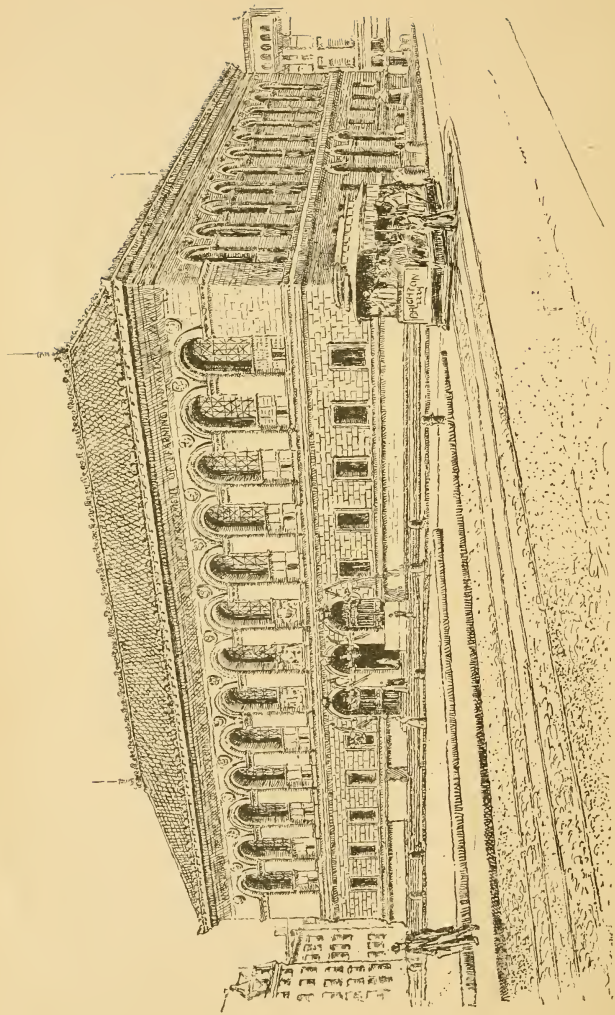


STORIES OF THE
OLD BAY STATE

BROOKS





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Frontispiece

STORIES OF THE OLD BAY STATE

BY
ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS



NEW YORK ··· CINCINNATI ··· CHICAGO
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PREFACE.

THE Old Bay State has built itself into the very bone and sinew of the republic. Interests throughout our land are too often local, and loyalty is too apt to be merely civic pride; but the story of Massachusetts, as it is known to all Americans, is dear to all, for it is, to a certain extent, the story of America.

Pilgrim and Puritan, rebel and "revolutioner," pioneer and patriot, dissenter and democrat, reformer and republican,—these names and the ideas they represent, the crop of Massachusetts planting and of Massachusetts reaping, were borne, in seed or pollen, north, west, and south upon the searching, health-laden breezes that blow straight inland from the broad and glorious Bay. The names and deeds of Standish and Winthrop and Vane, of Otis and all the Adamses, of Hancock and Revere, of Daniel Webster and Horace Mann, of Andrew and Everett and Sumner, belong not to Massachusetts alone, but to that great republic of which they were forerunners, founders, or loyal and devoted sons.

It is to foster this broad national spirit rather than simply to gratify State pride that these stories of the

Old Bay State have been written. With full acknowledgment of the errors which far too many Americans place to the discredit of Massachusetts alone, remembering the chain of intolerance, persecution, fanaticism, "isms," theories, reforms, and ideas that links the past and the present, the writer still feels that even these shortcomings did indeed bring health and vigor to the land, and were not of Massachusetts alone, but are the heritage of all America from the days when our fathers were slowly laying, through error as well as justice, the firm foundations of the republic.

These stories of the Old Bay State have been prepared as a contribution toward this record of foundation laying. Although each is complete in itself, the reader will readily discover the vein of connection or association running through the series, and can from the several stories make the complete story,—a sort of Bay State *e pluribus unum*, as it were: out of many, one!

By them may the children of the Old Bay State, and of those greater States to whose growth, upbuilding, and defense the commonwealth of Massachusetts gave so freely of its blood, brains, and vigor, be knit anew to love for the dear old commonwealth and for that nobler republic in which all the American commonwealths have equal part and equal pride.

ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.

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STORIES OF THE OLD BAY STATE.



HOW CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH WENT A-VOYAGING.

MANY years ago there lived in the little town of Willoughby, among the chalk hills of Lincolnshire in England, a small boy named John Smith. But, though born with a very common name, he lived to be a most uncommon man. In fact, people are not yet through talking about him, and believing or disbelieving the stories he told.

His home village of Willoughby looked out upon the restless gray waters of the cold North Sea. South of him was Boston, north of him was Waltham, west of him was Lincoln, while Newton and Walpole and Lynn were not far away,—all of them good Massachusetts names to-day, you see. Indeed, so far as town names are concerned, a New England man would feel very much at home in some parts of old England.



Captain John Smith.

John Smith's boy friends were fisher lads or sailors' sons; his neighbors and acquaintances were seafaring men. All the stories of the sea which he heard again and again awoke in him early that desire for adventure, and for a sight of foreign shores, which sent so many English boys, three hundred years ago, sailing away from their homes in search of fortune oversea.

So, at fifteen, young John Smith left his home among the marshy fens and white chalk cliffs of Lincolnshire, and sailed away to seek his fortune. Like that other adventurer in the old song, "he sailed east, he sailed west," and after a dozen years of wonderful and most surprising adventures,—enough, one would think, to satisfy the most restless of roving young Englishmen in the days of good Queen Bess,—John Smith determined to try his fortune in the new land across the western ocean, to which for over a hundred years the ambitious, adventurous youth of England and Spain, of Holland and France, had been sailing in search of the wonderful treasures of the yet unexplored America.

One portion of that wild American land had been called Virginia, in honor of England's virgin queen, Elizabeth. Thither Smith sailed in a fleet sent out by a syndicate of English business men, called the London Company for Virginia.

It was in the month of December, 1606, that Captain John Smith—for he was captain by that time—sailed westward to Virginia.

There he had many strange and startling adventures—enough to fill a book. Some of them, such as the story of Pocahontas, the chieftain's daughter, and how

she saved the gallant captain's life, you know very well, though whether that exciting story is really true, partly true, or just made up by this always brave but somewhat boastful "gentleman adventurer," is not yet absolutely decided.

But after several years' residence in that new colony, during which he became its head man, or the "president of Virginia," and where, so historians now tell us, John Smith helped to found the first republic in America, he returned to England and interested four London merchants in a new venture. This was, as he believed, a good money-making scheme, just suited to his restless and inquiring mind. The four merchants took him in as partner, and, in the month of March, 1614, he set sail with two ships upon a trading trip to those parts of America far to the north of Virginia, to which he gave the name of New England,—“that part of America,” so he described it in his book, “betwixt the degrees of 41 and 45,”—and New England it has been ever since.

Other Englishmen had been there before him. One Captain Gosnold, in the year 1602, coasted the shore from Casco Bay to Cape Neddick, and from Boon Island to Cape Cod; the next year, 1603, stout Captain Pring, hunting for sassafras, with which he wished to freight his ship, “bore into that great gulf” which we call Massachusetts Bay, and, dropping anchor in Plymouth harbor, spent six summer weeks in gathering sassafras, testing the soil with various kinds of seeds, and having a good time generally with the friendly Indians of Duxbury Bay.

But neither of these Englishmen, nor Champlain, the

Frenchman, nor the Dutch explorers who sailed into Plymouth harbor in 1613, staid long, or went about the study of their surroundings in a practical way.

It was Captain John Smith who gave to the English people their first real knowledge of the land which he called New England, and which he explored thoroughly, coasting in an open boat from the rocky shores of the Penobscot to the sand hills of Cape Cod.

He was the first visitor to appreciate Boston, for he called the place "the Paradise of those parts." He was the first man to recognize the vastness of the land along which he was sailing—"dominions which stretch themselves into the main, God knows how many thousand miles," he wrote, "and of which no one can guess the extent and products." He was the first one to declare, also, that New England was not an island, but a part of that great mainland which, so he believed, stretched away westward to India.

Indeed, he was so delighted with his explorations and adventures during those summer months of 1614 that when he returned to England he interested a trading syndicate of Plymouth, in southwestern England, in his scheme, and in 1615 again sailed west, with the backing of this Plymouth Company, to plant a colony in New England.

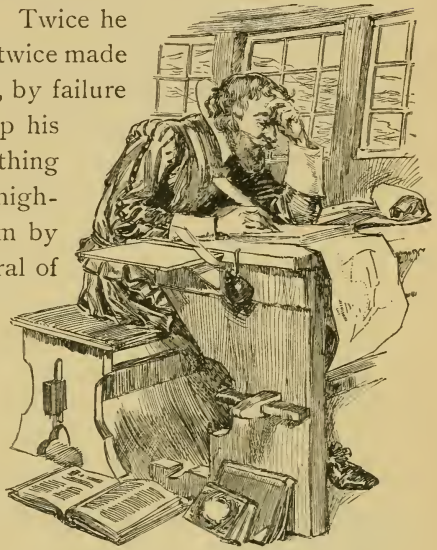
But he was taken prisoner by French pirates, and while he cruised about with them as a captive, he spent his time in writing a book which he called "A Description of New England;" for Captain John Smith was never one to waste time.

At last he got back again to England, and in 1616

published his book, and a map to accompany it. Then he went about the country peddling them, and trying to interest capitalists in his great scheme of colonization. Twice he formed a new company, twice made ready to sail, and twice, by failure of plans, had to give up his scheme, so that the only thing he got out of it was the high-sounding title given him by his backers, the "Admiral of New England."

But his work was by no means fruitless; his book made people acquainted with the new land, for in it he told the men of old England what a grand country

New England was. It had, he said, great fisheries which alone would support a colony, and bring more profit to England than gold-seeking; it had a fur business that was full of marvelous possibilities; it had a soil wonderfully fruitful, and a climate just suited to Englishmen. In fact, he drew so attractive a picture that soon English men and women who were restless or unhappy in their old home began to think that they might make a new one and a pleasant one in this New England beyond the seas, where, so John Smith assured them, they could "recreate themselves before their own doors and in their own boats upon the



sea, where man, woman, and child, with a small hook and line, by angling, may take divers sort of excellent fish at their pleasures,"—for Englishmen were always great fishermen, you know.

"And what sport," asked the delighted captain, "doth yield more pleasing content, and less hurt or change, than angling with a hook and crossing the sweet air from isle to isle, over the silent streams and a calm sea, wherein the most curious may find pleasure, profit, and content?"

But as he knew that mere pleasure might attract but would not draw people across three thousand miles of sea to settle in a new colony, of which he hoped to be the head, he showed also in his book how the colonists, and the syndicate that must back up the enterprise, could make much money out of his scheme. "For," he said, "I am not so simple as to think that ever any other motive than wealth will ever erect there a commonwealth, or draw company from their ease and humors at home, to stay in New England to effect any purpose."

But there were other motives to cause some men and women to leave "their ease and humors" in England and seek a new home beyond the broad Atlantic. These people had heard of Captain John Smith's report; some of them had read his book. In time they were led to make test of his glowing accounts, and, in the New England which he had praised as a Paradise, to erect upon the shores of what was to be known as Massachusetts a commonwealth which was to be the beginning of a mighty state and a yet mightier nation.

HOW THE PEOPLE CALLED "PILGRIMS" MADE A PILGRIMAGE.

I N the days when Captain John Smith was having most wonderful adventures with pirates and Indians, there lived in the pleasant village of Austerfield, in central England, a very bright boy of sixteen, whose name was William Bradford.

At the same time a certain conceited, obstinate, narrow-minded Scotchman, named James Stuart, was King of England. He was the son of that famous Mary, Queen of Scots, whose pitiful story all the world knows.

James Stuart, who was King James VI. of Scotland, was also King James I. of England, succeeding his cousin, Queen Elizabeth. But James Stuart had none of the good sense of Elizabeth Tudor. He had an absurd belief that he was the only man in the world able or fit to be King of England, and that, therefore, whatever he did was right.

But he did many things that were wrong, and one of these was to try



James Stuart.

to make all the English people believe just as he did (or say they did), and go to his church. This is a very hard thing to do, as King James soon found out.

As I have told you, he was obstinate as well as conceited. So, when he discovered that there were a number of people who would not do as he commanded in regard to their religion and church-going, he was very angry.

These independent people were called "Puritans," because they demanded that the English Church should be purified; for they believed that certain of its forms and beliefs were superstitious and misleading.

Some of them, indeed, seeing no hope of reform in the church under King James, felt compelled to separate themselves from the English Church. For this reason they were called "Separatists." Their determination made King James more angry than ever, and one day he said in a rage to some of the leading Separatists: "In my kingdom I will have one doctrine, one discipline, one religion, and I will make you conform or I will harry you out of this land, or worse."

And that is just what King James finally did: he "harried" out of England some of the best and bravest and noblest Englishmen.

Just south of the town of Austerfield, in which the boy William Bradford lived, there was a little village called Scrooby. It was on the road between London and Liverpool, and was in the pleasant county of Nottinghamshire, the English county next west of Lincolnshire, where Captain John Smith lived as a boy.

The postmaster of the little village of Scrooby was

named William Brewster. He was one of those who objected to King James's command. So he, too, had become a Separatist or "Nonconformist," as the sect was sometimes called, because its members would not "conform," or agree, to King James's tyrannical orders.

William Brewster was so good a Separatist that when those in the neighborhood of Scrooby and Austerfield wished a meeting place, he gave up to them his big house, and there they held Sunday services.

Young William Bradford went to these Separatist services as regularly as he could. His family did not like to have him do this, and tried to stop him. But he believed he was right, and he would not be stopped. He would not stop even when King James sent men to break up the meetings and punish the leaders.

Indeed, the earnest people who went to the Sunday services in William Brewster's house at Scrooby had so hard a time, and were made so very uncomfortable, that at last William Brewster and his friends determined to give up living in England, and go across to Holland, where they knew they would be allowed to worship God as they chose; for the people of Holland had always been what we call "tolerant."

So, in the year 1608, a number of these Separatists went across the North Sea to Holland, leaving their beloved English homes "for conscience' sake," and young William Bradford left his home at Austerfield and went with them.

He grew to be an active and earnest member of the English community that had settled in the old Dutch city of Leyden in Holland. But as he grew to man-

hood he began to feel, as did some of the older men and women of the congregation, that they had made a mistake in settling in Holland.

To be sure, they had freedom to worship God in their own simple way, but they found that instead of remaining Englishmen they were gradually becoming Dutchmen. Their daughters grew up and married Dutchmen; their sons grew up and became Dutch soldiers or sailors or merchants. If they staid many years in Holland, Bradford and Brewster and the other thoughtful ones said, they would cease to be Englishmen; and next to being good Christians, they desired most to be good and loyal Englishmen.

So, after living twelve years in Leyden, Bradford and Brewster and the others determined to leave Holland and sail across the sea to that great and promising America they had all heard about, there to settle as an English colony under English laws.

You see, therefore, that these people did not come to America simply for "freedom to worship God," as Mrs. Hemans's poem tells us. They had perfect freedom in this way in friendly Holland. No one there disturbed them or interfered with their religion. They came to America to make a home for themselves and their children, where English should be spoken and England should be served and loved. But one of the things they were determined upon for the new colony was that it should be under the control of those of their own religion and their own faith.

After a great deal of trouble, they succeeded in getting King James's consent to settle in English territory.

The king said they would be out of England anyway, and that was what he most desired, for thus he would be rid of them.

But they were uncertain just where to settle. At first they thought of going to South America or the West Indies. But they soon gave up that idea. Those hot countries, though rich and fruitful, were unhealthful for Englishmen, and the hostile Spaniards who had settled in that section of America made it still further objectionable to Englishmen. Then they thought of trying Virginia; but the Church of England people were in control there, and the Separatists could hope for no liberty of worship, according to their desires, in a section which the established church controlled.

They had heard from Captain John Smith many pleasant and agreeable things about New England; but they had also heard that it was a cold, bleak country during part of the year, and almost as hard for Englishmen to stand as the Spaniards' country in the south.

But John Smith had told them, too, about the Hudson River and the pleasant country thereabouts. Moreover, this was included in the section which some explorers referred to as the northern parts of Virginia, but which John Smith had called New England. The Separatists liked that name. It was not New Holland—it was New England.

The arrangements were made, and the day came at last. On the 22d of July, 1619, they left the queer Dutch houses in Leyden which had been their homes so long, and turned their faces toward America, feeling,

Of plimoth plantation.

And first of y^e occasion, and Iudgements ther vnto, the which
that y^e may truly vnsould, y^e must begine at y^e very roote, & rise
of y^e same. the which y^e shall endeuer to manefest in a plaine
style; with singular regard vnto y^e simple truth in all things;
at least as farr near as my slender Iudgements can attaine
the same.

1. Chapter

It is well knowne vnto y^e godly, and iudicious, how euer since y^e
first breaking out of y^e lighte of y^e gospell, in our Honourable Na-
tion of England (which was y^e first of nations, whom y^e Lord adu-
ced ther with, after y^e grege darknes of popery which had cover-
ed, & ouerspret y^e Christian world) what warrs, & oppositions euer
since sathan hath raised, maintained, and continueth against the
saints, from time, to time, in one sorte, or other. Some times by
bloody death & cruell torments, other whiles y^e imprisonments, banish-
ments, & other hard vsages. As being loath his kingdom, should goe
downe, the truth preuaile; and y^e Churches of god reuerse to the
anciente puritie; and recouer, their primatiue order, libertie, &
benitie: But when he could not preuaile by these means, against
the maine truths of y^e gospell, but that they began to take rooting
in many places; being watered with y^e blood of y^e martires,
and blessed from heauen with a gracious encrease. He then be-
gane to take him to his anciente stratagemes, vsed of old against
the first Christians. that when by y^e bloody, & barbarous per-
secutions of y^e heathen Emperours, he could not stoppe, & subu-
erte the course of y^e gospell; but that it speedily ouerspred, with
a wonderfull celeritie, the then best known parts of y^e world.
He then begane to sow errors, heresies, and wonderfull
dissentions amongst y^e professors them selues (working vpon their
pride, & ambition, with other corrupte passions, Iudgements to
all mortall men; yea to y^e saints them selues in some measure)
by which wofull effects followed; as not only bitter contentions, &
hardbunnings, schismes, with other horrible confusions. But
sathan took occasion, & advantage therby to fynd in a number
of vile ceremonies, with many vnprofitable Cannons, & decrees
which came since boon as snares, to many poor, & peaceable
souls, euen to this day. So as in y^e anciente time, the perfecte

as young William Bradford said in the account he wrote of their adventures, that "they were pilgrims, who looked not on the pleasant things about them, but lifted up their eyes to heaven, their dearest country, and so quieted their spirits."

And that is where this division of the Separatists got the name by which we know them best—the Pilgrims. It comes from William Bradford's diary, a fragment of which is reproduced on the opposite page.

For, years after, that bright boy of Austerfield rewrote his journal into a book, or narrative, which was really a history of the Pilgrims and their settlement in Massachusetts. The original written copy of that book was lost for many years, but it was found a few years ago, and was generously given up to the State of Massachusetts by those who had it in England, for it was considered something very precious.

And now the "Bradford manuscript," as it is called, is kept in an honored place in the library of the State-house in Boston, the capital of that very commonwealth of Massachusetts which John Smith first praised to Englishmen, and which William Bradford and his companions came across the sea on an uncertain pilgrimage to settle and upbuild.

HOW THEY SIGNED AN AGREEMENT ON SHIPBOARD.

WHEN at last the Pilgrims really got under way for America, it was in one small, poorly built ship, which strained and cracked so badly in a fierce mid-ocean storm that it would surely have gone to the bottom if one of the passengers had not happened to



have with him a big Dutch screw which he had brought from Holland, and with which he screwed together the pieces of the broken main beam. This rickety little ship was called the *Mayflower*.

The Pilgrims had spent two good months in getting started. It was not their fault, however. They had met with nothing but disappointments and delays from the very day they left Leyden.

They had sailed across to England in a good-for-nothing craft called the *Speedwell*, which did not speed at all well. When they reached Southampton they found that

their friends in England had arranged with one of the trading syndicates—the London Company—to assist the enterprise, and send over more colonists with them in another ship, the *Mayflower*.

So the two little vessels sailed out of Southampton; but the good-for-nothing *Speedwell* sprang a leak, and they had to stop for repairs, only to break down again. At Plymouth, in southwestern England, the *Speedwell* finally had to be abandoned. Here, too, a number of the passengers, disgusted or frightened over the unlucky start, gave up going, and those who were determined to go on joined into one company, and all went aboard the *Mayflower*, which finally, on the 16th of September, 1620, sailed out of Plymouth harbor, bound across the sea. The real voyage had begun at last.

It was a long, rough autumn voyage of nearly two months. The company on the *Mayflower*, made up of those who did not back out and would not lose heart, amounted to one hundred and two persons,—men, women, and children. Although the *Mayflower* was very nearly wrecked in mid-ocean, at last, on the 9th of November, the wanderers sighted land. It was the long, low, flat, forest-fringed, sandy shores of the outer or ocean side of Cape Cod, well up toward the “fist.”

But no safe landing could be made on that shoal-lined, dangerous beach. The captain did not dare to risk a longer voyage to Virginia, so, after being almost cast away on Pollack Rip, they rounded Cape Cod,—so named years before by Captain Gosnold, because of the vast numbers of codfish he found there,—and on the 11th of November they came to anchor in

what is now the harbor of Provincetown. And here, like the God-fearing folk they were, they fell upon their knees, so William Bradford tells us, and "blessed the God of heaven who had brought them over the vast and furious ocean, and delivered them from all its perils and miseries." I suppose you might call that 11th of November really the first Thanksgiving Day in Massachusetts.

Long before the *Mayflower* reached Cape Cod, however, Bradford and Brewster and the other real Pilgrims discovered that a number of their fellow-passengers were not Pilgrims at all, but were men put on board as a speculation by the English syndicate, which had hired them to go, or had given them free passage, with the idea of making something out of them or their labor when they at last got to work in America.

But when it was decided not to go to Virginia, but to another part of the New World, these "servants" of the London Company declared that their contract was broken, and that when they landed they were free to do as they pleased. They even planned a mutiny.

It was clearly the duty of the Pilgrims to protect themselves from these irresponsible associates; so Bradford and Brewster and the responsible leaders talked things over, and for their own safety determined to make an agreement to hold together and act together, whatever happened.

They did this by drawing up a paper, or "compact," which they signed, and by signing promised to live up to. That compact on the *Mayflower* really established what is called a civil government. It was government

by the act of the people, and is said to have been the first paper or document of that sort ever made and signed by the people, uniting together for self-protection and self-government.

It was the first step toward the later Declaration of Independence which made the United States of America; and it should be remembered that this compact was a Massachusetts production, drawn up and signed in Massachusetts waters, in that landlocked harbor of Provincetown, on the 11th of November, 1620.

And this was what was written and signed that day in the cabin of the *Mayflower* by forty-one of the one hundred and two Pilgrims—the best and wisest, the bravest, most reliable and most determined men of that little company, headed by Bradford and Brewster and Miles Standish and John Alden, and others of famous name and glorious memory:

“In the name of God, Amen.

“We, whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign lord King James, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland king, Defender of the Faith, etc., having undertaken, for the glory of God and advancement of the Christian faith, and honor of our king and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do by these presents, solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and of one another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and, by virtue hereof, to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, consti-

tutions and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience.

“In witness whereof we have hereunto subscribed our names, at Cape Cod, the 11th of November, in the reign of our sovereign lord King James, of England, France, and Ireland the eighteenth, and of Scotland the fifty-fourth, *Anno Domini*, 1620.”

After that paper had been thus signed, the men who thus “covenanted and combined” had an election, and voted to make one of their best men, John Carver, governor of the colony for the first year. And there you have, in Massachusetts, the first really American act in our history,—signing a constitution and electing a governor, both by act of the people.

This was on Saturday. That very day a scouting party of sixteen armed men landed to get firewood and to explore. But on Sunday “they all rested,”—because it was the Sabbath day,—a good Massachusetts custom, again. The next day being Monday, they established still another unchangeable Massachusetts custom: the *Mayflower* women had their first wash day.

This was the real landing of the Pilgrims! The women went on shore at Provincetown with the accumulated “wash” of their respective families, and had a grand “Monday wash.”

This, as one student of history declares, was a notable event, and quite as worthy to be celebrated as the storied landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock. For, he says, that first wash day at Provincetown, on



the 13th of November, 1620, was really the beginning of English domestic life in America,—the introduction of family life into a new land and a new home.

For this coming of the Pilgrims was no expedition of adventure, no search for unknown cities, “rich in barbaric pearls and gold,” no restless hunt for vast riches. It was a real “home hunt”—the beginning of a colony. The majority of that company were women and children. If men alone had come in the *Mayflower*, they probably would have gone off somewhere else or turned homeward when they did not find the genial climate and delightful country that Captain John Smith had reported, but, instead, a sandy waste swept by chill winds from the north. Having women and children in their party to protect and care for, they could not turn back. They simply *had* to stay.

So Bradford and Miles Standish and others of the men—sixteen in all—spent two days exploring the “fist” of Cape Cod; and when they decided that it was not the best place for a settlement, or even for winter quarters, they left the *Mayflower* in Provincetown harbor, and, with a strong party of thirty-four men, pulled across the bay in an open boat, called a shallop. The captain of the *Mayflower* had charge of this expedition by water, which landed at last in the very harbor which Captain John Smith had visited and called Plymouth,—the Indians had called it “Accomac,”—and this the prospectors decided was the best place for a settlement.

A month the *Mayflower* lay in Provincetown harbor; then, acting on the report of this search expedition, the little vessel pulled up anchor, hoisted sail, and tacked across the bay to Plymouth. But while Bradford was away with the searching company, his young wife was drowned in Provincetown harbor. So it was a sorry home making for him.

When the *Mayflower* dropped anchor in Plymouth harbor, a working party went ashore to put up a big house for the colonists to live in. It was called the “Common House,” and was near the water. Then, as fast as they could be cared for, a boat load at a time (one family or more) was rowed ashore from the *Mayflower*, and set up housekeeping in the Common House.

This was the landing at Plymouth—not all at once, or on the same day, but as soon as each family could be accommodated.

Some of them perhaps landed on Plymouth Rock. It was about the only rock on the beach; in fact, it was

about the only rock anywhere on that sandy stretch that Massachusetts people call the south shore. Scientific people say that the rock itself was a "pilgrim," brought down to the Plymouth beach by some glacier drift or iceberg in the far distant days called the ice age.

It was not a very big rock, and it was probably covered with water at high tide, but still, a boat load now and then may have landed at Plymouth Rock.



Mary Chilton is said to have been the first woman to step ashore, and John Alden, a young man of whom you have all heard, is said to have helped Mary Chilton to step out on the rock. It was like him to lend her a helping hand, for John Alden was a very courteous and gentlemanly young man, so we will hope the story is true.

HOW CAPTAIN MILES STANDISH MET THE INDIANS.

IN one of the boats that ferried across shoal water from the *Mayflower* to the rock came Captain Miles Standish, with his wife Rose and their household belongings.

Captain Miles Standish was a "character"! He was about forty years old.

He was short, sturdy, and stout, as quick of temper as he was of eye; in fact, the Indians called him the "little pot that soon boils over." But they also called him the "strong sword," which shows how much they feared and respected his valor.

He was courageous, energetic, and determined, a man of sound ideas, of good common sense, and ripe military knowledge based on real experience.

He was gentle of heart, sparing of words, strong of purpose, and

of excellent judgment. It was a great good fortune that gave to the first Massachusetts colony so valiant a defender, so faithful a comrade, and so excellent a soldier as Captain Miles Standish.



Miles Standish.

Though one of the Puritan Pilgrims, he was no Puritan. He came of the old Roman Catholic family of Standish of Duxbury Hall, in the English county of Yorkshire. Defrauded of his rights and his inheritance when a young man, he went across the sea to Holland, and there enlisted, like other English soldiers, in a Dutch regiment. He made friends in the Separatist colony at Leyden, became interested in their plans, and, being of a restless and adventurous disposition, joined himself to the company of Pilgrims, and embarked with them on their uncertain voyage to the New World.

He was a fine soldier, and was looked upon by his companions as the one best fitted as a leader in all affairs of danger or of defense. He had signed the compact for mutual protection in the cabin of the *Mayflower*; he led the first exploring party at Cape Cod; and had headed the landmen who made that bolder voyage across the bay to Plymouth. Even before the landing of the Pilgrims at the rock, he had seen and scattered at Eastham, on "the cape," certain of the scarce and unreliable Indians who had spied upon, threatened, and, on one occasion, really attacked the newcomers on the Massachusetts shores; in memory of which this place for years retained the name the Pilgrims gave it—the "First Encounter."

These Indians were members of one or another of the twenty tribes of red Americans who then inhabited the present State of Massachusetts. But their numbers were small, and it was because of this that the Pilgrims of Plymouth were able to occupy and hold without molestation the fertile fields that lay about the place of landing and settlement.

Once upon a time that section had been fairly well peopled with Indians. But a few years before the coming of the Pilgrims a fatal epidemic had swept across southeastern Massachusetts, and but few Indians had been spared. Those who lived had joined other tribes, leaving their corn fields and hunting grounds uncared for and unoccupied.

Of these the Pilgrims took possession, and after they had built the half-dozen log huts of their little settlement upon a street (now known as Leyden Street) starting from the rock and running up to the hill, Captain Miles Standish had raised on this hill a strong platform, upon which he mounted a few cannon, to protect the little settlement below. They passed their first terrible winter there on Leyden Street. It was really not a terrible one, as New England winters go, but it was fatal to those English people unused to the climate, the changes, and the quick consumption and deadly pneumonia they led to. Then as soon as spring fairly opened, the little remnant of fifty-two seasoned ones set about planting and farming the Indian plantation.

In this farm work they were greatly helped by an Indian with a story. His name was Squantum. He had belonged to the tribe that owned and occupied the site of Plymouth; but a few years before he had been kidnaped by a roving party of English sailors, taken to Spain in captivity, rescued by a philanthropic Englishman, taken to London, where he had lived as a servant, and finally had drifted back to his old home and hunting ground at Plymouth.

But while he had been abroad the fearful epidemic

had killed or scattered all his tribe ; so Squantum became a wanderer, and at last joined himself to the warlike tribe of the Wampanoags, who lived in what is now the region of Taunton, New Bedford, and Bristol.

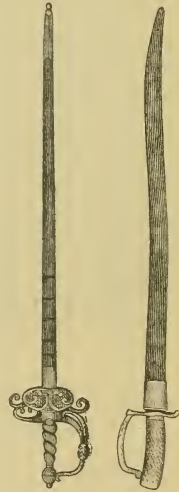
Squantum was brought to Plymouth and introduced to the Pilgrims by a wandering Indian named Samoset. He became very friendly because they were Englishmen,—countrymen of the good Englishman who had rescued him from slavery, rather than of the wicked Englishmen who had kidnaped him.

Squantum proved a great help to these inexperienced Englishmen who wished to become American farmers and fishermen.

He told them all about the Indians in that country, helped them to make friends, and afterwards to arrange a treaty with Massasoit, the chief of the warlike Wampanoags. He sold them the land which they had “squatted upon” at Plymouth, and which they looked upon as belonging to Squantum as the last living male heir of his lost tribe.

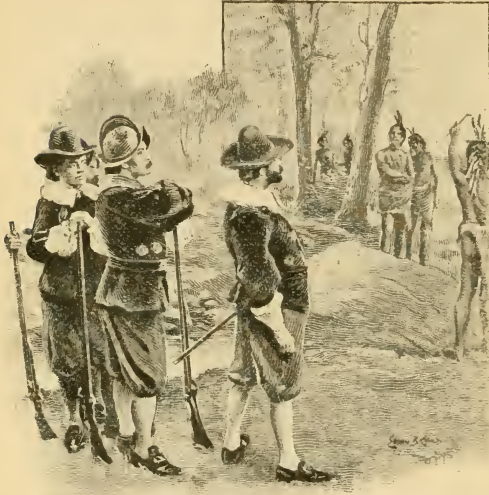
He told them what to plant and how to plant it ; he explained to them all about Indian corn, which was a new cereal to the English Pilgrims, but which often became the mainstay and salvation of the colony.

In fact, Squantum proved of so much value to the Pilgrims as friend, guide, farming expert, interpreter, go-between, and companion that one recent historian declares that Americans owe a great debt to the Indian Squantum, and that he better deserves from Mas-



sachusetts a memorial and a monument than does Leif, the fabled Norseman, whose statue stands in Boston's stately Back Bay, or any of the early heroes of colonial

America ; for an acquaintance with Indian corn and the knowledge of how to live in America, both of them brought about by this very friendly and "traveled" Indian, made the colony of Plymouth not only possible, but permanent.



It was Squantum who brought into friendly relations with the white men the big chief of all the Indians thereabouts,—Massasoit the Wampanoag,—and we can picture to ourselves Captain Miles Standish and his six musketeers following Squantum along the town brook to the point where Massasoit and his dusky bodyguard waited to be received. A salute was fired, and after that the "guest of the colony" went back with Standish and Squantum to the town, where, in a house especially fitted up for his reception with cushions and a green carpet, the governor met the chieftain and concluded that treaty of peace and friendship of which I have spoken. This treaty was

faithfully kept, both by the red men and by the white, for more than fifty years. It was finally broken by bad white men who were newcomers in the colony, and thus brought about a bloody war. But the real Pilgrims and the honorable Wampanoags kept it loyally, and in this the Pilgrims of Massachusetts set an example which William Penn followed to such excellent advantage when he attempted the peaceful founding of Pennsylvania.

Probably the "moral influence" of Captain Miles Standish and his "thunder-making" muskets counted for considerable with Massasoit, for these were present at the making of the treaty. The Indians, indeed, had a wholesome fear of the "little captain of Plymouth" and his slim guard of matchlock men.

Later, when the bad boy of the colony, young Jack Billington, broke the rules and wandered off, only to fall among the Indians, Squantum and Captain Standish found him and brought him back.

After that, when Squantum was captured by certain rebellious braves of Massasoit's tribe who objected to friendship with the white men, and proposed to kill Squantum,—the "mouth of the Englishmen," as they called him,—Captain Miles Standish led his picked soldiers against the rebels, and forced them to give up Squantum and obey Massasoit.

When an Indian conspiracy aimed at the destruction of the white men's settlements,—which began to extend along the coast after Plymouth had proved itself a success,—Captain Miles Standish straightway led his little army of a dozen men against the hostiles, who were not of Massasoit's tribe, seized the ringleader of the con-

spiracy, killed two Indians who attempted to interfere, and by his stern and determined manner so surprised and overawed the conspiring savages that they quickly fled, leaving their leader a prisoner in the "little captain's" hands, and never again attempted to interfere with those whom the "strong sword" protected.

So, with firmness, decision, fairness, and friendship, with a show of force when necessary, and with real fighting if pushed to it, but always with justice and for the ends of peace and security, Captain Miles Standish met the Indians of Massachusetts, and always came off conqueror.

It was because of his courage and firm front, quite as much as because of the honor of the Pilgrims in treaty keeping, that the Indians of that section were for so many years peaceful and friendly. It was because of the valorous captain of Plymouth, the trusted defender of the colony in its days of weakness, its honored representative in England in the days of its firm establishment, that the English colonists along the south shore of Massachusetts were enabled to gain and keep a footing in the section which their pluck, their faith, and their persistence first colonized and afterwards developed.

But, in spite of his courage and firm front, Captain Miles Standish, if we may believe the legends, had not the pluck to plead his own cause when he wanted a wife.

I have told you that there came to Plymouth with Captain Standish his wife Rose. But she did not live through that first dreadful winter, when the harsh Massachusetts east wind laid so many of the unseasoned Pilgrims low.

The colony, to succeed, must be a colony of homes ; and in such an association it was, as the Bible assured the Pilgrims, " not well for man to live alone." So Captain Miles Standish decided to take another wife, and his choice fell upon Priscilla Mullens, daughter of one William Mullens, who with his wife and two children came over in the *Mayflower*.

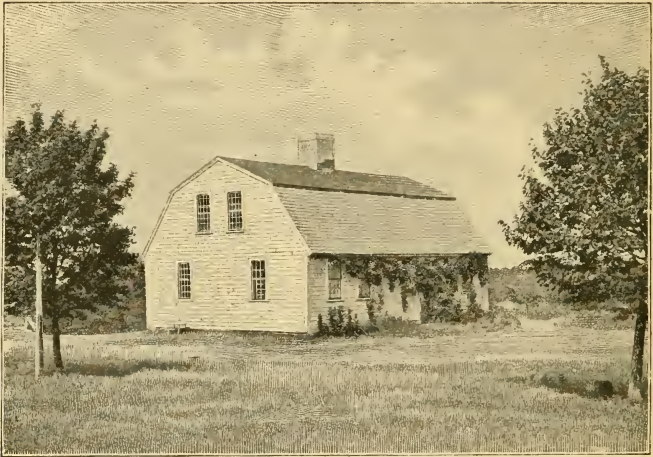
But Captain Standish's wife Rose had only been dead about three months, and the captain, either for this reason or from some other cause, did not feel like himself asking Mr. Mullens for his daughter ; so he prevailed upon his young friend John Alden, the cooper, who had joined the Pilgrims at Southampton, to interview Mr. Mullens.

The interview with Priscilla's father was entirely satisfactory. Mr. Mullens was perfectly willing to have the main reliance of the little band of colonists as his son-in-law. But the Puritan maiden had no desire to marry the fiery little captain, especially when she greatly preferred the handsome young cooper, and was certain that he was proffering the captain's request, not from choice, but from duty, and because the captain had asked him, as a friend, to be his deputy. So when her father said yes to the captain's suit, Priscilla looked at John Alden and asked that famous question, " Why don't you speak for yourself, John ? "

Evidently John did speak for himself, for the records tell us that in the spring of 1621, after that deadly first winter had left Priscilla Mullens an orphan, she married John Alden,—the second wedding in the colony.

Evidently, too, the captain bore no hard feelings

toward his friend because Priscilla Mullens became Mrs. Alden rather than Mrs. Standish, for we read that the fifth wedding in the colony was that of Captain Miles Standish and "a lady named Barbara," said to have been a sister of his wife Rose. We read, too,



Standish House, Duxbury.

that John Alden and his wife built a house near to that of Captain Standish and his wife, and that in after years John Alden's daughter married Captain Standish's son.

That is the true story of John Alden and Priscilla, and of Miles Standish's courtship, concerning which Massachusetts's most famous poet wrote an equally famous poem. Though it may be wrong as to details and dates, the poem is what makes these three persons of the Pilgrim days historic. For, more than dates and dry facts, Longfellow's delightful romance gives to the age it cele-

brates in verse an atmosphere of gentleness, kindliness, purity, and peace that glorifies those days of hardship which suggested it, that ennobles the lovers, and makes the doughty little captain of Plymouth an honored and heroic figure.

Honored and heroic he certainly was,—the colony's strong arm, its defense and sword; and the tall shaft on Captain's Hill in Duxbury, which commemorates his valor and recites his praise, is not more a landmark than is Captain Miles Standish himself to us who, to-day, read of that age of effort, privation, and persistence.

Governor Carver died from an April sunstroke, and William Bradford, the runaway Austerfield boy, was elected by his fellow-colonists, in "town meeting assembled," Carver's successor as governor of Plymouth.

The colony grew slowly,—but it grew. Colonists came over the sea to begin a new life in the Plymouth plantation; a new charter was obtained that gave them permission from the king to live in Massachusetts instead of Virginia; in twenty years the colony was free from debt; new settlements were started as offshoots along the shore; and for all its growth and strength no two men deserve more credit, or should be held in higher esteem by Americans, than Governor William Bradford, of beautiful character, and Captain Miles Standish, the Christian soldier.

HOW GOVERNOR WINTHROP PLAYED THE PART OF MOSES.

IT was on a beautiful September day in 1621, the loveliest season of the year in forest-clad New England, that Captain Miles Standish, with Squantum, his Indian friend, and a picked force of a dozen stalwart matchlock men, sailed into Boston harbor, bound on an expedition to what we call the Blue Hills of Milton, but which the Indians called Massachusetts,—the “great hills of the arrowheads.”

They coasted along the island-dotted harbor from Quincy to Charlestown, and landing at the mouth of the Mystic, just opposite the foot of Copps Hill, left their shallop on the shore, and marched inland along the Mystic as far as the heights of Medford.

They sought the Indian chieftain of that region,—a famous woman known as the squaw sachem of the Massachusetts, hoping to make with her a treaty of peace and friendship. But the squaw sachem, whose chief settlement was in what is now the city of Somerville, either did not know or did not care to know of the visit of the white men, for she was always “just gone beyond,” so her tribesmen reported, and Captain Standish returned to Plymouth without having met the woman chief; but he had made a fairly satisfactory

exploration of Boston harbor and its vicinity, and reported, on his return, that "the country of the Massachusetts is the paradise of all these parts; for here are many isles all planted with corn, groves, mulberry trees, and savage gardens."

Thus, too, had Captain John Smith reported of the fair and pleasant land at the mouths of the Mystic and the Charles.

As he had told Captain Henry Hudson about the river that bears the name of that fearless sailorman who led the way to the greatness of New York, even so had he told an English clergyman, the Rev. William Blackstone (or Blaxton) of the benefits of Boston as a place of residence, and had prompted that exclusive and somewhat peculiar parson to live a hermit's life just over the crest of Beacon Hill,—the first white inhabitant of Boston.

The stories of Smith and the reports from Blackstone had stirred in England much desire among the great trading syndicates to colonize or work up this attractive region, and at last a company was formed in England, under rich and powerful backing, to bring into the market the Massachusetts Bay country, as the stretch of water about Boston harbor was called.

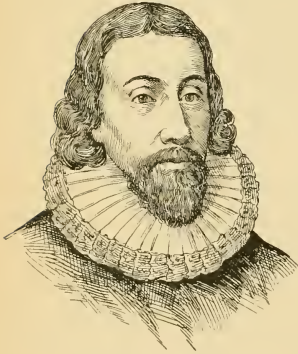
In the summer of 1628 a company of twelve influential and worthy gentlemen met together at the famous college town of Cambridge in England, and formed themselves into an association, which they called the "Governor and Companions of the Massachusetts Bay Company." They were all leading men of the growing Puritan party in England, which, just then, was worrying into action

that obstinate son of an obstinate father, Charles Stuart, the son and successor of James, and then styled Charles I., King of England.

By some means these Puritan gentlemen secured from King Charles a charter to possess and govern the lands stretching north and west from Boston harbor, then known as Massachusetts Bay.

Having secured this charter, the new company, meeting at Cambridge, elected as the president or governor of the company John Winthrop of Groton in Suffolk.

John Winthrop was one of the noblest of men and of Englishmen,—sturdy, honorable, pure-spirited, strong-hearted, a leader and a guide. Men, indeed, have called him the “Washington of colonization.” Could any term better describe his character? “When his life shall have been adequately written,” says John Fiske, “he will be recognized as one of the very noblest figures in American history.”



John Winthrop.

There was a great feeling of unrest in England. That mighty struggle between king and commons, known as the “Great Rebellion,” was fast drawing near. The Puritans, worried and persecuted by the king and his advisers, looked for relief and rest toward a land where they might have the right to believe and act and live according to the dictates of their own consciences rather than the king’s tyrannical laws.

That land was for them on the shores of Massachu-

setts Bay, and to that fair country John Winthrop, as head of the newly formed company, offered to lead all such dissatisfied Puritans as desired to make for themselves a new home in a new land.

Already other men, following the example of the Pilgrims of Plymouth, had gone across the sea for the same purpose. Settlements had sprung up along the Bay shore, north and south. The Dorchester Fishing Company had planted little villages at Salem and on Cape Ann, and even before John Winthrop led the great exodus of 1630, and became the Moses of the Puritan people to lead them into what they deemed the Promised Land, other adventurous spirits or enterprising settlers to the number of several hundred had established homes, scattering themselves along the curving shore of the great bay from Plymouth and Duxbury to Salem and the Piscataqua.

And this is a part of the agreement entered into by John Winthrop and the rest of the twelve gentlemen who met at Cambridge in England on the twenty-eighth day of August, in the year 1629:

“For the better encouragement of ourselves and others that shall join with us in this action, and to the end that every man may without scruple dispose of his estate and affairs as may best fit his preparation for this voyage, it is fully and faithfully agreed amongst us, and every one of us doth hereby freely and sincerely promise and bind himself, on the word of a Christian, and in the presence of God, who is the searcher of all hearts, that we will be ready in our persons and with such of our several families as are to go with us, and such provision

as we are able conveniently to furnish ourselves withal, to embark for the said plantation by the 1st of March next, at such port or ports of this land as shall be agreed upon by the company, to the end to pass the seas (under God's protection) to inhabit and continue in New England."

March came. Winthrop was ready; a dozen ships were preparing for the voyage; a thousand emigrants were booked for the venture; and on the 22d of March, 1630, the advance fleet of four vessels—one of them the flagship of the governor—set sail from Southampton.

As did William Bradford of the Plymouth colony, so did John Winthrop of the Massachusetts Bay colony,—he kept a diary; and out of that diary has been taken the story of the founding and early settlement of the commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Governor Winthrop's ship was the *Arbella*. It was named for one of the leading Englishwomen who had cast in their lot with the colony,—the Lady Arbella Johnson. She was the wife of one of the head men of the company, and was the daughter of an English nobleman.

The expedition first made land off Salem harbor, anchoring just beyond Bakers Island, still one of the Salem landmarks. Then, while Governor Winthrop and some of his chief associates went up to visit the weak and struggling little settlement, most of the passengers went ashore to "stretch their legs" after their long and tedious voyage of seventy-six days, and to pick strawberries; for it was the twenty-second day of June, just the time when the wild strawberries of Cape Ann are ripe and most inviting.

From Salem the *Arbella* sailed down the coast to Boston harbor. There the emigrants landed and began the settlement of the real Massachusetts at Charlestown, or "Cherton," as the clipped English pronunciation called it, where the Mystic and the Charles pour their mingled waters into the broad and beautiful harbor.

But the scarcity of drinking water at Charlestown bothered them, and when they learned from Blackstone of Beacon Hill that there were excellent and numerous springs on the hill-broken peninsula across the Charles, the colony removed to the other side of the river, and began a new settlement around one spring of especial excellence, on the site of what is now the Boston post office. To this settlement they soon gave the name of Boston, the cathedral town in the fen country of Lincolnshire in England, near to the boyhood home of Captain John Smith. The English Boston, too, had been the home of the Lady Arbella Johnson, and there lived also a noted Puritan minister, the Rev. John Cotton, who later joined the growing colony at the new Boston in Massachusetts.

For, in spite of a harsh Boston winter, full of rawness and east wind, of cold and storm and snow, the colony did grow and prosper, far outstripping the Plymouth settlement.

"We are here in a paradise,"—so Governor Winthrop wrote to his wife, who had not yet sailed over the sea from England. "Though we have not beef and mutton, yet (God be praised) we want them not. Our Indian corn answers for all; yet here is fowl and fish in great plenty."

But though Captain John Smith and Captain Miles Standish and Governor John Winthrop, too, had all called Boston a "paradise," and though that opinion has ever since been held by all true Bostonians, it proved anything but a paradise at first.

The winter, as I have said, was a bitter one. It was much worse than that fatal first winter of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. The newcomers, weakened by the long voyage in poorly appointed and scurvy-tainted ships, were not prepared for such extremes of cold as they experienced; they were poorly provided to stand the trying climate of New England, which can never be depended upon, except, as Mark Twain declares, to give you all possible changes within twenty-four hours.

Clams and mussels, groundnuts and acorns, are not a strengthening diet. Many died before spring, among them the Lady Arbella and her husband, Isaac Johnson, one of Governor Winthrop's right-hand men.

Food grew so scarce, their limited supplies giving out, that one day in February, 1631, the governor had put the last batch of bread into his oven; he had scraped the last handful of meal in his barrel to give to a starving comrade, and had appointed a day of humiliation, fasting, and prayer. It was likely to be a fast day indeed, when suddenly a sail was seen; a ship came up the harbor. Despair turned to joy. It was the long-expected, long-delayed supply ship bringing stores from England.

They kept no fast day then, for, so Winthrop tells us in his diary, "We held a day of thanksgiving for this ship's arrival, by order of the governor and council, directed to all the plantations."



That was in February, 1631. It was the first regularly appointed Thanksgiving Day in New England.

“The plantations,” as the governor called the cluster of settlements, or townships, were some eight or more,—Boston, Watertown, Roxbury, Saugus, Salem, Newtown, Charlestown, and Dorchester.

In almost every case these townships had not been settled by people from different sections of old England, but by those who, following the lead of the ministers of certain congregations at home, had come to America as offshoots from different Puritan churches in England, or as the followers of some particular minister. Naturally such emigrants would club together and select a place for settlement where they could gather around their own favorite preacher or set up their own congregation of church comrades.

From this sprang the townships of Massachusetts, for the grants of land obtained from the Massachusetts Bay Company were not made to any one man, but to the congregation or company to which he belonged.

So the towns grew up; for when other places were settled in the colony, such settlements were made by those who went out from one of the older towns in the same manner as they had first emigrated from England, —in companies or congregations. Thus the men of Dorchester and Cambridge and Watertown went out to found the towns along the Connecticut, even, as in the next chapter, we shall see a company from Roxbury going forth to the settlement of Springfield.

Such companies were really partners in land development. Each man had a voice in what was to be done, and when, once a year, in the spring, the men of each settlement met together in the church or the townhouse to arrange for the carrying on of the affairs of the settlement during the year, every voter had his say. This was called "town meeting," and to this day the government of Massachusetts townships is by the voice of all the voters assembled in town meeting.

But as the towns of Massachusetts Bay grew in number they needed to talk over and arrange for more than their own village affairs. They wished to have something to say about the union of the whole colony. The "Governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay in New England" meant a governor and several assistants, elected each year by the freemen of the company. But as the colony grew, and the "freemen" became scattered and separated, this voting in a whole assembly was not

easily arranged. So it was agreed to select two freemen from each township and send them to sit as delegates in the Great and General Court, as the council of the colony was called, to talk about taxes, and say what the people wished as to the conduct of the government.

This was the earliest representative body in New England; it was the beginning of the Massachusetts legislature. It was really only the general court of the Massachusetts Bay Company brought from England to America, and called together at Boston, the capital of the colony. But gradually this court or body of councilors and lawmakers outgrew the stockholders in the company, and developed into democratic self-government in Massachusetts,—government by the people for the people, the same that later grew into the American republic.

For, in the great Statehouse on Beacon Hill in Boston, beneath the famous effigies of the gilded codfish, placed aloft in the Senate Chamber and in the House of Representatives as the sign of the source from which sprang the wealth and prosperity of the old Bay State, there meets still, to talk about taxes and government, that same Great and General Court, representing the freemen of the commonwealth to the founding of which noble John Winthrop led his brave company of Puritan settlers in those far distant summer days of 1630.

This change in method of which I have spoken, which brought about the establishment of the Massachusetts legislature, and gave the right of representation to all the freemen of the Massachusetts Bay colony, was largely due to the bold and independent stand of the men of

Watertown,—in 1630 the farthest outlying town of the colony.

Watertown adjoins Cambridge. One rides out to it now by carriage or trolley, over the broad avenue that skirts the white memorials of Mount Auburn, and leads into the center of the old town where modern houses and old-time history continually jostle each other. Most glorious in its ancient history is this bold stand of the freemen of Watertown in the summer of 1631. For when, in August of that year, the officers of the Massachusetts Bay Company learned that there was danger of French invasion, at once, without asking permission of the colonists, they proceeded to levy a war tax of sixty pounds upon each settlement, to provide for the general defense.

Then it was that the freemen of Watertown objected. "It is the law," they said, "that no Englishman shall be taxed without his consent. We are Englishmen. We have been allowed no voice or vote in this matter. We will not pay the tax."

Thereupon the officials of the company, in high dudgeon, summoned the men of Watertown to Boston and solemnly "admonished" them; but still they protested that there should be no taxation without representation. The necessity of the tax was explained; but so just and wise seemed the protest of the Watertown men, and so determined, too, that, although the Watertown men, out of regard for the public safety, did pay their tax, the very next year a change was made in the constitution of the colony, by which all freemen were to have a voice in the affairs of the col-

ony, and the General Court voted that the whole body of freemen should elect the governor and his assistants. From this grew the town representation and the legislature of Massachusetts. Thus the determined stand of the men of Watertown against privileged classes and aristocratic government early worked a reform in Massachusetts politics. Out of it came, as John Fiske says, "the beginnings of American constitutional history;" and the protest of the men of Watertown in 1631 grew at last into that protest of the whole American people—"No taxation without representation"—which made up the Declaration of Independence, carried forward the War of the American Revolution, and created the republic of the United States of America.

The story of Massachusetts had begun. John Smith and the Pilgrim Fathers had been but the preface to the story. The men of Watertown were the prophets of the republic.

HOW WILLIAM PYNCHON BLAZED THE BAY PATH.

ABOUT the time that William Bradford was a small boy at his English home in Austerfield, while John Winthrop was a small boy at his English home in Groton, there was another small boy in a big manor house in the pleasant hamlet of Springfield in the county of Essex, forty miles or so from London. His name was William Pynchon, and he was destined to play a part with those other boys, when they had all grown to manhood, in the making of Massachusetts.

William Pynchon's family were people of consequence in that section of England. The boy was well educated, for the times; he was sent to college at Cambridge, and later became an enterprising business man who liked to interest himself in great enterprises.

Such an enterprise, he believed, was to be found in the colonization scheme of the Massachusetts Bay Company, and as he was one of those who stood out sturdily against the selfishness of obstinate King Charles, he joined himself to the Puritan party, although he himself was a warden of the established church of England.

He became interested in Governor Winthrop's enterprise, and came across the sea with that excellent man in one of the four ships that led the exodus to Massa-

chusetts Bay. He was one of the men to whom the king granted the charter for colonization and governing; and when the Massachusetts Bay people were settled in their new home in and about Boston, William Pynchon built his house in Roxbury, and, because of his integrity and business ability, was made treasurer of the colony.

But the men of the Massachusetts Bay colony were not all such great-hearted men as John Winthrop. Some of them were hard and stern, like Dudley, who succeeded Winthrop as governor, or bigoted but brave, like Endicott, who cut the cross from the flag of England, because he considered it a "symbol of idolatry." These men, and others like them, wished to have things in their church so peculiarly their own way that they made it very uncomfortable for those who disagreed with them.

William Pynchon differed from them, both as to method and manner. Things did not exactly suit him, and as he looked off toward the forest-fringed Milton hills, or toward the distant Wachusett ridges, he thought of the freer life in the west, beyond those hilly barriers, and longed to try it, if others would join with him.

In his trade with the Indians for beaver skins and furs, he had learned of the fair and fertile lands that lay along the broad Connecticut River, and he felt that opportunities for successful business and for more agreeable home life were to be found in those wide green valleys through which the great river ran southward to Long Island Sound.

So one day in the year 1635 he set out with two Indian traders on a sort of prospecting tour, and was so well pleased with what he saw in the Connecticut valley

that when he returned to Boston he prevailed upon the company to grant him leave to lead a new colony into the western lands.

By that time the Bay colony had grown considerably. New people kept coming across the sea to join it, and an increasing number of settlements dotted the curving shore of the big bay, or ran just a few miles inland.

William Pynchon's scheme was considered a most daring one, for nobody knew just what were the risks and dangers of the "far west" along the unknown Connecticut. The company did not like the idea of weakening their own holdings by new ventures, but they finally gave William Pynchon "permission to withdraw;" and in the spring of 1636 he set out, with his own family and other Roxbury people, to follow the Indian trail, and blaze a path through the wilderness to the desired lands along the Connecticut River.

The trail led southwesterly, through where are now the towns of Framingham and Hopkinton and Grafton, to Woodstock, across the Connecticut line; then, turning, it ran northwesterly to where to-day Springfield sits upon the banks of the fast-flowing Connecticut.

Governor Winthrop had just launched and fitted from the stocks on his big "Ten Hill Farm," in the present city of Somerville, on the Mystic, the first ship ever built in New England. He called it the *Blessing of the Bay*, and the *Blessing's* earliest voyage was to sail with the household goods of William Pynchon's colonists around Cape Cod into Long Island Sound, and up the Connecticut to the settling point at the mouth of the Agawam.

But the colonists themselves went by the Bay Path,— that Indian trail through the Massachusetts forests which William Pynchon blazed out for them and for



civilization. It was a bold and hazardous thing to do. The way was long; it was beset with dangers and perils, the unknown ones seeming the worst of all.

But William Pynchon was a brave-hearted man. Day by day he led the way along the winding path from the

bay, with that sturdy determination that marks the Englishman, and that unflinching faith in God's direction that inspired the Puritan.

Day by day that little band of a dozen families followed their wise, strong, hopeful leader. The old people or the invalids rode in the horse litter; the rest went on foot or on horseback. Their droves of swine and cattle were driven on before them. And so, with confidence in their leader and hope in the future, they pushed their way through the wilderness in the changeful days of a New England May, seeking their new home.

We catch a glimpse of those pioneers of Massachusetts civilization as we read their story. Preceded by an armed outpost, who cleared the path and kept a watchful eye for the dreaded beasts of the forest and still more dreaded Indians, they were a picturesque cavalcade in sober Puritan tints,—the green-jerkined guides and fighting men, the primly dressed, hooded women, the demure but wondering children, and the tall, grave figure of the indomitable leader in his long great boots, allowed only to those worth a thousand dollars or over.

He cared for his people well. Escaping all dangers, meeting the Indians in friendly fashion, without loss of life or property by attack or raid, the pioneers followed the Woodstock trail, and then, turning, struck through the forest to the northwest, and on the 14th of May, 1636, reached their destination after eighteen days of travel. There they found shelter in the big log hut which had been built to receive them on the "house meadow,"

near the mouth of the Agawam, just below the present city of Springfield.

Home-building soon began. A church was established, planting grounds and house lots were apportioned, lands were bought from the Indian owners, and the home life of the settlement began.

William Pynchon was a wise director. He was judge in disputes, adviser in worry or trouble, officiating minister until one could be secured and settled, farmer, builder, boatman, hunter, magistrate, and business man,—for he kept in view his main purpose, to carry on a far-reaching and profitable trade with the Indians.

His dealings with these “sons of the forest” were just and wise. He was faithful to his promises, a true friend and good neighbor, and the safety of the settlement was largely due to his honorable and upright conduct toward the red owners of the soil.

Other families soon joined his settlement at the mouth of the Agawam. To the little hamlet was at last given the name of William Pynchon’s boyhood home in the English county of Essex, for it was called Springfield.

This was the beginning of English life in central and western Massachusetts. Other settlements sprang up,—Northampton and Hadley and Westfield and Deerfield. The Bay Path, shortened into a more direct route between the Connecticut and Boston, became the regular highway for western travel, dotted with scattered hamlets, until at last the whole Connecticut valley was brought into touch with the Bay, and finally joined to it in government.

But William Pynchon, as is often the case with pro-

motors and organizers of great enterprises, came at last into disfavor with those whom he had favored. He would not subscribe to certain forms and doctrines laid down by the strict Puritans of Boston; he even wrote a book which they deemed wrong and harmful in its religious teachings, and they took the brave treasurer of the colony so sternly to task that at last, disheartened and discouraged, he turned his back on his forest home, and returned to England, never again to see the growing and prospering colony which his ability had organized, his wisdom planted, and his courage protected.

Certain of his descendants, however, notably his eldest son, remained with the colony, growing with its growth, so that in Springfield and the region roundabout the name of Pyncheon—which Hawthorne, too, has immortalized—is remembered and honored as that of the founder and first developer of that fertile and prosperous section of Massachusetts along the Bay Path, from Worcester to the Berkshires.

HOW YOUNG SIR HARRY VANE FOUND HIMSELF IN HOT WATER.

THERE once lived in old England a remarkable boy; he grew to be a remarkable man. As you enter the great Public Library in Boston, you may see in a niche to the left of the entrance, in the wide vestibule, a bronze statue of heroic size and splendid workmanship. It is Macmonnies's statue of this remarkable Englishman,—Sir Harry Vane, the boy governor of Massachusetts.

He was not exactly a boy governor; but he was scarcely twenty-four years old when the freemen of the Massachusetts Bay colony elected him governor, and twenty-four, it must be admitted, is rather young for a governor of Massachusetts.

He was born in a fine old manor house in the village of Hadlow, in the county of Kent in England, in the year 1612. He was but eight years old when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, but even at that age he made a sensation.

His father was a great officer of state, who loyally served the obstinate King Charles I.; but this small boy was almost as obstinate in his opinions as was the king in his. For about the time the Pilgrims landed, and when young Harry Vane was a small boy in his big

English home, he became so stout a little Puritan that he absolutely refused to take the oath of conformity to the king's religion in the church at Westminster, because his conscience would not permit! And later, when he was a young man, although his father commanded and the king begged him to "conform" to the established religion, "young Sir Harry Vane," as he was always called, to distinguish him from the elder Sir Harry, his father, persistently refused to change his opinions, because he believed so thoroughly in what is termed "liberty of conscience and religious freedom."

Hoping to find this larger liberty in America, young Sir Harry Vane forsook his English home and came over the sea to Massachusetts. He was then but twenty-three. He was received with a salute of cannon



and a great flourish of trumpets, for the son of the king's comptroller was considered a great addition.

Sir Harry Vane was á bright, earnest, energetic, and lovable young man, and he soon became so popular with the people of Boston and the bay that the very next year after his arrival they elected him governor of the Massachusetts Bay colony; and the first thing he did was to get the royal standard of the king from one of the ships in the harbor, and unfurl it, with a mighty salute, above the fort in the town; then he appointed a committee to revise the colony laws. That's like most young men, you know, when they get into power. First they say "See me!" and then they start in to change things. And young Sir Harry Vane was only twenty-four!

That was in 1636, the very year in which brave William Pynchon broke his way through the forests and by the Bay Path to the settlement of Springfield, and the opening up of the western lands of Massachusetts.

But popularity does not always mean success. It is, indeed, a most uncertain condition. And this Sir Harry Vane speedily discovered.

Already there were entering into the little colony disturbing elements. One Roger Williams, called by future ages the "apostle of religious liberty," stirred up the stricter Puritans at Boston and Salem and Plymouth to protest and anger. In fact, he led so many "astray," as the ministers declared, and rendered himself so obnoxious to the government, that it was finally voted to get rid of him by shipping him home to England. But Roger Williams was not to be caught napping. He



gave the Boston authorities the slip,—literally “took to the woods,” was befriended by the Indians, and at last founded Rhode Island, or what were first called the “Providence Plantations.”

Following on the heels of this came Indian troubles, almost the first in the history of the colony. Irresponsible and meddling strangers worried into war the strong tribe of Indians known as the Pequots, boldest and bravest of New England Indians. The colonies along the bay were threatened with massacre, and almost before he knew it Sir Harry Vane had an Indian war on his hands.

This Pequot war of Sir Harry Vane’s day began in Connecticut. That colony, settled by Massachusetts

men, naturally looked to the stronger colony for aid when the Pequot Indians, stirred to revenge by the persecutions and encroachments of the traders and borderers, broke out into retaliation. The horrors of an Indian war were too terrible to allow any risk to be run, and at once Governor Vane acted. Endicott, the stern flag cutter, was sent with three ships to destroy the Indians on Block Island, at the mouth of Long Island Sound. He did this cruelly but effectively. The Pequots, retaliating, laid waste the Connecticut valley, whereupon Captain John Mason, with ninety men from Plymouth and Boston, charged down, in May, 1637, upon the palisaded Pequot village, near where the town of Stonington now stands. Four hundred Indian allies joined the expedition; but they deserted before the fight, which was brief and bloody. The Pequot village was surprised, stormed, set on fire, and most of its inhabitants killed. In this stern but horrible manner were the Pequots overthrown and well-nigh exterminated, and the immediate danger of Indian invasion averted. Not for a generation did the Indians again break out into war. Connecticut was brought into closer relations with Massachusetts, and the tide of emigration from old England to New England steadily increased.

But war does not by any means stop progress,—it is often a developer; and it was while this Pequot war was going on that the governor, young Sir Harry Vane, presided over the assembly which voted a sum of money to found a college.

On the beautiful west or main gate of Harvard University you may read the story. Carved in a stone tablet

set in the brick pier of the north wall is this inscription in the quaint spelling of our forefathers :

“By the General Court of Massachusetts Bay, 28 October 1636, Agreed to give 400 £ towards a schole or colledge whereof 200 £ to be paid next year & 200 £ when the work is finished and the next Court to appoint wheare and what building. 15 November 1637 the colledge is ordered to bee at Newe Towne. 2 May 1638 It is ordered that New Towne shall henceforward be called Cambridge. 15 March 1639 it is ordered that the colledge agreed upon formerly to bee built at Cambridge shall bee called Harvard Colledge.”

This last record, now inscribed in stone, was made after Sir Harry Vane had gone home to England, and when a certain John Harvard, minister of the church at Charlestown, dying without children, left his library and one half of all his possessions to help on the new college. Thus it became Harvard College, now developed into the great university. A bronze statue of the gentle founder and benefactor stands in the green triangle before Memorial Hall; and in the old burying ground at Charlestown, upon a tall granite shaft, you may read on the eastern face: “On the twenty-sixth day of September, A.D. 1828, this stone was erected by the graduates of the university at Cambridge, in honor of its founder, who died at Charlestown on the twenty-sixth day of September, A.D. 1638.”

So the terrors of Indian war and the triumphs of education came in the midst of other experiences to mark the governorship of young Sir Harry Vane. Scarcely, however, had these been recorded before fresh

trouble came. A new religious dissension shook the little colony like an ague. It was all due to a woman, quite as remarkable in her way as any of those early New England men. This was Mrs. Anne Hutchinson, who held advanced religious opinions, and was the first woman lecturer and founder of the first woman's club in New England. She was so bright in intellect and brilliant in conversation, so very impulsive and sometimes so very unwise in action, that not one of the ministers of the colony could stand against her, and so they banished her.

But before the end came she had drawn all the Bay into her dispute with the ministers, and people took sides for or against her; and among those who took her part was the governor, Sir Harry Vane himself.

The united ministers of the Bay colony were, however, too strong for Mrs. Anne Hutchinson and Sir Harry Vane. But the fight waxed fierce and hot. The colony became divided into two political parties, for in that day religion was politics.

Mrs. Anne Hutchinson had a sharp tongue and knew how to use it. She did not spare her opponents. The ministers, as they believed, had right on their side, and they did not spare Mrs. Hutchinson or those who followed her lead. They plainly called them heretics, and heresy in those stern days was one of the things that the law stamped out with heroic measures.

Sir Harry protested as the champion of woman's rights and freedom of speech; the ministers stormed and threatened; and there is no telling to what extremes they might not have gone had not clear-headed, just,

and wise John Winthrop stepped in as a sort of arbitrator and settled things for a while.

Young Sir Harry Vane did not find it any easier to secure religious and personal liberty in New England than in old England. He wished to do the right thing, too, but he found it hard work to believe that other people were right.

He sided with Mrs. Anne Hutchinson against the ministers; so did Boston; but the "suburbs" sided with the ministers, and it became a question whether Boston should rule the colony or the colony Boston.

Sir Harry Vane was very bold and bright; but, like most young men, he dearly loved to have his own way. When he found he could not, he "got mad," like any boy, and said he "wouldn't play." In other words, he threatened to give up the governorship and go home to England. Then he thought better of it and said he was "sorry."

But things got no better, and at last, in the spring of 1637 (on Cambridge Common, because the "suburbs" did not dare to go to Boston), the "freemen" of the Bay colony held an open-air convention, that almost ended in a free fight over the question of religious and political rights. The ministers and the colony won. Sir Harry Vane was defeated. John Winthrop was again elected governor, and young Sir Harry Vane turned his back on the colony and went home at last to England.

As for Mrs. Anne Hutchinson, she was driven into exile,—“banished from Boston!”—and later was killed by the Indians in a terrible massacre in the New York

colony, near what is now New Rochelle. It is a sad story, and one that we, in this enlightened age, can scarcely understand. But the ministers did have law on their side. They were authorized by their charter to rid themselves of all objectionable persons, and Mrs. Anne Hutchinson certainly was, in their estimation, most objectionable. The safety of the commonwealth, they believed, depended upon her banishment, and so she had to go.

Young Sir Harry Vane had not been of great benefit to the colony, apparently; but he had led the people to think for themselves, and to make a stand against what in these days one might call the "church trust," which almost held Massachusetts in thrall.

He was defeated, but that very defeat left the people thoughtful, and out of his stand for what he considered right and justice came in due time that final separation of church and state which is the very keynote of American liberty, of freedom of thought and speech and action. Let us be thankful for young Sir Harry Vane.

He became a great man in England, the honest supporter of the Commonwealth, the stout opponent of what he believed to be Oliver Cromwell's personal power. Read English history and the dramatic story of Cromwell's famous burst of temper: "Oh, Sir Harry Vane! Sir Harry Vane! The Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!"

To the last Vane stood boldly out for the liberties of England, and when the great Cromwell was succeeded by the petty Charles Stuart, second of the name, Sir Harry Vane was declared by that spiteful monarch

“too dangerous to let live.” Charges were trumped up against him, and he died upon the scaffold,— a martyr to liberty, a hero to the last.

His connection with the story of Massachusetts was brief but eventful, and it is for us to remember that to Sir Harry Vane Americans and Englishmen owe very much, as the man who, alike in America and England, boldly withstood what he considered tyranny, and gladly died a martyr to the cause of liberty.

That spirit lived again in the brave men of one hundred and fifty years later, who, profiting by his example, dared to stand out against the tyranny of an English king, and to show America the open door to freedom.

As governor of Massachusetts he had a stormy experience, and found himself, indeed, in hot water; but Massachusetts honors and reveres the memory of her boyish governor, young Sir Harry Vane.

HOW MRS. SHERMAN'S PIG ALMOST UPSET THE GOVERNMENT.

I N the very year in which young Sir Harry Vane was governor of the Massachusetts Bay colony—that is, in 1636—there came to Boston a traveling salesman who represented an English business house. His name was George Story, and he lodged at the house of a Mrs. Sherman.

He had samples from which to take orders, and he was, in fact, what we call in America a “drummer.” He hoped to get many orders for his goods in Boston, send them home to England, and make a comfortable commission on his sales.

But George Story, the drummer, was not welcomed in Boston. The Boston people had a common, neighborly interest in one another, and preferred to keep all business and all commissions among themselves, instead of sending them off to England.

“We’ll patronize home industries,” they said, “keep what money there is here, and let our merchants do their own business with England, rather than through a stranger who does no benefit to the town.”

So the merchants and magistrates of Boston made it most unpleasant for George Story, the drummer. They considered him a most undesirable person, and as there

was a law against obnoxious or objectionable persons staying more than three weeks in the town, they haled George Story before a magistrate, who fined him as an "alien."

Now this magistrate was one of the solid men of Boston, Captain Robert Keayne,—a prosperous merchant, a rich landowner, and the first captain of the famous "Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company," which still exists as one of the peculiar institutions of Boston.

But George Story was very angry at the way in which he had been treated, and was especially angry at Captain Keayne as the magistrate who fined him.

"I'll get square with him some day," he said; and he did.

It seems that Widow Sherman, at whose house George Story boarded, kept a pig, and this pig, like most of its kind, was of a roving disposition, very irresponsible, and had a troublesome habit of not staying where it belonged.

It took to wandering off, and rooted and grunted about the grounds of Captain Robert Keayne, who had a comfortable house on the corner of what are now Washington and State streets, just opposite to where the old Statehouse stands.

Captain Keayne saw this pig wandering along State Street, and as that was most unpermissible, he took the pig in hand, had it "cried" through the town, and then, as no one claimed it, put it into his own pigpen, and gave notice that the owner could have the pig by proving property.

But for some reason Mrs. Sherman never attempted to prove property or identify her pig. So when nearly

a year had passed by, Captain Keayne thought he had kept the pig long enough, and as undisputed possession was ownership, he counted the pig as his, and killed it for winter pork.

That action was watchful George Story's opportunity for revenge. He knew of the whereabouts of



Mrs. Sherman's pig, even if she did not, and as soon as the pig became pork, he induced Mrs. Sherman to believe that Captain Keayne had defrauded her of a pig by kidnaping, concealing, and killing it.

This was more than Captain Keayne could stand. He, a magistrate of Boston, objected to being called a pig stealer and pig murderer; so he became very angry, and brought suit against both Mrs. Sherman and George Story for slander and defamation of character.

Of course, as Captain Keayne was one of the magistrates, when his case came before the court the magistrates believed his story, and fined the Widow Sherman twenty pounds damages.

Then George Story went about among the town people, telling Mrs. Sherman's sad story, and asking if it was not outrageous that a poor woman should be fined by the magistrates twenty pounds just because she had tried to get her rights from a rich, grasping capitalist.

Finally he persuaded Mrs. Sherman to appeal for justice and protection to the Great and General Court.

The Great and General Court was not only the law-making and governing body of the Massachusetts Bay colony; it was also the highest court of appeal, and its decisions were final. It was composed of twelve Assistants (or magistrates), who were elected by the freemen as a whole, and twenty-two Deputies, who were elected by the different towns. They all sat together—Assistants and Deputies—in the General Court, and acted as a single voting and lawmaking body; and the governor had not even the power of veto.

When Mrs. Sherman's appeal for justice for the killing of her white pig came to a vote, the Great and General Court was divided. Thanks to the work of George Story among the people, although the Assistants were on the side of Captain Keayne, the sympathies of the Deputies were enlisted in behalf of Mrs. Sherman, and the Deputies being in the majority, Captain Keayne lost his case, and George Story had his revenge.

But this did not end the matter. Both sides kept arguing and quarreling over the affair of Mrs. Sherman's pig. Even good Governor Winthrop took a hand in it, and because he sided with the Assistants he had to apologize to the people, although he would not change his opinion. He admitted that he had spoken perhaps too strongly, "arrogating too much to myself," the good man said humbly, "and ascribing too little to others." He would, he assured them, "be more wise and watchful hereafter." But even this manly avowal of his own overzeal did not save him from the peo-

ple's resentment, and next year he failed of reëlection as governor, all on account of the pig.

The wiser heads in the colony saw the impossibility of an elective assembly acting as a judicial tribunal; in other words, the Deputies would decide as the people who elected them desired, and not as the real justice in the case demanded. At last, after a year of dispute and clamor, a compromise was arranged. The Assistants were to sit by themselves, the Deputies by themselves; they should act separately, but any new act introduced in one body must have the consent of the other before it became a law.

And that was the origin of the State legislature: the Assistants are the Senate; the Deputies are the House of Representatives (or the Assembly, as it is sometimes called). And so the Great and General Court of Massachusetts, which was almost thrown into demoralization by Mrs. Sherman's pig, was saved from disruption, and the colony along with it, by the simple and practical compromise brought about by the wisdom of Governor John Winthrop, often called the "Father of Massachusetts."

HOW GOVERNOR JOHN WINTHROP
"SINNED AGAINST THE LIGHT."

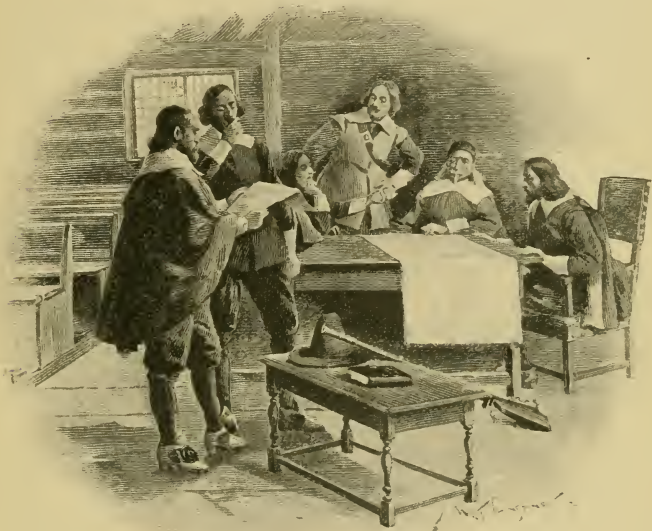
GOVERNOR JOHN WINTHROP sat in the magistrate's chair in the little log meetinghouse in the New Town. That was the village which is to-day the city of Cambridge, and the little meetinghouse stood at what is now the corner of Mount Auburn and Dunster streets, just beyond Harvard Square.

The governor, seated thus, looked upon a grave and somber company grouped about him,—ministers, magistrates, and laymen, picked from the churches of the Bay colony, and met together in what was called a "synod," or council, summoned to deliberate on important matters of church and state; and, in the Massachusetts Bay colony, the church was the state.

In that solemn council were men foremost in the councils of the colony,—men who had given up home and country for loyalty to opinion and the courage of their convictions, men whose names are now a part of the splendid story of the United States.

There was John Cotton, the great Puritan preacher, short and stout, red-faced and snowy-haired, dignified in bearing, charming in manner, an advocate for toleration, but ready ever to yield to the will of the majority; there sat that stern soldier of the church, John Endicott,

large-framed, big-jawed, his harsh face and grizzled locks crowned by a black skullcap, his firm mouth thatched with a gray mustache and emphasized by a



pointed beard; there, too, sat Thomas Dudley, the deputy governor, hard of heart, quick of temper, unyielding of purpose; John Norton, scholar and gentleman, wit and fanatic; Thomas Shepard, young in years, but so wise in counsel that "no man could despise his youth;" Hugh Peters, bigot and bully,—these and others, "priests, magistrates, and deputies," presided over by that tactful, noble, broad-minded lawyer, that tolerant, tender, loving man, that excellent and most shrewd politician, Governor John Winthrop, whose

portrait, with its well-known ruff and its Vandyke beard, you may see to-day in the senate chamber of the Massachusetts Statehouse, as you may see his marble statues in the chapel at Mount Auburn and in the Capitol at Washington, or his bronze statue standing with its back to the subway in Scollay Square, in Boston. A great man was Governor Winthrop; but sometimes even the great ones falter, and you shall see how, in this first Synod of Massachusetts, as it is called, Governor Winthrop "sinned against the light."

The year was 1637; the month was September,—that lovely New England month, when Cambridge looks its best. But that solemn assembly thought little of grass or tree or flower. The governor had cantered soberly across from his fair estate of Ten Hills Farm on the Mystic, in what is now Somerville, and as he rode across country to Cambridge Common, that September landscape, no doubt, was as fair and beautiful as when Whittier described it in his poem, "The King's Missive: "

"The autumn haze lay soft and still
 On wood and meadow and upland farms;
 On the brow of Snow Hill the great windmill
 Slowly and lazily swung its arms;
 Broad in the sunshine stretched away,
 With its capes and islands, the turquoise bay;
 And over water and dusk of pines
 Blue hills lifted their faint outlines.

"The topaz leaves of the walnut glowed,
 The sumac added its crimson fleck,
 And double in air and water showed
 The tinted maples along the Neck;

Through frost flower clusters of pale star-mist,
 And gentian fringes of amethyst,
 And royal plumes of goldenrod,
 The grazing cattle on Centry trod."

But not of frost flower nor gentian nor goldenrod did Governor Winthrop think, that September day, as he rode to the synod at Cambridge. His thoughts were rather as to how he might square his own sense of justice with the stern and harshly drawn lines of his fellow-magistrates, who, yielding to the narrow teaching of the ministers, had declared to those who did not agree with them on points of doctrine that "New England was no place for such as they." He, too, changing from kind-heartedness to harshness, because he determined to side with the majority, had said to Mrs. Anne Hutchinson, as he banished her from the colony: "Your cause is not to be suffered. . . . We see not that any should have authority to set up any other exercises besides what authority hath set up here already." For Governor Winthrop, though in most things a great and noble man, was a wonderful manager of men, and knew that to manage men the politician must often give up his own desires and go over to the side of the majority; and in the Bay colony, the ministers, with their hard and narrow opinions, were the leaders of the majority.

Roger Williams had come with a mission and message, and had been driven away; young Sir Harry Vane had come with a desire for wider liberty, and had been forced out of the field; Anne Hutchinson had come as the apostle of free speech, and had been banished. Each one in turn had been the bearer of a light that,

properly trimmed and managed, might have shown the whole land the way to liberty long before the day that finally came. Governor Winthrop was a friend to Williams and to Vane; he could even see a good side to Mrs. Anne Hutchinson's bold teachings. He was the foremost man in the colony,—leader, guide, and governor,—and had he but accepted and used the light that shed the first glow of liberty on the land, he might have been the greatest man of colonial America. As it was, for policy's sake, and for the sake of peace and of place, he bent to the demands of the ministers, drove out those who differed, and said to them: "Go! The world is wide; there is no place for you among us."

This synod of September, 1637, was convened especially to root up and stamp out heresy, and in those days heresy meant whatever the Puritans of the Bay colony did not believe.

The Puritans of the Massachusetts Bay colony came across the sea to establish a religious community of their own kind. Their charter permitted them to rid themselves of all obnoxious or objectionable persons who were hostile to the peace of the colony. A heretic—that is, one who believes as I do not—was esteemed by the fathers of Massachusetts both objectionable and obnoxious, and therefore to be got rid of.

So the synod gathered at Cambridge in 1637 to consider and to take steps to choke out the heresies that had somehow crept into the community, and which, as they declared, "threatened the common weal."

They sat in session for twenty days in that fair September weather, and they found "eighty-two opinions,

some blasphemous, others erroneous, and all unsafe," so their report declared,—a pretty big list of "heresies" for a carefully guarded colony of small proportions and of but seven years' growth.

But some of those considered the chief of heretics were such persons as Roger Williams, Sir Harry Vane, John Wheelwright, and Anne Hutchinson, and these bold, brilliant leaders had drawn to themselves some of the very best and brainiest people in the colony. It was high time, the rulers said, that the ministers and teachers took a firm stand, or these "heresies" might divide the fold and endanger the church.

The synod, with scarcely a dissenting voice or vote, declared relentless and unceasing war upon all new ideas, against all heresies in religion or action; and again, Governor Winthrop, shutting his eyes to the truth, forgetting the bold stand of Roger Williams, the noble utterances of Sir Harry Vane, the truthful rebukes of Anne Hutchinson, repeated his declaration: "We see not that any should have authority to set up any other exercises besides what authority hath set up here already."

This decision meant that, as the colony had decreed a certain form of religion, to that form every one must subscribe, or leave the colony. The people of Massachusetts had published as their decree the very proclamation from which they had fled across the sea, leaving their pleasant English homes. Toleration and liberty of conscience were not yet born in America.

"It is said," wrote one of those men of the synod, "that men ought to have liberty of their conscience, and

that it is persecution to debar them of it. I can rather stand amazed than reply to this. It is an astonishment to think that the brains of men should be parboiled in such impious ignorance."

The men of Massachusetts were not yet ready for the light which the men of Massachusetts themselves in a later day set aflame, to show the way to liberty. Sir Harry Vane and Roger Williams were ahead of their time. But their time came at last, and Massachusetts was first among the peoples of the earth to lead the columns of freedom; but it took one hundred and thirty years and more to reach that glorious standpoint. In 1637 the synod of Massachusetts fettered the limbs of freedom.

For that decree of banishment or death against those who differed from them was final. It was the central law by which Massachusetts was governed for over a century,—by which Baptists were harried, Quakers persecuted and martyred, and all "dissenters" silenced, until that better day when the Geneva bands of the ministers gave place to that spirit of Christ which said, "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," and brought to fulfillment in Boston and throughout the growing Bay colony that prophecy of Boston's brave old citizen of those days of proscription, as given by Whittier:

"Upsall, gray with his length of days,
Cried from the door of his Red Lion Inn:
'Men of Boston! give God the praise!
No more shall innocent blood call down
The bolts of wrath on your guilty town;
The freedom of worship dear to you
Is dear to all, and to all is due.

“ ‘ I see the vision of days to come,
When your beautiful City of the Bay
Shall be Christian liberty's chosen home,
And none shall his neighbors' rights gainsay ;
The varying notes of worship shall blend
And as one great prayer to God ascend ;
And hands of mutual charity raise
Walls of salvation and gates of praise ! ’ ”

HOW AN ANGEL OF THE LORD FOUGHT FOR THE PEOPLE OF HADLEY.

NEARLY thirty years had passed since that September day when Governor Winthrop rode across country from the Ten Hills Farm to the gathering of the synod in the log meetinghouse at Cambridge.

As things went in those days of effort and struggle, matters had gone fairly well with the little, self-defended colony along the bay shore. It had been undisturbed by the great events that were shaking thrones and uncrowning kings in England, simply because Massachusetts, under intelligent, if narrow, leadership, looked after her own concerns. She built, fished, farmed, traded, exhorted, constrained, and compelled, saying nothing to king or Parliament, unless it were, "Hands off!" when king or Parliament sought to impose unjust commands upon her.

"We own New England, not you. We will govern ourselves," was the air assumed by Massachusetts when she and the other colonies north of Long Island Sound, by combining in the New England Confederacy, made the first step toward colonial union.

The New England Confederacy was brought about by fear as well as self-interest. The settlements, or townships, in Massachusetts and throughout New England

were made by splits from congregations, or by withdrawals because of religious differences. So each little town had its own peculiar views, which were not always the same as those held in other towns; but as time went on, people began to yield a little in their opinions. They saw, too, that the colonies of New England were threatened by foes without, whose pressure urged a closer union between the friends and foes within. Across the Connecticut, the Dutchmen of New York were crowding the Englishmen of New England; in the north, the Frenchmen of Canada were ever full of a desire to conquer their English neighbors in the south; while within their own limits and alike on their western and northern borders, the New England colonists ever had before their eyes the threatening horrors of Indian war.

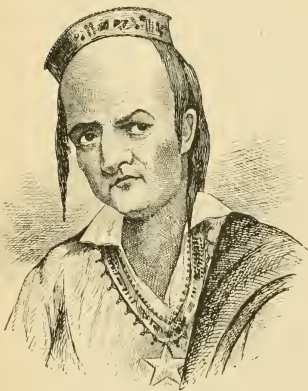
Then, too, the men of New England were prospering in trade and barter, and saw the need of a business union. So fear and self-interest alike combined to urge the New Englanders into friendlier and closer union. This came about at last, when, in 1643, the colonies of Massachusetts Bay, Plymouth, Connecticut, and New Haven joined themselves into a confederacy for mutual benefit, protection, and defense, under the name of the "United Colonies of New England."

Thirty-nine towns, with a population in all of twenty-four thousand inhabitants, made up this league and confederacy. Of these Massachusetts Bay counted fifteen thousand within her own borders, and was compelled, therefore, to pay the most toward expenses and contribute the largest number of men as soldiers for defense. Naturally the Bay colony wished to have

the most to say; so, while by the terms of the confederation she had really no more authority than the smallest of the four, the Bay colony tried to lead, and often got into dispute with the other three.

But each of the four colonies saw that it was unwise to let these disputes run into real quarrels. Each was necessary to the other, and "United we stand, divided we fall" was an easily understood motto. How much that union of the four New England colonies led to the later plan of American union and independence it is not easy to say. It undoubtedly set men to thinking, especially when, after a while, a tyrannical king broke up and absorbed the confederacy into his own royal provinces; but in those mid-years of the century it was a wise and proper thing to have achieved, as the men of New England speedily discovered when there broke upon them, in 1675, the open menace of a determined Indian war. Then Massachusetts took the lead.

England, indeed, was too busy to bother with its colonies, and so the go-ahead, assertive Massachusetts colonists were left to take care of themselves. The war which now threatened the peace of the colonies is known as King Philip's War, although Philip of Pokanoket was no king. He was simply the chief of the once powerful tribe of the Wampanoags. He was the younger son of that Massasoit with whom



Philip of Pokanoket.

the Pilgrims of the Plymouth colony, in the days of Captain Standish, had wisely made a treaty, and kept it unbroken for over forty years.

But Massasoit was dead; Captain Miles Standish was dead; Governor William Bradford and Governor John Winthrop were dead. The old friendships weakened, and Philip, or Metacomet, as his Indian name runs, was sagamore and leader in the lodges of the Wampanoags.

Philip was a fiery and spirited red man. He chafed under the lordship of the white "intruders;" he saw the lands of the red men gradually passing into the hands of their white neighbors. They had been honestly bought and paid for, but real estate dealings were something which the communistic Indians never could really understand. Philip knew the menace of the increasing numbers of the English colonists; he misunderstood the design of that good John Eliot, the apostle to the Indians, in converting and civilizing the Indians, and saw in all this housing of Eliot's christianized red men, who were called the "praying Indians," only a design to weaken the red man and increase the strength of the white man.

"That good John Eliot" is one of the historic figures of Massachusetts. A graduate of Cambridge University in England, he came to Massachusetts in 1631, and became the minister of the church in Roxbury, where he lived near the Eliot Square of to-day. There he became filled with the desire to convert to Christianity the Indians of New England; and from there he went on his pilgrimage as "apostle to the Indians from Cape Cod to the Merrimac." For them he lived and labored, learning their language, civilizing and Chris-

tianizing them, until in Massachusetts alone there were nearly four thousand of Eliot's "praying Indians," as they were called. A saintly, prayerful, pure, and well-meaning reformer was this noble-souled John Eliot. His efforts were distrusted by his own brethren and misjudged by the Indians, and all that we have now to remember the good apostle by, besides his sainted memory, are the most costly and rarest of old books, "Eliot's Indian Bible," and his word for "chief" or "leader" in the Indian tongue, which has now become a familiar word in American politics, "mugwump."

But his influence was wider than this, for it is now a well-recognized fact that but for the loyalty and devotion of Eliot's praying Indians the league of Philip of Pokanoket would have been a successful combination, and the colony of Massachusetts Bay would have been either exterminated or weakened beyond rescue.

It was the conversion, and, as Philip considered it, the weakening of these praying Indians that especially inflamed that fiery son of Massasoit, and urged him into vengeance upon the white man.

For thirteen years the red leader bided his time, sowing the seeds of discontent and distrust among the neighboring tribes, until finally, in 1675, all the horror of Indian war broke upon the colonies of Massachusetts and Plymouth.

Villages were sacked and burned; soldiers were ambushed and killed; women and children were massacred or dragged into captivity. The security of forty years of peace was broken. War was in the land.

Swanzy and Dartmouth, Middleboro and Taunton

and Brookfield, tasted all the savage horrors of Indian attack and massacre, and so, gradually, the trouble set westward, until it came with tomahawk and torch into the fair valley of the Connecticut, where Springfield, Northampton, and Hadley lay along the beautiful river.

Hadley, by its position, had been made a point of rendezvous and departure for operations offensive and defensive; it became, therefore, a mark for Indian raid and assault, when Philip the sagamore came to rouse the tribes of the Connecticut valley to war upon the white men.

It was on the first day of September, in the battle year of 1675, that the people of Hadley, assembled in their meetinghouse to keep a day of fasting and of prayer, were suddenly startled by the horrible Indian yell.

“The Indians are upon us!” they cried; and forthwith the armed men rushed to the palisades.

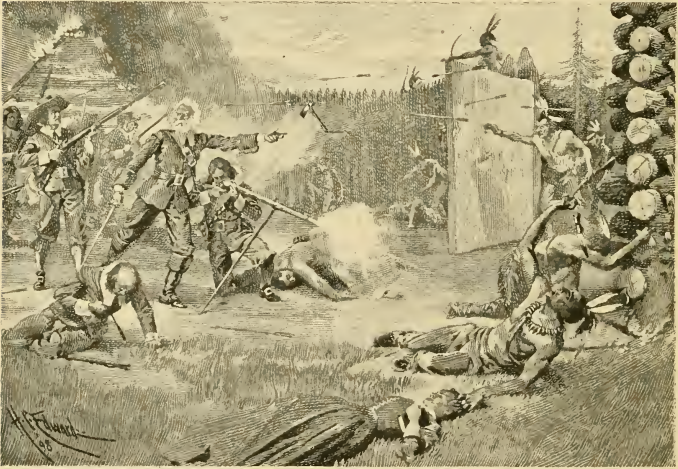
But they were too late. All that previous night their red foemen had been making ready. To the south of the town a careful ambush had been laid, and from the north, against the slender defense of palisades, seven hundred Indians swooped down upon the devoted town to force the fortifications and drive the startled inhabitants of Hadley into the dreadful southern ambuscade.

The palisades at the north, though valiantly defended, were speedily forced. A mob of screeching Indians swarmed into the little hamlet; the defenders met them bravely, and forced them off; but, reënforced, they came crowding back, and the men of

Hadley, driven before the savage onrush, fell back for a last desperate stand upon the village green.

Then it was that a strange thing came to pass; for, as the men of Hadley quailed before their savage foes, suddenly a stranger stood among them.

No one knew him. But when, with rapid movements and commanding voice, he formed the fighting men into a well-ordered array, they knew that a leader in battle



had come to help them, and they unquestioningly obeyed him. Swiftly the line was formed; swiftly it was strengthened; as swiftly it charged upon the red invaders, the white-haired, military-looking leader urging the defenders forward in their sortie. A word here, a gesture there, a massing at one point, a flanking at another, and speedily the tide of war was turned. The men of Hadley with a resistless charge drove back

the Indian mass, and, forcing it through the ruined palisades, sent it flying to the north, routed, scattered, overthrown.

But when, the danger over, the retreat recalled, the village saved, the men of Hadley once more gathered on their village green, the mysterious stranger had disappeared.

No one saw him come; no one saw him go. Do you remember the heaven-sent messengers of whom the Roman legends tell us, who, at the battle of the Lake Regillus, appeared just in the nick of time to save the day for Rome? In much the same way this gray-haired stranger came and fought for the people of Hadley until the foe was routed. Macaulay's stirring ballad tells the Roman story:

“ ‘Rome to the charge!’ cried Aulus;
 ‘The foe begins to yield!
 Charge for the hearth of Vesta!
 Charge for the Golden Shield!
 Let no man stop to plunder,
 But slay and slay and slay;
 The gods who live forever
 Are on our side to-day.’ ”

And then, the battle over, the heaven-sent allies disappeared. For, says the ballad:

“Straight again they mounted,
 And rode to Vesta's door;
 Then, like a blast, away they passed,
 And no man saw them more.”

Just so vanished the man who turned the battle and won the day at Hadley. Silently he came; silently he

left. And the people, quick to believe in miracles, could come to but one conclusion.

"It was an angel," they declared, "sent of God upon this special occasion for our deliverance."

And so they maintained for years. But time at last unraveled the mystery, and now we know that the man who had appeared so suddenly, commanded so well, fought so valiantly, and disappeared so mysteriously, was none other than the fugitive English republican Major General William Goffe, the friend of Cromwell, the bravest of the parliamentary generals, the commander at Dunbar and at Worcester, the man who would have been the general in chief of the army of the Commonwealth and the successor of Cromwell as Lord Protector of England, had not the generals of Cromwell themselves brought back the Stuarts to power. But, more than all this, he was one of the judges who presided at the trial which condemned Charles I. to death, and was therefore known for all time as "Goffe the regicide." A fugitive from his home, a price upon his head, he and his companion, General Whalley, had found their way to Massachusetts and been secretly harbored and helped by a few faithful friends. From the windows of the house of his friend Mr. Russell at Hadley he had seen the Indian onslaught. His habits of command and leadership awoke in him and urged him to the aid of the villagers. Putting himself at their head, he had routed the savage foe as he had routed the king's men at Dunbar, and then, his work accomplished, he had slipped into hiding again, and lived thus until his death, four years later.

It is one of the romances of Massachusetts history, and

lights up that especially dark and gloomy time known as King Philip's War, so crowded with stories of sack and slaughter, of hairbreadth escape and furious battle, ended only by the treacherous slaughter of the brave but unskilled sagamore Philip, and the utter destruction of the Indians of New England as a foe to be feared. .

Twelve out of ninety New England towns had been destroyed; forty more had known massacre, sack, and slaughter; a thousand fighting men had fallen before the Indians' fury; as many helpless women and children had perished, too; the war debts exceeded the colony's personal property, and for years were a burden on the people. But they paid the debt.

Upon the Massachusetts and Plymouth colonies the war had fallen with especial force. But they won. The Indians were simply obliterated as a factor longer to be dreaded or feared in the colony life, and as the men of Hadley saw, in the sudden appearance of the angel who was no angel, the helping hand of God, so they called the whole bitter war an act of Providence sent for their own "chastening."

It did more than chasten; it educated. For Massachusetts learned, from this Indian war, habits of wariness, watchfulness, energy, determination, and self-help. They grew to see and to know their own power; and when the need came to face men even more crafty and determined than the crafty Philip, they were able to meet the crisis with a calm front and a determined mind, the first fruitage of that "eternal vigilance" which to them, as to other patriots, has ever proved itself the "price of liberty."

HOW SIR EDMUND ANDROS FACED TO THE RIGHT-ABOUT.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL SIR EDMUND ANDROS, of Scarsdale's regiment of horse, bailie of Guernsey, and gentleman of the privy chamber, governor general of New England, and vice admiral of the fleet, had a face as long as his name and titles as he sat in his lodgings, on the corner of Elm and Hanover streets in Boston, on a certain April morning in the year 1689.



Sir Edmund Andros.

The governor general certainly had reason to draw a long face, for he was in a sea of trouble. Rebellion threatened, riot was in the air, his orders were uncertain, and, to cap the climax, that very day young John Winslow had landed at the wharf in Boston, fresh from Nevis, an island of the British West Indies, where in after years a certain great American, one Alexander Hamilton, was born.

Young John Winslow brought news by way of Nevis that put all Boston in a ferment. There had been a revolution in England, he said, and William, Prince of

Orange, had driven from the English throne James, Duke of York, a selfish, despotic, and unscrupulous king, and himself would rule as King of England.

It was no new thing in those days for Boston to be in a ferment. In fact, it had been in perpetual hot water ever since Sir Edmund Andros had come to town. For he was the representative and mouthpiece of the tyranny of the last of the Stuart kings, the shrewd and tyrannical James Stuart, son of the first Charles and brother of the second. As Duke of York, James had given his name to the conquered colony of New Netherlands and to its leading town, which he wrested from its Dutch owners by the soldiers of England and the men of Massachusetts, and had added the colony, with Andros as governor general, to the so-called "Dominion of New England."

To call it the "province" or even the "dominion" of New England meant to take the property of the colonists, without so much as saying "by your leave" to the Massachusetts Bay Company and its Puritan successors. It meant annulling the old charter, under which the Bay colony had grown and prospered. It meant unseating the governor elected by the freemen of Massachusetts, abolishing the Great and General Court, and making of Massachusetts a king's province instead of the people's commonwealth. It meant destroying and disallowing the confederacy which had been so helpful under its title of the "United Colonies of New England."

After fifty years of home rule and religious union the people of the Bay colony were not content to submit calmly to such a wholesale upsetting of that old order, or to such a contemptuous overturning of all that

Massachusetts held dear. Town and country seethed with indignation and distrust. The men of Ipswich, twenty miles beyond Boston, rebelled against being taxed without having any vote or voice in the matter (the very thing that led to the American Revolution almost a century later), and were duly punished by Andros, the soldier governor. Everywhere throughout the colony, criticism gave place to grumbling, grumbling to protest, and protest to threats that needed only the spark of opportunity to set the fires of rebellion alight.

And now John Winslow with his news from Nevis had furnished the opportunity. If William, Prince of Orange, the husband of an English princess and the head of the hospitable nation which had given shelter to the Puritans, had succeeded the tyrannical King James, then William was King of England, and Sir Edmund Andros had nothing whatever to say about the governing of the Bay colony,—unless he should come over to the side of William and proclaim him King of England.

The people of Massachusetts knew this, and Sir Edmund Andros knew it, too; so, when the news came to him at his lodgings in the house of Madam Rebecca Taylor on Hanover Street,—then known as the Middle Street,—the governor put on his scarlet coat and his colonel's hat and sword, and hastened down to the new fort he had built of palisades, on the crest of Corn Hill, or Fort Hill, as it came to be called,—now a leveled park at the foot of High Street, hemmed in by stores and warehouses.

Safe in the house within the palisaded fort, Sir Edmund Andros tried to put a stop to the circulation

of the tidings which John Winslow had brought from Nevis. He clapped John Winslow into jail. But he had locked the stable door after the horse was stolen; for already copies of the "Declaration of the Prince of Orange" were in the hands of the people. The news was out, even if John Winslow was in!

Then, when the people saw the royal frigate *Rose* sail into the harbor, with her guns peeping out of the black portholes, when they noticed the gathering of English soldiers at Boston, and knew that the governor general had made his headquarters in the fort, the feeling against Sir Edmund grew yet more bitter. The uneasiness and indignation spread through the colony, and one morning in that same month of April, 1689, news came to Sir Edmund Andros that made him even more conscious of the peril of his position.

"The people are rising," so the news ran. "A monstrous force of countrymen from the towns to the north of Boston is gathering under arms in Charlestown."

"The people are up, your Excellency," came another message. "The country folks from the farms and villages to the south of the town are marching upon Boston, vowing they will have your resignation or your head."

Then the shrill, far-off, gradually approaching cry that no ruler ever likes to hear came to the governor's ears.

"The citizens are up!" That mob-cry meant, "They are marching on the fort."

The "citizens" just then in the streets were really boys, of all ages and sizes,—the forerunners of all mobs and disturbances. They were rushing about the streets

swinging big clubs, shouting for King William, and making as much noise as possible. But behind them were the "people in arms." Boston was in revolt.

The leaders of the popular party acted speedily. They seized certain of the governor's right-hand men and locked them up in Boston jail. I hope they let out John Winslow at the same time, though I find no record of it.

It was a hard time for Sir Edmund Andros. He might have used force and turned his redcoats on the people; but, to his eternal honor, he did not, and a massacre was averted. All he could really do was to bluster, run up the royal flag on his little palisaded fort, and call the people of Massachusetts "a parcel of pestilent rebels!"

But even in this Sir Edmund was wrong. He was the rebel. The people were right. They were simply determined to restore and maintain the charter solemnly granted them, and under which they had lived and prospered for over half a century,—a charter which King James of England had neither the right to annul nor the power to overthrow, save the self-imposed right and the power of a tyrant.

At noon of that eventful day, the 18th of April, 1689, the Puritan leaders, standing upon the balcony of the big wooden townhouse, where the famous old Statehouse which succeeded it still stands,—on Washington Street at the head of State Street,—read to the assembled people a long paper which they called a "Declaration of Rights."

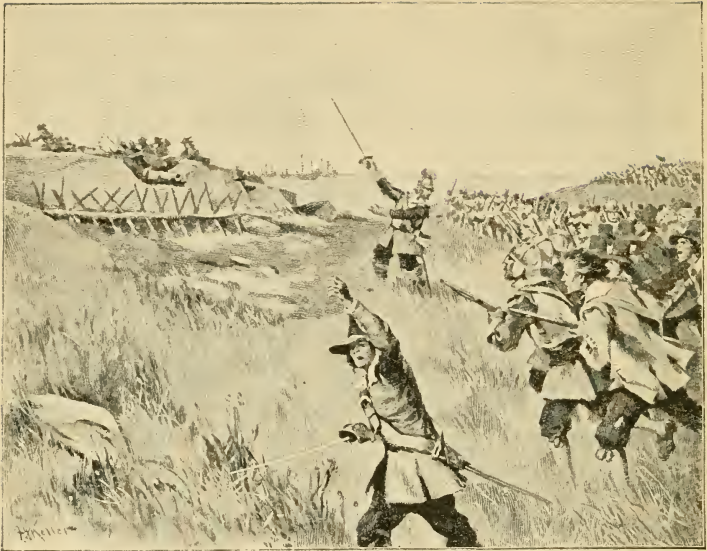
It was calm, but determined. The people of Massa-

chusetts could not forgive the high-handed way in which King James of England, and his representative Sir Edmund Andros, had deprived them of their just and lawful rights. But they made no threats, they uttered no demand for vengeance, they made no appeal to popular passion. Like the law-abiding people they were, they simply stated their rights. Their leaders, in the declaration they had prepared, proclaimed the fact that the people of Massachusetts Bay had taken from the hands of dangerous men the power to govern the colony, and would hold the power themselves until word how to act should come from the Parliament of England and the new king, William, Prince of Orange. This position they declared they would hold in spite of Sir Edmund Andros, his ships, and his soldiers.

The frigate *Rose*, even with her guns frowning at the portholes, did not bombard the town, as the citizens feared she would; and for a very good reason. The captain of the frigate was a prisoner in the hands of the leader of the uprising, and he sent word to his frigate not to open fire, as his life would be in danger if they should attempt such a thing.

But the guns of the fort were turned upon the town. The governor was in command. Would he resist? The "people in arms" pressed toward the little fortress-crowned hill. The guns did not speak. Instead, Sir Edmund Andros himself tried to escape to the *Rose*; but his boat was headed off and turned back, and he had to seek refuge in the fort once more.

Then, at front and at rear, the people stormed against the fort. The garrison, without firing a shot, aban-



doned the guns. The people clambered up to the fortifications, and turned the guns away from the town and against the cornered garrison. The fort was won without a blow.

Then Sir Edmund, deeming discretion to be the better part of valor, proceeded to the townhouse under what is called a "safe-conduct" that no one would harm him, and tried to settle things with the leaders of the revolt.

But "things" had gone too far. He was told that he must yield to the people, surrender to them the fort and the frigate, or it would be worse for him than it already was. So he yielded.

The fort was surrendered; the frigate was given up; the governor general was held a prisoner in his own fort.

A colonial government was formed. A convention of freemen was called. Once again Massachusetts was under the old Puritan government, with her own elected governor and her own Great and General Court. "The freedom of Massachusetts," as one English writer declares, "had been won by her own sons."

Twice did Sir Edmund Andros try to escape. He feared the people; he was not sure as to the temper of the new king. But he really had no cause to fear either king or people. For King William, after he heard his story, acquitted him of any intentional tyranny or deliberate wrongdoing. And the people of Massachusetts felt no anger against him personally. They rather liked him, as a man. They knew that he was simply a soldier carrying out his orders. King James, the giver of orders, was out of the way, and Sir Edmund Andros was harmless.

But Sir Edmund could not see this, so he was uneasy. Twice, as I have said, he tried to escape. Once he fled from the fort disguised as a woman; but his soldier boots showed beneath his petticoats and betrayed him. The second time he got as far as Newport in Rhode Island; but he was caught there and taken back to the fort on the hill.

At last word came from England. King William was king indeed. Sir Edmund Andros was recalled to England to give an account of himself, and to be tried for his loyalty to the deposed King James.

In July, 1689, he sailed away; and in the same ship went agents from the Bay colony to ask for justice for Massachusetts.

A new charter was granted. It was not what was asked for; the form of government desired was refused.

The Plymouth colony, Maine, and Acadia (or Nova Scotia) were annexed to Massachusetts. But the enlarged colony became a royal province, with a royal governor, appointed by the king. The Great and General Court was restored, based, not on church membership, but on a property qualification; and all laws made must be approved by the English government.

Although the independence of Massachusetts freemen was thus restricted, their standing was far different from the condition imposed upon them by the tyranny of King James. From that they had freed themselves; they had seen and shown their real power, and it was therefore a grand thing for themselves and their children that they had thus boldly sent Sir Edmund Andros to the right-about.

HOW THE MEN OF MASSACHUSETTS HELPED.

CHANGE does not always bring satisfaction. It did not to the Bay colony, which had become a royal province.

After Sir Edmund Andros had been sent to the right-about, and King James had made way for King William, the men of Massachusetts naturally expected that things would go according to their wishes. But things continued to go wrong. Popular government gave place to provincial government; the king was more directly connected with the ruling of the province than ever. King William seemed to be more "kindly affectioned" to the Puritan commonwealth than King James had been; but he really was not. The appointment of the Maine boy who became a successful treasure-hunter—Sir William Phips—as governor of the province was made by William, presumably as a concession to the desires of Massachusetts; but Sir William was King William's man, and his appointment was followed by that of other royal governors, who were all of them king's men and spent the most of their time in quarrels with the freemen of the province.

They were, indeed, in continual hot water with the Great and General Court. Their salaries were always a

bone of contention. The council, intended as an aid to the governor, was usually at sword's point with him; and what with witches, pirates, Frenchmen, and Indians, the bewigged and ruffled gentleman sent over to rule the province of Massachusetts Bay found his lot anything but a happy one. As for the people themselves, they felt that perhaps, like the frogs in the fable, they had only exchanged King Log for King Stork, and that unless they kept up that "eternal vigilance" which is the "price of liberty" they would be altogether eaten up, as the frogs were.

But the people of Massachusetts Bay were not of the sort that will submit to being eaten. Yet life was tame enough in those small and solemn villages, and one accustomed to these busy days wonders, sometimes, what they could find to do besides just work.

When you come to the story of the Salem witchcraft in your histories you must not at once conclude that the people of Massachusetts alone were to blame, and call them hard names for their cruelty and foolishness.

Witchcraft was an old, old story in the world even when it broke out so terribly at Salem. The seventeenth century was really only half civilized, and people even in the most enlightened part of the world were superstitious and believed all sorts of nonsensical things,—luck and signs and omens. Some of us have not got over with them even to-day.

When people discuss and dream over things they begin to believe in them; and when in somber little Salem, where there were very few of what we should call sensible good times going on, the girls fell to telling

ghost stories and talking over witchcraft and the "evil eye,"—just as now they talk over hypnotism and mesmerism and other uncanny things,—they became so wrought up and excited that finally Lizzie Parrish, the minister's daughter, actually thought that Tituba, the little negro servant girl at her home, had bewitched her. Probably Tituba had cut up some pranks that were rather grewsome, for she was half Indian as well as half negro, and came from far-off Barbados, where the natives were full of superstition. At any rate, Mr. Parrish, the minister, believed his nine-year-old daughter, because he did believe in witchcraft, you see. So when some of the other Salem girls declared that they were bewitched too, the minister preached about it, and the sleepy little town had something to talk about, and gossiped until most of the people believed it, and at once began to wonder who was bewitching them, and accusing those they did not like.

The thing grew into a craze. Sober judges and solemn ministers actually believed in it, and proceeded to try for witchcraft all who were accused. The lies and charges of mischievous, envious, or overwrought children developed into a superstitious delusion that became an epidemic and affected all classes and conditions of people. Accusations touched every rank, from the little negro slave girl to the wife of the royal governor. "Ye shall not suffer a witch to live," was the old Bible text that became the colony's edict; and, acting under the law of old England, the witch hunters of New England sent innocent people to ignominious death. Twenty persons, in all, were put to death; hundreds were thrown

into jail. The witchcraft craze, beginning with a circle of silly girls in Salem, outgrew the limits of that village and extended to Boston and other towns. And then, suddenly, sensible people awoke to their foolishness and panic, and the whole temporary persecution ended almost as speedily as it began. Salem does not like to think of 1692; and yet, that famous Massachusetts seaport is better known throughout the land because of its witchcraft craze than as the home of Hawthorne or the center of foreign commerce. The world has remembered the smallest matter, not confined to Salem alone, and forgotten the real glories of the pushing seaport, whose sails at one time whitened every ocean and honored the name of the American sailor.

A wise Providence, looking out for men and nations, rarely permits either states or people to stagnate. So the quiet, orderly, God-fearing men and women of that day of small things, who were driven into a witchcraft craze because of the utter lack of mental growth that comes to a bigoted, pleasure-lacking village in the dismal winter, were kept awake and stirred to effort and a real progress by their peppery French rivals who lived along the St. Lawrence, across the Canadian border.

Then it came to pass that the men of Massachusetts played their part also in the broader history of the world. The despotic Stuart king, driven from his English throne, found shelter and succor in France. And France was England's relentless and hereditary foe.

From this came war, which, like the unskillful doctors of that illiterate day, bled all Europe for the fever of power. King William's War and Queen Anne's War

sent their quarrels across the sea, and for half a century France and England struggled for possession in America as they strove for power in Europe.

It ended in the English mastery of North America (1763). There could be no other logical outcome. The English had come to America to stay; and, making good their holding by might as well as by right, by strength of will and force of arms, they staid!

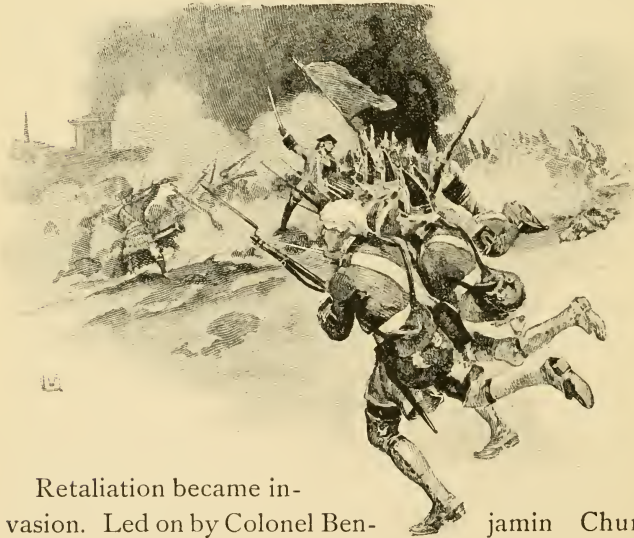
In all of this the men of Massachusetts helped. They felt that they were doing God's work, as indeed they were; for it was His wise design that on the shores of the North Atlantic should be planted, established, and developed a mighty English-speaking nation. But the ways of Heaven are often dark and intricate. As that hymn of Cowper's, sung by so many, many Massachusetts boys and girls, begins:

“God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;”

so what to us, looking backward, seems plain and necessary and logical, did, no doubt, to our perplexed and harassed forefathers of the Massachusetts Bay seem cruel and unintelligible. But no nation in all this world has ever prospered or grown into worth or greatness by peaceful ways alone.

It was during the struggle with France that the American sailor and soldier—especially the Massachusetts sailor and soldier—were laying the foundation of that record of excellence on sea and land that stretches from Phips to Farragut and Dewey and Sampson, from Louisburg to Santiago.

The struggle began in cruel guise. France, desirous of conquest, raised up the Indian foemen of the colonies, and, again and again, led them across the border to surprise and sack and ravage the peaceful settlements of the Bay colony and its outlying posts, carrying off captives and leaving the dead in farmyard or on hearthstone. The villages in the Maine and New Hampshire countries were laid waste with fire and tomahawk. Haverhill was twice attacked, in 1697 and 1708; Deerfield was sacked in 1704, and only the intrepid and determined resistance of the Massachusetts farmers and fishermen saved the colony from total destruction.



Retaliation became invasion. Led on by Colonel Benjamin Church, a veteran of King Philip's war, over six hundred Massachusetts men marched into Maine in 1690, and fought a border fight with indifferent success; while Sir

William Phips, the governor of the Massachusetts Bay colony, commanded the naval expedition which in the same year sailed out from Boston to the invasion of Canada and the capture of Port Royal and Quebec.

It was New England's first sea venture. Port Royal fell in surrender to the Massachusetts men, but the land force raised for the invasion of Canada failed to unite, and Phips, striving to capture Quebec unaided, was defeated.

Again Church harried the Indians in Maine and New Hampshire, and again the Massachusetts men sailed to the conquest of Canada. Neither venture succeeded as the invaders hoped; the Indians were scattered, but not destroyed, and the fortresses of Canada held out against attack. But at last, under the direction of Shirley, the royal governor of Massachusetts, and led on by Pepperell, a Massachusetts colonel, the finishing stroke was given when, in 1745, the strong fortress of Louisburg in Cape Breton was captured and the seamen and soldiers of New England showed that their years of struggle were making of them all reliable fighting men. For out of these fifty years of border war, from 1690 to 1745, the men of Massachusetts were being trained to service and schooled by fighting, and Church and Phips and Pepperell laid the firm foundations from which came the successes in the final struggle with France and the greater struggle for independence.

So you see how everything worked to one common end. For, by their determined fight for their charter with the King of England; by their perpetual quarrels with the royal governors as to payment of salaries and

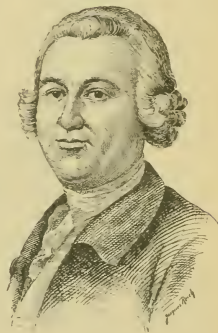
the rights of the people; by the steady growth of thought which led them through religious intolerance, witchcraft, and bigotry into the broader light of that liberty which is charity; by their woes and worries under Indian forays and French invasions; by their courage and patriotism, which sent into Canada, under the banner of their king, during that half century of French and Indian wars fully thirty thousand men for service against the foe at a cost of hundreds of thousands of hard-earned dollars, the men of Massachusetts were becoming experienced soldiers, watchful patriots, public-spirited citizens, broader thinkers, and thus preparing to take the lead in that great army of freemen which was shortly to arouse, astonish, and enfranchise the world.

HOW JAMES OTIS BECAME A "FLAME OF FIRE."

I N the year 1745—the very year in which the great fortress of Louisburg surrendered to the army of Massachusetts farmers and fishermen—a young man of twenty came to Boston to enter the law office of Jeremiah Gridley, a famous Boston lawyer. He was James Otis, the eldest son of Colonel Otis of Barnstable, "down on the Cape."

Even in those days Massachusetts was still largely rural. As late as 1760 her population was only about two hundred thousand. The towns were small and scattered, and Boston, with its population of twenty thousand, was the nearest approach to a city. To its young men of ambition turned as the place to make their fortunes, while even those who left it "for distant parts" ever cherished for it a love and a longing which remains with its sons and daughters to this day.

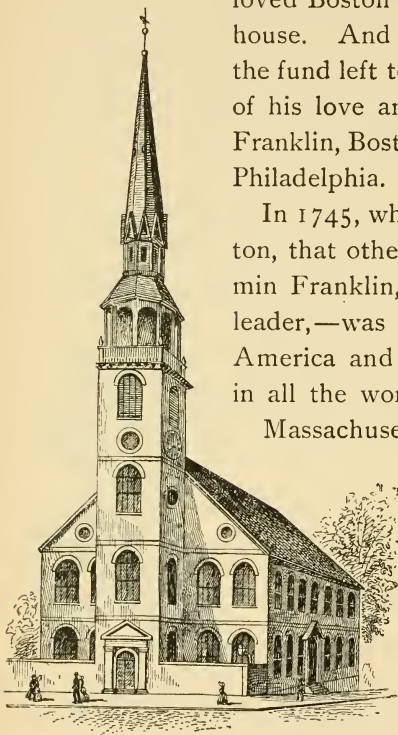
One such young man, born on Milk Street, opposite the now famous Old South Meetinghouse, in 1706, had run away as a boy, seeking fame and fortune; but, as soon as he had gained the footing which finally brought



James Otis.

him to greatness in far-off Philadelphia, he made it a rule to return every ten years for a visit to his dearly loved Boston and the Old South Meeting-house. And Boston boys still profit by the fund left to his native town, as a token of his love and generosity, by Benjamin Franklin, Boston born, though a citizen of Philadelphia.

In 1745, when James Otis came to Boston, that other "old Boston boy," Benjamin Franklin,—patriot, philosopher, and leader,—was the best known man in all America and the best known American in all the world.



Massachusetts boys, in 1745, already knew the story of Benjamin Franklin, for they read "Poor Richard's Almanac," if they read nothing else. And "Poor Richard's Almanac" was Franklin's yearly contribution for the good and welfare of his country-

men. No other book or publication of the day did so much toward making them thinking, frugal, and independent Americans.

But young James Otis read many other things, for he was quite a scholar. He was, for that day, excellently educated. He had graduated from Harvard at eighteen, and, as I have said, at twenty went to Boston

to study law in Mr. Gridley's office. When this schooling was over he set up for himself as a lawyer in old Plymouth of the Pilgrims. But again Boston, with its wider opportunities, drew him away from the pleasant South shore, and, returning to Boston, he rapidly found fame and practice and came to be counted throughout the colonies as the brightest lawyer in Boston.

But things were coming to pass in all the colonies which proved more absorbing than law practice, and which, because they centered themselves largely in Boston, made that growing seaport the scene of exciting and now historic happenings.

Flushed with victory but burdened with debt, the government of Great Britain insisted that, as America had benefited by the conquest of Canada, America should pay the bills.

America had spent a good deal of her own money in the half century of war with France, but she was willing to help pay England's war bills if she might "audit the accounts," and have something to say as to the raising and spending of the money, which, of course, could be obtained only in the shape of taxes or duties.

But all this business England took into her own hands. The British government said the colonies had and could have nothing to say as to the method of raising and the manner of spending the money they must raise. "They must just pay and keep quiet," England declared, and at once set about arranging things so as successfully to "squeeze the colonies" for money.

Of course she went at it in the wrong way. Half the trouble in the world has been caused by governments

blundering into tyranny. The British government made all possible trouble by permitting a powerful English organization, known as the Board of Trade, to "regulate colonial commerce." This meant burdening American commerce with excessive fines and dues; it meant that the Board of Trade was to make England's colonies contribute to England's wealth, no matter at what hardship to the colonies; or, in other words, as one historian has stated it, "the Englishman in America was to be employed in making the fortune of the Englishman at home."

But the Englishman in America had a mind of his own. It was one in which was fast growing a love of personal and political liberty that was only withheld from breaking out into action by the affection which the colonists held for the dear motherland across the sea—England, the home of those who had opened up America. It was thus that two parties were formed in America—those who believed in the supremacy of the crown, and those who believed in the supremacy of the people.

There was one thing that the merchants of Massachusetts did do—they snapped their fingers at the Board of Trade and at the British government when told that they, the colonies, would be allowed to trade with England only; they proceeded to do all the trading they could with England's other colonies, especially those in the West Indies.

This nonsensical English law, by establishing what is called a "prohibitory tariff," tried to prevent the New England merchants from buying their sugar and molasses in the West Indies; and West India sugar and molasses were precisely what New England most needed,

and certainly intended to have without paying the heavy tariff or customhouse charges put upon them. This meant that they got much of the "sweetstuffs" into Boston and other Massachusetts ports without paying duties, whenever they could thus smuggle them in.

Governor Bernard, whom the King of England had sent to govern Massachusetts, told the merchants of Massachusetts that they must stop this West India trade. But the merchants kept it up just the same.

Then Governor Bernard joined hands with the customhouse officers in trying to stop this unlawful trade, and, as one means to the end, issued what were called writs of assistance. Now, a writ of assistance was a law paper duly signed and issued, authorizing the holder, as an officer of the king, to enter and search any house in which he supposed sugar or molasses had been hidden and to seize them as contraband. If the king's officer could not do this alone the writ empowered him to call on the bystanders for assistance, and they were bound to help.

This was allowable in England. But while it was good enough law, it was very poor policy, and it led to something much more important than sugar or molasses.

James Otis, the boy from Cape Cod, had risen high in the law after he had become a Bostonian. He had been appointed king's advocate—what one would now call attorney-general of the province.

As king's advocate it was his duty to apply to the court for writs of assistance when needed. But James Otis loved liberty and justice and political freedom too dearly to do anything, however lawful it might be,

that was a burden on the people, as the writs and the sugar duties really were. When, therefore, he found that the writs of assistance were to come from him he at once resigned his office as king's advocate,—and

a good paying one it was, too. Then he took up the fight against the crown in defense of the Massachusetts merchants who were trying to have the odious writs of assistance stopped.

In the old Statehouse on Washington Street, at the head of State Street in Boston, you may see to-day the room in which James Otis, late the king's advocate, now the people's advocate, came from his home in Court Street to

argue, before the superior court of Massachusetts, the cause of the people, and, doing so, made on a February day in 1761 an historic speech against issuing the writs of assistance.

He failed, and yet he conquered. The chief justice, Thomas Hutchinson,—a descendant, by the way, of that same famous Mrs. Anne Hutchinson whom the ministers of the Bay colony drove into exile,—ruled against Otis, because the bewigged and robed chief justice was a king's man and had the law on his side. But James Otis's impassioned speech on that famous February day



was really a writ of assistance for liberty—something vastly more important than a hunt for smuggled sugar or hidden molasses.

In that room in the old Statehouse, then known as the townhouse, there was a young man of twenty-five, who had come to town from a plain little Braintree farmhouse, still standing in what is now the city of Quincy.

This young man's name was John Adams. He was no longer a farmer's boy. He had graduated from Harvard, and had just been admitted to the bar as a Worcester lawyer. He had come up to Boston and had followed the crowd that thronged the townhouse to hear what Mr. Otis might have to say about the writs of assistance. He heard enough to set his soul on fire and make a patriot of him.

James Otis arose, and as he argued against the tyranny of those writs as not only unjust but as an invasion of the rights of the people, his feelings carried him away; his voice rang out in bold and eloquent protest, expressing the same defiance to kingly authority that, not long after, Patrick Henry gave in a similar case in Virginia.

"I am determined, sir, to my dying day," said James Otis, "to oppose with all the powers and faculties God has given me all such instruments of slavery on the one hand and villainy on the other as this writ of assistance is. . . . I oppose that kind of power the exercise of which, in former periods of English history, cost one king of England his head and another his throne."

These were bold words for a British subject. They

made young John Adams open his eyes; they thrilled him with the fervor of freedom.

But Otis went still further. He argued that the writs were tyranny; that they were illegal; and he laid down the astonishing doctrine that later had place in the very opening of the Declaration of Independence—that every man was an “independent sovereign,” and that his right to life, liberty, and property “were inherent and inalienable,” which “no created being could rightfully contest.” And as, in closing, he repeated his statement that the writs of assistance were “unjust, oppressive, and impracticable,” he also declared that they never could be executed.

“If the King of England in person,” he declared, “were encamped on Boston Common, at the head of twenty thousand men, with all his navy on our coast, he would not be able to execute these laws. They would be resisted or eluded.”

In short, as John Adams said of Otis many years after, recalling this remarkable scene, “he reproached the nation, Parliament, and king with injustice, illiberality, ingratitude, and oppression, in their conduct toward the people of this country, in a style of oratory that I never heard equaled in this or any other country.”

No wonder that the young man marveled as he listened or that the old man grew enthusiastic as he recalled the scene. That speech of James Otis’s fell upon men’s ears like the trumpet call of freedom. To young John Adams it was, so his grandson tells us, “like the oath of Hamilcar to the boy Hannibal.”

And old John Adams, in a flood of recollections, de-

clared " Otis was a flame of fire ; . . . with a prophetic glance into futurity and a rapid torrent of impetuous eloquence, he hurried all before him. The seeds of patriots and heroes were then and there sowed. Every man appeared to me to go away as I did, ready to take up arms against writs of assistance. Then and there was the first scene of the first act of opposition to the arbitrary claims of Great Britain. Then and there the child Independence was born. In fifteen years—that is, in 1776—he grew to manhood and declared himself free."

A speech that stirs men to passion often works great harm ; but one that arouses the righteous indignation of men and leads them to think, to talk, and to protest is a prime mover toward great acts and greater results.

Such a speech was that by James Otis. It made patriots ; and as men repeated the words to others, or themselves pondered over them, they felt that a new day was dawning for America, and that a crisis was at hand which each man in Massachusetts—and in all the colonies—must meet and face, to side either with king or with colonists, to yield to tyranny or manfully oppose it.

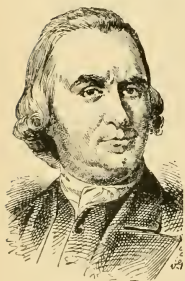
HOW THE OLD BAY COLONY LED THE VAN.

THERE were many things happening or getting ready to happen, in the year 1761, in Boston and in the old Bay colony.

That was the year in which news came that the young, slow-witted, good-hearted, pig-headed, and bumptious George III. had become King of England and had declared that he would be king. That was the year in which brave, bold, impetuous, and fearless James Otis stood out as the people's champion and openly declared that "kings were made for the good of the people, and

not the people for them." That was the year in which, so John Adams always insisted, the story of the American Revolution began. That was the year in which this same John Adams's sturdy cousin Sam was declaiming against the evils of foreign masters and the tyrannies of kings.

A most remarkable, outspoken, clear-headed, masterful man was Samuel Adams of Boston.



Samuel Adams.

Born in that quaint little sea town in 1722, he had no head for business, but a great one for organization. And from his earliest boyhood he was American and rebel.

In the year 1740, when he was about eighteen years old, he took part in the commencement exercises at Harvard College and had this as the topic of his oration: "Is it lawful to resist the supreme magistrate if the commonwealth cannot otherwise be preserved?"

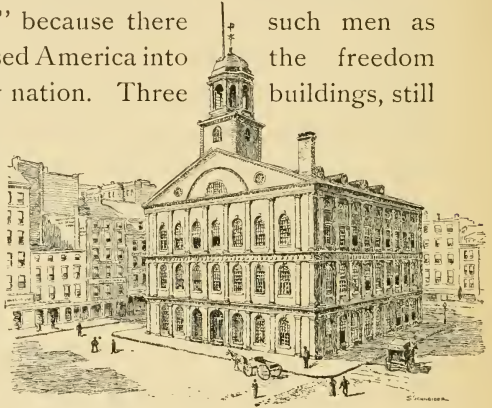
"Must assuredly it is right and lawful," the boy declared; and he pleaded his case so earnestly and eloquently that even aristocratic, king-worshiping Governor Shirley voted to give him his degree, while the college boys who applauded him said to one another, "Why, that Sam Adams is a regular rebel, isn't he?"

He was indeed a rebel to anything like tyranny. When he saw that the English government was only interested in the colonies for what it could force from them for the personal profit of that motherland of England which he felt to be no true or devoted mother, he stirred up his fellow-citizens of Boston, of Massachusetts, and of America to protest and to rebel. He urged the various town meetings of the Bay colony to assert their rights and demand recognition; he drafted the protest against taxation without representation sent over the sea to England; he advocated the first Continental Congress; he issued the circular letter which Massachusetts sent to the other colonies urging unity of action; he was fearless, sincere, unyielding, and absolutely incorruptible. He organized revolution. British gold could not bribe him; British steel could not kill him; he, more than any other man, led Massachusetts into rebellion and America into revolution; and as the bronze tablet, set in the wall of the big building that stands on the site of his Boston home, assures the world, this

same Samuel Adams was, in truth, the "Father of the Revolution."

If, as John Adams said, independence was born in the old townhouse when James Otis made his famous speech, it was rocked into health and strength in that ever famous Faneuil Hall, which Otis called the "cradle of liberty," because there such men as Samuel Adams nursed America into the freedom that made a mighty nation. Three buildings, still

standing in Boston, may rightly be regarded as the primary schools of revolution—the old Statehouse, Faneuil Hall, and the Old South Meet-



inghouse, in each of which Sam Adams, the leader of the people, spoke the ringing words that led to liberty.

Under the inspiration of James Otis and the leadership of Samuel Adams things in the Old Bay colony began to look very bad for the king's cause.

Parliament tried to raise money by taxes and restrictions; these the colony would neither pay nor permit. From criticism to protest, to refusal, to rebellion, the spirit of opposition passed, and at last the precepts that Samuel Adams preached, the people of Massachusetts practiced, when opposition culminated in those two famous historic events, the Boston Massacre and the Boston Tea Party.

The first of these disturbances came because the people of Boston objected to having soldiers, who were sent to force the colony into submission, thrust upon a free colony as unwelcome guests; the second came because the people of Massachusetts determined not to receive an article unjustly urged upon them to their own disadvantage.

For the protection of the province, which the colonists neither desired nor required, King George proposed to garrison the town with his redcoats, and thus, under cover of protection, overawe the people into doing what he said they must.

But the people had been free from these red-coated good-for-nothings too long to submit tamely to their presence. So the relations between soldiers and citizens became strained. The boys of the town, ever ready for a lark, and the lawless class, never friendly to uniformed authority, began to plague and pester the redcoats. The soldiers retaliated; and one day on King (now State) Street, one of the garrison struck a boy, who, no doubt, had worried him into retaliation.

It was the spark that set the tinder alight. The boy stirred up other boys; the workingmen and the restless element joined forces; and boys and men alike gathered about the gate of the main guardhouse, opposite the south door of the townhouse (or old Statehouse, as we call it), and began to jeer at the soldiers as they passed between the guardhouse and their barracks.

The soldiers threatened the crowd, and the crowd flung back taunts; the alarm bell began to ring; more

curious ones joined the crowd. One of the officers ordered the soldiers into the guardhouse and slammed the gate against the crowd. Only a sentinel remained outside.

“That’s the lobster that struck me!” cried a boy in the crowd, pointing at the sentinel and using the nickname that the street boys gave the hated redcoats. It was the boy who had already got himself into trouble. “Why don’t he take one of his size? He knocked me down with the butt end of his musket.”

“Ah, the coward! Pitch him over! Knock him down!” yelled the crowd.

The sentinel drew back and began to load his gun.

“Look out! he’s going to fire,” shouted the boy.

“Don’t you dare fire,” young Henry Knox, a bookseller’s clerk with a famous future before him, called out to the redcoat. “If you do they’ll kill you.”

“I don’t care,” said the sentry. “If they touch me I’ll shoot ’em.”

It was the evening of March 5, 1770. There was a little snow on the ground, and the boys began to snowball the sentry and call him names. Then something harder than a snowball hit him. This made him angry, and may have scared him a bit, too,—one man alone against a crowd.

“Help! Corporal of the guard! Help! They’re hitting me!” he shouted. “Turn out! turn out!”

The gates of the main guardhouse swung open, and a sergeant with seven men hurried out.

“Prime and load!” the sergeant commanded, and the guns were loaded.

Then Captain Preston joined his men, and the eight soldiers with loaded muskets faced a howling mob of sixty or seventy men and boys.

The boys made themselves very much in evidence. They danced and pranced in front of the soldiers, mocking and baiting them.

“Yah, lobsters!” they cried. “Fire if you dare! You dar’sn’t!”

Then the men joined the boys in their dare.

“Put down your guns, you cowards, and meet us even,” they called out. “We’re not afraid of you!”

The soldiers lowered their bayonets for a charge; the crowd swung their clubs; Captain Preston, in a rage, sprang at the crowd and bade them be gone.

“Yah, lobsters! lobsters! bloody-backs! why don’t you fire? Fire if you dare!” cried the mob, gathering about their self-constituted leader, Crispus Attucks, half Indian, half negro.

“Send your men back, captain,” shouted young Henry Knox. “It will be worse for you if you don’t.”

“You let me alone. I know what I’m about,” retorted the angry captain.

But evidently he did not. For in his excitement he either told his soldiers to shoot, or they thought he did, and suddenly, *bang* went a gun! *bang, bang,* went another and yet another, until the seven guns had all been fired and here and there in the mob men had fallen, dead or dying—Crispus Attucks and Samuel Gray and James Caldwell, dead; Samuel Maverick and James Carr, dying.

The mob broke and scattered; then as Captain Pres-



ton realized what he had done and drew his men within the guardhouse, the people surged back again, clamorous and excited.

“Tear down the guardhouse!” they cried. “Murderers! murderers!” they shouted.

Alarm bells rang; the drums of the garrison beat to arms; the town drums followed suit; people and soldiers were equally excited. The streets were filled with a surging crowd. The Revolution had begun. “Opposite this spot,” so runs a tablet set in the front of a granite building on the corner of State and Exchange streets, “the first blood of the Revolution was shed.” And Boston always observed the 5th of March, the anniversary of the Boston Massacre, until the 4th of July became the nation’s anniversary day, after the close of the American Revolution.

It was authority against lawlessness. It was the soldiers against a mob. But the British authorities had

brought the trouble upon themselves. There was no cause for sending soldiers to Boston; but they were sent; and the lawful protests of the people ended at last in an unlawful mob, in riot and massacre, for which England alone was to blame.

Again the people demanded the withdrawal of the troops. An indignation meeting was held in Faneuil Hall. Sam Adams, John Hancock, and a dozen other leading citizens went to the governor and demanded that the regiments be at once sent away from the town. Another indignation meeting was held in the Old South Meetinghouse. The governor promised to have one regiment withdrawn.

“Both regiments or none!” Samuel Adams demanded, and the crowd within and without the Old South echoed his cry.

A committee of safety was formed; the whole town turned out to the public funeral of the victims of the massacre; Captain Preston and his soldiers were arrested and put on trial for murder.

But Massachusetts never allowed passion to override justice. When the British captain was tried, John Adams and Josiah Quincy, leaders among the Massachusetts patriots, appeared in court as his lawyers, so that justice might be done and the captain and his men have a fair trial.

They did have one, and they were acquitted, although two of the soldiers were lightly punished for manslaughter. For the trial showed that the mob had goaded on the soldiers to what they thought was self-defense; and so the trouble, for the time, passed over. But the troops

were withdrawn, and King George, disgusted with the whole affair, always referred to those unlucky redcoats as "Sam Adams's regiments."

On the very day of the Boston Massacre the British Parliament insisted that the American colonies must pay the tax on tea. You know the trouble that followed, and how, when Sam Adams in the Old South Meetinghouse declared, "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country," the hated taxed tea was swiftly dumped overboard from the ships in Boston harbor by patriotic "Sons of liberty" dressed up as Indians; and how the first paragraph in the story of the American Revolution—the Boston Massacre, Monday, March 5, 1770—was followed by the second paragraph—the famous Boston Tea Party of Thursday, December 16, 1773.

Thus did Massachusetts reply to the stupidities and usurpations of the King of England. Thus did the Old Bay colony lead the van in the struggle for independence, and thus did Samuel Adams, the man of the people, go down into history as the organizer of overthrow,—the "Father of the American Revolution."

HOW MASSACHUSETTS BURST HER BONDS.

ONE warm April morning, in the year 1775, Harrison Gray Otis, aged nine, a nephew of that James Otis of whom I have told you, was "late to school."

"It was all the fault of the soldiers," he said; for, as he tried to cross Tremont Street so as to get into School Street, where was his schoolhouse, a corporal frightened the little fellow by turning him back with a gruff, "You can't get through here, young 'un. Go around through Court Street."

Tremont Street was full of soldiers. They stretched from Scollay Square to the Common, and the Otis boy did not know what was on foot. He felt it must be something exciting, for the British redcoats in Boston had been kept "on the jump" from various causes since, in the year before, eleven regiments of British soldiers, with artillery and marines, had been quartered in Boston to overawe the rebellious town.

So the Otis boy had to go to school by the long way round; and as he ran into the schoolhouse late, and just a bit frightened and excited over all the soldiers he had seen on Tremont Street, he heard his school-teacher say sharply and rather excitedly, too, I imagine, "Put away your books. War's begun; school's done."

The schoolmaster was right. War had begun, at last; and Massachusetts had begun it. Month by month the bonds had been drawn more tightly around the defiant colony. Enraged at the Boston Massacre and the Boston Tea Party, angered at Samuel Adams and John his cousin, at John Hancock and other determined and pugnacious Massachusetts men, the English ministry had resolved to punish the refractory Bay colony, and proceeded by a decree called the Boston Port Bill to shut up the port of Boston to all trade until the town should repent and pay for the tea it had destroyed.

But Boston was not in a repentant mood, and did not intend to pay for the tea. The colony supported the town in its refusal. The king sent General Thomas Gage, with a dozen regiments and warships, as military governor, to take charge of affairs, and Boston was in bonds.

The whole country was aroused at this act of tyranny. "We must fight!" said Patrick Henry in Virginia. "There is no retreat but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged; their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat it, sir,—let it come!"

Boston did not intend to permit her chains to clank unresisted; Massachusetts refused to recognize the authority or the acts of General Gage. The towns about Boston made up a "relief fund" and sent it in to "the distressed inhabitants of Boston." Salem and Marblehead, which, as seaports, might have profited by the closing of Boston and its loss of trade, loyally refused to do so, and offered to Boston merchants the free use of their wharfs and stores and warehouses.

The Great and General Court, in session at Salem in spite of Gage's orders, set itself up as the ruler of the colony and sent delegates to the proposed Continental Congress at Philadelphia. Gage retaliated by denouncing the Great and General Court as open and declared enemies of the king and Parliament, and endeavored to fasten the charges of treason upon such earnest workers for liberty as the two Adamses and Hancock and Warren.

Toward Samuel Adams and John Hancock the general was especially bitter. He called them rebels and traitors, and when orders came to him from England to arrest them for treason and send them to London for trial he hastened to obey.

But Hancock and Adams were not to be caught napping. Hancock was made president of the Provincial Congress, into which the Great and General Court had resolved itself; Adams was earnest and unceasing in his efforts to urge the colonies to resistance. They kept clear of Boston, and on the 18th of April were both spending the night at the Hancock-Clark house in Lexington; still standing in that famous old town.

Gage had word of this; so he decided to capture them, and, at the same time, break into and destroy or bring away the military stores which the colony had gathered at Concord, eight miles beyond Lexington.

It was not the first powder hunt upon which the British soldiers had been dispatched. Gage had sent wherever he heard that military stores were secreted by the people—to Marshfield and Jamaica Plain and Marblehead and Salem, and out to the present city of Somerville, where the "old Powder House" still stands

in its verdant park, as a memorial of that first open act of war on the part of the British governor.

So the redcoats whom the Otis boy had run against on his way to school on that memorable 19th of April were bound alike on a man hunt and a powder hunt. After his school had been thus quickly "let out," he watched the soldiers from where the Revere House now stands in Bowdoin Square as they paraded through to Washington Street on their roundabout march to Cambridge.

What the Otis boy did not then know, however, was that these especial troops were dispatched as reënforcements to a smaller force which had already been sent in advance, in the dead of night, to march in secret to Lexington and Concord for the capture of the rebel leaders and the secreted stores.

But, secretly as they had slipped away from town, the patriots had been on the watch and were ahead of them. That prince of patriots, Dr. Joseph Warren of Boston (he lived on the spot now occupied by the American House on Hanover Street), had word of the British movement by one of the secret "patriot patrol," and gave warning by a signal lantern in Christ Church steeple to three swift riders across the river—Paul Revere, William Dawes, and Samuel Prescott. By three separate routes the fleet riders galloped through the night to warn the farmers of Middlesex of the British design and to tell Hancock and Adams to be on their guard.

You know what came of it all:

"Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere."



Longfellow has told the story, but we hear little of the midnight ride of William Daves and Samuel Prescott, though Prescott was the only one who made the complete ride and carried the warning through to Concord.

The countryside was roused; Hancock and Adams escaped capture; the battles of Lexington and Concord followed, and all the world soon knew that Massachusetts, on that 19th of April, 1775, had burst her bonds, and that speedily the thirteen colonies of North America would be in arms against the king. The "yeomanry of Middlesex" had lighted the way to liberty.

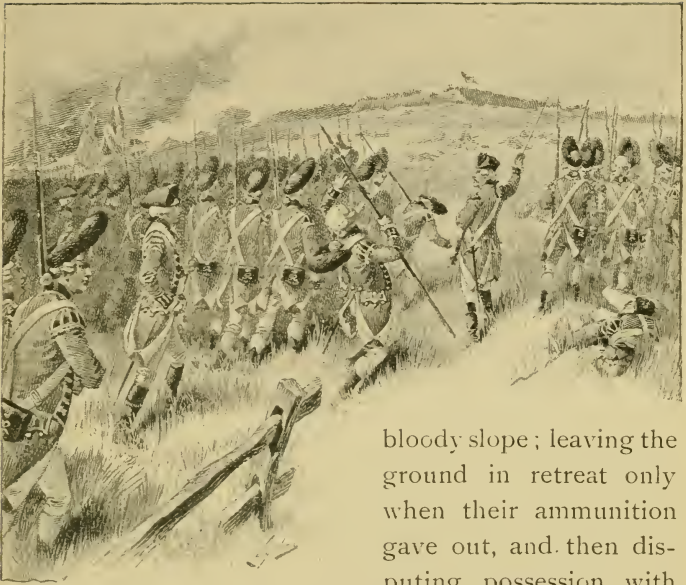
The yeomanry of Middlesex, returning from their stern hunting of men on that famous retreat from Concord, at once turned the tables upon their persecutors, and stolidly encamped before Boston.

The farmers and fishermen of the other Massachusetts counties joined their Middlesex neighbors, and speedily General Gage and his soldiers found themselves securely shut up in Boston, besieged by fifteen thousand determined New Englanders.

The general proceeded to fortify the town carefully; but he could get little or no help from outside, and he sent to England a hasty appeal for reënforcements. They came; but the colonies also sent on reënforcements to the men of Massachusetts. The Continental Congress at Philadelphia took matters in hand; while Gage, who was as great a blunderhead as his master, King George, went to work to conciliate the colonies in the wrong way, for he issued a ridiculous proclamation, begging them to lay down their arms, and offering pardon to all but those terrible Massachusetts agitators, Samuel Adams and John Hancock.

But before the formation of the continental army and the reënforcements from other colonies the New England volunteers and the Massachusetts minutemen once again showed their pluck and their fighting qualities. For, near Bunker Hill, in Charlestown, on the 17th of June, 1775, three Massachusetts regiments, with two hundred Connecticut men and John Stark's New Hampshire volunteers, first threw up earthworks in a night and then defended them against thirty-five hundred picked and disciplined British troops, ably officered and gallantly led.

Thrice did the farmer boys and fisher lads of Massachusetts repulse the red-coated veterans, driving them back from the hay-stuffed rail fence and down the



bloody slope ; leaving the ground in retreat only when their ammunition gave out, and then disputing possession with

clubbed muskets, sticks, and stones until they slowly and stubbornly retired across the Neck to Cambridge.

It was a defeat, but in effect it was a victory. For, as has been said, though the British won the battle of Bunker Hill, they lost the thirteen colonies. The battle of Bunker Hill showed the spirit of the Americans and emphasized their certainty of resistance. It gave to the people of all the colonies hope, courage, and determination, and when Washington learned that the men of Massachusetts, behind their frailearthworks, had really stood against the advance and the fire of the splendidly disciplined British regulars, he exclaimed thankfully, "Then the liberties of the country are safe." Bunker Hill has always been a glorious record for Massachusetts.

The colony was making a record for itself elsewhere. The first Continental Congress, convened at Philadelphia, had elected John Hancock of Massachusetts president. The man upon whose head the King of England had set a price as a traitor was made the chief one in the colonial councils, and Benjamin Harrison of Virginia said, as he escorted Hancock to the president's chair, "Now Great Britain can see how much we care for her proscriptions."

In the second Continental Congress John Adams of Massachusetts nominated George Washington of Virginia as commander in chief of the American army. Thus were the North and South joined in a common cause; the elevation of Hancock and Washington to the chief civil and military offices of the confederation drew the colonies closer together. Virginia and Massachusetts headed the revolt against the crown; they directed the congress and led the army.

Massachusetts at Bunker Hill had shown the world that, rightly led, the American soldiers could win the

cause of independence; and George Washington assuming command of the continental army at Cambridge was proof that the soldiers of liberty were to be rightly led.

On Massachusetts soil, encamped before her chief city, George Washington was first to make his mark as a great leader of men. For when, on



the 3d of July, 1775, he took command of the continental army beneath the historic elm at Cambridge, still a cherished landmark, the siege of Boston had fairly begun.

Massachusetts had burst her bonds. Under the leadership of George Washington her fighting men were to drive the forger of her fetters into the sea, defeated, outgeneraled, and outmaneuvered.

HOW A MARBLEHEAD FISHERMAN MADE HIMSELF USEFUL.

WHEN British soldiers fired upon American protesters in the streets of Boston, on the village green of Lexington, and at the old North Bridge at Concord; there was living midway between the tavern and the customhouse, in the quaint seaport town of Marblehead, a certain small-sized and large-hearted fisherman known as "Cap'n John Glover."

He was a Salem boy, born in the same year with George Washington—1732; but he had moved to Marblehead as a lad, learned the shoemaker trade, and drifted at last into the more adventurous life of a fisherman on the Banks. He married a Marblehead girl, settled down in the little seaport, and became so successful a skipper and dealer that when the Revolution broke out he was one of the solid and substantial business men of Marblehead.

He was an energetic, go-ahead little man, independent, as are all New England fishermen, and foremost among his neighbors in protecting the interests of the hardy sea town so picturesquely set upon the rock-bound shores of its curving, looplike harbor.

When British aggression became unbearable to the patriots of Massachusetts, John Glover was outspoken

in his protests and decisive in his action. He was one of the committee of grievances appointed by Marblehead, as by other Massachusetts towns, to correspond and compare notes with similar committees in the province, and signed his name to that inspiring Marblehead protest which declared that "for the honor of our supreme Benefactor, for our own welfare and the welfare of posterity, we desire to use these blessings of liberty with thankfulness and prudence, and to defend them with intrepidity and steadfastness."

When Lexington and Concord showed that war was inevitable, John Glover, who had been a militiaman in the Marblehead company since the French War, began without delay to recruit a regiment for the provincial service, and speedily reported that he had levied "ten companies, making in all four hundred and five men, inclusive of officers, armed with firelocks, and willing to serve in the army under him, all now at Marblehead."

This was businesslike, as was everything John Glover did. The Provincial Congress so regarded it. They accepted the services of the regiment, and the day before the battle of Bunker Hill duly commissioned Colonel John Glover as "commanding the Twenty-first Regiment of Foot, in the service of the province of Massachusetts Bay."

Four days after Bunker Hill, on the 21st of June, 1775, Colonel Glover received orders to march his regiment to Cambridge, where the provincial army of seventeen thousand men was encamped; and as it marched out from Marblehead in its natty uniform of "blue round jacket and trousers, trimmed with leather

buttons," the old town was mightily proud of its "marine regiment," while as for Colonel Glover, every one declared that he was "the most finely dressed officer of the army at Cambridge."

This famous regiment of sailor-soldiers—for it was composed entirely of fishermen and seamen—was afterwards reorganized by Washington's orders as the Fourteenth Continental Regiment of Foot. It became one of the bravest, most celebrated, and most useful of all the continental regiments, and again and again saved the army in critical positions and secured the esteem and confidence of Washington.

Men called it the amphibious regiment, because it was equally at home on land or water. One day a company would be assigned to sea service, to man a privateer or work a prize; another day the same company would be detailed as pioneers to bridge a stream or clear a tangled path. Did a fireship need to be piloted or a cruiser driven from some threatened port, an outpost protected in camp routine, or the cargo of a captured brigantine escorted into camp, one or more companies from "Glover's Marblehead regiment," as it was usually called, were assigned to duty, and the commander in chief knew that the duty would be well and promptly done.

In fact, Washington early appreciated the worth of this Massachusetts regiment and the energy and ability of its little commander. When, on his arrival at Cambridge, he began the reorganization of the continental army, he at once appointed Colonel Glover to superintend the equipment and manning of armed vessels for

the service of the colonies, while Glover's ability as an organizer and disciplinarian were of the greatest value to Washington in bringing the continental army into something like military efficiency.

The forgotten heroes of a nation are as worthy of remembrance as those whose names are not allowed to die. John Thomas and Artemas Ward and "dear old General Heath," with Porter of Danvers, Putnam of Rutland, Glover of Marblehead, and other Massachusetts soldiers, were as earnest in the defense of the commonwealth and as able in the struggle for independence as those other Massachusetts generals, Knox and Warren and Lincoln, whose names are imperishably associated with our Revolutionary story.

It was upon those now forgotten heroes that Washington leaned as upon right-hand men when he undertook the masterly and effective siege of Boston. It was General Artemas Ward who commanded the right wing of Washington's army and directed the work of fortifying Dorchester Heights. It was General John Thomas who skillfully and completely checkmated the British move by his prompt and masterly engineering work on those same commanding heights of Dorchester. Yet both these men to-day are scarcely remembered, save as the little plot that holds the modest memorial at Dorchester Heights is called Thomas Park. Even "dear old General Heath," as Dr. Hale calls him, is but slightly remembered, though into his hands Washington gave the possession and defense of Boston after its evacuation by the British; while as for plucky John Glover, whose work at the siege of Boston won the ap-

preciation and praise of Washington, he would be forgotten altogether were it not for his later and more famous achievements as Washington's ever ready helper. The success of General Washington at the siege of Boston was largely due to the energetic support of the Massachusetts men who surrounded him.

When, on the 17th of March, 1776, because of the splendid efforts of Ward and Thomas on Dorchester Heights, the redcoats sailed away from Boston (just sixteen years after that protest against their being there at all—the Boston Massacre), they took with them into exile over a thousand Tories, and the old town at last was free. To-day, in the Public Library of Boston, may be seen the gold medal presented by Congress to Washington in commemoration of his first great success, and duly inscribed, “*Hostibus primo Fugatis*” and “*Bostonium Recuperatum.*”

Then Washington marched away with his victorious army to New York, and with him went Colonel John Glover, who, by the way, had first occupied the famous Craigie house in Cambridge, equally renowned to-day as Washington's headquarters and the home of Longfellow.

At New York, Glover's Marblehead men were constantly in demand. They drove the British ships away from their anchorage before Tarrytown, and throughout the Revolution were the first to volunteer in enterprises of difficulty or danger.

When the defeat on Long Island almost ruined the continental army it was Glover's men who manned the boats and through the fog and storm ferried the broken

army safely across from Brooklyn to New York, thus establishing the fame of Washington as a strategist. It was Massachusetts men who saved the army from destruction.

When the panic-stricken Americans fled before the British invasion of Manhattan Island at Kips Bay and roused Washington to one of his infrequent and justifiable rages, it was Glover's Marblehead regiment that hastened down from Harlem, turned back the flying troops, and saved the army from panic and rout. It was Glover's regiment that, in the enforced retreat from New York, saved the ammunition and stores of the continental army from capture and destruction. It was Glover's men who checked the British advance at Throgs Neck, received Washington's personal and official thanks for their bravery at Dobbs Ferry, saved the baggage and stores from capture at White Plains, and twice routed the British assault at Chatterton Hill.

It was Glover's brigade—for the plucky little Marblehead colonel was promoted to the command of a brigade—that formed the rearguard of the continental army in that sorry but masterly retreat across New Jersey. And when the gloom of America was turned into joy by Washington's superb and desperate dash on the Hessians at Trenton, it was Glover's regiment of fishermen and sailors who poled the boats through the ice-swollen river on that terrible December night, and made the heroic crossing of the Delaware one of the most dramatic episodes in American history. It was Glover's brigade that charged pellmell into Trenton, and cut off the retreat of the demoralized Hessians



at the Assunpink bridge; and one of the two bronze statues that guard the entrance to the beautiful battle monument at Trenton is that of one of the heroes of the day—a soldier of Glover's Marblehead regiment.

Indeed, eight regiments of Massachusetts troops were in that heroic and historic fight, and, as one New Jersey man has well said, "Every memory of the victory at Trenton is linked with the names of Knox and Glover, and the statue of this warrior soldier from Marblehead is truly a most appropriate and fitting contribution from the great commonwealth of Massachusetts to a shaft which for ages will commemorate a success unparalleled in our annals, a victory which made possible this great and powerful republic."

The crossing of the Delaware made John Glover a brigadier-general, and gave him still more work to do. It was his brigade that held the borderland of the neutral ground at Peekskill; transferred to reënforce

Schuyler at Saratoga, it bore a noble part in that phenomenal double battle and victory, where, charging with Arnold in his impetuous assault on the Hessians, Glover, at the head of his men, had three horses shot under him. He it was who, by his shrewd and unwearying watchfulness, detected and frustrated Burgoyne's attempt to escape, and so bagged the whole British army.

It was General Glover who, after the surrender, conducted Burgoyne and his men across Massachusetts, from Saratoga to Cambridge, and successfully "corralled" the captured army in its quarters upon the hills of Somerville; and it was to General Glover that the courteous Burgoyne expressed his thanks as to a just and honorable captor and sentinel.

Back again, under the eye of Washington, Glover and his men shared the hardships of Valley Forge; they were dispatched under Sullivan to coöperate with the French allies in the exasperating and ineffectual operations in Rhode Island; they defended Norwalk, Connecticut, against the British advance, and guarded the defenses of the Hudson at Peekskill and West Point in the trying winter of 1779. John Glover himself was one of that famous military court that tried and convicted John André, and he was officer of the day, having in charge the execution of that unfortunate young man on the historic hillside at Tappan.

So, from the siege of Boston to the surrender at Yorktown, John Glover and his Marblehead "webfeet" served through the American Revolution, reënlisting when their term of service expired. Faithful in camp and on march, now leading the advance, now covering

the retreat, they endeared themselves to Washington, and established themselves, for all time, in the admiration and esteem of the American people.

But what these men did for liberty other Massachusetts soldiers did also, as willingly and uncomplainingly. I have merely picked out John Glover and his Marblehead regiment as typical of the spirit that infused itself into the men of Massachusetts, whether fighting in the ranks, voting in the congress, or sacrificing and struggling at home in order that victory might be secured, and "these united colonies" become "free and independent states." It is well to recall statistics, and to remember that in the prosecution of the war for independence Massachusetts was assessed the highest for war expenses—eight hundred and twenty thousand dollars—and furnished the largest number of men sent to the war by any colony—sixty-eight thousand in all.

Massachusetts was the center of rebellion; she was the backbone of revolution. On land and sea her sons were foremost in the strife for liberty, gallantly and vigorously carrying out the lessons they had learned from James Otis and Samuel Adams, from John Hancock and John Adams, from Joseph Warren and Elbridge Gerry, and from that greatest of her sons, transplanted from the Charles to the Schuylkill, the patriot philosopher Benjamin Franklin, with those other less famous but equally determined patriots of the Old Bay colony, who lighted the way and showed the path to revolution and independence.

HOW DOROTHY HANCOCK KEPT OPEN HOUSE.



WHEN Paul Revere galloped up to what is now known as the Hancock-Clark house in Lexington, on a now famous night in April, 1775, a minuteman who was acting as sentry refused to admit him.

"You mustn't make any noise," said the sentry; "Mr. Hancock and Mr. Adams are asleep in the house."

"Noise!" cried Paul Revere, "noise, d' ye say? Well! you'll have noise enough before long, I can tell you. Why, man, the regulars are coming!"

Hancock was on his feet at once. He had recognized the rider's voice.

"Hello! is that you, Revere? Come in. We're not afraid of you."

And Revere entered with his news.

It set every one astir. The bells of Lexington, by Hancock's order, began to ring the alarm. The minutemen flocked to the rendezvous at Buckman's tavern, and John Hancock, determined to join the farmers in their armed protest, spent the most of the night in cleaning his gun and sword and getting ready for the fight he felt certain would come with the dawn.

There was another interested listener and talker in the Hancock-Clark house that night. She was a Boston girl, and her name was Dorothy Quincy. In fact, it was because of her that John Hancock came so near to being trapped by the British. For Dorothy Quincy was visiting there; and Dorothy Quincy was engaged to marry that successful Boston merchant and uncompromising Massachusetts patriot who, later, affixed his bold signature, as president of the Continental Congress, to the Declaration of Independence.

John Hancock was, at last, persuaded out of the idea of personal opposition to the British aggressors on the green at Lexington.

"You are too important a person just now to risk death or capture," his friends declared; and, as John Hancock always did feel rather important, he yielded to their advice. He slipped from the house just in time to escape capture, and stood on a hilltop beside Sam Adams when that "Father of the Revolution," hear-

ing the guns of the Lexington fight, cried enthusiastically to Hancock, "What a glorious morning for America!"

Dorothy Quincy that very morning joined her lover in his flight, and, four months later, on the 28th of August, 1775, the two were married in the town of Fairfield, Connecticut, to which place Hancock came from his duties as president of the congress, for the sole purpose of being married to his "dear Dolly," as he called her.

Whereupon a New York newspaper of the day remarked: "A brave Roman purchased a field in a certain territory near Rome, which Hannibal was besieging, confident of success. Equal to the conduct of that illustrious citizen was the marriage of the Honorable John Hancock, who, with his amiable lady, has paid as great a compliment to American valor, and discovered equal patriotism, by marrying now, while all the colonies are as much convulsed as Rome when Hannibal was at her gates."

Then they went to Philadelphia, where for two years Hancock remained as president of the congress. Mistress Dorothy was considerably younger than her famous husband, but she proved an excellent helpmeet. She saw to it that his dignity was supported in a style befitting the president of the congress—and it must be confessed that John Hancock was most particular about that same dignity. "King Hancock" was what some people nicknamed him, and they used to tell how he appeared in public "with all the panoply and state of an oriental prince;" how he was attended by "four servants dressed in superb livery, mounted on fine horses richly caparisoned, and escorted by fifty horsemen with

drawn sabers, the one half of whom precede and the other follow his carriage."

Perhaps, for a leader of democracy, John Hancock, president of the Continental Congress, did think a good deal of himself. But he was an honorable patriot and a hard worker, and Dorothy, his wife, helped him in his congressional work at Philadelphia, as she also helped him in his big Boston mansion.

She acted, sometimes, while he was at Philadelphia, quite as if she were his private secretary and confidential clerk. She would pack up the military commissions that were to be sent to the officers appointed by congress to positions in its army; she would neatly trim off the rough edges of the paper money issued by the congress as continental currency and signed by John Hancock as president; and she would put the packages carefully in place in the saddlebags in which they were borne by swift riders to different points, to meet the bills of the government and pay the wages of the continental troops.

When they were at home again in Boston, in 1778, John Hancock and his wife Dorothy kept open house, in their fine mansion on Beacon Hill, for the friends of the colonies, domestic and foreign, American as well as French.

Indeed, when the French allies came to Boston, the hospitable doors of the big house stood wide open for them, and Mistress Dorothy was kept very busy doing the honors as the wife of one of the chief citizens of Boston, the wealthiest "rebel" in Massachusetts, the man who was to be the first governor of the new Bay

State, and who even hoped to be president of the new American republic.

So taxed was Mrs. Dorothy's hospitality, indeed, that her poor cook was quite worn out with dinner-getting. At least three fat turkeys had to be killed every night for the guests of the next day, and a flock of one hundred and fifty of these "Thanksgiving birds" was shut up in the big coach house at night and turned out to feed, in the daytime, in the great pasture lot where now stands the Boston Statehouse with its gilded dome.

But if Dorothy Hancock's cook was overtaxed by the open-handed hospitality of "rosy John," as some undignified neighbors had a way of referring to him, so, too, was Mrs. Dorothy herself sometimes put to her wits' end to keep up with her husband's abounding welcome.

But she was a shrewd and level-headed young woman, and did not permit herself to become confused or "put out," whatever happened.

One day, in 1778, John Hancock told his wife that he had invited the Count d'Estaing and thirty officers of the French fleet to breakfast with them next day. Now, the Count d'Estaing was a gentleman who took the will for the deed, and then, in all courtesy, tacked on the deed itself. He read Mr. Hancock's invitation to include all his officers, and the midshipmen as well.

So, next morning, the breakfast guests all came streaming up from the wharfs, off which the French fleet lay at anchor. They counted nearly two hundred in all, and were in such fine feathers that, as Mistress Dorothy said herself, in telling the story some years after, all Boston Common was "bedizened with lace."



But, before they reached the Hancock house, up came a messenger from the Honorable John, to tell Mrs. Dorothy of the "enlargement" of the invitation, and begging her to prepare breakfast for one hundred and twenty more than the original plan.

She does not tell us what she said; but she does tell us what she did. Evidently she was determined to maintain her own and her husband's reputation as to their ability to keep "open house."

Even while the guests were in sight she set her servants at work. They spread twelve pounds of butter on generous slices of the Hancock bread, while one of them hurried down to the officer of the guard on the

Common with Mrs. Hancock's compliments, and would he be so kind as to bid his men milk all the cows that were grazing on the Common, and send the milk at once to Mrs. Hancock.

The guard complied, the milk was secured, Mrs. Dorothy begged all procurable cake from her neighbors, stripped her garden of fruit, and the breakfast for two hundred was ready in time.

The French officers evidently enjoyed the hasty, homemade banquet, for Mistress Dorothy herself is authority for the statement that one Frenchman alone drank seventeen cups of tea.

As for those young scamps of midshipmen, they made a raid on the cake, captured it from the servants who were bringing it through the hall, and would have eaten it all had not Mistress Dorothy put them to rout, recaptured the cake, and, hiding it in napkin-covered buckets, saved it, with the fruit, as dessert at the breakfast.

Mrs. Dorothy Hancock was as clever as she was capable, and she had her revenge. For when the polite Count d'Estaing, desiring to return her hospitality, invited her to visit his fleet "with her friends," she appeared on the wharfs with a party of five hundred "to visit the count."

But he was as cool as she, and fully equal to the joke. He transported "Mrs. Hancock and friends" to the fleet and entertained them there all day. Honors were about even, just then, in Boston.

Mistress Dorothy had many opportunities, after this experience, to keep open house in the big mansion on

the hill—a noble old colonial house which stood on Beacon Street far into the memory of the Massachusetts of to-day; for, in 1780, the colony of Massachusetts Bay, which had claimed the right to be called a “free and independent state,” became one in fact, with a constitution and a governor, and that first governor of Massachusetts was John Hancock.

Massachusetts was proud of “King Hancock,” despite his pomposity and love of show. For, underneath it all, he was true metal. When other men of means and station had deserted the people, he had stood firm, even to loss of property and risk of life itself. He was genial even if he was conceited, charitable even if peculiar, a true American even if an aristocrat, and level-headed even if a bit peppery of temper and overweighted with a sense of his own importance. John Adams once got angry with him and called him “an empty barrel;” but John Adams, despite his greatness and his patriotism, had a sharp tongue, and often made unpleasant personal remarks. After all, even great men are but human, notwithstanding their loftiness of purpose and grandeur of soul.

For ten years John Hancock served his state as governor of Massachusetts, and served it well—from 1780 to 1784, and again from 1787 to 1793, when, on the third day of October, he died, Governor Hancock still.

To the last his hospitality was boundless, while Mrs. Dorothy Hancock was just suited to her high position as “the governor’s lady,” and met her duties with dignity, ability, and ease.

It was while Governor John Hancock was chief magis-

trate of the Bay State that Maine, so long a part of Massachusetts, sought to break away from the parent colony, and set up for a commonwealth "on her own hook."

Piece by piece had Massachusetts been shorn of her extended territory. When, after her long fight with kings and parliaments for territorial rights and chartered privileges, the colony of Massachusetts Bay lost, in 1691, its old-time independence and became an appendage to the crown of England under the title of the "Province of Massachusetts Bay," it was granted, as a salve to the wound made by the loss of its charter, additional and extensive territory; for into it were merged the provinces of Plymouth, Massachusetts Bay, Maine, Sagadahoc, and Acadia,—a region stretching from Long Island Sound to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, from Rhode Island to Newfoundland. New Hampshire, too, was a part of the Massachusetts Bay jurisdiction, as one might say, "off and on." For that land of the granite hills was attached to and detached from Massachusetts so often that a Portsmouth man could scarcely tell to which colony he owed allegiance. Massachusetts, indeed, claimed the entire territory of New Hampshire under an old charter, and again and again, for a period of a hundred years, the matters of ownership or boundaries were unsettled, and New Hampshire was either a part or a protégé of the Bay colony.

Acadia, or what we know as New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, was wrested from the French by New England, largely by Massachusetts fighters, in 1710, although it had been made part of Massachusetts by

royal proclamation in 1691. It was even harder than it is now for the two races—French and English—to live as comrades and neighbors under one flag. The Acadians were unruly and quarrelsome; they impeded the progress of English ideas and methods; and finally, as a military and political necessity, seemingly harsh but really imperative under the peculiar life of those days, the Acadians were removed from their lands in 1755, and scattered among the English colonies from Massachusetts to Georgia. Mr. Longfellow's poem of "Evangeline" is beautiful and pathetic, but you must read the real story of the removal of the Acadians before you accept his fine hexameters as history, and say "how dreadful" or "how cruel."

But the years brought losses to Massachusetts, and, piece by piece, she was shorn of her territories. First, Acadia was torn away and made a crown colony; then New Hampshire, in 1740, set up for herself; and when the Revolution had brought independence to the colonies, Maine chafed under restraint and sought separation from Massachusetts.

Separation did not come just then, however. For years the people were divided over the matter, and not until another war with Great Britain had been waged and won, and Maine, at the cost of a great slice of her territory yielded up to the British, established the right to settle her own affairs, was separation from Massachusetts finally arranged in 1820, and the last dismemberment of the old provincial territory of the Bay State made for the sake of others and the strengthening of the republic. And the move toward this final dismember-

ment began while Governor John Hancock was in office.

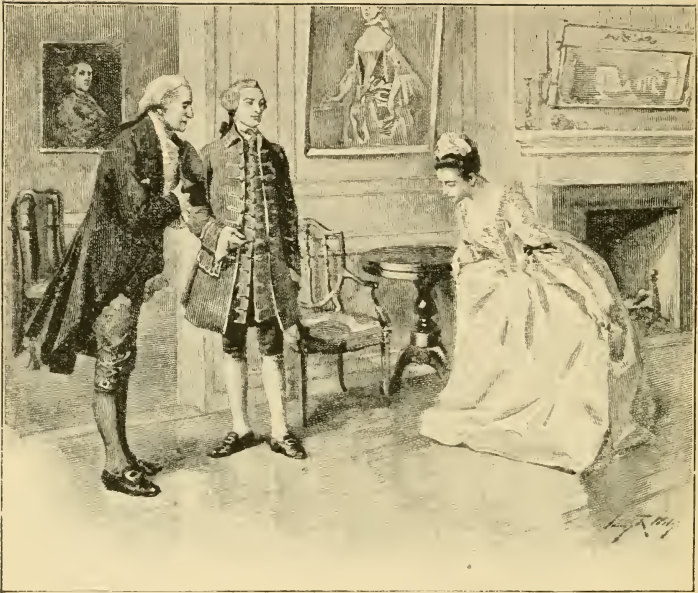
Now, as "King Hancock" did not bear with ease anything that detracted from his dignity and importance, he did not look with favor upon anything that lessened the dignity and importance of the commonwealth of Massachusetts. So he objected to Maine's move toward a separate state making, just as he objected to a lowering of his independence in a certain interview that has become historic.

For it was while Governor Hancock was in office that George Washington came to Boston, in the course of his Northern tour. It was the fall of 1789.

He came as President of the United States. All people, high and low, turned out to welcome him—all except Governor Hancock. For this occasion only his famous hospitality failed.

It was a question of dignity. John Hancock was a believer in what is called the doctrine of States' rights. He held that Massachusetts was a sovereign State; he claimed that the governor of Massachusetts was the equal in dignity and importance of the President of the United States, and that it was the President's duty to call upon him first. But George Washington was a Federalist. He held that the Union was paramount, and that it was the duty of a governor to visit and welcome the President first.

It is needless to say that the President did not visit the governor first. George Washington was always right as to both theory and practice. But there was a delay that exasperated the loyal citizens of Boston—



federalists and antifederalists alike. Governor Hancock speedily saw he was wrong, and, at last, he “made his manners” to the President, pleading his convenient and frequently present gout as his excuse for his one apparent lack of hospitality—the only one on record.

At once Washington returned the governor’s visit, and, so Mrs. Dorothy declares, was “very sociable and pleasant during the whole visit.” As for dignified Mrs. Dorothy, you may be sure that with graciousness and ease she did the honors of Hancock house to her distinguished guest.

HOW CAPTAIN SHAYS MISSED HIS MARK.

ON a bitter January day, in the year 1787, Captain Daniel Shays, at the head of eleven hundred determined men, marched into the town of Springfield.

Like Governor Hancock, Captain Shays had an overmastering sense of his own importance and ability; like Governor Hancock, Captain Shays felt himself called upon to lead the people to liberty; but, unlike Governor Hancock, Captain Shays had neither ability himself nor wisdom in his methods, and so, again unlike the governor, he missed his high mark and came to grief. But, for a time, he caused a mighty stir in Massachusetts, and the Bay State quivered with alarm when Captain Daniel Shays marched on Springfield.

He came by the Boston road,—the Bay Path,—along which, one hundred and fifty years before him, William Pynchon had led to the same sightly spot, upon the banks of the noble Connecticut, an equally determined band.

But those two expeditions were vastly different. For William Pynchon came to upbuild, while Daniel Shays came to overthrow.

During that century and a half Springfield had grown into a town of several hundred houses, which stretched eastward from the banks of the Connecticut along the Boston road. It was one of the most flourishing of the

towns of central Massachusetts; it was in the midst of a fertile farming section; it was the county town, where the law courts held their sessions; and, within its limits, the United States, during the Revolutionary War, had built an arsenal for the manufacture and storage of guns and military stores.

It was these latter that Captain Daniel Shays coveted, and was determined to have. For Captain Daniel Shays was the chief of the Regulators.

Now the Regulators, as they called themselves, though other people called them rioters and rebels, were made up of recruits from the ranks of the disaffected, overburdened, and debt-ridden farmers of Massachusetts, from Middlesex County to the New York line.

They proposed to regulate the affairs of the State to suit their own ideas and desires; and their main desire was to overthrow the lawyers who could prosecute them; to disperse and close up the courts that could punish them, and to make the course of justice run as they desired, not as the law decreed.

It was the old story over again. Ignorance never attacks a wrong righteously. Disaffection growls at law and calls it injustice. Every mob hates a lawyer.

“No tax, no serf, and the head of every lawyer in England! For not till they are killed will the land enjoy its old freedom again.” That was the demand of the men of Kent and Essex, of Hertford and St. Albans,—“broken men skilled in arms, landless men and sturdy beggars,” as the old record calls them,—who, six hundred years ago, under their bold leader, faced a boy king of England in the days of Wat Tyler’s rebellion.

“Down with the taxes! down with all lawyers! stand for your homes!” was the cry of the discontented men of Hampshire and Middlesex, of Worcester and Berkshire—many of them, like those of Wat Tyler’s following, “landless and beggared,” many of them “broken men skilled in arms”—in the days of Shays’s rebellion in Massachusetts in 1786.

It was because so many were “skilled in arms” that they were so bold in demanding what they called a redress of grievances. Many of them had fought bravely in the buff-and-blue ranks of the old continentals to force a redress of grievances from England and had won their country’s independence. “What man has done, man may do again,” they said; and forthwith they rushed to arms, unmindful of the fact that resistance to tyranny depends for the justice of its cause upon the distinction between a real and a fancied tyranny.

It must be said for the Massachusetts Regulators of 1786 that they, poor fellows, were too greatly imbittered by their sad condition to be able to discriminate. To them, the “tyranny” they had risen against seemed real enough; they called it, as do thoughtless men to-day, the tyranny of money and the curse of gold; and yet it was no tyranny at the end of the eighteenth century any more than it is at the close of the nineteenth; for it was a condition of their own making, as it is of ours, and always will be so long as money controls the producing power.

The Revolution had left the land burdened with debt. In Massachusetts alone the national, State, and private debts amounted to over fifteen millions of dollars, and

there were but ninety thousand voters and taxpayers in the State, the most of them poor men.

Manufactures were small and weak; the Revolution had destroyed commerce and broken the fishing industry; the producers of Massachusetts in 1786 were largely farmers; there was so little ready money that settlements were made in produce or in kind—in oats, potatoes, fish or shoes, for instance.

There were only a few rich men within the limits of the new State. Taxation was hard to bear; but, when a man could not or would not pay his taxes, the law took him in hand and compelled him to pay, or seized upon his property for settlement. This is never graciously accepted; so the farmers of Massachusetts who had fought for freedom began, some of them, to dislike and defy the very laws they had made to guard their freedom.

But people who are pinched for ready money do not stop to argue or reason. They jump at conclusions; they decide that the man to whom they are in debt and the man who tries to collect the debt from them are alike tyrants and should be resisted. The distressed farmers of Massachusetts, in the trying period just after the Revolution, concluded that things were not fairly distributed in this world; that distress would cease if a redistribution were made; and that therefore it was their right to take for those who had not from those who had.

This, at least, was Daniel Shays's idea; it was the idea of the half-dozen leaders who worked up the people of Massachusetts in 1786 to disaffection, rebellion, riot, and war. And though some were honest enough, some

were demagogues who sought to stir up the old, old strife—masses against classes.

From August, 1786, to February, 1787, rebellion was in the air. Before that cold January day on which Captain Shays marched upon Springfield, he and his lieutenants—most of them Revolutionary veterans—had carried on a campaign of bluster, threat, and menace. Men had gathered in arms at Northampton and Worcester, at Concord and Great Barrington, at Springfield and Groton. Judges had been overawed; courts had been closed or prevented from sitting; the men of Worcester County had signed a new declaration of independence; the militia had sympathized or sided with the malcontents; the jail at Great Barrington had been emptied by a mob; barns and haystacks had been fired; blood had been spilled at Groton; and as Captain Daniel Shays saw four counties in revolt, and knew himself to be the head and front of the rebellion, no wonder that this simple ex-captain of continentals should have deemed himself a second Washington raised up to be a leader of the people.

But Governor John Hancock had seen the storm brewing and had prudently given way to a successor,—Governor James Bowdoin,—not wishing to side against the people, even though he were a “king” of the aristocrats.

Governor Bowdoin was prompt and firm. He too sympathized with the people, and headed a movement toward simple and economical living. But he would countenance nothing like rebellion, and when Captain Shays and his followers proceeded to deeds of violence, the governor acted at once.

He issued a call for troops to suppress the insurrection. Forty-four hundred men gathered in camp at Roxbury, and, under the command of bluff old General Benjamin Lincoln, a successful Revolutionary fighter, marched, in the dead of winter, along William Pynchon's Bay Path to the relief of Springfield, the center of rebellion.

Thus far the movements of the Regulators had been scattered, disjointed, and inefficient. General Shepard, another "Revolutioner," with six hundred militia had held Springfield and protected the arsenal from plunder, but that was about all that had been done. The Regulators were growing more confident and determined, and their January march on Springfield was with a union of forces amounting to over two thousand men.

All such movements, however, from Wat Tyler's day to those of the very latest agitators, lack union and real leadership.

It was so in the case of Captain Daniel Shays. Other leaders of the insurrection considered themselves quite as great and important as he; they refused to obey his orders or to follow out his plans; and when he reached Springfield, on the 25th of January, his own eleven hundred men were all there was of his army. The other leaders acted as each thought best, not as he directed.

But Shays's eleven hundred, each man wearing in his hat the sprig of evergreen that was the badge of rebellion, marched boldly after their leader and prepared to storm the heights back of the town, where stood the arsenal, defended by General Shepard and a thousand men.

Within three hundred and fifty yards of the arsenal

the invaders halted and sent a summons of surrender. General Shepard bade them disperse, but they marched ahead.

Then he sent a flag of truce, and gave them his last warning.

“Step one foot beyond that line that I have marked,” he said to Captain Shays, “and you do so at your peril. For, as sure as you do, I fire.”

“Fire, if you dare!” answered Shays. “We are here for that arsenal, and we’ll have it.” Then he wheeled about. “Forward, march!” he said to his men.

Rebellion’s lines advanced steadily.

“Fire!” commanded General Shepard. And his men fired—into the air!

It was the same mistake that is made at the outset of every riot, and one that always means greater trouble. General Shepard hated to fire into the ranks of men some of whom were old comrades of the buff-and-blue. So he had told his men to fire, if ordered, but to fire into the air.

Stern measures are the only thing a mob respects; lenient measures they take for sympathy or timidity. Besides, there were among Shays’s followers too many old soldiers of the Revolution to be frightened by an over-the-head volley. They marched on, unbroken and undismayed, ridiculing rather than fearing their opponents.

General Shepard saw that the Regulators meant business. He stiffened into the veteran at once.

“Aim low! Fire!” he commanded a second time.

Again the guns of the militia spoke, and with deadly



effect. Four men fell dead or dying; others were wounded; the ranks recoiled; those unused to war cried "Murder!" and "Butchers!" The ranks of rebellion were in confusion, half of them in full flight.

Captain Shays rode among his men, storming, commanding, pleading; but it was of no avail. Disorganized revolt always hovers on the edge of cowardice. The Regulators were in a panic; one other shot scattered them, and, in full retreat, the eleven hundred never stopped until they were safe at Ludlow, ten miles away.

Then Lincoln came on with his reënforcements, and Captain Shays withdrew to Pelham and Petersham.

Lincoln pursued him, despite the cold and snow. In the midst of a blizzard his advance entered Petersham, on the morning of the 4th of February, with two cannon, and the main army five miles in the rear.

Then fear fell upon the Regulators. Cold weather, and the law in the shape of a real army, defeated all Captain Shays's notable plans for supremacy and law-making and a newfangled code of justice.

By a vigorous move his men at Petersham might have captured the frost-bitten advance of Lincoln's army and held it as security for treaty or compromise. But conscience, which, as Shakspeare says, "does make cowards of us all," took all the conceit out of Captain Daniel Shays and all the pluck out of his little army of malcontents.

"It was against my intuition that I undertook this business," he cried complainingly. "Importunity was used which I could not well withstand. For God's sake, have matters settled peaceably. I heartily wish it was well over."

Then, with the other leaders, he made quick time for safety over the Massachusetts border, and so he disappears from history, the victim of a lack of backbone, the man who might have been a hero and a leader but for want of nerve and of faith in the justice of the cause he had championed.

The cry for redress grew fainter and the schemes for a rearrangement of society had come to naught. The State was saved from anarchy. Captain Shays had missed his mark, and his short-lived rebellion was at an end.

HOW THEY MADE SAM ADAMS A FEDERALIST.

ONCE upon a time four desperate adventurers went out from Massachusetts. To be sure, they appeared to be quiet, sober, dignified, and highly respectable gentlemen, in the attractive and picturesque costume of our great-great-grandfathers of the year 1774.

But as they rode toward staid and conservative Philadelphia, where a congress of the American colonies was to meet, they discovered that a most startling reputation had preceded them; for, as they approached the Quaker city by the Delaware, a party of the Philadelphia "Sons of Liberty" came out to meet and greet them, but more especially to warn and caution them as to what they should do or say; for, so the welcomers told them, they had been represented to the town which they were approaching as "four desperate adventurers, seeking to raise themselves by popularity, and having independence in view"—dangerous and unsafe men, simply because they were the delegates from Massachusetts, "that hotbed of rebellion."

These "four desperate adventurers"—political pirates and colonial cutthroats, as they were deemed—were Samuel Adams, John Adams, Thomas Cushing, and Robert Treat Paine—learned, cultivated, gifted, and in-

fluent gentlemen, fearless and earnest patriots, the representatives of the Massachusetts Bay colony in the first American Congress. Of them Massachusetts was to make judges, governors, and presidents; three of them were to sign the Declaration of Independence, and all of them were to help guide the destinies of Massachusetts as she took her place in the new nation of the United States of America.

Three of them were born in Boston, one in that part of the town of Braintree that is now called Quincy.

To-day, if you visit Quincy you may see a little, low-roofed, unpretentious farmhouse, honored by all Americans as the birthplace of that "desperate adventurer" John Adams, the first of a long line of statesmen, presidents, diplomats, and patriots, of whom Massachusetts and America may well be proud.

But John Adams and his famous cousin Samuel were to see Massachusetts in much strain and stress in those early days of Statehood.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and the threatening months of Shays's rebellion, though they shook the new State well-nigh to its foundations, disturbed it in all its relations, and made agitators of peace-loving citizens, did have a salutary effect on the State and the nation as well.

Shays's rebellion seems, to-day, a small affair; but it brought the people of Massachusetts face to face with the question: Shall we support our government with all its shortcomings, or side with restlessness and anarchy? And they chose the side of law and order. Then, too, the strain of this upheaval led the people to

see that if such uprisings as this were possible, there must be some strong central government, able and authorized to support the State governments and protect the integrity of the Union. Leaders and thinkers throughout all the thirteen States felt this; a Constitutional Convention followed, out of which came at last the Constitution of the United States and the formation of a permanent and controlling government—the republic of the United States of America; and for this result Shays's rebellion was largely responsible.

It was hard, however, to bring the several States to sink their own importance and place the controlling power in the hands of a central federal government. Prominent men, men who had been statesmen and patriots in the stir and stress of revolution, could not agree to the plans of Washington and Franklin, of Hamilton and Madison and John Adams.

One of the chief of these objectors to a federal union was Sam Adams of Massachusetts—the organizer of revolution, the man who has been styled the “Father of America.”

Sturdy, uncompromising, and unyielding, this man of the people was unalterably opposed to anything that seemed like taking the power from the many and placing it in the hands of the few.

He opposed everything that looked like what is called a centralization of power. He objected to a general government vested with control, and to a President armed with power. He objected to the departments of government such as we know to-day—the secretaries of state, treasury, war, navy, etc. He

wished the Union, if there must be a Union, governed by committees of Congress, as the colonies had been governed during the Revolution; and he was very certain that, to give men outside his State the power to say anything about the affairs of his State, would weaken and swallow the sovereign commonwealth of Massachusetts.

There were other people in America who thought as he did. There were many in Massachusetts who ardently followed his lead; for Sam Adams, the "tribune of the yeomanry," as some loved to style him, was still the people's idol.

But the lesson of Shays's rebellion had its effect upon the people of Massachusetts. Even Sam Adams had no good word for Captain Shays's midwinter madness. In fact, he was ready to suppress the rebellion by stern measures, and was one of the first to strengthen the hands of the prompt and fearless Governor Bowdoin, who put it down.

But when, out of such threatening uncertainties of popular discontent and weakness came the Constitutional Convention at Philadelphia, and finally the Constitution itself, Sam Adams decided slowly.

He was not, as too many unjustly believe to-day, an opponent of a Constitution; he was simply against certain things prescribed by the Constitution which was signed in Philadelphia.

So when, in 1788, a State Convention met in Boston to decide whether or not Massachusetts would ratify—that is, agree to and adopt—the Constitution prepared by Washington and Franklin and Hamilton and their asso-

ciates, as the controlling law of the land, Sam Adams and John Hancock, those fellow-patriots of the American Revolution, were either openly or silently opposed to that great document.

There were, however, in the State of Massachusetts, able, clear-headed, and determined men, who were agreed that the State should ratify the Constitution, Sam Adams and John Hancock to the contrary notwithstanding. They believed it to be the only salvation of the country, already imperiled by anarchy, and, being as shrewd as they were able and as politic as they were determined, they set about to win over the Constitution's chief opponents, Adams and Hancock.

What they could not effect by argument they determined to bring about by strategy—by an appeal to the weak side of these two famous men. With Sam Adams this was a belief in the will of the people; with John Hancock it was a belief in John Hancock himself.

So Hancock's support was won by just a bit of a trick played upon his well-known vanity and his always convenient gout. But when it came to Sam Adams, who was neither susceptible to flattery nor swayed by personal desires, a different course was pursued.

The friends of the Constitution prevailed upon Paul Revere, that historic rider of the Revolution, to get up a big mass meeting of mechanics and working people—the plain people in whom Sam Adams believed so implicitly—and make a noise over the new Constitution.

The ratification meeting was held at the Green Dragon tavern in Boston; resolutions favoring the Constitution were rushed through, and a committee, of



whom Paul Revere was one, was appointed to wait upon Samuel Adams and tell him what the people desired.

The committee called at the modest house in Winter Street, and Revere presented the resolutions.

“A meeting about the Constitution?” exclaimed Sam Adams—“a meeting of the people? Why, Mr. Revere—why was not I asked to attend the meeting?”

“Oh, they are too apt to do as you say. We wanted to get the real voice of the people,” replied Revere.

Adams glanced over the resolutions. There was no mistaking their tone of approval of the Constitution.

“Hm!” he said; “who made up the meeting, Mr. Revere?”

“The mechanics of Boston, Mr. Adams,” was the answer.

“Well, tell me,” said Adams, still holding the resolutions in his hand, “how many mechanics were at the Green Dragon when these resolutions were passed?”

“More, sir,” was the prompt reply, “than the Green Dragon could hold.”

“And where were the rest of ’em, Mr. Revere?” queried the “Father of the Revolution,” who knew the mechanics of Boston even better than does a modern “walking delegate.”

“They were in the streets, sir,” Revere answered.

“And how many were in the streets, Mr. Revere?” persisted Sam Adams.

But Revere’s reply was prompt and convincing.

“Why, sir,” he said, “more than there are stars in the sky.”

That settled it. With Paul Revere, comparison was emphasis; but Sam Adams did not need an arithmetical comparison. He knew that the meeting was the voice of the people, and in that voice he was a firm believer.

It was their will, he said, that Massachusetts ratify this Constitution, faulty as it was. Their will was his law, and he would vote to ratify.

So he became, for the time being, a Federalist, or supporter of the Constitution, and, because of his advocacy, the end came at last. On the 6th of February, in the year 1788, the Massachusetts State Convention, assembled in the meetinghouse on Long Lane in Boston, decided, by a close vote of 187 to 167, that Massachusetts should ratify the Constitution of the United States.

Then the people shouted their approval. From the Berkshires to the sea, Massachusetts celebrated the event.

Bells rang; bonfires blazed; cannons boomed. "The Boston people have lost their senses with joy," wrote General Henry Knox.

And, as a memento of their joy, the street on which stood the meetinghouse in which the convention was held was no longer called Long Lane, but Federal Street; and Federal Street it remains to this day.

HOW MASSACHUSETTS LAUNCHED THE NEW "MAYFLOWER."

SIX years after George Washington saw the light in his father's rambling Virginia farmhouse beside the fair Potomac, there was born in the village of Sutton, in the heart of Massachusetts, a boy who was destined to be an efficient helper to Washington in the years to come, to be the founder of a great State, an earnest apostle of freedom, the promoter, if not the father, of the prosperity, progress, and dignity of the great Northwest.

His name was Rufus Putnam. Israel Putnam, that stout old hero of the Revolution, was his cousin, but the guidance and the success of the Revolution were, it is claimed, more directly due to this simple farmer-boy of Sutton than to the brave old wolf-fighter of Connecticut, the king-fighter of Bunker Hill and Long Island and New York.

Self-taught and self-made, Rufus Putnam gained what little education he had by blacking the boots of the guests at the Sutton tavern of his hard-fisted step-father, spending the few pennies he thus earned in gunpowder, with which he killed partridges, and with the money earned by the sale of these game birds buying for himself a primer and an arithmetic. These he

studied by the light of the tavern fire, and, with this rudely acquired knowledge as a basis, learned to read and reason.

He became a blacksmith's boy at Sutton; then he went to Brookfield as apprentice to a millwright; and, still studying whenever he could make the time, taught himself arithmetic, geography, and history, until he became able to extend his knowledge to advanced mathematics and engineering; for which he had an especial taste.

A big, six-foot country boy, strong and athletic, was young Rufus Putnam. Few could overcome him in a wrestling match, or "stump" him with a tough problem in mathematics. He fought in the French War when but nineteen, saved enough from his bounty money to buy him a farm, married, and settled in the town of Rutland in Worcester County; and when the shot at Concord awoke Massachusetts to resistance and revolution, he joined the hastily formed camp of the Americans at Cambridge as lieutenant colonel of the Worcester County regiment.

Here he attracted the attention and won the respect of Washington. His engineering knowledge was called into speedy service, and he was selected to construct the defenses thrown up around Boston by the patriot army.

Chief among these were the notable works constructed, almost in a night, upon Dorchester Heights, commanding the beleaguered city; and so well were they constructed by this self-taught, unskilled engineer that Howe in dismay retired from his now unsafe

position, and the first actual victory of the Revolution was rendered possible by the energy and genius of the unscientific but practical farmer of Rutland.

It was Putnam, also, who planned and executed the defenses of Providence and Newport, and the greater and more surprising fortification of West Point, that most important post of the American defenders of the Hudson, which prevented the separation of New England from the rest of the country,—a scheme desired by the British ministry, and tried, only to end in failure, by Howe and Burgoyne and Clinton. Of this self-taught Massachusetts farmer Washington declared that he was the ablest engineer officer of the war, whether American or Frenchman.

With the close of the Revolution Putnam returned to his farm, and became a useful and honored citizen of Rutland. He was sent as representative to the Great and General Court; he served his town as selectman, constable, and tax-collector; he was made a State surveyor, and a commissioner to the Maine Indians, and when the popular protest against authority developed into the worry of Shays's rebellion, the former continental general shouldered his musket and marched away as a volunteer.

But Rufus Putnam appreciated both the hardships and the needs of the people; and when the talk about the public lands in the Ohio country began to attract public attention, he saw in the great domain a field for settlement, development, and successful labor, while at the same time he recognized that the only way to occupy and improve those fertile Western lands prop-

erly was by systematic colonization rather than by individual and unorganized attempts at settlements.

So Rufus Putnam "planned and matured the scheme of the Ohio Company," and through the years from 1783 to 1788 strove persistently to interest his countrymen in his idea of territorial development, and to enlist them in the founding of a new State beyond the Alleghanies.

Putnam had been one of the first to urge upon Congress, too poor to pay in money, the apportionment of certain sections of the public lands as payment to the soldiers of the Revolution for their services in the war just closed. He had prepared and headed a petition, signed by two hundred and eighty-eight officers, asking for a tract of land in the Ohio country "of such extent, quality, and situation as may induce Congress to assign and mark it out as a tract or territory suitable to form a distinct colony of the United States, in time to be admitted as one of the Confederate States of America."

This petition was forwarded to Washington by Putnam, and with it the wise engineer sent a letter suggesting a plan of national defenses and fortifications that would, if then begun by Congress, have committed the republic to such a systematic preparation for defense and war in days of peace as would have saved the outlay in blood and treasure which the neglect to accept Putnam's plans has cost the nation.

Washington eagerly supported Putnam's petition; other Massachusetts men became interested in and identified with it; but, as Congress delayed as usual, Putnam and some of his associates themselves "took

the initiative," and planned for the purchase of the Ohio land by an association to be known as the Ohio Company.

This company was made up almost entirely of Massachusetts men. Planned in the old Putnam farmhouse at Rutland, it was duly agreed upon and incorporated in Boston, when, on the 1st of March, 1786, in the famous "Bunch of Grapes" tavern, at the corner of Kilby and State streets, delegates from the various counties of the Old Bay State met to discuss and sign the articles of association. Rufus Putnam and Manassah Cutler, Timothy Pickering and Benjamin Tupper, Samuel Parsons and Fisher Ames, Rufus King and Jonathan Meigs and Nathan Dane,—these were a few of the Massachusetts men who pushed forward to organization and completion the settlement of the new lands on the Ohio, and helped to found what has since developed into the great and powerful Western States of the American Union.

The leading figures, however, in this vast enterprise, so fraught with good for their native land, were Rufus Putnam of Rutland and Manassah Cutler of Ipswich. They formed the plans, laid the foundations, and organized the active measures that led to the settlement of Ohio and the West; they carried through the cession and purchase of land, secured the passage of an ordinance for the government of the territory, and drew up and fought through to adoption that most marvelous of public measures, known as the "Ordinance of 1787,"—a form of constitution for the new colonies of the Union which saved the republic from becoming a great slave-

holding empire, and turned, as Senator Hoar expresses it, "the mighty stream and current of empire from the channel of slavery into the channel of freedom, there to flow forever and forever."

While Manassah Cutler pushed through Congress this foundation of an empire, Rufus Putnam, in his Massachusetts home, was organizing the emigration. The first party of colonists was finally gathered, and, leaving Danvers in December, 1787, was later joined at Pittsburg by a second party of pioneers. There, embarking on a flatboat, or galley, especially built for



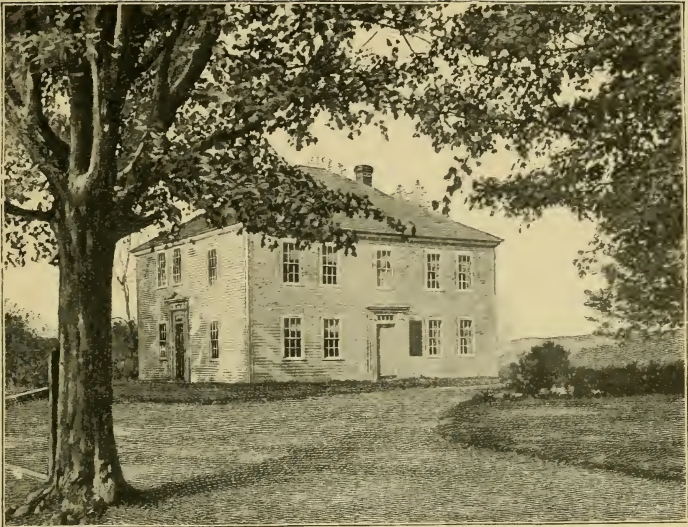
this enterprise and appropriately christened the *Mayflower*, they pushed out into the Ohio on the 2d of April, 1788, and five days later, on the 7th of April, 1788, landed, forty-eight in all, at the place selected for settlement, to which they gave the name of Marietta.

The leader of this first expedition for settlement was General Rufus Putnam, and his *Mayflower*, of which he

was captain, launched by Massachusetts men in the interests of liberty, union, and progress, was properly named; for the men of Massachusetts were, in their turn, following the traditions of their fathers of that first *Mayflower* compact, sailing westward to plant in the almost unknown wilderness a colony founded on liberty, equality, and the rights of man.

The old house in the village of Sutton in which Rufus Putnam was born has long since been destroyed; but the house at Rutland, in which his active life was passed, where he dreamed over and practically developed the scheme that led to the colonization and development of the great and free Northwest, in which he devised the plan that should exclude slavery forever from his new State, and which later found expression in the immortal "Ordinance of 1787," still stands amid its elms and flowers, backed by its rampart of lofty hills, in the pleasant village of Rutland; and upon the front of the house, to the right of the entrance, those who honored the name and memory of one who so notably advanced the greatness and glory of the republic have placed a bronze tablet with this inscription:

"Here from 1781 to 1788 dwelt General Rufus Putnam: Soldier of the Old French War. Engineer of the Works which compelled the British Army to evacuate Boston and of the Fortifications of West Point. Founder and Father of Ohio. In this House He planned and matured the Scheme of the Ohio Company, and from it issued the Call for the Convention which led to its Organization. Over this Threshold He went to lead the Company which settled Marietta, April 7, 1788. To



Him, under God, it is owing that the great Northwest Territory was dedicated forever to Freedom, Education, and Religion, and that the United States of America is not now a great Slaveholding Empire. Placed by the Massachusetts Society Sons of the Revolution."

Thus from those hill regions of Massachusetts where Rutland stands, amid its companion villages of Paxton and Princeton and Oakham and Hubbardston, the exact geographical center of the commonwealth, went out the man who, with kindred spirits of the Old Bay State's bone and blood, infused into a great movement the very breath of life and achievement. Thus Massachusetts played the controlling part in the great Western movement from which came that steady growth which, by successive stages, evolved the States of Ohio,

Illinois, Kansas, Colorado, and Oregon, and gave so lavishly of her life and sinew that there is to-day more real New England blood beyond the Alleghanies than along the Atlantic coast line. Thus she helped to develop the republic from the little colonial strip that edged the Atlantic to the great nation that stretches across the continent. For Rutland in Massachusetts was the cradle of the West, and when Rufus Putnam launched the second *Mayflower* he started the republic on its far-reaching career of possession, prosperity, and power.

HOW THE CODFISH CAME TO THE STATE- HOUSE.

WHEN Captain John Smith, the "discoverer" of Pocahontas and "Admiral of New England," first sailed into Massachusetts waters, he came a-fishing, and had such good luck that he returned to England with a fare of forty thousand cod,—whereupon he told the usual "fish story," for he declared he had caught sixty thousand.

The fame of those fishing grounds spread so quickly that soon after, as Captain Smith himself records, "thirty or forty sail went yearly into those waters to trade and fish."

For generations the codfishery of the New England waters had been known to the hardy sea folk of western Europe. It was the codfishery of the Massachusetts bays and banks that drew the attention and determined the settlement of the Pilgrims of Plymouth; it was the fishermen of Cape Ann who saved those same Plymouth Pilgrims from starvation; and the monopoly of the codfishery of Massachusetts was the object of the English syndicate from which grew the Massachusetts Company and the settlement of Boston.

Within ten years after the beginnings of Boston her merchants were sending across the sea to England

annually three hundred thousand dried codfish; and so prominent a factor was the codfish in the growth and development of early Massachusetts that, in the year 1639, the General Court exempted from taxation "all estates" engaged in the fish business, and excused from militia duty all fishermen and shipbuilders.

The fishing fleets of Gloucester and Salem and Marblehead, of Boston and Barnstable and Falmouth, laid the basis for the money-making commerce of Massachusetts, while, at the beginning of the Revolution, Nantucket alone had a fishing fleet of one hundred and fifty sail, with twenty-five hundred seamen, and contributed each year to the wealth of Massachusetts eight hundred thousand dollars.

From all this it is easy to understand why the fisheries were called the "gold mines of Massachusetts." And as men will risk all for that which brings them their living and their profit, it was for their fishing rights and their fishing trade that the men of Massachusetts were ever ready to struggle in politics, or, if need be, to fight in war.

It was the fishing rights of Massachusetts that very nearly wrecked the treaty of peace with Great Britain; and only the stubborn persistence of Samuel Adams at home and the set determination of John Adams abroad saved the fisheries of Massachusetts from sacrifice by the other States in Congress, or from destruction by the treaty-makers at Paris. In any battle for right Sam Adams and John, his cousin, could always be found in the van.

In those same revolutionary days there lived in Boston an enterprising merchant and shipowner whose name

was John Rowe. His memory lives in "Rowe's Wharf," familiar to all eastern Massachusetts as one of Boston's landmarks; but his memory deserves to live as that of one who proved himself, so we are assured, "as true a friend to his country as any whose names have reached a greater renown."

He was part owner in one of the objectionable ships upon which was brought to Boston the taxed tea that raised such a tempest. But in a fight for principle no thought of personal gain or loss moved John Rowe.

He made a speech in the Old South Meetinghouse, when all Boston went wild with excitement, one memorable December day in the year 1773. Seven thousand men were in and about that historic meetinghouse, clamoring against tea and taxes, while Sam Adams exhorted them to stand firm but be moderate.

And in his "Old South" speech John Rowe said significantly: "Who knows how tea will mix with salt water?"

There was great applause. Many of his hearers caught the hint; they knew what he meant, and at six o'clock in the evening of that sixteenth day of December, 1773, certain "Sons of Liberty," thinly disguised as Mohawks, rushed down to Griffin's Wharf, and tossed overboard from the ships the hated tea, quickly answering John Rowe's bold question, though at his own expense. But for this loss he cared not. The story has it that he himself was one of the "Indians," but this is not certain. At any rate, his loss was liberty's gain. That tea, at least, was so well salted that its memory is preserved for all time.



How the fishermen of Massachusetts proved themselves on the battlefields of the Revolution you have read in the story of John Glover and his men. Their training for this test of courage was undisputed. Even in the Parliament of England, that great orator Edmund Burke, seeking to prevent war with the colonies, had pictured the hardihood and bravery of the fishermen of Massachusetts.

“No sea,” he said, “but is vexed with their fisheries, no climate that is not witness to their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise ever carried this most perilous mode of hardy industry to the extent to which it has been pushed by

this recent people,—a people who are still, as it were, but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood.”

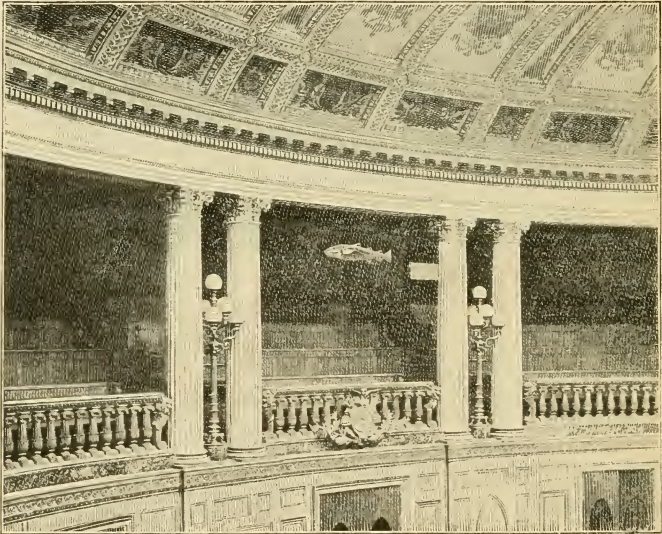
They were to “harden into the bone of manhood” by the sacrifice of revolution and the harsh shock of war. We know now how the fishermen and farmers of Massachusetts precipitated the Revolution on the fields of Middlesex and at the battle of Bunker Hill.

And when victory at last came, when the independence of America was won, and, in the year 1784, across the seas in Paris, brave John Adams, in the teeth of British opposition and French indifference, saved the fisheries of Massachusetts for the people of Massachusetts, to whom they meant so much,—then it was that John Rowe rose in his place in the Great and General Court, of which he was a member, and moved that “leave might be given to hang up the representation of a codfish in the room where the House sits, as a memorial of the importance of the codfishery to the welfare of the commonwealth;” and “leave” was unanimously given.

Then Captain John Welch, of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery, carved out of a solid block of wood a great codfish, four feet and eleven inches long,—big enough even to satisfy Captain John Smith’s fish stories. And when it was painted it was duly suspended in the representatives’ chamber in the Statehouse at the head of State Street, and John Rowe paid the bill.

So the codfish came to the Statehouse of Massachusetts, and in the Statehouse it has staid to this day, suspended either above or facing the Speaker’s chair.

When, in 1798, the Great and General Court removed from the old Statehouse on State Street to the new Statehouse on Beacon Hill, the codfish went too. And when, after ninety-seven years, the demand came for more room, and the representatives moved into a stately apartment in the enlarged and renovated Statehouse, the codfish, wrapped in the Stars and Stripes, was borne



to the new chamber, where it hangs in an honored place opposite the Speaker's chair and between the emblazoned names of Massachusetts's greatest historians,—Motley and Parkman.

Humble and homely though it may be, that simple, democratic codfish is an emblem of Massachusetts bravery, endurance, and skill. Nothing about the grand

Statehouse on the hill is more interesting, nothing is more suggestive.

“It tells,” so said the grandson of that stout-hearted John Adams who won the victory of the codfish in the court of France, “of commerce, war, diplomacy,—of victories won by Massachusetts in all three fields. It symbolizes the sources of our original wealth, the nursery of those mariners who manned the gun decks of our frigates, our issues and struggles with England.”

Into the second of these struggles with England did the “followers of the codfish” sail to victory in the War of 1812.

To that leaderless war with Great Britain Massachusetts was determinedly opposed. It meant destruction of her commerce, stagnation of her industries, privation for her people. The fisheries were abandoned; the farmers and mechanics felt the tightening pressure of the cruel embargo that closed their ports and held their ships rotting at their wharfs. Massachusetts cried out bitterly, and some hot-heads would have turned protest into secession; but the wisdom of leaders and the common sense of the people prevailed, and Massachusetts remained loyal and patriotic, though stricken and defenseless.

But in that war Massachusetts, despite her disapproval, bore a noble part. Her sons were in many a land battle; her sailors were in every sea fight; her privateers wrought woe and destruction on the foe. The port of Salem alone sent out forty of these wasps of the ocean to sting and wound.

From the port of Boston sailed the glorious *Consti-*

tution—"Old Ironsides"—to her victory over the *Guerrière*. From Boston, too, sailed the brave Lawrence in the *Chesapeake*, to an honorable defeat and



a glorious death almost within sight of Boston; and though the harbor was blockaded by British cruisers, yet American vessels, manned by American blue-jackets, passed in and out, in open defiance of the foe. From Massachusetts ports frigates and sloops of war, brigs and privateers, went bowling out, to display that prowess on the seas which has ever been the chief glory of the otherwise disastrous War of 1812.

For these victories the knights of the cod line and the trawl have the highest honor; and as a reminder of their dauntless courage and glorious achievements, still in its place in the Statehouse on the hill swings the monster codfish, emblem of the bravery, patriotism, persistence, sacrifice, energy, and skill of the fishermen of Massachusetts.

HOW THE "FARMER OF MARSHFIELD" SAVED THE UNION.

ONE memorable day in the year 1788,—the year in which Massachusetts ratified the Constitution,—a small boy of six, in the little New Hampshire village of Salisbury, made an important purchase. It was a cheap pocket handkerchief, upon which was printed, as was one of the customs years ago, the Constitution of the United States. And that small boy of six read and re-read that Constitution on his handkerchief until he knew it by heart.

Forty-two years later, in the Capitol at Washington, a very grand and impressive-looking man—the senator from Massachusetts—delivered a speech about the Constitution that electrified the world, made his name famous, and saved the Union.

That small boy and that masterly man were one and the same person. His name was Daniel Webster; and from the purchase of that decorated handkerchief came, in time, the salvation of the Union.

For "Webster's boy," as every one in Salisbury called young Daniel Webster, had early learned to study and to revere the Constitution that kept unbroken the Union which was dearer to him than life. And when, in 1830, the clouds gathered, and the action of South Carolina

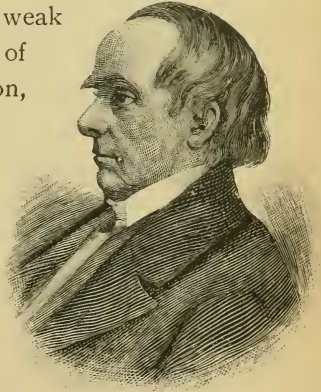
threatened to weaken the Union or throw the States into civil war, when men were uncertain how far the Constitution might permit resistance to the central authority, or how sternly it could compel obedience to the will of the republic, then Daniel Webster spoke.

On the morning of the 26th of January, 1830, Mr. Bell of New Hampshire came to him, and said: "It is a critical moment, and it is time, it is high time, that the people of this country should know what this Constitution is."

"Then, sir," said Mr. Webster, "if that is so, by the blessing of Heaven, they shall learn this day, before the sun goes down, what I understand it to be."

That very day, in the Senate chamber in the Capitol, Daniel Webster told the people of the United States, in words the people have never forgotten, how the Constitution, which had made a weak

American Confederacy into a nation of freemen, denied the right of revolution, secession, or disunion. That Constitution, he said, created an indivisible union; and his assertion, so grandly stated, gained strength with time, became the favorite declamation of American schoolboys, burned its way into the very heart and soul of all true Americans, inspired loyalty and created patriotism, and, thirty years



Daniel Webster.

after, when a greater danger came, a second time did Webster's words save the Union from disruption and overthrow.

Daniel Webster was a child of New Hampshire, itself a child of Massachusetts. For, though its union with Massachusetts was broken in 1680, when it was declared a separate province with a governor of its own, New Hampshire always leaned heavily on the Old Bay colony, whose men had settled it and whose soldiers had defended it, and again and again it petitioned for union with Massachusetts,—that union which did not come until, as one of the thirteen colonies, New Hampshire boldly cast in its lot with Massachusetts, the organizer of revolution, of independence, and of union.

It was even so with Daniel Webster. For, although he made his reputation first as a New Hampshire lawyer, he achieved fame as a Massachusetts man. Removing from Portsmouth in June, 1816, he became a citizen of Boston; and the old city honors the memory of America's greatest orator and statesman by marking with a tablet the building now standing on the site of Daniel Webster's home, while in Marshfield, in "the old colony," the broad acres of marsh and farmland within sound of the restless sea are still visited by patriotic pilgrims who seek the home of Webster.

For that two thousand acre farm in the village of Marshfield was counted by the great American as really his home. He delighted to be known as the "farmer of Marshfield," and even in the most engrossing political moves and successes of his eventful life his heart would turn toward his dearly loved seaside farm, with its broad fields and sturdy trees, its live stock and its crops, its strong, health-giving air, and the unending, inspiring rothe of the sea.

But it was not as the "farmer of Marshfield" so much as the "Expounder of the Constitution" that the republic knew Daniel Webster. No other man explained or expounded it more clearly, none adhered to it more devotedly, believed in it more implicitly, or defended it more grandly. Its central thought—the integrity of the republic and the permanence of American nationality—was the one that gave force and direction to his life, lifted him to fame, and yet led to his downfall.

Daniel Webster earnestly desired to be President of the United States. But it was not this laudable ambition so much as his passionate desire for an undisturbed Union that worked his overthrow. For, laboring to preserve the Union inseparable, he was willing to concede too much to mischief-makers, to agree too readily to unsafe and impossible compromises, to stifle the warnings of his own conscience and the indignant demands of his countrymen. This led him to support, in 1850, the wicked Fugitive Slave Law, rather than lose to the Union the loyalty of the slave States. It was an unwise thing to do; for, instead of helping the Union, it hurt it; and it lost Webster the support of the liberty-loving men of the land and the following of the slavery-hating North, which had before so honored and idolized him.

That loss of popular favor killed him; and though men look now upon his course with calmer and clearer eyes, and hold him guiltless of selfish aims, the commonwealth has never ceased to mourn that the man who so grandly defended Massachusetts in 1830 should have so misjudged or ignored her in 1850.

And yet, the judgment of Webster and the judgment of his fellow-citizens were equally mistaken. History proves the first; those two splendid poems by Whittier, "Ichabod" and "The Lost Occasion," establish the second. Time, after all, is the surest test of sincerity.

But what schoolboy does not know that masterly defense of Massachusetts that opens Daniel Webster's famous reply to Hayne, delivered in the Senate chamber at Washington on the 26th of January, 1830? Its words ring in our ears as grandly as they did in those of our fathers and grandfathers seventy years ago: "Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts. There she is! Behold her and judge for yourselves. There is her history; the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston and Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill,—and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie forever. And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood and full of its original spirit."

There is more in the same lofty strain. Every Massachusetts boy and girl—every American, young or old, in every part of our common country—should know by heart that splendid defense of the Bay State. For it is a part, not of the story of Massachusetts alone, but of American history and American oratory,—the dignified, triumphant opening of what has been called the "greatest speech since Demosthenes."

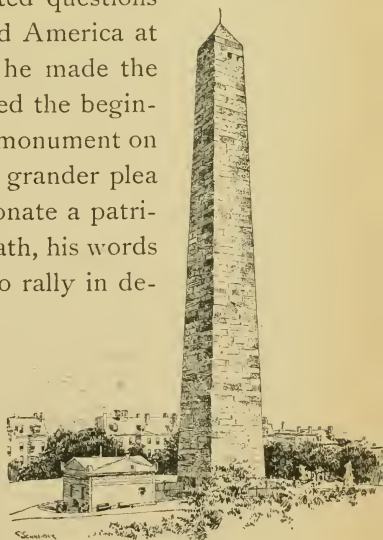
As a lawyer, as an orator, as a politician, as a statesman, as a diplomatist, as an American, Daniel Webster honored Massachusetts as her representative in Congress and the cabinet for nearly thirty years.

Historians tell us that the two greatest triumphs of his life were in oratory and diplomacy,—the matchless reply to Hayne in 1830, and his masterly treaty with Great Britain in 1842. The first saved the Union; the other freed the republic from foreign entanglements and encroachments. But these triumphs were but two items in the list of Daniel Webster's services for Massachusetts and the republic.

He did much for Massachusetts; he did more for America. While he defended and protected the fisheries of Massachusetts, upon which so much of her prosperity depended, he settled the disputed questions of national boundaries, and held America at peace with the world. While he made the two noble orations that celebrated the beginning and the completion of the monument on Bunker Hill, he inspired by his grander plea for an unbroken Union so passionate a patriotism that, ten years after his death, his words led the hosts of loyal America to rally in defense of the Union and the flag.

And that flag! How devoted was his loyalty to it, how enduring his love for it!

For, as he lay dying, in his breezy farmhouse at Marshfield, he would look from his





window, every morning, to catch the flutter of the Stars and Stripes, where, according to his orders, the flag of the Union was to float from its staff until his last breath had passed.

“Let my last feeble and lingering glance,” he had said in that splendid and immortal speech, “behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured.” And so it all happened just as he wished. And thus he died, a loyal son of the republic; thus he lay, guarded by the flag he loved; and one Massachusetts man, who had differed from him, but revered him, called him, as in the majesty of death, banked in flowers, he lay there on his lawn at Marshfield, dead, beneath the autumn

sky, the "grandest figure in Christendom since Charlemagne."

His faults forgotten, his virtues remembered, let every boy and girl in America be proud of the fame, and never indifferent to the labors of America's grandest statesman, Daniel Webster of Massachusetts.

HOW THE "OLD MAN ELOQUENT" WON THE FIGHT.

ON the famous 17th of June, in the year 1775, a prim and precocious small boy of eight stood beside his mother on the top of Penns Hill, in the north parish of Braintree. Across the intervening stretch of blue water he watched the flaming ruins of burning Charlestown, and listened to the sounds of conflict borne down from the battle of Bunker Hill.

A cairn and tablet mark this historic spot, while below, at the foot of the hill, still stands the old farmhouse, preserved by patriotic hands, in which in that time of stress lived this little boy of eight.

He was the son of a remarkable father and a no less remarkable mother. He had early imbibed the belief of his far-seeing father that "all England will be unable to subdue us," and when but nine years old this small patriot galloped, as the family postrider, for news of the evacuation of Boston, eleven miles distant from the Braintree farm.

That precocious small spectator of the battle of Bunker Hill, the victory of Dorchester Heights, and the evacuation of Boston grew to be quite as remarkable as his father and mother. The republic that had made his father President of the United States in time made the

son President also; and on the long roll of American worthies the great nation writes high and boldly, where all the world may read, the name of that noble son of Massachusetts, John Quincy Adams, the sixth President of the United States, son of John Adams and of Abigail his wife.

The memory of those boyish experiences in "the heart of revolution" amid the first struggles for liberty in America never left him. John Quincy Adams was always a liberty-lover, the champion of free speech, the advocate of human rights. He lived to be eighty-one years old, dying actually in the service of the republic, stricken by death on the floor of the Capitol, even as he rose in his place to catch the Speaker's eye.

For it is a singular fact in the life of this untiring and wonderful man that, after filling the highest office in the gift of the people,—that of President of the United States,—he accepted after the close of his Presidency, and in his sixty-fourth year, a nomination to Congress, and for seventeen years served his native State as representative from Massachusetts.

There he made so remarkable a record for ability, zeal, and loyalty to principle that people called him the "Old Man Eloquent." Aflame with the desire for justice and right, he withstood to the bitterest end what he believed to be the unholy aggressions of an unpatriotic section, fighting valiantly and unceasingly for individual liberty and for the privilege of the citizen,—both of which he held to have been the mainspring of that independence for which America had battled when he was but a boy.

As President of the United States John Quincy Adams saw the drift of things. He was wonderfully clear-headed and far-sighted, and he was really the first leader in that long crusade against slavery that only terminated in the smoke and roar of the Civil War, forty years later.

It is well indeed for the boys and girls of Massachusetts to remember—in fact, for all Americans to remember—that the mighty act of Abraham Lincoln that was the turning point of the Civil War and gave the death-blow to slavery—the Emancipation Proclamation—was based upon a declaration made in Congress, in 1836, by John Quincy Adams, to the effect that, in the event of a war between the States, the President of the United States had power to order the universal emancipation of the slaves. For young Abraham Lincoln, the silent but watchful congressman from Illinois, stored in his memory the words of power and wisdom spoken in those stormy days by old John Quincy Adams, the aggressive and eloquent congressman from Massachusetts.

That they were stormy days all who follow the stirring story of John Quincy Adams in his fight for the right of petition soon discover.

“Right of petition” means the right of any American man or woman to present to Congress, through a member of that Congress, a petition for justice, relief, or redress. The petition thus presented is handed to the proper committee for consideration and action.

This right the Constitution of the United States expressly allows. It is one that Massachusetts, from the days of patentees and kings, had strenuously asserted,

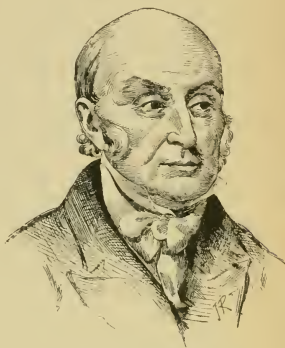
and one which such a man as John Quincy Adams would not see invaded. Congress, indeed, had never before questioned the right, but when the people of Massachusetts began to send in through their representative, Mr. Adams, petitions to limit or abolish negro slavery in the United States, at once there was trouble.

In those days, the majority in Congress favored slavery; the timid or fearful members dared not oppose it; and these all combined to suppress Mr. Adams or crush him by weight of numbers. But they did not know

their man. John Quincy Adams would not be suppressed. He would not stay crushed. Again and again he presented his petitions, only to be refused a hearing; at last he claimed his right to be heard under the law.

Then Congress set to work to make a law that should shut him off. This was called the "gag law," or "speech-smothering resolution," because it sought to stop all reference to slavery in Congress by a law the last clause of which declared that "all petitions, memorials, resolutions, propositions, or papers relating in any way or to any extent whatever to the subject of slavery, or the abolition of slavery, shall, without being either printed or referred, be laid upon the table, and that no further action whatever shall be had thereon."

This law, you see, would "gag," or choke off, any petition that might be offered, and clearly invaded the right granted by the Constitution.



John Quincy Adams.

But if Congress thought this law would "gag" or silence John Quincy Adams, they speedily discovered their mistake. It was the gauntlet thrown down for fight, as in the old days of the knights; and John Quincy Adams, leaping into the lists, picked it up as the champion of civil rights.

"I hold the resolution to be a violation of the Constitution," he shouted to the hostile Congress, "of the right of petition of my constituents and of the people of the United States, and of my right to free speech as a member of this house."

Then the fight began in earnest. The opponents of slavery in all parts of the Union recognized that this Massachusetts congressman, once President of the United States, was the leader of the opposition, and they flooded him with petitions against slavery, every one of which he duly presented, only to be shut off by the gag law, even before he could finish reading the title of the petition.

For months the unequal struggle went on. Nothing could turn the purpose or break the will of this stubborn old man. Alone, unsupported, indifferent to abuse, threat, or censure, he held his own until, by sheer pluck and indomitable courage, he won first the respect and then the admiration of men.

"If the gentleman," he said, one day, when the threat of arrest and punishment was flung at him, "thinks to frighten me from my purpose, he has mistaken his man. I am not to be intimidated by him, nor by all the grand juries in the universe."

There are battles more bitter than Lexington, more

stubborn than Bunker Hill, fought with the weapons of principle, justice, and right, upon whose issue the progress of the world depends. Such a battle did John Quincy Adams fight alone in the halls of Congress.

His unyielding position challenged the admiration even of his foes. It won anew the honor and respect of the people of Massachusetts, who saw their champion waging for them a seemingly hopeless battle. They welcomed him home with speech and song, and showed their appreciation of his heroic stand by re-electing him to Congress again and again, that he might continue the fight.

He did continue it. Again and again did he present the obnoxious petitions, only to see them cast aside; again and again did he move the rescinding of the un-American gag law, only to be voted down.

But while holding his adversaries at bay he was creating public sentiment. Men began to see that it was something more than stubbornness, something higher than the mere love of a contest, that was holding him to a set purpose. As they grew to believe him right, the majorities in support of the gag law grew less and less, until at last, in 1844, after fully eight years of his struggle for principle, Congress supported his motion to rescind the gag law, and the law was defeated by a vote of one hundred and eight to eighty. John Quincy Adams had won his fight. The right of petition was established, the freedom of speech was maintained, and the weary old victor wrote in his famous diary: "Blessed, forever blessed, be the name of God."

Four years after, the Old Man Eloquent died in

harness, in the very place where so much of his busy life had been spent. To-day, on the floor of the Capitol at Washington, visitors are shown a metallic circle set in the marble floor, to mark the spot where John Quincy Adams was stricken with death; and Massachusetts enshrines forever the memory of the "two Adamses,"—honored father and honored son.

HOW THE YOUNG KNIGHT OF FREEDOM LED THE CRUSADE.

IN the very year and month in which, in the Congress of the United States, valiant old John Quincy Adams was fighting his sturdiest for that right of petition which was the privilege and birthright of every American, a young knight of freedom, in Faneuil Hall in Boston, buckled on his armor and fought as gallantly as ever did champion of old, and against overwhelming odds. It is one of the dramatic scenes in American history.

His name was Wendell Phillips. Rich, handsome, well-born, highly educated, refined, a gifted and cultured son of the "bluest blood" of the Old Bay State, this young Boston lawyer, but newly married and with a splendid future prophesied for him by a host of admiring friends, strolled into Faneuil Hall one December day in the year 1837, drawn there partly by curiosity and partly by interest.

An antislavery man had been murdered in Illinois. A martyr to the right of free speech, because he dared to speak out against a negro-burning mob, Elijah P. Lovejoy, a New England minister, had been brutally killed by a mob in Alton. Lovers of free speech in Boston protested against this act of barbarism. They

called for an indignation meeting in Faneuil Hall, that historic "cradle of liberty," and when the meeting was held the old hall was crowded. Some of the throng were in sympathy with the object of the meeting, but more were opposed; for in 1837 even Boston was not favorable to "agitators and abolitionists," as all were called who dared speak out against slavery.

William Ellery Channing, well styled the "apostle of liberty," offered resolutions condemning the Alton mob, and pleading for free speech and a free press. But the attorney-general of Massachusetts opposed the resolution, and made a speech that captured the crowd. He said that to free the negro was like letting loose the hyena, that the mob which murdered Lovejoy was as patriotic as that which threw overboard the tea in Boston harbor, and he cast sneers and gibes at those who dared to stand against slavery.

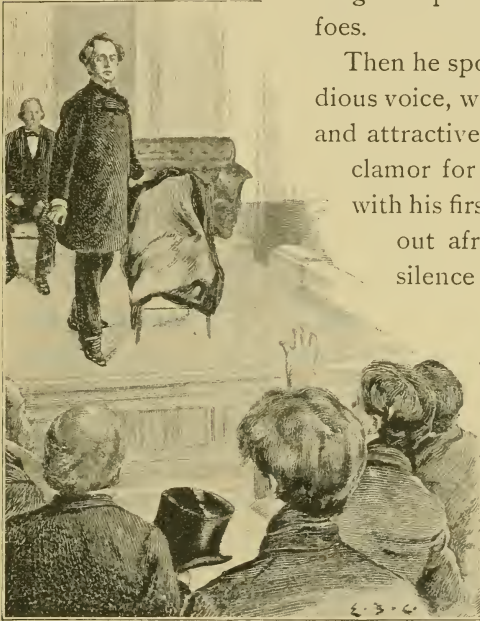
His supporters applauded wildly. The wavering and uncertain stamped to the popular side. The friends of free speech were left in a sad minority, expecting to see Dr. Channing's resolutions voted down, and censure turned into glorification.

Young Wendell Phillips, with no thought of speaking, stood on the crowded floor, watchful and interested; his sympathies went out toward the losing side of freedom. Could no one sway that throng and bring it back to reason, justice, and right?

Suddenly the inspiration came to him to attempt that very thing,—to strike one blow for freedom, and champion the cause of the defeated and oppressed. Without a moment's hesitation, he leaped to the stage,

flung aside his overcoat, and faced that shouting, swaying, unfriendly mass.

Calm-faced, clear-eyed, dignified, unruffled, determined, he stood an instant,—the very picture of a young knight superbly fronting his foes.



Then he spoke. His melodious voice, wonderful in tone and attractiveness, stilled the clamor for an instant, but with his first words it broke out afresh, seeking to silence him. But he

would not be silenced, and then he made a speech such as had not been heard in Boston since the day when James Otis, in the historic

old Statehouse, flamed out for revolution, and lighted the path for Massachusetts to resistance and liberty.

“The drunken murderers of Lovejoy compared to those patriot fathers who threw the tea overboard!” he exclaimed. “Fellow-citizens, is this Faneuil Hall doctrine? The mob at Alton were met to wrest from a citizen his just rights,—met to resist the laws. We have been told that our fathers did the same. . . . Our

State archives are loaded with arguments of John Adams to prove taxes laid by the British Parliament unconstitutional,—beyond its power. It was not till this was made out that the men of New England rushed to arms. . . . To draw the conduct of our ancestors into a precedent for malice, for a right to resist laws we ourselves have enacted, is an insult to their memory. . . . Sir, when I heard the gentleman lay down principles which place the murderers of Alton side by side with Otis and Hancock, with Quincy and Adams, I thought those pictured lips” (here he pointed to the portraits in the hall) “would have broken into voice to rebuke the recreant American, the slanderer of the dead!”

The hall rang with cheers. The doubters rallied again to the side of right. Mob law was in the minority. The young knight’s lance had shivered the attorney-general’s shield. Then he ran at his antagonist full tilt, and unhorsed him with this splintering charge:

“The gentleman said he should sink into insignificance if he condescended to gainsay the principles of these resolutions. For the sentiments he has uttered, on soil consecrated by the prayers of Puritans and the blood of patriots, the earth should have yawned and swallowed him up!”

The supporters of the overthrown attorney-general rallied to his aid. With yells and howls, and force of fist and elbow, they endeavored to create a riot and break up the meeting. But their shouts were drowned in the cheers of the increasing majority; their efforts toward force were quelled; and when again that calm, convinc-

ing voice fell upon their ears, even the hostile cries were hushed as hostile ears drank in the compelling words:

“Imprudent to defend the liberty of the press! Why? Because the defense was unsuccessful? Does success gild crime into patriotism, and want of it change heroic self-devotion to independence? . . . With what scorn would that Tory have been received who, after the battle of Bunker Hill, should have charged Warren with imprudence! Who should have said that, bred as a physician, he was ‘out of place’ in the battle, and ‘died as the fool dieth’!” (Both of these things the attorney-general had charged against Lovejoy.) “But if success be, indeed, the only criterion of prudence, wait till the end.”

Thus he went on, while the crowded hall hung upon his words. But when he boldly asserted that the principle for which Lovejoy died was above even that which provoked the Revolution—taxation without representation—the smoldering disapproval of the mob burst into flame, and again the brave young fighter stood at bay.

“One word, gentlemen,” he said, waving back the disturbance. “As much as thought is better than money, so much is the cause in which Lovejoy died nobler than a mere question of taxes. James Otis thundered in this hall when the king did but touch his pocket. Imagine, if you can, his indignant eloquence had England offered to put a gag upon his lips.”

Again the hall rang with cheers, and hostility sank, baffled, while the young orator proceeded.

“The question that stirred the Revolution,” he said, “touched our civil interests. *This* concerns us not only

as citizens, but as immortal beings. Wrapped up in its fate, saved or lost with it, are not only the voice of the statesman, but the instruction of the pulpit and the progress of our faith."

How true a prophet was this miracle-made young orator the future was to show. For wrapped up in the cause that he so fearlessly championed were the life of the republic and the test of patriotism.

Thus he fought on to a finish, with one last spear thrust carrying away the prize for which he had sprung into the lists.

"I am glad, sir," he said, "to see this crowded house. It is good for us to be here. When liberty is in danger, Faneuil Hall has the right, it is her duty, to strike the keynote for these United States. I am glad, for one reason, that remarks such as those to which I have alluded have been uttered here. The passage of these resolutions, in spite of this opposition led by the attorney-general of the commonwealth, will show more clearly, more decisively, the deep indignation with which Boston regards this outrage."

He closed amid a storm of applause. The chairman put the resolutions; they were carried by an overwhelming vote. The young knight of freedom had won his spurs in an unequal fight, and the fame of Wendell Phillips as an orator was laid in that wonderful and magnetic victory.

He championed a weak, unpopular, detested cause; for the people woke but slowly to the real wickedness of a condition with which they had always been familiar, and which had existed in America from earliest years.

To be sure, Massachusetts recognized almost in its very beginning the injustice of slavery. Section 91 of the "Body of Liberties," adopted by the Massachusetts Bay colony in 1641, expressly decreed that "there shall never be any bond slavery, villanage, or captivity among us, unless it be lawful captives taken in just wars;" and a certain enterprising sea captain who had brought over a cargo of captured Africans as a speculation was imprisoned, while the kidnaped negroes were at once sent home at the colony's expense.

But the chances for money-making in this unlawful pursuit, and the existence of slavery in other colonies, proved too much for the enterprising Yankee of the Bay colony; in 1700 the slave trade was a recognized Boston industry, and slavery was permitted in Massachusetts.

But the Puritan conscience was against it; the custom of slaveholding was not really suited to Massachusetts soil; it gradually declined, and when the new State of Massachusetts was formed, the courts held that this first article in the Constitution of Massachusetts abolished slavery in the State: "All men are born free and equal, and have certain natural, essential, and unalienable rights; among which may be reckoned the right of enjoying and defending their lives and liberties."

So died slavery in Massachusetts. But when the agitation for its abolition in all the States of the Union was begun, people were slow to respond. They thought it looked too much like interfering in their neighbors' business, and no American likes to do that.

But gradually the people of Massachusetts grew to think more seriously about this increasing evil, and to feel

that if slavery were a blot on the fair name of America, all the States had equal interest in having the stain removed.

The cause of abolition enlisted the sympathies of many wise and good and justice-loving people; but so, too, was it espoused by unwise, fanatical, and reckless folk. These gave it a bad name; but it grew, in spite of its overzealous friends, and triumphed finally, not from the acts of the fanatic, but because of the stern and determined stand taken by the conservative men of

the republic,—men who, like Abraham Lincoln, saw that slavery was sapping the strength of the nation, and so, when the time came, put an end to it.

But in that stern, unceasing, bitter, and relentless fight against slavery Massachusetts led, because Massachusetts stood for and was pledged to equal rights.

And in the van, fighting ever with his face toward the foe, often far outstripping his fellow-soldiers,



Wendell Phillips in the doorway of his old home in Essex Street.

"In this house Ann and I lived for more than forty years — 1882.

"WENDELL PHILLIPS."

was the young knight of freedom who won his spurs in Faneuil Hall—Wendell Phillips of Boston.

Fearless, though often hot-headed; valiant, though often relentless; with a tongue that was as sharp as a sword, and a wit that was as ready as a spear; often doing things that those who admired him could not approve; defeated, but never dispirited; cast down, but never dismayed; fighting, fighting, fighting still, until he grew gray in the service,—at last Wendell Phillips saw victory perch upon the banners of his hope, and freedom established in America.

And when, at last, the work begun by Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation was completed by the Fifteenth Amendment, under Grant, in 1870, Wendell Phillips telegraphed to a friend who had fought beside him in that forty years' war:

“Let me exchange congratulations with you. Our long work is sealed at last. The nation proclaims equal liberty. To-day is its real birthday. *‘Io! Triomphe!’* Thank God.”

Thereupon the American Antislavery Society, of which Wendell Phillips was president, died because it had nothing to do. Following the dauntless lead of Wendell Phillips, it had fought its way to victory; then it dissolved. And Massachusetts had been the bone and sinew of that famous organization.

“When I read a sublime fact in Plutarch,” said Phillips, at the final meeting of his society, “an unselfish deed in a line of poetry, or thrill beneath some heroic legend, it is no longer fairyland; I have seen it matched.”

“Wolfe died in the arms of victory,” Charles Sumner

of Massachusetts wrote to him, "and such is the fortune of your noble society."

To-day in Essex Street, Boston, a tablet marks the site of the home of Wendell Phillips—the brave Bostonian who championed an unpopular cause and turned protest into victory.

And the republic, now that the strife is past and old sores are healed, forgets the faults and errors of those stirring days, and, recognizing the fervor of the reformer rather than of the fanatic, thanks God alike for Wendell Phillips, the Antislavery Society, and the firm front of Massachusetts.

HOW THE HIGH SHERIFF'S PROPHECY CAME TRUE.

THE high sheriff of Suffolk County in the commonwealth of Massachusetts, as became such a high official of that State, believed in three things,—law, liberty, and order. Two things he hated above all others,—rum and slavery. One thing he was pledged to absolutely,—equal rights for all.

And when he saw how the error of ownership in men was stirring the people of the land to wrangling and strife, he looked down upon his solemn little nine-year-old son and said to him solemnly: "Some day our children's heads will be broken on this slavery question."

How really prophetic this utterance of the high sheriff of Suffolk was history has recorded. It came true with startling nearness to his own flesh and blood. It was his son who, thirty-six years after, was to make that prophecy true, as on the floor of Congress he fell stricken down, his head literally broken by the champion of the cause which father and son alike had battled. For the high sheriff of Suffolk County in the commonwealth of Massachusetts, in the year 1820, was Charles Pinckney Sumner, and his nine-year-old son was that Charles Sumner whom men now honor as the

foremost statesman of the Civil War period, the great senator from Massachusetts.

He was the schoolmate and college mate of Wendell Phillips. Like Phillips, handsome and well-bred, a scion of the "blue blood" of Boston,—like Phillips, too, a brilliant lawyer, a powerful speaker, and a logical thinker,—he might have made himself selfishly rich in his profession. Instead, he preferred principle to profit, and his first public appearance, in 1846, was at Faneuil Hall, like that of Wendell Phillips, at a meeting presided over by that heroic old champion of equal rights, John Quincy Adams, to protest against sending back into slavery a captured fugitive slave.



Charles Sumner.

"Freedom is national; slavery is sectional." That was the central thought of all Charles Sumner's splendid utterances. It was the truth he proclaimed for forty years. It was the keynote to the first articles he published in 1841, to the first speech he made in Congress, and to all the appeals and arguments, the orations, speeches, and public acts, that filled his days from that first speech in Faneuil Hall to the final triumph of the cause he so nobly championed.

But that devotion to principle made the prophecy of his father, the high sheriff of Suffolk, come true, and well-nigh wrought his death.

In Massachusetts the opposition to the extension of slavery in the republic broke in pieces the old Whig

party, which succeeded to Sam Adams's Revolutionary party and George Washington's Federalist party, and which was said to take its odd name from the first four letters of its motto: "We Hope In God." Out of some of these pieces was formed first the Liberty party of 1840, and then, in 1848, the Free-soil party—the forerunners of the great Republican party that came into power with Abraham Lincoln.

This Free-soil party Charles Sumner helped to form. It sent him to Congress as a senator from Massachusetts in 1850, and kept him there until the day of his death, long after the Free-soilers had become Republicans.

In Congress he represented Massachusetts grandly; but still more did he represent liberty and that growing conscience of the republic which finally proclaimed equal rights to all. He was no extremist, like Wendell Phillips, who was sometimes very nearly a fanatic in his actions as an agitator, and said things unwise and seemingly unpatriotic. Charles Sumner was, above all, an American, and so true and high-reaching an American that often his own countrymen misunderstood and misjudged him, because he was restless under anything that seemed to limit American ideals or stain American honor. His faith was founded on the Declaration of Independence; his desire was a right reading of the Constitution.

So at forty Charles Sumner became a senator of the United States. A grand and impressive figure, his very first speech was the expression of his belief: "Freedom is national; slavery is sectional."

For sixteen years he kept that truth before his col-

leagues and the country, defying in an unfriendly Senate the whole force of the slavery power.

He stood his ground manfully. Nothing dismayed, nothing disheartened him. Unruffled by detraction, unharmed by sarcasm, unmoved by threats, he maintained his position, and kept up the fight, stern, solid, unyielding, determined, a strong and sure bulwark of the cause he championed,—“the noblest contribution made by Boston and Massachusetts to the antislavery cause,” as has well been said.

Those were the days of arrangement and compromise, when less determined men than Wendell Phillips and Charles Sumner were ready to do anything, concede anything, to avoid trouble. And thus the South got all the benefits, and slavery grew.

But when at last, in violation of constitutional rights and solemn agreements, it was attempted to settle the newly organized Territory of Kansas as a slave State, then Charles Sumner boldly threw down the gage of battle, with the life of Kansas as the prize. “The issue is before us,” he exclaimed, with an earnestness that aroused both friend and foe. “To every man in the land it says with clear, penetrating voice: ‘Are you for freedom or are you for slavery?’”

Massachusetts was deeply interested in this now historic event,—the settlement of Kansas. The free-men of the commonwealth determined to make the new Territory a free State. Colonization societies were formed, and emigration and colonization schemes were fostered.

While Massachusetts, with men and money, was help-

ing the cause of freedom in Kansas, Charles Sumner in Congress was doing his part by argument, speech, and vote.

His efforts culminated in his famous two-day speech, in May, 1856, known from its subject as the "Crime against Kansas."

It depicted in strong, unsparing language the wrong against freedom wrought by the slave power in America, especially in the new Territory of Kansas, solemnly pledged to freedom. The speech was pitiless in its invectives and personalities,—“the severe and awful truth which the sharp agony of the nation demanded,” said the gentle but determined and liberty-loving Whittier.

It told the truth; it was unanswerable. It was not answered by words; but one Preston S. Brooks of South Carolina, who was a member of the House of Representatives, and a relative of one whom Sumner had there personally arraigned, was stung to madness by the speech of the Massachusetts senator, and vowed vengeance. He strode into the Senate cham-



ber, and, while Sumner sat bent over his desk, absorbed in letter-writing, Brooks fell upon him, and with a heavy cane savagely and relentlessly beat the unprotected man over the head until, stunned and bleeding, Charles Sumner fell senseless to the floor.

Thus was the high sheriff's prophecy fulfilled. But Kansas became a free State. May Kansas never forget at what a cost to Massachusetts her birthright was assured!

Sumner, after years of untold agony and suffering, recovered. But the blow that struck him down awoke the whole land to action, and started the movement toward protest and assertion that finally crowned with triumph the long struggle for equal rights.

The attack on Charles Sumner stirred Massachusetts to its center. Indignation meetings were held throughout the commonwealth, and, as was said by Henry Wilson, the other Massachusetts senator, and later Vice-President of the United States, "Of the twelve hundred thousand people of Massachusetts, you cannot find in the State one thousand, administration officeholders included, who do not look with loathing and execration upon the outrage on the person of their senator and the honor of their State." Massachusetts at once voted to assume all the expenses of its great senator's illness; but Sumner, when he heard of this action, as promptly declined the honor. "Whatever Massachusetts can give," he said, "let it all go to suffering Kansas."

Charles Sumner, during his torturing illness, was overwhelmingly reelected to the Senate; and during his four years of absence his vacant seat was Massachusetts's

eloquent testimony to his sacrifice; for the great senator, as Tacitus said of a similar vacant seat in the Senate of old Rome, "was the more conspicuous because not there."

But he returned at last to do valiant service. And for fourteen years longer, until his death in 1874, he stood boldly for Massachusetts as her most honored senator, the sagest head—saving always the mighty Lincoln—in the councils of the nation which he had, at such a cost, helped into greatness and freedom as the wisest, noblest, grandest champion of the equality of man before the law.

HOW GOVERNOR JOHN ANDREW TOOK THINGS IN HAND.

IN the year 1861 a chubby, curly-headed little man took the executive chair as governor of Massachusetts. His name was John Albion Andrew.

With neither the personal presence of Charles Sumner, the commanding grace of Wendell Phillips, nor the magnetic eloquence of either, he had ever been as earnest a worker in behalf of freedom, and had shown himself the friend of the broken, the dispirited, and the oppressed, and an intense lover of the Union, "one and indivisible," but free.

In face and form he did not suggest the hero; he was more like Pickwick than like Pericles; and when he was elected governor of that commonwealth whose long array of chief magistrates, from John Hancock and Samuel Adams to Edward Everett and Nathaniel Prentiss Banks, had been men of dignity, force, and ability, those who had voted for him with hesitation feared lest he prove unsafe as a radical reformer or wanting in executive ability.

They speedily discovered their mistake. That little man in the governor's chair towered over all his predecessors as a giant in ability, "the safest pilot that ever weathered a storm."

Even when he entered office as governor of Massachusetts that storm was gathering fast, and John Albion Andrew was one of the first to discover it. The friction between the North and the South over the question of slavery and the maintenance of the Union, which began with John Quincy Adams of Massachusetts in the Congress of 1836, and culminated with Charles Sumner of Massachusetts in the Congress of 1856, became unendurable in 1861. One by one, the States of the South seceded, Sumter was fired upon, the war for the Union began.

Of the sixteen famous and remarkable American "war governors" who upheld the hands of the general government through those four terrible years of civil war, none is more famous or was more remarkable than John Albion Andrew, the twenty-first governor of Massachusetts.

The bursting of the storm found him preparing. He was inaugurated on the 5th of January, 1861, and that very day he sent confidential messengers to the governors of the other New England States, prophesying war, and urging united and immediate military preparations. On the 16th of January he ordered that the ranks of the State militia be filled with able-bodied men, "prepared for any emergency which may arise," and on the 1st of February the State legislature, compelled by the governor's urgency, voted an "emergency fund" of one hundred thousand dollars, and authorized him to organize and equip as many military companies and regiments "as the public exigency may require."

Though men smiled at their governor's "rush," and

scouted his idea of war, that exigency was not far off. It came, at last, with the attack on Fort Sumter on the



12th of April, 1861, and the call of the President, on the 15th of April, for seventy-five thousand volunteers to defend the Union.

The volunteers of Massachusetts were ready. During the months of uncertainty, while others were waiting, Governor Andrew was acting. The militia was strengthened; defenses were investigated; blankets, cartridges, and knapsacks for two thousand troops were secured; overcoats were purchased (and for a long time these infantry overcoats were called "Andrew's overcoats"); correspondence was kept up; a secret message cipher was arranged; and quick routes to Washington were studied and selected.

The governor's proclamation followed close upon that of the President, and when, on the 15th of April, two

regiments were telegraphed for from Washington, four, on the 16th, were ordered to muster on Boston Common.

They responded at once,—Captain Allen's company from Abington, three companies of the Eighth from Marblehead, Captain Richardson's company from Cambridge (the first recruits of the war), Captain Devereaux's company from Salem, Captain Dike's company from Stoneham, with Captain Pratt's battalion of rifles and Captain Sampson's Boston company. These were first on the ground, and, a storm preventing the muster on the Common, they made their headquarters, as was most fitting, at Faneuil Hall. Others followed fast, and on the 17th three regiments were hurried south: first, in the afternoon, the Fourth by steamer to Fortress Monroe; an hour later the Sixth, by rail, to Washington; and, during the night the Third, by steamer, to Fortress Monroe. The Eighth followed, by rail, on the 18th; and so vigorous was the governor's action, and so well laid his plans, that, in an incredibly short time, out from peaceful Massachusetts and her fourteen counties went nearly four thousand officers and men, volunteers for three months' service, hurrying "on to Washington."

"It was these militia regiments, and such as these," says Colonel Higginson, "that saved the nation during that first period of peril."

Of these earliest departures, the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, commanded by Colonel Jones of Pepperell, was the first armed regiment to reach Washington, the first to shed its blood in the cause of the Union, the first to become famous. The whole land knows the story of the attack on the Sixth Massachusetts at Baltimore,

where, on the 19th of April, 1861,—a day historic in the Bay State's Revolutionary story,—four Massachusetts soldiers were killed and thirty-six wounded by the mob of the Baltimore streets. It was the first blood of the Civil War, and well did Massachusetts avenge it. But when, thirty-seven years after, that same Sixth Regiment of Massachusetts volunteers again marched through Baltimore to join the soldiers of the South on the mission of liberty and redemption for Cuba, the streets of the beautiful city resounded with cheers of welcome and cries of brotherhood. Much can happen in thirty-seven years, but no more significant happening was ever recorded than Baltimore's shouts of welcome in 1898 to the regiment whom she had met with blows and curses in 1861.

In all those four years of woeful civil war the State of Massachusetts sent to the defense of the Union, as her contribution to the armies and navy of the United States, one hundred and sixty thousand men. Every city and town in the State filled its quota whenever the President called for troops,—in fact, the returns show that sixteen thousand more men than were called for were enlisted in Massachusetts.

Promptness in the field, a high standard of fighting men, freedom from unsoldierly actions, an excess of volunteers over the government quota, men toughened into tireless soldiers, and officers developed into such able leaders as Lowell and Bartlett and Banks and Devens and Miles,—this was the record of Massachusetts in the field; and for it John Albion Andrew, "a governor who appreciated the situation," was largely responsible.

Equally responsible, too, was he for the energy and reliability of the commonwealth. No one man can be responsible for the patriotism of a people schooled to that high duty by Revolutionary traditions, or for a public opinion founded upon an ardent love of liberty; but for the practical development of that public opinion, and the right direction of that patriotism, Governor John Andrew was peculiarly fitted, and right gallantly did he take things in hand.

Under his direction and the inspiration of their cause, the soldiers fought, the people gave. Out of her State treasury Massachusetts contributed to the expenses of the war twenty-eight millions of dollars, not counting the expenditures of the cities and towns; she paid in gold all the interest of her debt incurred for war purposes; she kept her credit unimpaired, and her name high for honor, integrity, and loyalty, upholding by the patience, endurance, and desire of her citizens the hands of their great war governor, and of their sons and fathers who, on land and sea, were fighting the battles of the Union.

The chubby little war governor had done his duty nobly. He had become a great, an historic figure. Watchful ever, restless in his energy, tireless in his activity, putting forth all his powers for the great cause that was battling for its life, writing thousands of letters, meeting extraordinary expenses, and never sparing his own pocket, Governor John Andrew threw himself, heart and soul, into the task of strengthening the federal government and helping it on toward victory.

And when victory came at last, when, in the State-house on the hill, the home-coming regiments delivered

into the custody of the governor of the State the flags they had so valiantly borne through the four dreadful battle years, who so happy as Governor Andrew? He received, on behalf of the State of Massachusetts, those stained and tattered battle flags, "to be sacredly preserved forever in the archives of the commonwealth, as grand emblems of the heroic services and patriotic devotion to liberty and union of one hundred and forty thousand of her dead and living sons."

So ran the order of "his Excellency, John A. Andrew, governor and commander in chief."

Up the street to the Statehouse, bearing their colors, marched four thousand of the veterans of the Old Bay State. It was upon a most appropriate day,—the 22d of

December, 1865, the two hundred and forty-fifth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims of Plymouth,—a typical and a fitting day; and in the presence of a host of spectators the governor received the colors.

"It is, sir," said General Couch, who led the returning volunteers, "a peculiar satisfaction



and pleasure to us that you, who have been an honor to the State and nation, from your marked patriotism and fidelity throughout the war, and have been identified with every organization before you, are now to receive back, as the State custodian of her precious relics, these emblems of the devotion of her sons. May it please your Excellency, the colors of the Massachusetts volunteers are returned to the State."

The drums rolled, the bugles blew the salute to the flag, and the governor received the colors.

"General," he said, "this pageant, so full of pathos and of glory, forms the concluding scene in the long series of visible actions and events, in which Massachusetts has borne a part, for the overthrow of rebellion and the vindication of the Union. . . . Proud memories of many a field, sweet memories alike of valor and friendship, sad memories of fraternal strife, tender memories of our fallen brothers and sons whose dying eyes looked last upon their flaming folds, grand memories of heroic virtues sublimed by grief, exultant memories of the great and final victory of our country, our Union, and the righteous cause, thankful memories of a deliverance wrought out for human nature itself, unexampled by any former achievement of arms, immortal memories with immortal honors blended,—all twine round these splintered staves, weave themselves along the warp and woof of these familiar flags, war-worn, begrimed, and baptized with blood. . . . I accept these relics in behalf of the people and the government. They will be preserved and cherished, amid all the vicissitudes of the future, as mementos of brave men and noble actions."

And to-day, in the noble rotunda of the Statehouse, upon the clustered battle flags, "sacredly preserved," looks down the portrait of that man of the hour from whose hands they came and to whom they returned, the man who took things in hand at a ticklish time, and did his duty nobly, unflinchingly, and completely,—John Albion Andrew, the great "war governor" of Massachusetts.

"Forewarned is forearmed;" that was Governor John Andrew's motto in 1861. How practical a one it was this story of the Old Bay State's efficiency amid those first cries for succor and defense that came up from the threatened capital has told you; and the lesson of readiness that Governor John Andrew set in 1861 was not forgotten when once again, in 1898, came the call for troops to uphold the republic's stern decree that humanity, not persecution, justice, not tyranny, should control in Cuba.

"Ready," said Governor Roger Wolcott, when the word came for the Massachusetts quota. And so well filled, well drilled, and well equipped were the four regiments of the Massachusetts volunteers selected to answer the first call that, in the first advance on Cuba, largely composed of regular troops, the Second Regiment of Massachusetts volunteer militia was one of the two regiments assigned to a foremost place, simply because it was ready and in prime condition to take part in an active campaign.

Truly the seeds sown by Governor John Andrew, thirty-seven years before, had borne excellent fruit. The Old Bay State, thanks to his teaching, is never to be caught napping.

HOW THE BAY STATE READ THE GOLDEN RULE ANEW.

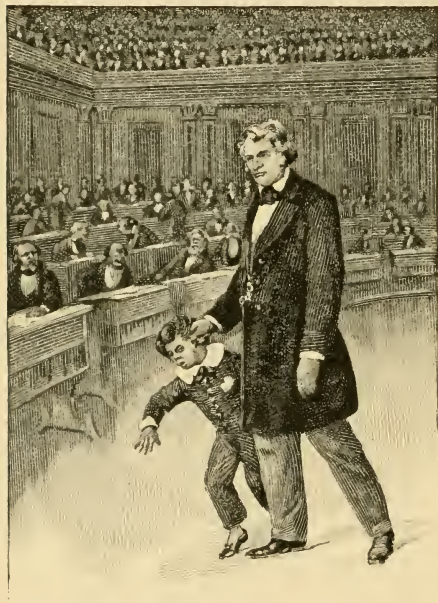
THE great senator paced the floor of the Senate chamber. It was a way he had. Restlessness had become a habit; walking was helpful to thought, and motion was at once ease and rest. For, ever since the brutal blow that struck him down, and the even more terrible ordeal of fire and pain through which skillful surgery brought him back to life, Charles Sumner could not long keep still.

The senior senator from Massachusetts was not exactly playful in disposition, though he did have a certain suggestion of humor and good-fellowship; but he had a way of rewarding the boy pages who ran errands in the Senate with appreciative pinches of the ear. Great great men and little great men sometimes use that method of showing appreciation for services rendered; it was one of Napoleon's historic traits.

On this especial day in December, 1872, the great senator was on his feet, walking the floor, deep in thought; and as one of the smaller pages, a boy in whom he had shown considerable interest, returned with a reply to some message with which he had been intrusted, Sumner coupled his deep-toned thanks with the customary ear pinch. Then, lapsing again into

thought, he quite forgot to remove his fingers from the page's ear.

The boy scarcely felt justified in calling out "Let go!" to the senator of whom all the pages and a good



many grown-up people stood in such awe. So for some minutes the dignified Senate of the United States was highly amused to see its most illustrious although decidedly absent-minded member and a small but very wide-awake boy parading the floor of the Senate. But even though the senator pinched

hard, what boy would not, in after years, have been glad to remember his "close connection" with Senator Sumner?

That page remembered it certainly, and, years after, duly recorded it.

"As the senator was a tall man," he says, "and I was a very small boy in comparison, I had to walk on tiptoe to ease the pain, and even then it seemed as if my ear would come off my head. . . . With long strides

he mechanically paced up and down, while I danced a mild war dance for some minutes,—it seemed to me hours,—to the intense amusement of all who observed it. The more I struggled, the more did I increase the agony; but I at last managed to wriggle away from his grasp. The sudden emptiness of his hand caused him to realize the state of affairs, and he begged my pardon energetically, while the spectators smiled audibly.”

It was a time of thoughtfulness in the great senator's life. He had a duty on his mind; and Charles Sumner was never a man to neglect or shirk a duty.

The war had long been over. Distressing differences of opinion on questions of policy and statesmanship, on which he took the unpopular side, had alienated the supporters and disturbed the friends of the senator from Massachusetts,—differences with his old-time associates; differences with the great soldier who had served the republic as general, and was serving it, as he felt, along the line of duty, as President; above all, differences as to the right course of action toward those who, once in arms against the government, were now fellow-countrymen again, Americans all.

In January, 1869, Massachusetts, for the fourth time, had elected Charles Sumner her senior senator. The oldest senator of the United States in years of continuous service, he had become an historical figure, dignified, laborious, eloquent, faithful, great in all the things that make statesmanship and manhood.

But that fourth term of service had been full of difficulties and differences, and in no way more so than in the results attendant upon his attitude toward the South.

Charles Sumner was the champion of equal rights. But to him "equal" *meant* equal; "all men" *meant* all men; and while he labored to his dying day for "civil rights" to all, white and black alike, his noble nature had no tinge of resentment, jealousy, prejudice, spite, or hate.

When, by criticism and cartoon, both alike reckless and brutal, those who dissented from his methods charged him, as they expressed it, with "placing flowers on the grave" of the man who struck him down, Sumner's manly and indignant reply was, "What have I to do with that poor creature? It was slavery, not he, who struck the blow." And so he preached the great and Christian doctrine of peace and reconciliation. But in 1872 men were not yet ready to rise to that high and noble level, even though Charles Sumner was.

He openly proclaimed his demand for simple justice, forbearance, and equal rights. "From the beginning," he wrote to Whittier, poet of peace and freedom, "while insisting upon all possible securities and safeguards, I have pleaded for 'reconciliation'! This word recurs frequently in my speeches. The South insisted that I was revengeful. Never! And now the time has come for me to show the mood in which I acted."

The time was ripe on that December day in 1872 when he quite forgot himself and the page who suffered under his appreciation. His mind was full of a great thought,—though to him it seemed as simple as truth.

Painfully he rose in his seat in the Senate chamber,—for the old wound still sapped his strength and vigor,—and asked leave to introduce a bill. It was this:

“WHEREAS, The national unity and good will among fellow-citizens can be assured only through oblivion of past differences, and it is contrary to the usages of civilized nations to perpetuate the memory of civil war; therefore, be it enacted that the names of battles with fellow-citizens shall not be continued in the Army Register, or placed on the regimental colors of the United States.”

Magnanimity, forgiveness, charity, brotherly love, all virtues that Christianity inculcates and its mighty founder preached were in that simple resolution,—these, and, besides, the “usage of civilized nations.”

But men had not yet learned to read aright the golden rule. There was a storm of dissent; a false patriotism broke into protest; there was criticism and clamor all over the North; and Massachusetts made a mighty mistake.

Boston had fallen a prey to disaster. The great fire of November, 1872, had destroyed business property to the value of eighty millions of dollars, and laid a great section of the old town in ruins. The whole world expressed its sympathy and offered aid. An extra session of the legislature had been called in view of this great disaster. It was a time for helpfulness and charity.

And yet, that very legislature of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, when it heard of the noble resolution introduced into Congress by its greatest senator, made wreck of a golden opportunity, went wild with rage, and, through the member from Athol, drafted and passed a resolution of censure, condemning that manly act of Charles Sumner as “an insult to the loyal soldiery

of the nation, depreciating their grand achievements in the late rebellion, and meeting the unqualified condemnation of the people of the commonwealth."

That was the mistake of Massachusetts, and bitterly has the commonwealth repented it. Its legislature, yielding to a supposed public opinion which was really only a thoughtless popular clamor, censured Charles Sumner, its champion for freedom and civil rights, himself the most notable victim of the evil which he had overthrown and was now ready to forgive and forget.

But Charles Sumner was not one to retreat. "I cannot comprehend this tempest," he wrote to his old friend and sympathizer, Wendell Phillips. "I know I never deserved better of Massachusetts than now. It was our State which led in requiring all safeguards for liberty and equality; I covet for her that other honor of leading in reconciliation. First in civilization, Massachusetts must insist that our flags shall be brought into conformity with the requirements of civilization."

The tempest slowly spent itself. The better thought of the commonwealth rallied to the support of her great and noble senator. His wisdom and purpose were appreciated. In the very next session of the legislature a notable petition was presented, signed by soldiers and merchants, politicians and workingmen, black and white citizens alike, antislavery veterans and veterans of the victorious blue, asking that the resolutions of censure be rescinded and annulled. Patriots in other States appealed to Massachusetts for justice to her noblest man. But to no purpose. The ignoble resolution stood. The mistake was not yet retrieved.

Honorable men throughout the world condemned this monumental obstinacy. But Charles Sumner, too, remained firm. He knew that he was right, and, with him, to be right was greater than to be popular.

“Where is Massachusetts’s civilization?” he demanded. “Thus far our commonwealth has led in the great battle of liberty and equality. By the blessing of God, she shall yet lead again in smoothing the wrinkled front of war.”

The months went by. Sober second thought came at last to those who opposed him, and in February, 1874, the legislature of Massachusetts put itself on record as regretting its mistake, and, by a great majority, rescinded the resolution of censure.

“The folly of the extra session of 1872 is wiped out thoroughly,” wrote Whittier, joyfully.

A prominent negro of Boston, the lifelong friend of Sumner, hastened to Washington with the official news, and presented copies of the action of Massachusetts to her representatives at the capital. The senator’s victory was complete. But his only words were: “I have nothing to say. The dear old commonwealth has spoken for me, and that is enough.”

The word of Massachusetts came just in time. The day on which its rescinding resolution was announced to the Senate of the United States was Charles Sumner’s last day in the Senate, of which he had so long been a member. It was his last day on earth.

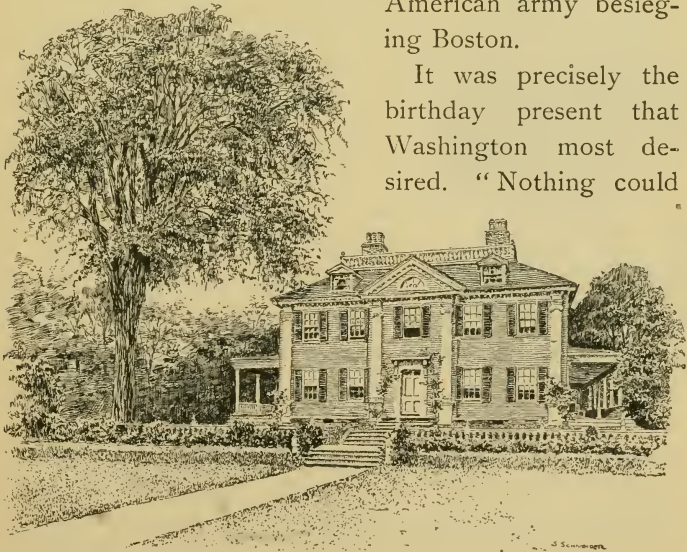
The very next day he died, the 11th of March, 1874. A son of the republic, a son of the commonwealth, his duty on earth was done. Almost his last

words were to his friend Judge Hoar of Massachusetts, still thinking of his life work: "Take care of my bill, my Civil Rights Bill." Then the last breath passed; and Judge Hoar, who held his friend's hand, laid it tenderly down, and said solemnly: "Well done, good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

HOW THE CHILDREN HONORED THE POET.

WHEN General George Washington, on a February day in 1776, walked into his study in the Craigie house, at Cambridge, he was cheered by a glad surprise. It was his birthday, and as his best present came Colonel Henry Knox, the Boston bookseller, with tidings that he had safely sledded across the snow from Canada fifty cannon, with ammunition and supplies for the American army besieging Boston.

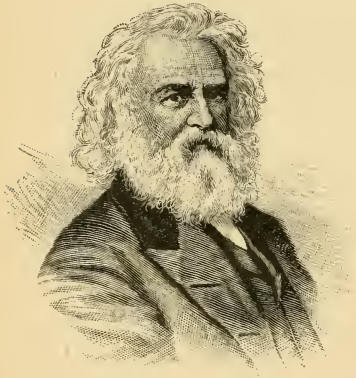
It was precisely the birthday present that Washington most desired. "Nothing could



be more apropos," he exclaimed joyfully. And then he went to work to drive the British from Boston.

One hundred and three years later, on a February day in 1879, another dearly loved and famous American walked into the same study in the same Cambridge house, to be greeted with an equally glad surprise.

It was the seventy-second birthday of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, owner and occupant of that historic Craige house which had been the headquarters of Washington during the siege of Boston. And in that pleasant front room that was his as it had been Wash-



Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

ington's study, the "white Mr. Longfellow," as the great Norwegian writer called him, spied something new,—a big armchair, cleverly framed and artistically carved, in the seat of which was sunk a brass plate upon which this greeting was inscribed: "To the author of 'The Village Blacksmith' this chair, made from the wood of the 'spreading chestnut tree,' is presented as

an expression of grateful regard and veneration by the children of Cambridge, who, with their friends, join in the best wishes and congratulations on this anniversary, February 27, 1879."

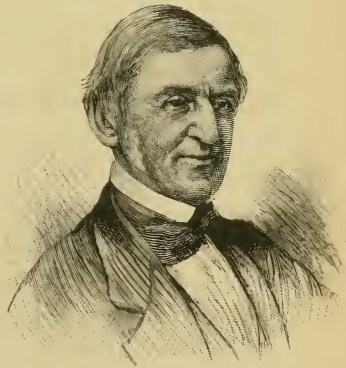
Seven hundred boys and girls had joined forces to present to the beloved poet this gracious token of their affection. It was also a memorial of the famous "spread-

ing chestnut tree " of Brattle Street in Cambridge, under which, for so many years, had stood the "village smithy" which Longfellow's verse had made known to seventy times seven hundred American school children.

It was, in its way, as agreeable a surprise to him as Colonel Knox's ox loads of cannon and shot had been to Washington,—though one was the emblem of war and action, while the other spoke of peace and ease. And if you wish to know how appropriate Longfellow considered the gift, take down his poems, and turn to the verses which he entitled "From my Arm-chair," and which begin:

"Am I a king, that I should call my own
This splendid ebon throne?"

At that time Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was esteemed the children's poet, the king of American bards, the fruitage of all those long years of Massachusetts genius and thought and culture which culminated in the four eminent American and Massachusetts poets who stood beside the open grave of their common friend Charles Sumner in Mount Auburn, when Massachusetts laid her champion to rest,—Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, and Holmes.



Ralph Waldo Emerson.

That chair still stands in the poet's study in Craigie house; and if one of the boys or girls who know so many of the ennobling poems of

Longfellow could sit in that carven chair, and with closed eyes could look back along the years of Massachusetts's literary growth, what would be seen?

Something should be seen from it, certainly. It was a magic chair, if we may trust Longfellow's own words:

“The Danish king could not, in all his pride,
Repel the ocean tide;
But, seated in this chair, I can, in rhyme,
Roll back the tide of Time.”

So, seated in that magic chair, the boy or girl who looks into the past should be able to “roll back the tide of Time,” and exclaim, with the poet, its owner: “I see again as one in vision sees!” What would he see?

A long procession of earnest, gifted, and laborious workers with the pen—Massachusetts men and women, all—coming out of the past and filing before the youthful watcher in the chair,—the twentieth-century boy or girl, for whose enlightenment, education, and culture these men and women of the commonwealth have all recorded, reasoned, romanced, taught, or sung.

First, the heralds, trumpeting forth in martial or in soberer strains the merits of Massachusetts as a home for those across the sea: doughty Captain John Smith, with dinted corselet and battered morion, equally handy with the sword or pen, writing down with the latter: “Of all the parts of the world I have yet seen not inhabited, I would rather live here than anywhere;” gentle William Bradford, the Moses of the wilderness, the second governor of Plymouth colony, writing the first history

of Massachusetts almost before there was any Massachusetts to write the history of; stately John Winthrop, first governor of Massachusetts Bay, proclaiming that Massachusetts was "a paradise," and writing that noble essay on liberty, at once patriotic and eloquent, in which he said: "This liberty is the proper end and object of authority. . . . This liberty you are to stand for, with the hazard, not only of your goods, but of your lives, if need be." And so the heralds pass.

Then come, with slow and solemn steps, in black Geneva cloaks and starched white bands, the ministers of the colony, well meaning but tyrannical teachers, writing little that is palatable or digestible in these gentler days of wider love and broader brotherhood, but with an enthusiasm for learning and a fervor of expression that entered into the education of the people and laid the foundation for a permanent and broadening culture when the tyranny of theology should at last be broken: John Cotton and Roger Williams, Nathaniel Ward and Michael Wigglesworth, and those two pompous but stalwart preachers, half prophets of liberty, Increase and Cotton Mather, tireless and often tiresome writers. Among these preachers walks the figure of a woman,—the first American woman writer and poet, Mistress Anne Bradstreet, who called herself, with a quaint egotism, "the tenth muse," possibly because she thought the other nine would not recognize her as really a member of their tuneful sisterhood.

Here, too, in that somewhat somber throng are the businesslike figures of the recorder Johnson, the "father of Woburn," and the grim soldier, Captain Mason,

leader and historian of the Pequot War; John Eliot, "apostle to the Indians" and translator of the famous Indian Bible; Matthew Byles of Boston, wit, preacher, and poet; jolly Peter Folger of Nantucket, grandfather of Franklin; sad-eyed Mary Rowlandson of Lancaster, who told the story of her Indian captivity; Samuel Sewell, judge and diarist, as great a gossip as the Englishman Pepys; and closing that long line of stern teachers of a sterner morality, the greatest and sternest, the wisest and deepest of them all, Jonathan Edwards, the great preacher of Northampton, to whom a kindlier age has reared a monument at pleasant Stockbridge. So the pioneers pass.

Then follows the line of new Americans, whose pens, somewhat uncertain in rhythm or stilted in story, open the way to wider and nobler views of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. In the van walks Dr. Benjamin Franklin, greatest, wisest, noblest of them all, ever a loyal son of Massachusetts and his "dear Boston," though the most of his wonderful life was passed in Philadelphia. Essayists, orators, and statesmen follow the portly doctor: James Otis, fiery and fearless; Samuel Adams, dauntless and forcible; John Trumbull, the wit of the Revolution, who studied law with John Adams, and there wrote his greatest satire, "McFingal;" fussy old John Adams, himself the prince of letter-writers and most unselfish of patriots; Jonathan Mayhew, whose sermons and essays were called the "morning gun of the Revolution;" Joseph Warren, the orator of the Boston Massacre and most famous victim of Bunker Hill; Thomas Hutchinson, royalist governor

and historian, whose better qualities are only now becoming rediscovered; and two women to close the train—Phyllis Wheatley, the remarkable Boston slave girl and poet, complimented by Washington, and Mercy Warren, the intrepid sister of James Otis and first historian of the Revolution.

So they pass; but, as they go, they unroll before the dreamer in the magic chair their greatest, noblest work, the State Constitution of Massachusetts, and her Declaration of Rights, written while yet England rode rough-shod through the war-swept colonies,—“a worthy monument,” says Mr. Goddard, “to the intellectual elevation of the statesman who modeled and the people who accepted it,”—John Adams being its “chief architect.”

Enter the new republic, and with it the writers of the free commonwealth of Massachusetts. They come in meager numbers, for the first years of independence and nation-building gave but little time for writing or story-making. And yet two story-tellers lead, women both of them,—Hannah Foster of Brighton, who wrote the sentimental “Coquette,” and Susannah Rowson, the Newton school-teacher, with her tearful tale of “Charlotte Temple.” Quite the opposite of these sentimental ladies, now comes William Tudor with his “North American Review,” in which Massachusetts men, later famous in letters, wrote with strength, though sometimes, so young people might think, they were “mighty dry.” John Quincy Adams, President, patriot, essayist, and poet, is in the van, short, stout, and always active, with Joseph Story (pen couched like a lance to charge against Thomas Jefferson) and Jared Sparks, first of

American writers of popular history and biography, to whom all later writers on American history owe a lasting debt. Two women follow these: Hannah Adams, with her "History of New England," first to be used as a schoolbook, and Catherine Sedgwick, whose "Hope Leslie" was once dear to thousands of children. After them walk two once famous poets, Richard Henry Dana, who wrote the "Buccaneer" and discovered Bryant, and Charles Sprague with his Shakspeare Ode, followed by John Pierpont, the hymn-writer, and three friends of children whose names the story-crammed boys and girls of America still know and reverence,—Lydia Maria Child, Peter Parley (whose real name was Samuel G. Goodrich), and Jacob Abbott, creator of the "Rollo Books."

Then, with a triumphant burst of welcoming music, that startles even the dreamer in the magic chair, enter the last and best,—the giants of this passing show, the top and crown of the Old Bay State's two centuries of literary growth. The names alone startle the ear, brighten the eye, and set the heart astir; for what boy or girl does not think of them with veneration and awe, and wish he might have seen those heroes of the pen?—those clear-eyed reformers Channing, Garrison, Parker, and Phillips; those wise and practical philosophers and thinkers Emerson, Alcott, Thoreau, and Margaret Fuller; those stirring historians Bancroft and Motley, Ticknor and Parkman and Prescott; those splendid orators Webster, Sumner, and Everett; those matchless story-tellers Hawthorne and Louisa Alcott and Harriet Beecher Stowe; those greatest of American poets Bryant and Whittier, Holmes and Lowell,

and, the prince of them all, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, in whose magic birthday chair at Craigie house our overfilled dreamer is just now waking up.

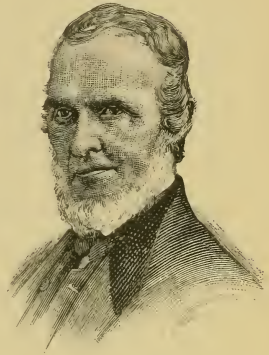
They are Massachusetts men and women all! What other little patch of earth of eighty-three hundred square miles can show so noble, so triumphal a procession? Is it not enough to stir boys and girls to deep and grateful thoughts, whether Massachusetts or Montana, Boston or New Orleans, be their home?—for all were, as are they, Americans.

Wake up! young dreamer in the children's magic chair. Pass from one yellow colonial house to another, from one Revolutionary headquarters to another, from one poet's home to another, from Longfellow's at Craigie house to Lowell's at Elmwood.

And, as you pass from the home of America's most famous poet to that of America's foremost man of letters, pause at the old-fashioned gate of Elmwood, and say, as did Longfellow, standing on that very spot:

“Sing to him, say to him, here at his gate,
Where the boughs of the stately elms are meeting,
Some one hath lingered to meditate
And send him unseen this friendly greeting;

“That many another hath done the same,
Though not by a sound was the silence broken.
The surest pledge of a deathless name
Is the silent homage of thoughts unspoken.”



John Greenleaf Whittier.

HOW THE MAN WITH EIGHTY THOUSAND CHILDREN BROUGHT THEM UP.

WHEN the nineteenth century was young, there lived in the little town of Franklin, Massachusetts, a small and sensitive boy.

Life was hard for small boys in those days. Parents were stern and unsympathetic, and this small boy's home was one of poverty and privation. If he wished a play hour, he must work for it; if he desired a book, —even a schoolbook,—he must work for it. With a natural love for the refined and the beautiful, he was surrounded by influences which tended to make life hard, repressed, narrow, and unlovely.

Yet, out of even harsher surroundings sprang Abraham Lincoln, greatest of Americans. This small boy of Franklin grew to be a power in the world. On the fifth day of May, 1896, those Massachusetts boys and girls who were blind and deaf, as well as those who could see and hear, celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of his birth; for out of that pinched and narrow Puritan home in Franklin came the lad who more than all others was to become the benefactor of American boys and girls,—Horace Mann, the educator.

It is, indeed, repression and deprivation which, in characters naturally strong, sometimes bring out both

purpose and performance. Horace Mann was frail in body, but strong in heart. When bright things were denied him, he dreamed bright things. He had no desire to be rich or famous or powerful, but he did wish to do something helpful and noble; and his air castles, such as all thoughtful or ambitious boys love to build, were not material, but intellectual structures; that is, he did not dream of doing something great for himself, but rather something that should be of benefit to mankind.

His air castles proved real; his dreams did come true. Health, strength, and life itself he built into his work in behalf of his race, and became alike the father and the founder of that system of popular education which made itself a part of the very fabric of Massachusetts, and went out into the other States of the Union as the broad and noble public-school system of America.

There never was a harder worker. He was obliged to be one in that pleasure-lacking home in Franklin, and he said of himself, "Owing to these ingrained habits, work has always been to me what water is to a fish." So, earnestly desiring learning, for which he had but little opportunity up to the time he was fifteen years old, he denied himself every luxury and pleasure that even his limited wishes craved until he had saved enough to enter college, and had nearly studied himself sick to do so.

He graduated with the highest honors; he taught school, he studied law, and gradually he found his footing in the world. But all the time he was trying to see what good he could do for his fellow-men.

He did much. People saw how wise and strong of brain and purpose this young man, so weak in body, really was. They gave him their respect, esteem, and confidence. They sent him to the Great and General Court, where he received, in 1836, the high honor of being elected president of the Senate; they sent him to Congress in 1848, and the Free-soil party made him their candidate for governor of Massachusetts in 1852.

He succeeded John Quincy Adams as the representative of Massachusetts in Congress, and succeeded also to all that earnest old patriot's love of liberty and intense desire for equal rights.

But, in Horace Mann's view, equal rights had their foundation in education. "Save the children of America from ignorance, and you save the republic," he said, "for in a republic ignorance is a crime; . . . and if we do not prepare children to become good citizens, . . . then our republic must go down to destruction, as others have gone before it."

He did not intend that this should be possible, if he could do anything to prevent it; so all his time and thought were devoted to working out his plans for the better education of the boys and girls of the commonwealth.

Education in Massachusetts had gone through many ups and downs since first the *Mayflower* dropped anchor in Provincetown harbor, and Boston, in 1635, had agreed by vote that "our brother Philemon Pormort shall be entreated to become schoolmaster for the teaching and nurturing the children with us." Two hundred years later, in 1835, when Horace Mann tried to put new life

into its weak body, the school system of the Bay State was having one of its most serious downs. The equal school rights for all, which had been the plan of the Puritan founders of the commonwealth, had been allowed to sink into meagerly provided and most unequal privileges. Poor schools for the poorer people were about all that the State provided. Teachers were as poor as the schools, and parents who desired anything like a decent education for their children sent them to the "pay schools," or ambitious academies, of which there were some good and some very poor ones in the State.

Horace Mann saw the need that existed for popular education,—for schools that should be for all the people, rich and poor alike, for a better class of teachers, trained by wisest methods for their important work.

He talked and labored, and he never rested in his labors. The imperfect and hampering system of district schools, run by the selectmen, which had furnished but a poor excuse for instruction for years, was attacked, a school fund created, and a Board of Education established. That all sounds simple; but it was long and tedious, often disheartening and thankless, labor, trying to work up public opinion to this revival of education.

When, in 1837, the State Board of Education was appointed "to revise and reorganize the common-school system of the State of Massachusetts," Horace Mann was appointed secretary.

His friends told him he was foolish. He would never get rich at that business, they declared. But their selfish advice was unheeded. Horace Mann felt that

he had a mission in the world, and no money could tempt, no honors could lure him to neglect that mission.

"I have accepted the office," he wrote to a friend. "If I do not succeed in it, I will lay claim at least to the benefit of the saying that in great attempts it is glorious to fail."

But he did not fail. He succeeded gloriously. For twelve years he served as secretary of the Board of Education; indeed, he *was* the Board of Education. To do its work he gave up his profession of the law, he resigned his seat in the Massachusetts legislature. His duty was to enlighten the people, and arouse in them a desire for better teachers, better schools, and, therefore, better men and women to be developed from the children that teachers and schools would bend and train.

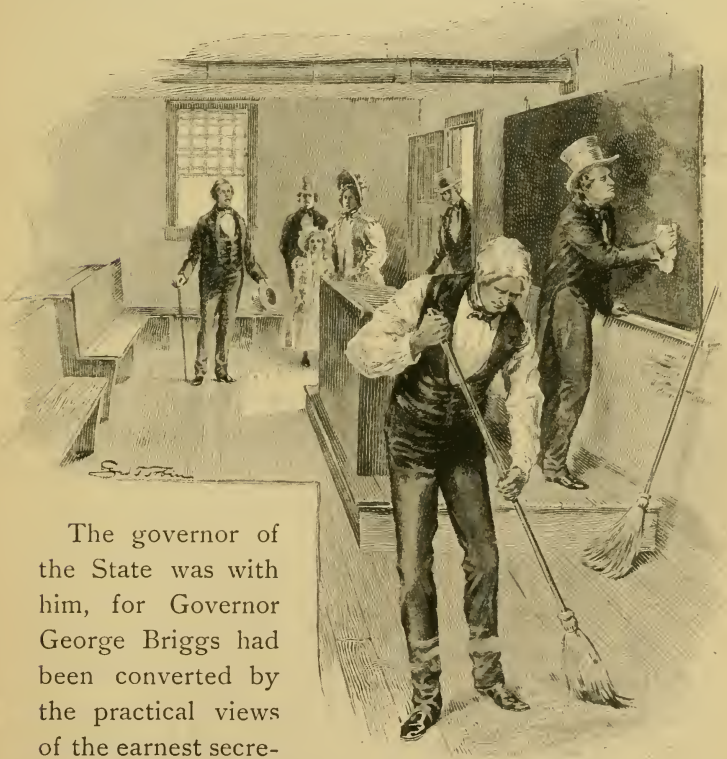
He was tireless in his energy; he was exhaustless in his plans. During those twelve years he worked fifteen hours every day. He talked, he wrote, he lectured, he held teachers' conventions, he started a school journal for the better diffusion of his ideas, and he published annual reports which were the best statements and advocates of the cause of popular education that America had ever seen, and which, since his day, have rarely been surpassed.

He started the State normal schools for the education of teachers; he aroused, in the face of constant opposition and criticism, a new public spirit that turned the indifference of the people into interest, and led them finally to recognize and appreciate the valuable work which this earnest and tireless man had done.

It was not easy work. It was hard, uphill work. Even the children for whom he labored rebelled, while

the teachers he sought to improve grumbled or "wouldn't play."

But nothing ever daunted this determined man. Once, when he went off to Pittsfield, among the Berkshire Hills, to hold a "teachers' institute," or convention, he reached the town, in the morning, only to find that no arrangements had been made, and that the schoolhouse in which the institute was to be held was in no presentable condition.



The governor of the State was with him, for Governor George Briggs had been converted by the practical views of the earnest secretary; and when the

governor saw in what condition was the schoolhouse, and how dull was the interest in the wise plans of Horace Mann, both he and Mr. Mann were determined to conquer what the secretary called "the arctic regions of Pittsfield" (because of its lack of interest); so, while the secretary was "putting things to rights," the governor made a raid on the nearest dwelling house, borrowed two brooms, and when the aroused and curious inhabitants strolled into the schoolhouse, they stood open-eyed with wonder to see the governor of the commonwealth of Massachusetts and the secretary of the State Board of Education sweeping and dusting the schoolroom, so that everything might be presentable when the hour for the institute arrived.

Horace Mann felt very tender and loving toward the school children of Massachusetts whom he was trying to improve. "My eighty thousand children," he called them, and he labored persistently to bring them up so that they should be an honor to the State and a power for good in the republic whose citizens they were to be. How well he succeeded the patriotism of Massachusetts in the war days that so tried and tested it was to prove, while the work he did for them was to bear fruit, even beyond his own expectations, in the position which Massachusetts assumed, and still holds, in the van alike of popular education and of higher education in America.

There are in the State of Massachusetts ten thousand public schools and thirteen thousand teachers. Horace Mann's eighty thousand children have increased to more than four hundred thousand. Of the thirteen thousand teachers nearly five thousand are graduates of the nor-

mal schools started by Horace Mann. The support of the public schools of Massachusetts costs the State over eleven millions of dollars, but this is the one item of taxation and expenditure at which the citizens of the Bay State never grumble. For the education of the children is the salvation of the State. Besides this public-school census, there are also in Massachusetts more than sixty thousand scholars taught in one hundred academies and three hundred and sixty private and parochial schools, at a cost of nearly seven hundred thousand dollars, while a dozen chartered colleges, headed by the great Harvard University, with special schools devoted to industrial, technical, art, business, musical, and professional instruction, complete the roster of the educational facilities of Massachusetts at the close of the nineteenth century.

And this advance is due very largely to the patience, the persistence, the determination, and the courage of the man who, in spite of all obstacles,—indifference, parsimony, “old-fogyism,” and political antagonisms,—worked steadily on to accomplish a purpose which had become at once the plan and dream of his life since first in that poor home in Franklin a repressed small boy made up his mind to do some good in the world.

He did it; and the visitor to Boston sees, in front of the Statehouse, in the shadow of the gilded dome, placed there by the school-children and school-teachers of Massachusetts, for whom his life was spent, a bronze statue of the loving father of eighty thousand children,—Horace Mann, educator, patriot, American.

HOW THEY BORED THROUGH A MOUNTAIN IN BERKSHIRE.

WHEN the energetic William Pynchon blazed the Bay Path in the days when young Sir Harry Vane sat in the governor's chair, he laid the trail for travel to the West which for more than two hundred and fifty years has been a main artery in the direct route from the Atlantic to the Pacific. From garrison to blockhouse, from village to village, from town to town, from city to city, the highway ran the length of the commonwealth, linking the settlements in their growth from blockhouse to city, from colonial days to modern times.

Thus Boston was linked to Albany, the ocean to the Hudson, and the trade to and from the interior passed over the main highway, crossing the rivers in clumsy horse boats, climbing the Berkshire by toilsome ascents, until at last men thought to improve upon this slow and tedious travel by some more direct and labor-saving method.

The first step toward improvement came from a college boy out amid the Berkshires. In the year 1806, when Napoleon was master of Europe and Aaron Burr was seeking to disrupt America, a young senior in Williams College came upon an account of the way coal was transported in the English coal regions by what

were called tramways, or crude wooden railways. This college boy was Abner Phelps of Boston; and the coal-ing tramways suggested to him the idea of some such method of communication between Massachusetts Bay and the Hudson River, along the old Bay Path.

The plan attracted him strongly, and in 1808 he wrote to his brother, who was in the Massachusetts legislature, asking if he could not propose in the legislature a tramway from Boston to Albany.

“Make it a great State road,” wrote young Abner Phelps to his brother. “The counties make roads; why not let the State make one? . . . The people had better talk on such a subject than to be always discussing politics to no profit. . . . Were I in the legislature, I should not hesitate, but would move it as the first subject of attention.”

The brother of this energetic and far-seeing young man did hesitate, and the suggestion was not taken up. The idea, however, lay in young Phelps’s mind, and years after, in 1826, when he himself had become “a rising man,” and was sent to the legislature, the very first thing he did was to present a proposition for a railway from Boston to the Hudson River near Albany.

The legislature of Massachusetts had already discussed the project of building a canal from Boston to the Connecticut River, and another one from the Connecticut to the Hudson, so as to unite with the great Erie Canal, which had just been opened across the Empire State from the Hudson to the Great Lakes. Two routes had even been surveyed, and one might have been decided upon, skirting the valleys of the Deerfield

and Hoosac rivers, were it not that right in the path rose one great and insurmountable obstacle,—the high and picturesque barrier of Hoosac Mountain in Berkshire County.

Suddenly railroads actually came into existence,—something quite different from the crude tramways of the English coal country,—and at once the canal project gave place to the railway project of Dr. Abner Phelps, “a railroad man before the days of railroads,” as he has been called.

His proposition in the legislature was acted upon at once, and a commission was appointed to survey a route from Boston to Albany. Three were proposed, one of them the same as the canal route which was blocked by Hoosac Mountain. Another was selected, however, and the old Bay Path became the Boston and Albany Railroad,—not entirely completed, however, until 1842. Thirty-six years had that college boy to wait before his dream came true.

The State was growing fast by this time, however, and the people of northern Massachusetts wished a road across the State that should be of value to their section of the commonwealth. The old canal route that skirted the Deerfield and Hoosac valleys was again thought of. But there still stood Hoosac Mountain.

“How can one carry a railroad over Hoosac Mountain?” the people asked; and some enthusiast boldly replied, “Tunnel it.”

It seemed a foolish answer. It was in those days to most people clearly an impossibility to bore through a great hill, two thousand feet high and five miles thick

at the base, formed of tough slate rock, and full of unknown obstacles.

But some brave and determined minds thought differently. Interest in the great project was slowly awakened, and after six years of waiting and arguing, a survey was made for a tunnel in 1850, and on January 1, 1851, it was decided to begin work.

From the very beginning of the actual work, however, things seemed to go wrong. The legislature refused to give State aid by a loan of money, and capitalists who had money to invest did not believe in the scheme enough to lend the funds. A little was raised, however, and a tunneling machine built, which broke down hopelessly before ten feet of the mountain had been cut out. Then things dragged and delayed until 1854, when the legislature voted money for the enterprise, and work was once more begun.

Again troubles came,—with machinery, with money, and with men. Contractors failed, machinery proved useless, money gave out, and finally the company formed to build the tunnel had to give up, and the whole affair came into the hands of the commonwealth.

The year 1862 came along, and not a fifth part of the proposed tunnel had been cut out; for the boring machines had all proved failures, the ventilation was bad, and blasting was very dangerous.

Just then a clever inventor of Fitchburg, Charles Burleigh by name, invented a new kind of drill, to be driven by steam or compressed air, and known as the percussion drill. This drill could make three hundred strokes a minute.

This compressed-air rock drill came just at the right time; for, staggered by the slowness and vastness of the work before them, and the increasing item of expense, the engineer, as a last resort, had decided to sink a central shaft, and, when this was sunk, to work each way and bore out to daylight. But to sink this shaft would alone take four years of hard work, and cost over half a million dollars.

So Mr. Burleigh's invention of the rock drill worked by compressed air came just in time, for already this central shaft had been begun. From 1856 to 1866 all the rock-drilling—and there was a tremendous amount of rock to bore through in Hoosac Mountain—had been done by hand; but after 1866, thanks to the rock drill, and the great benefits it gave in power and fresh air, the work went forward rapidly, and, as one authority assures us, "the building of great tunnels rose to the dignity of a science."

The central shaft was sunk, the Deerfield River was dammed and water power secured to work the east-side drills, while on the west side and at the central shaft steam engines worked the drills and supplied the air for the western section.

But although the new rock drill helped things wonderfully, it could not do away with all the difficulties. Crumbling rock and oozing water so impeded the work that, in one working year, over three hundred thousand tons of water had to be pumped out of the central shaft, and nearly fourteen thousand tons of rock lifted from it in buckets. Terrible accidents occurred to the workmen by explosions and fire, and many wonderful escapes

are recorded. Nearly two hundred lives were lost while the tunnel was building, and the workmen, sometimes a thousand in number, lived year after year in the midst of the terrible risks from explosives.

Of these, the powerful nitroglycerin, which was discovered before the tunnel was finished, was a great aid toward speedier completion, for nitroglycerin is thirteen times more powerful than blasting powder.

Perhaps you think it needs only patience and plenty of drilling and digging to bore a tunnel through a mountain. But these are the simplest things. Think of the figuring and planning needed to strike just the right measurements so that the tunnel shall run straight and come out at the right place! That central shaft had to be dug down, true and plumb, for over a thousand feet into pitch darkness; then, still in that horrible darkness, the engineers had to strike out right and left so as to meet the men who were boring toward the central shaft from east and west. Now read this triumph of brain as displayed in this great piece of tunneling. When the men from the central shaft had tunneled eastward sixteen hundred feet, they met the men working in from the eastern entrance, eleven thousand feet from the opening; and they met exactly, so that the final blast which threw down the last wall of intervening rock brought the workmen from the east and west face to face in the heart of that lofty mountain. Before the work was done the length of the tunnel had been estimated by the engineers from the measurements they made in climbing over the mountain and marking it off with a tapeline; and when the

tunnel was finished, so accurate was this estimate that the actual length of the tunnel was found to come within a foot of the estimate. Such accuracy was simply marvelous. But these are the things that are taught American boys to-day in such scientific schools of the Bay State as the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the schools of mines connected with the Massachusetts colleges, and the Free Institute of Industrial Science at Worcester. A boy with brains can to-day learn to do almost anything in the commonwealth of Massachusetts.

The final explosion that threw over the last remaining wall of rock between the eastern and western workers was made on the 27th of November, 1873. On the 9th of February, 1875, the first cars passed through, roofs and arches and roadbed being completed. Twenty-two freight cars loaded with grain from the West were run through on the 5th of April, 1875; passenger trains between Boston and Troy soon followed; and on the 1st of July, 1876, in the jubilee month of the nation's centennial year, one of the greatest feats of engineering skill the world had ever known was formally proclaimed as completed, and the Hoosac Tunnel, after twenty-two years of difficulties, delays, obstacles, and defeats, persistence, endeavor, and triumph, was declared finished.

The Hoosac Tunnel was the first of the great mountain tunnels of the world. It was built for the public accommodation and for peaceful purposes,—not, like the great tunnels of Europe, with any thought of political or military significance. It is four and three quarter miles long; it is twenty-six feet wide and twenty-six feet high; it is perfectly ventilated by three great shafts, the



central one of which is twenty-seven feet wide, and runs up ten hundred and twenty-eight feet, opening out at the very summit of the mountain. The tunnel is lighted by twelve hundred and fifty electric lights, and is built in the most thorough and substantial manner. It should be, for it cost over twenty millions of dollars.

That sum might have been expended in widening and improving the great trunk line to which this tunnel route is rival and competitor; but the Hoosac Tunnel route has been of incalculable service to the people of Massachusetts, New England, and the United States, as the great freight- and passenger-carrying artery between the East and the West. It is a monument to patience, persistence, perseverance, skill, and figuring,—what we call a tangible triumph of mind over matter.

The forerunner of all the great railroads that gridiron the United States of America was the crude and clumsy tramway built in 1826 between the granite quarries at Quincy in Massachusetts and tide water at Neponset, three miles away. The first of all the great tunnels that made possible the extension of American railroads in spite of mountain barriers was the Hoosac Tunnel. And out of those two triumphs of Yankee pluck and Massachusetts persistence the republic can boast its millions of miles of railroad and billions of dollars of railroad capital.

How many other triumphs of ingenuity, persistence, skill, and financiering have made the men of Massachusetts famous, and contributed to the progress, the strength, and the glory of the republic? Let us see.

The story of Bay State enterprise would far exceed the limits of this book; but even though it look like a catalogue or a directory, let me give you a partial table of "first things" which originated in Massachusetts, that you may know how much the men of the commonwealth have contributed toward the world's convenience, comfort, and progress.

Everybody knows that Samuel F. B. Morse of Charlestown invented the electric telegraph and brought the nations of the world into touch with each other. So, as I shall tell you in the next chapter, Alexander Graham Bell of Boston invented the telephone and set all the world a-talking; and it was Eli Whitney of Westborough who invented the cotton gin, and, as Macaulay asserted, did as much for the power and progress of the United States as Peter the Great did for Russia. We

know that it was Benjamin Franklin, a Boston boy, who discovered electricity in the clouds, and Benjamin Thompson, a Woburn boy, who, as Count Rumford, almost revolutionized the knowledge of the world as to the powers of light and heat.

These are the great names known to all the world, and to the great glory of Massachusetts. But others, less known, have proved of equal worth and value to the world.

Paul Revere of Boston, who made the famous ride, started the first mill for making sheet copper; Jacob Perkins of Newburyport patented the first nail machine and made the first steel-plate engraving; Abel Stowell of Worcester first cut screws by machinery; Isaac Babbitt of Taunton invented Babbitt metal and Britannia ware; James Conant of Marblehead first made sewing silk by machinery; Joseph Dixon of Salem made the first American lead pencils; Alonzo D. Phillips of Springfield made the first friction matches; William F. Harnden of Boston started the first express company; John Ames of Springfield made the first machine for making, cutting, and ruling paper; William G. T. Morton of Boston discovered the wonderful pain-killing properties of ether; Charles G. Page of Salem made the first suggestion of the telephone; Seth Adams of Dorchester started the first breeding of merino sheep for the fine wool industry of America; James Campbell of Boston published the first American newspaper; Isaac Stoughton of Dorchester built the first water mill for grinding corn in New England; David Melville of Watertown first lighted factories with gas;

Stephen Daye of Cambridge was the first book publisher in America; John Schofield of Newburyport made the first carding machine for woolen manufacture; Charles Mitchell of Boston started the food-canning industry; Theodore Pearson of Newburyport was the first cracker baker; Frederic Tudor of Boston started the American ice business; Edward Chaffèe of Roxbury was the first india rubber manufacturer; John Harmon of Boston was the first rope-maker in America; the first clocks were made by Simon Willard of Roxbury, the first American watches by Aaron L. Dennison and Edward Howard of Roxbury; Thomas Beard of the Plymouth colony was the first American shoemaker, and William F. Trowbridge of Feltonville first made shoes by steam-power machinery.

This does not complete the list, but it is sufficient to indicate what part Massachusetts has borne in the industrial progress of the nation.

There was a time when Massachusetts, like Britannia, "ruled the wave," so far as the number of her ships and the wealth of her seaports were concerned. From 1840 to 1860 Massachusetts ships controlled the commerce-bearing trade of the world. But gradually the conditions changed; navigation gave place to manufacture, and Massachusetts, which had developed the resources of the sea, turned her attention to railroads and manufacturing, and developed the resources of the land.

After the Revolution, and when the new nation was forming, the commonwealth, relinquishing its claims to the vast sections of western land which, under its charter from the King of England, were its ceded pos-

sessions, enabled the government to throw open those lands for settlement. The sons of Massachusetts, seeing more of agricultural promise in those fertile western lands, left the old home for the new, and thus Massachusetts by giving up its own became really the mother of new States. To the development of those splendid western commonwealths, as you have read in the story of Rufus Putnam and the second *Mayflower*, Massachusetts contributed in land, in men, in methods, in money, and in means of communication; following the Bay Path of William Pynchon's day, and the later trail of the northern counties, she even pushed her iron highway straight through the very heart of that Berkshire mountain, and thus linked the commerce and manufactures of the East to the vast resources of the West.

HOW ONE MAN SET THE WORLD A-TALKING.

IN the year 1874 there lived in Boston a young Scotchman who was a teacher of vocal physiology in the Boston University. His name was Alexander Graham Bell.

Vocal physiology teaches what the voice is and how to use it properly, and for years this young Scotchman's father and grandfather had been devoting their time and talents, in Edinburgh, so to adapt this science of vocal physiology as to enable them to teach deaf-mutes to speak,—the same educational charity that engaged the attention of Horace Mann in the midst of his labors in behalf of popular education.

This young Scotchman of Boston had also made a careful and thorough study of this wonderful philanthropy, and, with some knowledge of electricity, he was attempting to invent some method of transmitting harmonious sounds,—perhaps even words and speech.

This young man, who earned his living by teaching sound people the right use of the voice, and deaf people how to speak, had no money to develop his valuable ideas. If he could get money enough, he wished to take out a patent on what he called his harmonic telegraph,—that is, telegraphing by sounds, or vibrations.

This seemed to be a practical thing, and young Bell found that certain men whose children he taught were willing to lend him money enough to take out a patent and perfect his invention. But they laughed at his dream of transmitting speech,—his telephone, as he called it, an instrument for hearing and returning far-off sounds. That, they declared, was a crazy scheme.

But Bell was so interested in his inventions, and had so much faith in them, that he determined to risk everything on their success. He gave up his teaching so as to have plenty of time for his own work; he mortgaged his services as a teacher to be delivered when he had finished his experiments; he lived almost on bread and water so as to have all his money for his one idea, and, in a Boston garret, set to work to perfect his invention.

His father had a system of what is known as “visible speech,”—that is, teaching those to speak who are dumb only because they are deaf, by showing them things which they learn to know, or, as one might say, teaching them to talk by sight. It had proved very successful, but Alexander Graham Bell believed he could go a step further, and teach them to use the voice and even to talk intelligibly. His experiments in this direction interested him in the transmission of sounds, and out of this came, slowly and imperfectly, what he called “speech transference, the telephone, the talking telegraph.”

All that year he worked away at his idea,—unsuccessfully, so he thought. He talked with people interested in electrical science, and they all said that, though his

ideas were good, something seemed lacking, and that the talking telegraph could never be made practical.

But he believed that it could; and he meant that it should some day. Further experiments were necessary; but he had no money to enable him to make them, and there were few who believed sufficiently in his ideas to help him with funds.

"What shall I do?" he said, one day, to Dr. Henry, the director of the famous Smithsonian Institution at Washington. "I'm afraid I have not enough electrical knowledge to overcome the difficulties."

"Get it, then," Dr. Henry replied.

Encouraged by this brief but practical advice, Bell determined that he would "get it,"—although, as he declared, "flesh and blood could not stand much longer such a strain as I had on me."

Still, Dr. Henry had said he thought he had "the germ of a great invention," and even at the risk of starvation and breaking down, young Bell determined to work on.

But success may be close at hand when we think it farthest away. Alexander Graham Bell had, even when things looked the darkest, really invented the telephone without knowing it. He knew his theory was right, but the application seemed somehow lacking.

He discovered it by accident. One day, while experimenting with his harmonic telegraph, which he had already patented, his assistant, at one end, happened to knock the transmitter while Bell, at the other end, was at the receiver. Bell heard the sound of the knock exactly as it was given. At once the truth flashed upon

him. "If an audible sound like that can be reproduced and transmitted," he said, "why cannot speech?"

The telephone that he had invented in 1874, and which he and his friends believed to be impracticable, was proved most practical.

"I'll keep at it," he said, "and have one made at once."

But that was far from easy to do, although easy enough to say. He had neither money nor credit, and even though he believed in the telephone, others did not. He was involved in a lawsuit with another inventor over the rights in his harmonic telegraph. He could neither buy tools nor hire help. Everything seemed against him.

"However," he wrote to his father, who lived in Canada, "Morse conquered his electrical difficulties, though he was only a painter, and I don't intend to give in, either, till all is completed."

That was plucky, was it not? But Alexander Graham Bell was just that. He was, too, an unconscious inventor. He had succeeded without knowing it.

"My inexperience is my greatest drawback," he said. He knew what he desired to accomplish, but did not know how to undertake it. For that reason he could not get a patent on his telephone, because what he sent on to Washington was not definite enough to meet the patent office requirements, and, indeed, he very nearly lost all his rights by a rival claim.

But he found an electrician in Boston who could put his ideas into practical shape, and in his shop the telephone was really invented. For this skilled workman

followed the directions which the unskilled inventor described in his specifications and explanations. His application was filed at Washington in February, 1876, and his patent was granted just in time to save his invention.

Even then, however, success did not come at once. The invention must be demonstrated in the presence of scientific men, if the world was to accept it as a practical thing.

This opportunity came at last. On the 26th of June, 1876, at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, a number of electrical inventors had arranged a private "show" of their inventions for the benefit of some of the distinguished foreign visitors to the exhibition,—notably Dom Pedro, then Emperor of Brazil, and Sir William Thomson, the English scientist.

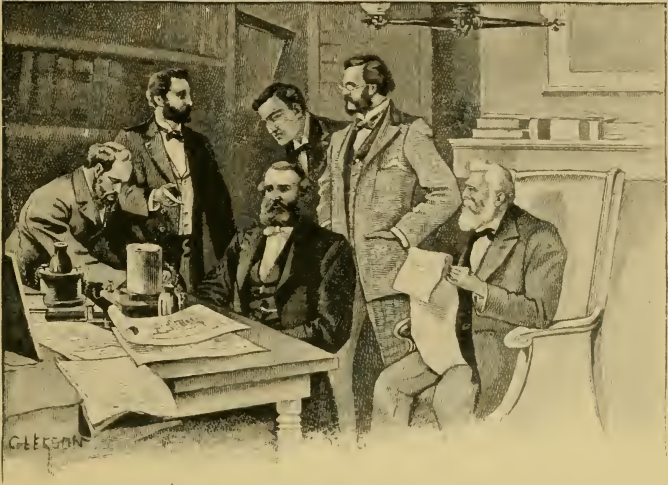
It was a hot day, and the distinguished visitors were hungry; but as a last "show," they expressed a willingness to look at the newfangled idea which this young Boston Scotchman wished to show them.

Bell had already rigged up his telephone line, and, sending his assistant to the transmitter, he placed the receiver at his ear, and repeated aloud to the audience what was said to him over the line.

Instantly the visitors were wide awake; their hunger was forgotten; they could not believe what was told them.

"Try it yourselves, gentlemen," said Mr. Bell.

Sir William Thomson did try it; so did the Emperor of Brazil; so did the other scientists and "distinguished visitors." They talked and listened, replied and talked again, until even their skeptical minds were convinced,



and they believed, as Sir William Thomson told his brother scientists, when he returned to England, "it is by far the greatest of all the marvels of the electric telegraph."

So Alexander Graham Bell leaped into fame at once. The penniless teacher of deaf-mutes became renowned and rich, although it was some time before all his fights with rival inventors were over, and the Supreme Court of the United States declared, on the 19th of March, 1888, that Alexander Graham Bell was the real inventor of the telephone, and that "none of the rival claimants had succeeded in transmitting human speech by the aid of electricity until Mr. Bell had shown the world how it could be done."

To-day his marvelous creation is known and used all over the world. Men talk across miles of space,—a fact more marvelous than anything even the "Arabian Nights" can tell; and the benefit and service which the

telephone has already been to the world are not to be calculated or expressed.

And this was really a Massachusetts invention. It was not the first time the Old Bay State had led in the marvels of electrical invention. In the town of Boston was born, in 1706, Benjamin Franklin, the pioneer of electricity, the man who, so France declared, "snatched the thunderbolt from heaven and the scepter from tyrants;" in Charlestown, just across the river, was born, in 1791, Samuel Finley Breese Morse, the inventor of the electric telegraph; in the city of Lynn Professor Elihu Thomson developed and improved his wonderful system of electrical power that lights and moves the world; and in Boston Alexander Graham Bell invented and perfected the greatest of electrical marvels, the telephone.

To-day in the United States there are in use hundreds of thousands of miles of telegraph and thousands upon thousands of telephones. The business of the world could scarcely exist without them. Cables flash the news of each day's happenings beneath the seas. Chicago talks with Boston, New York with New Orleans. And the possibilities of electricity have but just begun to be realized.

In their services to humanity, to the progress of mankind and the neighborliness of the world, none have done better or deserved more of the republic that esteems and honors them than Franklin, Morse, and Bell, all three men of Massachusetts, brothers of the commonwealth.

HOW THE PROCLAMATION ENDS.

WHEN I was a boy it was the custom for the minister to read from his pulpit, the Sunday before Thanksgiving Day, the proclamation of the governor officially announcing and promulgating the glad day of thanksgiving.

The proclamation always came as a big broadside, quite a formidable-looking sheet, as I remember it from the minister's front pew, and we boys and girls were properly impressed by it, and especially by the highly official way in which it closed, and the invocation and sentiment with which it ended: "God save the commonwealth of Massachusetts!"

In all the two hundred and seventy years of the Old Bay State's existence, as colony and commonwealth, many proclamations have been issued and read to the people who have, in their lives and actions, made Massachusetts a vital and impressive force in the world. For it is the people, after all, who make the state. As that grand old poem of Sir William Jones tells us:

"Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,—
These constitute a state."

The men of Massachusetts have always known and appreciated their duties; they have, from the days of the

freemen of Watertown, "dared their rights maintain;" and as a consequence the invocation of the old proclamation has been answered, for God has blessed and saved the commonwealth of Massachusetts.

To-day the golden-domed Statehouse, ringed with its triple coronet of electric lights, stands on its time-honored hill, known and honored of all men throughout the land. Within its legislative chamber still hangs the golden codfish, symbol and reminder of the chief source of the Bay State's wealth and progress; within its library is cherished the precious manuscript of that early governor and chronicler, which has been through the centuries the authority to which all historians have gone for the story of the beginnings of this famous State.

Below the gilded dome lies Boston, big and busy. To the east sparkle the broad waters that gave the commonwealth the foundation of prosperity in fisheries and commerce, and fastened upon that commonwealth its honored title of the Bay colony and the Bay State; yonder the sandy Cape "doubles its fist," so Dr. Holmes declared, "at all creation;" to the west, Greylock rears its four thousand feet in air, the clustering hill towns smiling at its feet; against the bold headland of Cape Ann beats the unquiet sea; across the State, from north to south, doubles and twists the broad Connecticut; beyond rise the green and health-giving Berkshires; and from east to west, from north to south, pulses and throbs the life of the commonwealth,—fourteen counties, fourteen hundred cities, towns, and villages, with full three millions of people, the freemen of Massachusetts.

And what a heritage is theirs. Not a large or overfertile land, as the show spots of the world are reckoned,—only eighty-three hundred square miles of country, rocky, hilly, and never phenomenally productive. But that small, rectangular, broken-coasted bit of the world's surface has produced men; it has made history; it has contributed more than its share to the intelligence, the freedom, the progress, and the glory of the republic.

“I shall enter on no encomium on Massachusetts,” said the Bay State's greatest orator. “There she stands!” And there she has stood for very nearly three centuries of unrest, endeavor, and achievement, needing no labored encomium, for she has spoken for herself.

Three centuries of endeavor,—the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth in the Christian era! What is the record of the Old Bay State's accomplishments?

In the seventeenth century: a new State founded in the wilderness, first steps toward self-government, town meetings organized, schools begun, manufactures started, fisheries made profitable, and, in spite of the stern grasp of a state church, an increasing, forward movement toward liberty that no repression could long smother and no persecution could stamp out.

In the eighteenth century the record of achievement was even longer; for in that historic hundred years Massachusetts made her mark, and the world is not yet through talking about it. For desire blossomed into deeds in that century of effort and of slow but steady growth. Benjamin Franklin, James Otis, John and Samuel Adams,—these are a few of the famous names that appear upon the roll. That century saw, in Mas-

sachusetts, the establishment of the whale fishery, the beginnings of America's merchant marine and the American navy; it saw paper mills at Newton, cotton mills at Beverly and Worcester, nail factories at Amesbury,—the real "first start" of the Bay State's mighty industries. Shipbuilding, leather and shoe manufacture, glass-blowing and brickmaking, canal-building and iron-working, all took their start in Massachusetts in that century, which had, too, even grander things. It had the Old South Meetinghouse and Faneuil Hall, a cargo of troublesome tea, and the emphatic clanking of certain objectionable chains "on the plains of Boston," that were heard by Patrick Henry and George Washington in far-away Virginia. It had Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill, the siege of Boston and the triumph of Dorchester Heights. It had the beginnings of Massachusetts manufactures and Massachusetts reform, the protest against the Stamp Act, and the "shot heard round the world." A notable hundred years was that eighteenth century in the Old Bay State.

And fully as notable has been, in the commonwealth of Massachusetts, the wonderful nineteenth century. Greatest of all its achievements, it seems to me, has been the share taken by the Bay State in that mighty victory of freedom which you may see fitly commemorated in granite, if you will take a car through the subway to Mount Auburn in Cambridge, and stand before Milmore's statue of the Sphinx, set upon the hill. For upon that impressive statue you may read these words: "American Union Preserved—African Slavery Destroyed—By the Uprising of a Great People, by the

Blood of Fallen Heroes." To make that inscription possible, Massachusetts did her part; and a leader's part it was. For Massachusetts stands for the long struggle for the equality of all men before the law which began at Plymouth in December, 1620, and closed at Appomattox in April, 1865. Massachusetts led that movement; Massachusetts fought ever in the van; her banner cry for two hundred and seventy years has been, "Civil liberty and human rights!" and that banner cry is now high placed as the motto of the republic. It was uphill work to educate the people and accomplish this grand result; but to the men of Massachusetts, and to those of other States who worked with them shoulder to shoulder, the republic owes a mighty debt of gratitude.

But progress comes only through opposition. Every step is a battle; every advance is a victory. Even such world-wide blessings as the telegraph and the telephone—both of them Massachusetts discoveries—attained success only through struggle. So, in Massachusetts, as in every other State in the Union, progress, which has not yet reached perfection, can make its record only through blood and tears. Still will labor and capital wrestle for the mastery; monopoly and manhood will have frequent tussles; bigotry and toleration have not yet ceased from sparring; while that spurious American inconsistency, caste, will seek to root itself on democracy, and patriotism and sectionalism will still war in the hearts of men. There is plenty of work laid out for twentieth-century hands to do, while it requires an alert and active brain to keep track of all the new inventions and all the advances in helpful science and domestic problems that

are to be credited to the restless energy of the Bay State alone,—to say nothing of the rest of the world.

Even as the nineteenth century closed, Massachusetts added her mite to the contribution paid by the republic of which she is a part in behalf of humanity and the freedom of man. In that latest struggle of progress with retrogression, the conflict of the United States with Spain, the part that Massachusetts took was no insignificant one.

Opposed at first to a war which patience and determination along peaceful lines might have prevented, when once the die was cast, the Bay State was in the van. Men and money were freely given; relief and redress were willingly accorded; and the men of Massachusetts on land and on sea, in the armies and navies of the republic, made their mark as valiant fighters and as ready helpers. Captains from Massachusetts were with Dewey at Manila, with Sampson and Schley at Santiago. The plucky little made-over yacht *Gloucester*, in the action against Cervera's Spanish fleet, made famous once again the name of Massachusetts's chief fishing port. Four of Hobson's seven heroes were of Massachusetts blood, and a Massachusetts regiment was in the advance at Siboney and Santiago. In the halls of Congress, the representatives and senators of Massachusetts were first for justice and then for action, while at the head of the Navy Department, as its efficient, capable, and energetic secretary, was John D. Long, ex-governor of Massachusetts.

In all this Massachusetts has but lived up to her traditions and shown her old-time spirit,—that spirit

fitly described by Senator Hoar, the Bay State's honored successor to Sumner in the highest legislative chamber of the republic.

"Whatever Massachusetts has done," said Senator Hoar, "whatever she is doing, whatever she is to accomplish hereafter, is largely owing to the fact that she has kept unbroken the electric current flowing from soul to soul, forever and forever, as it was generated, now nearly three hundred years ago, at Plymouth. Her generations have taken hold of hands.

"The men of Plymouth Rock and of Salem, the men who cleared the forest, the heroes of the Indian and the old French wars, the men who imprisoned Andros, the men who fought the Revolution, the men who humbled the power of France at Louisburg and the power of Spain at Martinique and Havana, the men who won our independence and builded our Constitution, the sailors of the great sea fights of the War of 1812, the soldiers who saved the Union, and the men who went with Hobson on the *Merrimac* or fought with Dewey at Manila or under Sampson or before the trenches at Santiago, have been of one temper from the beginning,—the old Massachusetts spirit, which we hope may endure and abide until time shall be no more."

That is a good sentiment with which to close these brief stories of the Bay State's beginnings, rise, and progress. "The past, at least, is secure." To-day, because of her energy and effort, Massachusetts stands among the States of the American Union first in educational and intellectual activity. She is first in fisheries, first in public libraries, second in banking facilities, and fourth

in manufactures,—not a bad showing for a State that is only fifth from the foot in size in the whole forty-five. She has a contented population of three millions of inhabitants; she has two hundred millions of dollars in agricultural property, with dairy products exceeding sixteen millions in value; ten millions are invested in fishing industries which return nearly six millions, of which nearly one and a half millions are brought by the historic cod; she has twenty-five thousand manufacturing industries; she has over six hundred millions of dollars invested as capital, and four hundred millions stored away in savings banks. The old-time energy finds ample channels for expression, and Massachusetts, the parent of many States, has still strength and vigor, brain and will, to keep her place in the van, even while merged into that larger community to whose glory and indivisibility none is more passionately loyal,—the United States of America. And so, with pride in her past, with hope for her future, let all true Americans join in the prayer with which the proclamation ends:

“God save the commonwealth of Massachusetts!”

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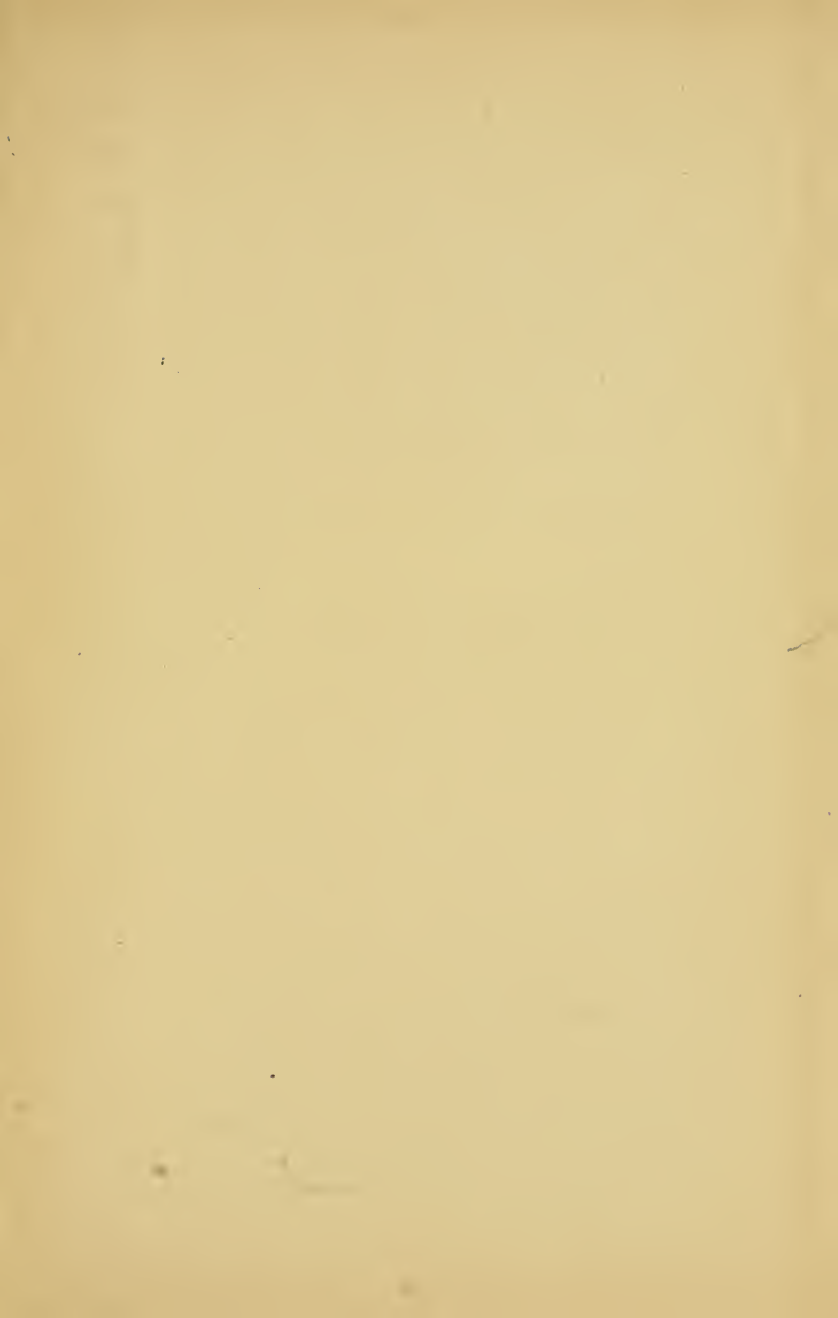
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