ancient English frame and chandeliers, the oldest Episcopal church building in New England. One of its rectors, the Rev. David Mossom, afterwards settled in Vir-

¹ Mistress Dorothy Devereux, the heroine of the Revolutionary romance *From Kingdom to Colony* lived in Marblehead, the birthplace of the author, Mrs. Mary Devereux Watson, a daughter of Gen. I. H. Devereux of the Marblehead Devereuxs of 1636.

ginia, performed the marriage ceremony between George Washington and widow Custis.

“Church to reverend memories dear,
Quaint in desk and chandelier,
Bell whose century-rusted tongue
Burials tolled and bridals sung.”

In contrast to sedate history are the gay summer colonies along shore. Picturesque villas have superseded the fish-flakes of John Pedrick and Joshua Coombs, first settlers on the “Great Neck.” Pleasure-craft domineer over the once all-powerful fishing-smacks. No more beautiful scene is there in the wide world than the shifting light and shadow over old Marblehead. At sunset, incoming sloops drop restless sails, displaying stripped masts and black hulls against the golden sky. A purple haze spreads over the glimmering landscape and all the town, from the top of highest spire to edge of low barnacle-studded wharves, becomes one with the darkening water; a tiny launch leaves in her wake a yellow trail of sea-fire between swinging lights aboard harbored vessels; Marblehead Light gleams from the Point, and Hospital Point Light from Beverly; like dim stars twinkle the twin lights of Baker’s Island, while Minot’s revolves in numbers. You wander to the eastern shore of Great Neck. The red disk of the full moon rising out of a quiet sea presently flings a ribbon of molten silver quite to your feet, cheering the becalmed fisherman as he rows his tiny shallop into port.

SALEM (NAUMKEAG), 1626



THE happiest entrance to Salem is by the quaint and winding highway from Marble Harbor,

“Sweetly along the Salem road,
Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.”

He who rides up beautiful Lafayette Street under the Derby elms and from Town House Square down “Old Paved Street,” may read here and there Salem’s distinction in colonial annals and moreover her proud Revolutionary record. The fine Armory¹ of the Salem Cadets with its beautiful oak-panelled Banqueting Hall and the annual “camp” at old Boxford, are tokens of an unflinching patriotism. In 1789, the bars were let down in the grassy lane, now Lafayette Street, for President Washington to ride through on his white charger; while he listened to the formal welcome of Senator Goodhue, the artist McIntire—whose charming ornamental doorways and fanciful gate posts are the hall-marks of his day—sketched Washington’s profile, which you may see at the unique Essex Institute.²

¹ The Armory (at 136 Essex Street) was the Colonel Francis Peabody mansion. In the Banqueting Hall Prince Arthur was entertained on the occasion of his American trip to attend the funeral of George Peabody, the banker. The North Church contains a La Farge window to the memory of Colonel Peabody and his wife.

On this site originally stood the house of Emanuel Downing. It was inherited by his daughter, who married, first, the famous “Fighting Joe” (Captain Joseph Gardner) of the Narragansett wars; second, Governor Simon Bradstreet, who died at Salem at ninety-five years, having outlived all the Winthrop company.

² The Essex Institute was founded in 1848 by the Union of the *Essex Historical Society* (first president, Dr. Edward A. Holyoke, who presided on his hundredth birthday at a dinner of the Massachusetts Medical

The repeal of the Stamp Act, in 1765, was celebrated in Salem by a great display of fireworks. Benjamin Thompson (later Count Rumford),¹ was injured by the explosion of some detonating mixture which he was preparing for the joyous occasion at the shop of his master, John Appleton.

Early in February, 1775, the veterans of Essex County scented powder in the air, for electric currents of Revolutionary thought

SALEM

LANDMARKS: City Hall; contains Frothingham's copy of Stuart's full-length "Washington in Newport Town Hall," presented by Abiel Abbot Low to his native city, Salem; portrait of Andrew Jackson by Maj. R. E. W. Earl; contract (1638) concerning enlargement of First Church, probably written by Governor Endicott, with signatures of John Woodbury, William Hathorne, Lawrence Leach, Roger Conant, and John Pickering. Stone Court House contains deeds and wills. Brick Court House, containing witch documents and witch pins; Hunt's portrait of Chief-Justice Shaw; portrait of Rufus Choate by Joseph Ames presented by Gen. B. F. Butler hangs in the Law Library. Town Hall or Market House, Derby

Society) and the *Essex County Natural History Society*. The renowned society is largely the work of Dr. Henry Wheatland. The present president is Robert S. Rantoul. The collection of portraits, water-colors of ships illustrating the naval architecture of Salem, the many colonial properties of her worshipful governors and other Salem worthies, as well as the natural history collection now included in the *Peabody Academy of Science* founded by George Peabody of London, is described in the *Visitors' Guide* of the Essex Institute.

¹ The "Rumford Roaster," one of the practical inventions of this remarkable man, was the favorite oven of Salem housekeepers for cooking to a turn their delicate "dier" bread (sponge cake), the art being a part of the education of every properly brought up young lady of old Salem, as well as her admittance to the select circle of the "Misses Wither- spoon's" dame-school in the little Gray house in Essex Street. Very aristocratic was this symposium kept by these fine old gentlewomen—so dear to Eleanor Putnam's childhood—with their elegant manners of days gone by. "At recess the girls were not allowed to romp rudely out of doors, but amused themselves with *A Ship from Canton* and *The Genteel Lady*. The boys were told to go out into the yard and shout. Miss Emily seemed to think that boys must go somewhere to shout, as a whale comes up to blow. The boys never did shout. They were too much depressed by the gentility of everything; they generally sat on a deserted hencoop and banged their heels." "Another indispensable passport to Salem society of fifty years ago was my grandmother's cashmere shawl," says Miss Silsbee.



The Assembly Hall (1769), Salem. Residence of Mrs. John Bertram.

President Washington and the Marquis de Lafayette attended balls here, "went to assembly, where there was at least a hundred handsome and well-dressed ladies."—DIARY OF WASHINGTON.—"*Mais ce fut à Salem que l'éclat de sa réception se fit particulièrement remarquer.*"—VOYAGE DU GÉNÉRAL LAFAYETTE AUX ÉTATS-UNIS D'AMÉRIQUE.

Square, opened 1817 on visit President Monroe. Narbonne house, 71 Essex St. Witch House or Judge Jonathan Corwin house (1634), Essex and North Sts. Captain John Bertram house, now Public Library, Essex and Monroe Sts. Benjamin Goodhue house, 403 Essex St. Joshua Ward house, 148 Washington St.; Washington lodged here. Ingersoll house, 54 Turner St., "House of the Seven Gables." "Grimshaw House," 53 Charter St.; home of Sophia Amelia Peabody; house of Hawthorne's courtship. Haw-

were flashing between Concord, Boston, and Salem. Cannon were being mounted at the blacksmith's just across the North Bridge. "The regulars are marching on us from Marblehead!" had scarcely passed from pew to pew in excited undertones at afternoon meeting, before the crisp snowcrust was crackling

under the tramp, tramp of Colonel Leslie's regiment. His congregation with one accord followed Parson Barnard from the North Church to the bridge. The draw had been raised, and two gondolas, in which the British attempted to cross, were quickly scuttled by John Felt and James Barr, defiant of bayonet pricks. Parson Barnard then interfered for peace on the Lord's Day; Colonel Leslie, reading determination in the faces about him, while Colonel Timothy Pickering¹ drew up his men on the other side, gave his word that he would advance only thirty rods beyond the bridge, and, as McFingal tells the story, the bold battalion

thorne's House, 14 Mall St Hawthorne's birthplace, 27 Union St. Nathaniel Silsbee house, remodelled, 94 Washington Sq.; Daniel Webster, Henry Clay entertained here. John Andrew Safford house (1818), 13 Washington Sq. Forester house (Salem Club), 29 Washington Sq. Old Daland house (1652). Birthplace Nathaniel Silsbee, 27-9 Daniels St. Richard Derby house, 170 Derby St.; oldest brick house standing in Salem. Fine old staircase. Sec. Navy Benjamin W. Crowninshield house, 180 Derby St.; President Monroe with Commodores Perry and Bainbridge entertained. Later, General James Miller residence, hero of "Lundy's Lane"; Collector of the Port; now Old Ladies' Home, gift of Robert Brookhouse; open Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. William Gray house, on site of the Sun Tavern. Essex Coffee House, now the Essex House. King's Arm Tavern and "Mansion House," site occupied by the West Block. Armory of Salem Cadets, 136 Essex St. Ezekiel Hersey Derby house, corner Lafayette St. and Ocean Ave. Gallows or Witch Hill. South Meeting-House; steeple after Christopher Wren by McIntire. Hamilton Hall. Broad Street Burying-Ground. John Pickering house, birthplace Timothy Pickering (1660), 18 Broad St. County Jail from 1763-1813, 4 Federal St.; beams from old Jail where witches were confined.; residence of Abner C. Goodell, formerly editor of the Province Laws. Salem Athenæum (1810), outgrowth of "Social Library," 1760. Plummer Hall. New Normal School. The Willows, the city park. Nineteen European white willows planted 1801. "The Pavilion." View outer harbor and open sea, Juniper Point.

"Marched o'er a bridge, in open sight
Of several Yankees armed for fight,
Then, without loss of time or men,
Veered round for Boston back again,
And found so well their projects thrive,
That every soul got home alive."

In Salem's infancy a cooling spring bubbled in the market-place,

¹ Timothy Pickering became quartermaster-general, negotiator of the treaty with Six Nations, 1791; Postmaster-General, Secretary of War, and Secretary of State, successively, in Washington's administration; member of the "Essex Junto," the name given by Hancock to leaders in New England Federalism, among whom were Fisher Ames; the Lowells, Cabot, and Theophilus Parsons.



Hall with Ancient Staircase.

House (365 Essex Street, Salem), built by Joseph Cabot (1748), Home of the Hon. William Crowninshield Endicott, Secretary of War under President Cleveland. Residence of Daniel Low, Esq.

the very same *rill* whose rythmic tales of strange and wonderful events Hawthorne interpreted for us out of the nose of the *Town Pump*. Sparkling hospitality did the spring offer to Roger Conant, to whom belongs the high honor of being the first planter of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay; he, with the western adventurers, much disliking the occupation of fishing at Cape Ann, found this goodly spot, the Indian *Nahum Keke*, or "*Nahum Kirke*, by interpretation, *The Bosom of Consolation*." Then to the spring came austere and loving Master Endicott, of courage bold, "a fit instrument to begin this wilderness work." This first emigration sent out by the Massachusetts Company had some bickering with the adventurers; fortunately "the expectation of a dangerous jarre" was averted by our prudent gentleman Roger Conant, and in remembrance of a peace, *Nahum Kirke* was changed to Salem,—“a pitty, though upon a faire ground,” wrote Rev. John White to England in his *Planter's Plea*.

Shortly arrived two hundred planters more with Francis Higginson. He enthusiastically describes the advantages of the Plantation where the abundance of corn¹ is a “wonderment,” and of his cordial welcome to the fair house,² newly built for the Governor (Endicott), after the *Talbot* and *Lion's Whelp's* “speedy passage of six weeks and three days.”

On the twelfth of June, 1630, there was a great bustle in the market-place, and the people prepared to welcome Governor Winthrop, who had anchored in the *Arbella*, inside

¹ Higginson says: “The setting of 13 gallons of corn increased 52 hogsheads, every hogshead holding 7 bushels of London measure, and every bushel was sold and trusted to the Indians for so much beaver as was worth 18 shillings.” That they “might see the truth of it,” he sent home many ears of corn of divers colors, red, blue, and yellow.

² Endicott's house is said to have been built of the timbers from Roger Conant's house on Cape Ann, and some of these were later incorporated in a house on the corner of Court and Church streets, Salem.

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Baker Island just off Bass-River-Side (Beverly) with a company of persons of rank, bringing the Charter of the Colony, closely followed by the *Fewel*. Here they remained over Sunday, many of the people going ashore to gather wild strawberries, and on Monday warped ship into the inner harbor of Salem. The last record of the Company in England as the *Arbella* rode at Cowes is merely a list of names, yet each shines as a golden mile-stone at the opening of ye cross-roads of greatest import to prosperity in New England:

“*At a Court of Assistants aboard the ‘Arbella,’ March 23, 1629.*”

PRESENT.

Mr. John Winthrop, <i>Governor</i> ,	Mr. William Coddington,
Sir Richard Saltonstall,	Mr. Thomas Sharpe,
Mr. Isaac Johnson,	Mr. William Vassall,
Mr. Thomas Dudley,	Mr. Simon Bradstreet.”

This record is in the handwriting of the youngest assistant, Simon Bradstreet, who, in the ship's stern, beside his bride of sixteen, Ann Dudley, watched old England fade away, and, with statesmen and yeomen, turned resolutely to sail on westward, in order to knit the bonds of a new nation. One may picture two fair English brides, the stately Lady *Arbella* and pretty Mistress Ann, attended across Salem's market-place in farthingales and high-heeled shoes, accepting the spring's liquid refreshment out of goblets of birch-bark from their be-ruffed cavaliers.

“There are maidens discreet,
And saintliest matrons; but none so sweet
As the delicate blush-rose from Lincoln's old hall,
The Lady *Arbella*, the flower of them all.”¹

¹ The story of *Lady Arbella*, daughter of the Earl of Lincoln and wife of Isaac Johnson, whose death soon followed the stormy voyage, was written by Lucy Larcom for the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary

How they built the house of worship nigh to the spring, we know, and that the teacher Higginson "wet his palm and laid it on the brow of the first town-born child." Within



The Charter Street Burying-Ground, Salem, or "Burying Point." Oldest Stone, 1673. Graves of Governor Bradstreet, Rev. John Higginson, Chief-Justice Lynde, Judge Hathorne.

the walls of this tiny Puritan Church,¹ the most tangible memory we have (though it be doubted by many in

of the landing of Winthrop at Salem. The Rev. George Phillips, founder of the Phillips family, who preached daily on board ship and catechised the passengers, also lost his wife, overcome by the fatigue of the voyage, and, having buried her beside Lady Arbella Johnson, departed for Watertown, where he was placed as pastor at thirty pounds a year.

¹ The frame of the First Puritan Church belongs to Essex Institute. Early preachers were Roger Williams, banished; Hugh Peters, Edward Norris, and John Higginson. Its lineal successor is the First Church (Unitarian), organized 1629, at the corner of Essex and Washington streets, possessing early records and fine silver cups of ancient service, gifts of Sarah Higginson, Mary Walcott, William and Samuel Browne.

authority that it be the original frame), you feel quite certain that the tything-man could, with but a long reach of the arm, rap on the heads the men who nodded over the turning of the hour-glass for the third time, or draw the fox's tail, tipping his wand of rebuke, gently across the faces of drowsy "gude-wives."

Two of Salem's titles to fame were anything but peaceful, and her name seemed a misnomer for almost a century. The charming town is celebrated for witches, old and modern. Reading Mrs. Spofford's vivid story of these evil days, you can but shudder at "one of the greatest mistakes in one part of the earth" with the *dénouement* of innocent victims toiling up "Gallows Hill." Another mistake, quite as terrible, was the persecution of Quakers; it must be confessed that the scourging and branding are, as elsewhere, a real and awful part of open records; nevertheless, one must not forget that at first the Quakers were not all the peaceful broad-brims of the Whittier type; many were wild and aggressive, outraging the laws.¹ The centre of persecution in Salem was in the vicinity of the historic glass house field (on the Peabody line), where glass was made before 1638 by Lawrence Southwick and the Conclines. Meetings were held at the Southwick house by Holden, Copeland, and the martyr Ledra; here Provided Southwick lived, the "Cassandra" of Whittier's poem, and daughter of the banished Lawrence Southwick and his wife, who fled to Shelter Island, where they were tenderly cared for by the Sylvesters.²

¹ "A Quakeress in Massachusetts thrust herself upon a meeting-house clad in sack-cloth, and with her face painted black to represent the coming of the small-pox."—*The United States*, by Goldwin Smith.

² Abbott Street runs through the Southwick lot. The old Quaker Burying-Ground is in Peabody. "Part of Salem in 1700," by Sidney Perley in *The Essex Antiquarian*, July, 1902, with map. "The Manor of Shelter Island," *Magazine of American History*, vol. xviii.

It is good to leave these unvarnished tales and peruse the most fascinating chapter in Salem's annals, delineating her unequalled commercial history. Salem's argosies were the first to float our flag in Russian ports, in Calcutta, Madagascar, Australia, and Bombay. In 1698, she had twenty ketches, two ships, and a bark in commerce. During the Revolution 158 daring vessels, ranging the seas as privateers, cleared 445 British decks. Little is recorded of many lonely sea-battles fought ship to ship without witnesses. One thrilling fight between the *General Pickering* and the British cutter *Achilles* was observed by thousands of Spanish spectators.¹



Last of the Merchant-Ships lying at Derby or Long Wharf.

The years of the coming and going of the great Indiamen were fraught with a spirit of mystery and adventure in Salem; no one knew how many encounters with pirates, with cannibals, and perils of coral-reefs were ahead of the bold sailors just up and away with a "heave-ho" at the anchor, leaving behind them an inevitable silence of eighteen months ere the ship's bulging clouds of canvas were sighted off Marblehead. Sea-togs and sea-dogs, and the most delightful specimens of sailing-masters who ever trod deck, filled Derby

¹ Ross Turner's martial portrayal of the fight between the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon* off Salem shore hangs in the East Hall of the Peabody Academy of Science, surrounded by trophies donated by early sea-captains who, in the old East India Museum's fascinating confusion, seemed to have hustled them down in any handy vacant space.

and Water streets. On Long Wharf, swarthy, tattooed sailors, with gold rings in their ears, were seen month after month unloading bales of merchandise, saturated with the strange, spicy odors of the East. Sandal-wood fans, thousands of pounds of rock-candy and amber ginger in fascinating blue jars inclosed in split bamboo from India; or perhaps the *Grand Turk's* cargo of teas, soft China *crêpe* shawls, India shawls so fine that they would pass through a ring, or thin-edged Canton China—priceless now—to adorn Salem's corner cupboards. She opened trade with China as a venture of Elias Hasket Derby's, the famous merchant.¹ Seated with him in his counting-room one day, an English captain, who had been set adrift by a mutinous crew, caught sight of his own vessel, the *Amity*, in the offing. Mr. Derby immediately had one of his brigs manned, and, with a couple of cannon, recaptured her in the twinkling of an eye.

One may imagine how these kings of the main hugged themselves with delight as some long-looked-for ship's cargo brought unlooked-for profits. The return of the ship *Eliza*, laden with one million, twelve thousands pounds of pepper, and trifling duties of \$66,903.90, might have made the owner sneeze, but he only chuckled over his fine secret of pepper growing wild on the west coast of Sumatra, discovered by his clever captain, Jonathan Carnes, selling at seven hundred per cent., to say nothing of the profit of her return trade-cargo of gin, tobacco, iron, and salmon. Everything depended on a wise captain who "kept his weather-eye peeled" in strange waters and on strange shores, while ex-

¹ In the cupola of the house of Elias Hasket Derby, on the southern corner of Washington and Lynde streets, a space was left in the blind for a spy-glass. The house was built by the Hon. Benjamin Pickman in 1764. Colonel Benjamin Pickman having made a fortune exporting codfish to the West Indies, naïvely set a golden effigy of his fish of good fortune on the side of each stair in his mansion which stands in the rear of 165 Essex Street.

changing cargos. The word "Salem" then stood for the entire outside world to countless savages. Membership in the East Indian Marine Society flourished, even though initiation was only to those who had "actually navigated around the Cape



*John Andrew House (1818), the Safford Residence,
13 Washington Square.*

Typical Salem merchant's house of brick, following the three-story wooden period of late eighteenth-century style. Tradition says that John Andrew, merchant, ballasted these tall, hollow pillars with rock salt from Russia; he was the uncle of "War-Governor" Andrew.

of Good Hope or Cape Horn." Peep into the East India Museum a century ago; there is, perhaps, Captain Derby, just off ship *Margaret*, proudly laden with Japanese trays and cups, our first introduction to the incomparable art of Japan. Another bronzed and genial soul deposits a

treacherous war-club of the Fejee Islander or a spear bristling with sharks' teeth, from which he narrowly escaped annihilation. Regard the Malay cutlass, memento of Captain Endicott's narrow escape when seized by the natives of Sumatra and rescued by Rajah Po Adam. What superstitions may be attached to yonder eerie twin whistling-jar, what stories of the heart belong to these vases and bottles from the tombs of Peru, *quien sabe?*

On every barrel and box in a certain corner store on Derby Street, fifty years or more ago, perched a mariner, reeling off the saltiest salt tales of Salem's grand old times, accompanied by a "Shiver my timbers," a hitch and shake of the head at our sad days, with nothing but land-lubbers about, good ships, and warehouses rotting. Behind the sign of the swinging quadrant repose the dusty shades of compasses, chronometers, and sextants. Stepping into the next shop, you fortify yourself against these degenerate times with a dish of gossip and one of Miss Mandy's consoling Black-jacks tinged with an elusive burnt flavor altogether intentional. "The pre-historic Gibraltar is the aristocrat of Salem confectionery. It gazes upon chocolate and sherbet and says, 'Before you were, I was; after you are not, I shall be.'" Be careful of your choice of flavor—to prefer peppermint to lemon is a sign of age—and meditate between riotous stickiness and delicate creaminess on a prophecy concerning these *Two Salem Institutions*: "Together, Black-jack and Gibraltar have lived, together they have rejoiced the souls of generations. Witch Hill may blow away; the East India Museum may be swallowed up in earth; Charter Street Burying Ground may go out to sea; but as long as a single house remains standing in Salem village so long will Black-jack and Gibraltar retain their honorable place in the inmost hearts of Salem people." †

† *Old Salem*, by Eleanor Putnam. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Traces of the power and good taste of Salem's wealthy sea merchants remain in the grand old mansions in the Court End of the town, filled with treasures brought by my great-uncle from over-seas. Standing on Chestnut Street at dusk, shadowy forms of powdered dames pass by with their gallants, to assemble under some one of these spacious roofs of a Derby—Pickering—Ward—Gray. In the early days of this century, Hamilton Hall constantly blazed with becoming candlelight in honor of persons of distinction who tarried in Salem.

Adams, Choate, and Webster plead here, and Hawthorne, musing, walked the streets at night, drawing weird inspiration from Salem fires. By day, he weighed and gauged in the custom

house¹ performing well his uncongenial task. "He never could add up figgers," says the oldest inhabitant; would it not have been passing strange if he could, with visions of some *Great Stone Face*, a living *Snow Image* or little *Pearl* in the forest, dancing along between the long black columns! Here Hawthorne feigned to have unearthed the manuscript of *The Scarlet Letter*. It was Mr. Fields who divined the hiding-place of the new work, so hesitatingly handed to him by its desponding author from the old bureau in the house in Mall Street. Hawthorne's most



¹ The custom house was built in 1819.

sanguine moments never told him that he had written the greatest of American romances, or that Lowell should say to Fields: "I don't think people have any kind of a true notion yet what a master he was, God rest his soul! Shakespeare, I am sure, was glad to see him on the other side."¹

From Salem Common or Washington Square, near Union Street, lines drawn to three points of the compass will touch the birthplaces of Hawthorne, Prescott, and Bowditch, the mathematician.²

¹ *Letters of James Russell Lowell*, edited by Charles Eliot Norton.

² Salem is also the birthplace of the Rev. Jones Very, the poet; the Hon. William D. Northend, author of *The Bay Colony*; of William W. Story, the sculptor; of Frank W. Benson, one of the "Ten American Artists"; of Maria T. Cummins, author of *The Lamplighter*; Marianne C. D. Silsbee, author of *A Half Century in Salem*, and Henry Fitzhugh Waters, of genealogic note.



DANVERS (SALEM VILLAGE), 1628-1752



WIDE-SPREADING Danvers¹—so extensive that it has nine railroad stations—is one of the lovely towns of New England, a superb countryside of rivers, brooks, hills, dotted with rarest wild flowers. On the old Boxford road is the Nichols homestead,

now Ferncroft Inn, named by Whittier. The ancient Ingersoll-Peabody house, now the Endicott residence, was the country home of the Honorable William Crowninshield Endicott, Secretary of War under Cleveland. Among his distinguished visitors was the Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain, his son-in-law.

¹ The Rea-Putnam-Fowler house (see initial letter) in the Putnamville section of Danvers, is one of the oldest houses in Essex County, having been built in 1636 by Daniel Rea. It was purchased by Deacon Edmund Putnam; his granddaughter married Augustus Fowler, who became a recluse and naturalist in later life; his paintings of native birds are in the Essex Institute. His children's children, at play, still model images from the fine potter's clay of the brook bed, romp under the great willows, with sweethearts' walk in the narrow acorn path of "lovers' lane," and wander farther on under the Burley chestnut grove, so old that, like the Waverley Oaks, no one knows when the first leaf was uncurled by the sun. Crystal springs bubble up here and there; two beaten paths lead to the famous "drinking spring"; the cans of milk are cooled in the "milk spring," and the cattle luxuriate in their own particular spring in the barn. On the farm are traces of an artificial canal for irrigation, of an ancient brickyard and a chocolate mill. Up the road is the Squire Elias Putnam house, the birthplace of Dr. A. P. Putnam, president of the Danvers Historical Society, and Judge A. A. Putnam, of Uxbridge. Deacon Samuel Fowler, brother of Augustus, had a charming old flower-garden much admired by Whittier.

Yet with all its charms Salem Village must have been a weird place to live in, some two hundred years ago. The

DANVERS

LANDMARKS: Page House at Square. Old Berry Tavern. Historical Society Rooms in Perry's Block. Peabody Institute, Sylvan St. First Church, Danvers Centre. Hathorne (Asylum) Hill. General Israel Putnam's birthplace. Colonel Jesse Putnam house. Old Nichols Homestead, now Ferncroft Inn. Oak Knoll. Home of Whittier. Gov. Endicott pear-tree. Prince house. Clark house. "King," Hooper-Collins house. The Lindens. Site of Parris house. Rebecca Nurse house. Folly or Browne's Hill described by Hawthorne; site Hon. Wm. Browne mansion; Browne descendants intermarried with the Washingtons of Virginia. Wadsworth Cemetery; graves of Elizabeth, wife Rev. Samuel Parris, of Putnams, Clarkes, Hobarts; inscriptions in *Essex Antiquarian* for January, 1902.

Supplementary: *Historic Danvers*, F. E. Moynahan, Publisher. *Browne's Hill*, by Ezra D. Hines. *Holmes's Broomstick Train*.

reputed witches of the Old World began to sail by on broomsticks with startling frequency "from Chelsea Beach to Misery Isles." Women and children, brought up on the literally fearful *Day of Doom* and kindred doleful Wigglesworth literature, enforced by Fox's sombre *Book of Martyrs*, clutched at a brand-new superstition; and though good Parson Higginson, in 1630, had perceived in Salem no cloven hoof, or midnight hags hugging coal-black cats, only "many lyones" and other terrible monsters, yet, in 1692, curious apparitions ran ridiculous riot, creating sorrow and despair in many a worthy family. There is a house yet standing in Danvers from which a witch, close-bolted in a garret, disappeared by Satanic influence! Her friends dared not

reveal their part in her escape, lest they too be shackled in Boston jail with aged Rebecca Nurse,¹ the excellent Susannah Martin of Amesbury, Sarah Good and her innocent child (who, by some occult power, was said to bite the girls Elizabeth Parris and Abigail Williams), and also the Rev. George Burroughs,² "declared by eight confessed witches a

¹ Rebecca Nurse (or Nourse) was of an old Huguenot family and a woman of intellect; possessing a wide sympathy and an understanding of medicine, she devoted herself to the sick. A famous descendant is Miss Elizabeth Nourse, recently elected Sociétaire of the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts, an unprecedented honor. Ten of her paintings were shown in the Salon of 1902, a tribute to the originality, sincerity, and poetry of her pictures of the humble peasant life.

² The Rev. George Burroughs lived on the estate of *Oak Knoll*, where

leader in their infernal sacraments." Members of the church who opposed punishment were excommunicated; Captain Joseph Putnam, father of Israel Putnam, kept a horse constantly saddled, expecting that he too would be accused



*The Homestead of Judge Holten, a Revolutionary Patriot, Danvers
(near the Middleton line).*

on account of his opposition to the "Great Delusion." For the same reason, Colonel Dudley Bradstreet, of Andover, left his home for several weeks.

We are fain to believe that the suspected witches were women of unusual strength of character. Behold, in succeeding generations, what heroes Danvers sent to the front! The daring intrepidity of the boy, Israel Putnam,¹ Whittier passed some happy summers amid bowery orchards and under his *Poet's Pagoda* of oaks, elms, spruce, and hemlocks.

¹ The room where General Israel Putnam was born is kept intact. Drake

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was the talk of all Essex. The corner store boasted with reason of "young Put's" conquest of a ferocious bull by a twist of the tail and a dig of his spurs in the south "medder." Gallant soldier boys came "marching home again." General Gideon Foster, General Moses Porter, Colonel Enoch, and Captain Jeremiah Putnam, and Jeremiah Page, commander of the Danvers militia. It was Captain Page's wilful wife (the joy of his life) who gave a rebellious tea-party on yonder railed-in gambrel roof; her patriot husband, departing, said:

"I have promised no one shall drink tea inside my house,
Your gossips elsewhere must carouse."¹

His hoof-beats had scarcely grown faint ere his obedient lady invited her friends to sip the forbidden cup *upon* the house-top, but not *within* it. From this roof General Gage was wont to watch the ships up Salem harbor. Though he was "affable and courteous," and the English soldiery well-mannered, Danvers folk could not be exactly cordial to their uninvited guests, the 64th Regiment, royal troops, encamped in front of Gage's headquarters, "King" Hooper's charming country house.²

PEABODY

On a certain sultry seventeenth of June, when the season was so far advanced that green peas were plenty and grass new-mown was pressed between two fences for a breast-

says: "This very plain-looking dwelling has been the cradle of a man of the people, who raised himself to a high station by the sheer force of his own natural powers."

¹ *A Gambrel Roof*, by Lucy Larcom.

² See illustration, page 15; one of our finest specimens of colonial architecture. A large oak-tree near the encampment was afterwards known as "King George's whipping-post." This tree, where the soldiers were punished, became the stern-post of the frigate *Essex*, built in Salem.

work at Bunker Hill, a regiment, on their way to the field, stopped at the Bell Tavern, at the present Lexington Monument, in the parish of South Danvers (Peabody), for refreshment.¹ From the ranks, Elias Hasket Derby, the Salem merchant, stepped in to see Mrs. Bethiah Southwick, opposite the inn. As a quakeress, Mrs. Southwick could not consistently aid the soldiers, yet, so deeply did she sympathize with the patriots, that she brought out a large basket of provisions to Mr. Derby, saying: "We cannot assist thee and thy fellow-soldiers, but as there is a long and painful march before thee, and as it is not right ye should suffer, here is a little food!"

Peabody, the ancient "Brooksby," was the birthplace of George Peabody, the philanthropist and banker, of London. Even Dr. Holmes found himself "*Dead broke of laudatory phrases,*" and "Worcester and Webster up the spout" in sounding the praises of "*The friend of all his race, God bless him!*" In the Peabody Institute is the portrait of Queen Victoria, presented by her to Mr. Peabody, also the medal presented him by Congress on account of his gift of nearly two million dollars for the advancement of education in the South. Here is also the Sutton Reference Library, in memory of Eben Dale Sutton.

¹ Mrs. Anna Endicott, displeased at the delay, walked up to Colonel Pickering and, with the voice of an Amazon, said: "Why on earth don't you march? Don't you hear the guns in Charlestown?"—*History of Danvers*, by J. W. Hanson.

BEVERLY, 1628-1668

"Find the Yankee word for Sorrento and you have Beverly,—it is only the Bay of Naples translated into the New England dialect."—"Letters" of JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE highway to Beverly is over the famous Essex bridge. On the Salem side Winthrop is said to have landed near "Prof. Hitchcock's dike rock." Washington alighted from his carriage to admire this remarkable structure, and journeyed on to be entertained by George Cabot, one of three distinguished brothers, and to visit, at North Beverly, the first cotton-factory in the States.

In the earliest records of Beverly, Richard Brackenbury says: "We took farther possession on the north side of Salem ferrye, commonly called Cape An Side by cutting thach for our houses" (1628). The General Court granted two hundred acres of land at Bass River to John Woodbury, Conant, John Balch, and Peter Palfrey, and changed its name to *Beverly*¹; but the name was not one of sweet sounds to Roger Conant and his neighbors, and they besought to be denominated Budleigh, for their market-town in Devonshire, lest they be subjected to the nickname of *beggarly*.

During the early wars the trails on Beverly's eastern border became wide-trodden wood-paths, leading to garrison houses or rude protecting earth-works on the shore. Brackenbury Lane was the earliest of these and 't was from charming Beverly Cove that Captain Lothrop led the flower

¹ The first witness of the parchment deed signed before Benjamin Gedney by the heirs of Nanepashemet, in figures of samp bowls, tobacco pipes, fish hooks, and other symbols, was Beverly's town clerk, Andrew Eliot, ancestor of President Eliot of Harvard, J. Eliot Cabot, John Eliot Thayer.

of Essex, in 1695, to perish at Bloody Brook, Deerfield. Beautiful Hale Street coquettes with the sea for seven miles along the Rivièra of Massachusetts, now approaching salt water, again winding half a mile inland, piercing groups of balmy pines, fringing finished estates. You will remember the playful comment of Dr. Holmes on Beverly's next-door neighbor, Manchester-by-the-Sea, as he dated his letters at "Beverly-Farms-by-the-Depot," and also the pet tape-measure of the patriotic doctor, with which he spanned each superb elm of large trunk and high degree. How he rejoiced on his visits to other lands, when the girth of his own dear trees of Essex County were found to surpass all foreign rivals!

The most picturesque wooded ways imaginable are those threading Beverly, Wenham, and Hamilton—anciently, Bass - River - Side, Enon, and Ipswich Hamlet. Every hillside has its fastidious residence in this Utopian country; ever and anon an enchanting quaint gray homestead, set on a "rise" above the road, is brightened by deep crimson hollyhocks reaching up protectingly toward a face at the window, where, perchance, long time ago, sat some lonely Hannah, binding shoes, watching for her sunburnt fisher to return by Marblehead, through twelve times twenty months of galloping

BEVERLY

LANDMARKS: Cabot Street—Essex Bridge, Ferry Estab. 1636. 109, Seth Norwood house, built by George Cabot, 1783; Washington entertained here. 117, Mansion of John Cabot, 1779; now Historical Society Building, bequeathed by Edward Burley; Lafayette welcomed here, 1824, by Robert Rantoul for the town. 156, birthplace of Rev. Andrew P. Peabody. 191, City Hall Building, Andrew Cabot mansion 1783. (Near Cabot St.) birthplace of Lucy Larcom, 13 Wallis St. 217, First Parish Church, 1770, "with Revere Bell and ancient Clock"; organized, 1667. 238, residence of hon. Nathan Dane. 463, home of Roger Conant. 634, house of Rev. John Chipman (first minister of North Beverly, 1715). Hale St.—33, parsonage of Rev. John Hale, 1690; his wife last person accused of witchcraft. Historic Elm. Hospital Point Light. Chapman Corner. Mingo's Beach, named for Robin Mingo, a slave. Pride's Crossing, granted to Peter Pride "provided he showed travelers to Gloucester the way over the hill." Dr. O. W. Holmes's residence. Beverly Farms, —West Beach. Church and Old Burying Ground at North Beverly. Beverly Reservoir, Brimble Hill. Wenham Lake, Enon St. For a more complete list see "Beverly Citizen Guide Book."

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winds, sunshine, or impenetrable fog-banks. Lucy Larcom's sweetest, most pathetic poems were inspired by her native Cape-Ann-Side.

The home of Colonel Robert Dodge, commander of the "Ipswich Hamlet" company at Bunker Hill, is the Myopia



The Turn at the Willows to Hospital Point Light, Beverly.

Hunt Club-house. The pink coats of the chase against yellowing corn-fields warm the chill autumn landscape. Among Hamilton's landmarks is the church of the First Congregational Society, erected in 1762, the Adams homestead, aged about two hundred years, and the Lemuel Brown homestead. The residence of Judge Daniel E. Safford stands on the site of the Dr. Elisha Whitney-Roberts house¹; the house of Samuel Wigglesworth, son of Michael Wiggles-

¹ Now the property of Mrs. Francis Dane.

worth, the poet, was the parsonage of Dr. Manasseh Cutler¹ during his long pastorate of Ipswich Hamlet, now Hamilton, beginning in 1771. In 1787, inspired by Dr. Cutler, a little band of settlers left this fine old house to lay the foundations of Marietta, Ohio, under the leadership of Gen-



A Pine-Path to the Sea.

eral Rufus Putnam, whom they joined at Rutland, Mass., often called the "cradle of Ohio." Eighteen months later Dr. Cutler, wishing to see with his own eyes the swift beginnings of the great Northwest Territory, followed them in his sulky, a month's journey, but shortly returned; his son,

¹ Illustrations of the church, parsonage, and Dr. Cutler's clock are included in the article on *Manasseh Cutler and the Ordinance of 1787*, by Nathan N. Withington, in the *New England Magazine*, July, 1901.

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Judge Cutler, became a leader in Ohio. Dr. Cutler's greatest achievement was as instigator of the Ohio Company, with General Putnam, formed at the Bunch of Grapes Tavern, Boston, March 1, 1786; it not only comprehended the eventual building up of the great Northwest, and the just compensation of our soldiers of the Revolution by grants of land therein, but the peopling of the States with worthy citizens; at the same time the powerful ordinance was passed, by virtue of which slavery was excluded from the Northwest Territory, having been previously drafted for Nathan Dane by Dr. Cutler, making free education a certainty. The importance to the entire country of this tactful wedge, driven in by these far-sighted men of the villages of Rutland and Ipswich Hamlet, was incisively set before us by Senator George F. Hoar at the centennial celebration of Marietta. Dr. Cutler, like other colonial ministers, practised medicine, the town's physician having volunteered in the war. He was probably the first to describe the flora of New England, and, with a party of seven, including Dr. Jeremy Belknap, ascended Mt. Washington, being the first white to attain the summit.

Riding through North Beverly, by clear Wenham Lake, into old Wenham, you will encounter one of the prettiest, quaintest streets in all New England, and mark the little shoe-shop attached to each delightful old-fashioned farmhouse for family cobbling and the finishing of shoes before great shops were established.

GLOUCESTER, 1639-1873

*"I ploughed the land with horses,
But my heart was ill at ease,
For the old sea-faring men
Came to me now and then,
With the sagas of the seas."*

FROM Beverly to Gloucester the winding road through ancient Cape-Ann-side is continually losing itself in Chebacco woods, "among a hidden chain of gem-like ponds." The fascination of riding onward to Wenham and Manchester and Essex through scent o' pines in the silent wood loneliness is enhanced by the momentary expectation of coming out upon the broad, open sea with only white sails between you and the other side.

Sea-fever is as infectious as measles; every grown-up boy of parts will confess that he has had his day of running away to sea—like Tom Bailey,¹—when he surreptitiously tied up his "kit" in a bandanna kerchief and slipped the home cable, ready to fill the desirable position of cabin-boy, and become a bloomin' Jack-tar in the 'eave of a 'and-spike. The city-born youth is more often turned back by the "Bow-bells" of circumstance, but the Gloucester boy of forty years ago may boast a share in yonder close-reefed schooner, making in toward Eastern Point, and spin for you the true yarn of her last voyage, when she dressed a catch of ninety thousand fish for the Boston market.

We landsmen compromise with this imperative longing for the sea—our Norse inheritance—by summering on Cape Ann, where the sea blows salt from three points of the com-

¹ *The Story of a Bad Boy*, by Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

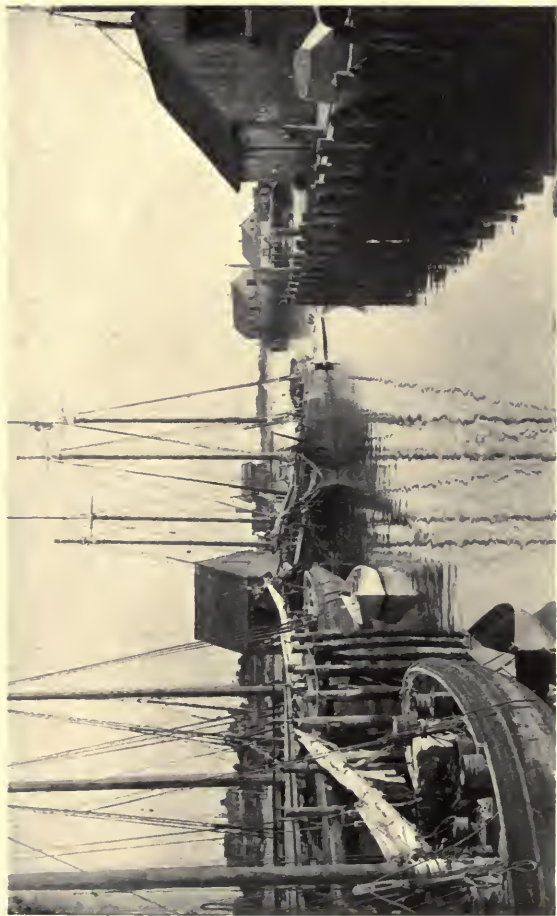
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pass. On the Cape, the highways delight in unexpected twists, following early dory paths to sheltered coves. The spicy bay-berry and "sweet single roses" hug rough, gray boulders strewn by the glacier; honeysuckle climbs the old-time cottage, whose weather-stained dory makes a picturesque basket for a brilliant nosegay of clove-pinks, nasturtiums, mignonette, forget-me-not, and scarlet poppies—a bit of compensation for the lonely fishermen's wife when the fleet is out on Georges.

One may not picture Gloucester minus wharves lined with staunch fishing-vessels; the awkward *pink* pointed at both ends and without a bowsprit is almost forgotten since Captain Andrew Robinson invented the schooner, in 1713. "Oh! how she scoons!" a sailor cried, as she slipped down the ways, and "schooner" she remains. "Gloucester schooners are the best heavy weather small craft afloat. They can sail like cup defenders and walk into the wind like steamers."¹ It is not a marvellous sight to see a fleet of two hundred sail beat out of Gloucester harbor, leaving behind the white-crested reef of Norman's Woe and the soft green hills of Magnolia. The summer visitor watches with pleasure the drying of the fish on the flakes, the shredding by machinery, until the cod, manipulated in proper sequence, is ready to appear on the Sunday morning breakfast table of all good New Englanders.

The one who is *sympathique* looks far beyond that smiling, summer sea, over which bird-like yachts are playfully careening under wide, racing sails in answer to the lightest touch of old Boreas. From harbor to harbor they flit in careless sauntering, cruising after health lost in the unnerving strain of their commander's portion of labor in

¹ "A Dash to the Banks and Back," James B. Connolly, *Boston Transcript*, March 30, 1901.



"We 're Here." Home from the Grand Banks, Gloucester.

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State or Wall Street, a no less strenuous task than voyaging for "fisherman's luck" on Georges. When the sturdy boats sail away from Gloucester it means bread and butter for the pretty cottage where, on long wintry nights, the expect-



"By the Sea"—Cape Ann.

*"The gentleness of Heaven is on the sea;
Listen, the mighty being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder — everlastingly."*—WORDSWORTH.

ant light shines at the window. Pray the flag may not float at half-mast for her! When they go down on Georges, it is with all on board. The treacherous shoals are as A B C to the *Captains Courageous*, at every turn of the tide. But when the fog comes on thick, and the rigging becomes

shrouded with ice, and the whistling gale brings blinding snow, then comes the horror! If the cable parts, the vessel may helplessly glide down afoul of her comrades and wreck several of the fleet. Yet where is the sailor who would exchange his trawls for a plough?

"So when you see a Gloucester [Brixham] boat
 Go out to face the gales,
 Think of the love that travels
 Like light upon her sails."

In Merry England, Cape Ann was an exciting topic of speculation! The western *voyageurs*, whether in search of gold, pearls, and whales, or a settlement for conscience' sake, sent home news of the abundance of fish "almost beyond believing" and "of the fine and sweet harbor" of Cape Ann,—“where twenty ships may easily ride therein.” Gloucester Harbor is indeed well protected, except from a sou'wester, and four hundred ships can anchor in the outer and two hundred in the inner harbor. Francis Higginson says, in his narrative of the *New England Plantation*, that in his opinion it is “a nice course for all cold complexions to come to take physic in New England; for a sup of New England's air is better than a whole draught of Old England's ale.” I like to remember how the Puritan Higginson—the ancestor of our Thomas Wentworth Higginson—stooped even from his serious height to the fragrance of the wild roses of Cape Ann. Lucy Larcom wrote:

“A rose is sweet, no matter where it grows:

 But our wild roses, flavored by the sea,
 And colored by the salt winds and much sun
 To healthiest intensity of bloom—
 We think the world has none more beautiful.”

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In 1614, Captain John Smith fell in love with the sea-girt, wild tumble of rocks, and named it Cape Tragabizanda, for the beautiful princess who helped him escape from a Mohammedan prison, and he called these isles off shore the Three Turks' Heads (Milk, Straitsmouth, and Thacher's of the twin lights). Smith urged the English to set up a fisheries plantation. Veritably, he was an enthusiastic angler himself. He says: "*Is it not pretty sport to pull up two pence, six pence, or twelve pence as fast as you can hale and veare a line? And what sport doth yeeld a more pleasing content than angling with a hooke and crossing the sweete ayre from Ile to Ile, over the silent streames of a Calme Sea?*"

The Plymouth colonists who set up a fishing-stage at Cape Ann, in 1624, found it usurped by one Hewes, who entered into dispute behind a barricade of hogsheads with the doughty Miles Standish. A peacemaker appeared in the person of Roger Conant, who persuaded the Plymouth company to follow him to Salem. In 1642, a permanent settlement was made by Pastor Blynman on Gloucester Neck, between Annisquam and Mill rivers. They cultivated the soil without a suspicion of the riches of the sea at their doors, through which Gloucester was to become the greatest fishing-port of the world.¹

Strange tales are told: of spectral leaguers marching around the blockhouses of Cape Ann; of Peg Wosson, the witch, who threatened the troops setting out for Cape

¹ A report of the U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries shows 112,049,572 pounds of fish landed at Gloucester for one year, valued at \$2,765,306. This includes cod, from the Banks of Newfoundland and Block Island, and line-fishing off shore; also haddock, hake, pollock, and mackerel. The Commission has a hatchway at Gloucester for cod and lobsters. Lobsters are scarcer than ever before known. Collections of eggs are made between November and March, the fry is hatched and planted along the coast from Rockport to Beverly. Three million have been deposited in Chesapeake Bay, as an experiment.

Breton, appearing to them in the guise of a raven before Louisbourg. A soldier brought down the bird of ill-omen with bullets of silver buttons (lead would not hurt a witch). At that very moment, in Gloucester town, Peg Wosson broke her leg and these silver buttons were abstracted from the fracture! Peg Wosson's grass-grown cellar is in the deserted village of Dogtown. Wandering between acres of misleading rocks in this forlorn moorland, it is easy to conjure up a spectre colony of widows and their dogs.

The over-hanging story of the Ellery house and its bullet holes tell the tale of garrison days. It has been in the famous Ellery family nigh two hundred years. William Ellery, one of the original settlers of Gloucester, was the great-grandfather of William Ellery, "the Signer," of Newport. War-times were thrilling! Four companies marched to Lexington and two to Bunker Hill. Armed cruisers hovered about the harbor, and such a reputation did Gloucester men hold that Hull summoned them to man the *Constitution*. Fishing-vessels became privateers by "lengthening the hatchways and slipping four swivels in the combings." These privateers knew a trick or two; they would steal away through little Squam River from Gloucester Harbor into Ipswich Bay, and the discomfited stranger-ship had to give up the chase.

The ship-of-war *Falcon* cruised about Squam, impressing men, and making raids on land and sea. Captain Linzee¹ seized a prize with a cargo of sand from Coffin's Beach, instead of provisions. Forthwith he coveted Major Coffin's sheep, but the farm-hands kept up such a rattling

¹ The swords of Captain John Linzee, R. N., and Colonel William Prescott, worn at Bunker Hill, were bequeathed to the Massachusetts Historical Society by William H. Prescott. They hang crossed, as in the library of the late eminent historian, Prescott—"in token of national friendship and family alliance."

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fire from behind the sand-dunes that the British retreated before a supposed regiment. Altogether, Gloucester made it "hot" for the *Falcon*, recapturing their schooners, and when Linzee attempted to fire the town no lives were lost except that of Deacon Kinsman's hog.

It is whispered that long ago, smugglers found the thick woods between Bay View and Rockport a safe hiding-place



The Old Custom House, Annisquam.

for plunder. On a grass-grown wood-path a gloomy smuggler's house, with a secret closet, may be seen, easily approached by the pursued from the water on either side, thus eluding capture.

You will like to travel all around the Cape, where summer cottages are notched in between the cosy hearthstones of old Gloucester, Annisquam, and Pigeon Cove. Leave the car at East Gloucester, whose wharves are a picturesque tangle of sea tools; of seines drying and smaller nets—the bag, dip, gill, snap, trap nets and weirs. Beyond Rocky Neck Avenue, a sandy beach curves toward Eastern Point



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At Folly Cove, Cape Ann.

*"The boatie rows, the boatie rows fu' weel,
And mickle luck attend the boat, the merlin and the creel."*

"Weel May the Boatie Row." JOHN EWEN.

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Light, where the surf is pounding in contrast to Niles pond of tranquil water-lilies; the cottage of Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward stood hard by. From Bass Rocks, Long Beach stretches toward Turk's Head Inn at Land's End. The nearest way is by a Rockport car from Gloucester centre: turn to the right at the foot of the hill, walking by orchards fringed with blue sea, past Loblolly Cove to the Atlantic Cable.

Rockport has a rare terminal moraine; the geologist finds here perfect examples of strata of all periods, as the quarries let him down into the bowels of the earth. On the pocket beaches he traces the action of the waves upon rocks.¹

In the quarries the Italian workman is most apt in fine carving, true to the art traditions of his race. Their little colony clings to home customs and games; you may catch snatches of Neapolitan airs. Connoisseurs in folk-lore have visited the Italians of Rockport and translated their songs. The Finnish village has its own church, physician, and teachers. The American minister found a surprising talent for mathematics in this class of Finn boys, who, in appearance, were somewhat stupid from lack of language. These bristling quarries supplied the granite for Saint Ann's; her cross is the mariner's beacon. Cape Ann has many churches and the Mission of Emanuel Charlton (of remarkable history) designed especially for strangers and foreigners who make port at Gloucester.

Across the bay from Pigeon Cove are the glistening sands of Plum Island. Passing Folly Cove and Halibut Point it is a short mile walk to a Gloucester car. You will linger over your good-by to the old locust trees of Lanesville and the sunset view up the coast from Ispwich, along Salisbury Beach, the Great Boar's Head and Rye Beach to Ports-

¹ Prof. N. S. Shaler on "Geology of Cape Ann."

mouth Light, and above all to yonder curious blue apparition, a mountain standing alone on the sea, the round Agamenticus.

You may, perchance, see the cup-winner *America* standing out from Ipswich Bay, as in past years when General Butler occupied his country-seat at Bay View. Lobster Cove and the old Universalist Church of Annisquam are a most attractive picture by moonlight.

NORTH ANDOVER, 1646-1855

NORTH ANDOVER, as the most advanced in years, though by no means decrepit, of the Merrimack Valley trio, Andover, North Andover, and Methuen, demands our first consideration; its very stones have a strictly colonial air, while the stately mansions of this North Parish of Andover promise a marvellous store of history and tradition.

Just beyond the village is Lake *Cochichawick*, Andover's Indian name before it was sold by the unwary Cutsamache for a "Coat and six pounds sterling, *provided y^e y^e Indian called Roger may have liberty to take alewives in Cochichawick River, but if they either spoyle or steale any corne or other fruite to any considerable value of ye inhabitants then this liberty of taking fish shall forever cease.*"¹ On the way thither, amid the green nestles a homestead of the Osgood² family, influential in civil and military affairs from the first settlement. The hill beyond displays the modern mansion of the Hon. Moses T. Stevens, and other beautiful residences occupying the homestead grants of first settlers.

The house of General Eben Sutton stands nigh to the ancient "house lot, kort-yard and dwelling house" of Richard Sutton, with its "forty and eight acres of upland lying on the farr side of Shawshin river," sold to him by Mr. Simon Bradstreet and Ann, his wife. Hard by were the log huts of *George Abbot senr. on the north and George Abbot jr. on the south, also of Mr. Bradstreet, who took up his last*

¹ The early township of Andover included land lying between the Merrimack River, Rowley, Salem, Woburn, and Cambridge.

² Samuel Osgood was a member of the Provincial Congress and Postmaster-General. Dr. Joseph Osgood and Dr. George Osgood were eminent physicians.

*sitting at Andover, a place well fitted for the husbandman's hand but of great inconvenience to the planters in carrying their corn to market.*¹

You will find the second and more commodious house of the worshipful Simon Bradstreet on the highway to the Old North Church, the home of our first woman poet, Anne Bradstreet.² The house, with buttressed chimney like a fortress to the roof, is most attractive in its present-day quaintness; to every rafter hangs a tale and a certain chamber confesses a ghost. When the Indians fell on Andover to take revenge on "Pemaquid Chubb,"³ forty savages, led by the implacable Assacumbuit, dragged Colonel Bradstreet and his family over the snowy road by the light of burning farms, then, as

NORTH ANDOVER

LANDMARKS: Public Library in Odd Fellows' Building. The First Church, Phillips Sq.; organized 1645. Kittredge mansion (1784). Home of Dr. Thomas Kittredge of Revolutionary fame. "Old North Burying-Ground," Phillips Manse (1752), Osgood St. Bradstreet house (1667). Samuel Osgood house First Postmaster-General. Timothy Johnson Homestead (169-), Stevens St.; here Penelope Johnson was killed by the Indians; residence, Miss Kate Johnson. John Osgood house; home of Colonel Osgood of the French and Indian War. Osgood mansion, home of Hon. Gayton P. Osgood; (owned by Mrs. J. H. Davis). Mansion house of Mr. Moody Bridges of the First Provincial Congress; birthplace of Major-General Isaac Stevens, killed at Chantilly, 1862; now the residence of Oliver Stevens, Esq., corner Essex and Depot Sts. Adams House; home of Major John Adams; now the Charlotte Home. Frye house; home of Chaplain

¹ *Historical Sketches of Andover*, by Sarah Loring Bailey.

² In the Bradstreet lineage are Oliver Wendell Holmes, William Ellery Channing, Wendell Phillips, Richard H. Dana. Later dwellers in the homestead were the Rev. William Symmes, the Hon. John Norris, associate founder of the Theological Seminary (many were the hospitable "tea-drinkings" at Mrs. Norris's); also Mrs. Elizabeth Parks, the Rev. Bailey Loring, and Master Simeon Putnam, the pedagogue whose idle boys, wearing the dunce-cap, seated by the roadside, quite wore out the grass in doing penance for their misdemeanors.

³ "Pascoe Chubb late Commander of his Majesty's ffort William Henry at Pemaquid is released from jail in Boston on account of his indigent family." He was committed for the cowardly giving up of the fort to the French and Indians, who threatened him with torture on account of an unpardonable act of treachery, he having supplied with liquor Penobscot Indians who were in conference with him about exchange of prisoners, and then ordered a massacre.

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Jonathan Frye, Chestnut St., res. Mrs. Sarah P. Grozier. Abraham Poor Estate or old "Priest Abbot" (author of the *History of Andover*) place on the Shawshine. Mills (Prospect) Hill. St. Paul's Church. Peabody house, now owned by Nathaniel Gage. Russell Farm. Lake Cochichawick. Foster homestead on J. M. Hubbard Estate; birthplace Hon. Jedediah Foster. Hubbard Elm, near Boxford line; oldest tree in Essex County, 270 years. Ancient Fishery on bank of the Merrimack, near mouth of Shawshine River.

suddenly released them at the plea of an Indian,—who, when a hunted boy, was fed and sheltered by Colonel Bradstreet's mother,—then returned with escort to Saco. A similar act of gratitude was the bringing home of the half-starved captive boy Timothy Abbot by a poor, affectionate squaw, who took pity on his mother.



*The Governor Bradstreet House, North Andover.
Home of Mistress Anne Bradstreet. "The tenth muse sprung up in
America."*

*"I am obnoxious to each carping tongue
Who says my hand a needle better fits,
A poet's pen all scorn I should thus wrong,
For such despite they cast on female wits."*

Across the road is the old Phillips Manse,¹ the ancestral home of Phillips Brooks. There is his beloved corn-barn, under whose shadow he longed "to sit and talk it all over," his European letter tells us.



*The Kittredge Homestead (1784), North Andover.
Residence of Miss Sarah Kittredge.*

Lying close by, with only a pasture between, is the old burying ground, and a step farther is the Kittredge mansion, the home of six generations of physicians and of as many sweet singers. Doubtless some one of these was accom-

¹ The Phillips homestead was built by Samuel Phillips about 1734. He married Elizabeth Barnard, daughter of the Rev. John Barnard, "who came as a bride with a considerable fortune." Their son, the celebrated Judge Phillips, was a great-grandfather of Phillips Brooks. Mary Ann Phillips, daughter of the Hon. John Phillips, was married here to William Gray Brooks, in 1833. They set up housekeeping near their uncle Peter Chardon Brooks, on High Street, Boston, where Phillips Brooks was born.—*Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks*, by Alexander V. G. Allen.

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panied by the ancient bassoon at the North Church, and learned the "art of singing and rules of psalmody" from a music-book of old melodies, *America, Wells, Oxford*, arranged without staves and with Sanskrit-like notes, lying on the Clement piano of Madame Kittredge. A flax wheel spun lavendered linen for the high canopied bed from flax raised in Andover, and a baby's wrought cap speaks of hours of loving toil by the weary housemother, seated primly in high-back chair close to the flickering light in the quaint candlestick brought over by Governor Endicott.

The Indian war-whoop was far less fearful at Andover's peaceful firesides than the witchcraft frenzy caught one sad day from Salem Village. Women of high standing were forced into confession of dark dealings with the "Black Man," afterward retracted, while courageous Martha Carrier, who unflinchingly denied being a witch-wife, languished in Salem jail. If a "seasonable spanking" had been administered to those deluded children of Old Danvers, the plague need not have infected the aforesaid staid community, and it would not have been necessary to summon the eminent Cotton Mather to disperse the witch-revel.

The North Church prospered greatly under the Rev. John Barnard, ordained in 1719 with elaborate ceremonies. Church records reveal much public admonishing of members in good standing. "Voted, that Lawrence — shall make a Public confession for the Idle lazy life he has led for these many years. Voted that B—— make her confession for scandals. That Timothy — jr. make a public confession for his false and uncharitable reflexion upon me (Mr. Barnard)." The latter offence against the minister was such a grave matter that three ministers were called in from neighboring churches, in consultation.

Andover, North and South, played a courageous part in the wars, early and late; two companies under Captain Thomas Poor and Captain Benjamin Ames, in Colonel

James Frye's regiment, appear in the *Lexington Alarm Rolls*; also companies under Captain Henry Abbot, Captain Nathaniel Lovejoy, Lieutenant John Adams, and Captain Joshua Holt.¹ Many of these were at Bunker Hill.

“Shot fell like rain on Charlestown Neck
And brave the deeds oft told,
Of Bailey, Farnum, Frye and Poor
And stout John Barker bold.”²

News of the battle reached Andover on Sunday morning, and the patriot parson—Jonathan French—stayed not for scruples of Sabbath travel, but was soon on the field, with musket and surgeon's case. Parson French's fair daughter Abigail became the beauty and toast of the town; and when he presented her with a side-saddle³ she forthwith proceeded to ride over the hearts of all theologians, staid and otherwise, who came to read with her good father. The saddle finally bore her off on her wedding journey to Bedford town, leaving a score of suitors lamenting.

¹ In Captain Joshua Holt's Company were Deacon John Dane, Thomas Blanchard, and other aged men, unable to bear arms, who rode to Cambridge on the day of the alarm “to carry provisions for those who stood in need.”

² Poem by Annie Sawyer Downs on the occasion of the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Andover.

³ Abigail French married the Rev. Samuel Stearns, of Bedford. Her saddle is now in the possession of the Bedford Historical Society.

ANDOVER, 1646

“*To be as good as our fathers we must be better.*”—WENDELL PHILLIPS.

“*As I watched your sports to-day, and you called to one another across the field, I heard many of the names great in American history. It is only worth while to have ancestors who have served their country well, if out of the pride of birth you win high-minded reasons and desires to follow nobly where they led so well.*”—PHILLIPS BROOKS. From address to the boys of St. Paul's School, Concord on Founder's Day.

ON the 5th of November, 1789, Washington—having left Haverhill, “*where the inhabit'ts of this small village were well disposed to welcome me by every demonstration which could evince their joy,*”—writes in his *Diary*: “*About sunrise I set out crossing the Merrimack River, over to the township of Bradford and in nine miles we came to Abbott's Tavern,¹ where we breakfasted and met with much attention from Mr. Phillips,² President of the Senate of Massachusetts, who accompanied us through Bellarika to Lexington, where I dined*

¹ Deacon Isaac Abbot's house on Elm Street, recently destroyed.

² Judge Phillips was President of the Senate fifteen years, also Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, an overseer of Harvard College, promoter of *Phillips Academy*, and one of the original members of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. He also contemplated a theological professorship which ended in the founding of the *Andover Theological Seminary*. Madame (Phœbe Foxcroft) Phillips and her son united with Samuel Abbot, Esq., who was a *grandson* of Samuel Phillips, Esq., the goldsmith of Salem, he being a grandson of the founder of the Phillips family—the Rev. George Phillips.

The chief founder of *Abbot Female Seminary* (whose plan was so ably carried out by the Misses Philena and Phebe McKeen), Mrs. Sarah Abbot, was also descended from the goldsmith of Salem, and also the wife of the founder of the Browne Professorship of Ecclesiastical History, Moses Brown, Esq., of Newburyport.—*Memoir of Judge Phillips*, by Dr. J. L. Taylor.

and viewed the spot on which the first blood was spilt in the dispute with Great Britain."

President Washington was received at the Phillips mansion on "The Hill" with ceremony. After his departure Madame Phillips¹ tied a blue ribbon on the claw-foot chair in which he sat, and on Washington's death substituted a mourning ribbon. The raising of this splendid mansion, in 1782, was celebrated by the closing of schools, a prayer by Parson French, and the drinking of its health in huge tubs of punch. It lived long and prospered as the "Mansion House," where famous men and women of all creeds and climes assembled year after year, in Anniversary week, under those glorious elms planted by Judge Phillips; many a school-day romance, begun in a careless sunset stroll under the romantic "Elm-arch," continued through a second volume, in which they lived "happy forever after." Here came trustees, professors, missionaries, educators, grave and gay: Dr. Hamlin from Turkey, General Armstrong, Professor Samuel B. Morse, Wendell Phillips, the Hon. Alpheus Hardy with his ward Joseph Hardy Neesima,² also Henry Ward Beecher, Gail Hamilton, Mark

ANDOVER

LANDMARKS: Memorial Hall with Public Library. Squire Kneeland house (1700). "Old South Ministry House," home of Rev. Samuel Phillips, and Rev. Jonathan French. Christ Church. Old South Church. Abraham Marland house, founder of Andover's woollen manufactures. George Abbot homestead (1678). Deacon Daniel Poor homestead (1673). Benjamin Abbot house (1686). Abbot-Baker house (1697). Indian Ridge (esker). Red Spring. Old Railroad, Abbot St. Abbot Academy (1829). Punchard High School, founded by Benjamin Punchard. Phillips Academy (1778). Professor Edwards A. Park house. Old Brick Academy, designed by Bulfinch 1818, burned 1896, restored after original design. The "Classic Hall" in which O. W. Holmes spoke his Exhibition Ode. Theological Cemetery (the "Sleepy Hollow" of Andover). Jacob Osgood house (West Parish), where James Otis was killed by lightning. Captain Joshua Chandler homestead (West Parish). Sons: Rev. James Chandler, settled at Rawley; Rev. Samuel Chandler settled at York, Me., and Rev. John Chandler, Billerica; residence Joshua Chandler. Sunset Rock. Prospect Hill. Hagget's Pond. Timothy Ballard estate (1790), now Ballard-vale.

¹ The Andover Chapter of the *Daughters of the Revolution* is named in honor of Phoebe Foxcroft Phillips, the wife of Judge Phillips.

² The story of Mr. Neesima's flight from Japan at the risk of death and his return to found the University of Doshisha, at Kyōto, the gradual

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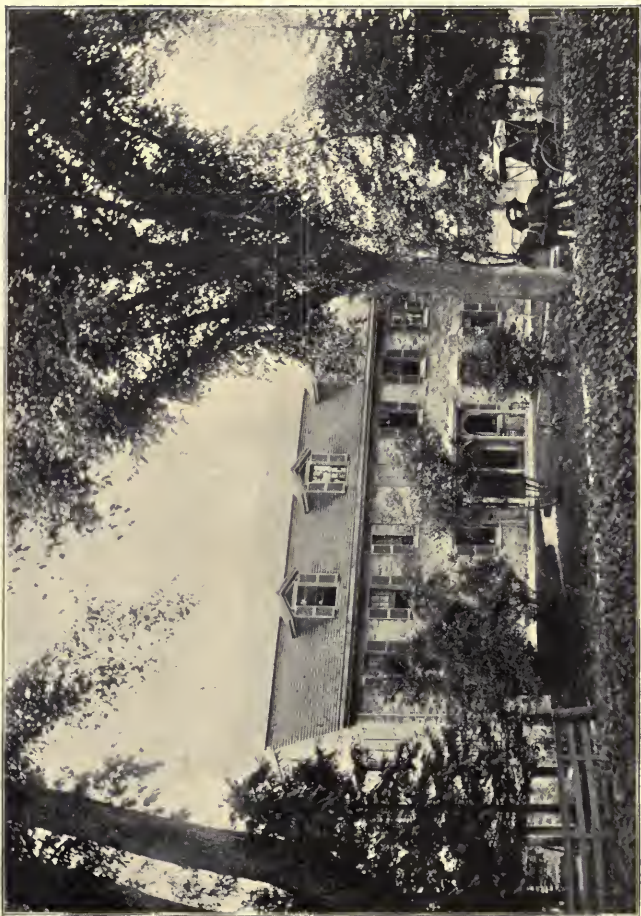
Twain, and Ole Bull; here Lafayette made a happy little speech at the foot of the staircase; General Jackson was reluctantly forgiven by his gracious hostess for his frugal partaking of bread and milk, when she had piled high her keeping-room with goodies for his special delectation.



Softly Coursing through the Andovers, the Shawshine Enters the Merrimack River at Lawrence.

However, to endless bowls of bread and milk and hasty pudding, eaten on Zion's Hill in the primitive English and Latin Commons, is ascribed the success of many an impetuous but determined farmer's boy. Andover's hospitality, especially to the struggling student, is proverbial, ever since the days of long ago, when the "stranger's fire" burned invitingly throughout wintry nights on the

opening up of Japan through the entrance of Christianity, is the marvellous tale related in his *Life and Letters* by Professor Arthur S. Hardy. A sweet memory of his adopted mother is the "Mrs. Alpheus Hardy chrysanthemum," sent as a gift to her from Japan by Mr. Neesima.



195 *The Harriet Beecher Stowe House, now the Mansion House, Andover.*

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wide hearth of the Dr. Peabody homestead for love of the passing wayfarer. The Fish house had a fireplace in an outside chimney, where Indians might cook their food undisturbed.¹

As you approach on "The Hill" the site of the carpenter's shop, where thirteen pupils assembled, in 1778, at the opening of Phillips (our first Academy to be incorporated), from the campus rings out the familiar *P-h-i-l-l-i-p-s!* 'rah, 'rah, 'rah! At the reunion of his class, in '59, Dr. Holmes contributed *The Boys*, one verse referring to Samuel F. Smith, who, while a student at the Theological Seminary, wrote *America*, sung first on Independence Day, 1832, at Park Street Church.

"And there 's a nice youngster of excellent pith,
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,—
Just read on his medal, 'My Country, of Thee!'"

On the old William Abbot estate stands the "President's House," occupied at different periods by the Rev. Dr. Griffin, Justin Edwards, and Austin Phelps. From the garden-study of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, one may enjoy the winter sunset scene described in *A Singular Life*.

On the southerly side of "The Hill" are three fine old-fashioned houses, typical of Andover, and beyond is the handsome modern estate of H. Bradford Lewis.

Riding toward Reading over a grassy table-land, you must exclaim at the sight of this glorious rolling country with its inimitable New England flavor. By the wayside is

¹ Beautiful Indian Ridge and the typical kettle-hole, Pomp's Pond named after Pompey Lovejoy (servant of Captain William Lovejoy) who furnished 'lection cake and beer for town meeting, are much visited by geological students.

the picturesque red farmhouse of three successive Samuel Cogswells. The Goldsmith and Waldo farms have been destroyed. In North Reading, near the State highway, is beautiful Martin's Pond. Entering Reading, you see at once by her ancient roofs that you are in one of the oldest towns in the State. The ancestors of Bancroft and Theodore Parker were natives of Reading. South Reading is now Wakefield.

“To raising Townes and Churches new in Wilderness they wander
First Plymouth and then Salem next were placèd far asunder,
Woburn, Wenham, Redding, built with little Silver mettle
Andover, Haverhill, Berris-banks their habitation settle.”

Good News from New England, by Edward Winslow.¹

¹ Andover is the birthplace of Octave Thanet (Miss Alice French). She is a granddaughter of Governor Marcus Morton, elected governor of Massachusetts by one vote, and niece of Judge Marcus Morton whose old home stands at the corner of School and Morton streets.

METHUEN, 1645-1725

A NAME of distinction has Methuen town, for it is the only township of its name in the world. Lord Paul Methuen, privy councillor to the king, was her noble namesake.

Once upon a time, when the roads of the lost county of old Norfolk (North Folk) were mere "trails" through the savage wilderness, Methuen was the wild border section on the Haverhill frontier, and the quiet surface of the Merrimack was only rippled now and then by a birch canoe; a ferry ran across the Merrimack between the villages of Methuen and Andover. These two defenceless settlements kept a trained band of armed snow-shoe men¹ provisioned with parched corn ready to march against their savage foes when the cart-paths were blocked with drifts. One of their garrisons, built by Andover, stood opposite the Pemberton Mills, in Lawrence.²

Later, a stage-coach (at seventy-five cents the round trip) rumbled across Andover bridge and rounded up with a flourish and cracking of whips before the country tavern. Suddenly Lawrence sprang up, in a night as it were, and a million bobbins now whirl out thread from the misty cotton, turned by the waters of the *Great Cascade*, as the Indians called the splendid Falls of the Merrimack at Lawrence.

Methuen rises in a series of terraces from the low river

¹ On February 20, 1705, Governor Dudley wrote to Colonel Saltonstall: "I pray you to give direction that your snow-shoe men from Newbury to Andover be ready at a moment's warning till the weather breaks up, and that we may be quiet awhile."

² *The Merrimack Valley*, by R. H. Tewksbury. Published by the Methuen Historical Society. *Ye Catalog of Epitaphs* from ye old burying ground (1728) on Meeting-House Hill.

bed, till at the top it is crowned by picturesque estates and handsome memorial buildings and monuments. The apse of the First Church is beautified by a La Farge masterpiece, —*The Resurrection Morning*,—a memorial gift of Mrs. Henry C. Nevins. The Phillips

Chapel was named for one of the donors, John C. Phillips, a brother of Wendell Phillips. The Nevins Memorial Library contains some fine paintings, a portrait of Henry C. Nevins by Hubert Herkomer, a landscape by Verschuur, and Schenck's *In the Storm*. In the Methuen Historical Society's Rooms may be seen the collection presented by Mrs. Hayes. The castellated homes in Methuen add much to the landscape. As seen from the village the picturesque Tenney tower resembles that of a castle on the

Rhine. If the hand of five hundred years of mellowing time had but stained the striking turrets and battlements surrounding the Searles estate, the onlooker at the gates would not be startled to hear the trumpet blast and see the drawbridge fall before the heralds of some lordly Ivanhoe or Marmion, advancing amid mailed and doughty knights, a falcon in the plumage of his crest, and gallant



The Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, Methuen. Gift of C. H. Tenney.

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squires, yeomen, archers, and men-at-arms in train. Opposite, in Washington Place, stands the statue by Ball of our "gentil Saxon knight"—the benignant Washington.¹

¹ Methuen, situated on the Massachusetts border-line, is almost within hailing distance of several fine old New Hampshire towns; also Canobie Lake, one of the wild and picturesque inland waters for which the State is famous.



*Greycourt from the Lodge.
Residence of Charles H. Tenney, Methuen.*

HAVERHILL, 1640-1645

THERE are three generations of Haverhill, prosperous towns all—one in old England, one in the Bay State, one in New Hampshire. The Indian deed of the Pentucket lands was signed by the “bow and arrow marks” of Passaconaway and Sagahew, “with ye consent of Passaconaway, chief of the Pennacooks.” The master-spirit of Pentucket or Ward’s Plantation, was the Rev. John Ward, son of the witty and intolerant Rev. Nathaniel Ward, of Ipswich, author of the *Simple Cobler of Aggawamm*.¹

Haverhill and Ipswich were neighbors and staunch friends, and Haverhill often sent messengers to Ipswich for aid against the red man, who, pushing through the dense wilderness from Canada, or in swift canoe following the Merrimack, knocked at their doors in the guise of a trader and made the struggling colony a hunting-ground for scalps. In the early spring of 1676 the frontier township of Haverhill, which included the larger part of Methuen, Salem, Plaistow, and Atkinson, was horrified at the news that hostile tribes were on the war-path in the name of King Philip, and had already crossed the Merrimack at Wamesit (Lowell).

They had six garrisons² and four houses of refuge, the latter

¹ The cobbler stops in his clever, punning, theological tirade to make a fling at the “Fashions of Women,” who disfigure themselves with such exotic garbs . . . having nothing but a few squirrel’s brains to help them frisk from one ill-favored fashion to another. If he chose to be so hypercritical over the Puritan dress, what comments would the ephemeral sleeves of this age have called forth!

² Thomas Whittier, of the Society of Friends, ancestor of the poet, lived near the Sanders garrison; unlike his fellow-townsmen, he never took refuge at night there, or carried weapons. His family often heard voices under their windows or saw a strange dark face peeping in, but Friend Whittier continued to receive cordially the Indians who visited him and

of brick, each with a small door admitting but one person at a time. The upper room was entered by a ladder, which



Hannah Duston Monument, Haverhill.

could be drawn up in case of attack. The Peaslee "Garrison"¹ of 1690, standing near Rocks Bridge, was the home of had never reason to regret his trust in them. "My best swarm of bees," left Whittier by Henry Rolfe, of Newbury, were the talk of the town, as they were among the first honey-bees to sip Massachusetts flowers.

¹ Other landmarks are the site of the first meeting-house, 167 Water

Whittier's great-grandmother. One of the brick houses belonged to Captain Simon Wainwright, another to the "worshipful Major Nathaniel Saltonstall"¹—son of Sir Richard Saltonstall, patentee of Connecticut. Nathaniel was captain of the train-band and became influential in town-meeting about the time that a "paper-vote" replaced the black and white beans in the election of moderator and selectmen (first called "seven men," then "towne's men" and "town's men select," finally "select men"). The building of the schoolhouse, a crucial event, was placed in charge of Major Saltonstall, William White, and Peter Ayres. It was to serve also as a watch-house and a shelter on the Sabbath, between morning and afternoon exercise. The meeting-house itself must have been rather gruesome, with flintlocks stacked in the corners and grinning wolves' heads, for which bounties had been paid, nailed to the walls. Yet it is not strange that it was ever first in the heart of the colonist, standing not only as a place of worship, but as their Saxon "moot-hall," the home of the freeman, where government was through the "aye" or "nay" or by the showing of hands, just as each Saxon land-owner and sea-rover used to vote by waving his battle-axe or spear in answer to the question discussed or "mooted" in the "moot-hall" of his independent tun or town.

The beauty of the early Saltonstall estate, "Button-Street. Greenwood Cemetery; epitaphs published in the *Haverhill Gazette*, January 16, 1897. Great Hill, view of the Atlantic from Boar's Head to Cape Ann. Winnikenni Park and Winnikenni Castle, Crystal Lake and Job's Hill.

¹ The Honorable Gurdon Saltonstall, son of Major Saltonstall, succeeded Fitz-John Winthrop as Governor of Connecticut. Leverett, son of Judge Richard Saltonstall, was first Mayor of Salem, president of the State Senate, of the Essex Agricultural Society, and of the Essex Bar. Colonel Richard Saltonstall was among those who capitulated at Fort William Henry, during the French and Indian War, narrowly escaping massacre by the Indians who fell on the unarmed prisoners.

woods," which overlooks the river from Golden Hill, was remarked by Washington. It was originally granted by the town to the Rev. John Ward, who bequeathed both land and house to his daughter Elizabeth and her husband, Nathaniel Saltonstall. In 1815 it was purchased by Major James Duncan and has recently been presented to the Haverhill Historical Society by the Duncan family. These fine old sycamores, or buttonwoods, were set out for Judge Richard Saltonstall in 1740 by his servant, Hugh Tallent, a gay and popular fiddler. To "Buttonwoods" Dr. Nathaniel Saltonstall brought his bride. In 1788, the "Old Doctor," as he was affectionately called in later years, built a substantial mansion on Merrimack Street, the land being a gift from his father-in-law, Squire Samuel White, for whom White's Corner was named. The grandchildren of the doctor's daughter, "Sally" Saltonstall, have preserved this fine specimen of colonial architecture by removing it from the business thoroughfare to the banks of Lake Saltonstall; the lake took its name from the house, now the residence of Gurdon Saltonstall Howe. Dr. Saltonstall's "Day Book," a curious and familiar history of the time, opens January 1, 1774, thus: "Mr. Cornelius Mansis, a visit, 8d.," eight pence being the physician's fee in the village and one shilling for a Bradford call. The poet's grandfather, Joseph Whittier, paid his bill in full to the "Old Doctor" by a jug of hay, six pounds of butter, and a quarter of veal.

It is interesting to cull a paragraph here and there from Haverhill's records. The town ordered, in 1652, instead of having a drum beat for meeting, that "Abraham Tyler shall blow his horn in the most convenient place every Lord's day, for which he is to have one peck of corn of every family." . . . £4 7s. donated to Harvard College. . . . The wife of John Hutchins presented for wearing a silk hood, but upon testimony of her "being brought up

above the ordinary way" she was discharged; the wife of Joseph Swett fined 10s. for the same offence.

"It is ordered that all doggs for the space of three weeks shall have one legg tyed up; if a man refuse to tye up his dogg's legg and hee be found scraping up fish in a corn field, the owner thereof shall pay twelve pence damages." In each hill of corn the farmer dropped a fish, shad and salmon being "a drug on the market," and his apprentices contracted that they should not eat salmon more than six times a week. Because the blossom of the pyrus opens on the first appearance of the shad in May, it is commonly called shad-blossom, and when the apple orchards are filled with huge white bouquets, then is the shad's greatest run.

During seventy years Haverhill was never free from the lurking Indian, and many women and children were carried captive to Canada. Perhaps the most remarkable incident in the history of Indian warfare concerned the capture of Hannah Duston, who, in the words of Cotton Mather, despatched with *Hatchets* her *Sleeping Oppressors*, and turned back to cut off the *Scalps* of these *Ten Wretches* (who had killed her child and "sent several *English captives* as they began to tire of their sad *Journey* to their *Long Home*"), that they might be shown as silent, hideous witnesses of her unparalleled adventure. The savages burned the house of Thomas Duston, but her eight children were preserved by the father's courage. As they marched off toward safety with the pace of a child five years old, Duston kept in the "Rear of his Little Army of Unarmed children," menacing the Indians with his gun from behind his horse till the little flock reached the garrison, a mile distant.

Friendly Indians were of great service. Some Haverhill men, engaged with Captain Baker in an expedition near Winnipiseogee, the Lake of *The Smile of the Great Spirit*, were pursued by an overpowering number of warriors.

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Their Indian guide urged them not to halt an instant in their march down the Pemmigewasset River, and when at



Crystal Sunshine in Lovers' Lane after a New England Ice-Storm.

Salisbury the fatigued men said they must have refreshment he advised them to build many fires and cut many

sticks to broil their meat on, burning the end of each as if used, and stick them in the ground. One may picture the disappointed "Ugh! ugh!" of the balked braves over the smouldering fires, as they counted the sticks of too great a number of pale-faces, and turned back on their trail by the chief's command, who had doubtless expected, in the next grand council, to have been awarded another feather in his war-bonnet, tipped by a tuft of red horsehair, signifying the deed of great prowess in tomahawking or capturing these foes.

"Is it possible that men had to run for their lives through this tranquil countryside!" exclaims the traveller, as he wends his way toward Amesbury, by the serene Lakes Saltonstall and Kenoza, on whose south side was the great ox-common; his road carries him around the foot of the hill crowned by Winnikenni Castle, toward the simple Quaker cottage where Whittier was born; here upon the growing boy "the shades of the prison-house" began to close, yet

"The Youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended."

On Whittier's eighty-fourth birthday, Dr. Holmes paid him a call and found him unchanged, clinging to the Quaker dress, beside him a picture on glass of the dear hearthstone of the Whittier homestead which remains to-day almost as pictured in *Snow-Bound*. The boy Whittier was invited to pay a visit in Boston by a relative, Mrs. Greene,¹ and started

¹ The Greene family had what old New England people call the "Bachelor eyes, deep, dark, burning eyes," inherited from the remarkable colonial preacher, the Rev. Stephen Bachiler, of Hampton. "These eyes were marked in Hawthorne, Webster, Calcb Cushing, and William Bachiler Greene."—"Whittier" in *Authors and Friends*, by Annie Fields.



*The Whittier Kitchen in Whittier's Birthplace, 1688, Haverhill. Preserved under
the Care of Trustees, and Open to the Public.*

*"Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about . . .
Between the andirons' straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmering slow,
The apples sputtered in a row."*

SNOW-BOUND.

off in a coach with great expectations in a new homespun suit trimmed with "boughten buttons." While sight-seeing on Washington Street, he says, "I found a terrible stream of people and when I got tired of being jostled, it seemed as if the folks might get by if I waited a little while." So he stepped into an alley-way and grew homesick and reflected that the "boughten buttons" made no difference at all.

BRADFORD

Bradford is closely associated with Haverhill, though divided by the Merrimack. Thomas Kimball's house on the Boxford Road was raided by the Indians; his wife and five children, who were made captive, were set free through the intervention of Wannalancet. The old powder-house has disappeared from Indian Hill, but you will find standing the Dudley Carleton house, used for prisoners of war in the Revolution. The teacher of mathematics, Benjamin Greenleaf, was born in Bradford. Bradford Academy is one of the oldest schools for girls in the country.

THE TRAIL TO IPSWICH

WHEN the sun-chariot wings its course highest above the Merrimack valley, Haverhill's felicitous situation is most in evidence. From out her wide estate a series of fascinating country roads swerve toward our Atlantic seaboard,—salt, sand-ribboned, rugged. The longest, most southerly path veers toward Ipswich,—Haverhill's best friend and running-mate in the troublous Indian days,—swinging through Georgetown¹ around into Byfield, a part of old Newbury, before crossing Rowley's storied Green and Ipswich's border. You will discover that this picturesque highway and byway divides splendid farm-lands, toning into yellow green marsh by the thousand acre, well salted indeed by the little rivers Mill and Parker, and on which the thrifty farmer sets great store as fodder for his cattle. Another and another summer day tempts you this way; it is a placid country side laden with sweets of flowers and herbs, yet seldom of the same humor, because sea-mist and sun play hide-and-seek over a baker's dozen of hills in Ipswich; over Ox-Pasture and Prospect Hill, in Rowley; over great "Sunset Rock," silvery-gray and mossy, at the crossroads close by old Dummer's mile-stone, which points out in its accustomed imperturbable manner that your road covers thirty-three miles to Boston town, or five to Newburyport from South Byfield. It has told the same story since 1708 to country folk and city folk, to the clans of Noyes, Moody, Longfellow, Parsons, Dummer, moreover to Judge Sewall, who claimed a kinsman at every other corner hereabouts, his sisters' life-partners having chosen Byfield Parish as their abiding-place.

¹ The present Georgetown was a part of the "accommodations" offered by the General Court to Ezekiel Rogers and his company in 1638.

Byfield Parish of "Ould" Newbury 211

This mile-stone¹ saw, in 1712, the building of yonder country home by ye honored Lieutenant Governor Dummer; again, ye laying out of ye country road to ye meeting-house; it saw yearly the ceremonious arrival of Lady Dummer with her coats-of-arms and liveries covered with dust after the long drive over Boston road from their School Street estate, close neighbor to Province House, the residence of the royal governors of Massachusetts. As the daughter of Governor Dudley, my Lady Katherine was accustomed to entertain regally in Roxbury, and it is not amazing that Governor Shute, stopping at the Dummer mansion on his way to Portsmouth, found himself "finely entertained."

Entering her mansion through the handsome grape-vined door, you regard my lady's portrait still hanging opposite that of her lord.² How the aristocratic dame would lament the absence of her favorite tapestries from these white-panelled walls! The Governor's house is still the Dummer Academy, founded by the Governor and opened to pupils in 1763.

Byfield Parish is a unique patchwork of towns. One patch is of old Rowley's soil, and when the company assembled to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of Byfield Congregational Church in 1902, some were seated in New-

¹ Just above Dummer Academy on the left of the road to Byfield Station stands the Joseph Noyes-Knight house, now the Ambrose residence. "In 1727 a highway 2 rods wide was laid out from ye country road near to his honor the Lieutenant Governor Dummer's house to the parsonage land in Byfield Parish to the land of John Dummer, Esq., Mr. Richard Dummer and Mr. Joseph Noyes." The first Richard Dummer was punished in 1637 by the General Court and "deprived of swords, gun, pistols, shot and matches" because he openly sympathized with "the heretics Anne Hutchinson and the Rev. John Wheelwright."

² Painted by Robert Feke, of Oyster Bay, L. I. His masterpiece, the portrait of Lady Wanton, wife of Rev. Joseph Wanton, hangs in Redwood Library, Newport.

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bury, others in Georgetown, yet all were in Byfield Parish. In the old parsonage (1704) Theophilus Parsons was born; prepared for college, and perhaps birched at "Dummer" by the celebrated Master Moody, with other eminent Essex County men; he studied law with the learned loyalist, Judge Edmund Trowbridge, of Cambridge, who chanced to be



*The Governor Dummer Mansion, South Byfield.
Now the Administration Building of Dummer Academy, opened in 1763.*

hiding at Byfield in terror of the "Sons of Liberty." Mr. Parsons in his turn prepared John Quincy Adams and Robert Treat Paine for law.

The first chapter in Mr. Parsons's romance opened at a dinner given by Judge Benjamin Greenleaf at his house in Newburyport.¹ Miss Elizabeth Greenleaf, hearing that

¹*Ould Newbury*, by John J. Currier, Damrell & Upham.

the brilliant Mr. Parsons was to be one of their guests, declared that she should not dare to utter a word. "You need not," said her father, "he will talk for you and himself too, if you wish it." Within a year Mr. Parsons married Miss Greenleaf, having won that suit to which he always referred as worth all the others he had ever gained.

The godfather of Byfield was Nathaniel, youngest of one-and-twenty children and one of sixteen who followed their pious father, the Rev. Richard Byfield, to church in Long Dutton of Sussex. Judge Nathaniel Byfield was, moreover, a "circuit" crony of Judge Samuel Sewall's. Their correspondence about this "Infant Parish" is extant, also the petition of Nathaniel Byfield, aged twenty-one, to the Governor and Council, in 1674, stating that "being lately married" he humbly requested discharge from going out to war against the Indians, "under benefit of the Law of God in 24 Deut. 5: 'That when a man hath taken a new wife he shall not go out to warre, but he shall be free at home one year.'"

Quascacunquen Falls, on the Parker River, where the first mill-wheel turned in 1634, is about a mile south of Byfield Station, hard by the homestead of William and Mehitable (Sewall) Moody, birthplace of Paul Moody, inventor, and of the Honorable William Moody, Secretary of the Navy under Roosevelt. In the waters of these Falls, so runs the legend, witches were baptized by Satan, taking an oath of allegiance to evil. Just up Orchard Road, beyond the Moody House, stands a granite horse-block, the sole remnant of the home-lot of the poet Longfellow's grandparents, William Longfellow and Anne Sewall, his wife, a sister of Judge Sewall, who left a lingering sweet remembrance in the wild sweetbrier transplanted from his birthplace at Bishop Stoke, in England.

Climbing the hill to Highfields, the Captain Abraham Adams homestead of 1705, whence a father and four sons marched to Revolutionary fields, one, Captain Stephen Adams, walking to Valley Forge and back, you may discern from Deacon Leonard Adams's apple-orchard opposite, the site of the first ship-yard of old Newbury on the little Parker, sweeping restfully through marsh meadows in a wonderful double ox-bow. It flows under Thorlay's bridge on the Newburyport turnpike, the once famous colonial road from Boston to the East. This is one of three New England bridge sites, aged two hundred and fifty years; "built by Richard Thorlay at his own cost, he hath liberty to take 2d. for every horse, cow, ox." Where the river turns on itself, rises fascinating "Doubling Rock" close to the Newburyport turnpike, on which is the Hale-Boynton House; the picturesque gray gambrel of the John Noyes¹ house is midway between "old Dummer" and Newburyport town—"quite our idea of bustle and excitement," said an old Byfield boy, now of New York.

Below Quascacunquen Falls toward South Byfield, you are struck with the charm of the comfortable yellow homestead built in 1801 by Eben Parsons² a brother of Theophilus, which he called the Fatherland Farm. It is now the Forbes residence.

¹ Other homesteads of Byfield include the Benjamin Pearson house, the Richard Dummer house, the Hill residence, the Root and Tenney houses, the President Webber-Caldwell house and the first female seminary in America, 1807. Among the pupils were Harriet Newell and Mary Lyon, founder of Mt. Holyoke College. A daughter of Mt. Holyoke is the Fidelia Fiske Seminary in Oroomiah of Persia, and sister seminaries have been planted in Africa and other lands.

² Mr. Parsons was a man patterned after Washington's heart, as he was instrumental in advancing agriculture by importing the finest fruit, seeds, and grain, besides cattle and sheep. The Florentine marble mantle, carved with emblems of agriculture, was a tribute to him from the Massachusetts Society for the Promotion of Agriculture. An interesting sketch of the Eben Parsons homestead, by Susan E. P. Forbes, is in the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register* of January, 1896.

AGAWAM, 1633.

In 1634 only a narrow winding footpath ran from Quasacunquen to Agawam, "*resort for the fish of passage.*" Ipswich has still many of the attractions of her seventeenth-century youth; from her enchanting reed-grown river, great Pan, were he not dead, might pluck a shepherd's pipe and summon his entire train of immortal nymphs, Naiads from Ipswich brooks, Oreads from her hills, and Nereids from the ocean, and, loveliest of all, a mortal Dryad out of the heart of each glorious elm; happily, we too feel the presence of some sympathetic spirit dwelling in every tree, and with the ancients hold it an impious act to destroy one wantonly. From under the low rafters of these gambrel roofs which lean toward the street, generations "of the salt of the earth" have been sifted throughout the States, an indispensable strata in the Union; here is the veritable Heartbreak Hills of the old, old legend where a dusky Ariadne kept tryst with her sailor lover; as the story runs in Mrs. Thaxter's words:

" For he cried, as he kissed her wet eyes dry,
 ' I 'll come back, sweetheart, keep your faith.'
She said, ' I will watch while the moons go by';

" He never came back! Yet faithful still
 She watched from the hilltop her life away.
And the townsfolk christened it Heartbreak Hill,
 And it bears the name to this very day."

Certainly Ipswich, in some respects, is not the Agawam planted by John Winthrop, Jr., where the eminent Rev. Nathaniel Rogers, a descendant of the Smithfield martyr, preached; no longer are recorded the bountiful entertainments on such occasions as an old-style house-raising or the minister's funeral, nor on frosty Sabbath mornings does

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the grave and worthy preacher without dissimulation place a jug beside him on the pulpit desk! Mayhap, this gossip was of Ipswich's neighbors—Beverly or Boxford town.

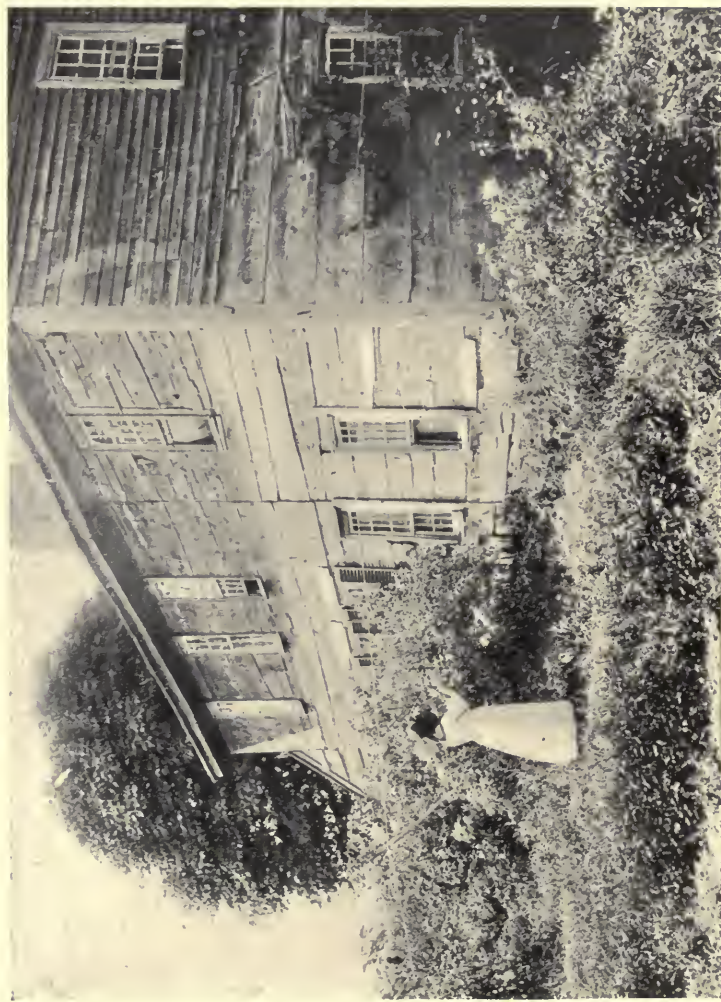
Boxford continues to be the traditional New England town in topographical aspect. A French traveller drew a capital picture of Boxford in describing Plainfield, Conn., as he saw it in 1781. The Marquis de Chastellux says:

. . . for what is called in America a *town* or *township* is only a certain number of houses dispersed over a great space, but which belong to the same incorporation and which send deputies to the general assembly of the "state." The centre or headquarters is the meeting-house or church. This church stands sometimes single and is sometimes surrounded by four or five houses only; whence it happens that when a traveller asks the question: *How far is it to such a town?* he is answered, *You are there already;* but when he specifies the place he wishes to be at, he not unfrequently is told, *You are seven or eight miles from it.*

This tallies with an experience of the writer: we alighted at Boxford, only to be told that the place we wished "to be at" was seven miles distant toward the North Andover boundary; nevertheless, in spite of "kind er' ketchy weather," the unexpected drive over sweet hills and dales in old Boxford, "between the drops," was a never-to-be-forgotten pleasure.

THE PATH TO PLUM ISLAND

Haverhill's road to Plum Island skirts Groveland's famous pines and passes through West Newbury and Newburyport. The colonists at the Port spoke rather disdainfully of their Upper Woods (West Newbury) as "waste land," fit only for "perpetual commons," where are now as fine farms as one would wish to see. Coffin's Lane recalls Tristram



Picking Cinnamon Roses at the Pearl Homestead, West Boyford. An old "Garrison," built before 1700, with large clay bricks between the outer and inner walls.

Coffin, who purchased a large tract of Edward Rawson,¹ Newbury's town clerk, later secretary of the Colony. Rawson's Meadow is near the upper bridge of the fetching little Artichoke River, an abiding-place for rare giant birches, fern-dells, and sweet azalea,—the very heart of elfdom and eerie legends. Bewitching, indeed, is Curzon's mill² at the mouth of the Artichoke, on the spot where Sergeant John Emery ground the town's grists in 1679. To this day, whatever corn is brought to the mill must be ground, or else the

¹ Edward Rawson's daughter, Rebecca, the heroine of Whittier's *Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal*, occasionally dated at "Newbury on the Merrimac," married Thomas Rumsey, who pretended to be Sir Thomas Hale, Jr., a nephew of Lord Chief Justice Hale. They sailed for England on the honeymoon. On the day after leaving the ship, "one of the most beautiful, polite, and accomplished young ladies of Boston" found her trunks stuffed with paper, her jewels flown as well as the fictitious young lord. Portraits of the Rawsons handed down through Ebenezer Rawson and Judge Dorr of Mendon hang in the rooms of the New England Historic and Genealogical Society. A portrait of Judge Samuel Sewall in Memorial Hall, Cambridge, the gift of Edward S. Moseley, was unearthed in a garret of the Greenleaf family.

NOTE.—In answer to those of the old country who declared it would be impossible to subsist in Newbury, Judge Sewall prophesied: "As long as *Plum Island* shall faithfully keep the commanded Post; Notwithstanding the hectoring words and hard Blows of the proud and boisterous Ocean; As long as any Salmon or Sturgeon shall swim in the streams of *Merrimack*; or any Perch or Pickeril in *Crane Pond* . . . As long as any Cattel shall be fed with the Grass growing in the meadows, which do humbly bow themselves before *Turkie-Hill*; As long as any Sheep shall walk upon *Old-Town Hills*, and shall from thence pleasantly look down upon the *River Parker*; . . . As long as *Nature* shall not grow Old and dote; but shall constantly remember to give the rows of Indian Corn their education, by Pairs, So long shall Christians be born there; and being first made meet, shall from thence be Translated to be made partakers of the Inheritance of the Saints in Light."

² The picturesque homestead which stood by the bridge, built for a hunting lodge in 1783 by Stephen Hooper, subsequently enlarged and unhappily burned in January, 1903, was the home of the Misses Curzon and Miss Marquand. It was furnished with family heirlooms of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

ancient water privileges are forfeited. Judge Sewall writes in 1708: "Visited Cousin Jacob Toppan and laid a stone of the foundation of ye meeting house at Pipe Staff Hill," so called because its primeval growth contributed staves for West Indian molasses hogsheads. About the time of the great awakening in the Colonies preceding the Revolution,



"And Curson's bowery mill."

JUNE ON THE MERRIMAC.

the Dalton country house on Pipe Stave Hill became renowned for the hospitality dispensed by Tristram Dalton, a gentleman of the old school and ardent patriot, who, with Caleb Strong, were the two first United States Senators from Massachusetts. Mr. Dalton was graduated from Harvard in the class of John Adams. The charms of this "patriarchal family" have been sung by many travellers.

Samuel Breck¹ relates the story of their subsequent misfortune, when political ambition lured Tristram Dalton from his peaceful abode. Brissot de Warville writes a naïve description of his visit on Pipe Stave Hill:

This is one of the finest situations that can be imagined. . . . Mr. Dalton has fine apples, grapes and pears, but he complains that children steal them, an offence readily pardoned in a free country. . . . The Americans are not accustomed to what we call grand feasts. They treat strangers as they treat themselves everyday and they live well. They say they are not anxious to starve themselves the week in order to gormandize on Sunday. This trait will paint to you a people at their ease, who wish not to torment themselves for show.

“I, Great Tom, Indian,” agreed to part with his hill for three pounds. Indian Hill has been in the Poore family for eight generations. Century-old chestnut trees stand guard Indian file over the stately garden. From a honeysuckle bower on the hilltop, and at every step down the straight box-bordered walk of great length is a fascinating peep through arching foliage of the gables of Indian Hill Farm, its lovely trellised porch tessellated by grape-leaf shadows. The farm is a treasure-house of furniture of the colonial day, collected by Major Ben: Perley Poore. Each room has a distinct individuality, each weapon stacked over this stairway has its camp-fire yarn. From “high-boy” and oaken chest you may pull out silk pelisses, quilted silk petticoats, a scarlet evening cloak, sweeping ostrich plumes, gossamer laces; outside the casement the clamber-

¹ *Diary and Recollections of Samuel Breck*, edited by Horace E. Scudder. The Dalton estate passed into the possession of Dr. Robinson, the family physician of all the country roundabout; through his daughter it came into the Moody family, and is now occupied by Horace J. Moody of Yonkers, N. Y.



The "Myopia Hunt," On to the chase from Indian Hill Farm! The Poore Homestead. Remodelled on English plan by Benjamin Poore. Home of Major Ben; Perley Poore. Now a part of the Frederick S. Mosceley estate.

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ing red and white roses beckon with the sweet assurance of many fragrant summers, and this hawthorn, like a huge pink bouquet, recalls Victor Hugo's words: "But just look at the marvellous rose made by a sprig of hawthorn, when looked at through a microscope; just compare the finest Mechlin lace with that!" The curious circular study was designed by Major Poore; on every hand are trophies of a world-wide acquaintance; friends were constantly "dropping in" from far and wide, and his table was often reset three times for dinner.

"THE LAURELS" AND LAUREL HILL

Some four miles from Newburyport, on the senior Moseley estate, in a pine-shaded water-bound nook, grows an extravagant bed of mountain laurel, most unusual in the lower valley of the Merrimack. Whittier was among the annual June pilgrims who went together to keep the Feast of Flowers at "The Laurels" by "the rippling river's rune." One of his poems in honor of the day sang of the west wind blowing down *Our River*, which doubtless sent a ray of gladness into the prison of Jean Pierre Brissot, the Girondist leader, who, in his youthful travels, became enamored of the prospect from Laurel Hill.

On the summit from "Moulton Castle," Sir Edward Thornton, the British Minister, and his guest, Lord Gray, looking across Deer Island to the open sea, agreed that no prospect in the Old World could surpass it in beauty. On this site is to be built the country house of Charles W. Moseley, who now occupies the quaint John Hall Bartlett house of 1792, at the foot of his Laurel Hill estate, near Bartlett Springs. Its unique door-stone is the toothed granite mill-wheel which ground the bark in the old tannery, a successor of the Bartlett tannery of 1650. This willow-fringed road is the same over which Washington passed to



"The Old Chain Bridge."

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Amesbury Ferry; the bargemen in white awaiting him are said to have come from Gloucester and Marblehead to row their general over the peaceful Merrimack, as hitherto they piloted him in perilous depths of night across East River after the battle of Brooklyn Heights, and again battled successfully with the Delaware's ice-floes.

From Laurel Hill a charming two-mile drive winds through the Moseley woodland to the Frederick Strong Moseley house, "Maudesleigh." Below the wide slope of velvet turf spreads the river-valley in all its beauty. John Evelyn would have written in praise of this most sweet and delicious garden with its pergola, of the rows of sweet-peas tied in luxuriant bunches of a single variety, of the Canterbury bells, larkspur, and poppies, seething with color, accentuated by the salt mists which climb the river thus far. On the road from Maudesleigh to Curzon's mill is the old burying-ground of Sawyer's Hill.

Towards Newburyport you pass the site of Queen Anne's Chapel¹ "on the plains"; the bell was presented by the Bishop of London. Its successor is St. Paul's, whose first treasurer was Michael Dalton. Carr's Island, whence George Carr ran the earliest Newburyport ferry, is now the sheep farm of the Hon. Harvey N. Shepard.

¹ In Belleville Cemetery are stones erected to the Rev. Matthias Plant, also Samuel Bartlett and Joshua Brown, founders of Queen Anne's Chapel. Inscriptions in Currier's *Ould Newbury*.

NEWBURYPORT, 1635-1764

"I left Newbury Port the 13th at ten in the morning, and often stopped before I lost sight of this pretty little town, for I had great pleasure in enjoying the different aspects it presents."—MARQUIS DE CHASTELLUX, 1782.



AFTER a visit to "Ould" Newbury one is haunted by the scent of apple blossoms and salt-sea marshes; the farms, as softly green as those of Old England; and, moreover, by dreams of stately ships and wary privateers; of balls and routs where belles and beaux, in French velvets and laces, dancing and drinking syllabubs, are startled by a great earthquake¹ or tidings of a wreck on the sands of Plum Island. These were days of pomp and splendor. A daughter of the Dalton house went forth a bride in a satin-lined coach and outriders, drawn by six white horses. The dashing young merchant, Nathaniel Tracy, sent out fleets of successful privateers, and married the greatest beauty of the day, a daughter of Colonel Jeremiah Lee of Marblehead. So extensive were his estates, that in traveling from Newburyport to Philadelphia he could rest each night in his own mansion. One of his transient summer houses was the stone garrison house in Oldtown, where, at the east window, he was wont to sit and watch his ships come in over the bar.

It was at about this period that many men of distinction were fêted in Newburyport. The Marquis de Chastellux

¹ Newbury's first earthquake, in 1638, uprooted the springing corn and frightened the Colonists out of their wits. Winthrop says: "It came with a noise like continued thunder or the rattling of coaches in London." The second lasted an afternoon, then came the third, and finally the bells and dishes were shaken so often that the records spoke of "the earthquake."



Spencer-Pierce "Garrison" House (1860), Newbury—Oldtown.

Ye saide farme was given into the possession of Mr. Daniel Pierce who bought it of John Spencer by the ceremony of turfe and twigge. : "Mr. Pierce did cut off a twigge off a tree, and cut up a turfe, and Mr. Spencer tooke the twigge and stuck it into the turfe, and bid us beare witness that he gave Mr. Pierce possession thereby of the house and land and farme."

writes entertainingly of his visit, with other Frenchmen of note, to this effect:

Mr. John Tracy came with two handsome carriages and conducted me and my Aide-de-Camp to his country-house. . . .

I went by moonlight to see the garden, which is composed of different terraces. . . . The house is very handsome and everything breathes that air of magnificence accompanied with simplicity, which is only to be found amongst merchants. At ten o'clock an excellent supper was served, we drank good wine, Miss Lee sung and prevailed on Messieurs de Vaudreuil¹ and [Baron de] Taleyrand to sing also; towards midnight the ladies withdrew. Mr. Tracy, according to the

custom of the country, offered us pipes, which were accepted by M. de Taleyrand, and M. de Montesquieu. . . . Mr. Tracy interested me greatly with the vicissitudes of his fortune since the beginning of the war. At the end of 1777, his brother and he had lost one and forty ships and he had not a ray of hope but in a marque of eight guns of which he had no news. Walking one day with his brother and reasoning together on the means of subsisting their families, they perceived a sail making for the harbour. He immediately interrupted the conversation, saying, 'Perhaps it is a prize for me.' His brother laughed at him, but he immediately went to meet the ship and found it was in fact a prize for him; worth five-and-twenty thousand pounds sterling. . . . In 1781, he lent five thousand pounds to the State for the cloathing of the troops, and that only on the receipt of the

NEWBURYPORT

LANDMARKS: Market Square. Watts, his cellar. Old South Church (1746) with cenotaph to George Whitefield, and Whispering Gallery. Birthplace Wm. Lloyd Garrison. Marine Museum, State St. Tracy house (1771); Washington entertained here (1789); now Public Library. Rooms of the Newbury Historical Society. Y. M. C. A. Building, the Corliss Memorial. Tristram Dalton-Moses Brown house, now Dalton Club. Wolfe Tavern, Davenport's Inn (1762), corner Fish (State) St. Fountain Park and the Frog Pond. Jonathan Jackson—"Lord" Timothy Dexter-George Corliss house, High St. Counterpart of the old Job Pillsbury house, destroyed by fire, residence of the Misses Getchell. Toppan's house (1670), on Toppan's Lane. Atkinson Park.

¹ The Marquis de Vaudreuil's squadron was then at Boston, and some of his ships were refitting and taking in masts at Portsmouth.

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Treasurer, yet his quota of taxes that very year amounted to *six thousand pounds*.¹

Good old mercantile times were these, before the Embargo Act and the great fire, the cause of deserted wharves and decline of the ship-master. Newburyport has substituted many other successful industries, among them the appropriate manufacture of silver goods in colonial designs.

The city's natural attractions are greater than ever. Her elm-arched thoroughfare is literally a High Street of charming homes, old and new, presided over by the mitre of St. Paul's, the Diocesan Church of Bishop Bass, first Episcopal Bishop of Massachusetts. The altar tablets were a gift from Queen Anne. In the vestry a tablet records the gift to the parish of \$333.33 by Timothy Dexter.² The beautiful spire of the church of the First Religious Society of Newburyport is remarked from every approach to the city.

In interesting contrast is odd little Joppa and its clam-houses, where, in 1640, sturgeon were pickled for the European market. An old Newburyporter instead of saying from Dan to Beersheba, says from "Joppa Flats to Grasshopper Plains." On being questioned about Grasshopper Plains (the high plateau on the road to West Newbury,

¹ *Travels in North America in the years 1780, 1781 and 1782 by the Marquis de Chastellux*, one of the forty members of the French Academy, and Major-General in the French army, serving under Count de Rochambeau. Translated from the French by an English gentleman who resided in America at that period.

² "Lord" Timothy Dexter said: "I am the first in the East, the first in the West and the greatest Philosopher in the known world." In *A Pickle to the Knowing Ones* he explains the origin of his fabulous (?) fortune as being acquired by such odd, lucky strokes as sending forty-two thousand warming pans to the West Indies, seized upon with avidity by sugar-dealers as dippers and strainers for the syrup. In his second edition, because the knowing ones "complaine of my book," he places all stops by themselves that they might "pepper and salt it as they pleased" , , , , ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ? .



The Clam-Diggers on Joppa Flats, Newburyport.

*"The sea has left the strand;
In their deep sapphire cup
The waves lie gathered up
Off the hard-ribbed sand."*

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whose wells dried up during the great earthquake), he will tell you that the soil is so sandy that even grasshoppers cannot get a living, so they sit on the fence and bark.

NEWBURY—OLDTOWN (WESCUSSAUCO), 1635

“Always afternoon” it is said to be in sedate and beautiful Oldtown. The lover of colonial paths will sail up

NEWBURY—OLDTOWN

LANDMARKS: Parker River Bridge, Oldtown Hill. The Coffin house (1654). Oldtown Church. Oldtown Burying Ground (1643), site of first Oldtown Church; floating island, which used to rise and fall with the water some eight feet, with its six large trees. “The veteran Elm of Newbury” (1717); poem by Hannah F. Gould of Newburyport. Noyes house (1646), West India or Lovell’s Lane. Arnold tablet. Upper Green and Oldtown Pond. Spencer-Pierce house, Little’s Lane. Stephen Swett-March-Ilisley house (1670).

Parker River from Ipswich, and land with the Puritans under the shadow of Oldtown hill; here paced their lonely night-watch to spy the lurking Indian. Oldtown hill is the first land sighted by the approaching mariner. General Greely, returning out of perilous Arctic seas, hailed with unspeakable joy that serene, blue, rounded height guarding his native town.

Not far from Oldtown Green is the farm selected by Nicholas Noyes, first settler,¹ on which is the home of William Little, President of the Newbury Historical Society. On this street (Green) Sir William Pepperell lost and found a silver cup whilst he was enlisting men for his successful

¹ Among Newbury’s ninety proprietors were Percival and John Lowle, our poet’s kin. Percival Lowle wrote *A Funeral Elegie* on Governor Winthrop’s death, preserved on a printed broadside (*The Lowell Genealogy*, by Delmar R. Lowell):

“You English *Mattachusians* all
Forbear some time from sleeping.
Let everyone both great and small
Prepare themselves for weeping.

“He was *New England’s* Pelican
New England’s Gubernator
He was *New England’s* Solomon
New England’s Conservator.”



Fishing-Reel at Flat-Iron Point, Joppa.

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expedition against Louisburg on Cape Breton Island in 1745. The Atkinson house, long vacant after the hideous witch tragedies of 1690, was a foolish bugbear to little children, who ran quickly by, believing it haunted, only because it was connected with Goody Martin.¹ At the Salem trial the principal evidence against this excellent woman was that, having walked from her home by the Powow to the Atkinson house after a rain-storm, no mud was seen on her shoes or gown.

It is related of the Toppan house that Abigail Wigglesworth, "the *Day o' Doom's* daughter," was visiting in Newbury. Miss Abigail, seeing a house frame going up, asked of Dr. Christopher Toppan, "Whose new house is that?" "Yours, madam, if you please," he answers, speaking in advance for his brother Samuel, who was building it. Even Cupid's arrow was sped by the colonial ministers' extraordinary authority. Good Dr. Toppan, during his fifty-one years of pastoral office, "would speak his mind." A child was presented for baptism by Mr. — and his wife. Dr. Toppan, having no confidence in the man's sincerity, addressed the congregation with these words, "I baptize this child wholly on the woman's account."

Newburyport citizens were highly concerned in Revolutionary doings. The Hon. Caleb Cushing says that a town meeting was called April 3, 1770, "on suspicion that a wagon-load of tea had been bro't to town."

"As the Mohawks kind of thought
The Yankees *had n't ought*
To drink *that are tea.*"

¹ Susannah Martin of Amesbury was the only "witch-wife" hung from the north side of the Merrimack. Whittier has woven the romance of her daughter, Mabel Martin, into a harvest idyl: "Let Goody Martin rest in peace, I never knew her harm a fly," cried Esek Harnden, Mabel's staunch lover.

In September, 1775, the town had quite a martial appearance. General Washington had sent a detachment to embark from Newburyport¹ against Canada, by way of the Kennebec, under command of Colonel Benedict Arnold, Lieutenant-Colonel Christopher Greene (of Rhode Island), and Major Timothy Bigelow (of Massachusetts). On the corner of Rolfe's Lane were encamped three companies of riflemen, commanded by Captain Daniel Morgan. The other troops, including thirty Newbury men under Captain Ward, occupied two of the rope-walks.

¹ The journal of Major Return Jonathan Meigs witnesses Newburyport's cordiality:

"*Seventeenth, Sunday.* Attended divine service at the reverend Mr. Parson's meeting. Dined at Mr. Nathaniel Tracy's. *Eighteenth.* Dined at Mr. Tristram Dalton's.

"*Nineteenth.* Embarked our whole detachment . . . on board ten transports."

Many names famous in after years accompanied this little army on the sloops *Britannia* and *Admiral*. Aaron Burr and Matthew Ogden of New Jersey, John I. Henry (later, Judge Henry), Captain (later, General) Dearborn of New Hampshire; chaplain, the Rev. Samuel Spring of Newburyport.

THE CROW'S PATH TO SALISBURY

THE third, or crow's path to the sea from Haverhill, lies over a superb, rolling country of hills and dales, ending where

“ . . . Salisbury's beach of shining sand,
And yonder island's wave-smoothed stand
Saw the adventurer's tiny sail.”¹

As you cross the Whittier brook in East Haverhill you see him, a blessed *Barefoot Boy*, cheerily whistling on his way to the rude schoolhouse set amidst sumach and tangled blackberry vines: desks carved by many a heedless jack-knife, charcoal frescoes on the wall, and after school a tiny figure in the doorway with checked apron and tangled curls, saying shyly to the little boy:

“I'm sorry that I spelt the word:
I hate to go above you.”

Flying from book knowledge, prince and master of all out doors, the barefoot boy shows his wee, sweet playmate the haunt of the wild bee, where the tortoise sleeps, and how the woodchuck digs his hole, together with the “architectural plans of the gray hornet,” and a thousand pranks of green growing things, every aspect of which Whittier by-and-by lovingly traced, treating to long breaths of clear, country sunshine generations of school children hemmed in by brick and asphalt.

The poet has set before the “grown-ups” with dramatic power a feast of simples gathered from the grand storytelling evenings of winter. Current events culled from the Almanac and the meagre weekly newspaper were few and far between, thus, for entertainment, all the family wit was

¹ Referring to Captain John Smith's exploration of the coast in 1614.

called into play; the boy Whittier listened spell-bound to his father's adventures in the Canadian wilderness; more marvellous yet were the witch-tales of his uncle, who actually believed that charms were brewed under the moon; his mother's stories were of miraculous escapes of her grandparents during savage raids against the block houses on the Cochecho, and of the wizard Bantam and his "conjuring book," which he solemnly opened when consulted.



Salisbury Beach.

"The sea, the sea, the open sea."

The romance of *The Countess* tempts you to a pilgrimage to read her epitaph on the brier-tangled slope by the Merrimack, near the old covered Rocks Bridge. Long ago the Count François de Vipert, "an exile from the Gascon land," with a cousin, Joseph Rochemont de Poyen, found refuge at Rocks Village; the former gained the hand of Mary Ingalls, a lovely maid. Her wedding gown, of "pink satin with a white lace over-dress," was the wonder of the village; but, alas! the sweet young Countess died in one short year and the Count returned to his own land.¹

¹ *The Countess* is inscribed to Dr. Elias Weld of Haverhill, Whittier's beloved country doctor, who, as he went duty's lonely round in an ancient sulky, "made friends o' the woods and rocks."



236 Rocks Bridge across the Merrimack, at East Haverhill; on site of the early Holt's Rocks Ferry.

AMESBURY, 1638-1668

TURNING back from Rocks Village to the high road, you find yourself in Amesbury's "West Parish," now Merrimac, beautifully situated in the high "Pond District"; among its homesteads is the Challis house, more than two centuries old.

Salisbury new town was named Amesbury on the establishment of a ferry from Newbury; her namesake oversea was so called from

AMESBURY

LANDMARKS: Whittier's home (1836-1892). Statue of Josiah Bartlett, the second "signer" of the Declaration of Independence. Macy or Griffin house (1654). Powow Hill. Rocky Hill Meeting-House (1785). Union Cemetery, where Whittier lies. Y. M. C. A. Building. Carriage Hill. Hawkswood, residence of David Wallace of New York.

the "anointed stones" of a Druidical temple. This Almesbury is most familiar to us through the *Idylls of the King* as the traditional refuge of Guinevere, whose *Defence* was written by William Morris ere Tennyson's classic delighted the world. Amesbury seems a veritable inland Marblehead, with quaintly-odd houses set along her river highway winding to the toll-bridge, the oldest Chain Bridge in the country. In our earliest maritime history Amesbury's wharves were alive with shipbuilders. At little Powow's broad mouth was launched the ship *Polly*, the oldest vessel afloat; also the *Alliance*,¹ which played an unlooked-for part in John

¹ The *Alliance* was the best frigate of her day, built with twenty-eight long 12-pounders on the gun-deck and ten long niners above, after the dimensions of *La Terpsichore*, previously examined by Paul Jones in Hampton Roads, through the favor of the "Sailor Prince of France," Louis Philippe Joseph, Duke de Chartres. She was to have been named the *Independence*, but, in honor of our coalition with France, the reigning sensation, she was named the *Alliance*. She set sail for France with Lafayette on board, and became a part of the squadron placed at the disposal of Paul Jones by the French. On this remarkable cruise, which succeeded in so thoroughly alarming the English coast, the *Alliance* would have played a close second to the flagship, the *Bon Homme Richard*, had not her French captain been disloyal.

The "unconquered and unstricken" flag which waved defiantly as the

Paul Jones's celebrated engagement off Flamborough Head, when the *Bon Homme Richard* and *Serapis* each shared in the mighty fight. Drink of the crystal *Captain's Well*, and thank valiant Captain Valentine Bagley for fulfilling his vow to dig a wayside well for the refreshment of wanderers, should he be delivered from the tortures of thirst suffered when shipwrecked. The pretty hamlet of Pleasant Valley clings to bygone English customs. Every year are seen bonfires on the hills about the place proclaiming the fifth of November as the anniversary of "gunpowder, treason and plot," which so sadly disturbed the reign of James I. Guy Fawkes's last grotesque procession in Newburyport paraded in 1774, "the principal cause of its discontinuance being an unwillingness to displease the French, whose assistance was deemed so advantageous in the Revolution."

In 1660, the startled neighbors saw Goodman Macy setting sail for Nantucket with wife and children in an open boat, to escape an uncharitable fine and "admonishment by the governor, because he had entertained Quakers" during a heavy rain. When the Colony became more tolerant, many of this peaceful sect dwelt here. You might have seen Whittier wending his way to sit in silence at the Friends' Meeting, or seated on a barrel in the grocery store enjoying a political crack; or in Mrs. Spofford's drawing-room in discussion with Judge Black, Attorney-General under Buchanan; at times their political issues boiled over so that

Bon Homme Richard sank, was made for Paul Jones by Mary Langdon and other girls of Portsmouth at a quilting-bee with strips from their best silk gowns; the thirteen white stars in the "New Constellation" were cut from the bridal dress of Mary Seavey. "This was the first edition of the Stars and Stripes to be saluted by the guns of a European naval power." It was an extraordinary sea-battle, with Commodore Jones and Captain Richard Pearson of the British navy as the heroes. It has been depicted in graphic detail by Augustus C. Buell in the history of *Paul Jones, Founder of the American Navy* (Charles Scribner's Sons).

their hostess could scarcely separate them. Occasionally, on purchasing some delicacy in Newburyport, the shop-keeper would say: "There's no charge to Mr. Whittier, sir."



The Friends' Meeting-House, Amesbury, where Whittier worshipped.

"Later we strolled forth into the village street as far as the Friends' Meeting-house, and sat down upon the steps while Whittier told us something of his neighbors. He himself had planted the trees about the church. He spoke very earnestly about the worship of the Friends. He loved the old custom of sitting in silence, and hoped they would not stray into habits of much speaking."

On an autumn visit to Whittier. ANNIE FIELDS.

He was constantly planning aid for the freedmen. . . Wishing to obtain a contribution from his own town, he ingeniously suggested that the carriage-makers should each contribute some part of a carriage, which, complete, sold for two hun-

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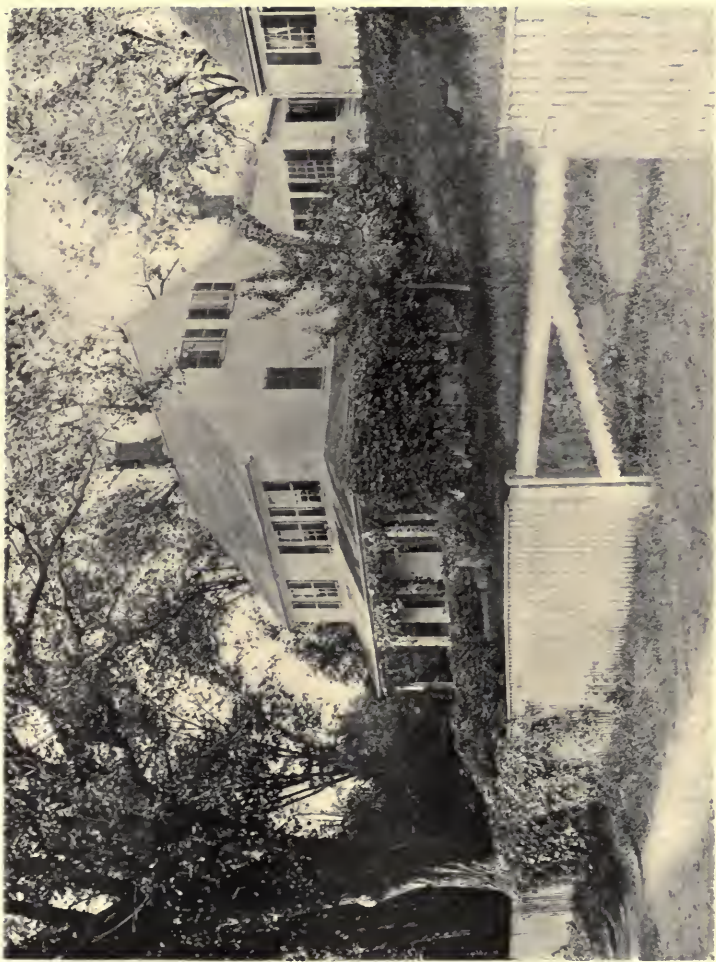
dred dollars, Amesbury's expected contribution. One unconsciously associates Amesbury with the reposeful Quaker life and forgets the town's many manufactories. The majority are devoted to the carriage industry, founded by the Honorable Jacob R. Huntington. The first bank-bills in the United States were printed here.



*"From the green Amesbury hill
I see thy home, set like an eagle's nest
Among Deer Island's immemorial pines,
Crowning the crag on which the sunset breaks
Its last red arrow."*

Inscribed To Harriet Prescott Spofford by WHITTIER.

Picturesque Salisbury Point builds dories all along shore. A city girl returning to her great-grandfather's homestead was received with the refreshing open heart of country custom. Leaning over the fence of a rambling, old-fashioned



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garden, she begged some sweet-peas. "Why, that's all we planted them for," exclaimed the neighbor, with a right good will; "won't you come in and have a bite with us? We'd be tickled to death to have you." She accepted the cordial invitation and enjoyed heartily the "biled dish" which all true New Englanders are "real sot on" when it comes to eating.

Prehistoric evidence tells us that in Merrimac, Amesbury, and Salisbury the savage held high carnival on these celebrated fishing grounds, and that Merrimack River saw curious aboriginal dances on the visits of Great Chief Passaconaway. The Colonists did not encounter many Indians during the first years of settlement, though traces of them are plainly visible in the huge heaps of clam-shells and the well-trodden trail on the borders of the marsh between Salisbury and Hampton. Of these "plantations" of 1638, near the Powow, Salisbury was the earliest, as is testified in her ancient burying-ground "where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."



A TENT ON THE BEACH

“ . . . *escaped awhile*
From cares that wear the life away,
To eat the lotus of the Nile
And drink the poppies of Cathay,—
To fling their loads of custom down,
Like drijtweed”

WHITTIER.

OUR last well-trodden path farthest north strikes the sea where the waves shout “Welcome home!” to Hampton River; there it ebbs and flows, covering and uncovering Rivermouth Rocks’ quivering fringe of moss. Advancing thither, you cross the boundary line of the Granite State. Plaistow and Newton possess rural charms; low, inviting bars wait to be let down for patient cows where once crackled high bush wolf-barriers; huckleberries must have been ever abundant, otherwise the Indians would not have named this lake Attitash, signifying a huckleberry. Re-entering the Old Bay State at Amesbury, travelling on through a charming corner of Seabrook,—emptying many brooks into the sea,—on past the Newburyport-Hampton crossroads at Smithtown, through an odd, forlorn hamlet settled by island fishers a century ago, you finally discover that witching peninsula where Whittier, Fields, and Bayard Taylor, in “poetical picnic,” pitched their white tent on the beach. Landward the calm blues and purples of Hampton River; nor’east the yellow-white sands gleam under a glowing curve of blue water quite to the Boar’s feet where the foam leaps. To south’ard as well, an opalescent surf pounds ceaselessly, as if it were Neptune’s cannon threatening this amicable Literary Brigade, then, relenting, it softly floods all the long, shimmering, unbroken reach of sounding sea-

beach on Salisbury foreshore, even to the port of Newbury, whose steeples rise above the Merrimack's mouth.

To the east, Celia Thaxter's charmed isles "go to sea" in fine weather and "come ashore" on the translucent days which herald the storm. One boisterous evening—which the adventurous trio must have anticipated, if, like our Princess of John Smith's Isles, they stooped to consult the "poor man's weather glass," that wise, scarlet pimpernel, already closing its petals under the clear sky to shield its "golden heart" against the coming storm—they watched the grisly Boar's Head don its purple-black mantle and the red star flash out on White Isle of the Shoals, dark billows rolling heavily in on the bar. Presently, by a kerosene light, the poet unrolls his manuscript and reads a tragic tale of Hampton folk,—*The Wreck of Rivermouth*,—of a vessel believed to have been cursed by Goody Cole, the witch of Hampton, going down on Rivermouth Rocks with all on board.

To-day, from a fine mile-long bridge across the Hampton, the accidental fisherman, lazily hooking flounders, involuntarily observes afar the mowers laying low swaths of salted savory grass. A distant hayrick, piled with a harvest from fresh meadows, placidly trundles Seabrook-ward, piercing the background of oaks; at mid-day distant laughter from a merry beach audience draws him to see the surf-bathers dive through the crest of a grand ninth wave¹; it plunges as if it might level the sand-dune, but Nature's barrier of coarse blades and roots of grass hinders the sea's progress; a line of ragged shells, bits of phosphorescent spar, and crimson dulse, dried to a dull brown, outlines high-water mark.

Hampton Beach, extending north and south of the Boar's

¹ Longfellow, in his sonnet to Milton, compares the poet's majestic cadence to a ninth wave's mighty undulations.



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Great Boar's Head, Hampton Beach.

*"Teach me a song, O shell,
Flung up to-day on the long grey shore."*

"To a Sea-Shell." CARA E. WHITON-STONE.

Head, has been a summer play-ground for a century; inland folk are always starved for just one whiff of the sea. Delightful opportunities are offered them by to-day's rapid transit. So many more jolly youngsters can be tucked into a private car than when, in the good, slow times, we children climbed helter-skelter at sunrise into the big three-seated wagon in company with a "hunkin'" bushel-basket of pies, raised doughnuts, spiced cake, cookies, and bottled coffee. A laughable mishap it was to find our cream churned to butter from jolting on a short-cut through the blackberry pasture and over the beach stones. Not one child will forget that enchanting sound of rubbing pebbles drawn by the ebbing tide; or the white curl of green, cavern-like breakers tumbling over one another on a hot-sand floor; such a jolly place to build castles, by and by to be captured and swallowed up by greedy old ocean!

On the "Beach Road" to Hampton, approaching the "Great Elm," is Great Ox Common, where colonial cows were allowed to go "a shack." This land was held in common by the pioneers, who followed Father Bachiler¹ from "Ould" Newbury to Hampton or Winnicunnet (*beautiful place of pines*), never heeding Captain John Mason's protest against their intruding on his grand American domain in our present New Hampshire.

¹ The Rev. Stephen Bachiler, a gifted preacher, "was a man of devoted service, in spite of the dishonor with which he afterward let his name be shadowed"; he left Hampton, returning to England and the favor of Cromwell, "because his church disapproved of his marriage late in life to a woman whom they regarded as disreputable."

SEABROOK (VILLAGE OF ANCIENT HAMPTON)

LET us follow the pioneers through Seabrook, where the Bound-House was built in 1636 by Richard Dummer and John Spencer of Newbury, "at the expence of the colony," its architect being Nicholas Easton, who built the first English house in Newport. From Amesbury it is a wild and lovely way to Seabrook; along the roadside the wild rose and purple aster ever hold a deeper tinge because of salt air sifted through pines. Just at this earliest Bound Rock, between Massachusetts and New Hampshire, Washington halted in his tour of 1798 and a ceremonious farewell took place. Washington writes:

Here I took leave of Mr. Dalton [of Newburyport], also of General Titcomb, who had met me on the line between Middlesex and Essex Counties, corps of light-horse and many officers: and was received by the President of the State of New Hampshire [Governor Sullivan], Messrs. Langdon and Wingate of the Senate.

At Seabrook's Quaker meeting-house (1701) the "broad-brims" assembled from Hampton, Salisbury, and Amesbury. Friends were allowed to worship in peace after thirteen had been admonished by Salisbury Court, "for ye breach of law called 'Quaker Meeting.'" At a quarterly meeting "ye wearing of Wigges was Discorsed and concluded—ye wearing of extravagant Superfluous Wigges Is all to Gather Contrary to truth." When the Quakers tried to convince the Indians, telling them that they had a light within, which was a sufficient guide, the Indians replied: "We have long looked within and find it very dark."

The names of Seabrook's early settlers are familiar wherever there is a Society of Friends—Christopher Hussey, the

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Felches, Joseph Dow, Thomas Philbrick, and the Goves. Seabrook was granted in 1768 to Jonathan Weare and others. Nathaniel Weare pleaded the cause of the Colonies in England against Edward Cranfield, Royal Governor. Two homesteads of Seabrook are the Philbrick and Peter Weare houses, and the Brown Library is most attractive.

HAMPTON FALLS

Hampton Falls, whose falls, like the intermittent springs of Germany, cannot be depended upon, was in 1770 the leading manufacturing town in the State. On the Green is the President (Governor) Mesech Weare monument, whose homestead is not far distant. The Wellswood inn (1808) replaced the George Tavern, and welcomed New Hampshire's worthies travelling by "flying stage" on the five days' trip between Portsmouth and Boston. Its hall was the arena for one of Daniel Webster's marvellous pleas.

What a commotion at "The George" on December 13, 1774, when a mounted messenger clattered by the tavern toward Portsmouth! Mutterings of war had reached the Hamptons, and what next? Did any one in the village recognize Paul Revere, already many times the bearer of secret Patriot dispatches? Could any one guess the portent of his news from Boston to the Portsmouth Committee of Safety, that England had forbidden the entrance of gunpowder, and the threatening fact that a large garrison had already left England to fortify Fort William and Mary in Portsmouth Harbor? At once, four hundred Sons of Liberty of Portsmouth, Newcastle and Rye, under Sullivan,¹ Pickering and Langdon besieged the fort, the King's colors were hauled down, the barrels of gunpowder carried in gondolas to Durham and concealed under the meeting-house pulpit,

¹ *Military Services of General Sullivan*, by Col. T. C. Amory.

till drawn to Cambridge on old John Demerett's ox-cart to assist at Bunker Hill.

A few summers ago, passing by the garden of "Elmfield," the attractive homestead of the Wells family,¹ one might have caught a glimpse of the poet Whittier on a rustic seat



The Wells Homestead, "Elmfield," Hampton Falls, N. H.

under the elm branches, surrounded by children, or above on the grape-vined balcony with his beloved friends. In his room adjoining stands the table on which he wrote *To Oliver Wendell Holmes on His Birthday* (1892)²:

¹ Home of Miss Sarah A. Gove, whom Whittier visited.

² *Century Magazine* for September, 1892.

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“How few of all have passed, as thou and I,
So many milestones by!”

Less than one white mile-stone more and Whittier himself here passed over the Borderland. How he had loved the beautiful prospect across meadows and tide-land to the sand-spit at the mouth of Hampton River! As he watched the cirrus clouds open and shut above yonder “gloomerin’ meadows” many times did he recall a favorite poem,¹ opening:

“De massa ob de sheepfol’,
Dat guards de sheepfol’ bin,
Look out in de gloomerin’ meadows
Whar de long night rain begin—
So he call to de hirelin’ shepa’d,
‘Is my sheep, is dey all come in?’”

HAMPTON

Whittier is the historian in verse of old Hampton, as well as the legendary poet of the long, beautiful Merrimack River valley from Nashua to the sea. His *How the Women went from Dover*—the wretched journey of three poor, persecuted Quakers, whipped at the cart-tail through Hampton to Salisbury town—stands as a powerful protest against bigotry, Puritan or any other.

In the *Wreck of Rivermouth* is introduced Eunice Cole, the “mad witch-wife,” so feared in Hampton village that when she died they buried her deep down in the marsh with a stake through her body and a horseshoe attached, to exorcise the evil spirit. A powerful superstition was this, which could controvert even for a time such wisdom as Judge Samuel Sewall’s.

¹ This exquisite poem of Mrs. Sarah McLean P. Greene may be found in Stedman’s *Anthology*.

In Hampton is a "haunted house," where "strange noises were heard in the rooms, the steps and the rustling dress of a woman unseen on the stairs."¹ The servants became so terrified that the Rev. Mr. Willet of Newburyport was sent for to pray the ghosts away; he finally, in all serious-



Hampton Marshes.

ness, locked them in a closet and departed. This, the General Moulton house, is the scene of that dreary poem, *The New Wife and the Old*.²

¹ Quoted from a letter received by Whittier from a lady who spent a summer at the Moulton house.

² Mr. Whittier wrote to a granddaughter of General Moulton that this legend of the rings being taken from the fingers of the new wife by the old, after the splendid wedding *fête* was over had been related to him a good many years ago by an elderly lady.

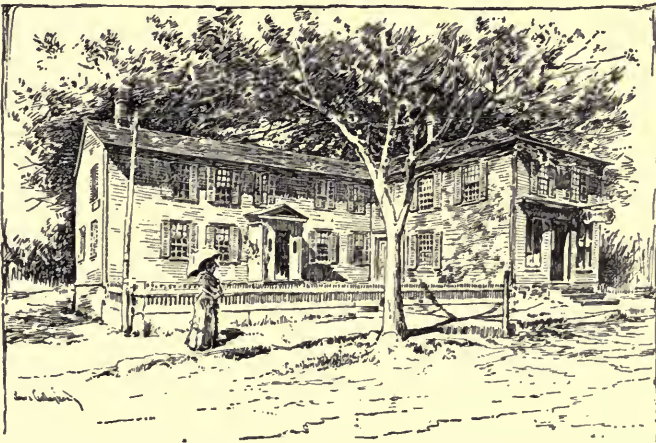
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All the little journey through Hampton to the shore is peculiarly attractive; not alone at mid-summer, when great shadowy trees and old ocean plot to soothe tired mortals and temper burning heat, that the locusts chatter about, and Hampton marshes dressed in tawny-yellow contrast vividly with rich, green farming lands, sweeping westward toward Exeter; but, above all, in autumn you find a superb color-study. Now the marshes flame with brilliant coral-weed, their hay-stacks set on low stilts appear to dance on a wide, red-gold carpet, and "the white sails of the coasters glide past beyond them in waters below the horizon" as you are rushed swiftly on by electricity or steam.

At the social meeting of the crossroads at Hampton, the Toppan mansion retires behind protecting elms after a season of splendor, when her retinue of negro servants rivalled the Moulton household. On the site of the Leavitt Tavern stands the hospitable Whittier house (1818). We next turn toward Exeter, the ancient seat of the Governor of New Hampshire.

EXETER, 1638

THE road to Exeter is one long green vista whether you travel thither from Hampton or from Portsmouth. The Rev. John Wheelwright followed the latter road, when, after his curt dismissal by the Boston Church, he chose to take possession of his parcel of land purchased of Wehano-wonmet, Sagamore of Squamscot, instead of accompanying his sister-in-law, "the sainted Anne Hutchinson," to Rhode Island. Sailing in John Clark's coaster to the mouth of the Piscataqua, he proceeded thence overland, and founded a town on the frontier,—Exeter. The settlement's only protection was "The Old Garrison" of squared logs, built before



"The Old Garrison," Exeter.

1676, whose loop-holes had been widened into windows. A wing was added in 1773 by Brigadier-General Peter Gilman, in order to provide worthy entertainment for Governor John

Wentworth. In 1796, Daniel Webster boarded here while attending Phillips Exeter Academy, the establishment of which was a red-letter day in the history of New Hampshire. The benign countenance of Dr. John Phillips has looked down upon a long line of distinguished graduates. Edward Everett and Judge Emery were among "Dr. Abbot's boys" who took part in his fiftieth jubilee; and, as Daniel Webster paid his glowing tribute, many remembered the orator as "a shy boy, who could not make a declamation." "I never could speak before the school," said Mr. Webster. Phillips Academy has recently acquired the painting of the *Puritan Girl* by Martha Hale.

One exciting episode in Exeter's history was the "Paper-Money Riot." The Revolution opened in New Hampshire with the private scheme of summarily snatching powder and cannon from Fort William and Mary; Colonel Nicholas Gilman, Dr. John Giddinge, and General Folsom hastened to Portsmouth to give their support. Governor Wentworth knew nothing of the affair till too late.¹

The most interesting of Exeter's homesteads is known as the Governor Gilman mansion on "Governor's Lane," the home of both Colonel Daniel Gilman and State Treasurer Nicholas Gilman,² of late occupied by a descendant, Mr. John T. Perry; for many years it was the home of Colonel Peter Chadwick. Shortly, it is to become the headquarters

¹ Gideon Lamson, the youngest volunteer, gives the following account: "We rode into Portsmouth and stopped at Major Stoodley's inn; we had coffee about sunrise. Major Stoodley looked queer at such guests with guns and bayonets. Col Hackett with fifty or sixty foot stopped at the hay-market. The inhabitants looked on with wonder. At nine Col. Langdon acquainted Gen. Folsom with the success of the enterprise and that Gen. Sullivan was then passing up the Piscataqua with the loaded boats of powder."—Bell's *History of Exeter*.

² Other long familiar names in Exeter are Judge John Dudley, Judge Jeremiah Smith, Colonel John Rogers, the Leavitts, Things, Lyfords, Halls, and Hiltons.



*"To one who has been long in city pent,
'T is very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven."—Sonnet. KEATS.*

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of the New Hampshire Society of the Cincinnati.¹ The deep window-seats hint of brick walls twenty-nine inches thick under the panelled wainscoting, and Nathaniel Ladd's huge kitchen fireplace of 1723, in the oldest wing, suggests a barbecue. Gilman Park is one of the most picturesque bits of ground in New Hampshire.

The Marquis de Chastellux visited Exeter on his North American travels,

where the President or Governor resides [he writes], rather a handsome town, a sort of port; vessels of seventy tons can come up and others as large as five hundred tons are built here and floated down Exeter (Squamscot) River to Piscataqua. We stopped at a very handsome inn kept by Mr. Ruspert, which we quitted at half past two; and though we rode very fast, night was coming on before we reached Portsmouth. We passed through *Greenland*, a very populous township composed of well built houses. Cattle here are abundant, but not so handsome as in Connecticut. They are dispersed over fine meadows, and it is a beautiful sight to see them collected near their hovels in the evening. This country presents the picture of Abundance and Happiness. The road from Greenland to Portsmouth is wide and beautiful. I alighted at Mr. *Brooster's*, where I was well lodged; he seemed much attached to his country.

Every one will agree with this agreeable French nobleman in his enthusiasm over the wonderful beauty of Greenland's meadows, and delight further in his reminiscences of Portsmouth, where he found the Comte de Vaudreuil in great

¹ The membership of the Society of the Cincinnati is composed of the descendants of the commissioned officers of the Revolutionary Army. Washington, Hamilton, Knox, Sullivan, Cilley, Gilman, and Steuben were among the original members. Each of the thirteen original States has a Society. The President of the New Hampshire Society is Hon. John G. Gilman, of Exeter; this town was chosen as headquarters, having been the political Capitol of the State during the Revolution.

confusion, as his mizzen-mast had been struck by lightning, penetrating his first battery. Returning for his cloak, the Marquis describes his experiences thus in part:

I happened to pass by the meeting and had the curiosity to enter, where I remained above half an hour, that I might not interrupt the preacher and shew my respect for the

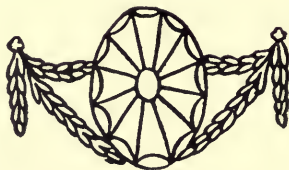


The Governor Langdon Mansion flanked with guard-houses, erected in 1784, Pleasant Street, Portsmouth.

assembly; the audience were not numerous on account of the severe cold, but I saw some handsome women, elegantly dressed. . . .

After dinner we went to drink tea with Mr. *Langdon*; he has been a Member of Congress and is now one of the first people in the country; his house is elegant and the apartments admirably wainscotted. [The beautiful mansion with its guard-houses is admirably preserved to-day, remaining the *Langdon* residence.] Mrs. *Langdon*, his wife, is young, fair, and tolerably handsome, but I conversed less with her than with her husband, in whose favor I was preju-

diced, from knowing that he had displayed great courage at Burgoyne's expedition. For repairing to the council chamber, and perceiving that they were about to discuss affairs of little consequence, he addressed them as follows: "Gentlemen, you may talk as long as you please, but I know the enemy is on our frontiers, and that I am going to take my pistols, and mount my horse, to combat with my fellow citizens." The greatest part of the members followed him and joined General Gates at Saratoga. . . . On leaving Colonel Langdon's, we went to pay a visit to Colonel *Wentworth*, who is respected not only from his being of the same family with Lord Rockingham [the leader of the moderate Whigs], but from his general character for probity and talents. [Colonel Wentworth then had charge of the naval department at Portsmouth.]



ANOTHER PATH TO PORTSMOUTH

ON your journey from Hampton Beach to Strawberry Bank (Portsmouth), the road skirts Little Boar's Head with charming summer houses fringed by rocks and pebble beaches where surf plays merrily. Beyond the Farragut house at "Sandy Beach" (Rye) is the lovely church, St. Andrew's by the Sea. Northward stretches Foss Beach, Wallis Sands, and on yonder Odiorne's Point¹ the first settlement in the State was made; "the Manor," or Mason Hall, built for Captain John Mason, stood a little north of the hillock called "Flake Hill," from the fish-flakes of the settlers.

Beyond the pleasant, old-time village of Rye is a glimpse of Newcastle Heights rising eighty feet above the sea, and the "New" Wentworth. The Old Wentworth mansion lies across the river at Little Harbor; it is a most delicious experience to float with the tide down Sagamore Creek to this oddly built house of many wings, assorted in such a variety of shapes and sizes as to appear "a succession of after-thoughts"; its history is more romantic than any other of the splendid houses standing in fine old maritime Portsmouth; the much-talked-of second marriage of Governor Benning Wentworth took place here. How amazed were the guests when invited to adjourn from dinner to the wed-

¹ Odiorne's Point is a mile and a half walk from Foye's Corner. Tradition says that in 1605 a French vessel touched at this point; here Champlain met Indians to whom he made presents of knives, etc. "The Indians, with charcoal, marked off the coast as far as they knew it, delineating the entrance of the Merrimack impeded by sand bars, making the first disclosure of the existence of that river."—Brewster's *Rambles about Portsmouth*.

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ding of the Governor with Martha Hilton, his young and pretty housemaid! She was, however, of excellent family.

The mansion and three hundred acres were purchased by Jacob Sheafe for his daughter Nancy, the wife of Charles



St. Andrew's by the Sea.

Cushing¹; a grandchild of the house says: "No one valued ancestral possessions in those days and we rummaged in the garret to our heart's content. We were allowed to dress our dolls and ourselves from the contents of the hair-trunks: cobweb laces, exquisite brocades, high-heeled satin slippers,

¹ Miss Anne Cushing, as the daughter of the only son, inherited the Old Wentworth mansion, afterwards purchased by J. Templeton Coolidge, Jr.

ivory and sandal-wood fans, and to play 'house' in the lofty council chamber. Some one of us would impersonate the stately Lady Wentworth Waldron, wife of the Secretary of State, and play with haughty air on the fine, old spinet, and—it must be confessed—we mischievously touched up the Copleys with fence paint! The buffet in the corner of the



*The Governor Benning Wentworth Mansion of 1750, Portsmouth, N. H.
The Country House of J. Templeton Coolidge, Jr.*

billiard-room held the toy tea-set; in fear of seeing a ghost we girls often peered cautiously into one of the card-rooms adjoining, and into the stable underneath with accommodations for twenty horses. Between the council chamber and parlor, where the marriage certificate of the Governor and Martha Hilton hung on the velvet picture paper, was our favorite room, a small hall stacked with guns and a heavy outer door with an immense lock, 'to keep out the

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Indians' said our boy cousins; they loved to stand on the little platform whence three steps led down to the council chamber, and give the command to imaginary soldiers in imitation of their hero, General Washington, who often stood there too. But little hands did not accomplish more mischief than some conscientious soul, unconsciously an iconoclast, who cleaned the cupboards so thoroughly that wheelbarrow-loads of priceless letters and documents were set floating—whither? ”

From Sunset Rock on the Little Harbor Road of lofty singing pines, is a glorious prospect to Agamenticus,—sweet, green fields, a broad blue inlet encircling Marston's Island, the South Mill Pond, and the old town lying between. Portsmouth's long celebrated air of repose is somewhat on the wane, and the grass is not now “cut in the streets” as of yore on great occasions. Modern improvement has lessened the unique quality of her charms, yet she enchains us still.

Across Sagamore Creek on Wentworth Road stands the Sheafe country house, kin to the Old Wentworth. On many a summer day a cavalcade of Boston cousins¹ rode out from Portsmouth over Lafayette Road, then turning into the private road with three gates which crossed the five hundred acres of the Sheafe estate, they snatched a hasty luncheon from the sideboard, walked down to the floating

¹ The Cushings, Quincys, Bradstreets, Cottons, and Sheafes. Sheafe Street, Boston, was named for this family. The portraits of Jacob Sheafe and of Miss Ann Husk Sheafe hang in the Portsmouth Athenæum. The famous Cushing homestead on Belle House Neck, Scituate, was burned. Judge Charles Cushing lived at the corner of Walnut and Beacon streets on land which he purchased from Copley. He built a house in the garden for his daughter Lucy, who married Henry Sheafe. The Honorable William Cushing stayed much at both houses, driving over in his coach from Washington, where he filled the office of Chief-Justice by President Washington's appointment, though he would not accept the title.

wharf, and sailed out to the "Shoals" for a chowder party. During the week's visit of Louis Philippe and his suite, it is said that at a banquet Lady Sheafe sweetly shook her head at the King, lest he cut the pineapple before him, then used only for ornament, so rare was the fruit.

Strolling from the Sheafe house by the longest way to Portsmouth, your path in Newcastle is constantly beset by tempting water pictures. Beyond the Wentworth is the Barrett Wendell house. Close to crumbling Walbach's tower on Fort Point, continuously fortified since 1623, is Fort Constitution.

Across the roadstead is Gerrish Island, and on Cutts Island is the lonely grave of Sir Francis Champowne, the councillor¹ of Piscataqua (Kittery, Me.), commissioned by Sir Ferdinando Gorges, who learned of the beauty of the coast from his friend, Captain John Smith. In Kittery, on the old path to Gorgeana [York], the first city of America, stands the Sir William Pepperell Mansion, weird, weather beaten, haunted by the air of mystery, so often enveloping old houses exposed to salt gales. Sir William built the "Sparhawke² house" for his daughter, at the "Top of the Point," in 1742. Ships were built in Gerish field and in front of the Decatur house. At Follet's wharf on the point [now Mrs. Decatur's wharf] Washington landed when he arrived to spend a few hours in Kittery. A few miles from Kittery the green slopes of Eliot touch the Piscataqua; under her glorious pines, wide-spreading, the Greenacre school holds summer session.

The narrow roads of Newcastle turn quaintly between sunny cottages grouped closely, somewhat like a foreign

¹ The councillors of Agamenticus were William Gorges, Godfrey, and Hook; of Saco, Vines and Benyhton, and Henry Joslyn of Black Point and Scarboro'.

² Old neighbors are the Cutts house, the Gerish house on Gerish Lane, and the Bray house of 1660.

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seaport; a few quick-witted old weather-prophets in oil-skins are yet on "deck." Reluctantly you leave the charming, breezy town to walk over the picturesque "three bridges," paying toll for the privilege. Below rock-bound Kittery Point are swirling Narrows, and the danger point



The Sir William Pepperell House of 1729, Kittery, Me.

called by a name not intended for ears polite; the Navy Yard, with war-vessels "in dock," stands on the old Fernald's Island; the first frigate, the *Raleigh*, was built here. Crossing "Goat's" and Shapley's islands, which were bought for "2 hogsheads of Tobago rum," and Frame Point, or "Captain Salter's Island," you enter Water Street. Fields of wild strawberries extended from the "Great House" back over Church Hill; one garrison house stood

here by Jacob Sheafe's wharf, another near the Alexander Ladd house on Market Street. Brush away tall grass from a lichened stone in the wind-swept Point of Graves, and decipher 1684; the low-walled plot is, however, fifteen years older.

On one of these grass-grown wharves at midnight the *Bad Boy* Tom Bailey dropped a match on the train of powder laid by the "Centipedes," to fire the "old sogers,"¹ or Bailey's battery. Boom! Boom! Portsmouth awoke startled, frightened, mystified; the superstitious believed that a long-looked-for phantom ship had arrived. "The Oldest Inhabitant refused to go to bed on any terms, but persisted in sitting up all night, with his hat and mittens on," says Thomas Bailey Aldrich in reminiscent humor.

Not far from the river, on Hunking Street, is the birth-place of Tobias Lear,² where Washington visited him in 1789. Washington once stayed at Staver's Hotel on Court Street,³ which was but twenty feet wide when the Flying Stage Coach ran from "Staver's" to Boston. Portsmouth and the adjoining country are filled with legends, and a fortnight's *Rambles* with Lewis Brewster, supplemented by the *Portsmouth Book* and several condensed guide-books, will not exhaust your theme; best of all, obtain an introduction to the Oldest Inhabitant.

As early as 1603, Martin Pring, in quest of a sassafras tree

¹ Fifty years ago, useless twelve-pounders and swivels of privateers, each with a cannon-ball in its mouth, served as ornamental corner-posts on the streets to the river.

² Some valuable correspondence of Tobias Lear, Washington's private secretary, including letters of Washington, Jefferson, and Madison, is now owned by a Portsmouth descendant with some pieces of his silver.

³ The house No. 45 Court Street was the home of the *Bad Boy*, whence he descended by "a few yards cut from Kitty Collins's clothes-line" on the night before the glorious Fourth and with Pepper Whitcomb and the other boys made a bonfire of the skeleton of an old mail-coach in Market Square.

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of medicinal virtue, was beguiled up the river as far as beautiful Great Bay of tidal water, where five rivers enter,¹ forming, with the bay, the fingers and palm of a man's hand, and the Piscataqua the wrist. Had not the explorers been disappointed in their quest for sassafras, perchance Pring might have been irresistibly drawn to make a settlement. Daring pioneers eventually built on each high knoll a garrison in order to have the widest possible outlook for the subtle enemy. In spite of precaution, this pink apple-blossom country, loveliest when the solitary elm unfurls his leafy umbrella over rolling meadows, was desecrated by frightful Indian massacre, twelve garrisons on Oyster River being fired in one night, and the families killed or carried captive to Canada.

¹ The beautiful New Hampshire towns of Portsmouth, Exeter, Dover, and Durham are united by water-ways in the Great Bay. The Squamscot flows by Exeter, the Piscataqua by Portsmouth, and the Lampereel, Oyster, Bellamy, and Cochecho rivers belong to "Ancient" Dover.



*Old Drew Garrison, on the Rounds Farm,
Spruce Lane, Dover.*

ALONG THE CHARLES

"*Enough for me, I'm off. And fellows all,
Who could resist the Auburndalean call
To go a-foraging? That's what the spring's for,
What bards have wits and bumblebees have wings for.*"
"Romany Signs." BLISS CARMAN.

ALONG the banks of the Charles and thereabouts are a chain of legendary and picturesque parks.¹ One of these parks is dedicated to the Vikings, and Leif Erickson, the Discoverer, standing near the entrance to the Fens, shades his eyes as he gazes intently toward Norumbega Tower, commemorating the city of his hopes, which he dreamed of erecting in Vineland.

Leaving the river for the nonce, you ride over the splendid Beacon Boulevard, when snow flies gay with color. Near Coolidge's Corner in Brookline the Boulevard passes through the extensive early estates of the Stearns and Coolidge families.

Skirting Corey Hill, whose prospect, according to an English traveller, surpasses any in the world, the lawns widen into gardens; roads branch toward Aspinwall Hill, the Brookline Woodlands, and beautiful ancestral estates of the aristocratic town once known as Muddy Brook Hamlet. You look down with delight on Chestnut Hill Reservoir, which an early poetess would describe in *The Garland of Flowers* annual, as a sapphire set in emeralds. This lovely sheet of water borders the Schlesinger and other famous Brookline estates.

Newton and Brookline are two of the most beautiful

¹ These belong to the "public open spaces" reserved by the Metropolitan Park Commission, except Norumbega Park.

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towns in the Commonwealth. At the end of the Newton Boulevard (the Commonwealth Avenue extension) the Charles River greets you once more. Above the "old Weston Bridge" of low arches is the Charles River Recreation Grounds at Riverside, the home of the Newton Boat Club and of the Boston Canoe Club and of the Boston Athletic Association. The river is very dear to the habitants of Auburndale and Wellesley, and no part of the Charles is more entrancing than that between Wellesley and Norumbega Tower. South is the romantic pleasure park of Norumbega. Cosmopolitan in its attributes, the scene is a purely American one. It resembles the gardens of all countries; here are music and tables for refreshment, "faire" paths enter leafy glades, with grazing deer and elk; rustic arbors hang over the river; that refrain from *Funiculi Funicula*, to the accompaniment of mandolin and guitar from the canoes, our aboriginal gondola, is reminiscent of Venice by moonlight; during the water-carnivals, when all water craft are in costume, and the canoes as thick as lily-pads, the scene on the river has been compared to that on the English Thames. Drifting down *In the Shadows* of the Charles, the rhythm of your paddle chimes with the beat of the song of Pauline Johnson, daughter of a Mohawk chief:

"I am drifting to the leeward,
Where the current runs to seaward,
Soft and slow.
Where the sleeping river grasses
Brush my paddle as it passes
To and fro."

Approaching Norumbega Tower of strange import, your imagination turns back a thousand years; tradition says that Thorwald, son of Erik, trod this river-path, perhaps even set afloat a burning ship—some Viking's funeral pyre



The tortuous, historic Charles.

"An oriole queries 'Will you? will you truly?'

The meadow lark answers 'Spring 'o the year, Spring 'o the year.'"

MABEL OSGOOD WRIGHT.

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—on the bosom of the Charles. How many men in many ages have searched for the lost city of Norumbega! that marvellous city sought by the Christian Knight,—a city of



Norumbega Tower.

*“Far in the Northern land,
By the wild Baltic’s strand
I with my childish hand
Tamed the gerfalcon.”—LONGFELLOW.*

towers and spires and gilded domes, rich in pearls and precious stones. Professor Eben Norton Horsford has placed at the foot of the tower the Icelandic *blotsteinn*, or

“worship-stone”; he traces the ruins of a fort, the moat surrounding the ramparts, and up Stony Brook, foundations of a hut built of double stone walls peculiar to Iceland.

Homeward-bound by way of Waverley and Cambridge, you ride along the border of Weston, before 1712 the “Farmers’ Precinct” of Watertown, into Waltham, the “Middle Precinct,” named for Waltham Abbey; here Theodore Lyman created one of the handsomest country-seats in New England. In forest-clad Prospect Hill Park, four hundred and sixty feet above the sea, rises Big Prospect’s summit, the highest point in the Metropolitan Park system except the Blue Hills of Milton; across the smiling valley between is its twin summit,—Little Prospect. On the boundary of Waltham and Belmont in the Beaver Brook reservation, springing from a glacial kame, are venerable white oaks, “the finest group of their kind in the United States.” They are sometimes called the “Waverley Oaks,” but the name which Lowell loved, “Beaver Brook Oaks,” is their true name. Agassiz estimated the age of one of the hollow trees as one thousand years, and Lowell counted the rings of a small oak cut some fifty years ago, numbering seven hundred and fifty. North of Trapelo Road, at the cascade, Lowell heard the “never-ceasing burr” of the little fulling mill on *Beaver Brook*:

“Climbing the loose-piled wall that hems
The road along the mill-pond’s brink,
From ’neath the arching barberry-stems,
My footstep scares the shy chewink.”

THE BAY-PATH

BEFORE visiting the Pilgrims' land, and following the Narraganset trail, let us glance at the Bay-Path, the link between the Bay Colony and the Connecticut Valley, one of two celebrated Old Bay trails, the other being designated as the "Old Indian Path," or "Plymouth Path." To far-away pioneers in the parishes of Agawam (West Springfield) and Feeding Hills, the appearance of a post-rider over the Bay-Path, his saddle-bags bulging with news of home and friends, was joyously welcomed. Their representatives to the General Court travelled over the path to the Bay until an insignificant, blazed trail became the "King's highway," and, after the Revolution, the "great road."

In 1808, this road's nose "was put out of joint" by the new turnpike between Boston and Worcester; its charter, the first granted in the State, was obtained by Captain Levi Pease of Shrewsbury, who had been of great service in carrying private dispatches for Lafayette and General Thomas during the Revolution; he had established in 1783 the first stage-coach line between Boston and Hartford, at ten dollars a trip. The coach left at the "Sign of the Lamb," presently the line became so profitable, in spite of doleful prophecy, that Captain Pease, driving four-in-hand, left his own Boston inn, where St. Paul's Church now stands, and stopped the first night at the Pease Tavern¹ in Shrewsbury, now a quaint ornament of the "great road." On the "pike" in South Shrewsbury you will mark the Old Arcade, another noted tavern.

¹ The back logs of this tavern were drawn by a horse into the kitchen, and rolled over into the fireplace.



Hemlock Gorge, Newton Upper Falls.

*"There's nothing like a bit of open sky
To give a touch of poetry to pie."*

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This "Worcester pike," after passing through Brookline, crosses lovely Hemlock Gorge in view of tree-framed Echo Bridge at Newton Upper Falls. Beyond Wellesley Hills, a mile to the south, is Wellesley College on Lake Waban, with the most charming surroundings, and the beautiful Italian garden of the Hunnewell estate. Beyond Natick,—where was erected the first Indian church,—the pike meets the Old Connecticut Path near rippling Lake Cochituate, and runs on through Danforth's Plantation¹ (Framingham) to the State Muster Field.²

In the February snows of 1676, one Thomas Eames was returning from Boston over this Old Connecticut Path with ammunition to protect his family from the Indians. Hearing no bad news from Henry Rice, his neighbor, he travelled hopefully on, only to find smouldering ruins and silence at Mount Wayte. Six of his family had perished and the children taken captive. Three Indians were executed for the massacre. Netus, the leader, was killed at Marlborough (Okommakamesitt) by English soldiers.³

The heights above the fording place on sweet Sudbury River in Framingham is known as Salem End since witch-

¹ Danforth's Plantation and Farms was largely a grant to Thomas Danforth, Deputy-Governor, Treasurer of Harvard College, President of the Province of Maine, who founded Framingham, naming it for his castled home, Framlingham.

² From Framingham, the Old Connecticut Path runs southward through South Framingham to Hopkinton, Grafton, and beyond to Woodstock, Conn. (This old trail from the Bay came through Watertown, Wayland, and Sudbury.) In the east part of Framingham it passed the Rice house on Rice Hill, where the manufacture of straw bonnets in the United States was begun in 1800, and continued for fifty years by Mrs. Mary Eames Rice.

The Bay Path diverged from the Old Connecticut Path at Wayland, passing through Marlborough, Worcester, and Brookfield, straight toward the Connecticut river.

³ From the *Address at the Bi-Centennial Anniversary of Framingham*, by C. C. Esty.

craft days, as it was a "haven of refuge" to Susan Cloyes, a suspected witch, one of Rebecca Nurse's sisters, who escaped from Ipswich jail with her family, and followed the Old Connecticut Path hither. No one fails to note the three steeples of Framingham, that of the Baptist Church being after Christopher Wren. The "Old Red House" is an Eames homestead. The fine Josiah Temple place is now the Framingham Golf Club. Among the Historical Society's unique possessions ¹ is the *Sabbath Diary* of the Rev. John Swift, the earliest authentic records of Framingham.

Southborough parted from old Marlborough in 1727. The first town-meeting was held at the house of Timothy Brigham, which stood on the site of St. Mark's School. Some odd appellations are Handkerchief and Troublesome Meadows and Pancake Brook.

The most famous homestead on the King's highway in Worcester County is that of General Artemas Ward, the patriot, of whom many interesting stories are related. When commander-in-chief of the Continental Army, General Ward charges his rations bill broadly against "The Continent," showing that even the leaders were doubtful as to the result of the war; would it be a Republic, a Confederacy, or what?

The heading of the account reads:

The Continent to the Hon^{ble} Maj. Gen^l Artemas Ward D^r
To Rations for himself and following Sundry Persons be-
longing to the Continental Army.

¹ A curious broadside with three galloping horsemen, one carrying a banner inscribed "Stop Thief" reminds us that our forefathers had no telegraph and "The Framingham Thief-Detecting Society" was a necessity. The duty of its "Band of Detectives" and officers composed of prominent citizens, with Moses Edgell as President, was "to be always furnished with the means of making immediate pursuit," and catch the thief before he could escape over the border into Providence. This is an old and notable society in Shrewsbury still.

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Following the King's highway (the Bay-Path) from the Ward homestead by Quinsigamond Lake in the country of the Nipmucks, you enter Quinsigamond—the city of Worcester—on the path taken by Israel Bissell on the nineteenth of April, 1775, to carry the war-news to New York. He left Boston by the west road, as the British stopped the



*Home of Major-General Artemas Ward, Shrewsbury; built in 172-, modernized, 1785. Property of Artemas Ward, Esq., of New York.
The original hand-split shingles are on the house.*

way on the Providence turnpike. At Worcester, his horse dropped in his tracks. Remounting, he rode on wings, southward to Brooklyn, Connecticut. Israel Putnam left his plough and took up the war-cry. A Worcester post-rider flew over the Bay-Path to Springfield, and another to Hartford; the entire country was agitated with messengers, militia, and volunteers hastening to the seat of war at Cambridge.

THE FENS AND JAMAICA PLAIN

At the entrance to the Back Bay Fens from Boylston Street, Boston, the beautiful John Boyle O'Reilly memorial is an interesting study, likewise the bridges of contrasting architecture. The haughty arch of Boylston Bridge carries a dignified row of Lombardy poplars; the coquettish charm of the low five-arched Agassiz bridge, half concealed under graceful trailing plants, compels even the most casual acquaintance to "cast one longing, lingering look behind." Stony Brook bridge, of light Italian arches, carries the Fenway. On this boulevard is Fenway Court, containing the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum. Its incomparable works of art are placed in a unique environment such as may not be seen elsewhere in the world. The Fens is also to become the new home of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Speeding along Muddy River and Jamaicaaway, the border of Leverett Park, the first enchanting peep at sparkling water announces Jamaica Pond, sought out with zest in the winter season by sleighing and skating parties.

Winter pleasures at "Pond Plain" (Jamaica Plain) did not begin until after the passing of the pioneer period; those exacting years contained no play-days; the only sportsman for sport's sake we wot of was Tom Morton of Merry-Mount, who found hunting wild turkeys and rioting about a May-pole in our *New English Canaan* of which he wrote, quite to his mind, and it took Captain Myles Standish and all his men to convince him that he was out of his element among purposeful Puritans. There was not even leisure for reading, and much less for writing in flowers of speech, only the jotting down of plain every-day happenings, to inform the friends in England and Holland of the advance of the

frontier line. Hence we gather but fragments of American literature before 1700. The Brook Farmers and the pioneers,

JAMAICA PLAIN

LANDMARKS : Mile-stone, Eliot and Centre Sts., "Five miles to Boston town-house. P. Dudley." Joseph Curtis homestead (1722) of four generations, used as barracks by R. I. troops, near the old pump in Hyde's Square. Captain Benjamin Hallowell (loyalist) house (1738), corner of Centre and Boylston Sts.; used for hospital 1775; confiscated by State; reclaimed by the Hallowell heir, Nicholas Ward Boylston; now residence of the Dr. Benjamin F. Wing family. General William H. Sumner house, residence of Henry R. Reed. Stephen Brewer-William D. Ticknor house, Thomas St. Captain Artemus Winchester homestead (1800) on John Morey farm. Col. Henry Hatch-Hallett house, built by Crowell Hatch in West Indian style. Balch house, built, about 1800, by Sheriff Cutler, maternal grandfather of Julia Ward Howe. Site Edward Bridge homestead (1710). corner Centre and May Sts. Louder homestead, Louder's Lane. Captain William Gordon Weld-Edwin Peter house, South St., built in West Indian style; in the garden, in bed of Stony Brook, a perfect beaver dam was found, with marks of beaver's teeth on the butternuts. Old Harris Lands, now divided into the Hook, Pratt, and Sprague estates. Allandale or Sargent's Woods, the Manlius Sargent estate.

arising with the sun for the day's work, each discovered that long-continued exercise in a broiling sun is incompatible with intellectual activity. You remember that when Zenobia gibed Miles Coverdale because he did not make a song while loading hay, as Burns did, that he was quite positive that Burns never wrote a song while reaping barley, "he was no poet while a farmer, and no farmer while a poet."

As early as 1633, one hears in "Pond Plain" the sound of the axe of William Curtis, who hewed out his log hut, and, on a wider clearing, in 1639, built of the felled timber a lean-to, which sturdily resisted the vicissitudes of a New England climate and shielded Curtises for two hundred and fifty years.¹

The British officers who skated on the pond and supped afterwards at the Peacock Inn² (a favorite resting-place also of Gen-

¹ This was one of the oldest houses in the country and stood near Boylston Station

² The Peacock Inn, kept by Lemuel Child, Captain of the Minute-men, which eventually became the country house of Samuel Adams, stood on the corner of Centre and Allandale streets, near Weld Hill, the point which Washington had appointed as a rallying-place for the troops in case of disaster, as it was on the direct road to Dedham, which held sup-



Jamaica Park—View from South Cone looking towards Pine Bank.

eral Washington and General Knox¹ during the siege of Boston) must have admired these old White Pines, in our epoch the crown of "Pine Bank," and so secluding the Perkins mansion that it had quite the air of a storied English manor. A beautiful fountain on the terrace designed by Anne Whitney, marks a new *régime*, that of the Park Commissioners, who will take care that the White Pines are never disturbed.

John Rowe, the Boston merchant, writes in his *Diary*:

23 Oct. 1776, I dined at the Peacock with W^m. Livingston, Mr. Thomas Russell, Mr. W^m. Savin, Mr. Tuthill Hubbard, Colo. W^m. Palfrey, Mr. James Bowdoin and Mr. Martin Brimmer. I came to Town and Spent the Evening with Mrs. Rowe.²

The house of the learned Francis Bernard, royal governor [1760-1769] quite outvied the Hutchinson mansion, and Lady Frankland's three storied brick dwelling on Garden Court at the North End, the pride of provincial Boston; Governor Bernard's hall was twenty feet wide and fifty-seven feet long! Quite spacious enough, forsooth, to allow six squares in the minuet, even with the hoops of that day; the dances of the period were tripped to the music of the spinet or flute and viol,—*Boston's Delight, Love and Opportunity, Soldier's Joy, the College Hornpipe, or Merick's Graces.*

Before the politic governor quarrelled with the Assembly with whose indignation against unjust taxation he pre-

plies. The officers of the Crown also frequented the little West Roxbury Tavern, on the old stage route to Providence; its windows and mirrors are covered with sentiments scratched by British diamonds.

¹ General Henry Knox was a prominent member of the Society of the Cincinnati, and Secretary of War under the old Congress of 1785; as Brigadier-General of Artillery, then Major-General, he carried off honors at Bunker Hill, Trenton, Brandywine, Monmouth, and Yorktown.

² From the original MS. by permission of Mrs. Anne Rowe Cunningham.

tended to sympathize, many patriots mingled in his splendid *fêtes*; the guests promenaded in the shade of fig and lemon trees and shrubs imported from the tropics, their novel foliage supplying a topic when conversation lagged. Lady Bernard heard the joy-bells of Boston speeding the departure of the King's advocate, and soon followed her husband. Another loyalist, Sir William Pepperell, lived here three years; after its confiscation it was the home of Martin Brimmer, then of Captain John Prince; to-day it is the Edward Rice estate.

The garden of Francis Parkman on Prince Street, opposite Pine Bank and adjoining the Jonas Chickering place, was his delight; our great historian turned scientist in his leisure hours to "enjoy in gardening the pure delicacies of agriculture." The art of gardening appealed also to Dr. John C. Warren, who believed health and happiness lay hidden therein, and in these gardens on different plans one may read tastes and even character, a sort of unwritten biography of the owner. "Tell me, will you, what governed you in the laying out of the garden that you love?" says Alfred Austin.

The "Jamaica End of Roxbury,"¹ as Jamaica Plain was called before it became a part of West Roxbury, has not only been a land of elegant country-seats, but of typical New England farms, with peaches, pears, plums, and berries, after the fashion of the May homestead, where children swung to the rafters in the great square barn, climbed cherry trees, and jumped for the long arm of the well-sweep. The four lower rooms with ancient beams and fireplace, the quaint little doorway, kept as of yore, are precious possessions which have been preserved in

¹ Its name, signifying "Isles of Springs," commemorated Cromwell's victory over Jamaica. Many of the houses were built in West Indian fashion, with only a story and a half in the front and two back.

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remodelling; the stone mansion house, occupied by descendants of the Mays, now faces the Arborway, a park boulevard passing through the old orchard.

At "Greenbank" on the Dedham highway (Centre Street), the Rev. William Ware lived for a time and wrote *Zenobia*. It has the same dear, old-fashioned flower-beds bordering tiny walks planned by a little girl fifty years ago,



The Moses Williams Mansion, erected 1805. Jamaica Plain.

who begged a plot where only raspberry bushes grew, at the time that the house became the Manning homestead on Manning Hill, now the residence of Mrs. Harriet Manning Whitcomb. On the Burrows estate is the beautiful memorial hospital to Mary Faulkner, daughter of Dr. George Faulkner.

Facing the Square at Centre and South streets is the Loring-Greenough house; the frame was imported by the brave Commodore Joshua Loring, loyalist, wounded before

Quebec while in command on Lake Ontario. Like Colonel Royall, the echo of guns caused him to depart for England, leaving all his possessions. General Nathanael Greene made the Loring house his headquarters; becoming the hospital of the Roxbury camp, fifty soldiers who died here lie in the old Walter Street burying-ground, so-called from the Rev. Nathaniel Walter, first minister of the first meeting-house of the second Parish of Roxbury (1712), which stood hard by. The house was confiscated and sold at the Bunch of Grapes tavern, and purchased by Colonel Isaac Sears, member of the Provincial Congress; after 1784 it became the home of David Stoddard Greenough, son of Thomas Greenough, one of the Revolutionary Committee of Correspondence.¹

Benjamin Pemberton with his wife Susanna built the Third Parish Church in 1769 on the land given by the Apostle Eliot. Its bell was a gift from John Hancock, who had purchased (1780) the Dr. Lemuel Hayward estate (during the nineteenth century the home of the Nathaniel Curtis family). Governor Hancock soon sold his summer residence here, having been offended by the ill-advised public censure of a Puritan of the Puritans, the Rev. William Gordon,² first minister, upright and blunt of speech; of

¹ The Boston Committee of Correspondence has been likened to a political party manager, of which Samuel Adams was the promoter. "Its importance as a piece of revolutionary machinery can hardly be overestimated. It created public opinion, and played upon it to fashion events. It was the mother of committees, and these committees, local and intercolonial, worked up the war. It initiated measures . . . it was the germ of a government."—*Committees of Correspondence of the American Revolution*, by Edward D. Collins. Published in the *Report of the American Historical Association* for 1901.

² Dr. William Gordon as he "ambled on his gentle bay horse, in short breeches and buckled shoes, revered wig and three-cornered hat" was the terror of the youth whom he catechised and did not spare the birch. One winter's day he fell at full length on the icy threshold, his wig rolling off, to the great glee of the boys, who gave three cheers. Thenceforth he tried a more gentle persuasion.

such unrepressible candor, indeed, that Benjamin Pemberton altered his bequest to the Third Parish in favor of "the poor of Boston." Pemberton Square was named for this philanthropist. The early resting-place of the Third Parish with moss-covered stones is alone serene 'midst the increasing bustle of the town:

"There scatter'd oft,—the earliest of the year,—
By hands unseen are show'rs of violets found:
The red-bird loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground." ¹

Why Jamaica Plain was chosen as the home of intellectual men of admirable taste was not only on account of natural loveliness, but a tiny school-house stood as early as 1676 on the green triangle where is now the Soldiers' Monument. The Apostle Eliot, minister of the First Church of Roxbury, loved to dispense the joys of learning, and gave seventy-five acres in Pond Plain "to support a school and school-master." From his rocky pulpit in the woods (on Brook Farm, West Roxbury) he preached to the poor Indian, having learned their tongue that he might give them a Bible of their own to read, mark, and learn. It was the custom of a few of the blithe brotherhood of Brook Farm to spend the Sabbath afternoon at Eliot's pulpit, "overshadowed by the canopy of a birch-tree, which served as a sounding-board," through which the sunstreaks sifted with an air of cheerfulness less solemn than among the "dark-browed pines" of Eliot's time.

The shattered heap of boulders at one point formed a shallow cave, where Hollingsworth, Miles Coverdale, Zenobia, and Priscilla took refuge from a sudden shower.

¹ This beautiful stanza in the original transcript of Gray's *Elegy* was inserted before the epitaph, but rejected because the author considered that it occasioned too long a parenthesis.



Brook Farm Meadow. "And the great white cold walks abroad."

"It is pleasant to think in winter, as we walk over snowy pastures, of those happy dreamers that lie under the sod, of dormice and all that race of dormant creatures, which have such a superfluity of life enveloped in thick folds of fur, impervious to cold. Alas! the poet, too, is in one sense, a sort of dormouse gone into winter quarters of deep and serene thoughts, insensible of surrounding circumstances."—THOREAU.

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“On the threshold, or just across it, grew a tuft of pale columbine.”¹

The Brook Farmers² built many castles along the Charles, and from mossy logs talked over their truly beautiful and unselfish schemes of advancing the world. “Outside barbarians” laughed at the spectacle of rustic philosophers hoeing out wisdom and potatoes at the same time, and the neighbors actually had the face to say that these country bumpkins “raised five hundred tufts of burdock, mistaking them for cabbages.” Yet, was not the experiment at Brook Farm a success after all? Not, we grant, precisely as some transcendental dreamers dreamed, by the establishing of a phalanstery; but, who can affirm that the association at Brook Farm of broad and brilliant minds did not melt certain icy corners of lingering Puritan creeds, and all the world sees that the harp strings of humanitarianism, otherwise brotherly love, touched by them, never cease to vibrate.

Jamaica Park is connected by the Arborway with the Arnold Arboretum, the “foremost tree museum in the world.” The land is historic, being the homestead grant to Captain Joseph Weld from the Province. It was purchased of the Welds, after one hundred and fifty years, by Benjamin Bussey, who bequeathed his acres of great natural attractions to Harvard University. Its dedication as a great scientific garden under the inspiration of Professor Charles Sprague Sargent, having been endowed by James Arnold of New Bedford, has only enhanced its sylvan beauty. Near the Arborway entrance the museum contains the Hunnewell botanical collection and a rare library, the gift of Professor Sargent. From here the trees are planted

¹ *The Blithedale Romance*, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

² *John Sullivan Dwight, Brook Farmer*, by George Willis Cooke.

in botanical sequence of groups, ending with the larches at Walter Street.

The Bussey mansion became the house of Mr. Thomas Motley, who married a granddaughter of Mr. Bussey. In Mrs. Harriet M. Whitcomb's delightfully intimate *Annals and Reminiscences of Jamaica Plain*, she says that "Mr. Bussey's life is a remarkable illustration of the success which results from natural ability and persevering industry. With very small pecuniary means . . . he ultimately acquired large wealth and influence. Possibly some here may remember the family coach, with its yellow body and trimmings, drawn by four fine horses, in which Mr. Bussey and his family rode to church each Sabbath. . . . On the occasion of President Andrew Jackson's visit to Boston, accompanied by Vice-President Van Buren, in June, 1833, Mr. Bussey joined the grand procession in his yellow coach, drawn by six horses, richly caparisoned, and attended by liveried servants.

For the sake of the first impression of abrupt, precipitous Hemlock Hill with its hanging wood, let us take Mr. Baxter's advice to visitors, and enter the Arnold Arboretum by South Street from Forest Hills.¹ So deep a shadow is thrown by these superb hemlocks that not a flower, not even a leaf, dares lift its head through the thick primeval carpeting of feathery leaves beneath. Below, a chattering brook

¹ To Hemlock Hill from Forest Hills is some eight minutes' walk. "Thence walk or drive to the Walter Street entrance, then returning, follow the main drive with detour to Weld Hill, and thence to the main entrance of the Arborway. Coming from Olmstead Park follow the Arborway to South Street and thence to Hemlock Hill."—*The Boston Park Guide*, with maps by Sylvester Baxter, Secretary of the preliminary Metropolitan Park Commission. (The maps are also displayed in the various shelter and other buildings of the parks.) A park carriage will convey you over the Arborway and through Country Park, the rural section of Franklin Park.

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breaks the breathless quiet of the wood, and in June the blossoming rhododendrons are lifted into high relief by the massive dark grandeur of the hemlocks. In the valley, shrubs are planted in botanical order; the earliest mass of bloom is the forsythia, then the lilacs parade, followed by the rhododendrons and mountain laurel.

In Franklin Park you are on ground planted by William Pynchon of Winthrop's company; loitering along in this "Rocky Wilderness Land," you notice that pudding-stone is "thicker than daisies in June," and you quite understand why our forefathers called their home "Rocksberry"; rough wayside boulders are entirely hidden by the sheer, white blossoms of the *Rosa Wichuriana*, a Japanese wild rose.

Soft Indian moccasins first trod out the path between Boston Bay and Patuxet (Plymouth), crossing Franklin Park on the course of its "Old Trail Road." On a shady knoll, the "Resting Place," our first military company formed in the Colonies for armed resistance halted on its march home from the fight at Concord, under officers Heathfield and Pierpont of early Roxbury lineage. There is a charming vine-covered arbor on "Schoolmaster's Hill," and hot water for "the cup that cheers" may be procured at the picturesque shelter house designed by Arthur Rotch. Emerson wrote some of his earlier poems on this delightful hill, where he lived while teaching school at Roxbury.¹

Bellevue Hill rises on the west side of Washington Street, our road from Forest Hills to Dedham. On the east side

¹ The splendid colonial homesteads of Roxbury are no more. Dudley mansion disappeared under necessary fortifications after the battle of Bunker Hill. The birthplace of General Joseph Warren is commemorated by a stone house built in 1846 by Dr. John Collins Warren. The Governor Shirley-Eustis mansion stood on Dudley Street not far from the Eustis Street burying-ground, where are written the names of the Apostle Eliot, the Dudleys, Eliphalet Porter, Oliver Peabody, and other famous men.

spread out Stony Brook Woods; the beautiful West Roxbury parkway is the link between this metropolitan reservation and the Arnold Arboretum, thus uniting it with the municipal park system of Boston. It is an easy ascent to the Bellevue water-tower, where is a capital table of the horizon extending even so far as Monadnoc; the view is remarkably beautiful at dusk when the great blue range of the Massachusettt fades, the sentinel harbor lights appear, and rows of white or yellow street lights reveal the towns of three counties. Descending the hillside, here is the prettiest entrance to the Stony Brook Woods, a territory of rocky, wooded elevations of violet beds and marsh marigolds. You are continually seeking a new enchanting peep at the Blue Hills, literally blue, though varying in tinge from a deep purple to a faint pink. Between your little hill and yonder great hills softened by flitting light and shadow, is a rugged glen and a dark silvery pond in the hollow. Ten minutes' walk by Turtle Pond will bring you to "The Perch." Here during the dry season stands the Fire Patrol, watching for the creeping brush fires; at the least puff of smoke he signals by flag the reservation office, bringing a fire wagon to the scene. In spite of the precautions of the Park Commissioners, who hope to coax back the heavy growth of pine, there have been several rapid and disastrous fires. A wooded way of a mile leads to Rooney's Rock near Happy Valley, and the skating meadows on the Hyde Park corner of the reservation.

DEDHAM, 1635-1636

*"Old Dedham town that quietly lies
Beside the winding Charles River,
Thy houses, those sweet and quaint remains
Of old-time grandeur."*

DONALD RAMSAY.

SOME five years after the passengers of the *Mary and John* had adventured up the Charles and made a settlement at Watertown, as Captain Roger Clap has told us in his *Memoirs*, several of the more venturesome planters, including Edward Alleyne, John Everard, John Gay, John Ellis, and Samuel Morse, decided to seek new fields and wider farms farther up the Charles; they felled and hollowed out some large trees, and, in these rude canoes paddled up the narrow, deeply flowing stream, impatiently turning curve after curve around Nonantum (Newton¹), until, emerging from the tall forest into the open, they saw in the sunset glow a golden river twisting back and forth through broad, rich meadows, and many wild fowl² startled into flight. Seeking the most favorable spot for a home, the pioneers, like Miles Courtenay and Moore Carew, paddled hastily on; but, in the words of Carew:

The river took many turns, so that it was a burden the continual turning about. . . . West, east, and north we turned on that same meadow and progressed none, so that I, rising in the boat, saw the river flowing just across a bit of grass, in a place where I knew we had

¹ Newton has seventeen miles of water-front, the Charles River flowing around three sides of the town

² Tradition says that the "famous fowl meadow grass" of the Neponset, superior to that of any other kind in the fresh water meadows, was first brought by a large flight of wild fowl.—Worthington's *History of Dedham*.

passed through nigh an hour before. "Moore," said Miles then to me, "the river is like its Master, our good King Charles, of sainted memory, it promises overmuch, but gets you nowhere."¹

In this serene wilderness, where the Charles makes its great bend² they fearlessly staked out the home-lots of their plantation, Contentment, disliking less the howl of the wolf from Wigwam and Purgatorie swamps, than the controversies of their brethren at the Bay. Moreover, frontier soil harvests rich wits, and the divers water-courses hereabout promised fine power for the water wheels of a saw-and grist-mill; some clever mind immediately proposed turning one third of the waters of the Charles into the Neponset; this first artificial canal in America was named Mother Brook, and has for nearly three centuries mothered the industries

¹ From the story of *King Noanett*, by Frederic J. Stimson ("J. S. of Dale"). Mr. Stimson wrote this graceful romance of early Dedham in his historic house built by Fisher Ames on grounds sloping to the Charles River.

² "Dedham Island" (Riverdale) is formed by a bend in the river seven miles long. "Long Ditch," the cut-off, dug in 1652, one half mile across, connected its upper and lower channels, preventing damage to the meadows during a freshet.

DEDHAM

LANDMARKS: Willow Road, leads past Fairbanks house to Fairbanks Park, with famous "Pot Hole." Avery Oak, East Street, presented by Joseph W. Clark to Dedham Historical Society. Fisher Ames homestead (1795), residence Frederic J. Stimson; originally stood opposite the Court House; in 1897 moved back toward the river. Site of old Ames Tavern, built in 1658 for Captain Joshua Fisher; taken down in 1814; during Revolution known as Woodward's Tavern, "Sign of the Law Book"; Suffolk Convention organized here, adjourned to Vose house, Milton. Memorial Hall. Dedham Historical Society building, with valuable antiquarian lore; complete file of the Ames Almanack; land on which it stands gift of Hannah Shuttleworth, daughter of Jeremiah Shuttleworth, first postmaster. Home of Dr. Nathaniel Ames 2d (1772). Base of the Pillar of Liberty on Unitarian Church Green, erected 1766 by the Sons of Liberty, on which was placed a bust of William Pitt, "who saved America from impending slavery, and confirmed our most loyal Affection to King George III. by procuring a repeal of the Stamp Act" (inscription); the bust was destroyed later. Allin Evangelical Church on site of the house of four ministers of Dedham. "Norfolk House," near St. Paul's Church, one of the oldest Episcopal parishes in New England. Samuel Dexter house, property of Mrs. Ellen D. Burgess. Judge Haven house, High St. Dowse-Josiah Quincy house (1800); window from old Haymarket Theatre; home of Edmund Quincy, a leading Abolitionist, author of *Wensley*; residence of Mary (Adams) Quincy. Charles River meadows, junction of Mother Brook at "Two Rivers." Powder Rock; "The Rock with lichens hoar"

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(Lowell). Powder house (1766), built on Aaron Fuller's land. Training-field on Great Common; Wight lot; still held by Wight family under original Indian deed of 1636. Law office of Horace Mann, now dwelling-house. Old Parish Burial-ground; oldest stone, Hannah Dyar, 1678. Tablet on Bussey St., on site of "First Dam and Corn-mill" built in 1640 by Abraham Shaw; completed by John Elderkin (who removed to New London, Conn., and built first church and mill there); sold to Nathaniel Whiting, 1642. Dedham Boat-Club house. "Wilson's Mountain" and cave; fine view. View of Nickerson estate, "Riverdale," home of Thomas Motley, Sr.; doorway so wide that the owner might drive in with coach and four. Ellis Oak, Clapboardtree St.; diameter foliage, 160 feet. Purgatory,

of Dedham. Soon the Court decreed that Contentment should be called Dedham, presumably in honor of the three Johns from Dedham, England, — John Dwight,¹ John Page, and John Rogers. One hundred and twenty yeomen signed the Town Covenant,² whereby was agreed to keep off all men "contrary-minded" to their determination to "walke in a peaceable conversation."

Edward Everett said of the town of his ancestor, Richard Everard, that these settlers of

Dedham were "singularly disposed to keep out of hot water. . . . There was but one topic on which they warmed into passion, and that was Liberty. If a poor Quaker was to be scourged at the cart-tail, they waited in Dedham for orders from the metropolis; but when a usurper was to be prostrated, when a bold champion was required to burst into Mr. Usher's house, to drag forth the tyrant by the collar, to bind him and cast him into a fort, then Ded-

¹ With John Dwight came his son Timothy, from whom are descended the Presidents Timothy Dwight, of Yale University, Others from England were John Allin, pastor of the church thirty-two years; Major Eleazer Lusher, captain of the train-band and an original founder of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company; Captain Daniel Fisher, selectman for thirty-two years; Michael Metcalf, the schoolmaster; Lieutenant Joshua Fisher, who kept the tavern; Deacon Francis Chickering, Deputy and Samuel Guild; other families whose houses stood on the old High Street and in Clapboard Trees Parish (West Dedham) were those of Avery, Bacon, Colburn, Fales, Farrington, Kingsbury, Wright, and Wilson.

² The complete colonial records have been compiled by Don Gleason Hill, President of the Dedham Historical Society.

ham is ready with her intrepid Daniel Fisher." Mr. Everett refers to the going up to Boston of the country people, greatly incensed against Sir Edmund Andros, who, it is



The Fairbanks Homestead, Dedham.

"What landmark so congenial as a tree."

said, was collared and led back to imprisonment at Fort Hill by Daniel Fisher, the great-grand-father of Fisher Ames.

It was this Daniel Fisher, and John Fairbanks, who were

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sent out by the town as explorers, to select eight thousand acres somewhere in the wilderness, for a new plantation granted Dedham by the Court in place of two thousand acres taken for the praying Indians of Natick. Certain explorers had favored the "chestnut lands" of Lancaster, but Fairbanks and Fisher selected the beautiful valley of Pocumtuck; here the lovely town of Deerfield was founded by men from Dedham, Captain Pynchon of Springfield, and four others.

The Apostle Eliot being nigh with the praying Indians, Dedham had little fear of Indian raids, although each settler was duly cautioned to keep a ladder that he might readily escape the "Salvages" by climbing to the top of his chimney, as well as put out a fire on his thatch roof; any man who tied his horse to the meeting-house ladder forfeited sixpence to Robert Onion. One day the killing of a white man by an Indian was traced directly to King Philip, and the war opened; the people of Wrentham fled to Dedham,¹ and Medfield was burned. A great blow was dealt the Indian cause by a company of Dedham and Medfield men who captured Pomham, Sachem of Narraganset, and fifty warriors in Dedham woods.

In staging days, Dedham and Medfield were on the middle stage road to Hartford from Boston, and often twelve coaches drew up at the Ames Tavern for breakfast. One consolation of a traveller who was compelled to rise before daybreak on a "snapping" winter's morning was the prospect of good cheer at Dedham, spiced with the hot flip iron, or loggerhead, and a dash of humor from their witty host, the celebrated Dr. Nathaniel Ames,² astronomer, physician,

¹ Old Dedham included Wollomonapoag (Wrentham) and Bogastow (Medfield), also Needham, Bellingham, Walpole, Franklin, Dover, Natick, and part of Sherburne.

² Dr. Ames inherited his landed estate from his son by his first wife, and because of excessive annoyance at the slow progress of the law in

almanac-maker, and tavern-keeper; his brilliant son, Fisher Ames, was born in this tavern.

An interesting accessory of early taverns was a small box



Old "Norfolk House," Dedham, so-called when last used as a Public House in 1866. Long known as the Alden Tavern, and originally the Marsh Tavern, built for Martin Marsh on land leased to him by the First Church in 1801.

deciding that he was "next of kin to Fisher," Dr. Ames hung out a unique tavern sign lampooning the tardy court. The five judges were painted in big wigs, the two dissenting judges turning their backs on the *Province Laws*. The judges,—Benjamin Lynde, Richard Saltonstall, Paul Dudley, Stephen Sewall, and John Cushing—dispatched a sheriff to bring this bold sign before them, but Dr. Ames rode faster and tore down his sign ere the sheriff reached Dedham. Dr. Ames's most famous contemporary was the Rev. Samuel Dexter, fourth minister; the house of his son Samuel is standing in Dedham. Samuel Dexter the third was Secretary of War, and Secretary of the Treasury under John Adams.

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nailed to the wall, with an opening into which money might be dropped. On the box was plainly printed, "To Insure Promptness," and "it was expected that guests would drop in such amounts as their inclination prompted." The money collected was divided among the servants. Frequently some *attaché* of the tavern would remind a careless guest by pointing at the box and speaking the first letters of the words, "T. I. P." It gradually became known as the "Tip Box," and later as a tip.¹ The box is no longer there, but the custom lingers.

Dr. Ames's *Astronomical Diary and Almanack*, first published in 1726, was a great boon to the sober New England fireside by way of literature. No one truly appreciates fun more than our Yankee of the serious air; this merry astronomer's prophecies, purposely absurd, mixed with homely philosophy, jest, and homeopathic doses of such writers as Milton, Addison, Pope, and Dryden, made his annual almanac a welcome guest. Dr. Ames joined in the laugh at the failure of the events he predicted, and his son Nathaniel, who published the *Almanack* after his father's death, manifested the same delicious sense of humor. In his *Diary*, now in the possession of the Dedham Historical Society, he notes:

"Oct. 1. Country People complain that I have mentioned no snow in nex year's Almank.

"Aug. 5, Sun's Eclipse came on rather sooner than the time I said perhap.

"Feb. 25, Sam Sterns of Boston wants to know how to make Almanacks.

"April 19, 1775. Grand battle from Concord to Charlestown. I went and dressed the wounded."²

¹ *The Colonial Tavern*, by Edward Field, Preston and Rounds.

² Down the Needham road to Dedham flew a messenger with the news of the advance on Lexington. Captain Joseph Guild "gagged a croaker" who said the news was false, and in an hour scarcely a man was left in Dedham. Captain Aaron Fuller, Lieutenant George Gould, Captains

The Fairbanks house is piquantly picturesque in its declining years. Mossy greens, red browns, and misty grays mingle on its roofs of differing age, to the bewilderment of the artist. The main roof, which seems to expand in order to embrace the huge brick chimney, is believed to have been built by Jonathan Fairbanks in 1637 at about the time he signed the covenant. After descending through seven generations the house was happily rescued from destruction by Mrs. J. Amory Codman.



The Willow by the Brook, Westwood Park, Islington.

Between Dedham and Norwood in Westwood Park is the loveliest mossy glen imaginable, entered by fascinating trails. The Indians frequenting this woodland dell may have called it in their musical tongue "willow water," and worshipped the water-spirit of the brook whitening the dark rocks with spray. Not far from Westwood Park at Islington is Purgatory, or "Ye Purgatorie Swampe" of the *King Noanett* territory, a paradise of wild flowers, long time ago a dismal resort for wild-cats and other beasts.

William Bullard, William Ellis, and Ebenezer Battle led the Minute-men and the militia.

MILTON (UNQUITY-QUISSET), 1633-1662

At the summit of Milton Hill, the traveller imbued with a feeling for the historical and poetical should rest content. Far below, the Neponset, opalescent and dream-like, shimmers in the marsh-lands, its color varies at the will of the clouds, and these in turn are subjects of the wind. Intensely blue is the river when the east wind sweeps up the vale, until, at the sunset lull, wonderful shadows come lengthening, lengthening, to hide the meadows. The purple sea-line cuts the horizon beyond Neponset's steeples, Strawberry Hill, Dorchester Bay, Thompson's Island, Boston Light, and "Nantasco." To the south, the blue "Massachusetts Mount" of Captain John Smith stands sponsor for our Commonwealth as the "great hill place." This field is to be forever open, by the gift of John Murray Forbes, to all who stand on Unquity (Milton) Hill. Governors of Colony, Province, and State have daily passed over this ancient Country Heigh Waye between Dorchester and Braintree, which, before Israel Stoughton built his grist mill at the foot of Unquity Hill by the Neponset fording-place, was known as the "Old Indian Path" between Shawmutt and Plymouth.

Yonder sycamore and Scotch larch were planted by the enthusiastic gardener, Governor Thomas Hutchinson, of whom John Adams said, "He had been admired, revered, and almost adored." Thomas Hutchinson loved much his "humble cottage" on Unquity Hill; indeed, he would not have parted with it for the sake of high life at Wimpole Hall. He wrote to his son, "I can with good truth assure



A pleached Alley in the "Governor's Garden."

"The lilacs were finishing and the jessamine beginning, a few flowers here behindhand, a few insects before their time, and the vanguard of the red butterflies of June fraternized with the vanguard of the white butterflies of May."—Les Misérables.

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you that I had rather live at Milton and had rather see Peggy and Tommy playing about me than the Princess C.,

MILTON

LANDMARKS: From the Neponset River, Milton Lower Mills over Adams St. Site earliest ford and foot-bridge on Neponset River, route from Unquity-Quisset to church in Dorchester before 1662. Site Grist Mill (Israel Stoughton's, 1633), where present Stone Chocolate Mill stands; first corn ground by water-power in N. E. Site first Powder Mill in the country, Walter Everden and Israel Howe, owners. Saw and chocolate mill where John Hannan manufactured first chocolate in the country (1765), continued by Dr. James Baker (1772); converted into drug mill by Francis Brinley; here first veneers manufactured. New chocolate mill, Webb and Twombly (1885); Mr. Webb introduced chocolate creams throughout the west; replaced by brick chocolate mill of Henry L. Pierce; all these sites are now occupied by the Baker Company. Daniel Vose house; *Suffolk Resolves* adopted here. Milton Public Library. Home of Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney on Adams St., near junction of Randolph and Canton avenues. Edward Cunningham estate. Governor Hutchinson-Russell house. Dr. Amos. Holbrook house (1801). J. Murray Forbes estate. Churchill's Lane; pleasant walk by Milton Academy to the "Twin Churches." Site First Meeting-house on grassy triangle. Colonel Joseph Gooch-Edward Hutchinson Robbins-Asaph Churchill house (1740). Judge Joseph M. Churchill house. Oliver W. Peabody house, opposite Churchill's Lane. Belcher Milestone. Rev. Joseph Angier house. John Murray Forbes estate, residence of J. Malcolm Forbes. Ware cottage. Charles E. Perkins estate. Glover house, on site of Provincial Treasurer William Foye house. Captain Robert B. Forbes

Prince A., or —." When the snow has gone, spring spreads the "Governor's Garden" with soft green velvet, and the pleached bower with unfolding tendrils; the orioles come to sing among the fruit-trees, snow-balls, and bleeding hearts every June, as joyfully as on the day when Governor Hutchinson smilingly—yet broken-hearted—walked down Unquity Hill, shaking hands with his neighbors, both patriot and Tory, before sailing for England to become a royal pensioner, his Boston estates confiscated, and Hutchinson Street changed to Pearl. "T is said that Washington rides in my coach at Cambridge," he wrote some months later, and mourned sincerely that the land of his birth was about to fall in ruins, through the zeal of such rash, mistaken, and worthy men as Dr. Joseph Warren and his compatriots, who had declared by the *Suffolk Resolves*,¹ adopted in

¹ The last *Resolve* referred to the unwarranted building of fortifications on Boston Neck and the "repeated insults by the soldiery to persons passing." The committee appointed to wait on His Excellency the governor (Gage) to inform him of this matter for alarm, included Joseph War-

the house of Daniel Vose at the foot of Milton Hill, that a King who violates chartered rights forfeits allegiance. Immediately the Continental Congress,¹ in Carpenters' Hall, Philadelphia (September 17, 1774), approved the *Suffolk Resolves*, delivered into their hands by Paul Revere; in the following June, Major-General Warren fell in their defence at Bunker Hill.

The Hutchinson house has been known as the "Russell house" since it was purchased by the Hon. Jonathan Russell, one of our foreign ministers, and a Peace Commissioner with John Q. Adams, Henry Clay, Albert Gallatin, and James A. Bayard, in concluding the treaty of Ghent, signed by President Madison in the Octagon House, Washington,—the house of his friend, Colonel Tayloe, of Mt. Airy, Va., which the Madisons occupied after the burning of the

ren, Esq., of Boston, Colonel Ebenezer Thayer of Braintree, Captain Lemuel Robinson of Dorchester, Capt. Wm. Heath of Roxbury, Dr. Samuel Gardner of Milton, Capt. Thomas Aspinwall of Brookline, and Nathaniel Sumner, Esq., of Dedham.

¹ The State House in Philadelphia was also offered to the Continental Congress, but they accepted that of the carpenters, to show their respect for the mechanics.

(Howard of the Sea) estate. Watson estate. Henry P. Kidder estate. Neil-Babcock house (1735). Algine Corner (Union Square). Madam Belcher-Rowe-Payson house; old willows, Willow Brook, Adams St. Milton Cemetery, made beautiful by gifts of Francis Amory, Daniel L. Gibbons, and the Honorable Elijah Vose; oldest stone, a Wadsworth of Wadsworth Hill (1687); graves of Wendell Phillips and Rimmer the sculptor. Milton Academy, chartered 1787, opened 1807, Centre St. and Randolph Turnpike. Milton Churches. Vose house, Vose's Lane (1760). Isaac D. Vose-Inches-Seth D. Whitney house, "Elm Corner," where Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney wrote *We Girls* and other works. Read house (1805) by the "Great Oak." Wadsworth house (1766), Read's Lane. Site house Captain Samuel Wadsworth (killed at Sudbury in King Philip's War), Wadsworth Hill; birthplace of President Benjamin Wadsworth of Harvard College (erected earliest monument at Sudbury). Site Joseph Calef house (1760). Josiah Webb house, Old School St. Robert Tucker house, built before 1681, oldest house in Milton; remodelled by Susan W. Clark after a house in Goslar, Prussia; Brush Hill; Manasseh Tucker was one of four citizens who purchased the Blue Hill lands in 1711. Colonel Nathaniel Tucker-Colonel H. S. Russell estate. Old Cracker Bakery with ovens (1801), corner Harland and Hillside streets Old Crehore estate near Paul's Bridge. Babcock house, Canton Avenue. Lewis Davenport-Crehore-Sudermeister house. Jackson-McLean-George Hollingsworth house, Mattapan. Park on the Neponset, gift of Amor L. Hollingsworth. Falls at Mattapan.

Supplementary: Teele's *History of Milton*, with excellent maps. Bacon's *Walks and Rides about Boston*, containing "Walks through the Blue Hills." Baxter's *Park Guide*.

White House. His wife, Mrs. Lydia Smith Russell, is affectionately mentioned by Frederika Bremer in her *Homes of the New World*.¹ It was Mrs. Russell who planted the row of elms to replace Governor Hutchinson's sycamores.

A fine mansion of 1801 is that of the eminent Dr. Amos Holbrook, surgeon in 1796 of Colonel Joseph Vose's regiment, now the residence of Mrs. Francis Cunningham. The lovely Churchill's (Vose's, of 1661) Lane was named for Asaph Churchill, the distinguished lawyer, who, when a boy, found himself adrift, earning six and one quarter cents a day. He obtained Greek and Latin books in some way, and walked from the backwoods of Middleborough to Cambridge, boots in hand to save wear; graduating with honors, he married Mary Gardner of Charlestown, remarkable for her beauty, and bought this Adams Street estate from Edward Hutchinson Robbins (Lieutenant-Governor, 1802-1807). Governor Robbins removed to the historic mansion at Brush Hill, inherited by his wife, Elizabeth Murray,—a daughter of James Murray, the Loyalist,—since known as the Robbins house.

Hard by the Churchill house stood a little old school-house, where Miss Ann Bent taught for a time, living in Judge Robbins's family; one of her pupils was Anne Jean Robbins, who afterwards married Judge Joseph Lyman of

¹ Frederika Bremer was invited to spend the Christmas holidays with Mrs. Russell in 1849. "Among the visitors who have interested me are Mrs. Russell and her daughter Ida. Ida was born in Sweden, where her father was *chargé d'affaires* many years ago, and although she left the country as a child, she has retained an affection for Sweden and the Swedes. She is a handsome and agreeable young lady. Her mother looks like goodness itself. 'I cannot promise you much that is entertaining,' said she in inviting me to her house, 'but I will nurse you.' . . . I promised to go there on Christmas eve which they will keep in Northern fashion, with Christmas pine-twigs, Christmas-candles and Christmas-boxes, and, as I perceive, great ceremony. But more than all the Christmas-candles, and the Christmas-boxes do I need—a little rest."

Northampton. The *Recollections of My Mother*, by her daughter, Mrs. Lesley, appeals to one as few biographies do, portraying a rare woman in the environment of the cultured New England home of fifty years ago. Miss Ann Bent, like Mrs. Lyman, of fine Scotch ancestry,¹ was pos-



From the Vose Farm, Brush Hill, is the most beautiful Vista of the Blue Hills.

sessed of an original and noble character and loved by every one who knew her; like Dolly Madison, she never forgot the little amenities of life. Miss Bent for many years assisted her nieces by means of her store on Marlborough

¹ Mrs. Lyman's ancestor, James Murray, was of the Murrays of Fala-hill. The "Outlaw" Murray was High Sheriff of Etrick Forest, a Murray inheritance until the time of Sir John Murray, Knight, of Philiphaugh. Miss Ann Bent's great-great-grandfather was Dr. George Middleton, Principal of King's College, Aberdeen.

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(old Washington) Street, near Winter. Many Boston people have delightful reminiscences of this great-hearted woman, dispensing hospitality, sympathy, humor, and the most charming French importations at the same moment. Miss Bent attended Dr. Channing's Federal Street Church. In the possession of his niece, Miss Elizabeth Channing of Milton, the author of several books for children, is a fine portrait of Dr. Channing by Gilbert Stuart.

Across the road, beyond Governor Belcher's mile-stone (*8 miles to B. town house, the lower way 1734*) and the John Murray Forbes estate, the residence of J. Malcolm Forbes, in the house which stands on the site of the old smithy, lived another of the memorable women of the time, Mrs. Mary L. Ware, the wife of the Rev. Henry Ware, Jr., of Cambridge.

Farther south stood Provincial Treasurer Foye's mansion (the Theodore R. Glover house is on the site), shaded by a grand elm under which George Whitefield preached, being refused the meeting-house. The gale which shattered Minot's Light in April (1851) flung the tree across the road in such a manner that Daniel Webster, happening by with his wife, was compelled to turn his chaise about and take the road to Boston by Milton Cemetery. It must have been a disappointment to lose the drive over Milton Hill, for wherever a fine prospect promised, there Mr. Webster chose his road. You may be sure he drew rein by the Governor Hutchinson house, just as he invariably did at the mile-stone on the Back Road in Dover, N. H., where every one, following his well-known custom, halts to drink in the marvellous view of Great Bay.

Governor Jonathan Belcher built a country-seat by the willow-bordered brook at the eastern foot of Milton Hill,¹

¹ Willow Brook is one mile and a half by Adams Street from Milton Lower Mills, and half a mile from East Milton Centre.

on the grant of John Holman, who lived here on his forty-three acres when only a bridle-path crossed the brook. After the Governor came, great were the ceremonious visitings and feasts by the willows. He ordered the soldiers of the Province to grade his avenue to such perfection that from the road the people might catch the glint of his shoe-buckles



*Madam Belcher House, built 1776. Purchased by John Rowe, in 1781.
Adams Street, Milton.*

as he stood on the threshold of the new mansion which should take the place of his "little cottage." Yonder lane was the beginning of Belcher Avenue, but the Governor was appointed to rule New Jersey (1747) ere it was completed.

In the eventful year 1776, when loyalists and patriots alike already longed for peace, and that "dreadful distem-

per," smallpox,¹ was again going through the town of Boston, Madam Belcher and her daughter saw their home here burn to the ground; they were warmly welcomed to Brush Hill by Mrs. Dorothy Forbes and her sister, Elizabeth Murray. Their aunt, the high-spirited and courageous Mrs. Inman, who had not deserted her self-imposed charge of the precious Inman farm and stock in Cambridge, to fly with her servants to Brush Hill until the cannonading began at Bunker Hill,² now was shut up in the besieged city of Boston with Mr. Inman and other Tories, who saw their families only at the lines and by leave of the commander-in-chief, with General Howe's consent. In a letter of February 14, 1776, Mr. Murray wrote to his daughter, Dorothy Forbes, and Elizabeth Murray:

I could not with propriety ask leave to go to the Lines yesterday . . . when I heard of your being at the Rendezvous I was grieved for my having been so much out of Luck. I am charmed that you have the happiness of getting Madam and Mrs. Belcher under your Roof. You now live to some purpose, indeed, when you have a house and

¹ The earliest recollection of Josiah Quincy ("President") is connected with these exciting events: "My grandfather's carriage was the last which Gage permitted to leave town. It was my lot to be with my mother in that carriage. . . . The small-pox was at that day the terror of the country. At the line which separates Boston and Roxbury there were troops stationed. . . . The carriage was stopped and its inmates made to enter the sentry-box successively. On each side of the box was a small platform round which each was compelled to walk until our clothes were fumigated with fumes of brimstone cast upon a body of coals."

² Mrs. Forbes of Brush Hill was in Cambridge on the morning of the battle of Bunker Hill, and she related that, "unable to endure her fright, she made a fifteen-year-old boy harness a horse to her Aunt Inman's chaise and drive her to Brush Hill, the noise of the firing causing her to stop her ears all the way."—*Letters of James Murray, Loyalist*. Edited by Nina Moore Tiffany, assisted by Susan I. Lesley. With *Biographical Notice of Hon. James Murray Robbins*, by Hon. Roger Wolcott.



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*Redman Farm, Ponkapog.
The Spring and Autumn Home of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Esq., at the
Foot of the Blue Hills.*

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hearts for an Asylum to such merit in Distress. If any *Necessary* is wanted for these Ladies which this town can afford, I have authority to say it will be permitted to be sent out.

Not long after, James Murray became a refugee, and writes from New York and, later, from England; he dared not return, and never saw them again. Had Mrs. Inman's plan that they should all settle on Mr. John Rowe's land at St. John's, been carried out, Mr. Murray might have been always with his daughters and sister, Mrs. Inman.

Another of the invaluable letters included in the box of papers of *James Murray, Loyalist*, which lay untouched in the Brush Hill garret until put into the hands of his great-granddaughter, Mrs. Lesley, is written by the lively and witty "E. F.," on April 17, '76. It relates her experiences in Mrs. Inman's house after Washington left Cambridge:

Only imagine to yourself two unhappy females, from some high misdemeanor driven from the Society of the world and every social pleasure into a wilderness surrounded not by wild beasts, but by savage men. . . . Miss Murray and I are in Mr. Inman's house¹ just as it was left by the soldiery, without any one necessary about us, except a bed to lodge on & Patrick for a protector & servant, in constant fear that some outrage will be committed if it is once discovered that one of us is connected with Mr. Inman, to prevent which everything is done in my name . . . you would be really diverted, could you give a peep when Mrs. Inman visits us, to see Betsey and I resigning our broken chairs & teacups, and dipping the water out of an iron skellet into the pot as cheerfully as if we were using a silver urn. I cannot tell what it is owing to, unless it is seeing Mrs. I—— in such charming spirits, that prevents our

¹ Afterwards confiscated. The Inman house stood on the site of City Hall, Cambridge.

being truly miserable. Tell her friends in England not to lament her being in America at this period, for she is now in her proper element, having an opportunity to exert her benevolence for those who have neither Spirits or ability to do for themselves. No (other) woman could do as she does with impunity, for she is above the little fears and weak-



Hoosicwhisick Lake or Houghton's Pond, Blue Hills Reservation, Milton.

nesses which are inseparable companions of most of our sex. Oh that imagination could replace the wood lot, the willows round the pond, the locust-trees! but in vain to wish it, every beauty of art or nature, every elegance which it cost years of care and toil to bring to perfection, is laid low. It looks like an unfrequented desert, and this farm is an epitome of all Cambridge.

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Madam and Mrs. Belcher left Brush Hill, intending to rebuild, but no workmen could be procured, and they were obliged to use the coach-house as a dining-room and "the Fowl house for their bed-chamber, but the old lady looks majestic even there, and dresses with as much elegance as if she was in a palace" (letter of E. F. from Brush Hill). Soon after Madam Belcher's house was completed it was purchased by John Rowe, merchant, of Boston. Boston still has "Rowe's Wharf," and "Rowe's pasture" once covered Bedford and Kingston streets.

Mr. Rowe was an intimate friend of James Smith, a warden of King's Chapel, who built the Brush Hill house and married James Murray's sister, afterwards Mrs. Ralph Inman. His sugar house, next to the Brattle Street Church, is celebrated as having been occupied by Colonel Dalrymple's regiment, from which went forth Captain Preston's company to the Boston Massacre. John Rowe dines frequently with "Jemy" Smith; indeed, Mr. Rowe dined with from ten to thirty persons every day, whether at home in Boston or abroad. He knew everybody and everybody knew him. Dinner, usually at noon, was not then a complex function of courses; turtle or a haunch of veal constituting the principal dish, followed by sweets. On business or pleasure, Mr. Rowe dined sooner or later at every notable tavern in the colony in most distinguished company, and we could wish that he might have been as fond of jotting down spicy details in his *Diary* as Judge Sewall was, instead of being as sparing in comment as Washington. Concerning the missing one of the fourteen volumes, in possession of his great-grandniece, Mrs. Cunningham, Mr. Rowe notes on a flyleaf, "from June to December—is mislaid—or taken out of my store." This contained the battle of Bunker Hill. His favorite diversion was fishing. On the 19th of July, 1765,

he set out for Mrs. Pratt's at Milton, who resided opposite the Foye house.

20 Saturday. Very lazy this morning. M^r Calef the Rev^d Mr. Auchmooty and myself went to a pond [Ponkapog] beyond the Blue Hill and put up at Mr. Joseph Gooch, went a fishing had very fine Diversion, the Weather very hot. Came from thence to Mr. James Smith [at Brush Hill] and dined with him and Wife the Rev. Mr. Winslow the Rev. M^r Auchmooty and his Daughter Bella, Mr. Rob^t



The Rotch Meteorological Observatory on Summit of the Great Blue Hill, erected by A. Lawrence Rotch, Esq. The Blue Hill Observatory co-operates in Observations with the Astronomical Observatory of Harvard University.

Auchmooty and Wife, Mr. Rob. Temple & wife [probably of Ten Hills Farm, Medford] Mr. Inman & Mrs. Rowe, Mrs. Prat, Miss Polly Overing and Miss Bella Prat and M^r Sam Calef, came home and spent the evening with Mr. Inman,

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Mrs. Rowe, and Suky.¹ [Susannah Inman,² who became the wife of Captain Linzee of the British man-of-war *Falcon*].

To Mr. Smith we owe the fine Dutch elms in front of the Unitarian Church, Milton, which were offshoots of those propagated at his Brush Hill nurseries, being imported by him after admiring the elms in Brompton Park, London. Mr. Gilbert Deblois begged some to set out in front of the Granary, near his house on Tremont Street, promising in return to name his little son for Mr. Smith. They were familiarly known as the "Paddock Elms," because Mr. Paddock "kept his eye on them" for Mr. Deblois. . . .

The remarkable State Recreation Park of the Blue Hills covers about four thousand acres, and these hills "are the greatest on the Atlantic coast of the United States, from Mount Agamenticus in southern Maine to the Mexican boundary at the mouth of the Rio Grande. One of the loveliest regions, that of Hoosicwhisick, or Houghton's Pond, may be easily seen by riding over the Randolph Turnpike from Milton Lower Mills, and leaving the car at Hillside Street to walk by Hancock Hill (from which Governor Hancock cut his wood for the poor of Boston during the severe winter of 1780) to Ralph Houghton's Pond. Here is a striking view of the bold face of the Great Blue Hill and of the Rotch Observatory. What peaceful seclusion must Ralph Houghton have enjoyed in his homestead by Hoosicwhisick after life in England, where he fought for Cromwell against Charles I., notwithstanding that he had been knighted by the King! Crossing the sea, he sought Lancas-

¹ From the original manuscript, by permission of Mrs. Anne Rowe Cunningham, who is now editing *The Diary and Letters of John Rowe*, to be "Printed, not published," by W. B. Clarke Co.

² Susannah Inman's mother was the twin sister of Mrs. John Rowe. Portraits of Mrs. Rowe and Mrs. Inman, by Copley, are owned by Mrs. Charles Amory, Jr., and C. W. Amory, Esq.; the Blackburn portrait of John Rowe, by Dr. Joseph Rowe Webster.

ter, Mass., and after the destruction by the Indians, came thither.

Not far from the Readville Station, at "Great Fowl Meadows," you pass over Paul's Bridge, rudely built by Farmer Hubbard in 1662, on your road to the northwest approach of the Great Blue Hill, by way of Brush Hill and



Shepherd with Dogs and Pike,—“long slender tapering up like a lance into the air,”—tending Sheep in a Meadow on the Estate of Augustus Hemenway, Canton.

Blue Hill avenues and the Wolcott Pines. Along Canton avenue are beautiful estates, ancient and modern. Many Davenports lived a hundred years ago in this vicinity, and the old Augustus Hemenway house, with its fine old pine-path, one of the homes of Mrs. Lewis Cabot, was in the last century the Nathaniel Davenport place. Here is the A.

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Lawrence Rotch estate, the Governor Roger Wolcott estate, and the J. Huntington Wolcott place; the celebrated Wolcott Pines are now a part of the Blue Hill Reservation, as are the Crossman Pines, where old-style picnics are the vogue. To reach the old Crossman house from Mattapan (here are the early Hollingsworth places and a Park on the Neponset, the gift of Amor L. Hollingsworth) follow the beautiful Brush Hill Road over Tucker and Robbins streets to Canton Avenue, thence by a lane to the Pines. The view from Hoosicwhisick is rivalled by that from Cherry Hill on the Canton Pass. Cherry Tavern, of old famous for cherry parties, became the country house of Dr. Samuel Cabot, now owned by Dr. Arthur Cabot. Hard by, the Rev. Peter Thacher, a founder of Unquity-quisset, preached a monthly discourse to the Punkapoag Indians. They requested that Colonel John Quincy, for whom Quincy was named, should be appointed their guardian.



*John Rowe,
his Fire Bucket.*

QUINCY, 1633-1640-1792

*"Who cometh over the hills,
Her garments with morning sweet,
The dance of a thousand rills,
Making music before her feet? . . .*

*Freedom, O, fairest of all
The daughter of Time and Thought."*

LOWELL.

(Ode read at the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Fight at Concord.)



QUINCY, old Braintree's North Precinct, brings to mind numberless images of patriotism and sentiment. First appears the dauntless champion of the New World, Captain John Smith, parleying with a curious, friendly race in the shadow of Mos-wachuset Mount; this "paradise" satisfies alike his passion for discovery and his love of the beautiful. In 1621, see the shallop of Standish of Standish, who comes to treat with Chickatabut in the Massachusetts Fields; his warriors have been swept away by a mighty pestilence, and the Indian corn-fields are sere and waste. The Pilgrims land near Neponset's mouth, at the romantic headland Squantum.¹ They breakfast off a pile of lobsters on the shore, later

¹ Tisquantum, or Squanto, was the herald of Massasoit to New Plymouth. He saw at once their starving plight and "went out at noone to fish for Eeles" for them. Governor Bradford says that he was the "spetiall instrument sent by God. He directed them how to plant their cornc, where to fish, and was also their pilott to bring them to unknown places for their profit . . . and never left them till he dyed." Tisquantum was the only living member of all the Patuxet tribe. He had been carried off to England by Captain Hunt before the plague, and found a home with Gorges; Captain Dermcr brought him back to Plymouth, speaking English and with English habits.

paying an Indian woman for them, who conducted them to the Sachem's wigwam.

QUINCY

LANDMARKS: Birthplace of John Adams (1681-1700); restored by the Adams Chapter, D. R., and opened to the public after a new "Hanging of the Crane." "The Cottage," birthplace of John Quincy Adams, restored by Quincy Historical Society; in summer the houses are open from 2 to 5. President's Lane, opened by John Adams to his cow pastures, Goff St. Christ Church (1728-1874). Church of England services held in 1684 at Braintree. Hancock Cemetery, oldest stone, 1666. Leonard Vassall-President John Adams mansion (1730-1787), Adams St. Furnace Brook. Chief Justice Thomas B. Adams house, Elm St., home of Elizabeth C. Adams, who witnessed the last meeting of Lafayette and John Adams. Miller place; Dr. William Everett house. Brackett homestead, Brackett St. Samuel Brackett house (1827). Deacon Savil house. Beale house. Old Quincy homestead and Hon. Peter Butler house (1633-1705); William Coddington's home-lot by Black's Creek on Quincy Brook, birthplace of Dorothy Q.; Judge Sewall slept in "the chamber next the Brooke" when visiting "Uncle Quinsey." Charles F. Adams, Sr., mansion. President's Hill. Colonel Josiah Quincy mansion (1770). Quincy mansion (1828), now Quincy Mansion School. Merry-Mount Park, gift of C. F. Adams, the younger. Sachem's Brook, boundary of Quincy Grant. Crane Memorial Hall (Richardson), contains Thomas Crane Public Library. Adams Academy, on site birthplace of John Hancock. Woodward Institute. Public Park, gift of Henry H. Faxon. Memorial Cairn on Squantum headland, corner-stone laid by Charles Francis Adams and Mrs. William Lee, Regent, D. R. Old shipyard,

In 1625 Captain Wollaston enters, and like Gorges at Wessagusset, finding the climate uncongenial, sets out for Virginia leaving Tom Morton and his boon companions on Mount Wollaston. The captain away, the mice did play on Merry-Mount,—and such merry, merry mice were these that they fell into disgrace with both Plymouth and the Bay, and Captain Myles Standish was forced again to voyage thither to rid New England of a reckless adventurer, who, moreover, was instructing the Indians in the use of firearms and "fire-water." Morton retaliated by satirizing Standish as "Captain Shrimp." Blackstone of Beacon Hill was assessed twelve shillings toward the expense of arresting Morton, and Governor Endicott himself hewed down the May-pole.

Thereafter nobody wished to live south of the Neponset until some gentlemen who had arrived with Thomas Hooker and John Cotton, accepted allotments: Coddington and Edmund Quincy, the Rev. John Wilson, the Rev. John Wheelwright, and Atherton Hough; William Hutchinson's

acres are now Wollaston Heights. His wife, Anne, was that woman of wit who caused so much trouble in Boston and abroad by her magnetic exhortations to a more liberal Covenant of Grace, and particularly by her criticism of each Sunday's sermon; she had been an admirer of Rev. John Cotton's preaching, but was antagonistic to the stiff-necked Rev. John Wilson, he who read her sentence of expulsion from the First Church in Boston. We shall see her next in Rhode Island.

Quincy Point. Deacon Thomas's shipyard, Germantown. The *Massachusetts* launched (1780), national event; lines drafted by Captain William Hackett of Amesbury, builder of the *Alliance*; colors hoisted by Captain Amasa Delano; shipped three crews before finally securing plucky Yankee crew, because of Moll Pitcher's prophecy that she would go to "Davy Jones's locker."

Colonel Edmund Quincy (the son of Edmund the "immigrant") built the Quincy mansion, where "Dorothy Q."¹ was born. "My Dorothy," Holmes calls her, contemplating her portrait in his study:

"Grandmother's mother: her age I guess
Thirteen summers or something less. . . .
Look not on her with eye of scorn,
Dorothy Q. was a lady born!"

"My Dorothy" was demure and domestic and devoted to her garden, drying her laces on the old box borders, and at fifteen the right hand of her mother, owing to her sister's marriage to John Wendell. Hancock's Dorothy was a bewitching coquette, the youngest of the five beautiful daughters of "Squire Edmund," who removed here from Summer Street, Boston, when she was two years old.²

It was a piquant household in which pretty Dorothy grew up, her sisters having scores of admirers, especially "the

¹ The daughter of "Dorothy Q." Jackson married Judge Oliver Wendell. Their grandson was Oliver Wendell Holmes, and his son is Chief Justice O. W. Holmes.

² *Where American Independence Began*, by Daniel Munro Wilson, a resident of this older Quincy mansion in recent years.

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pert, sprightly, and gay Esther," as John Adams calls her; he prefers the society of the "bookish" Hannah¹ Quincy, her cousin, and writes in his *Diary* of his devoted friend, Jonathan Sewall that his "courtship of Esther Quincy brought him to Braintree commonly on Saturdays, where he remained till Monday." William Greenleaf was the accepted suitor of Sarah Quincy, and at General Greenleaf's home in Lancaster Squire Quincy took refuge in 1775. In honor of Dorothy's approaching wedding to John Hancock, it is said that one of the rooms was hung with odd Chinese paper, but fortunes of war upset the best of plans, and her wedding came about very quietly at the Thaddeus Burr house in Fairfield, owing to the proscription on Hancock's head. Dorothy was ever "coy and hard to please," and poor Hancock was obliged to ask the favor of a watch string,—“I wear them out so fast, I want some little thing of your doing.” Would that the President of the Continental Congress and worshipful Governor of Massachusetts had not begged in vain for longer epistles from his sweet Dorothy Q! “I have ask'd million questions & not an answer to one.”

Quincy had many distinguished correspondents,—educators and authors. John Adams has left us our best journals of the Revolution, and we would not lose one line of Mrs.

¹ Daughter of Colonel Josiah Quincy, who lived in the "Hancock parsonage" until it was burned, erecting the later Quincy mansion in 1770. John Hancock was living in Boston with his uncle, Thomas Hancock, on Beacon Street. Another spacious Quincy house near by, now the Quincy Mansion School, was built in 1828 by Josiah Quincy, grandfather of the Hon. Josiah P. Quincy, Mayor of Boston, 1896-97. In his Boston home hangs a Copley of the first Josiah, with the heavy lace ruffles of his time. On the site of the parsonage, John Hancock's birthplace, stands Adams Academy. Famous masters were Dr. William R. Dimmock, Dr. William Everett, and Mr. William Royall Tyler. The celebrated "Quincy system" was established by Charles Francis Adams, the historian. The home of Professor Henry Adams of Washington, author of the *History of the United States*, is in Washington. The third Charles Francis Adams is Treasurer of Harvard.



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The Quincy Granite Quarries.

The decision of Solomon Willard, the architect of Bunker Hill Monument, that it should be made of Quincy granite caused the building of the first railroad in the United States by Gideon Bryant, from the quarries to the Neponset River. The first cars were run by horse-power on October 7, 1826. Early tools were so inefficient that the blocks for King's Chapel were broken into shape by letting iron balls drop on heated blocks.

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Adams's letters, even to her longings for pins at twenty shillings the paper.

The country house of Leonard Vassall, a West Indian planter, the home of Mrs. John Quincy Adams, was purchased after the war by John Adams, and Vassall's St. Domingo mahogany room, panelled to the ceiling, remains. In the east, or "ceremony room," President John Adams celebrated his golden wedding; and also his son, President John Quincy Adams, and Charles Francis Adams, our Minister to Great Britain. The Vassalls, Apthorps, Cleverlys, Borlands, and other gentry were Church of England folk. Judge Sewall refers to the old Christ Church society on "Christmas-day, 1727, Shops open, and people come to Town with Hoop-poles, Hay, wood etc. Mr. Miller keeps the day in his New church at Braintey; people flock thither." In 1773, its rector, the Rev. Edward Winslow, found it no longer safe to read the prayer for the king, and took refuge in New York. Samuel Quincy was the only other loyalist expatriated, although the town was looked upon as a "Tory hot-bed."¹

As war-times waxed hot, Colonel Quincy² and General Joseph Palmer were obliged to close their glass-works, the first in America, and one may imagine with what a sigh of relief Colonel Quincy wrote with his diamond on his attic pane the significant legend, "*October 16th, 1775, Governor Gage sailed to England with a fair wind.*" But Braintree's suspense continued for months, and Colonel Quincy anxiously watched the port from his attic, reporting to Washington; while Abigail Adams climbed Penn's Hill, whenever

¹ *Three Episodes of Massachusetts History*, by Charles Francis Adams.

² In the later Quincy mansion the "Franklin room" recalls Colonel Quincy's warm friendship with the philosopher, begun when he was on his mission to Philadelphia, sent by Governor Shirley to induce Pennsylvania to unite with Massachusetts in placing a fortress near Ticonderoga.

she could snatch a moment from caring for soldiers and refugees, to review the situation and then write late into the night, in order to keep her husband posted at Philadelphia. The people momentarily looked for an attack from floating batteries, and a fortnight after the battle of Lexington the seacoast was so alarmed that the ladies of the Quincy family



*The Adams "Cottage."
Birthplace of John Quincy Adams.*

took refuge over night with Mrs. Adams at the foot of Penn's Hill.¹ In March, just before the evacuation, Mrs. Adams writes:

¹ On Penn's Hill is a cairn (see initial letter) with the inscription: *From this spot, with her son John Quincy Adams, then a boy of seven, at her side, Abigail Adams watched the smoke of burning Charlestown while listening to the guns of Bunker Hill, Saturday, June 17, 1775.* Erected by the Adams Chapter of Quincy, of the Daughters of the Revolution, Mrs. N. V. Titus,

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“From Penn’s Hill we have a view of the largest fleet ever seen in America . . . upwards of a hundred and seventy sail. They look like a forest . . . many people are elated at their quitting Boston, I confess I do not feel so, ’t is only lifting a burden from one shoulder to the other perhaps less able or less willing to support it . . . every foot of ground which they obtain now they must fight for, and may they purchase it at the Bunker Hill price!”

Josiah Quincy, son of the “Boston Cicero” and President of Harvard College, prided himself on his successful farming experiments¹ on this inherited estate. President Monroe, after dining with Mr. Adams, paid Mr. Quincy a visit, their political differences apparently forgotten. The roses were in bloom, and his son Edmund says: “It must be confessed that my father had ordered a few loads of hay, already housed, to be spread again for the picturesque effect and chiefly to afford the laborers an opportunity of seeing the President as he walked over the estate.”

The courtship of Mr. Quincy was romantic; one evening at a small company, listening to a song of Burns’s, exquisitely

regent; the corner-stone, a polished Quincy granite sleeper of the first railroad, was laid by Abigail Adams, daughter of John Quincy Adams. Other stones were from patriotic societies; one from Concord battlefield, brought by Colonel E. S. Barrett, President of the Sons of the American Revolution; one from Lexington, by Mrs. Abbie B. Eastman, etc.

¹ These were of great value to the neighborhood, but his favorite scheme of substituting the hawthorn hedge for the rail-fence was more ornamental than useful, New Hampshire cows being more wilful than the mild, civilized kine of England.

President Quincy arose at four and made a breakfast of crackers and coffee. On account of, or in spite of, his mother’s hygienic practices, he lived to the age of ninety-two; when but three years old, he was taken from his warm bed and dipped in a “cold tub” winter and summer. One realizes his span of years in remembering that Mr. Quincy attended the levees of Washington, and that President Lincoln sent him on New Year’s Day, 1863, an imperial photograph portrait of himself.

sung in an adjoining room, he immediately became interested in the stranger, Miss Eliza Susan Morton, a daughter of “the Rebel banker,” as the Tories called Mr. Morton, who was visiting in Boston, and in one week won her hand. Miss Morton returned to New York, and his first visit to his betrothed, ostensibly to see New York and Philadelphia, was undertaken in company with Mr. William Sullivan, son of Governor James Sullivan, his only confidant. Mr. Quincy says, in part: “I set out from Boston in the line of stages of an enterprising Yankee, Pease by name, considered a method of transportation of wonderful expedition. The journey to New York took up a week. The carriages were old and shackling and much of the harness of ropes. . . . We reached our resting-place for the night, if no accident intervened, at ten o'clock, and, after a frugal supper, went to bed with a notice that we should be called at three—which generally proved to be half-past two.”

Whether it snowed or rained, the traveller must make ready by the help of a horn lantern and a farthing candle, and proceed over bad roads, sometimes obliged to help lift the coach out of the quagmire. Mr. Quincy met with flattering attentions, and made distinguished acquaintances during his stay,—Alexander Hamilton, Robert Morris, Samuel Breck. At Mr. William Bingham's, Colonel Quincy met Talleyrand, then “in the intermediate state of humiliation” from the bishopric of Autun to the principality of Beneventum. During this forced residence in America, Talleyrand formed his opinion of our social pleasures, and cynically answered a French lady who said, “You have not forgotten, Prince, the ball you and I were at together in Philadelphia?” “Ah, no!” with an eloquent shrug; “the Americans are a hospitable people,—a magnanimous people,—and are destined to be a great nation;—*mais leur luxe est affreux.*”¹

Opening the jewel-box of Miss Eliza Susan Quincy, one finds, among other mementos, a valentine of 1752, which

¹ *Life of Josiah Quincy*, by Edmund Quincy.

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belonged to her German grandmother, Mrs. Sophia Kemper Morton, inscribed, *To Sophia Kemperin*; a brooch, sent by Maria Edgeworth to Miss Quincy; a lock of Washington's hair, presented by Mrs. Peters, the daughter of Martha Washington; and a mourning badge for Washington, worn by Miss Quincy. She lived in the homestead with her



*The First Church or
"The Adams Temple."*

brother Josiah, Mayor of Boston, —the story of the "Josiahs" is long, and it is said of the Quincys that while in other families the descent is from sire to son, with them it is from "'Siah to 'Siah."

In the burying-ground of the First Church strange histories are written underneath epitaphs of Pilgrim and Puritan, Whig and Tory, and pathetic heart-links with the Old World. Here lie Henry Flynt, the first "teacher," and his wife, Margery Hoar; their daughter was "Dorothy Q." Margery Hoar's mother, Joanna Hoar, the widow of Charles Hoar, sheriff of Gloucester, emigrated with five children. "Great Mother" is inscribed on the tomb erected to her by

the Hon. George F. Hoar, a descendant of her son, John Hoar, who settled at Concord. Judge E. R. Hoar endowed a Radcliffe scholarship as a tribute to "the widow Joanna Hoar," by addressing a quaint, fanciful letter to Mrs. Agassiz, purporting to have been written by Joanna Hoar from old Braintree, declaring herself "a contemporary of the pious and bountiful Lady Radcliffe, for whom your college

is named." Dr. Leonard Hoar, son of Joanna Hoar, third President of Harvard, sleeps here; and his wife, the daughter of gentle Lady Alice Lisle, whose existence was blighted by the ferocious Jeffreys. Macaulay tells the pitiful story of how she was condemned to be burned alive for unwittingly harboring two fugitives from the battlefield of Sedgemoor, where the Monmouth rebellion came to an end. Ladies of high rank interceded for her, the clergy waxed indignant, and Jeffreys reluctantly commuted his barbarous sentence to beheading.¹

On Quincy shore, the cruiser *Des Moines* was christened with ceremony on September 20, 1902, in one of the most interesting shipyards in the world. When the small Fore River Engine Works which built successfully steam-yachts, undertook great battleships they were obliged to move down Fore River to Quincy for deeper water. A new era for sail-freighters is begun in the completion of a seven-masted schooner of steel, the first on any seas. In the double bottom, water is pumped after her cargo is delivered, as an economical ballast. The *Rhode Island* and *New Jersey*, first class battleships, were under construction at the same time.

¹ The account of the visit of Senator Hoar to Moyles's Court, the home of the Lisles, is included in *The Hoar Family in America and its English Ancestry*, by Henry Stedman Nourse.

HULL (NANTASCO), 1624-1644

"Mariner, what of the deep?"

QUAINT little Hull is tucked away on an elbow of Plymouth County, amid fortifications, memories, and the sea. In front of the bastions of this old French fort have passed in review the world's argosies. Her batteries, placed by Count D'Estaing¹ in 1776, kept at a safe distance Admiral Howe's fleet, which hovered outside like a British hawk, ready to pounce again upon the French ships, recuperating in Boston Harbor from recent injuries at Newport. On the headland of Hull you may sweep with a spy-glass the entire Puritan coast from Cape Ann to the "jagged Brewsters" in Boston Bay, than which no bay is more beautiful. Southward stretches the Pilgrim coast. From Plymouth came hither the disaffected Lyford and Oldham to join "the stragglers" at Nantasket and trade with the Indians. Among the first permanent settlers of Hull was John Prince, an exile in Cromwell's day. In the old Loring house was born Israel Loring, pastor of Sudbury.

As you watch the garrison flag on Fort Warren dip to the setting sun, a government boat eagerly runs past her guns toward the North Church bell-tower, which signalled Paul Revere, and toward the crowning dome, the fluttering flags of Trimountaine. As the light fades, ghostly vessels of odd rigging drift in her wake. See first the shallop of Governor Winthrop, who has just paid Captain Squeb a

¹ During the blockade of D'Estaing, Governor Hancock gave a royal breakfast for the French officers on Beacon Hill. In return a dinner was given on board the flagship; Madame Hancock, being requested to ring a small bell, was much startled at a deafening artillery salute in her honor from the entire squadron.

visit on the *Mary and John*. Squab feared to enter this unknown harbor, and without more ado put his homeless passengers ashore on Nantasket Point and left the "godly



Low Tide—Nantasket Beach Reservation.

"The tide will ebb at day's decline.

(Ich bin dein.)

*Impatient for the open sea,
At anchor rocks the tossing ship,
The ship that only waits for thee."*

families from Devonshire and Dorsetshire" to shift for themselves "in a forlorn place in this wilderness."¹

¹ "But," writes Captain Roger Clap, "as it pleased God, we got a boat of some old planters and laded her with goods, and some able men well armed went in her to Charlestown, where we found some wigwams and one house . . . and then we went up Charles River, until the river grew narrow and shallow, and there we landed our goods with much labor and toil, the banks being steep [Watertown]. . . . In the

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Some fifty years later three frigates, filled with colonists and Indians, under Colonel Benjamin Church, the famous Indian fighter, are setting sail against the French settlements of Maine and Acadia. In Nantasket Roads (1711) anchored the British Armada of fifteen men-of-war and forty transports, including Marlborough's veterans, under Sir Hovenden Walker, whose hopes of the conquest of Canada were destroyed by a storm at the mouth of the St. Lawrence.

A rare pageant was the going away of the ten victorious vessels of our French allies, led by *Le Triomphant*. Regiment after regiment, plumed Soissonais Grenadiers resplendent in red, white, and pink, led by Comte Ségur, afterwards a peer of France; the Bourbonnais in black and red; the Count de Deux-Ponts, with his four battalions; the Saintonge regiment led by the Prince de Broglie, and many more, all under the waving *fleur-de-llys*, boarded their ships in Nantasket Roads. Gay and gallant noblemen and officers, in two-cornered cocked hats with the white cockade, waved farewell from the quarter-deck. The chivalrous Lauzun, with his Legion, was there; Viomenil, afterwards slain defending the Tuileries; the Chevalier Alexandre de Lameth; Count Mathieu Dumas; and Alexandre Berthier, afterwards Marshal under Napoleon.

In the War of 1812 the *Constitution* ran the blockade of Boston Harbor seven times, and set sail from Nantasket Roads preceding her capture of the *Guerrière*, under command of Captain Isaac Hull, "the cool old Yankee."¹

morning, some of the Indians came and stood a distance off, looking at us . . . some of them came and held out a great bass towards us; so we sent a man with a biscuit, and changed the cake for the bass. Afterwards, they supplied us with bass, exchanging a bass for a biscuit cake, and were very friendly with us."

¹ In the pursuit of the *Constitution* by the *Belvidere*, the *Shannon*, the *Guerrière*, "every daring expedient known to the most perfect seamanship was tried, and tried with success, and no victorious fight could reflect

Nantasket Beach the Indians' Play-ground 329

Skull Head was the scene of aboriginal battles, and Nantasket Beach the play-ground of Indian tribes. Three centuries ago, where yonder children are now playing leap-frog, stood a pole hung with beaver skins and wampum;

fantastic, swarthy figures are running and playing football to win these trophies; their wild shouts may be heard above the *sawkiss* (great panting) of the ocean. Chiefs who have seen eighty snows look on stoically while the young men strike on the beach a wooden bowl containing five flat pieces of bone, black on one side and white on the other; as the bones bound and fall,

white or black, the game is decided; the players sit in a circle making a deafening noise,—*hub, hub*, “come, come,” from which it was called hubbub. Their council fires were lighted on Sagamore Hill.



*U. S. Frigate "Constitution." built at Boston, 1797.
"Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!"*

more credit on the conqueror than this three days' chase did on Hull . . . her officers and men showed that they could handle the sails as well as they could the guns. Hull out-maneuvred Broke and Byron as cleverly as a month later he out-fought Dacres."—*Naval War of 1812*, by Theodore Roosevelt.

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Colonial Boston sailed out here in family parties to enjoy lobsters, "fat and luscious," and fish chowder, with a dessert picked on *Strawberry Hill*. It is said that Daniel Webster first delivered his apostrophe to the veterans of Bunker Hill to a gigantic codfish off Nantasket. Thus early began the evolution of Nantasket Beach as a pleasure-ground. It is now scientifically cared for by the Metropolitan Park Commission. One knows not at what hour the long, firm beach is most entrancing. When Evening calls forth her worlds of light to illumine purple waters and misty surf, the merry crowd are subdued under the spell of music and moonlight; yet, when glorious Morning sails across waking skies:

"The dewy beach beneath her glows;
A pencilled beam, the lighthouse burns;
Full-breathed, the fragrant sea-wind blows,—
Life to the world returns!"

The Bath (BAYARD TAYLOR).



COHASSET (CONAHESSET), 1614-1717-1770



Minot Light.

JERUSALEM ROAD is the ideal portal of Cohasset, combining in its circuitous length charming modern villas with ancient settlement. Doubtless the earliest inhabitants of Nantasco, Conahesset, and Scituate built with an eye to the natural beauty of inlet and shore, however stoically colonial lore may insist that material necessity is the settler's plea. The artist

is struck by Cohasset's fantastically worn rocks of many hues, lying alongshore between sloping turf and the crystalline tones of a changeful sea. There were no roads, not so much as a cart-path, nigh Israel Nichols, the weaver, when he sledded his house across the ice from Green Hill to the south shore of Straits Pond, where ran the slight shore trail on the line of Jerusalem Road. The trail became a well-worn foot-path about the time that young Nathaniel Nichols began to go a-courtin' Elizabeth Lincoln at Little Harbor. We fancy that Nathaniel was so intent on thinking how pretty she looked in her new meetin' bunnit, that he scarcely noticed the moonshine on the water or the camp-fires of the Hingham herders watching the cattle on Beach Island. Some evenings he found his sweetheart carding the wool after the sheep-shearing; again, weaving rye straws into braid for the wide field-hats; sometimes dipping candles or peeling apples as rosy as her cheeks, when, like Zekle, he crep' up unbeknown and "peeked in thru' the winder." Elizabeth would "blush scarlit" when

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"She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
A-raspin' on the scraper,—
All ways to once her feelin's flew,
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

"An' all I know is they was cried
In meetin' come nex' Sunday."¹

Elizabeth's father, Daniel Lincoln, built on the lot which had fallen to the Rev. Peter Hobart, when the first division

COHASSET

LANDMARKS: Jerusalem or Tugme-nug. Hull St. Strait's Pond and Dam (1796). Green Hill conglomerates with "Titanic Plums," coarsest pudding-stone in the U.S. Atlantic House Hill, an old volcano. Black Rock, lava spout. Cold Spring. Pie Corner. Daniel Webster's profile on Rock near Kimball's Hotel. Glacial scratches on diabase dyke. Cunningham Bridge. Sandy Cove. "Actor's Retreat." Summer homes of Lawrence Barrett, Robson, Crane, and others. Hominy Point. Scene of John Smith's "quarrell" with Indians (1614). Bassing Beach. Cohasset Yacht Club House. Government Island, Stone shaped here for "Minot's." The Unitarian Church, 1747. Town Library; Indian implements; skeleton of Algonquin Indian; colonial relics. Home of Nehemiah Hobart (1722); home of Rev. Joseph Osgood. Glacial Kettle-holes on Cooper's Island. Indian Pot and Indian Well. Old James house (1701). Tower homestead (1750). Turkey meadows.

of the Cohasset pasture and marsh lands was made among the men of Hingham; the playfellows of the six Lincolns were the twelve children of Ibrook Tower, the cooper. Aaron Pratt's² house, with its gabled roof and diamond panes, was the most picturesque in early Cohasset. It was John Jacob who constructed the first corduroy bridge in 1672 across the swampy land to the loading-place, whence hay and wood were boated round to Hingham. Jacob's meadow, near Cold Spring, lies half-way between Daniel Lincoln's place and the house of Mordecai Lincoln, the blacksmith, on Bound Brook, the rivulet dividing

¹ *The Courtin'*, by James Russell Lowell.

² Aaron Pratt was the son of Phinehas Pratt, who saved Wessagusset by his run to Plymouth. The fourteenth child of Aaron was Chief Justice Benjamin Pratt of New York. Aaron Pratt owned a pear-tree, the delight of his heart, which was persistently robbed, notwithstanding the vigilance of his faithful servant, and the negro's last request was that he might be buried beneath that pear-tree, so that he could "see who stole massa's pears."



*"When the tide comes in,
At once the sea and shore begin
Together to be glad."—H. H.*

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Plymouth Colony from Massachusetts Bay Colony. The ingenious, energetic Mordecai Lincoln, ancestor of Abraham Lincoln, soon had three milldams across Bound Brook, and it is said that he contrived in the dry season to use the same water for his saw-mill, grist-mill, and iron smelter. After a time the Lincolns owned a tannery, where the farmers sent hides before making them into boots for their families. This smallest iron pot, set in the chimney corner, was used to melt the tallow, which was rubbed into the stiff leather during long evenings, to make the boots pliable and weather-proof. Indeed, during the first century, every household necessity was made at home or bartered among themselves; blankets, stockings, and homespun garments were woven from the wool of sheep which were washed in Lily, or 'Kiah Tower's, pond (first called Scituate pond, "because it was on the road to Scituate"). Little meat was to be had, and the sailor, in his new yellow tarpaulin, provisioned his family with a strip of salt pork before starting on a cruise. The good wives supplemented this and the staple "rye 'n Injun" bread with luxuries made from "garden sass"; for has not Cohasset its "Pie Corner," "Bread-encheese Tree Lane," and "Apple Rock" near the Burbank house, where apple-bees were held while the pieces of apple were spread to dry in the sun. What a pleasant place to gossip! One dame inquires about the cut of that elegant paduasoy worn by Abby's cousin from Hingham. Another guesses as to whether the "catch" of the *Pretty Sall* will make enough quintals to allow her to buy just such a silk cape, besides sending the children to school next winter. It was a year of economy or a year of luxury in these days, according to the "ups and downs" of mackerel. Perhaps they talked over the extraordinary number of red ears at the last huskin' and Bethiah Tower's wedding-gown. An account of this pretty wedding of 1765 has come down to

us in the diary of Marshall Pratt, a grandson of John Pratt, the bridegroom. Mrs. Job Whitcomb, then a girl of fourteen, tells the story:

“A company of young men came out through the woods riding upon horses, each one having his girl sitting behind him on the pillion. They paraded in front of the house of the groom, and my beau, Joseph Whitcomb, rode his horse up to the bars. I climbed up on the bars and mounted the pillion behind him, John Pratt, the bridegroom, came out of the house dressed with a three-square cocked hat, white coat with black glass buttons, knee breeches with buckles, up to the fashion. I wore for a bonnet, a dark hat with a low crown, wide rim, a broad red ribbon tied around it, with two long bows. The bridegroom mounted his horse, rode single to the head of the company and the rest followed, two abreast. We went down by the Cohasset meeting-house, up Deer Hill Lane [Sohier Street] to Mr. Daniel Tower’s house on King Street, where the bride lived. We had a splendid wedding and the couple came to live in the groom’s own house next to his father’s.”¹

Close to the winding road along the sheltered waters of the Cove, old-fashioned June roses nod from the roofs of cosey homes, where, in 1778, were quartered the militia. Cohasset had a Revolutionary heroine, Persis Tower Lincoln, a daughter of “Resolution” Tower. Mrs. Lincoln could sail a boat as well as her husband, who had been made a prisoner by the British and sent to Dartmoor Prison, and she took upon herself the task of procuring needed supplies from Gloucester when Boston harbor was occupied by the enemy’s vessels, running the blockade as skilfully as any old salt. Across the Cove the houses on the rounding point

¹ *A Narrative History of the Town of Cohasset*, by E. Victor Bigelow, with maps and “Botany of Cohasset” by Priscilla L. Collier, and “Measurement of Trees” by Dr. O. H. Howe.

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are half hidden by warm, green branches. Crossing the bridge over the quiet waters of Bound Brook, one looks on a grand sea-tumult in the "Gulf Stream"; a seething tide rushes through a jagged, narrow opening from the harbor, while ever, "like a bird imprisoned, the sea beats against



*Homestead of Mordecai Lincoln (1717), Cohasset.
Ancestor of Abraham Lincoln.*

its bars"—the "Glades," throwing showers of spray toward the warning eye of Minot light. At night, across inky clouds, the white light writes "danger" once, twice, four times,—pauses, and finishes its number with one, two, three.

"Minot's" was snapped like a pike-staff on April 16, 1851 (some sailors say this would not have happened had it not been that the keeper had built a shelf to hold his boat, which gave the storm waves a lever), and it was with the utmost

difficulty that stone disks were laid for a new lighthouse on these sunken ledges; work could be attempted only about one hundred and fifty hours in the year, at such scant moments as the restless ocean chose to relent in its mighty swell and the tide served. Nevertheless, Captain Barton Alexander, engineer, aided by Captain John Cook, rigger, and Captain Nicholas Tower and other noted Cohasset skippers, succeeded in constructing an indestructible tower of Quincy granite here on Government Island, repeating it on Minot Ledge.

Many lives have been saved by the volunteer crew of Cohasset; and, contemplating the Grampuses, East and West Hogshead Rocks, Gull Ledge, and the rocks of Brush Island, so picturesque in their brown sea-weed dress at summer's ebb tide, so menacing in a gale, it makes one glad for the chances of the wrecked mariner of forlorn hope that yonder firm road leads to a Life Saving Station at Scituate.

At the Common, where stands the home of the first minister, the Rev. Nehemiah Hobart, occupied by the venerable Rev. Joseph Osgood during his fifty years' pastorate, white, protecting spires point high above clustered homesteads; here again is contrast, as the broad, green level, with its pretty pond, only sharpens the jagged ledges encountered every other where in Quonahassit—the *long-rock-place*.

HINGHAM (BARE COVE), 1633-1635

*"Out of the hazy light, e'en as we gaze
Grow on our eyes the Quincy spires far off;
The Weymouth village roofs break through the air,
And masts of ships at anchor. . . .
The village with its belfry and its elms."*

Crow Point, 1869. JOHN D. LONG.



APPY is he who knows this dear New England town; once an acquaintance of Hingham always a lover! She is quaint and beautiful withal, nestling among her hills of greater or lesser magnitude. The wife of Judge Lyman of Northampton delighted to visit here when a young girl, and she thought that Hingham resembled Cranford more than any place she ever saw, there being quite as much that was original and intellectually bright in the society, "were there only a historian like Mrs. Gaskell to take it off." Her mother, Mrs. Edward H. Robbins of Milton, was a great friend of the good ladies—the three Misses Barker of Hingham, who kept loyal to the King all their lives, claiming George IV. as their liege lord fifty years after the Declaration of Independence. Their home stood on one of the beautiful streets of the world, shadowed in part by a double row of wine-glass' elms, which extends from Broad Bridge—near where stood the stocks—along "Bachelor's Row," over Glad Tidings Plain to the old turnpike at Queen Ann's Corner. At Accord Pond, near by, three famous trails met, from Plymouth, Middleboro', and the Bay. Tradition says that its name originated in a dis-

The initial letter is the belfry tower of Hingham's New North Church of 1806.

pute over the boundaries of three ancient townships settled in *accord* on the ice one winter's day.

An independent little piece lying between the Plymouth and Bay Colonies, Hingham *would speak her mind*, like her preacher, Mr. Peter Hobart, and obey neither Pilgrim or Puritan behest without question. Imagine the worshipful John Winthrop laying aside his honors of the bench to sit beneath the bar for prosecution on account of dissension among the Hinghamites over the question of electing a captain of their Trainband! The climax of the dramatic scene was the remarkable speech of Governor Winthrop upon Liberty.

Cotton Mather says, in his *Life of Mr. Peter Hobart*, that he was born at Hingham (England), a market town in the county of Norfolk, of parents eminent for piety. "He was mostly a morning student, not meriting the name of *Homo Lectissimus*, as he in the witty epigrammatist, from his *long lying a bed*, and yet he would improve the darkness of the evening for solemn fixed illuminating meditations."

From Hingham, England, came also Matthew Cushing, who em-

HINGHAM

LANDMARKS: Major-General Lincoln homestead (1667-1694-1772). Barker Wilder house. Colonel John Thaxter or Quincy Thaxter house (1718), South St. Andrews house (1685), North St., near R.R. Station. Site whipping-post, near Thaxter's Bridge. Andrew's "Garrison" or Perez Lincoln house (1640), North St. Rev. Ebenezer Gay house, or "John Norton's Mansion House," or Colonel Charles Lane homestead. In the east end lived Richard Church, father of Colonel Benjamin, "the Indian fighter." New North Church (1806). Fearing-Cushing-Lincoln house (1680), North St. House of Dr. Bela Lincoln, brother of Gen. Lincoln, married Squire Edmund Quincy's daughter, now The Cushing House. The Old Meeting-House (1681). Henry Thaxter house (1762), Main St., residence of Miss Susan B. Willard; Tranquillity Grove, famous for social and political gatherings, stood back of the house. House where Lafayette stopped, on site of Anchor Tavern. Col. John Thaxter house (1718), South St., now Wampatuck Club House. Rainbow-roof house, South Hingham. "Wilder Memorial, for the promotion of Industry and Education; given by Martin Wilder, a Mechanic," to the South Parish, his birthplace, in 1790. The Rev. Daniel Shute homestead (1746). Almost intact, panelled rooms, wallpaper century old, unique candlestick six feet high, the candle-holder sliding up and down like a modern piano lamp. Eliphalet Loring house (1680-1799), South Hingham. Public Library, Centre Hingham; geological collection of rocks of Hingham, gift of Thomas T. Bouvé. Peter Cushing homestead, built by Daniel (1679), timbers in the barn taken from first "Old Church"; owned by Cushing descendants. Beal house

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(1690), oak frame; opposite head of Hull Street (North Cohasset Station), owned by Beal descendants. Governor John A. Andrew house. Cushing-Gorham Lincoln house, residence of Miss Gertrude Edmands. Cushing - Keesham house, below Pear-tree Hill. Thomas Chubbock house (1720), Liberty Plain (timber felled on the spot). Bradley Hill. Old Colony Hill. The World's End. Brewer Estate (leave Nantasket car at Martin's Lane, one mile walk, superb view). Squirrel Hill. Prospect Hill, highest point.

barked on the ship *Diligent* with his wife, children, and the Widow Riecroft, sailing from Gravesend to Boston. The Cushings became at once very active in the public affairs of Hingham and the Colony.¹

It is not strange that Hingham and Lincoln are synonymous, for seven Lincolns—Daniel, Samuel,

Stephen, and four Thomases—were pioneers: Thomas the cooper, Thomas the weaver, Thomas the miller, Thomas the



Accord Pond.

¹ Matthew Cushing and his wife, Nazareth Pitcher, are ancestors of all the New England Cushings; John Cushing, his son, purchased Belle House Neck, Scituate, and one of his ten sons was the Hon. John Cushing, born at Scituate, member of the Governor's Council, and one of thirty-three justices who governed the Superior Court of Massachusetts between its foundation in 1692 and its overthrow by the Revolution, the Bench consisting of five members. His son, the Hon. John Cushing, Councillor of the Province, was one of the presiding judges at the trial of the British soldiers after the Boston Massacre. He married a granddaughter of Josiah Winslow, a brother of Governor Edward Winslow;

and, for his second wife, the daughter of Josiah Cotton, whose estate covered from Pemberton Square to Ashburton Place.

husbandman. Thomas Lincoln the cooper built the house later the home of the Hingham patriot, Major-General Benjamin Lincoln. "The crowning moment of his career was on the day of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, when he was sent by Washington to receive the sword of the British Commander." General Lincoln was also Secretary of War and

a member of the Massachusetts Convention that ratified the Constitution. The heirlooms of the low, wainscoted rooms have fortunately never suffered from fire or fateful moving. The rare fire-back has been given to the Massachu-



The Guardian Elm, South Hingham.

setts Daughters of the American Revolution for a perpetual loan to Continental Hall by the family of Samuel T. Crosby.

Two centuries have left a South Hingham house, in which was enacted a pretty drama of our colonial wars, almost unchanged. *The Nameless Nobleman*, Francis Le Baron, was concealed between the floors, and capped the romantic episode by marrying his brave little friend, Molly Wilder, the daughter of the house.

In the old Thomas Thaxter mansion of 1652, removed in 1864, was a blind passage with a secret door, where Tories were concealed from the Committee of Safety, thence smuggled to Boston. Major Samuel Thaxter was captured

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by the Indians at the massacre of Fort William Henry and tied to a tree. Seeing two French officers, he said, "Is this the way you treat commissioned officers?" They let him go and he managed to drag himself to Fort Edward. His comrades reported him missing at home, and Dr. Gay preached his funeral sermon. When Major Thaxter¹ ar-



Derby Academy from Broad Bridge.

rived, he met Caleb Bates driving home his cows. "Why, Major," he exclaimed, "we have just buried you!"

Jeremiah Lincoln and Moses Whiton were appointed by the First Parish to keep the porch of the meeting-house "from being needlessly encumbered with women on the Sabbath." This refers to the porch of the unique "Old Meeting-House," erected in 1681, the oldest house of public worship now in use in the United States.

Daniel Webster was not the first admirer of the view from Otis Hill, for John Otis, who founded a memorable family,

¹ Major Thaxter's liquor-case, punch-bowl, knee-buckles, leather breeches, the compass which guided him through trackless Canadian forests, and his "four-poster," surmounted by a crown, are still extant.

made it his home as early as 1633. He called it Weari-All-Hill, in honor, it is supposed, of that famous hill in Glastonbury town, where stood "the little wattled church, the mother of England's worship."¹ On the fifth branch of the Otis tree bloomed Mercy Otis Warren, whose life is a striking link in the chain connecting the colonial and Revolutionary periods. An intimate friend of Abigail Adams, they indulged in literary afternoon tea—"afternoon interviews" Mrs. Warren, the "blue-stocking," calls them. The Otis Hill encampment of the First Corps of Cadets, M.V.M., organized in 1741, is a yearly reminder of Hingham's military honors, which began in the election of the first commander of the colonial militia, Lieutenant Anthony Eames.

The blue forget-me-not grows wild in wide meadows, which enhance the charming variety of scenery in Hingham; here are marshes and sea, the Mount Blue drives, Jerusalem Road, Crow's Point, and, above all, World's End, with its view of views—Boston Harbor, Boston's Dome, islands fortified and islands green, and yellow Nantasket shore.

¹ *Mercy Warren*, by Alice Brown.



Wilder's Pond, Hingham.

WEYMOUTH, 1622-1635

*"We primeval forests felling,
We the rivers stemming . . .
Conquering, holding, daring, venturing as we go the unknown ways,
Pioneers! O pioneers!"*

WALT WHITMAN.

THE delightful old town of Weymouth is the only one in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to retain its original boundaries, and is next in age to Plymouth. At first, Wessagusset was the tiniest struggling plantation started by the buccaneer Weston, also called Old Spain. Why "Old Spain" tradition telleth not, for Sir Ferdinando Gorges,¹ Cavalier, instigator of the first permanent settlement under his son, Captain Robert Gorges, at Weymouth in September, 1623, was not of Spanish origin, as his name might imply, but a picturesque Elizabethan character, a lover of adventure like his kinsman, Raleigh, aspiring to a stately palatinate in the New World, and each spring dreamed golden dreams of crossing to take possession of his domain in royal state with a magnificent retinue of retainers.

Wessagusset and Plymouth were as friendly over the Indian trail as a primeval wilderness permitted, but the notable courtesy of the Pilgrims was put to severe test by Weston and his rude companions. The men of Plymouth

¹ The patent of land to Robert Gorges by the indefatigable Sir Ferdinando extended from Nahant through Middlesex County as far as Concord. The immense royal patent granted to Sir Ferdinando Gorges and heirs, as Lords Proprietors of the Province of Maine, included sixty miles of sea-coast. Gorges created Gorgeana, now York, Me., a city and seat of government. The hot controversy over rights to this territory was ended by his grandson Ferdinando, who, in 1677, in consideration of £1250, conveyed the title to the Governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay.

were warned that mischief was brewing at Wessagusset by the friendly Massasoit, who was grateful for the care bestowed upon him by the Pilgrim Edward Winslow, during a severe illness. It was a truly horrible plot, concocted by Wituwamet and certain hostile chiefs, to murder the half-starved colonists, and, after an easy victory, hang Pilgrim scalps at their belts, anon wiping out all hated white usurpers. The red men had reckoned without taking into account the *Sword-of-the-White-Men*,—Myles Standish the indomitable,—wisest general of his day.

When, at the close of March, 1623, Phineas Pratt, now known as "the Old Planter," and of finer stuff than others in Weston's company, dragged himself into Plymouth to warn the Pilgrims of treachery, he found Standish ready armed, about to set sail for Wessagusset in his shallop, with eight men and the Indian, Hobamack. Pratt eluded the Indians, who had boldly planted wigwams close to the white men, by making a pretence of searching for ground-nuts and acorns, and gradually creeping on into the woods; fortunately, he wandered from the trail in a tangle of swamp and underbrush, and the pursuing Indian scout passed him by. Pratt spent the night by a smouldering fire amongst howling wolves, eating his last handful of parched corn, as he looked down from Duxbury on the huts of Plymouth.

Standish found the *Swan* lying in Weymouth Fore River

WEYMOUTH

LANDMARKS: Arnold Tavern (1698), Commercial St. Asa Webb-Cowing house. Blanchard homestead, the Loud residence. Captain Samuel White-Tufts house (1664). Joseph White-Samuel Webb house (1700), birthplace Major John White, Webb Park. Tufts Library (containing MS. letter of Abigail Adams). Old Weston house, Front St. (1756). Weston mansion, Washington St., home of Maria W. Chapman. House Rock, East Weymouth (leave car at Essex St.). Bicknell homestead, Jackson Sq. William Reed estate, Pleasant St., South Weymouth. Ayer-Thayer house (1708). Fogg Library, Memorial. Weymouth Great Pond, 300 acres. Poole's Tavern. Reed homestead (1769), Front St. Noah Reed-Vining Place. Old North Church, Weymouth Heights. Old Parsonage (removed to Bridge St.), birthplace Abigail Adams. General Lovell house, Neck St. Old North Burying Ground. King Oak Hill. Selima Wiles house. Bayside (leave car at Sea St.). Fort Point, 1½ miles from Brown's Corner. Rose Cliff.

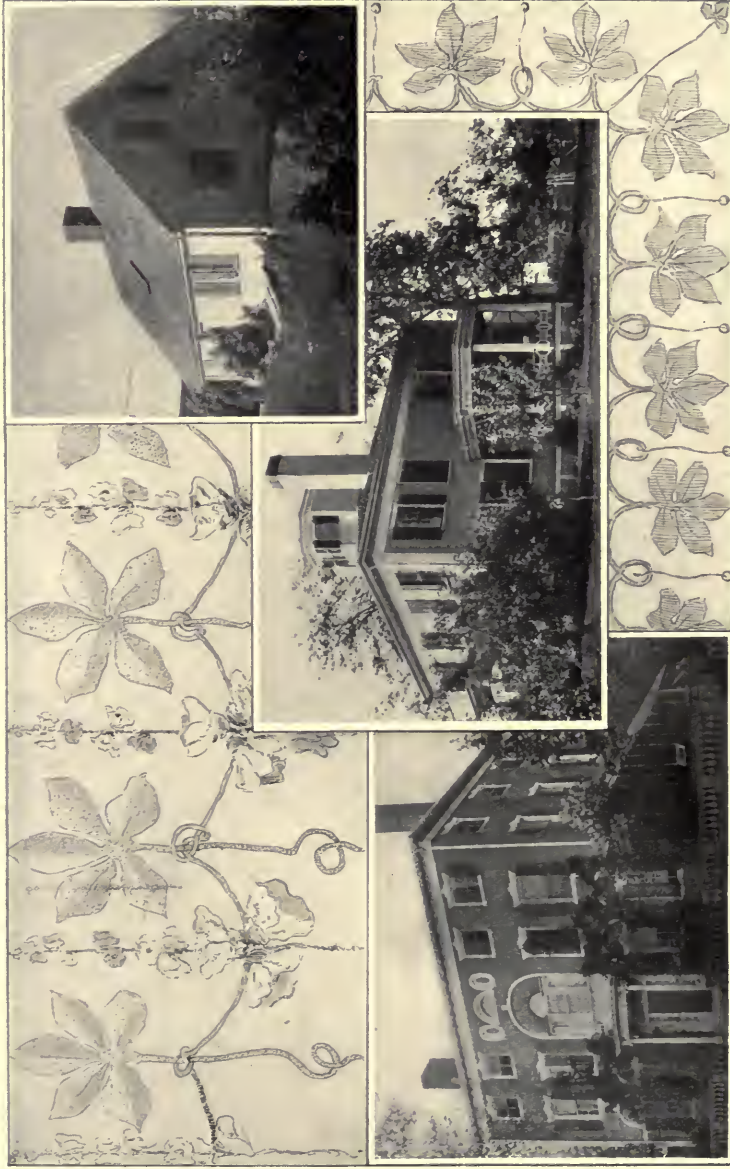
deserted. Wituwamet flourished his knife in face of the whites, and threatened that this knife, carved with the face of a woman, should see and act, but not speak. The boastful Pecksuot, largest of the braves, taunted Standish with his diminutive size, and, in the blockhouse, it was he whom Standish disarmed and killed with his own knife. So Standish, in his one scrimmage with the Indians, nipped their project in the bud and saved the infant nation. Had these chiefs been armed with the "weapons that speak," with which Morton of Merry Mount later supplied the savages, it would have been another story. Weston's people sailed away to the north. The head of Wituwamet, "that bold and bloody villain before spoken of," was set up on Plymouth's new fort as a warning to the imprisoned spy who followed Pratt. Governor Bradford then released him, believing that the tale of his experience would terrorize their enemies into begging a peace.

In September, Captain Robert Gorges¹ and a worthy following took possession of Weston's palisade; yet no traces of the English church government remained in Weymouth when the learned Rev. Samuel Newman entered on his Puritan pastorate. Certain foundations recently brought to light are thought to belong to Mr. Morrell's Episcopal Chapel.

Weymouth was buried from the world before the day of packets, and our great-great-grandfathers walked to Boston with goods on their backs to trade. The staunch yeoman

¹ Gorges brought over with him two divines, in order to form a settlement under the English church. The Rev. William Blackstone shortly departed for Shawmut (Boston); and the Rev. William Morrell, in 1625, followed Gorges back to England, extolling in Latin verse the charms of our summer, deprecating the "wondrous cruell red man," yet finding beautiful the Indian baskets into which their women wove

"Rare stories, princes, people, kingdomes, towers,
In curious finger-worke, or parchment flowers."



*Architecture in Weymouth and Braintree.
 The Asa Webb House, Weymouth.
 Granville Bowditch residence,
 East Braintree.
 Cowing residence.*

*Birthplace of Joshua Bates,
 founder of the Boston Public
 Library. Weymouth.*

toiled from "early morn," the women of the "best families" scrubbed and sanded their floors, a fresh white apron being the only dress-parade.

However, none were more proud of their "stock" than these pioneers. When John Adams, a young lawyer, came courting Abigail Smith, the parson's daughter, the village verdict "had it" that the Adams family was not "good enough" for the Smiths. The parson appeared obdurate at first, and, in the course of true love, John was not allowed to put up his horse in her father's barn, but must needs hitch him to a friendly tree. After Parson Smith gave his consent, the village knew that he would brook no meddling, by his sermon to cavilling neighbors from the text, "For John came neither eating bread nor drinking wine, and ye say, he hath a devil." He himself performed the marriage ceremony, and John and Abigail stole away from their merry guests, walking under a crescent moon to John's pretty cottage of the long well-sweep, facing the sea on the Plymouth turnpike. A few rods distant stands the house of his father, John Adams, on the line dividing the old North Precinct from the old South Precinct of Braintree. These two houses had belonged to Deacon Penniman, one of Braintree's founders, and his son. The North Precinct became the town of Quincy; Abigail Adams named her boy Quincy in honor of her grandfather, whose father, Edward Quinsey, held one of the early grants.

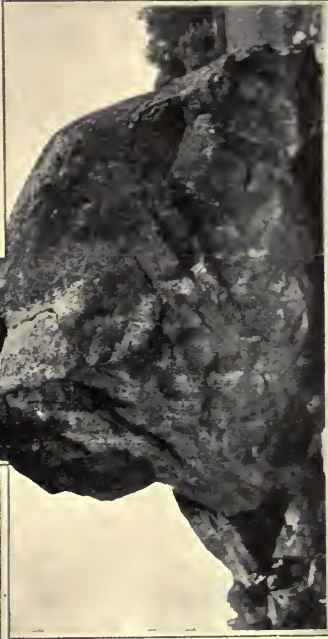
The colonial tavern was in high repute, and often within a stone's throw of the church. Rice's Tavern was noted for the hospitality of mine host and hostess. On a never-to-be-forgotten occasion, Josiah Rice drove in his chaise to Cambridge to attend Harvard Commencement. His costume of cinnamon broadcloth, small clothes with large pearl buttons, and silver buckles of the latest mode, was considered above reproach. It is doubtful if John Hancock



*Dighton Rock,
Berkley.
Writing copied
by Dr. Danforth
in 1680, by
Cotton Mather
in 1712, by Dr.
Greenwood in
1738, and by the
Historical So-
ciety in 1812.*



*House Rock,
Weymouth.
Profile of
Queen Victoria.*



*Hanging
Rock,
Somerset.*

Three Famous Rocks of Eastern Massachusetts.

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himself, in purple velvet coat and flowered waistcoat, was thought to be more bravely arrayed.

Not long after the first meeting of the Committee of Safety at Arnold Tavern, the landing of the British on Grape Island called forth the men of Weymouth, Hingham, and Braintree, two thousand strong. The patriot women had their share of the battles; not only did they melt their precious pewter into bullets without a murmur for their husbands and sons, but, like Abigail Adams, managed farms, fasted from tea, scorned English frocks, and made homespun the fashion.

Weymouth was greatly agitated by the anti-slavery cause. William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips were often entertained at the Weston mansion by Mrs. Maria Weston Chapman. It was the sensation of the day when this remarkably beautiful woman delivered her maiden speech at Pennsylvania Hall in the face of a pelting mob.

From the sportsman's point of view, Weymouth is a "capital" town; Whitman's Pond and Weymouth Great Pond are wild duck's haunts. On sunny days in April, Weymouth Back River is no longer a river of water, but of herring; the fish are literally shovelled out. Weymouth smelts are "choice," and it is not an uncommon affair to see a clever cat catching a tomcod in Fore River. The old ditty runs:

"Cohasset for beauty,
Hingham for pride;
If not for its herring
Weymouth had died."

The town possesses wide and lovely outlooks. The path of silvery Fore River is bounded by green meadows, the meadows by wooded hills, and toward the east glimpses of Hull and Nantasket. The air is fresh with the salt breeze, and Weymouth's highways carry one quickly to the shore,

to Cohasset, Nantasket, or Scituate. Westward are the granite ridges of Quincy and the Blue Hills. Weymouth herself has a seam-faced stone of value, much like weather-beaten marble touched with the stain of centuries.

Sundown at beautiful Rose Cliff on the Bay and Fort Point creates a veritable Holland coast scene, as the various craft, large and small, with tinted, flapping sails, drift sleepily with the current toward Nantasket Roads and the open sea.



Husking—The Farmer's Rainy Day.

BRAINTREE, 1633-1640

THE first grant within the present town of Braintree, which once included Quincy, Randolph, and Holbrook, was that to John Hull, master of the Massachusetts Mint; his "Water Farm" was bounded by Monatiquot River (on which were the iron-works planted by John Winthrop, Jr.), by Little Pond, and by Great Pond. John Hull coined money for the Province until Charles II. forbade it. He raised a large fortune from his perquisites, they "being 15d. for every 20s. coined." On the marriage of Hull's only daughter to Judge Sewall,¹ he directed that "balances" should be brought in; placing his daughter in one scale, he threw bright pine-tree shillings and sixpences into the other until she went up and the coins went down, then presented them both to the young lawyer. John Hull also owned lands in the Narraganset country and named Point Judith for his wife, Judith Quincy,² not foreseeing that the headland was destined to be for ever the *bête noir* of travellers.

On the back of the Indian deed preserved in Braintree,— "signed, sealed, and delivered by turf and twig" by Wampatuck, son of Chickatabut, with the consent of his wise men,—is written, "In the 17th reign of Charles II. Braintry Indian Deede given 1665, Aug. 10th. Take great care of

¹ "From this marriage has sprung the eminent family of Sewalls, which has given three Chief Justices to Massachusetts and one to Canada, and has been distinguished in every generation for the talents and virtues of its members."—*Life of Josiah Quincy*, by his son, Edmund Quincy.

² Judith Quincy was the daughter of the first Edmund Quincy, who, arriving in Boston with the Rev. John Cotton in 1633, purchased, with Coddington, the beautiful site of Mount Wollaston, in Braintree, North Precinct (Quincy), from Chickatabut.

it." Wampatuck parted with his Braintree lands—in consideration of twenty-one pounds ten shillings, paid by Samuel Basse, Thomas Faxon, Francis Eliot, William Needham, and William Sewall, Henry Neale, Richard Thayer, and Christopher Webb—"with the exception of Mr. Wilson's farme, Mr. Coddington's farme, Mr. Hough's neck of land, Mr. Quinsey's farme," lands purchased previously of Chickatabut.

Braintree's most famous church is that of the Middle Precinct, often called "Dr. Storrs's' Church," his pastorate having extended over sixty-three years, and that of the Rev. Samuel Niles covered fifty-one years.

The Union Church of Braintree and Weymouth, or the "Migratory Meeting-House," was the old Hollis Street Church of Boston, floated on a raft to Braintree in 1810. Brigadier-General Sylvanus Thayer of Braintree fortified Boston Harbor from 1833 to 1863. During his administration West Point became one of the best academies in the world. General Thayer bequeathed a fund to establish the present Thayer Academy.

Braintree and Weymouth are so closely allied that it is very puzzling on first acquaintance to unravel the boundary lines, which run in an unusual way across the main streets. East Braintree is at the head of navigation of the Monatiquot. It touches Weymouth Landing, now simply Weymouth, as the old-time packets are gone out of commission. The trilobite quarry at East Braintree is classic ground to the geologist. Before the discovery of the fossil rock by

BRAINTREE

LANDMARKS: First Congregational Church. Holbrook house. Caleb Stetson house, East Braintree, residence of Mrs. H. C. Prescott. Naaman White house. Bowditch house, Quincy Ave., near Weymouth line (a Beacon St. house floated on rafts to Quincy Ave., 1812). Residence of Commodore James Hall, the "Jim Hall" of *Two Years Before the Mast*. Fore River. Old Minot-Thayer estate, residence of Thomas A. Watson. Glen Rose Farm. Echo Lake. Hayward's Woods. Trilobite Quarry, Hayward's Creek. Thayer Academy, South Braintree. Great Meadows, off Union St., noted for variety of insects.

¹ The father of the late Dr. Richard S. Storrs of Brooklyn.

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Professor Rogers (the same fossil is found in Bohemia), no one could accurately state the age of the stones about Boston. The quarry-men had a tradition that these "images dated back to Noah's Ark and had something to do with the flood." From the highway between North Braintree and Quincy, which touches the Adams houses,



The Monatiquot River

are views of the Blue Hills and bristling granite quarries; in Quincy this old Plymouth path passes the old parish of Christ Church and the Stone Temple, and becomes Hancock Street.

RANDOLPH

The people of South Braintree were so much inconvenienced by the long journey to Meeting at the South or Middle Precinct, that they organized, in 1731, the "New South Precinct" parish,¹ and named the village in honor of the Hon. Peyton Randolph of Virginia.

¹ Well-known preachers were the Rev. Moses Taft, Dr. Jonathan Strong, and the Rev. Calvin Hitchcock.



Little Pond, South Braintree.

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A charming kit-cat of Randolph is that seen from South Braintree. Approaching Randolph from Milton by way of the Blue Hills Reservation, one prefers to walk from the handsome Baptist Church over the long shady street, the stage highway from Boston to Middleboro', rather than to ride through this "loveliest village of the plain" by

"The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighboring hill."

The old parish spire beckons you up to the gradual slope to the Major Luther French homestead, or Howard house, opposite the Turner Library. The hospitable parsonage and church, Stetson Hall, and the Dr. Howard house complete Randolph's typical New England village square. On South Main Street is the Dr. Alden place, and beyond is the early home of Mary E. Wilkins, where *Pembroke* was written. Under the Great Oak, by the Eleazer Beale homestead, are cool shade and a wide horizon, including Holbrook, another pretty country town. Two miles farther south is Avon, and, leaving old Braintree, one enters Plymouth County and the first inland town of Old Colony, at Brockton, formerly a part of the ancient township of Bridgewater.

THE OLD COLONY

"I will the country see,
Where old simplicity
Though hid in gray,

Doth look more gay
Than foppery in plush
And scarlet cloak."

IN following the wondrous steps which lead up to our great Republic,—the study and pleasure of a lifetime,—every one will choose, to begin with, the pretty and daring Mary Chilton as she stepped on Plymouth Rock.

All roads lead to Plymouth—you will remark that at the very beginning of your pilgrimage through the Old Colony. This is the key to our new historical journey; with it you may unlock the doors of any one of the old homesteads, and, having minutely traced the branches of its family tree, you will find unravelled the history of the towns on famous Indian paths,—the Plymouth, Middleborough, Narraganset, and Bay trails. You ask why genealogical threads are more closely interwoven in the Pilgrim Republic than elsewhere,—it is a commercial reason, common to new nations. The settlement of Plymouth, with its standard of religious liberty, is markedly different from the spirit of western voyagers seeking an El Dorado,—a land strewn with pearls, gold, and silver,—or from that love of national glory, discovery, and conquest which impelled a Raleigh, a Newport, or a Smith. Macaulay says that "in England the passion for colonial traffic was so strong, that there was scarce a small shop-keeper in Bristol who had not a venture in some ship bound for Virginia." The flourishing seaports on the North Shore received new settlers with each incoming tide, some for conscience' sake, more for material gain; while Plymouth, offering no great advantages for trade, slowly spread her wings over Duxbury, Scituate, the Bridgewater,

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Middleborough, even to far "Secunke," and over many another child who boasts with reason the *Mayflower* cult as her sails winged freedom westward. Existence within the sheltering arm of Cape Cod without one *Mayflower* ancestor is as forlorn as "a man without a country."



The Howland Homestead, Plymouth.

Built by a son of John Howland, "the last man that was left of those who came over in the 'Mayflower,' that lived in Plymouth."—Records.

PLYMOUTH, 1620

“*Know'st thou the land ?*”

IF the little birds that sing and fly, the rare Sabbatia flower and all the flowers that grow in the faire land of Plymouth, could tell us of the Past, how much more clearly we might see than by walking in the street of the forefathers and touching in their homes the things they touched.

Of Plymouth “there has been so much said, and on the whole so well said,” by both friends and enemies, that I will only preface your study by a few personal impressions. Turning inland from “Forefathers’ Rock,” you pass thoughtfully under the lindens tessellating North Street with gentle shadows, remembering that the Puritan maid, Penelope Winslow¹ and her lover walked here ere

“The old house by the lindens
Stood silent in the shade.”

On the brow of Cole’s Hill, of lovely harbor prospect at high tide, the Pilgrims mournfully planted a field of grain to prevent the Indians counting the graves of those lost in that severe winter. Straying somewhat from the beaten path of the tourist, in order to obtain the finest perspective of Pilgrim land before embracing its details, by the aid of a south-bound car you attain a bluff high above Plymouth beach, a wonderful natural breakwater. As far as the eye can reach you trace the course of the *Mayflower* advancing

¹ It is said that Penelope Winslow planted the two lindens in front of the old Winslow house. In its quaint withdrawing-room Ralph Waldo Emerson was married to Miss Lidian Jackson, driving down in his chaise from Concord, and returning by chaise with his bride next day.

cautiously into the retreating harbor after having so recently encountered roaring breakers and shoals off Cape Cod. The momentous voyage is a not less consequential step toward the millennium than the passage of the Red Sea.

PLYMOUTH

LANDMARKS: Plymouth Rock. Pilgrim Spring. Winslow house, North St. Pilgrim Hall. National Monument to the Forefathers. Burial Hill (Fort Hill), sites of old fort, first meeting-house and Watch Tower, Governor Bradford's monument, graves of John Howland (1672) and of Dr. Le Baron. Church of the First Parish. Town Brook; Deep-water Bridge. Leyden St., or the First St., with century-and-a-half elms. Doten house (1660), Sandwich St. Harlow house (1667), timbers from the "Old Fort." Cole's Blacksmith Shop (1684). "The Clifford" farm-house, birthplace of James Warren. Clark's Island, with "Election" Rock or Pulpit Rock, which sheltered the exploring party here "On the Sabbath day wee rested" (inscription). Morton Park. Wellingsley Brook, trout culture. Indian Burying-ground. Great South and Little South Ponds. Long Pond, Clam-Pudding Pond, and "a pond for every day in the year." Elijah's Point. Powder Point Bridge. The Standish Monument, Duxbury.

outh Rock is some five miles. Northward, the Duxbury hills ever recalled, to Captain Myles Standish and his good

Proudly her sails bear the little Republic to the new Plymouth of freedom and hope. She leaves Cape Cod behind in sandy grandeur, and, keeping yonder famous landmark, Manomet Mount, under her lee, takes her difficult course by Saquish Head,¹ and, rounding the end of the pencil-like peninsula, Plymouth Beach, she comes to safe anchorage in the Cow-Yard before Patuxet, signifying "Little Bay."

Gurnet's Nose, first mentioned by Roger Williams, tips Duxbury Beach. Its fort exchanged shots in '76 with the British ship *Niger*. The fort, built during the Civil War, was named for Governor Andrew. From Gurnet to Plymouth

¹ Saquish means "plenty of clams," and one may picture Hobomok teaching the colony how to fasten a clam-shell to a stick, Indian fashion for a hoe. The clams of Cape Cod are so large, sweet, and savory, that Thoreau, on cooking one six inches long, says that "with the addition of a cracker or two it would have been a bountiful dinner."

"One of the old Cod could not believe that Thoreau was not a pedler; but said, after explanation failed, 'Well, it makes no odds what it is you carry, so long as you carry truth along with you.'"—Introductory Note to Thoreau's *Cape Cod*.



Burial Hill, Plymouth. The Fort Hill of the Pilgrims.

*"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed."—GRAY.*

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wife Barbara, the Standish family seat, Duxbury Hall. One hears much of the Captain's diplomacy, emphasized by his snaphance, but history does not particularize on his success in arranging, by the request of his friend Stephen Hopkins, matrimonial alliances for the charming Constance, Deborah, Damaris, Ruth, and Elizabeth Hopkins.

Inland, beyond Plymouth woods, lies odd little Sandwich. The first iron tea-kettle was made about 1760, in Plympton, now Carver, once a part of Plymouth. When the dames of the Old Colony went out to afternoon parties, each one carried her tiny tea-cup and saucer of best china, and a spoon. The west trail to Namasket (Middleborough), which Edward Winslow and Stephen Hopkins followed through the wilderness on their embassy to Massasoit in the country of the Wampanoags (*Wapan*, east; *ake*, land—the land east of Narraganset Bay), on leaving Plymouth crosses the beautiful Watson estate, "Hillside," a part of which is the enchanting intervale, Prence's Bottom. Mr. Goodwin, in his *Pilgrim Republic*, says that Mr. Watson informed him that this trail passed over the site of his house. The Pilgrims who followed Town Brook up to its source in the small and secluded lake, Billington Sea, were disconsolate that it did not prove to be a branch of the Hudson, which was then supposed to be a great strait, making New England an island.

Town Brook played a most effective part in the victory of settlement. To stay or not to stay was decided by this clear little stream. Along its banks the Pilgrims raised their thatched-roof houses. Mixed with its pure waters were the famous possets and cowslip wine of Priscilla,—sweet, gay comforter of the frail Rose and other sick ones. (It is whispered that the Priscillas in her line are famous cooks.) On the *Town Brook's* shore, Massasoit's warriors left their weapons before pledging the first American International

Treaty with Governor Carver in the loving-cup. Again the colonists were saved from starvation by Tisquantum, who taught them to fertilize scanty hills of corn with *Town Brook* herring. Best of all, the mayflower, "darling of bleak New England," lifted its dainty head among the winter's dried bracken just in time to carry in its pink perfume dear hopes to Priscilla and John Alden, the first of a



*In an Old Home by the Sea.
One of Plymouth's Meresteads.*

long following to keep tryst along the mossy bank of *Town Brook*. Then, too, in the words of Victor Hugo, "It was the month of March, the days were drawing out, winter was departing, and it always takes with it some portion of our sorrow; then came April, that daybreak of summer, fresh as every dawn and gay like all childhoods, and somewhat tearful at times. . . . Nature in that month has

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charming beams which pass from the sky, the clouds, the trees, the fields, and the flowers into the human heart."

At the head of the beach, near the aforementioned cliff, the picturesque farmhouse of the old Richard Warren estate overlooks Eel River crawling through green marshes. The country round about is an odoriferous tangle of gray waxy bayberries,¹—"quite spicy like small confectionery,"—and the wild rose a July glory of our rocky pastures from Maine to Nantucket. Hither James Warren, high sheriff, brought his bride, Mercy Otis, and shortly purchased a gambrel-roof on the corner of North and Main streets in the village. James Warren, in his quiet way, was as influential in patriot affairs as his wife's brother, James Otis, who appeared "a flame of fire" in that revolutionary speech at the Old Town House before Hutchinson and the five judges. Warren suggested the establishment of the Committees of Correspondence, and his "tête-a-tête" on paper with John Adams on the "complicated subject of Trade" had vital issues:

"Shall we hush the Trade of a whole Continent and not permit one Vessell to go out of our Harbours except from one Colony to another?" writes John Adams to Warren, October 19, 1775. "How long will or can our People bear this? I say they can bear it forever—if Parliament should build a Wall of Brass, at low water Mark, We might live and be happy. . . . Can the Inhabitants of North America *live* without foreign trade? There is Beef, Pork

¹ The northern Colonies seldom made use of bayberry; in Virginia, however, Beverly says that of the berry they make candles which are never greasy to the touch, nor melt in the hottest weather, "neither does the snuff ever offend the smell like that of a tallow candle; but, instead of being disagreeable, if an accident puts a candle out, it yields a pleasant fragraney . . . nice people often put them out to have the incense of the expiring snuff."

and Poultry, and Mutton and Venison and Veal, Milk, Butter, Cheese, Corn, Barley, Rye, Wheat, in short every Species of Eatables, animal and Vegetable in immense profusion. . . . But cloathing.—If instead of raising Million Bushels of Wheat for Exportation . . . the Hands now employed in raising surplusages for Exportation were employed in raising Flax and Wool, and manufacturing them into Cloathing, we should be cloathed comfortably. . . . We must at first indeed Sacrifice some of our Appetites, Coffee, Wine, sugar, Molasses, &c., and our Dress would not be so elegant—Silks and velvets & Lace must be dispensed with—But these are Trifles in a Contest for Liberty.”

KINGSTON

Journeying north over the Main Street toward the lovely heights of Kingston, your next point of vantage, you are bewitched by vistas through quaint short streets ending in blue water. Seeing a host of visitors entering Pilgrim Hall recalls a story told the author by a Plymouth boy, that forty years ago he earned many a stick of candy by running to tell the custodian at the grocery of a chance pilgrim waiting before the door of the Hall. It stands on the land first owned by Governor Edward Winslow, and later by Governor Bradford.

The original manuscript of the *Log of the "Mayflower,"* by William Bradford, is now in the capital of the Old Bay State, by the courtesy of the Bishop of London. In 1728, Major John Bradford had given Dr. Prince the Bradford papers, and authorized him to reclaim the History from Judge Sewall and deposit it in the "Old South." It disappeared in Revolutionary days, and was discovered fifty years later in the library of Fulham Palace. On the 26th of May, 1897, Governor Roger Wolcott, on receiving it in the Hall of Representatives at the hands of Mr. Bayard, late Ambassador to England, said: "In this precious volume which I hold

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in my hands—the gift of England to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts—is told the whole, simple story of ‘Plymouth Plantation.’” In another invaluable contemporary work, the counsellor of the Pilgrims, Edward Winslow, sends to the mother country, *Good News from New England or a true Relation of things very remarkable at the Plantation of Plimouth in New England*. A rare copy is preserved in the Boston Public Library.

Kingston was the Jones River Parish of Plymouth, and its Rocky Nook the home of John Howland and other Pilgrims before 1636. Howland was one of the eight “Under-takers,”—William Bradford, Myles Standish, Isaac Allerton, Edward Winslow, William Brewster, John Alden, and

KINGSTON

LANDMARKS: The ancient estate of Governor William Bradford, Bradford Road. Nathan Bradford house (1766), near Summer St. Chipman-Drew house (1745), west side of Summer St. Foster-Bartlett house (1720). Major Seth Drew house. Old Meeting-House (1798), steeples Italian style. Willet-Bradford-Faunce house (1754), above Forge Bridge. Gershom-Cobb-Bartlett house (1754), Main St. Rev. Joseph Stacy-Bradford house (1721), at fork of the Bridgewater and Boston roads. Sampson house (1700). William Sever homestead (1760), Linden St. Abraham’s Hill Jones River Pond furnished bog-ore for bullets for Washington’s artillery.

Thomas Prence,—and supervised the laying out of the Massachusetts Path, the road to the Bay. The pasture land allotments extended over the six miles between Jones and Eel rivers, Plymouth village in the centre.

The most interesting reminiscences of Kingston, named by Governor Dummer on the 28th of May, 1717, in honor of the birthday of King George I., are connected with the old ford over crooked Jones River and the ancient estate of Governor William Bradford, owned by Dr. Thomas Bradford Drew, until formally deeded to the Society of *Mayflower* Descendants in the State of Massachusetts as a memorial to Governor Bradford and his son, Major William Bradford. An impressive scene was the funeral procession of Major William Bradford, winding along the shore from Rocky Nook because of impassable snow-bound roads, then

by the Rock and up Burial Hill, where his father lay. It was remembered by Ebenezer Cobb of Kingston, who died in 1801, aged one hundred and seven years, having lived in three centuries. Kingston was the home of Thomas Willet, one of the ablest men of Plymouth County. In 1640, Deacon Paddy suggested that a college be built at



The Home of Major John Bradford, Kingston.

In this house was kept the Bradford MS., a folio with parchment back of seven and one half inches long by twelve, with some scribblings of his little daughter Mercy on the cover.

Jones River Parish, with the Rev. Charles Chauncey, the future President of Harvard, as master.

Between Kingston and Whitman is the most lovely group of lakes in the Old Colony: Silver Lake in Pembroke, Little Sandy Pond, and Indian Head Pond; Bonney Hill

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breaks the landscape in Hanson, originally a part of Bridgewater, where many old homesteads bear Pilgrim names.

ABINGTON

Abington, originally the easterly part of Bridgewater, includes the grants of Governor Belcher and of Peregrine



Dyer Homestead, Whitman.

White, child of the *Mayflower*, the first Anglo-Saxon born in New Plymouth. The tall white-oak trees of Abington were the delight of ship-builders, and Captain Obadiah Hersey furnished planks for the frigate *Constitution*. King James took care to have the finest trees branded for his own ships, and many a British flag flew over American timber. In 1698, oxen hauled logs to the "Little Comfort" saw-mill.

whose water-power now helps feed large shoe factories. Colonel Aaron Hobart of Abington cast the first bell in the Colony, and his son taught the art to Paul Revere.

South Abington (Whitman), with its chimneys so huge that a child can sit on each end of the log in the cavernous fireplaces and look up in the sky, became after a time a separate parish, through an odd church controversy. The tempest arose over the choice of a chorister leader; and one Sabbath, to the astonishment of the pastor and congregation, two leaders and two choirs appeared in the galleries. A hymn was sung by each to a different tune at the same time. Confusion reigned, and the pastor's wife fainted. An attorney took the names of the delinquents as disturbers of the peace,—such was the power of the church in colonial town-government. The discord not abating, South Abington (Whitman) seceded and built her own meeting-house. How great a matter is kindled from a little fire! Whitman's Washington Street is a bower of elms, and Rockland, formerly East Abington, the home of Maria Louise Pool for many years, has pleasant, wide, shaded streets branching from Lane's Corner.



*Homestead of Dr. Jabez Fuller, Kingston (1778), Great-grand-
great-grandson of the Surgeon of the "Mayflower."
Residence of Edward T. Barker, Esq.*

BRIDGEWATER, 1649-1656

THE latch-string is always out in Bridgewater, and every gate on her borders opens through superb, hospitable elms as old as—well, *some* inquisitive leaves may have heard of the signing away of this great territory to the white man on Sachem's Rock in 1649, by the mighty Ousemaquin (Massasoit), chief sachem of the Pokanoket country. Seven years later this daughter of Duxbury and granddaughter of Plymouth was called Bridgewater, a fitting appellation for a region where a brook crosses every path, and the Satucket, Matfield, and Town rivers come together in a veritable "meeting of the waters."

Is it marvellous that King Philip chose to extend his hunting-grounds adjoining Mt. Hope Bay as far north as East Bridgewater? The red men love water-paths, because the canoe leaves no trail and it is easy to throw the keenest Narragansett off the scent by treading the bed of a stream. That Bridgewater was popular with the tribes is evident by the assembly ground and a curious herring weir in Satucket River. Thoreau speaks of "picking up a few arrowheads" in Bridgewater on his way to Cape Cod, and the plough turns up an occasional tomahawk on the lovely, peaceful shores of Nippenicket Lake. Tradition says that King Philip himself came within a feather of being made a captive when fishing in Nunketetest (Town) River, but the most wily and sagacious of chiefs was to meet his fate by the hand of a traitor in his own camp. King Philip did not enter on war with the Colonists willingly; he foresaw the inevitable finale, but the younger braves, thirsting for glory, flung down the hatchet.

In West Bridgewater, on this same Town River, one of the countless branches of the Taunton, is the stone where good Minister Keith preached his first sermon. For fifty-five years he went his rounds:

“A man he was to all the country
dear,

And passing rich with forty
pounds a year.”

Minister Keith's first deacon was John Willis¹; John Ames, Thomas Snell, and Edward Mitchell were chosen “to look after the boys on Sabbath days that they be not disorderly.” “Mr. Samuel Edson the

¹ John Willis was one of the original Proprietors, and Captain Myles Standish the principal member, of the committee who purchased the plantation of Bridgewater from Massasoit, but “lived and died at the foot of Captain's Hill in Duxbury.” From Duxbury came the other Proprietors. Among them are familiar Pilgrim names,—William Bassett (one of the forefathers), who came on the ship *Fortune* in 1621; John Washburn, the first Secretary of the Council of Plymouth in England; and his son John, who married the daughter of Experience Mitchell, who arrived in the *Anne* (Nahum Mitchell, the historian, being a descendant); Thomas Hayward (the Hon. Elijah Hayward, Judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio, being a descendant), Henry Howland, Solomon Leonard, Samuel Eaton, John Cary, Mr. Constant Southwort, Mr. John Alden, John Ames, William Brett, Thomas Gannett John Forbes and Arthur Harris.

BRIDGEWATER

LANDMARKS: Central Square, Bridgewater Inn. Bridgewater High School, on grounds Bridgewater Academy, founded 1799. Home of Colonel Josiah Edson, an absentee in 1775, Central Sq. Withington house, residence of Avery Hooper. Bridgewater State Normal School. Boyden Park. Major Eliphalet Cary house (1767), residence Henry Covington. Eleazer Carver house. Carver's Pond. Old Burying-Ground. Rev. John Shaw house (1740), Plymouth St. Hezekiah Hooper house, 175 —. Alden house, High St. Nathan Lazell house, residence of Paul Revere, Main St. Trinity Church, organized 1748. Old Trinity Church Yard. Taunton River, Titicut Bridge, South St. Old Boston and New Bedford Turnpike, Broad St. and Bedford St. Scotland Village. Congregational Church. House of A. Waldo Bassett, Pilgrim Park Station. Bassett homestead, residence of Daniel Thrasher, Lakeside Ave. Leonard homestead, residence of J. M. Stetson, Lakeside Ave. Keith homestead.

EAST BRIDGEWATER

Washburn Library, gift of Cyrus Washburn. Bartholomew Brown and Judge Whitman house (1820). Sylvanus Mitchell house (1820), birthplace Prof. E. C. Mitchell, residence Judge B. W. Harris. Rev. James Flynt and Judge Aaron Hobart house (1810), residence of John Hobart. Dr. Asa Millet house, on site of Rev. John Angier house, property of Frank D. Millet. Hugh Orr house at Vinton Corner; inventor of spinning-machine; made first solid cannon. Matfield River. Deacon John Whitman house (1798); Deacon Whitman lived to one hundred and six years. Sachem's Rock, near Carver Cotton-Gin. Satucket River; ancient Indian herring-weir, in West Bridgewater.

WEST BRIDGEWATER

West Bridgewater Centre, site of original settlement of the town of Bridgewater. Soldiers' Monument. Monumental Stone, supposed site of first Meeting-House (1656), near residence of Francis E. Howard. Minister James Keith homestead (1662-1678-1837). Mill Pasture Rock (below Saw-mill on river bank), upon which Minister Keith preached his first sermon. Judge Daniel Howard house, South St. Old Burying-Ground, South St. Howard Seminary, Howard St. Grange Hall, Main St.

Supplementary: *History of Bridgewater*, by Nahum Mitchell; *Bridgewater*, by Joshua E. Crane, Sen.

Adams and became one of the eminent lawyers of Massachusetts.

In 1756 there was not a silver spoon in the town, and in the one family looking-glass many a fair maid shyly glanced before mounting her pillion to amble on old Dobbin to meeting. There were only four chaises in the Old Colony and none in Bridgewater, but they boasted "four chaires." An old account-book bound in parchment betrays a few weaknesses of our Pilgrim ancestors, and records the purchase of "1 Gaus handkerchief" and other comforting "frivols" of the feminine heart; it is a relic of the Bridgewater country store, in which might be bought everything, from a kid glove to a second-hand pulpit, and paid for "contra" by "1 bushel nuts and a corn-husk rug." Molasses is not more commonly entered than snuff and rum, the customary entertainment at house-raising and even at the minister's funeral,—but that's an Ipswich story.

¹ Samuel Edson's wife, Susanna Orcut, was of "majestic figure and great benignity." The Rev. Theodore Edson, the first settled minister of Lowell, and rector of St. Anne's Church for sixty years, was a descendant.

² The Rev. John Angier was a great-grandson of the Rev. Urian Oakes, President of Harvard College.

Miller,"¹ from Salem, was the first man of Bridgewater next to Minister Keith. Tradition says that when sweet Mary Keith gave her heart to Ephraim Howard, her father disapproved of the match and preached from the text, "Ephraim is joined to idols; let him alone." The first minister of the East Parish was the Reverend John Angier,² whose son, Oakes Angier, read law with President John



*The General Sylvanus Lazell and Judge Nahum Mitchell Homestead, built in 1790.
Residence of Henry Hobart, Esq., East Bridgewater.*

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At an early age Bridgewater began her celebrated educational interests, donating several pounds toward the founding of Harvard College, and many a student was fitted for the University at Old Plymouth County Academy. Her present Normal School fills its purpose in the most complete way. The immense building includes a model school, and the new Massachusetts Room is one of its constantly added advantages.

At the "gathering of the clans" for the second Centennial Celebration, it was notable how many sons of North, East, South, and West Bridgewater had become distinguished, even to the shores of the Pacific. The pith of the eloquent occasion was the response of a Pokanoket Indian to a toast to Massasoit:

"Brothers; I have come a long way to meet you. I am glad that our good old father, Massasoit, still lives in your memory. These fields were once the hunting-grounds of the Red Men, but they were sold to the White Men of Bridgewater. The Red Men have been driven toward the great water at the West, and have disappeared like the dew, while the White Men have become like the leaves on the trees and the sands on the seashore.

"Brothers, our hunting-grounds grow narrow; the chase grows short, and before another Centennial Celebration of the Incorporation of Bridgewater our bones will be mingled with the dust.

"Brothers, may we live in peace. And may the Great Spirit bless the Red Men and the White Men."

The road to Taunton by way of Raynham Centre turns into that quaint corner of Bridgewater called Scotland. Sailing across the wide, rippling waters of Lake Nippenicket, between the islands "Little" and "Big," its romantic beauty is tripled by gray homesteads 'mid fertile farm-lands, and by the traditions of King Philip's happier days,

when one may fancy him and attendant hunters in the picturesque fashion of Robin Hood and his Merry Men, bow in hand, bagging a dainty duck or stripping the bark from silver birches for the chief's wigwam. After the death of King Philip, the question of the prisoners' destiny was brought before the ministers of the Colony; merciful Minister Keith wished to spare his wife and little son, and strongly opposed the lad's being sold into slavery in Bermuda.

The road winds and winds to Raynham, and we pass all



Memorial Library, Bridgewater.

too swiftly under great elms, ash, and locust trees laden with odorous blossoms, always with glimpses of water in the landscape,—at a rustic bridge we call a halt; here is the site of the famous Anchor Forge. The clear, rushing brook which turned the mill-wheel of the Old Colony Iron Works alone knows the story of its owners—the Leonards, to whom tradition says King Philip loyally commanded his braves to do no harm, for he had tasted of their salt. The old Leonard house, of five gables and five generations, stood

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near King Philip's hunting-lodge on Fowling Pond Road, which swerves prettily to the right a mile from the forge built in 1652 by James and Henry Leonard¹ of Pontipool, Wales, Miss Elizabeth Pool holding many shares. The plentiful bog-iron fed the forge, which for centuries was the week-day clock of the neighboring villages. Mr. Samuel



A Pleasant Pasture.

Adams Drake, in his boyhood days at Middleborough, often heard the thud, thud of the great trip-hammers "hoisting the great water-gate."

As we touch Taunton Great River, not far distant is

¹ For seven generations Leonards were connected with the Taunton Raynham Iron Works. "Not a few of the Leonards have been of renown, and in the later colonial days some of them maintained almost baronial state."

“Shallow Water,” a noted ford in the Pilgrim’s day. Passing several of Taunton’s fine estates, the Taunton Boat Club House, and the lovely stone church, we ride to the historic Taunton Green over the road which Edward Winslow and Stephen Hopkins followed through Cohannet (*Place of*



The Colonial Club House, Brockton.

Snow) in 1621, as ambassadors to the Wampanoags’ council-fire at Sowams (Warren, R. I.), chief seat of Massasoit.

BROCKTON (NORTH BRIDGEWATER)

Brockton is a bright, clean, airy city, without that forced condensation of humanity so often an attribute of manufacturing towns, much less often, however, with us than in older countries; we can quickly attain the open fields, and to-day large areas of land are set aside for parks near every

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city. The outdoor pleasure-ground, Highland Park, includes one of New England's "goodly groves," and the garden effect is intensified by an electric fountain which throws up water figures of rainbow hues. During St. Martin's summer, when the leaves are a ripe red, Brockton holds her harvest fair, a successor of the old-style county fairs established by the farmers to promote not only agriculture, but social and political life in scattered country districts. Like Lynn, the city is devoted to shoe manufacture, and the antiquarian finds few visible traces of kinship to old Bridgewater. From the homestead of Dr. Philip Bryant at Marshall's Corners, the youth, William Cullen Bryant, walked daily to West Bridgewater to peruse musty tomes from the law library of the Hon. William Baylies.



STOUGHTON, 1650-1726

IF you are acquainted with the Seal of Canton—an unusually significant one in American Heraldry—you know the relationship of three old towns: that Stoughton was once a part of Dorchester, and Canton a part of Stoughton. The crest of the seal—the castle triple-towered—is that used by Dorchester, England; the arms are those of Governor William Stoughton, for whom Stoughton is named; the *canton* of particular shape, in its particular corner on the right of the shield, is a happy punning allusion to the name of the town. On the border surrounding these English devices is the legend, “Ponkipog 1650. Canton 1797.” Thus reading through heraldic language, you have advanced step by step from the aboriginal owners of the soil to its present American denizens.

Old Stoughton clung long to English customs, and once a year went through the ceremony of “perambulation” or “beating the bounds” of the town by the substantial citizens and school-boys—in England led by the parish beadle; while the curate read from the Psalm, “Cursed be he which translateth the bounds and doles of his neighbors.” These were “Gauge Days,” and occasionally the village boys were “bumped”—swung against a tree or stone—that the location of the boundary might forever remembered be.¹ At Doty’s tavern the Suffolk County delegates held their first meeting leading to the adoption of the *Suffolk Resolves*. After that celebrated patriot dinner at the sign of the Liberty Tree, Dorchester, the company rode off in a procession, “Mr. Hancock first in his chariot,” notes John Adams: “I

¹ *History of the Town of Canton*, by Daniel T. V. Huntoon.

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took my leave of the gentlemen and turned off for Taunton. Oated at Doty's and arrived long after dark at Noices."

The Old Musical Society of Stoughton, organized some one hundred and seventeen years ago, held on Christmas day, 1902, its eightieth annual choral to celebrate the nativity of Christ, singing the old-time *Victory*, *Majesty* and *Chester* from the society's centennial collection of hymns used at the World's Fair at Chicago.

TAUNTON (COHANNET), 1637-1639

EDWARD WINSLOW was the first white man to narrate the customs of aboriginal Cohannet, unless the Norsemen perchance did actually journey here, and inscribe with metallic tools the mysterious hieroglyphics on Dighton Rock on the



*Sabbatia Park, on Sabbatia Lake, of old Scadding's Pond,
Taunton.*

east bank of Ticut (Taunton) River; for it is probable that Narraganset Bay was the Vineland described in their *sagas*, and that Leif and Eric explored these river trails. Winslow was as much impressed by the "exceeding great" chestnut trees as the vikings had been by the masses of wild grapes,

and from the sign language of the Indian guides,—two of the Namaskets had attached themselves, one to Winslow

TAUNTON

LANDMARKS: Historical Hall. Old Colony Historical Society. Trescott house, Trescott St. First Congregational Church; near the site of First Church. Captain Timothy Gordon house; built by Rev. Thomas Clap, in 1730. Captain Joseph Hall house, Dean St. Ensign Thomas Dean house (1723); elms planted, 1745. Neck - of - Land Burying Ground. "Kippenwoods," Mrs. Nathalie Baylies house. John Godfrey homestead, County St. The Major William Seaver Stone Pottery, first in Bristol County; Indians brought the clay from Gay Head in canoes (1772). Captain Abiathar Williams house, Ingell St. McKinstrey house, High St. Crossman homestead, Cohannet St.; home of Colonel Robert Crossman, on site of house (1690). Foster house, High St. Reed house, Oak St. (1762). Robert Luscomb house (pure colonial), Cohannet St.; school prior to Revolution. Woodward Springs.

and one to Hopkins on account of some little gifts, and insisted on carrying them across the brooks,—he learned of the grand powwows on the Titicut's banks during her-ring-time. The Pilgrims established a trading-house on the Taunton, and Richard Williams and Puritans from Dorchester built their homes under the great chestnut trees on and near the banks of the river, and the Baylies, Tisdales, Mortons, Cobbs, Crockers, and other of the first families, rode over the famous Corduroy Road to the Green. Miss Elizabeth Pool, a noble woman of great piety, daughter of the anti-quary, Sir William Pool, showed

such enterprise in building up the town that Captain Standish and John Brown were sent by the Court to lay out for her a grant of fifty acres of upland. She had come down from Dorchester with a party driving their cattle through the wilderness soon after the future Governor of Connecticut and founder of New London, John Winthrop, Jr., had embarked on the Taunton River for Saybrook at the mouth of the Connecticut, Adrian Block's "Fresh River," where he had obtained of England a commission to found his fort. Miss Pool's brother-in-law, the Rev. Nicholas Street, was an eminent preacher of Taunton, as were his successors, George Shove and Samuel Danforth.

Taunton was one of the first political offenders in the general protest against tyranny, the Town-Clerk, Shadrach

Wilbor, being thrown into prison for his temerity in refusing to deliver up the records of Taunton to Governor

Andros. Both Quaker and Puritan conscientiously refused the luxuries of life. A Quaker was "read out of meeting" because he purchased a piano for his daughter, and the church in Berkley refused to receive an organ from Bishop Berkeley, for whom the new di-



Historical Hall, Taunton.

vision of Taunton was named. The Newport church, however, accepted the gift, and it is in "Old Trinity" to this day.

The most representative piece of past Taunton, except the old Village Green, is Historical Hall, containing many fine portraits; the Old Colony Historical Society was organized in 1853 in the study of the Rev. S. Hopkins Emery. Our "town-on-the-river" fraternizes with old Taunton of England, her namesake, and congratulations are extended over important events.



*Morton Hospital.
Home of Governor Marcus Morton.*

Taunton Green on which for the first time the American

flag was unfurled for liberty is soon to be further distinguished by the erection of a statue¹ by Niehaus, on the site of the homestead built by James Leonard in 1653, in memory of the lions of industry, James and Henry Leonard, immigrants from Pontipool, Monmouthshire, whose "bloomerie" on Two-mile River was the first successful iron-foundry on the American continent. They had previously assisted at two earlier foundries, one established in 1643 by John Winthrop, Jr., on the Saugus (Lynn), and one on the Monatiquot (Braintree).

Of Daniel Leonard of Taunton, a member of the House of Representatives, John Adams says: "he wore a broad gold lace round the brim of his hat, he had made his cloak glitter with lace still broader, he had set up his chariot and pair, and constantly travelled in it from Taunton to Boston." Daniel Leonard belonged to a Boston club with Josiah Quincy and others, which collected arguments for and against the right of Parliament to tax the colonists; he finally took the Tory view, and removing to Bermuda, became its Chief Justice.

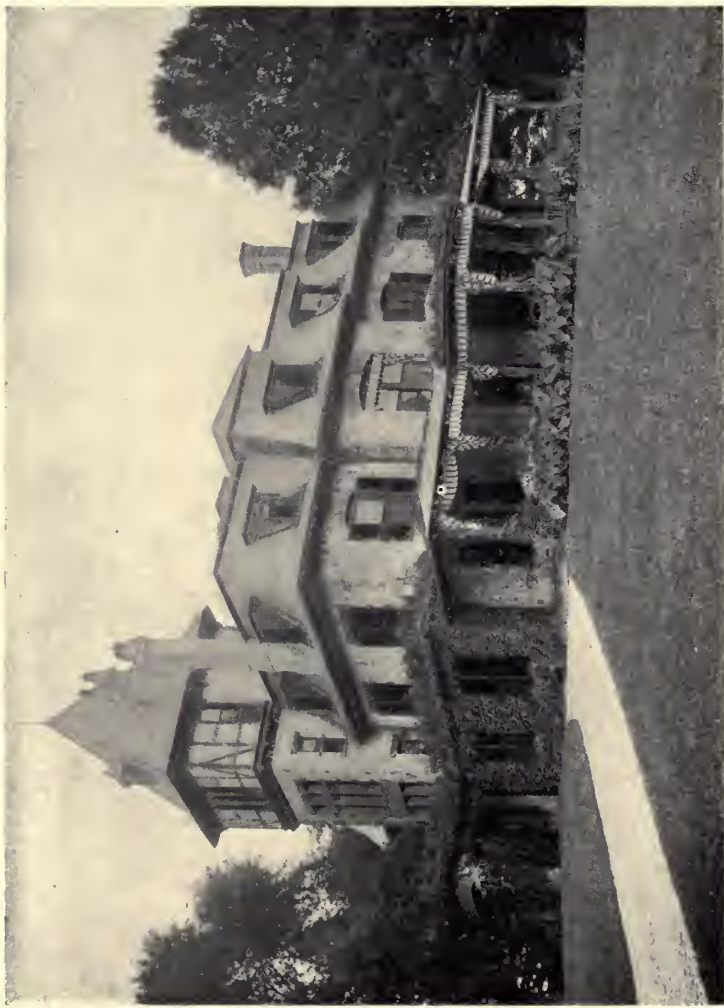
¹ To be erected by the Leonard family association. Among the members and officers of this widespread connection are the Honorable John Hay, Secretary of State; Lewis A. Leonard of New York; the Honorable Robert Treat Paine of Boston; F. C. Leonard of London, Canada; S. C. Leonard of Detroit; Henry Lovering of Taunton; and Job M. Leonard of Fall River.

NORTH EASTON

EASTON belongs to the Taunton North Purchase of 1668; the oldest house was built by Josiah Keith, son of the Rev. James Keith of Bridgewater. Above the pines appear the spires of North Easton, one of the loveliest towns in the country. Long stretches of velvet turf, vine-clad walls, attractive buildings, give it such an air of elegance and finish that one might easily believe that it had been some English hamlet transported from its ancient environment and set down in the New World, only lacking the ruins of an abbey to complete the illusion, for, as Lord Fauntleroy says, more than one gentleman "lives a long way from his gate." It is a joy to find the art of such a landscape-gardener as Olmsted adding to the dignity and beauty of the architecture of Richardson and Mitchell. The crudeness of the new American town is lacking here, and we sigh for more unity of purpose in our beginnings and less haste; our frontier virtues are sometimes quite hidden by the frontier American fault,—the necessity to do something and get it done quickly.

Unity Church¹ is rich in memorial gifts of extraordinary beauty. A marble tablet, the reproduction of one in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, is most appropriate in its simplicity, and a pulpit and screen by Vaughn add to the dig-

¹ The Unity Church and Parsonage and the Ames Free Library are the gift of Oliver Ames. The Ames Memorial Hall, built by the children of Oakes Ames as a memorial to their father and designed by Richardson, contains a painting from the old Booth's Theatre of New York. The High School building and the railway station were built by Governor Ames and Frederick L. Ames. The homestead of the original Oliver Ames, who came from Bridgewater in 1803, was later the home of the Hon. Oakes Ames, builder of the Pacific Railroad.



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The Governor Oliver Ames House, North Easton.

*In the greenhouses is a rare private collection of orchids. The lotus pond on the estate is picturesque with the pinkish flowers and circular platter-like leaves of the aquatic *Nelumbium speciosum*, commonly known as the Egyptian lotus, though not a native of the Nile, but of Asia and North Australia, and flourishes even in our New England climate. The waxy coating of its leaves sheds rain, making the drops of water resemble quicksilver.*

nity of the chancel. The La Farge windows with exquisite mosaic background are masterpieces, and contrasting the artist's early and later manner. One expresses great delicacy of sentiment, as it were, the far-away music of angel choirs; the strong figures and unusual receding cathedral columns of the other seem to echo with the peal of life's storm from some great organ. The former is a memorial to Helen Angier Ames, and the latter to the brothers Governor Oliver Ames and Oakes Angier Ames. A statue by Kraus in the cemetery is dedicated to Governor Ames.

In the centre of the town is a Cairn or Rockery, and south a charmingly simple and appropriate building, the Gymnasium, devoted to the use of the children of North Easton by Mrs. Oliver Ames, and designed by Guy Lowell. Perhaps the most lovely stretch of landscape is that on approaching the south entrance of "Langwater," the Frederick L. Ames estate.

All this beauty has grown out of a sincere resolve made by the first shovel-maker that none but honest, solid shovels should be sent out of his shop. James Freeman Clarke says that the first Oliver Ames, when handling a heavy though well-fashioned British shovel, observed, "Iron is cheaper than muscle," and resolved to make a lighter shovel, though it would not wear as long. A few years later in Australia his shovel became the reigning favorite. These most extensive shovel-works in the world, utilizing the water-power of the heads of Taunton River, were antedated by hand-shaped shovels turned out by that fine old blacksmith of Bridgewater, John Ames, in 1776. "In a little cake of Norway iron, about as long as a man's hand, we have the prospective shovel whose destiny it may be to turn up the 'biggest nugget' the world ever saw, or break ground for the grandest enterprise man ever conceived," says Dr. Azel Ames after *A Day with the Shovel Makers*.

DIGHTON

DAME FRANCES DIGHTON gave her name to Dighton, she being the wife of Richard Williams, the "Father of Taunton," and Dighton being a portion of the "Taunton South Purchase." Winslow passed this way on his two embassies from Plymouth to Massasoit, following the Taunton River trail through Dighton and Somerset as far as the present Slade's Ferry in Swansea on the edge of Fall River. On the second journey, accompanied by Hobomok as interpreter, he paid a visit to Corbitant's dwelling in Mattapoiset (Gardner's Neck, Swansea), and was received with hospitality by the squaw sachem, Corbitant having gone to visit the sick chief Massasoit. Winslow arrived at Sowams just in time to save the life of Massasoit by a skilful use of herbs, and sent to Plymouth for chickens to make him broth. The recovering chief said: "Now I see the English are my friends and love me; and while I live I will never forget this kindness they have showed me."

Should you inquire of a passer-by, for what is Dighton famous, his reply would doubtless correspond to his hobby. The antiquarian would reply: "The Dighton Writing Rock, by all means," situated across Taunton Great River in Berkley, whose curious inscription is wearing away with the action of the water; an artist would point out to you symmetrical lindens and elms lining up along the river road for miles, towering above oddest doorways and the picturesque network of stone walls, which are noticeably flat and wide to one accustomed to the rough, rounding stones on the New Hampshire border; a soldier remembers that Dighton was the home of the Hon. Hodijah Baylies, an aide-



*The Coram-Shove House,
built in 1699,
remodelled.*



*Old Stile and Graveyard,
Dighton.*



Whitman-Peck House.

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de-camp of General Washington; the geologist finds unusual glacial marks, and signs that an iceberg rested just here back

DIGHTON

LANDMARKS: Richmond house, Chase residence. Judge Hodijah Baylies house (1770), property of Charles N. Simmons. Pedo-Baptist, First Congregational Society (Unitarian) (1770). Hathaway,—Dr. Charles Talbot house, Lower Four Corners, Horton residence. Baptist Church. Causeway (1781), Muddy Cove. Richmond Hill, view forty spires, the Cumberland and Blue Hills and Mount Hope. Elkanah Andrews house. Andrews, De Wolfe-Spooner house. Gardener Luther house, Eddy residence. Perry homestead. Dighton Rock Park. Hart Farm, Hunter's Hill. Broad Cove Bridge.

of the Unitarian Church, formerly the Pedo-Baptist First Congregational Society of strange history; the upper of its double galleries was used for slaves, and the church transformed into a sheep-pen during the Revolution. The greatest charm is its romantic stile of worn stepping-stones, the only one of which we know in the Old Colony.

Assonet Neck, where the Assonet meets the Taunton just below Dighton Rock Park, was an important port during the blockade of Boston Harbor, supplies for the troops being landed here from small vessels, loaded into ox-teams, and carted overland to Boston. The beauty of Muddy Cove at high tide belies its name; and here Taunton River widens into a lake, yachts, like sea-gulls, flit back and forth between the Taunton Yacht Club House and Mount Hope Bay. Some hearty old river pilot will spin for you impressive yarns concerning the many ships which touched the wharves at this prosperous port of entry long ago; and of that wonderful "great catch" when "my father hauled in five hundred and six shad at one sweep and twenty thousand herring at another."

The fish tales are now all strawberry stories, and even the Portuguese who pick the delicious fruits of Dighton and Somerset would be amazed to hear that by actual calculation, after the fashion of childhood's dreaded problems in *Colburn's Arithmetic*, if the boxes of berries sent to market in one season from Dighton station were set side by side, they would reach from Dighton to Fall River; or, if a

box an hour were eaten night and day, it would be seven hundred years before one would arrive at the last box.

“Tell you what I like the best:
'Long about knee-deep in June,
'Bout the time the strawberry melts
On the vine,—some afternoon,
Like to jes' git out and rest,
And not work at nothin' else!”

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.



On the Banks of Cole's River, the Water-way lying between Kickemuit and Mattapoiset (Gardner's Neck), where dwelt Corbitant, Chief.

SOMERSET

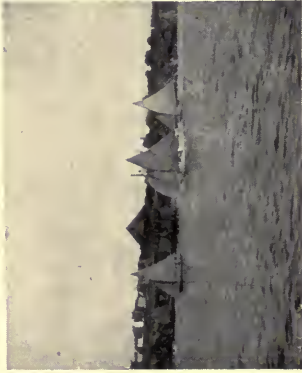
THE long, little town of Somerset, of old the Shewamet lands of Swansea, extends eight miles along Taunton River to

SOMERSET

LANDMARKS: Perry house (1728), near Station, Bowers Shore Road. Palmer house (1753). Captain Henry Bragg homestead (1780). Lyman Davis house. Davis homestead. James Chase homestead (1788). John Hood house (1796). Luther Perry house (1798), corner Baptist Lane. Bowers-Somerset house with Great Elm, corner South and Main streets. Labor-in-Vain Brook Baptist Church (1804). Old Borland Tomb; burial-place of sons of Dr. Francis Borland. Old Bonne Graveyard, Upper Road. Jonathan Buffington Farm (1698). Slade Ferry Bridge. The Slade, Brayton, and Daniel Wilbur Farms.

the head of beautiful Mount Hope Bay. From the Upper Road, with its old and fertile farms, the land slopes with picturesque effect toward the river; across the broad stream spanned by several bridges, its black mud-bed dotted with clam-diggers at low tide, its Steep Bridge of ancient Freetown and its modern daughter, the city of Fall River, whose many tall chimneys tell a story of successful manufacturing. Government ships used to be launched at Somerset wharves, and the Hood shipyard was alive with sailors; shipping interests have been supplanted by the Mount Hope Iron Works, and few sea-captains now live under the gambrel-roofs on Bowers Shore Road. The five-masted schooner, *Governor Ames*, until recently the largest schooner afloat, is owned by the Captains Cornelius and Joseph Davis of Somerset.

After King Philip's War, Jonathan Bowers and William Slade returned from Newport to find rude, cave-like dwellings on the side of these steep river banks, inhabited by refugees from Captain Church's ranks. Colonel Jerathmel Bowers, who acquired great wealth by transporting stock to the West Indies, was a notable man of the olden time; also Elisha Slade, minister, major, schoolmaster, and postmaster, and Benjamin Weaver, who owned "Egypt," a part of Somerset.



*A Somerset Lane and a Somerset Brook,
Yachting on Taunton River.*

SWANSEA

MANY rivers flowing into the two beautiful bays, Mount Hope and Narraganset, create a jagged water-front of the adjoining shores of southeastern Massachusetts and Rhode Island. A sweet and balmy air with a slight sea tang sweeps over the five picturesque necks of land lying between Taunton Great River and Providence River, separated by



July on the River.

rivers and arms of the bays. These composed the fine township of old Swansea.

Of the little rivers between, Lee's River [next the Taunton] lies between Shewamet Neck [Somerset] and Swansea. Cole's River of South Swansea has Gardner's Neck on its

east bank and Kickemuit on the west bank. Warren River separates Kickemuit from New Meadow Neck; Wanamoiset Neck is bounded by the Warren and Barrington rivers. Again, Kickemuit River, crossing Kickemuit, makes Mount Hope Neck and Toweset Neck.

On New Meadow Neck stood Pastor Myles's little church, where the people were at worship when their houses were rifled at the opening of King Philip's War; the church was moved across the ice to North Swansea, near Myles's Garrison, in that part of Swansea now called Barneyville, from the once flourishing shipyard of Mason Barney.¹ This was the first little Baptist church outside of Rhode Island, and its door stone is the horse-block of the present church. Pastor Myles's former church in Swansea, Wales, prospered greatly during the Cromwell protectorate, but on the restoration of the throne, John Myles was one of two thousand ministers of England to seek a new land to gain freedom of conscience.

On the twentieth of June, 1675, the too trustful pioneers had carelessly assembled to listen to their preacher's able discourse.

SWANSEA

LANDMARKS: Israel Brayton house. Gray's Tavern; old stopping place of the Providence Stage. Abraham's Rock. Roxbury Puddingstone, view Narraganset Bay and Mount Hope. Hill-Joseph F. Chase house (1679), residence of Mrs. Katharine F. Gardner. Elder Philip Slade house, residence Lewis S. Gray. Dr. John Winslow-Wellington house. Mason-Northam house. Christ Church, organized 1846; building a gift of the Hon. Frank Shaw Stevens. Frank S. Stevens Public Library Building. Mill Pond, Uncle Sam's brook. Milford Pond, site old grist-mill, founded 1806 by Oliver Chace. "Peek-a-Boo," here tradition of Indian and white man attempting to "sight" each other from behind two trees. Swazey's Corner. "Buttonwood," first Post-Office site (1800). Luther's Corner, now Swansea Centre. Here passengers were transferred to the Warren stage. Preserved Gardner house, Covell summer residence. Job Gardner house, Gardner's Neck. Captain Henry Gardner homestead. Bushee or Poverty Corner, Devil's Rock with hoof-marks. Bushee homestead, residence Enoch Chace. Spinning Rock. Mason Barney house (1802). Myles's Garrison and Myles's Bridge over Palmer's River. Barneyville, old shipyard. Peck house. Medbury house. Upper Luther's Corners. Governor John W. Davis's birthplace; residence Elisha Davis, South Rehoboth.

¹ It was said that Mr. Barney built more ships than any man in the United States. He was most hospitable, and having several beautiful daughters the beaux flocked here from all the country round.

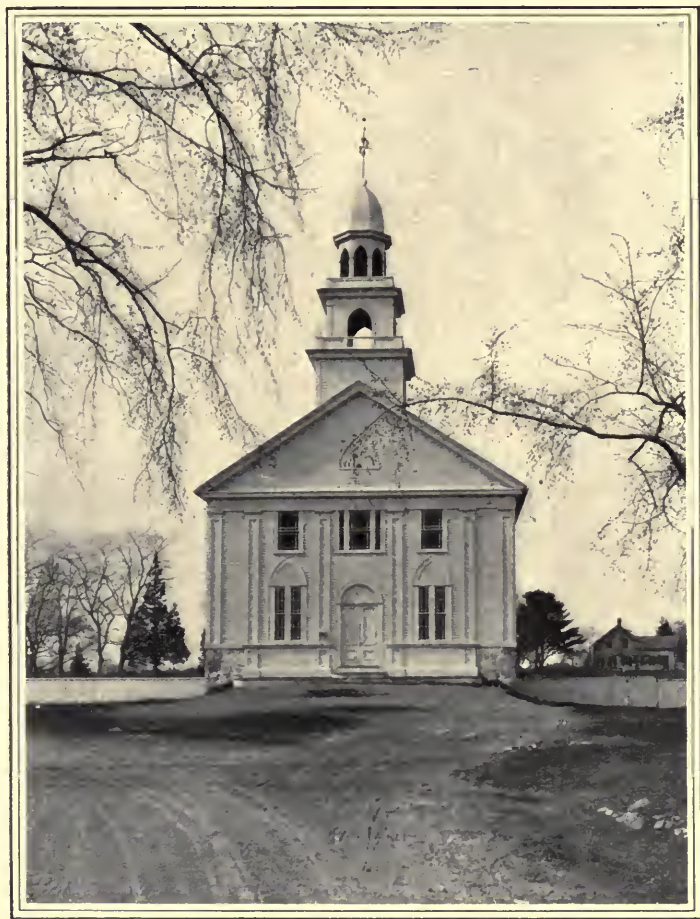
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The Indians of Philip's tribe were becoming more and more impatient of loss of land; when Winslow crossed this territory over the forty-two-miles trail from Plymouth to Myles's garrison and beyond to Warren, it belonged in entirety to Massasoit, and was fairly bought from him parcel by parcel till his son Philip was gradually shut up with his people in Mount Hope, their only land route lying over the white man's road through Swansea, with, perhaps, the white man's dog barking at his heels. The warriors urged Philip to allow them to annoy the English by killing their cattle, thus hoping to provoke the English to commence the attack, as they had a superstitious idea that the party which began first would finally be conquered. The whites could hardly believe that the Indians who had received such uniform kindness from them, especially from the founder of Swansea, Captain Willet¹ and his family, could so suddenly be transformed into enemies, and neglected ordinary precaution.

On this Sunday Philip had granted his promised permission, and the Indians at once began depredations; so insolent were they in demanding liquor that the only Englishman who was not at church lost his temper and wounded one of them, which gave the signal for the Indians openly to

¹ Thomas Willet, the founder of Swansea, and the first English mayor of New York, was a diplomat, a model of fairness, and altogether an extraordinary man, appealed to by Dutch, English, and Indians alike. Probably the grandson of the Canon of Ely, he was a son of Dr. Andrew Willet, rector of Barley, imprisoned for preaching against the proposed "Spanish match" of Charles I. Captain Willet's magnetism and wide knowledge of languages and human nature and residence in Holland gave him such a knowledge of Dutch customs and usages that he was invaluable in organizing the new government at Manhattan; even then in the metropolis, eighteen languages were spoken; to-day, children speaking twenty-five tongues gather at one school to be transformed into American citizens. Captain Willet married the daughter of the Magistrate John Brown, for twelve years a Colonial Commissioner; his son, Major John Brown of Swansea, ensign of the Rehoboth train-band, married Lydia, a daughter of John Howland, the Pilgrim.

begin war, and men were shot here and there. The inhabitants of Rehoboth and Swansea sent a messenger to



The Christian Church, Swansea Centre, established 1682. For one hundred and seven consecutive years the pastoral office was filled by a son or grandson of Samson Mason, a soldier under Cromwell, who settled at Rehoboth.

Plymouth for aid, and took refuge in the "Three houses," their strongest garrisons; one was "Woodcock's," the

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famous garrison which stood until 1806 on the Boston and Providence turnpike in Attleborough, one at Seekonk Plain, and Myles's garrison in Swansea. Smaller garrisons were Major Brown's and Mr. Welcome Allen's, near Orleans Factory in Rehoboth. They were obliged to desert Jared Bourne's stone house, which stood in an exposed position on Mettapoiset (Gardner's) Neck, then owned by Governor Brenton, after six men were killed while going to the barn for corn. Major Savage's Massachusetts troops marched to the rescue. Captain Henchman and Captain Prentice waited at Woodcock's in Rehoboth for Captain Samuel Mosely; observing an eclipse of the moon, some of the soldiers discerned in a black spot on the face a resemblance to the scalp of an Indian, others fancied they saw an Indian bow. And during thirteen moons thereafter the Bay State was defaced by a slaughter too frightful for words.

Among the traditions of Allen's garrison is that of a woman "turning cheese"; wishing more light, she moved back the boards of the window, and instantly, as she raised the cheese, a ball passed through it, shot by a prowling Indian. A few days later the cows did not return at evening, the Indians having hindered them, hoping to draw the men out of the garrison as they did at Squannagonick Falls, New Hampshire, by imitating the grunting of pigs. The white men had learned cunning, too, and one, taking his loaded musket, stood at the door, while another placed a lighted candle in one of the port-holes, retreating quickly as the wind from a whizzing ball extinguished the blaze. The man at the door fired at the flash, and his ball grazed the length of the Indian's back as he leaned forward, wounding him severely.

Swansea is a most attractive town, and Gardner's Neck very lovely with old farms and new summer cottages.

Driving inland toward South Rehoboth, three bars here and there, held by horseshoes, shower good-luck and guard the apple orchards. You may chance on a fox hunt in full chase, meet a solitary grimalkin hunter carrying a fat quail, or perchance a deer driven down from Plymouth by a forest fire. In travelling from Fall River by the old stage route



The Town Hall, Swansea. On site of old Union Meeting-House. Gift of Frank Shaw Stevens.

to Providence you cross the Taunton at Slade's Ferry, the ancient Indian carrying-place where Queen Weetamoe was drowned in attempting to get back to her people, the Pocassets, in Tiverton.

The turnpike runs near Abraham's Rock in Swansea village, and from its top you view the two bays and measure the feat which Abram, the half-breed Indian deserter, was forced to perform. Philip gave him Hobson's choice between death at the stake and three leaps from the summit

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of his rock where he lived in its natural room, "Abram's kitchen." It is said that after the first two successful leaps he became too confident and struck the branch of a tree and perished.

Swansea's physicians have been eminent not only in their profession, but as trusted friends and counsellors of all the country roundabout. Dr. Ebenezer Winslow in 1765 was widely known in southern Massachusetts, and his son, Dr. John Winslow, succeeded him. Dr. James Lloyd Wellington, Swansea's physician for some sixty years, is a member of the celebrated class of Harvard, '38.¹

¹ Dr. Wellington studied with Dr. O. W. Holmes and was present at the Centennial Celebration in 1836 when *Fair Harvard* was sung for the first time. The class of 1838 included Aspinwall Bowditch, Judge Charles Devens, Attorney-General of the United States; Nathan Hale, Patrick Tracy Jackson, Rufus King, James Russell Lowell, William Wetmore Story, and George B. Loring, Minister to Portugal.



*Derelict at South Swansea.
The distant shore line is the city of Fall River.*

REHOBOTH (SECUNKE), 1641-1645

*"Here comes old Shawmut's pioneer,
The parson on his brindled bull."*

HOLMES.

THE pilgrim parson, William Blackstone, withdrew with dignity from land-discussions and creed-disputations with the "Lords-bretheren" of Boston, finding once more a happy independence among his books and fruit trees, as the solitary settler of Rhode Island. From "Study Hall" on the slope of "Study Hill" he watched the lovely Sweeneytaconet River peacefully tumbling over the stones through *Wanepooseag*, the Indians' "place where birds are ensnared." Occasionally he preached at Providence, riding down Blackstone valley on the bull which he had tamed and tutored to his use, and carrying delicious golden sweetings, "the first that were ever in the world," for the children of Roger Williams. Blackstone took no part in Plymouth's purchase of Rehoboth's "ten miles square," John Brown and Edward Winslow completing the matter. Massasoit chose out ten fathoms of beads and put them in a basket, expressing himself fully satisfied therewith for his land of Secunke, but he stood upon it that he would have a coat more.

Another lover of toleration, the Rev. Samuel Newman, came with his people from "crowded" Weymouth; they mistook the eccentric Blackstone for a madman as he rode in on his bull to greet them, his loose robes and long hair flying in the wind. Newman revised here his Concordance by the light of pine-knots. Would that King Philip had not lighted the houses of the "Ring of the Town" (Seekonk Common) as indifferently as a pine-knot! The sachem looked on with grim satisfaction from the great armchair.

which Captain Abel had so often proffered to him, Philip of the Pokanokets, as his guest. The chair is preserved, scorched by a torch thrown into it by some Indian as he hastened away to pillage elsewhere.

The most terrible contest in the Old Colony, "Pierce's



*The Kingsley Lean-to, South Rehoboth.
Residence of Harlan P. Wyman, Esq.*

fight,"¹ in which no quarter was asked and no quarter given, took place in Rehoboth at "The Many Holes." This was a

¹ "Captain Pierce cast his 63 English and 20 Indians into a ring, and fought back to back, and were double-double distance all in one ring, whilst the Indians were as thick as they could stand thirty deep, 55 of the English and 10 Indian friends were slain," and about 150 of the enemy. Captain Pierce fell early in the fray and one Indian, Amos, stood by his commander and fought till affairs became desperate, then escaped by blacking his face with powder as he saw the enemy had done. Another friendly Indian escaped by pretending to pursue an Englishman with uplifted, threatening tomahawk.

“bed of honour” to those who fell, yet Colonel Church’s single-handed deed of valor, in the capture of Anawan, the intrepid general and counsellor of Philip, made Rehoboth more famous. Sixteen days previous Philip had been caged at Mount Hope by Colonel Church, Lieutenant Jabez How-



*The Baker Homestead, built in 1698.
March mud on the highway.*

land, Nathaniel Southworth, Jacob Cook and other men of Plymouth, and twenty friendly Indians. Church had placed a white man and Indian together at intervals, as was his custom, and Philip, springing out alone and unarmed, was killed by a Saconet, Cook’s gun missing fire.

Now the leader Anawan alone remained to be conquered, and he had sworn, like a brave chieftain of a powerful tribe, to fight to the death. Captain Church compelled a captive Indian and squaw to pilot him to Anawan’s lair in Squanna-konk Swamp of a thousand acres.

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Hearing the pounding of a mortar, Church peered over the precipitous edge of a huge rock,¹ hemmed in by swamp and forest except on the north side, and saw Anawan, "who had formed a camp or kenneling place by falling a tree under the side of the great cliff and setting a row of birch bushes against it; he himself, his son, and some chiefs had taken up lodgings, and had their pots and kettles boiling and spits toasting. Their arms also he discovered standing upon end against a stick lodged in two crotches, and a mat to keep them from dew. Captain Church ordered the old man and the squaw to go down first with their baskets on their backs, that Anawan should not mistrust an intrigue, and he, with his handful of soldiers, lowering themselves by the boughs and bushes in the cracks of the rocks, crept down in their shadow. The captain himself crept close behind the old Anawan with his hatchet and stepped over his son's head to the arms." Anawan, starting up, cried "*How dah*" ("I am taken"), and surrendered. "What have you for supper?" said Captain Church, "for I have come to sup with you." "*Taubut*" ("thank you"), said Anawan, bidding his women make ready. With cow-beef seasoned from a little bag of salt pulled from his pocket, and dried corn pounded by the old squaw, Captain Church made a hearty supper. This pounding proved lucky for Captain Church's getting down the rocks; for when the old squaw pounded they moved, and when she ceased they ceased creeping.²

¹ Anawan's Rock is a few rods south of the turnpike between Taunton and Providence, being eight miles from Taunton in the southeasterly part of Rehoboth near the Dighton boundary.

² This is a portion of Captain Church's own narrative written out by another. A further pathetic scene took place at the rock. During the night the moon now shining bright, Church saw Anawan coming with something in his hands. "He fell upon his knees and said: 'Great Captain, you have killed Philip and conquered his country, so I suppose the war is ended by your means; and therefore these things belong to you.' Opening his pack, he pulled out Philip's belt curiously wrought with wampum in various figures and flowers and pictures of many birds and beasts. This, when hanged upon Captain Church's shoulders, reached his ankles,

Captain Church told the captive Indian company that their lives should all be spared except Captain Anawan's, and it was not in his power to promise him his life, but he must carry him to his masters at Plymouth, and he would entreat there for his life. As soon as it was light, the Cap-



Three-Mile River, Westville, near Providence Turnpike, between Taunton and Rehoboth.

tain marched with his prisoners out of that swampy country towards Taunton. In spite of Church's intercession, Anawan was beheaded at Plymouth while Church was absent,

and another belt of wampum Philip was wont to put on his head." It had two flags which hung down upon his back, another belt with a star he used to hang on his breast; and they were all edged with red hair which he got in the Mohawk's country. Then he pulled out two glazed horns and a red cloth blanket, Philip's royal adornments when he sat in state.— *History of Rehoboth*. by Leonard Bliss, Jr.

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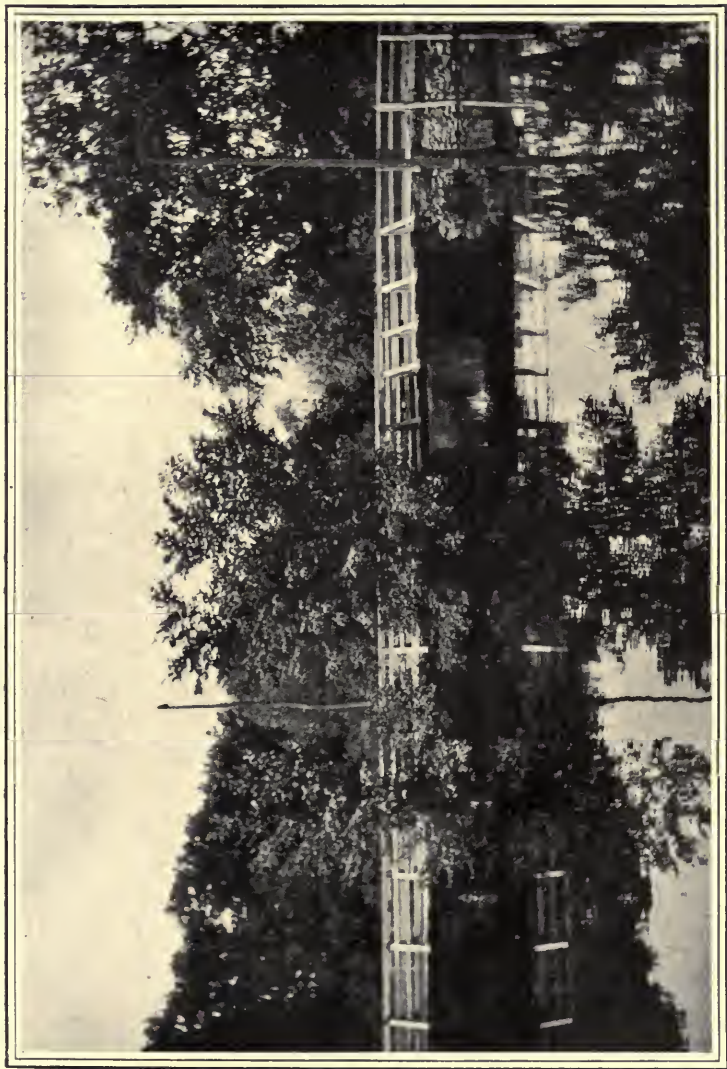
as he was unable to deny that he had tortured English captives, at which Church suffered much grief and chagrin.

As the largest town in the Old Colony, including the Attleboroughs, Seekonk, Swansea, Cumberland, Pawtucket, and East Providence, Rehoboth, with her fine coast line, became the rival of Boston for the State House; defeated by a few votes, she has been jealous of Boston ever since; nevertheless she claims precedence in the first free public school. The early master went from house to house with his books under his arm, then boarded round, keeping school in different divisions of the town the same winter.

In 1709, Mr. John Lynn kept school in the "Ring of the Green" and neighborhood on the east side 21 weeks; Palmer's river, 14 weeks; Watchemoquet Neck [that part of present Seekonk which lies below the mouth of Ten-mile river along the Seekonk or Pawtucket river and Narraganset Bay as far down as Bullock's Neck], 13 weeks; "Captain Enoch Hunt's neighborhood" and "the mile and a half," 9 weeks. The churches marked the epochs and village divisions. The Oak Swamp Meeting-house was a landmark for years, as is the church of the Middle Precinct, Rehoboth Village and the Anawan Meeting-house in North Rehoboth. On Palmer's river have flourished many industries. Ezra Perry made at Rehoboth the bobbins for Slater's mill at Pawtucket, the first cotton mill.

The distance from village to town was so great before the railway entered five years ago, and in spring the mud of the rude, ruddy roads so heavy, that Rehobothites with good old-fashioned hospitality kept a "Stranger's fire." An old lady, now of Providence, said:

I was often aroused at night by the clicking of the latch and whispers of weary, chilled farmers with loads of wood. My hospitable uncle would call out 'Open the fire,' and,



Old Wooden Bridge, Ten-Mile River, East Providence.

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after refreshing themselves from the great mug of cider which stood by the andirons, the unseen visitors would cover the fire and away they'd go, and presently others would appear and open the fire.

There is still "room for all" in Rehoboth's seventy miles' square; an old settler said: "They have great luck in clam-bakes up at Rehoboth; there is her Antiquarian bake and the Hornbine bake; why, sometimes they made most a thousand dollars, and that 's the way they kept the meetin' goin'."

These outdoor summer festivals are still a delightful function. The clams are scientifically steamed to a turn in a long trench, and eaten under the great elm which once shaded the old Goff homestead, where now stands Goff Memorial Building.¹ It is said that sometimes three thousand people have been entertained at the Hornbine Church or Six Principles Baptist. No wonder sons of dear old Rehoboth ride in from heated cities and shore, even come a thousand miles to frolic in the fields! The unique charm of the township is a wide expanse of treeless fields commanding a horizon of fleecy clouds unbroken except by a picturesque hamlet here and there, and resinous pine groves bordering Seekonk Plains. Toasts are spicy, and politics creep in, and affairs of State and Nation are influenced on these occasions. The ancestral homestead of the Hon. Cornelius N. Bliss is here, near Anawan Rock. Benjamin West, mathematician and philosopher, was born in Rehoboth, also the Rev. Josephus Wheaton, and Thomas Kinnicut, the Worcester lawyer.

On our way to Providence, from Rehoboth village, after

¹ The Memorial Building contains the Blanding Library, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Bicknell, and the rooms of the Antiquarian Society; among the interesting relics are King Philip's kettle and the Esek H. Pierce collection from the Holy Land.

crossing the pretty Palmer's River, Perryville village appears on the right, and a stone house on Rocky Hill; entering East Providence (Wotchemoket) by her babbling Ten-Mile River is Hunt's Mills, once the favorite corn-grist for Rehoboth farmers, now frequented by artists. From the hill-top we look for some greeting,—perhaps the "*What cheer, netop?*"—from Tockwotten headland, heard by Roger Williams as at last he joyfully gazed on his free, free hills of Providence.

MIDDLEBOROUGH (ASSAWAMPSET)

*“Round about the Indian village,
Spread the meadows and the corn-fields,
And beyond them stood the forest.”*

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

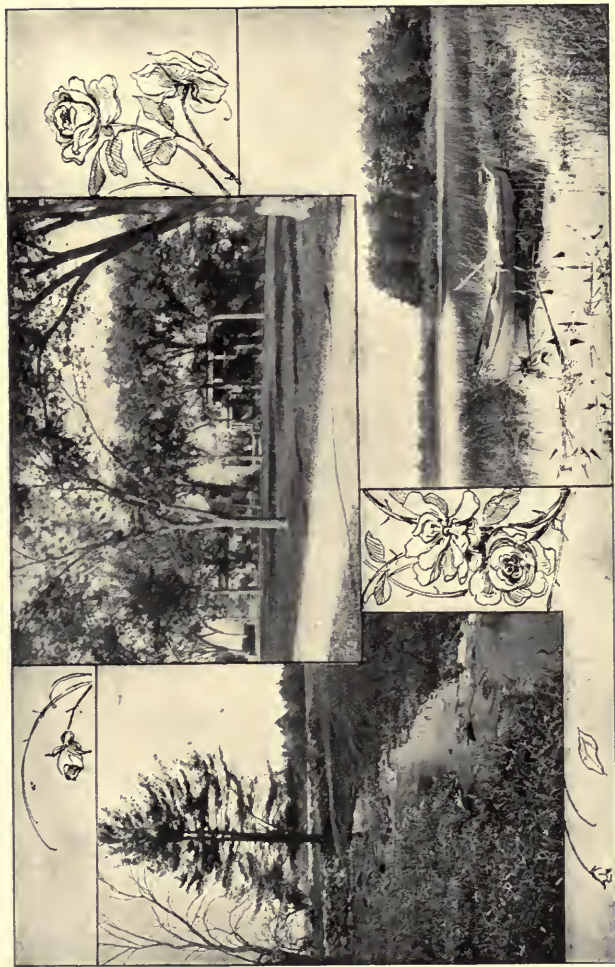
THE beautiful township of Middleborough played no small part in the history of the Pilgrims, and, in the present renaissance of the study of early events, it is a pleasure to the latter-day pilgrim to find the old town easy of access either from Bridgewater or New Bedford. This wonderful lake country was traversed by the friendly Massasoit, by King Philip and his braves, and by the hostile Canonicus, on their way to fish in the Big-Sea-Water.

To those who love the native legends, it is easy to fancy a dusky warrior in his birch canoe, crossing swiftly Lake Assawampset, his paddles “flashing, dripping in the sunshine,”—or threading narrower water-courses, which fasten these five lakes together like beads on one string,—as he glides toward the curling smoke of his wigwam, where his little Hiawatha seated at the door hears:

“Sounds of music, words of wonder,
‘Minne-wawa!’ said the pine trees,
‘Mudway-aushka!’ said the water.

.
Saw the rainbow and the heaven,
In the eastern sky, the rainbow,
Whispered, ‘What is that, Nokomis?’ . . .
‘’T is the heaven of flowers you see there;
All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us.’”

*The Pratt Homestead, birth place of Enoch Pratt.
The Hon. David G. Pratt residence, North Middleborough.*



*Pratt Brook, to which Elder Backus
led his flock.*

Lake Nippemcket, Bridgewater.

These lovely waters, Assawampset, Long Pond, Great and Little Quittacus Pond, were the haunts of the Namaskets,

MIDDLEBOROUGH

LANDMARKS: First Church, organized 1694. Indian Rock. Barrows Tavern, a "Garrison," North Main St. Major Elisha Tucker-Prof. W. P. Jenks house, residence of E. Tucker Jenks. Peter H. Pierce house. Pierce Academy. Soldiers' Monument. Major Levi Pierce-Allen Thatcher house. Philander Washburn house, residence of Levi P. Thatcher. Abiel Wood house (1771). Sproat Tavern, Benjamin Franklin visited. Judge Oliver house. Thomas Long house, birth-place Zadoc Long, father of ex-Secretary of the Navy, Hon. John D. Long. Mad Mare's Neck, between marshy stream, Black Branch, and Great Quittacus Lake, Lakeville.

NORTH MIDDLEBOROUGH (TITICUT)

King Philip's Camp. Second Congregational Church of Middleborough and Parsonage. Pratt Free School. Albert Pratt house on site of Pratt home lot (1732). Otis Pratt house. Zebulon K. Pratt house, residence of Jefferson Pratt. David Gurney house. Elder Backus house (1750), residence of Isaac E. Perkins.

one of the tribes of Massasoit, strangely spared by the pestilence which swept by on each side of them. They were warrantably prejudiced against all white men, because Captain Thomas Hunt played them false in 1614 by kidnapping twenty of their number into slavery; and when Captain Dermer visited them—before the coming of the *Mayflower*—they would have destroyed him had not Tisquantum pleaded for his life. Captain Dermer says: "I dispatched a messenger a day's journey to Pokanoket, whence came to see me two kings (Massasoit and Quadequina) with a guard of fifty armed men." Captain Dermer's visit paved the way for a more friendly reception of the Pilgrims Winslow and Hopkins, as they passed through Middleborough on their embassy to Massasoit. The Namaskets made signs of pleasure, spreading before them a feast of corn-bread and boiled shad-roe. Winslow astounded the natives by shooting at eighty yards one of the troublesome crows destroying their corn. They slept in the open air in Titicut village (North Middleborough) at another Indian camp, after a supper of bass, and next day, crossing the famous ford of the Taunton, they presently entered the territory of the Wampanoags, the chief section of Massasoit's dependency, bearing the gift of a trooper's

coat of red cotton trimmed with lace, and a copper chain and medal for the great chief, in which he arrayed himself, much to his own pride and that of his admiring people.¹



The Nelson-Washburn House, Lakeville, summer Residence of F. C. Hinds, Esq.

On the road from Titicut to Middleborough are a series of pretty country scenes: we are close to the site of the house

¹ The Wampanoags occupied the present Warren, Bristol, and Barrington, R. I., and parts of Seekonk, and Swansea, Mass. The Namaskets occupied Middleborough, so-called because half-way between Plymouth and Mount Hope, home of Massasoit. "Wamassakett shall be a township and to be called by the name of Middleberry."—*Plymouth County Records*.

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of Chief Corbitant; though not deliberately ferocious, like Canonicus, the Narraganset,—who sent a war challenge to Plymouth in the shape of a sheaf of arrows tied with a snake-skin, and was silenced by Governor Bradford's sending back the skin filled with powder and ball,—Corbitant was determined to see what stuff these newcomers were made of; he took captive Tisquantum and Hobomok, and threatened to destroy "the tongue of the Pilgrims," as he called Tisquantum. Hobomok escaped, and flew back to Plymouth with the news that Corbitant was holding a knife at Tisquantum's heart. Standish hastened to the rescue, and with his standing army of ten surrounded Corbitant's house; the cunning chief had fled, leaving Tisquantum uninjured. Corbitant widely proclaimed the prowess of the Pilgrims, and nine sachems signed allegiance to King James.

For many moons thereafter the peace-pipe was smoked. Suddenly the bloody hatchet was dug up at Middleborough, when John Sassamon, the Indian preacher, who had warned Governor Winslow that mischief was brewing against the colonies, was murdered by three Indians in Lake Assawampset (Lakeville). The crime was witnessed by Patuckson from an odd round hill at the right of the main road, known as "King Philip's Mound." At the bridge crossing the brook is Deep Hole, where Captain Church had a skirmish with Tespaquin.

Near the pleasant old Washburn house, once "the finest house in the country," at the "triangle" in Lakeville when it was the southwesterly part of Middleborough, stood the Baptist church where Elder Ebenezer Hinds preached, a contemporary of Elder Backus of Titicut, the much-beloved circuit preacher, who rode many long miles in all weathers to his widely scattered parishes. The Rev. Samuel Fuller was pastor of the First Church. One of the town's famous

Revolutionary soldiers, Colonel Ebenezer Sproat, was nicknamed "Big Buckeye" by the Indians.

Middleborough's great old-fashioned Pierce store has for years been the goal of the farmers. On market-day the street is filled with chaises and wagons waiting to purchase everything from a cinnamon stick to a ploughshare.



Copyright by H. Troth.

The Wild Carrot, or Queen Anne's Lace Handkerchief.

Cape Cod's graceful, luxuriant, August habitant.

CAPE COD

A FEW miles from Middleborough the scythe of Massachusetts cuts the sea at northeast by east. This odd, hooked peninsula, the Nauset of the Indians, has been also likened by ancient voyagers to a horn and to a sickle. Sieur de Champlain called it *Cap Blanc* (Cape White), "because there were sands and downs which appeared thus"; but Captain Bartholemew Gosnold, seeing how generously the safe bay supplied his table and the crew's mess, called it Cape Cod. Captain Gosnold went ashore and found peas, strawberries, and whortleberries, and took for firewood cypress, birch, and witch-hazel, and a young Indian came to meet him armed with bow and arrows, and certain plates of copper hanging in his ears. Doubtless the captain encountered wayward currents and shoals; in 1602 a point of heavy breakers was named by him "Tucker's Terror," because one of his men took fright at them.

The Scandinavian voyagers called these long, narrow beaches and trackless sandhills, affording a singular mirage like the Arabian desert, *Furdustrand-ir* Wonder Strands. One strong proof of the Buzzard's Bay region being the Vineland of the Northmen is that the island of Naushon, retaining its natural state of luxurious verdure, has in its venerable forest depths one particularly superb grapevine, spreading like a net from tall tree to tall tree, forming a wide leaf canopy, like the fretted arches of some great cathedral. Among the traditions of this legendary island, where Holmes has made merry, William Morris Hunt painted, and Emerson dreamed,—once owned by Governor James Bowdoin, whose homestead is said to be haunted, and some years ago purchased by William W. Swain of New Bedford,

Buzzard's Bay the Norseman's Vineland? 417

and John M. Forbes of Milton,—one concerns the landing of the British. A Hessian officer writes that they were met by a man and a little girl, “the man bearing a flag of truce and the little girl an egg in token of confidence. When the egg was accepted she held out her right hand with a kiss.”¹

It is not impossible that Straumfjord, the birthplace of Snorre, ancestor of Thorwaldsen, and the first white child born in America, was situated on Buzzard's Bay. The dis-



*“I heard, or seemed to hear, the chiding Sea
Say: ‘Pilgrim, why so late and slow to come?
Am I not always here, thy summer home?’”*

“Sea-shore.” EMERSON.

tinguished Norsemen arrived in three ships, containing all sorts of live stock,—“probably the first Norway rats among the rest,” says Thoreau; also, observing at Provincetown how the lobsters catch themselves in the netting of their own accord, he remarks, “Man needs to know but little more than a lobster in order to catch him in his traps.” The jail was “to let” when Thoreau was there, as often the court, meeting at Barnstable, had not a single criminal to

¹ *An Island in New England*, by Gustav Kobbé, *Century*, 1898.

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try. A downright people are these descendants of the Pilgrims, and their traits of mother-wit and independence have been accentuated in a sea-girt land. Citified folk, cut all of a piece (outwardly at least), like a string of paper dolls, are often amused at country idiosyncrasies. On sober consideration, however, the preference of a Cape Cod deacon for wearing wigs of a different color,—a red one for week days and a black one on Sunday,—is even less pronounced than some of the strange pranks of apparel and amusement of more conventional territory at the same period.

It was in Buzzard's Bay that Dr. Francis Le Baron was cast ashore in the wreck of a French privateer. This accomplished surgeon, who hid his noble name on account of royal displeasure, on passing through Plymouth as a prisoner-of-war, was called upon to cure Goodman Hunter's wife, and later settled there, marrying Mary Wilder of Hingham after a romantic courtship as *The Nameless Nobleman*.

At the head of Buzzard's Bay is Manomet, and a palisaded trading-house of the Pilgrims stood on Manomet (now Monumet) River. They brought hither their corn, swine, and poultry by way of Scusset River, then sent the provender to Manhattan and up the Connecticut. When Boston was besieged, patriot coasters from New York, laden with flour, unloaded at the old Pilgrim landing, and were met at Scusset by a detachment from Colonel Cotton's Plymouth Regiment, under Captain Samuel Bradford. Among his brother officers were an Alden, a Cole, a Church, and Wadsworth; "alas, there was no Winslow, for that family was stiffly Tory!" (Goodwin). In several whale-boats, commanded by Captain Sylvanus Drew, they crept warily up the shore to Cohasset, sending the flour thence overland to the troops. On this same Pilgrim route, in 1717,—the line

of the Cape Cod ship-canal route,—was projected the building of a fence six feet high from bay to bay to keep the wolves off the Cape. The mainland folk objected to helping pay for keeping the wolves on their side, and the project was abandoned. Tradition says that a Pilgrim wrote on the face of a rock in Manomet:

“The Eastern nations sink, their glory ends,
And Empire rises where the sun descends.”

On Cuttyhunk Isle, off Dartmouth shore, Gosnold built his warehouse on a rocky islet in the fresh-water pond, separated from the salt bay only by a narrow beach. *Elizabeth*, Gosnold named his woodland island; and wherever you may alight on the charming shores of Buzzard's Bay,—at Nonquitt, Falmouth, Mattapoiset, or New Bedford,—you are not eligible to maritime inner circles until you can repeat the rhyme of the Elizabeth Islands:

Nashawena, Pesquinese,
Cuttyhunk, Penekees,

Naushon, Nonameset,
Onkatonka, Wepecket

NEW BEDFORD (ACUSHNET), 1652-1787

"The rise of the people called Quakers is one of the memorable events in the history of man. It marks the moment when intellectual freedom was claimed unconditionally by the people as an inalienable birthright."—BANCROFT.

"New Bedford was long the chief whaling port in the world."—MARVIN.

VERY SOON after the Pilgrims bought the land, which they named Dartmouth, for the port where the *Mayflower* and *Speedwell* put back for repairs; also, soon after, Ralph Russell—a companion voyager of the Taunton Leonards from Pontipool—set up his "bloomerie" on the Pascaman-set River, a colony of Friends quietly settled in this corner of Massachusetts, close to liberal Rhode Island, apparently ignoring the gallows of New England.

At that moment their leader, George Fox, the shepherd lad apprenticed to a shoemaker with the blood of martyrs in his veins, was causing England "to rage like the sea" by uttering his simple convictions in village market-places and in the streets of London. Following an irrepressible mandate from within, he left his flock on the Nottingham hills to publish fearlessly in "a briery and brambly world" the luminous beauty of his guide—*The Inner Light*. The people, crowding thick about him like doves in the Piazza San Marco, veiled not their ardor for his philosophy before the monarch, the nobles, or Cromwell; the haughty hypocrite dared not dispute with the humble countryman, and trembled on hearing that "the man with the leather breeches has come."

The Friends' large meeting-house, built in 1699 on Peleg Slocum's land-gift, in a lovely region some two miles from Russell's Mills, has been replaced by the Apponaganset meeting-house, where, as of old, the women enter by their

door and the men by theirs every First Day. The Friends are distinguished everywhere for gracious beauty of character, but their distinctive customs of dress and quaint and charming phraseology are modified by worldly concessions. The broadbrims have almost disappeared, and also the dove-like gowns and exquisitely sheer, snowy kerchiefs, exemplifying that "truth is beautiful enough in plain clothes."¹ Mr. George Fox Tucker, in describing the bonnet of *A Quaker Home*, says:

"Grandmother's bonnet was of the old pattern, long and of a melancholy drab; mother's was shorter and of a more attractive shade: grandmother's had small drab ribbons which she tied under the chin without regard to appearance: mother's had large ones gathered in a graceful knot, and the crown had smaller plaits arranged with a view to symmetry and grace."

In New Bedford the drab-colored meeting-house has been replaced by the brick one on Spring Street.

¹ The Dartmouth meeting gave forth with sorrow a Public Condemnation in 1733 against one of its members because he "let himself into Liberty by wearing Divers sorts of Periwigs and his Hat set upon three sides like Ye Vain Custom of Ye World." One of the Quaker hats of beaver, after the court style of James II. first adopted, may be seen in the Museum

NEW BEDFORD

LANDMARKS: Rodman homestead (1828), Spring and County Sts. Grace Church; Parish-house dedicated by Phillips Brooks (1892). Roach-Arnold house. Jones house, Madison and Court Sts. Bartlett house. Site Morgan homestead, County St. Hathaway-Gideon-Isaac Howland house (1773). Bennett house, built by John Avery Parker, County and Willis Sts. Fearing-Grinnell house. Russell house, Russell St. Cornelius Grinnell-Hathaway house. Joseph Grinnell house, property of Frederick Grinnell. Anthony Delano house, Hawthorne St., near Orchard. Charles Russell house (1830) now St. Joseph's Hospital. Site Joseph Tucker homestead (1740), Tucker Road, Dartmouth. Point Drive.

FAIRHAVEN

LANDMARKS: Millicent Library. Town Hall and Unitarian Church; Parish-house of Tudor period, built of native granite turrets and pinnacles of time of Henry VII. and Elizabeth; gargoyles after those of Ely Cathedral; Memorial gifts of Henry H. Rogers. Gun captured from British at Nassau, 1777, placed at Fort Phoenix; Recapture by British, 1778. Marine Park

Supplementary: Ricketson's *New Bedford*. Ellis's *New Bedford. Reminiscences of a Journalist*, by C. J. Congdon. *Daniel Ricketson and His Friends*, by Anna and Walton Ricketson. *The American Merchant Marine*, by Winthrop L. Marvin. *The Gam* (whaling stories), by Captain Robbins of New Bedford. *The Quaker. A Study in Costume*, by Amelia Mott Gummere.

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Charles Congdon, the journalist, a New Bedford boy, who was on the staff of the New York *Tribune* with Horace Greeley, esteemed it a privilege to have known something of Quakerism when it yet retained much of its primitive quaintness and simplicity, though even fifty years ago the monthly meeting, as a committee reported, "was rather on the dwindle."

"Everybody knows what was the hospitality of the Friends, and anybody who has eaten an old-fashioned quarterly meeting dinner, my word for it, has a pleasant memory thereof," says Mr. Congdon. "We had a rich old Quaker merchant in our town, liberal as the air and unspeakably hospitable, but sometimes unspeakably tried by bores. There was a shrewd Friend who again and again went to the house about dinner-time to fish for an invitation. He had no notion of buying oil, but, with an air of business, he would ask, 'Friend R., could thee tell me what I could buy sperm-oil for now, by the ten gallons or twenty gallons?' Patience being exhausted he got his answer: 'John, see to it that thee never comes to my house again to inquire the price of sperm-oil,—about dinner-time!' and I suppose that John did n't."¹

Whaling profits poured into New Bedford later than elsewhere. A sage and plucky salt caught the idea of earning

at Nantucket. It belonged to Reuben Macy, probably a son of Goodman Macy, driven out of Amesbury for harboring Quakers, and a first settler at Nantucket.

¹ Mr. Congdon, seeing always the humorous side, says: "My great-grandfather must have been a Friend of extremely solid convictions; for having once borrowed an overcoat of a worldly acquaintance in which to attend some yearly meeting, he did not feel free to wear it with buttons on the back, which were merely ornamental. He, therefore, being moved by the spirit to do so, cut them off, and so went with his mind at ease to the gathering. Afterwards he found himself in a curious dilemma. He could not conscientiously put the buttons on again, and he hardly liked to return the garment without them. How he settled the matter I do not know; probably he referred it to the 'meeting.'"



Bouncing Bets in a Nantucket Lane.

butter for his bread while watching from a Nantucket sand-bank some Indians attacking a whale from a frail canoe,¹—whales came close inshore then, not recognizing man as an enemy. Such audacious, tenacious whalers hailed from Mattapoiset, Falmouth, and the divisions of old Dartmouth that the British cruiser, capturing an American whale-boat, gave the crew their choice of fighting or whaling for them, and soon had vessels in the Arctic fisheries. Joseph Russell was born in the "Old Garrison" at Russell's Orchard; near by was the house of the Ricketsons, original proprietors of Dartmouth. Mr. Russell's farm covered a large part of the present city. He was New Bedford's first whale merchant; and a son of his friend, Joseph Rotch, launched her first ship—the *Dartmouth*, a prominent figure of the Tea-Party drama at Griffin's Wharf, Boston, Mr. Rotch being ordered "not to enter the tea at his peril." Whaling voyages grew more perilous, the risk heavy, as whales became few and far between; and, whereas Captain Bunker, in the *Uncas* of Falmouth, took an \$88,000 catch, and Captain Seabury barrelled \$12,000 worth of oil in one venture, by 1853 the *Rush* disappointed her owners by returning only ninety barrels after circumnavigating the globe. As the captains were supposed to return with a full hold or not at all, his empty casks must have placed him in a sorry plight. An occasional break in the monotony of a three-years voyage was the pleasant ceremony of "the gam," etiquette demanding that when vessels meet on the whaling-ground officers shall exchange visits, and also the crews.

The streets of New Bedford have not entirely lost the

¹ The bark canoe is the model for our paragon Yankee whale-boat: "Sharp, clean-cut as a dolphin, the rise of bow and stern and clipper-like upper form, give it a duck-like capacity to top incoming waves; so that it will dryly ride where ordinary boats would fill; a boat which two men may lift, and which will make ten miles an hour," says Captain Davis, of Nantucket in his *Nimrod of the Sea*.

flavor of oil and candles, in pursuit of which all nations filled her wharves. Ship news was then valued above any other; a touch of the maritime and of Quaker simplicity still dig-



The Whaler's stanch Captain on Shore.

nifies the homesteads. On the Old Country Road from the Cove to the Head of the River (Acushnet), before the Revolution, were the walled-in farms of the Allens, Kemptons,

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Willises, Peckhams, and Wrightingtons. A delightful and unique affair is the wagon-stage, few of which are seen in New England nowadays; you may jog from New Bedford to Little Compton, picking up the mail as you go with ease and nonchalance in this bewitching region, stopping for a glass of milk at some Westport farm, or to gather trailing arbutus or berries. Alongshore, from Padanaram, west are prosperous fishing villages and rock-sheltered beaches ideal for bathing. Inland stretches of wet sand are found, and, turning a polished stone, a crab scabbles from his home into a pool; if the sportsman does not enjoy "crabbing," he finds game-birds in variety.

Acushnet village, on the old post-route from Boston, is very attractive; here the eccentric Dr. West preached on his hill-top and dared write a learned reply to Edwards' *On the Will*. He did the patriots service by deciphering the treasonable letters of Dr. Church; withal, he was so absent-minded that, "having dismounted to rest his old horse, the animal slipped the bridle, and the Doctor walked home with it on his shoulder, never suspecting that the creature was not behind." The British, under General Grey, who had sailed against New Bedford and Fairhaven in the "New Lunnun fleet," burned a part of Acushnet as they marched around the river. Many householders fled to the woods, and one woman rushed away with the first thing she laid hands on—a brass warming-pan, which made such a clashing against overhanging boughs that every one fled as fast from her as from the regulars. Fairhaven would have been destroyed had not Major Fearing and his militia come to the rescue. The British departed for Martha's Vineyard, destroying the whale-boats in her Old Town Harbor.

It would seem that our modern painters love the stones of Fairhaven much as Old World artists idolize their Venice. Bierstadt, R. Swain Gifford, William A. Wall, Van Beest,



Farming on the Heights above Stone Bridge, Tiverton.

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Bradford (a Quaker descendant of William Bradford), L. D. Eldred, Clement Swift, Isaac Walton Taber are all associated with New Bedford and Fairhaven. Walton Ricketson, the sculptor, has in his possession the flute of Thoreau, who visited often Friend Daniel Ricketson, and, with Ellery Channing and George William Curtis, caused his "shanty" at Brooklawn here to scintillate with philosophy, poetry, and wit.

TIVERTON.

West of New Bedford and south of Fall River, on the Seaconnet River, is unique and picturesque Tiverton, home of Weetamoe, Queen of Pocasset, "a severe and proud dame, bestowing every day in dressing herself near as much time as any gentry of the land—powdering her hair and painting her face," says their captive, Mrs. Rowlandson of Lancaster; also the scene of the battle of Fogland or "Peas Fight" (fought in a field of peas). After the burning of Swansea, the Pokanokets were chased by the English and crossed to Pocasset (modern Tiverton; early Pocasset lay on both sides of the Seaconnet), where Colonel Church¹ came suddenly upon a force of twenty times his number, who pinned them upon the shore at Namaquacket (near the house of Senator Church, familiarly known as Captain "Nat"). Their plight was discovered by Captain Golding, and his sloop ran down to their assistance. On account of his exploit, the pretty little island of Island Park, south of the Stone Bridge, on which are some Revolutionary earthworks, was named Golding's (now Gould's) Island. For the past

¹ Colonel Benjamin Church was the first settler in Little Compton, and his descendants still hold his estate. He served in no less than five expeditions against Canada and Maine as commander-in-chief of the colonial forces, and Governor Winslow, when sending the King a present of the spoils of Philip (see the Rehoboth chapter), mentioned Church as "a person of great loyalty and the most successful of our commanders."

half-century Tiverton has been the centre of the menhaden fisheries, founded by seven Church brothers, who went "fishing for fish" from Canada to Cape Hatteras with purse-nets and inherited pluck. " 'T wa'n't no excursion," said the hearty first-mate, in describing one adventure. Menhaden—profitable for oil and fish guano—are called poggies in Maine, mossbunkers in Connecticut, and fatbacks in Virginia. Captain Daniel Church, whose house was the headquarters of General Greene, is an authority on the fisheries of the Western Hemisphere. Many seek Tiverton in summer, which is loveliest as the day wanes,—the sky, a glory of pink or intense orange, throws into relief harbored skiffs and the dark, odd-shaped Hummock, whose tiny pointed firs are characteristic of the smaller islands of "Little Rhody."

Among the twenty-seven men who were declared freemen of the town when Tiverton was incorporated in 1692, were Major Church, Richard Borden, Job Peace, Daniel Howland, Joseph Anthony, and Edward Briggs.

AQUIDNECK, THE ISLE OF PEACE

It is idle to attempt to paint the surrounding charms as you pass in balmy air and sunlight through Tiverton Village, down and across the Stone Bridge (of old, Howland's Ferry), up and over the ridge of this grassy island, paralleled by the dancing waters of Mount Hope Bay on the one hand, and on the other by the blue Seaconnet (Sakonnet), linking the bay to the sea. Here in Portsmouth, William Coddington the Quaker, and John Clarke, John Coggeshall, and William Aspinwall, the disciples of Individualism, made a settlement at Common Fence Point on this island, purchased from Canonicus and Miantonomo; Coddington shortly moved on to Newport. Portsmouth held forth her plea for the seat of the General Assembly, as well as Providence, Newport, and Warwick, ending in a compromise of holding it successively at each town.

On arriving at Newtown Village, we feel certain that Mistress Anne Hutchinson was a woman of taste to have chosen this as her portion of the Isle of Peace—the refuge of independent thinkers. The pretty hamlet beguiles us into almost believing that we are, like Penelope, enjoying *English Experiences*, and may engage a room at some Mrs. Bobby's cottage. Here is one smothered in vines, behind the wicket-gate a trim, sweet-scented dooryard, blooming with roses, clove-pinks, sweet-williams. Travelling on, it is a soft, soft green,—everywhere the hum of bees, huge clover-blossoms, fragrant new-mown hay, grazing sheep,—for Aquidneck Isle is a veritable Eden. If the Seaconnet below were but a soft-flowing Avon, instead of the broad lake-like stream it is, surging white-capped against Ferry Neck, and terraced Tiverton Heights less high, the illusion of an Eng-



In Mount Hope Bay.

lish country scene would be complete. Stay, on the hill-top, that mill swinging its arms with folded sails smacks of Holland,—but no, Quaker Hill is not of the lowlands of the Zuyder Zee. From its summit spreads away a glorious landscape toward the cliffs of beauteous Little Compton and West Island Light, at the Seaconnet's mouth—the kingdom of Queen Awashonks. Northward is picturesque Bristol Ferry, and beyond is Bristol; on her trial trip a new yacht cuts the bay fresh from the chisel of the Herreshoffs. The *Gwin* and *Talbot* practised here that “thrilling dash of the torpedo boat in the dark”; such warlike preparation would much disquiet the Friends walking placidly up the hill to meeting.

A mile from Quaker Hill is Butt's Hill, a prominent point of vantage in the Revolution. In Portsmouth also was captured General Prescott, surprised as he slept, with a light guard in a lonely farmhouse on the west road. Lieutenant-Colonel William Barton¹ was voted a sword by Congress for his gallant act. He was appointed aide-de-camp to Major-General Nathanael Greene, who, ere the war closed, ranked next to Washington as a general in the eyes of his countrymen. The sharpest conflict during the battle of Rhode Island (or the battle of Tiverton Heights) took place here. General Greene (almost within sight of his birthplace across the bay at Potowhommet in Warwick County) drove the British back to their Quaker Hill re-

¹ Colonel Barton, daringly intent on capturing Prescott, with six picked officers and thirty-four men, rowed from Tiverton to Bristol in whale-boats, thence to Warwick Neck, where a storm hindered their progress; embarking again, they passed in perfect silence between Patience and Prudence islands, and so near the enemy's ships as to hear the sentinel's “All's Well!” Landing at Portsmouth, the party marched in divisions to the farmhouse, and secured the sentinel by stratagem. Prescott and his aide were carried in a coach to Providence, and sent, on parole, to Connecticut to be in charge of Governor Trumbull. (Colonel Barton's MS. account of the affair is among the Foster *Miscellanies*.)

doubt after they attempted to prevent the retreat of Sullivan's army from the island. Of General Greene's brigades—under Generals Varnum, Glover, Cornell, and Colonel Christopher Greene—General Varnum's suffered severest loss.

A reminiscence of Washington's friendship with the Major-Generals Lafayette and Greene, has been handed down to us from the lips of Cornelia, a daughter of General Greene:

"My father's youngest son, and the son born to Lafayette during the Revolution, were both named George Washington. This fact abided with Lafayette, and after my father died he applied to my mother to allow him to take my brother George to France, where he might be educated with *his* George, so as to perpetuate the love which had illustrated the lives of their fathers. My mother finally consented, and Lafayette's wish was carried into effect; for the boys grew up strong, in full health, thoroughly educated, and loving each other as fondly as their parents could have wished."¹ It was while spending a summer at Newport that Mrs. Greene met Eli Whitney, and, becoming interested in his experiments, invited him to her beautiful home, "Dungeness" (constructed for her by General Greene, on Cumberland Island, off the coast of Georgia), "where an abundance of cotton and quiet might be assured"; there his invention of the cotton-gin was perfected.

The air is intoxicating,—we are already in love with every mood of the island. The rich soil confirms the story that the farmer has but to drop the seed in and take a nap until the rising of harvest-moon. Wishing to drink in the early June delights of South Portsmouth, we alight at a great

¹ *Recollections of Washington and His Friends*. As preserved in the family of General Nathanael Greene, by Martha Littlefield Phillips, a granddaughter of Edward Brinley Littlefield of Newport.—*The Century Magazine*, January, 1898.

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willow growing out of a tumbling stone wall above a little brook, and, strolling on, stop to climb every other stone wall for a new view of the Seaconnet, the spires of Little Compton, and the Four Corners Church of Middletown. On the left is "The Glen," the estate of Henry A. C. Taylor. Its water-wheel and palisade made this the favorite objective point for a drive from Newport in the period when early dinners prevailed, and fishing, croquet, and a picnic at the "Dumpling" were society's deepest dissipations.

Grand old trees surround the Cornelius Vanderbilt farm, formerly that of August Belmont; toward the river are the Sandy Point and Whitridge farms. The first road on the left leads to Vauclose on Wapping Road, and we scare up many a wild rabbit from the wayside tangle of the sweet-brier lane, where one aged homestead appears as if it might topple over should the wind shake the embracing tree at its stoop. Vauclose was the mansion of Samuel Elam, a Quaker, and strangely worldly for one of the sect, yet when reproved by the Friends he always appeared contrite and promised to do better. In true delightful Southern fashion he would drive into old Newport and invite all visitors of distinction to his plantation. *On dit* that in his formal garden the ladies might imagine themselves at Versailles. This was in the gay French period when, at the dances here by moonlight, sweet Polly Lawton, the daughter of a Quaker, by her naïvete compelled gay officers to become her devoted slaves, and her name is inscribed on a window-pane of Rochambeau's headquarters in Newport. Count Ségur says that when calling upon her father,

"the door of the drawing-room opened, and a being which resembled a nymph rather than a woman entered. So much beauty, so much simplicity, so much elegance, and so much modesty were perhaps never combined in one person. Her gown was white, like herself, while her ample muslin necker-



*Vaughtse.
Built by Samuel Elam. Afterwards
the Home of Shepherd Tom Hazard.*



The Home of Bishop Berkeley.

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chief, and the envious cambric of her cap seemed vainly to endeavor to conceal the most graceful and most beautiful form imaginable. Her eyes seemed to reflect, as in a mirror, the meekness and purity of her mind and the goodness of her heart: she received us with an open ingenuity which delighted me, and the use of the familiar 'thou,' which the rules of her sect prescribed, gave our new acquaintance the appearance of an old friendship."

Quite as celebrated as Vacluse were the Malbone gardens of Newport, where silverfish sported in many artificial ponds, and the fountains may be said to have showered honey and wine, so luxurious was the country abode of Godfrey Malbone. The house, which overlooked the sea and Narraganset Bay, inclosed a circular mahogany staircase to the top, as expensive alone as the entire Brenton house. The story goes that one day, while guests were being sumptuously entertained by the Malbones, the house caught fire; the host commanded that the tables should be reset on the lawn, for "though my house is lost, the dinner shall not be," and forthwith the feast was finished by the light of the flames.¹

Middletown, once "Ye woods" of Newport, is the only town in Rhode Island without a village or a post-office. One of its historical estates is Ogden farm, on Love Lane.

Whitehall,² the home of Dean Berkeley, which he presented to Yale College, is not far distant, but it is best to

¹ Not long ago two Malbone chairs were sent by Hartford descendants to be repaired: the furniture dealer reported that the legs were somewhat scorched at the back, whereby these heirlooms testified in favor of the truth of the "dinner story"

Godfrey Malbone owned also Ochre Point, a part of the original grant to one Brassie. It was purchased of Malbone by Robert Taylor, and known as the Taylor farm, until the eminent jurist, William Beach Lawrence, gave the name, Ochre Point, to his estate of sixty-nine acres, purchased for \$12,000. His nearest neighbor was the Hon. George Bancroft.

² Whitehall is to be under the custody of the Colonial Dames of Rhode Island and preserved as a landmark. The key may be obtained at a

visit that on another day, driving out from Newport by way of Sachuset Beach, Purgatory (many traditions has this cavernous gap in the rock of a leap across for true love's sake), the Hanging Rocks, and the Swamp Road. Dr. George Berkeley, Lord Bishop of Cloyne, to whom Pope ascribed "every virtue under heaven," composed his finest works seated in a fissure of the Hanging Rocks, to which he climbed by the natural winding stairway from the beach. A little shoe was found in the plaster of the Dean's home, believed to be that of his little daughter Lucia who lies in Trinity churchyard. On the morning of Dean Berkeley's arrival at Newport, Mr. Honyman, the rector of Trinity, received a note while in his pulpit that the Dean was on board a ship anchored in the west passage, and might be expected to land at any moment. The congregation was dismissed, and Mr. Honyman, with the wardens, vestry, and parishioners, repaired to Ferry Wharf to greet him.

The good Dean found awaiting him the Redwoods of Antigua, the Bretts of Germany, the De Courcys of Ireland, Sueton Grant,—a Grant of Grant in the County of Inverness, who was made a Freeman of Newport in 1734,—and Edward Scott, the uncle of Sir Walter Scott, so cosmopolitan were Newport's sojourners even then.

Turning back from Vaocluse to the Vanderbilt farm on the East Road, we stand before the great gate of beautiful St. Mary's Church, standing in memory of Raymond Belmont. Behind secluding trees are glimpses of its vine-clad walls, the peaceful churchyard,—it is such a picture as Frederick Tennyson depicts:

"Here sweet birds had swung

Their dewy cradles, and flew in and out

From sun to shadow, and brought to their homes

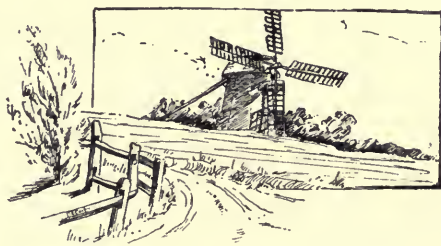
Sparks from the life of the great summer day."

farmhouse near by. It has been for some years under a committee organized for the preservation of Whitehall, the chairman being Mrs. A. Livingston Mason, Halidon Hall, Newport.

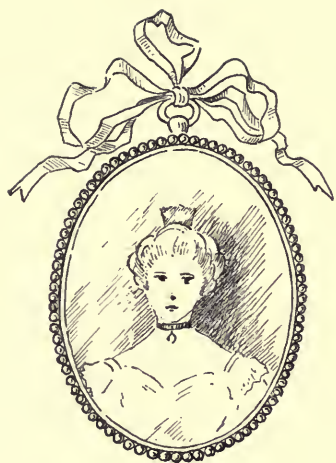
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Leaving this serene inclosure we take up our journey toward Newport. The "Briar Tea-House" on the William Meyers estate was the scene of countless festivities ere golf eclipsed all other summer pleasures. On the right is Southwick's grove. At Congdon farm miles of breezy green turf, squared with stone walls, separate us from Easton's pond, the beach, and the open sea. There are many ponds on the island white with lilies. The homestead of the old Easton farm was the headquarters of Lord Percy when commander of the British troops in Rhode Island. He protected the Redwood Library from despoilment, and would not allow one of the seventy fine sycamores to be cut down for fuel; they were standing when the farm was purchased by Robert Johnston, one of the many distinguished benefactors of the Redwood Library; it was he who planted the glorious fern-leaf beech before its gate, the pride of Newport. At his suggestion were elected as honorary members the Duke of Northumberland (son of Lord Percy), Lord Lyndhurst, Baron Hottinguer, A. Agar Ellis, Librarian of the British Museum, and others, through whom rare books were obtained for this the finest of the colonial libraries.

Southwest shimmers the same harbor which held, in 1524, for fifteen days the caravel of Verazzano. Beaver Tail Light and Point Judith are sighted here. On Castle Hill stand the villas of Professor Agassiz, the Winans, and Huttons of Baltimore; passing the Andrews and Dr. Bull estates, Newport opens her three gateways--the social, historic, and the picturesque.



NEWPORT, 1638



NEWPORT, city of the sea, will bewilder you with a thousand delights; she has her water-courses, her palaces of modern splendor, her treasures of art, and variegated cliffs topped by a white-ribbon promenade; her wars and councils of wars of many nations, her remarkable Hebrew community, phantom fleets crowding Long Wharf with the world's merchandise, even with a dark cargo from West Africa's shore, or a close-rigged privateer of Captain Kidd and

the freebooters whose spoil is sought in vain on these shores; her *fête* days, when the city appears in gala array from bow to stern—from Fort Adams to Ochre Point. On these occasions "The Point" is again the "Court End," the Ocean Drive—Newport's Rotten Row—being deserted for the nonce; now all the festive paraphernalia is at Blue Rocks—the harbor's balcony. Wave-tossed Narraganset Bay, with Conanicut Island as a background, is filled with craft from sunrise to evening gun. Yonder training-ship, anchored off dismantled Fort Green, salutes with flags flying. The celebrated Newport Artillery, organized on account of war with Spain in 1741, garrisoned this fort in 1812; their first commander, the son of Governor William Brenton,—first president of Aquidneck, and surveyor-general commissioned by the King, consequently owning great

landed estates in several colonies,—was Jahleel Brenton, who built the Brenton homestead and Hammersmith, the

NEWPORT

LANDMARKS: State House, Washington portrait by Stuart. Statue of Commodore Perry. Gov. Bull house, Spring St. (1639), oldest house in R. I. Maxon house, corner Spring St. Wanton house, Broadway. Daniel Hazard house, Broadway. Mumford-Rowland R. Hazard house, The Parade. Vaughan estate, The Parade. Sueton Grant house (1675), Hammett's Court. Finch house, School St. Clark-Weaver house, Walnut St. The "White Horse" tavern, or Nichols homestead, Marlborough St., near State House. Mumford homestead, Cross St. Friends' Meeting-House. Vernon house, Clarke and Mary Sts., residence of H. E. Read, headquarters of Count de Rochambeau. Champlin house, residence of Mrs. Duncan C. Pell. Gen. Prescott's Headquarters, Pelham St. Governor Van Zandt house. Touro Park. "My Stone-Built Windmill," built by Governor Arnold after one at his Chesterton home said to be designed by Inigo Jones. Channing Memorial Church. The Jewish Cemetery, land purchased 1677, poem by Longfellow. Newport Historical Rooms, formerly Seventh Baptist Meeting-House (1729). The Jewish Synagogue, oldest in U. S. Brenton house. William Ellery homestead, 3 Thames St. Hunter house at The Point, property of Dr. Horatio R. Storer. Robinson homestead, summer residence of a descendant, Benjamin Smith. War College. Lime Rocks, home of Ida Lewis. Morton Park. Ocean Drive. Lily Pond. Easton's Beach, Forty Steps.

Supplementary: Mason's *Remi-*

great four-chimney house near Fort Adams on Brenton's Neck, which he filled continually with his friends.

At the beginning of the last war with Spain the ships-of-war and martial preparations recalled a saying that Rhode Island "loves to fight if she can fight on the sea." Her favorite naval hero was the author of the dispatch after victory of the *Lawrence* on Lake Erie, "We have met the enemy and they are ours." Thenceforward highest honors¹ were paid to Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry throughout the Union.

Early in the Revolution, Newport was thought to be the key to the possession of New England and the desired prize for occupation.

All history in Newport dates from before and after the British occupation. In the zenith of her glory, her commerce was greater than that of New York (the *Newport Mercury* stated: "if the commerce of New York continues to improve at the present rapid rate

¹ The silver memorial gift of the city of Newport to Commodore Perry, and his portrait by Gilbert Stuart, are in the possession of Oliver Hazard Perry, Esq., of Lowell, Mass.



The Cliffs.

*"The sun has cast aside her veils of
mist,
And full and golden smiles upon the sea
Which foams and sparkles, touched to
life and glee."*

Winter at Newport
SUSAN COOLIDGE.



Surf off Newport.

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niscences of Newport, Charles E. Hammett, Jr., pub. *Early Recollections of Newport*, by George G. Channing. *Newport*, by W. C. Brownell. *History of the State of Rhode Island*, by Samuel Greene Arnold. *The Household of Lafayette*, by Edith Sichel. *Historical Sketch of the Redwood Library*, by David King, M.D.

it will soon equal that of Newport"); with the advent of the British and the German allied troops, Newport, the "Intellectual Constellation of the Western Hemisphere," was undone. Many inhabitants abandoned their homes at the sight of Sir Henry Clinton's British fleet; and their empty houses were occupied by the Landgraf (Elector's) and Dittfurth regiments. During the last bitter winter, for want of supplies and fuel, many of the unfortunate soldiers perished in the "Hessian" snow-storm.¹

Several British were quartered at Quaker Tom Robinson's house on The Point. Two officers of rank fell madly in love with the charming Miss Mary and Miss Abby Robinson. Mrs. Robinson, viewing their suit with disfavor, obtained permission for her daughters to be ferried across to relatives at Narraganset. The officers besought her to allow them to bring back the exiles, but the mother remained obdurate. When the French fleet arrived in 1780, the Comte de Noailles was quartered at the Robinsons'; "he had his own cook, valet, and other servants, and during the absence of the 'exiled enchantresses' daily sent them *billets-doux* and poetry. As the Count was a married man, the

¹ Max Von Eelking, Captain Saxon-Meiningen Army, and a member of the Historical Society of New York, has compiled from the journals of his countrymen an account of their experiences in America. Mr. Rosengarten, in the preface to his translation of *The German Allied Troops in the North American War of Independence*, says that Von Eelking has sought to protect and restore the good name and credit of the German soldiers, ruthlessly attacked on all sides for their share in the Revolutionary War, "although they did so in strict obedience to the orders of their civil and military superiors." A brief summary of the "Defence of the Hessians and Their Princes," "who ever since the Revolutionary War have been treated with lofty scorn and contempt." is contributed by Joseph G. Rosengarten to the *Pennsylvania Magazine* for July, 1899.



443 "The Rocks," Summer Residence of Henry Clews, Esq., Newport.

The remarkable Spouting Rock is on the Clews estate. A curious feature is that the throwing of the column of spray a hundred feet or so into the air is brought about by the waves striking a natural bridge of rock on the backward rush to the sea from a long, low subterranean cavern of unknown extent. The rock spouts only when a storm, raging two hundred miles out at sea, forces the water in with unusual rapidity. Adjoining huge rocks are the amphitheatre on such occasions for some three thousand spectators interested in Neptune's combat with our rock-ribbed coast. Bailey's Beach, where the summer residents bathe, is also on this estate.

girls were allowed to come back," and during his stay perfected themselves in French, a language familiar since childhood. The Comtesse de Noailles sent Mrs. Robinson a *tête-à-tête* service of Sèvres with a letter expressing gratitude for Mrs. Robinson's constant kindness to her husband.¹ Her words reflect the cruelty of war in causing unutterable anxiety to those whom our French allies left behind. Had we a letter also from the heroic wife of Lafayette, the young and lovely Adrienne de Noailles, what unhappiness might not she, too, have expressed on account of the absent one who adored her; yet she, believing that he was appointed to accomplish the good of the world, had gracefully acquiesced in his determination to cross the sea, ruled by his passion for Freedom. Lafayette was only nineteen years of age when he said, "I will join the Americans—I will help them fight for freedom." Obligated to steal away from France in 1776, like a fugitive, Lafayette was showered with honors on his return from America, and sailed the second time for his adopted country with the Vicomte de Noailles, Messieurs de Luzerne, de Chastellux, de Montesquieu, and Duplessis-Maudit.

¹ The Comtesse de Noailles writes in part: "Since you know him, madam, you will be able to judge of my uneasiness and of the continual alarms I am exposed to on his account. . . . I have a double obligation to you, madam, for having admitted him into an intimate acquaintance with your family. He will see there each day, that real happiness is not to be found in the pursuit of military glory, to which, nevertheless, men make cruel sacrifices! May I hope, madam, that you will permit me to present you some tea-cups of a manufactory we have here, and that in drinking your tea with your charming daughters you will sometimes think of me." This is one of the letters included in George Champlin Mason's interesting *Reminiscences of Newport*. Mr. Mason's grandmother was the beautiful Margaret Champlin, "Miss Peggy." The Prince de Broglie says, "That same evening M. Vauban introduced us at the house of Mr. Champlin, well known to us for his wealth, but much more known in the army for the lovely face of his daughter. . . . She had beautiful eyes and an agreeable mouth, a pretty foot . . . she added to all these advantages that of being dressed and *coiffée* with taste, that is to say, in the French fashion, besides which she spoke and understood our language."

When General Washington paid Rochambeau a visit in 1781, Newport revived, and the French officers arranged a procession by torchlight and other festivities in his honor. Washington was accorded all the honors of a Marshal of France, and left for Providence under the French salute of thirteen guns from Wonometonomy Hill.

At the brilliant affair held at Mrs. Cowley's Assembly Rooms, the noble dames, "though robbed of their wealth by war," appeared in superb brocades with embroidered petticoats and were pleased to "foot it" with such noblemen as De Ségur, M. Vauban, Baron de Vioménil, and De Latouche for partners. The favorite dance of the moment was "Stony Point" because of its recent successful storming by General Wayne. The soft light from silver candelabra was reflected in beautiful mirrors loaned from old mansions, as Washington opened the ball with beautiful Miss Champlin under festoons of bunting looped with rosettes of swords and pistols; Rochambeau, wearing the *Grand Croix de l'Ordre Royal*, and his suite took the instruments and played the dance selected by the partner of General Washington, *The Successful Campaign*, followed by *Pea Straw* and *I'll be Married in my Old Clothes* and *Boston's Delight*, in honor of the guests from that city.

For some years it was not uncommon for Boston people to make the two-days' journey each way to attend the theatre at Newport. The famous "Old American Company" came first to Newport in 1761. On the playbills was printed, "Ladies will please send their servants to keep their places at 4 o'clock." At 6 the masters and mistresses arrived and hunted up the servants to claim the seats secured. Malbone's first triumph was a scene painted for this little theatre. His miniatures never failed to possess a delicate, unrivalled beauty and are greatly coveted, for Malbone did not permit his subjects to indulge in the vagaries

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of fashion, and begged that the powdered pile should be allowed to fall in natural waves, caught with, perhaps, a filmy silver or blue bandeau.

One of the loveliest heads from Malbone's pencil, linked to a romance of the French stay in Newport, is that of Mrs. Benjamin Hazard, whose mother, Mary, otherwise "sweet Polly Wanton," daughter of John Wanton (son of Governor Gideon Wanton), was wooed and won by Major Lyman, aide-de-camp of General Heath, whose mission to Newport was to welcome the French fleet. Their tiresome voyage of seventy days ended in dense fog, and Martha's Vineyard fishermen piloted them into Newport; as the mists softly retreated in the way they have at that city, our allies, surprised and transported with joy, saw at the harbor's entrance two French flags flying the lilies, a delicate attention paid them by Lafayette, recalling their absent country, and assuring them that the English had not been successful in driving away the American forces from Rhode Island.

The exit of the British from Newport had been a striking one. General Prescott commanded that the shutters be closed, and the patrols enforced the order that not a man or woman be allowed on the street as they marched out. Many royalists went away with the British fleet of 102 sail. The soldiers marched off with the product of the fruit trees, which had been given them, also, unhappily, with the records of Newport, which had not. Six months later Lafayette wrote Washington from Newport respecting our army: "The patience and sobriety of our militia is so much admired that two days ago a French colonel assembled his officers to persuade them to follow the good example given by the American troops. On the other hand, the French discipline is such that chickens and hogs walk among the tents without any one disturbing them, and there is a field of maize in the camp not a leaf of which has been touched."

For many years a familiar sight in Newport was a procession of hardy seamen passing down Mary Street, bearing upon their shoulders immense hempen cables with apparent ease, destined for some American frigate and made at the rope-walks of Francis Brinley (who, by the way, married Adelp, daughter of Godfrey Malbone). An incident con-



"Beacon Rock."

Residence of Edwin D. Morgan, Esq., Brenton's Cove.

nected with this rope-walk, which commanded the harbor, touches upon the constant vexations and suspense undergone in disputed territory. Thomas Coggeshall related to Mr. Arnold, the historian, that when a boy on his father's farm he was compelled by the enemy to cart stones for many months from The Point to Brinley's rope-walk on the hill. "One day [29th July, 1778], the officers came down from

the hill, and by their actions it was evident that something important was in their knowledge, and when we got to the top of the hill with our loads we saw far off the fleet of Count d'Estaing—*darsn't laugh—not then,*” said Mr. Coggeshall. Count d'Estaing, having blockaded the enemy, entered Newport harbor under a heavy cannonade from British batteries, and was about to land four thousand men to co-operate with General Sullivan, when, unexpectedly, Lord Howe was sighted off Point Judith and D'Estaing was eager for battle, again put to sea.

Rochambeau much admired the patriotism of the farmers, and related in his *Memoirs* an incident which took place on his journey from Newport to Hartford, undertaken in order to meet Washington in a long-planned interview.²

¹ Admiral Count d'Estaing, as President of the French Society of the Cincinnati—composed of the most illustrious military officers of France—presented to General Washington, in 1784, in behalf of the French naval officers, the insignia of the Society set in diamonds, which has been transmitted to each President General of the oldest military organization in America. The insignia of the Cincinnati, designed by Major L'Enfant, who planned the city of Washington, is suspended from a light-blue ribbon edged with white, emblematic of the union between France and America. Louis XVI. granted special permission to the French Cincinnati to wear the order, an exceptional privilege, since no other foreign order except the Golden Fleece was allowed.

² It seems that near Windham Rochambeau's carriage broke down, his first aide-de-camp, Count de Fersen (called “the friend of the Queen” [Marie Antoinette] and so devoted indeed to the welfare of the Court that on his return to France, disguised in coachman's livery, he attended the King in his flight to Varennes), found a wheelwright, who, suffering with fever, declined to work “if they filled his hat with guineas.” Rochambeau entreated, urging the necessity of his conference with Washington. Finding that it was for the public service the wheelwright consented to mend the coach. Returning, they were obliged to call upon the same man to mend the wheel. “Well! once more you ask me to mend at night?” “Alas, yes,” said Rochambeau; “Admiral Rodney has arrived to triple the naval force of the enemy, and it is urgent that we should oppose his plans.” “But what are you going to do with your six ships against twenty-eight vessels?” Rochambeau replied, “It will be the

The house of Colonel Joseph Wanton, Jr., built by Deputy-Governor Jonathan Nichols, is best known as the "Hunter house." William Hunter was minister to Brazil, and had three accomplished daughters, much sought after in Newport and later in Switzerland. Eliza Hunter's miniature was painted by Copley on the clasp of a bracelet, before her blindness. Katharine married a nobleman of the old *régime*, Comte de Cardignan. The Duc de Lauzun, obliged to



The Vanderbilt Arch, Newport.

leave Newport with his cavalry on account of scarcity of provisions, and to winter in barracks at Lebanon, Conn., regretted especially leaving the Hunter family, "among whom he had been received and treated as a relation, and whose virtues silenced, by exception, his frivolous instincts and gallant fickleness."¹

grandest day of our lives if they attempt to attack us in our roadstead." "Come," said the wheelwright, "you are a brave people, you shall have your carriage."—Balch.

¹ *The French in America*, by Thomas Balch, translated by Thomas Willing Balch.

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This house, standing on Washington Street, was unique in its huge carved pineapple over the door and the secret staircase of Colonel Higginson's romance, laid in little old Newport by the bay—Oldport, he calls it. And Oldport is every evening startled out of quiet dreams, "after the New England curfew has rung and bugle sounded from the fort, by seeing glide along with a subdued noise of parting, rushing waters, the huge form of a 'Sound steamer,' touched by the magic wand of the fairy electricity, and shining like a street in the New Jerusalem."¹

"May-week" in Newport, when the Government took its seat there, always eclipsed all other events, and May-day is even now celebrated, according to the Devonshire custom, with blue eggs and diabread. The festive week was inaugurated as the Sheriff stepped out on the State House balcony, crying, "Hear ye, hear ye," and announced that the Governor had taken his seat. From this balcony, in 1761, the death of George II. was proclaimed to the troops massed, with arms reversed, on "the Grand Parade" below. The learned Rev. Dr. Ezra Stiles preached the funeral sermon. Then followed the proclamation: "George III., King of Great Britain! long live the King!" There was a great ferment among the people when the commissioners arrived at Long Wharf to sit on the case of the burning of the *Gaspee*, and crossed "the Strand,"—as the water-front below Thames Street was called,—passing through Queen Street (the present Mall) and The Parade up the classic court-house (afterwards the State House) steps into the Council Chamber with their escort. Among those who were to pass judgment on the crucial matter—hiding a far weightier national issue—were Governor Joseph Wanton, Peter Oliver, Chief Justice of New York, and Robert Auch-

¹ "A Haunt of Peace," by W. Henry Winslow. *The Christian Register*, June 17, 1897.

muty, Judge of Vice-Admiralty. At this time many handsome estates faced The Parade, among them the Vaughan and Dr. Halliburton houses, the Mumford house, now known as the Rowland R. Hazard house, whose owners were shortly to proclaim a division in sentiment, some for the United Colonies, others for the King.

Old Trinity's silver bell rang out clearly through all the fortunes of Newport, its mitre tip saving it from the invader and the iconoclast. No walls could tell more of the vicissitudes of Rhode Island,—of famous men of all sects and climes who have passed under the shadow of her classic spire, and of those who now rest there. The square pews of Trinity are still held in fee simple; its vaulted ceiling, carved with grapes and roses, the verger-staves on the wardens' pews, the beautiful organ case of English oak



Old Trinity's Spire.

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surmounted by crown and mitres presented by Dean Berkeley, and the clock, a gift of Jahleel Brenton, are quite the same as in the colonial days when the Rt. Rev. Samuel Seabury, the earliest American bishop, preached his first ordination sermon from yonder high pulpit. The window in memory of Cornelius Vanderbilt is particularly beautiful. Near the gate of the churchyard¹ the stranger reads the Huguenot name, Ayrault, the English names Honyman, Kay, and the name of a noble Frenchman. The Chevalier de Ternay died suddenly when quartered at the Hunter house on The Point. On Decoration Day, 1902, his countrymen came to Newport in order to place a wreath on his tomb. On the way they stopped before the headquarters of General Rochambeau. This fine colonial house was given over to Rochambeau's use by the ardent merchant patriot, William Vernon, who lost no less than twelve thousand pounds sterling, besides his estate in Newport, in the cause of Liberty without a murmur, declaring "it never broke my rest for a moment." His brother, Thomas Vernon, the royal postmaster, was no less ardent as a Tory. He was banished from Newport to the little town of Gloucester, with John Nicoll, comptroller of customs, Nicholas Lechmere, and Richard Beale, by virtue of the Test Act, through which any one of the eighty-two members of the Assembly could place a suspected neighbor on the question rack and summon him to sign the declaration of loyalty to the United American Colonies. Thomas Vernon kept a *Diary* of their three-months' exile on parole.²

¹ On Farwell Street (thus named because it leads to Newport's cemetery) is the little burying-ground of the first Governors of the Colony. Here are the graves of the Governors Nicholas Easton, Henry Bull, John Wanton, Caleb Carr, and a monument to Governor William Coddington, "that illustrious man, who first purchased the Island from the Narraganset Sachems."

² *The Dairy of Thomas Vernon*, with notes by Sidney S. Rider. Rhode Island Historical Tracts, No. 13.

On the other hand, the patriot William Vernon was one of the committee of correspondence and a member of the Continental Navy Board at Boston with James Warren and John Deshon; Mr. Vernon's wide association in trade with all the maritime nations of Europe made his advice in marine affairs invaluable to Congress. Mr. Vernon succeeded Henry Marchant as president of the Redwood Library; other presidents were Jonathan Easton, David King, Audley Clarke, and the Francis Brinley of this generation. The Doric Library building, with its classic arch of uncommon beauty, designed by Peter Harrison, was placed on the "Bowling Green" site, given by Henry Collins, a patron of art, called by Dr. Waterhouse the Lorenzo de' Medici of Rhode Island. In the portrait gallery of the Redwood Library are works of Sully, Rembrandt, Peale, Stuart, Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of the grandson of the founder, Abraham Redwood; a portrait of Polly Lawton, and one of the Rev. John Callender, whose Century Sermon—the earliest history of Rhode Island—was preached in the present building of the Historical Society, the old Seventh Day Baptist Church, erected in 1729. Newport's matchless painting is the full-length portrait of Washington by Gilbert Stuart.

About the middle of the eighteenth century, a wave of fashion swept into Newport. The "F. F. V.'s" arrived in their own schooners with servants and horses from Richmond,¹ from Charleston, and Savannah, to enjoy the luxuries of a northern watering-place, whose climate is softened by the winds from the Gulf Stream. Ochre Point is the most valuable land bordering on the Atlantic, but not from the intrinsic value of its yellow clay. The social history of

¹Notable Southern families associated with Newport are the Randolphs, Myers, and Lathams of Virginia, the Marions, Rutledges, Gists, Smiths, Haynes, and Kinlocks of South Carolina.

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Newport since 1865 has been interestingly classified as the "Travers-Jerome, Astor-Belmont, and Vanderbilt eras." "Before the excessively formal New York period," Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Boston were also much in evidence, with the old New Yorkers adding to the high charm of Newport society, and their sons are ever loyal to the traditions of the old town on the tip of beautiful Aquidneck, the Peaceful Isle.



Easton's Beach, Newport.

PROVIDENCE 1636

“*It was not banishment but enlargement.*”

JOHN COTTON of Roger Williams.

FROM Prospect Terrace, almost as far as the eye can reach, stretches the prosperous manufacturing city of Providence, the largest city of the smallest State of the Union, with an area not equal to that of the county of Ayr, in Scotland. Turning the leaves of Providence's "Long Old Book" with parchment cover, and the early records of Rhode Island, you are convinced that you have entered a territory exceptional in interest; and that the story of this tiny commonwealth is a theme worthy of that philosophical treatment in most fascinating guise accorded to it by Mr. Richman,¹ at the instance of his friend James Bryce, who found it deserving of special study. In the world's smaller republics, "the play of personal forces is best seen, and the characters of individual men give color to the strife of principles and parties"; from the opening of Rhode Island's drama, by Roger Williams, to the last scene, the action will be influenced by his major "theme"—the *Rights of Man*.

Perhaps that is the reason why the stranger, on entering Providence,—with little more than a schoolboy knowledge that the exile, Roger Williams, was the good angel of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations,—reads easily the story of Rhode Island in a most amusing and interesting way on the painted sign-boards of squares and streets. Even a passing baker's wagon cries "Whatcheer!" You picture the Indians grouped on Slate Rock (now buried under Roger

¹ *Rhode Island, Its Making and Meaning*, by Irving Berdine Richman, with Introduction by James Bryce.

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Williams Square), in feathers and wampum, hailing some foreigners in "steeple" hats paddling down the Seekonk. The

PROVIDENCE

LANDMARKS: College Hill. Prospect Terrace, Congdon St. Brown University (1764); University Hall (1770) on "home lot" of Chad Brown, friend of Roger Williams; occupied for barracks and hospital (1776-1782). Rhode Island Hall contains Jenks Museum of Zoology; Herbarium with Olney, Bailey, and Stout collections. Sayles Memorial Hall, gift of the Hon. William F. Sayles, containing portraits; Manning Hall, gift of the Hon. Nicholas Brown. Rhode Island Historical Society Building. Ives homestead, Powers St. (1799). Moses Ives house; given by Mrs. Russell for the Episcopal Residence of the Bishop of Rhode Island. Gammell mansion (1786), built by John Brown, hero of *Gaspee* affair, Powers St. Benson-Watson house (1782). Grosvenor residence, Prospect and Angell Sts. Residence of Henry A. Church, 102 Bowen St.; fine collection of colonial brass lamps and blue plates. Halsey mansion (1812), Prospect St. Jenckes-Pratt house (1790), Jenckes and Benefit Sts.; Judge Durfee residence. Peter Church house (1778). President Manning house (1770), College and Benefit Sts. First Congregational Church (Unitarian), Benefit and Benevolent Sts. Tillinghast mansion (1710), 299 South Main St. Old Providence Bank. Beneficent Congregational Church (1809), standing on site of church of 1750; called "Round Top" from the dome. Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul, High and Fenner Sts. Deputy Governor Elisha Brown house (1760). The Hope Club. Governor Alexander Jones house, Duncan residence. Edward Carrington homestead. Roger Mowry-Samuel Whipple-Abbott house, Abbott St. east of North Main St.; Roger Williams and companions said to have held religious meetings here. Statue of Mayor

white men answer with the Saxon expression of good-will and turn around Fox Point to a spring on the shore of the Mooshassuc with "Wha-cheer Netop!" ringing in their ears! It came as a doubly pleasant greeting to the great, tender-hearted pioneer Williams after being twice coldly warned off Massachusetts soil, where he was greatly beloved in spite of differences. The lovely isles Prudence and Patience could speak of the warm friendship between Governor Winthrop and Roger Williams, being owned by them in common. Winthrop privately conveyed a message to Williams advising him to seek a land below the Seekonk quite outside Plymouth's Puritan palisades, if he would preach to the Indians in his own way. Angell Street tells us that Thomas Angell was one of Roger Williams's companions that day at the spring.

The evolution of lovely elm-arched *Benefit Street* began in this wise; a long, narrow slice of land was assigned to each of the early proprietors, extending from river to river, besides a share in pasture



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Mohegan Cliffs, Block Island.
“Point Judith watches with eyes of hawk,
Leagues south by beacon flames Montauk!”

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Doyle, sculptor Henry H. Kitson. Cyrus Butler house, Smith St. Duncan-Smith estate. Providence Public Library. Admiral Esek Hopkins house, North Providence. Hopkins Park. Old Red Bridge. Field's Point. Crescent Park, Riverside. Squantum Club House, Providence River. Silver Spring Rocks. Falls at Hunt's Mills, East Providence. Roger Williams Spring, walled up in 242 North Main St. The Arcade; pillars suggest Church of the Madeleine, and cut by hand in Bare Rock Ledge quarry, Snake Glen, north of Killingly Road, town of Johnston, near North Providence. Roger Williams Park, the Dyer Memorial by H. H. Kitson. Stampede Hill; tradition that, seeing Indians approach, the townspeople, by running and stamping made it appear that a large force was stationed at the fort on the hill and frightened them off.

lands. It became wearisome to open their gates daily for the cows of neighbor A, B, and C, ambling to the western pastures, so each contributed a strip of land for the common benefit.

Blackstone Park keeps green the memory of one "neere" to Roger Williams "though far from his opinions," dwelling at Attleborough Gore (now Cumberland).¹

Providence is built on picturesque hills; the slope of Smith's Hill is adorned by her fine State House and the State Normal School; on College Hill is Brown University, and the graceful spire—after Christopher Wren—of the First Baptist Church accentuates all. Gaspee Street and Rochambeau Avenue both speak of the struggle for liberty. The *Gaspee* affair accomplished much in the way of fanning the flame of a colonial determination to brook no tyranny, either from a royal governor, a British admiral, or a tyrant king. On the protestation of Providence against her vessels being obstructed, and farm produce appropriated by the *Gaspee* under Colonel Duddingston, the British Rear-Admiral vowed he would hang all meddlers as pirates, even were it their own vessels they attempted to rescue. On this the people appealed through Deputy Governor Darius Sessions and Chief Justice Stephen Hopkins (later one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence) to Samuel Adams, who answered that an attack upon the liberties of

¹ At Cumberland is the famous "Ballou Meeting-house." From the "Ballou neighborhood" came the Rev. Hosea Ballou, and the mother of President Garfield, Eliza A. Ballou.

one colony was an attack upon all. The *Gaspee's* last exciting chase ended disastrously for her, as, drawing more water than the *Providence*, she ran aground on Namquit (Gaspee Point) and the following night, patriots, led by John and Joseph Brown of Providence, and Simeon Potter of Bristol, flung the crew on shore and set her on fire.¹

Transit Street commemorates the observation of the transit of Venus, June 3, 1769, by Joseph Brown, Dr. Benjamin West, Governor Hopkins,



Benevolent Street, Providence.

¹ Fortunately nothing was proven against these daring men; large rewards were offered in vain, even to the amount of eleven hundred pounds sterling, and the king ordered that the "authors and abettors" be seized and delivered to Admiral Montagu and brought to England for "condign" punishment. To send an American across the Atlantic on trial for his life was an intolerable violation of justice. The people of Rhode Island were hot with indignation, especially as Governor Hutchinson had urged punishing them for disloyalty by abrogating their charter.

The parchment commission with the great seal, which empowered the judges to sit on the case of the *Gaspee*, is in the office of the Secretary of State in Providence. It is framed in wood from the Sabin Inn,—the gathering point of the party who destroyed the *Gaspee*—and wood from the old Newport Liberty Tree. The miniature schooner adorning the frame was made from Franklin's printing-press.

Dr. Jabez Bowen,¹ and Captain John Burrough. The telescope was made for Mr. Brown in London.

The Providence Athenæum, a most attractive building in Greek style, is an outgrowth of the Providence Library Association of 1754, similar to a library begun by Benjamin Franklin, he having suggested that the Junto Club of Philadelphia² bring their books to their club's rooms, where they might be enjoyed by all. The Athenæum possesses a Malbone masterpiece, *The Hours*, "a picture painted by a young man named Malbone which no man in England can excel," writes West to President Monroe. The picture of these three fair girls, *The Past, the Present, and the Coming*



*Sullivan Dorr Mansion, Dorr's Lane, on Roger Williams' Lot.
Frescoed to the ceiling with Italian landscapes, 1810, by Corné.*

Hour, a charming emblem of Time, manifests Malbone's marvellous power of expressing character and grace, and the harmony and delicacy and truth of his coloring. "Art is long but time is fleeting."

On the walls are also *Girl Reading*, by Joshua Reynolds, portraits of John Hampden and Cyrus Butler, and one of James G. Percival, by Alexander.

¹ Governor Bowen was a member of the Rhode Island Convention which adopted the Constitution, and he was consulted by Generals Spencer, Gates, and Sullivan in the manœuvres of the Continental army, when the British were possessed of a large part of Rhode Island.

² The Philadelphia Library Company is the mother of all North American circulating libraries.

In 1778 Brown University¹ put on a martial appearance as the quarters of Rochambeau. It goes without saying that the path which his officers took to the army's tents, the present Rochambeau Avenue, was to them "Camp" Lane and the camp-ground is Camp Street. Nicholas Brown and his three brothers, John, Joseph, and Moses² owned a large part of Providence and endowed the city liberally. Their boyhood nicknames, "Nickie, Joseph, John, and Mosie," or "Johnnie, Jo, Nickie, Mo," are often quoted because of their absurd inappropriateness to their dignified owners. Other famous merchants were the Hopkins brothers, Samuel Nightingale, John Updike, and



*The Ives Homestead (1799). Brown and Powers Streets.
Residence of Mrs. Henry G. Russell.*

¹ Among the graduates of Brown University are three Secretaries of State — Richard Olney, William Learned Marcy, and John Hay, whose class poem was his first published work. Our present American diplomacy he sums up in an epigram thus: "The briefest expression of our rule of conduct is the Monroe Doctrine and the Golden Rule. With this simple chart we can hardly go far wrong."

² An interesting portrait of Moses Brown in his Quaker dress is reproduced in *The Quaker in Costume*. He founded the Friends' School.

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the Ives, Goddards, Hoppins, Cyrus Butler, and Richmond Bullock.

The first rude houses of logs, or merely a thatch on piles consisting of a single "fire room," clustered about the spring where St. John's Church¹ now stands. In Grace Church is a storied chime rung on national holidays; its "Infantry" bell was presented on condition that it be rung always on September tenth, the day of Perry's victory on Lake Erie.

Roger Williams founded the First Baptist Church, the oldest in America; the present edifice was dedicated in 1775. The candles of the crystal chandeliers, imported in 1792, were lighted the first time on the occasion of the wedding of Hope Brown and Thomas P. Ives. Pardon Tillinghast built the first little church at his own expense. One pastor withdrew because music introduced into the service was "too disgustful for him." Dr. Stephen Gano (1792-1828) was the son of Gerneaux, a Huguenot exile.

The traditional hospitality of Providence was particularly in evidence in post-Revolutionary days. Magnificence was represented by the balls held in honor of Washington. Turtle parties were a unique function, which opened to the foreign guests the mysteries of a new department in gastronomy. "To be known as a first-class turtle cook satisfied the highest ambition of a chief of cuisine," writes Claude Blanchard, the French Commissary; "it was a sort of picnic given by a score of men to a company of ladies. The purpose of the party was to eat a turtle weighing four hundred pounds which an American vessel has just brought home from one of our islands," and further, "there were some quite handsome women, and they danced after dinner to the music of Lauzun's Legion."

¹ Until the Revolution St. John's Church was King's Chapel and under the auspices of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.

Providence offers a thousand delightful opportunities for exploration in summer, over old paths on salt water, river, and shore. A Rhode Island clam-bake is the only true clam-bake; the "real Johnie-cake" or "journey" cake, made of Rhode Island meal ground by the mills on Aquidneck Isle, is a unique breakfast delicacy, partaken of before a sail to Bristol, Narraganset Pier, or Block Island. A fascinating trail is the Pequot-path (or Old Post Road on which are the homesteads of the South County or "King's Province") running down through Pontiac, Apponaug, East Greenwich, Tower Hill, then curving westward skirting the Atlantic shore through Westerly, Stonington, and New London.



Roger Williams Park.

The house of Miss Betsey Williams who bequeathed her farm to Providence on condition that a memorial be erected to her ancestor. Memorial statue to Roger Williams designed by Simmons.

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