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Old Cambridge and New.

By THOMAS C. AMORY.

BOSTON:
JAMES R. OSGOOD & CO., 124 TREMONT STREET.
Late Ticknor & Fields, and Fields, Osgood & Co.
1871.

OLD CAMBRIDGE AND NEW.

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THOMAS C. AMORY.

Reprinted from the New-England Historical and Genealogical Register for July, 1871.
With Additions.

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PREFACE.

This brief sketch of a few among the memorable antiquities of Cambridge was published in the July number of the New-England Historical and Genealogical Register. Under the impression that it may possess some interest for a wider circle than the readers of that Journal, with the consent of the editor it is now issued in a separate form. Some few additional particulars which have since been collected or which it seemed desirable to mention with a view to obtaining more full information with regard to them for future use, have been appended.

Circumstances altogether accidental first attracted the attention of the writer to the by-gones of New-England. Being in some respects favorably placed for the study of the subject, he listened rather to his own taste and inclination than to the suggestion forced constantly upon his mind that there were other antiquarians in the community far better qualified than himself to do it justice. He is not unmindful of what they have accomplished, or many more who have already finished their course. He realizes that their abundant knowledge and superior ability have only been restrained by innate modesty and conscientious thoroughness from the field upon which he has ventured. Nothing indeed but the profoundest conviction that valuable information with regard to former days is constantly passing out of mind which future generations will be glad to possess and which no one else shows any disposition to preserve, could make him bold enough to brave the censure of the critical in lending a helping hand to rescue it from oblivion.

All are ready to admit that private life, with its varied interests and pursuits, is an important subject for study, not of course entitled to the same consideration as the course of political events, the province of the regular historian, but both alike contributing to a thorough knowledge of the past. What concerns individuals and families in humble walks, their social and domestic habits, remarkable incidents that give variety to the even tenor of their existence, leads us to form

more correct ideas of human destiny, of what Providence designed in constituting human nature as it is. Our local historians record facts and dates often investing much that is intrinsically dull with the charm of genius. Poets and novelists perpetuate what is striking or peculiar. But there is so much vigor and variety in our New-England character, our experiences for the two centuries and a half we have been in America have been so eventful, that to possess a vivid sense of what the individuals actually were who have left their mark behind them and wrought important changes even in the world's history, we cannot too diligently study them in their abodes, and in the combination of surrounding circumstances which helped to form and fashion them.

Busy men are too much engaged in their own concerns to have leisure for these pursuits. Yet where permitted to take in at a glance what is worthy of notice, they know how to value it. Everywhere about the earlier settled portions of the land are ancient residences, memories of distinguished personages, associations with remarkable events of which they know something and would be glad to know more. Could these be brought into one comprehensive view, much time would be economized that is precious, and the country about them, instead of being prosaic and dull, teem with romantic interest. Such was the motive which prompted these papers. Life is precarious, and if the amount accomplished fall short of what has been projected, other pens will perfect what is left incomplete.

Cambridge, as a nursing mother of New-England intellect, as the guide, philosopher and friend of writers whose productions and whose fame extend far beyond the limits of our language, on this account alone claims a conspicuous place in such an undertaking. And whoever is familiar with the beauty of her natural scenery, her social life and the historical events which have at times unduly disturbed the attention of her students at their books, must admit that whatever has changed or chanced with regard to these also should be remembered.

The author would repeat for his own justification, in closing, that it is only with a view to a general work on the antiquities, social and domestic, of New-England, that he should have ventured on ground already well occupied, and which is sure of such a host of future harvesters.

OLD CAMBRIDGE AND NEW.

Many years ago, eheu fugaces, whilst still an undergraduate of Harvard but abroad for health, I was retiring for the night after a busily occupied Sunday in London, when two American gentlemen called at my lodgings in Regent street. They came to take me to the reception of our minister, Mr. McLane, to whose legation Washington Irving was then secretary. In the course of the evening one of them proposed to me to be his companion through the lake counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland into Scotland. This proposition was too tempting to be declined, and a few days later we were on the road.

The castles and cathedrals that we visited, venerable ruins and famous battle fields we explored, works of art that charmed and exquisite scenery luxuriant in summer vegetation which we gazed upon delighted, have left impressions if not as vivid as if of yesterday, by no means effaced. Posting is still to be enjoyed to some degree of its former perfection in remoter places, but on more travelled routes its glories are departed. Before the rail superseded it, however, no mode of travel could have surpassed it in pleasantness or comfort. Neither on foot nor in the saddle could be acquired so complete a knowledge of the country traversed, with equal economy of time and strength. The roads were smooth, and fresh horses ready at the inn doors to replace those scarcely weary with a ten mile pace. The carriages were adapted to sunshine or to storm. Their windows in front allowed broad views of the varying landscape. The springs were nicely adjusted, the cushions yielded to pressure yet afforded support, racks and rests and pockets were just where needed, and we rolled along with never a wish beyond the delight of the moment.

We lingered where we liked, or turned aside from our course where any object of interest invited attention. The wayside inns in which we rested, houses of more pretension in towns where we passed our nights, were neatness itself, and neither in bed nor board could be excelled. It was our especial good fortune to have abundance of rain, but it never came in the

day-time to disconcert our plans. There was no dust upon the roads, turf and foliage were steeped in moisture, lakes and rivers brimmed with water, the cascades and cataracts among the mountains poured down in majesty and beauty, and even an English sky was often cloudless.

The ruins of Raby, castle of Doune, solemn grandeurs of York-minster, Louther and Alnwick, Loch Katrine and Loch Leven, Hawthornden and Roslyn, the heights of Benvenue, the field of Bannockburn, were a few of the picturesque or historical experiences which crowded that to me memorable journey with an ever renewed succession of delights.

It was not its least valued privilege that the letters of introduction of my companion secured for us personal intercourse and acquaintance with some of the most gifted and distinguished celebrities of the period. We passed hours under their hospitable roofs, chatting over the remnants of our repasts, feasting our eyes on lawns and lakes which spread out before their windows, strolled through woods or over hillsides in their agreeable companionship, for my own humble part listening spell-bound to brilliant conversation on every variety of topic, sparkling with wit or racy in anecdote, which to a young student fresh from the perusal of works that had given them imperishable renown, was a source of much enjoyment. Breakfasts at Rydal with that other Sir William Hamilton the mathematician of Dublin, with Lord Jeffrey at Craigcrook castle, rambles in the American forest of Sir Robert Liston with Mrs. Hemans, a day at Abbotsford when Scott narrated in his own rich brogue many of those charming incidents of his life that make Lockhart's biography enchanting, these were incidents to render eventful the dullest existence; and to have upon my head in blessing within three or four happy weeks the hand that penned his delightful volumes, and those of Wordsworth and Southey, was enough to waken sensibility if not kindle inspiration in the most ordinary mortal.

On our way north our first resting place was Cambridge. Mr. Gray had been an honored son of Harvard, and by his culture, literary and political labors and laurels, requited his alma mater for her nurturing care and well earned parchments. He later bequeathed her his superb collection of engravings which he was then enriching with whatsoever was rare and costly, paying in one instance as much as twenty guineas for what was peculiarly precious. He had been requested by the corporation to discover if possible among the records and traditions of old Cambridge, trace of John Harvard, earliest benefactor of the new, and whose name, attached to this oldest and most richly endowed American seat of learning, was little more than a shadow.

That Harvard was born near London had been conjectured from his being entered Dec. 19, 1627, as of Middlesex on the books of Emmanuel College, where he matriculated with the rank of pensioner, receiving

his degree as Bachelor of Arts in 1631–2, and of Master in 1635. He soon after took orders, married and came to America, and on the first Sunday in August, 1637, united with the church at Charlestown. On the second of November of that year he was admitted as a freeman, and on the fourteenth of September of that which followed, died of consumption. His library of three hundred and sixty volumes, many of them of recent publication yet still famous, rich in classics and comprising many standard works on divinity, he bequeathed to the infant college, which had been founded two years before at Newtown, a name on the previous second of May exchanged for Cambridge. He left the college besides nearly eight hundred pounds, half of his estate. His widow, believed to have been the daughter of Mr. Sadler, of Patcham, in Sussex, married in 1639 Thomas Allen, who dismissed from the Boston church "at their desire and his own," next year became colleague of Rev. Zachary Symmes at Charlestown, returning to his native city of Norwich in 1650. Harvards still existed in England, but only in one solitary line, followers of the Wesleys, and their earliest known ancestor, another John, was born in 1680, forty years after the founder's death.

Many of the above circumstances connected with Harvard were already known, others due to subsequent investigation. All told, they fell far short of what it was desirable to be able to tell of one whose bequest indicated so enlightened a sense of the value of learning, and whose name was destined to be inseparably connected with the college. His parentage, the early incidents of his life, what prompted him to come to America, any other details to fill up the bare outline we possessed of his existence, it was our task to ascertain. Sixteen hundred pounds was in those days an inheritance sufficiently considerable when united with a liberal education to indicate a social position of which some trace should have been left; and we indulged the over sanguine expectation, as it proved, that our inquiries would be attended with success.

A month earlier, after a pilgrimage at sunset to the tomb of Shakspeare, I had read to my companions, in the White Horse parlor at Stratford-on-Avon, Irving's exquisite chapters, and early next morning, from the elevated terrace of Charlcote Park, watched the gambols of the deer, of that very herd from which Shakspeare had shot his buck, as they trouped with graceful sweep about the large, square, red-brick turreted Elizabethan mansion of the Lucy's. After visiting Warwick and Kenilworth and the many marvels of that historic neighborhood, we reached Oxford in the early evening to revel in its magnificent walls and towers steeped in the moonlight. Again a month later I was to behold Melrose and Abbotsford under the same luminary, and now in its light the venerable forms of the halls and colleges of Cambridge revealed their beautiful proportions as we roamed through its streets. It was indeed a scene to be remembered, and

as the silver chimes broke in music on the balmy air of the quiet summer night, both my companion and myself were too full of the genius of the spot not to be moved.

The ensuing days were devoted to our search. But vacation had emptied the colleges of both students and fellows. Profound stillness reigned supreme about the cloisters and those magnificent quadrangles, which impress Americans the more that our climate with its heavy snows and extreme heat in summer little favors this mode of construction. We visited, in the course of our pilgrimage, the seventeen different colleges, from Peter's of 1284 to Downing's of this nineteenth century, delighted with their nobly proportioned refectories and combination rooms, where the fellows take their wine and walnuts after their repasts in hall, libraries lined with quaint old oaken book-cases and ancient volumes, chapels most of them of moderate dimensions, a few more magnificent if not equalling King's, with its fretted roof and painted glass. Everywhere the eye ranged from one object of beauty to another, impressed but never sated, every step presenting something more beautiful yet for admiration. Pictures and statues of familiar worthies, windows richly dight with designs, devotional or symbolical, in exquisite tint and tone, shedding their dim religious light on oaken wainscot and marble floor, delicate carvings in wood by Gibbons, elsewhere to be found but nowhere more airy and fanciful than at Cambridge, specimens of the oldest writings extant, in good preservation, as also manuscripts of Bacon, Milton, Newton, with the sense that here have moved and worked hosts of famous men whose names are familiar as household words, the very communion of genius, combined to render a visit to their shrine a blessed pilgrimage.

Among the great numbers of separate edifices, ecclesiastical and collegiate, filling the place, the number of very venerable structures is not large and is constantly diminishing, giving way to new ranges of buildings or to new stone walls modernizing the old ones. But still there were here and there remains of mediæval architecture in battlements and towers and richly mullioned windows, possessed of beauty not alone because strange and ancient, from historic or other associations, but from varied symmetry and combination of delicate elaboration with broad masses and rude material. It is not to be denied that time, with its weather stains, crumbled lines, its moss and lichens, its mantling ivy which has a peculiar lustre and luxuriance in the humid atmosphere of England, has a potent spell of its own, but still besides are found at every turn in gatehouses and cloisters, buttress and battlement, marks of that taste which in the days of Plantagenet and Tudor monarchs erected for divine worship, conventual or collegiate uses, edifices never since surpassed in power to please the eye or kindle the imagination.

Oxford and Cambridge dispute the palm of antiquity, not only as seats of learning, both tracing back to the very dawn of christianity on the island,

but as to which possesses the oldest college. It is well known that before the thirteenth century the students lived in hostels, as they were called, the religious houses receiving a few pupils, class rooms for the most part being hired of the inhabitants. Oxford claims University, Baliol and Merton as earlier than any Cambridge foundation entitled to the name of college, but this pretension is not allowed by her rival, who on her part insists that St. John's Hospital and Michael House possessed equal if not higher claims to priority. Peter's is generally conceded by Thomas Fuller and George Dyer, the best authorities, as the earliest Cambridge college, and this was founded by Hugh de Balstan, in 1274–84. Little is left of its original buildings. The next in date is Clare, which the Lady Elizabeth de Clare, granddaughter of Edward I., actuated, to use her own language, by a desire for the extension of every branch of learning, that there may no longer remain an excuse for ignorance, and to create a firmer and closer union among mankind by the civilizing effects of indulgence in liberal study, at the request of Richard of Badow, in Essex, founded about the middle of the fourteenth century. Its buildings are all modern, but finely situated near King's Chapel, its beautiful gardens extending across the Cam.

It would be of course presumption, as well as apart from our purpose, to attempt to describe in these few pages the infinitely varied objects of interest that engaged our attention. We did our work thoroughly and well, and not one of the many colleges we visited but presented, in ancient edifices, works of art or literary treasures, something for admiration or to be remembered. Pembroke, the creation of the wife widowed at her nuptials, was the college home of Spencer; Jesus, of Cranmer and our John Eliot; King's, designed by the facile and unfortunate Henry VI. for the training of England's statesmen, as Eton to be their cradle, of Walsingham and Walpole, of our John Cotton, John Winthrop and Charles Chauncy. No one who has seen can ever forget the latter's noble chapel, with long-drawn aisle and fretted vault, and light, religious but not dim the day we saw it, streaming through bible stories, transfigured, as it were, in chastened tints and graceful form, upon the dozen richly dight and many-mullioned windows on either side. Nor could we fail to view with pleasure the mediaeval courts of Queen's, joint foundation of York and Lancaster, of Henry's Margaret and Edward's queen, where Erasmus passed seven studious years, and Thomas Fuller learned the cloistered life he describes so well. We visited, too, the two-fold gifts of another noble lady, Margaret Tudor, who, though herself by right a queen and progenitrix of monarchs by the score, preferred to a throne a private station: St. John's, with its handsome courts, its towers, and its library bays above the Cam, and Christ's in whose pleasant gardens Milton fed the vestal fires of song which are to burn on forever.

We visited Trinity, with its superb gateway and courts, one of them more spacious than any college's in Europe, flanked by buildings of many styles and uses, but blending into one harmonious whole—its historic chambers decked with the lineaments of gifted men who garnered there the strength with which to win on other fields the laurels nowhere else more cherished. Here once moved and thought, Bacon, Herbert, Cowley, Dryden, Newton, and hosts of later celebrities, among them Byron, Crabbe, Macaulay, Tennyson, and chief among the treasures of the noble library are manuscripts of some of them religiously preserved.

Neither Bennet nor Maudlin, neither Cats, nor Corpus, were overlooked in our wanderings, nor Sydney Sussex, planted by the aunt alike of Sir Philip Sydney and of Robert Dudley, the alma mater of that rough soldier and statesman, Cromwell, nor Caius, with its gates of humility and virtue leading to that of honor. An appointment a later day carried us to Emmanuel to consult on the special object of our mission with the senior fellow in residence, whom we found in gown and slippers at his morning tea, in apartments as attractive as can be conceived for bachelor enjoyment. Three rooms connected, and filled to overflowing with heaps of books and all sorts of comfortable chairs and tables, and other appliances for study or indulgence, commanded through the open windows broad sweeps of verdure, flowers of gayest tints, steeped in the sunshine. He told us all he knew, which was not much, and put us in the way of seeing what of note his college offered, from the many graduates among our New-England settlers possessed for us of peculiar interest. I hardly dare repeat the oft-told tale of Fuller, connected with its founder, lest it be too familiar, but it is apposite in showing what direct descent is to be traced of our Cambridge from her English namesake. Sir Walter Mildmay educated himself at Christ's, and then holding a financial office under government visited Queen Elizabeth soon after founding his college, and upon her saying she had heard he had erected a puritan foundation, replied it was far from him to countenance anything contrary to her established laws, but that he had set an acorn which when it became an oak God only knew what would be its fruit. It soon overshadowed all other colleges in learning, for one half their masters, when Fuller wrote, had been its pupils. Certainly the character of our New-England plantations was strongly tinctured and tempered by its puritan leaven, for besides Harvard—Hooker, Shepherd, Blackstone, Ward, Stone, Whitney and Dunster were educated within its walls, and John Cotton held one of its fellowships. It suffered a reaction later, becoming puseyistic in religion, tory in politics. It is worthy of note that Downing, the last Cambridge college, erected in 1825, should have had for its founder Sir George Downing, grandson of that Sir George, son of Emmanuel

Downing, who took his degree at our Cambridge in the first class that graduated.

But what especially charms the stranger are the grounds attached to the colleges. Downing, the youngest of the sisterhood, has an area of thirty acres. But however limited the space, the most is made of it. Art and nature for centuries have been busily at work with results a perfect marvel. Greater humidity of climate, and winters neither so severe nor protracted, give an immeasurable advantage, but taste for horticulture, with labor more economical, skill more widely diffused, render possible what is far less practicable with us. Labyrinths, serpentine walks that make of a few acres an apparently boundless domain, lawns ever verdant, parterres ever in bloom, stately avenues and patches of water, present at every turn new combinations. Then the river, spanned by graceful arches, meanders lovingly amongst these old palaces of learning, coying with the enamelled sward, reflecting the quivering foliage.

It is not possible, in such a paradise, to be insensible, at least in summer, in these little Edens where the centuries are constantly renewing their youth, to their numberless associations with foremost names in literature and science. In these pleasant parterres, intellectual giants sported and gained their growth. These were their favorite haunts in hours of relaxation. Still survives at Christ's the mulberry Milton planted. The divinity that stirred in Erasmus and Bacon, Newton and Gray, here walked in the garden. All around breathes the inspiration that produced the choicest passages of our language, the noblest productions of the human mind. Even pilgrims from our own land may find here kindred shades, perhaps progenitors. Not all the architectural graces, Gothic or Grecian, that deck these splendid structures; not all their countless wealth of art and wisdom, seem possessions more to be coveted for our own alma mater than these exquisite pleasure grounds.

It was not with any ambitious design of condensing into these few pages what has been so admirably related by Thomas Fuller or George Dyer, or from any impression that "On the Cam," the brilliant production of hereditary genius is not generally familiar, that we have ventured to suggest comparisons between this glorious creation of a thousand years and her still youthful namesake. Old Cambridge may still keep pace with the ages, but her triumphs are of the past. Ours has a vitality that promises a more vigorous development in times to come. It is worth her while to profit by the lessons of those who have already trod the paths of experience, and seasonably remove or avoid obstacles that may stay her progress. The life of a university is of course intellectual, but she also has her treasures in earthen vessels and should seek to place her apples of gold in pictures of

silver. What Harvard needs is ampler space and buildings, that may foster in youthful minds a taste for symmetry and beauty.

That six years after the settlement of three or four thousand people in this then remote corner of the earth, hemmed in between sea and forest, alive with unknown terrors from buccaneer and savage, they should have thought, whilst themselves dwelling and worshipping under mud and thatch, of founding a college, can only be ascribed to the number of college graduates among them. As the country developed, liberal contributions from all classes and conditions, to the extent of their scanty means, aided by generous patrons in England, preserved it from perishing; but its existence was a perpetual struggle against inadequate resources. Its oldest building, a wooden structure of which we know neither the form or arrangements, nor precisely where it stood, rapidly decayed and was replaced in 1664 by Harvard Hall, a fair and stately edifice of brick, one hundred feet in length by forty broad, with five gables in its roof along the front and rear, standing "not far from the old one." It remained till 1764, when it was burnt. This fate came near overtaking its career soon after its erection. President Oakes, who was wont to make long prayers in the hall, on one occasion, from promptings he could not explain, brought his exercise to a sudden close. The students returning to their chambers found one of them on fire, which was soon extinguished and the building saved.

The earliest Stoughton, also of brick, its front not far back of a line from the east end of Harvard to that of Massachusetts, the gift of the Lt.-Gov. of that name, and costing one thousand pounds, was added in 1699, and in 1720 Massachusetts, built at the instance of Gov. Shute. These three buildings, each one hundred feet in length, three stories in height, with attics of the same materials, and like decorations, formed a handsome quadrangle, and are so represented in an engraving still extant, though rare, of the middle of the last century. The windows are glazed with diamond panes in leaden lattices. Near the centre of the square is a large elm, not far from the gates, in front of which, on the road, are, among other equipages of quaint and unusual forms, that of the governor, equestrians and several persons, standing or strolling about, in the fashion of the period. Of these buildings, Massachusetts alone survives, and that, this year has been dismantled of its pleasant chambers to serve for a time for commencement dinners, lectures and similar purposes, and as a temporary repository for the superb collection of college portraits removed from Harvard opposite, till the new Memorial Hall is ready to receive them.

Behind Harvard and Stoughton was the brewery, beer in those benighted days, when tea and coffee were not known, certainly at Cambridge, being regarded as a wholesome beverage. Farther along back of the spot whence Dane was lately moved, and where Matthews Hall is building, long stood

the Indian College, a brick structure, erected about 1666, as a dormitory for twenty Indians. The Indians preferred their native haunts to classic shades, and only one of their race ever took his degree, and that in 1665, the year before the Society for Propagating the Gospel erected this edifice, at a cost of four hundred pounds. It being no longer needed for its original purpose part of it was used later for the printing press, which Glover was bringing over when he died in 1638, and which passed, with his widow and estate, to Dunster. The press, in his day and Chauncy's, was kept at their residences, where the Psalms and first edition of the Indian Bible, as also other books, were printed, but the second edition of the bible, in 1685, was printed at the Indian College. It does not appear when this building was taken down. It was still used for the press in 1775. When a few weeks ago the foundations were laid for Matthews Hall on a line with Hollis and Stoughton, but to the south of Massachusetts, a line of ancient wall was unearthed, supposed to have once formed part of it. If so it would seem to suggest a fitting place for a monument to the apostle Eliot.

The need had long been felt for a suitable abode for the presidents. Dunster and Chauncy had provided for themselves. Where Hoar, Oakes and Rogers dwelt does not appear, but neither Increase Mather, 1685–1701, nor Samuel Willard resided at Cambridge. They were pastors of churches in Boston, and there made their home. Leverett, 1701–1725, had been a tutor and possibly had his own dwelling. When Wadsworth, 1725–1737, was chosen, the general court appropriated one thousand pounds for a presidential mansion, which was occupied by him; Holyoke, 1737–1770; Locke, 1770–1773; Langdon, 1774–1780; Jos. Willard, 1781–1804; Webber, 1805–1810; Kirkland, 1810–1828; Quincy, 1829–1845; Everett, 1845–1849; Sparks and Dr. Walker had houses of their own; and Felton was the first to occupy that erected out of a fund given for the purpose by Peter C. Brooks.

This presidential mansion, slightly changed at different periods but still a stately edifice, having served its purpose for a century and a quarter, is now known as the Wadsworth house from its first occupant, and used for students. Attached to it formerly was a wing, in which the President had his office, and where he administered privates and reprimands to the refractory. Farther along at the corner stood the church, where were held commencements and other solemnities. This has been removed and its successor is on the other side of the avenue. Twenty years after the presidential mansion was built, Holden Chapel, north of Harvard, was erected by the family of Samuel Holden, who had been governor of the Bank of England. After long serving its purpose in ministering to the needs of the soul, assigned to the medical department, it was used for explaining the mechanism of the body.

The college grew in numbers and in wants, and in 1764 a new building,

at right angles with and north of Harvard, was erected and called Hollis, in honor of a family seven of whom from Thomas down had been liberal benefactors. It was of the same material and dimensions, but less decorated, than either Massachusetts or Harvard. Just as it was ready for occupation, Harvard, then used by the General Court, as smallpox was prevailing in Boston, caught fire in the chapel, one stormy night in winter, and the students being away, though governor, council and representatives worked hard to save it, it was too late, when discovered, to be extinguished. In it perished a wealth of precious books and pictures. Governor Bernard the same year laid the corner-stone of the present Harvard, endeared to cotemporary graduates by the wise and witty things they have heard within its walls.

Trenching, at every word, on what is generally familiar, we simply will remind our readers of the flight of students and professors, with their books, to Concord and Andover, when Boston was besieged, and how returning they found the buildings not improved by military occupation. Stoughton, never strongly built, had become dilapidated, and being dangerous in 1780 it was necessary to remove it. Its walls, according to one authority, were sprung by the earthquake in 1755; or, if we believe another, having been long out of plumb, were righted by the shock. The present Stoughton, on a line with Hollis, was built in 1805, and Holworthy in 1813, after Sir Matthew, who in 1680 gave the college its then largest donation of the seventeenth century, of one thousand pounds. Neither Stoughton nor Holworthy cost more than twenty-four thousand dollars. Hardly had the latter been completed, when the foundation was laid of University Hall, for chapel commons and recitations. It was of larger dimensions, and the material, instead of wood or brick as in the earlier edifices, was granite. In some slight measure it rose above their severe simplicity, its broad flight of steps, now removed, and handsome pilasters giving it an air of modest elegance.

During the last fifty years the college, expanding into a university, and losing its sectarian character, hundreds of its children enriching her in their lifetime, or remembering her in their wills, her hundred thousand dollars in 1797 of property increased nearly forty-fold, edifices for all her various departments have gone up rapidly. Theology and law are conveniently lodged, the former in 1826 in Divinity Hall, in the groves to the north of the college yard, the latter in 1832 in Dane near Massachusetts. Gore Hall, for the Library, in 1839, with buttresses and pinnacles, was the earliest attempt at architectural splendor, and since, with the exception of Appleton Chapel slightly adorned, they have resumed their characteristic plainness. The Observatory in 1846, Scientific Hall in 1848, Boylston in 1858, Gray in 1868, Thayer in 1870, and the Agassiz Museum, are all well fitted for their purposes. The most has been made of the means appropriated, but they have been constructed with reference to rigid economy rather than any

other principle of beauty than adaptation. Two more halls are soon to be erected, generous gifts of wealthy citizens of Boston, that of William F. Weld on a line with University, that of Nathan Matthews opposite. It is to be hoped they will keep as much in advance of former models as the Thayer and Gray. When completed, the buildings in the yard will form another quadrangle of five or six hundred feet by nearly two, the Chapel and Library standing outside of it to the east. Another building, Holyoke House, one hundred feet square, for dormitories, restaurants, and business purposes, is being built at the corner of Harvard and Holyoke streets. It is refreshing to think that in the Memorial Hall, to cost nearly one-third as much as all the other buildings together, we shall have one grand edifice to gratify our taste, to vie in magnificence and architectural beauty with those at the seats of learning abroad.

We should be sorry to see buildings of excessive ornamentation, florid and flaunting, casting into painful contrast the homeliness of those we have loved so long. But it is true economy in building for the public, or the ages, to keep well abreast or in advance of existing tastes. Architecture as a fine art, in America, is making rapid strides, and no where has a better field for the exercise of genius than in college buildings. Our good old ugliness produced no doubt as ripe scholarship, but the constant presence of graceful forms, of the grand and glorious in this noble art has a happy æsthetic influence on youthful minds, when forming, satisfying the natural craving for what is beautiful. Straight lines and plane surfaces may be less expensive than curves and arches; bays and oriels, mullions and pinnacles, may not quicken the intellectual faculties, but all shapes and colors that awaken sensibility educate the æsthetic nature, refine taste and increase happiness.

Heretofore the pressing needs of the present have precluded any preparation for those of the future. But the rich collections and cabinets of Cambridge will gradually attract there students of every science and art, and it behooves the gentle mother to spread her lap and give them welcome. The college yard of twenty-two acres, the botanic garden of seven, with the rest of her territory in Cambridge, does not exceed forty-eight acres, and wise forecast demands that whatever else can upon any contingency be hereafter needed, by purchase, gift or bequest, should sooner or later vest in the college. Families and individuals come and pass; the college lives through centuries. If as present edifices decay, if as the value of modern estates enhances, arrangements could now be made that whatever is available should finally vest in the corporation, it would work no prejudice to present proprietors or their descendants. If Mount Auburn, which with all its beauty as a cemetery, as art has crowded out nature, has already lost something of its primitive charm, if the beautiful woods near Fresh Pond could

have been seasonably secured, precious opportunities would not have been lost; but much remains which may still be saved.

Ten years ago the two Cambridges with similar areas had nearly the same population, not far from thirty thousand. Ours has now over forty, of whom little more than one are connected with the colleges for eight in theirs. We have more universities in this country, and more students distributed among them; but with our growth and increasing enlightenment our Cambridge may have, before many years, as many on her rolls. This and the rapid enhancement of values should be an additional incentive with our alumni to increase its funds that seasonable purchases may be made for future wants. The government have not been idle. They have this year added to their domains the Holmes estate of five acres and a third, and in conjunction with the committee on Memorial Hall purchased the Jarvis field of five more on Everett, Oxford and Jarvis streets, for a play-ground, in the place of the Delta which has been appropriated as a site for the hall. Mr. Longfellow and others last year presented the college with seventy acres of marsh land on the Brighton side of the Charles, to be used as gardens, public walks, or ornamental pleasure grounds, and for buildings not inconsistent with such use, when the land is filled up to a proper level. This will not be difficult, as the Albany Railroad is near by.

If ever the additional territory should be secured for the college, those who come after us may see all along the river, the tide perhaps in part shut out, shady avenues, and pleasure grounds like those of England's Cambridge—walks shielded from the noonday, where scholars, fond of the beautiful in nature, may gain additional strength and vigor for mind and body by healthy exercise. The appropriation of a portion of the Bussey farm at West Roxbury, left for the purpose, to an agricultural school, to be forthwith instituted, with the botanical department and garden, should supply all shrubs and trees for ornament at little cost. Judiciously selected and placed, if of no immediate advantage, they will keep pace in their growth with the colleges and reach their prime when wanted.

Much as we might wish that the edifices of our own alma mater compared more favorably with those of her prototype across the sea, this was hardly to be expected. The circumstances out of which grew the splendid structures of Oxford and Cambridge, in the mother land, essentially differed from any ever known in America. In feudal times and countries, wealth centred in kings and nobles. Through their religious zeal, partaking quite as much of superstition as genuine piety, or from their necessities proceeding from over and profuse expenditure which the priests had the means to relieve, ecclesiastical and monastic institutions gradually absorbed a large share of the land and other property, whilst the masses, uneducated and little skilled in handicraft, were content to toil for the scantiest wages which per-

mitted them to subsist. Superb cathedrals, raised at vast cost, and which are still the admiration of the world, excited emulation, and many of the most beautiful buildings now in existence were produced in what we are apt to call the dark ages. The exquisite taste that fashioned them was also displayed in castles and convents, and college buildings combined whatever was peculiar or especially attractive in the rest, being enlarged or partially rebuilt at different epochs and growing with the centuries. Their general effect is perhaps more pleasing and impressive than if they were the creation of a single mind, or of a single period.

But if the condition to which England owes what especially attracts and attaches Americans to the home of their fathers is not likely to be repeated, possibly the future may have in store for us a wealth of beauty which has not yet entered into the mind of man to conceive. Let us hope we shall not merely await its coming, but go to meet it and welcome it by recognition and ready adoption. Whilst tolerating what is, however unpretending, for its sacred associations, let us not suffer anything to be constructed which is not well abreast of the times, or which in form or dimension falls short of our highest standard of excellence.

The college has had able historians in Benjamin Peirce one of its former librarians, whose work, brought down to 1769, was published after his death in 1833, ably edited by John Pickering; and in Josiah Quincy, its president, who, in 1840, published in two volumes his admirable history. Besides these elaborate productions, Hon. Samuel A. Eliot, its former treasurer, published in 1848 a brief sketch of the college. It is understood there is in preparation a history of Cambridge by Rev. Lucius R. Paige, D.D., which will soon be ready for publication. Rev. Mr. Hoppin of Christ Church has printed a history of his parish; and in vol. vii. of the first series of the Mass. Historical Collections is an account of Cambridge, by the Rev. Abiel Holmes, and in vol. v. of the same series, page 250, a history of Newton, in early times part of the same municipality with Cambridge.

But comparatively a small portion remains of the original area of the town, Newton, Brighton and Arlington having been set off, and but a few small patches of territory added. Even down to the middle of the last century, the more easterly portion, where now its habitations are most crowded, consisted mainly of three large farms. That of Lieut-Gov. Spencer Phips, eventual heir of Sir William who raised out of the depths of the ocean three hundred thousand pounds of coin from a sunken treasure ship, comprised three hundred and seventy-five acres, divided, when he died in 1757, among his four daughters, who married Richard Lechmere, John Vassall, Joseph Lee and Andrew Boardman. The estates of Thomas Soden and Ralph Inman, together nearly as extensive, covered what is now the Port. The Vassall estates and those of Oliver, Lechmere, Lee, Hastings

and Brattle, Wyeth and Stone, occupied much of the territory west of the colleges, as the former did those to the east, leaving little space for their expansion or other inhabitants. The land was not of much value. The orchards were celebrated and yielded large quantities of excellent fruit, and the extensive marshes heavy crops of salt hay.

In 1630 it had been determined to establish the capital at Newtown, as Cambridge was then called. The frame of Winthrop's house was raised there; but taken down upon assurances of Chickatawbut that the colonists would not be molested by the Indians if at Boston, it was removed to a site near the Old South. Thomas Dudley, somewhat provoked at this defection, persevered and erected his own dwelling on what was afterwards Water Street, at the end of Marsh Lane. It was not far from the present college enclosures and near the ferry, which was a little below where in 1690 was erected the Cambridge Great Bridge. Entrenchments and palisades were proposed to enclose one thousand acres, part of the lines, seventy years since, still to be distinguished on the north side of the common. As the travel to Boston was either over the Charlestown ferry or by the great bridge through Brighton over Roxbury Neck, a distance of about eight miles, this controlled in some measure the early settlement. It was not till after the construction of West Boston bridge, 1790, and Craigie's, a year or two later, that the large farms were broken up and streets laid out. In 1800, seventy-three acres of the Soden farm were sold for a small price to Judge Francis Dana, whose spacious and costly mansion, then still in possession of his family, was destroyed by fire, 1834.

Our space forbids any full account of the many interesting specimens of ancient domestic architecture in Cambridge that remain. Yet as the natural process of decay, conflagrations and the march of improvement are constantly reducing their number, some brief description of a few of the older mansions may not be out of place.

The first object of any interest in approaching the colleges from Boston, to the right of the main street, and some rods distant from it, is a large imposing structure, of a peculiarly venerable appearance, commonly known as the head-quarters of General Putnam. Here Old Put, as he is irreverently called, resided during the siege of Boston, 1775–6, his battery, consisting of the big gun that took a load of powder to fire it off and finally burst during the operation, being a mile or two off on the shore. The house was at that time of some antiquity, having been erected about half a century earlier. It was long the residence of Ralph Inman, a gentleman of fortune, born in 1713, and who died there in 1788, having however during the revolution been a refugee loyalist. His son George, H. C. 1772, was an officer in the British army, and his daughter married Captain Linzee of its navy. In the hurry of departure, not realizing that instead of a few

days or weeks, he was to be many years absent, Mr. Inman left his house with all its costly plenishing, his stables amply provided with horses and handsome equipages. The general, in taking possession of the premises for his head-quarters, considered these not unnaturally as part of their appendages, and Mrs. Putnam took her airings in the family coach. The selectmen, provoked at this by them unwarranted appropriation of confiscated property, had the presumption, when she was some distance from home, to compel her to alight. The general was not of a temper to submit very meekly to such an affront, and his indignation was expressed with sufficient force to have become historical.

As when the house was erected there was no bridge towards Boston, and there were consequently few buildings where now exists a dense population, it stood in the midst of an extensive domain of woods and fields, of which, until quite recently, six acres still remained attached to the mansion. Three stories in height, it has a stately appearance, from its great size and fair proportions. The rooms are low, the projecting beams and doors of the oldest style of panel work indicating the early period of its construction. Towards Inman street an outer door leads into a vestibule peculiar in form, opening on one side into a long low apartment, looking out on a piazza towards the Boston road. This room opens into another of handsome finish, with fire place opposite the windows, on either side of which are doors connecting it with the kitchens and offices. Farther along on the same front is a large old fashioned staircase, leading to the third floor, and beyond this again are two rooms connected with folding doors. Behind the two rooms first mentioned, besides several apartments for domestic purposes, is another staircase enclosed. The edifice has been little modernized, and presents throughout, at every turn, marks of extreme age, though sufficiently elegant to constitute a pleasant house to dwell in.

Farther along the road, not far from the new granite church of the Baptists, was the old parsonage, built in 1690, with a new front in 1720. It was on a glebe of four acres, now part of the college yard. Here resided many of those noted divines who successively filled the Cambridge pulpit, Mr. Holmes being the last who left it, in 1807. Near it was the house of Prof. Wigglesworth, removed many years ago. On the other side of the way stands a handsome three-story mansion with a double courtyard, and which in its original splendor had attached to it away from the road a series of terraces, descending towards the river. It was built by Rev. East Apthorp, first rector of Christ church, in 1760, and was often called the Episcopal Palace.

At the corner of Harvard and Dunster Streets, extending down to the land now covered by the Horse Railroad stables, stood, thirty years ago, the residence of President Dunster. Its roof in front was adorned by English gables, and in the rear continued far down towards the ground. Along

Dunster Street was a wing which once contained the printing press. My informant, who was for nearly twenty years tenant of the estate from the college, tells me there was much handsome finish about the rooms but that they were low. Farther down Dunster Street formerly stood a venerable mansion facing on the street, but which is now moved round on to Mt. Auburn Street. It has two windows on one side of the door and three on the other, and is both old and handsome. Whose it was in its youth, diligent inquiry has failed to inform us.

Between Harvard Street and the Charles are several other old edifices, some of them preserving traces of their former magnificence, for the most part, however, in a dilapidated state, and if still put to domestic uses, for families only of restricted means. But about Winthrop Square and its neighborhood were formerly elegant residences, Winthrops and Trowbridges and other personages of consequence abiding there. Governor Thomas Dudley's house, more embellished than was deemed of good example in the arduous enterprise in which they were engaged or by the puritan standards they were bound to respect, mouldered not far away. The ferry and the great bridge, the latter now passed almost as much into desuetude as the former, then were centres of traffic, and their approaches were lined with the residences of families who from their larger means could consult their convenience in selecting their dwelling places.

A near relative of the writer frequently accompanied her father in his visits to Thomas Brattle, a genial and kind-hearted old bachelor of ample fortune, whose house stands near the site of the present University press. He had been during the revolution among the refugee royalists, who, unwilling to fight against either their king or countrymen, left America. The eminent public services of his father and his own acts of benevolence to our prisoners in England, during the war, made it no difficult task for one inclined to befriend him and who stood high in public confidence, to obtain from the general court the restoration of his property which had been sequestered. Soon after the passage of this act of grace, Mr. Brattle called upon his friend to offer him half the fortune saved through his efforts and influence. This was of course declined, but the most cordial intimacy long subsisted between them and the judge, whose children were ever welcome guests at the Brattle mansion. They often spoke of this excellent man in terms of the warmest affection, and of the many pleasant entertainments in which they had taken part under his roof.

The house itself is a square edifice, of no great pretension, but still one of those substantial and well-proportioned dwellings suggestive both of elegance and comfort. It was amply provided with books and pictures, and all the interesting plenishing which four generations of comparative affluence had accumulated. Thomas the great-grandfather of Thomas Brattle, married Eliza-

beth Tyng, and left in 1683 one of the largest estates in New-England, about eight thousand pounds. In the next generation another Thomas was one of the founders of the Manifesto Church on Brattle Street, and for twenty years treasurer of the college, and William, his brother, was settled in 1696 over the church at Cambridge, where he died in 1715. Their four sisters married Nathaniel Oliver, John Eyre, Wait Winthrop, Joseph Parsons, John Mico. William the Brigadier, only son of William the minister, much distinguished in public life, and an overseer of the college, was the father of the loyalist who graduated there in 1760.

From the connection of his honored progenitors with Harvard College it was natural for him, during his eight years residence in England, to visit her seats of learning, and he certainly acquired there or at home a remarkable fondness for horticulture. His spacious grounds, extending to the river Charles, abounded in flowers and fruits. He planted a long walk of trees for the especial benefit of the students, where they might take their exercise sheltered from the sun, and erected a bathing-house on the river for their accommodation and instruction in swimming, several of them having then recently perished from ignorance of that useful art. In the grounds behind his house was a small pond, shaded by willows and stocked with fish. He was devoted to every good work, contributing largely to the wants of the poor and needy, the sick and the suffering, and he left in his will to the friend above mentioned, who wrote an eloquent obituary of him when he died, a portrait of the "Man of Ross," whose example he emulated, and which is still carefully preserved.

Charles river, fed by numberless smaller streams and an extensive water shed, in Medway, about twenty miles from Boston, has already acquired considerable volume. It makes a long circuit, dividing its waters in Dedham to help form the Neponset, which enters the bay at the southerly extremity of what was Dorchester, now part of Boston, while its main branch, passing by the Upper and Lower Falls in Newton, enters Waltham where its power is used for milling purposes, and separating Watertown and Brighton becomes the boundary of Cambridge at Mt. Auburn. Its earlier course exhibits stretches of more picturesque beauty, but even where it runs by Cambridge and its shores are disfigured by wharves and industrial establishments, the tide ebbs and flows and broad marshes spread out on either side, it presents at many points scenes that are pleasing, that from Riverside bridge looking towards Longwood and Corey's hill being peculiarly attractive. It constituted too considerable an element of Cambridge life in former days, when it was more customary to navigate it in pleasure boats, not to be mentioned. Most of the residences, about to be described, extended across the Watertown road, now Brattle street, down to the river, the farm house of Elmwood being near its banks. It empties into the Charles River

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Basin, an expanse of water about a mile in length by half a mile in breadth, near by the Mayfair of Boston, and on its waters occur frequent rowing matches in which the Harvard crews take a conspicuous part.

Before proceeding to describe the memorable mansions farther up what was formerly the road nearest the river, mention should be made of Cambridge common, an area of about twenty acres, now divided by roads, which lies nearly west of the college buildings, and northeast of the lower part of Brattle street. It was for many years a barren waste, its thin, sandy soil overspread by turf which rarely showed any approach to verdure. It is now planted with trees, and adorned with a memorial monument to the dead for the Union. Near the westerly end still stands the superb wide-spreading elm under whose shade Washington, July 3, 1775, first drew his sword as general-in-chief of the American army to drive the British troops from Boston.

Appointed by a congress of all the colonies at Philadelphia, his here assuming command made the armed rebellion continental and national. Not far away is Christ Church, a model of modest grace and beauty, designed by Harrison the architect, who finished Blenheim. By its side stretches God's Acre, where rest from their labors the dead generations, and nearer than this to the colleges the Unitarian Church, successor of that once consecrated to the Cambridge Platform of 1646, and the five points of Calvinism. On the east side of the common are the college enclosures, and towards the north, beyond the Delta on which is being erected the Memorial Hall, and the Scientific School founded by Abbott Lawrence, and somewhat in front of the woods midst which stand Divinity Hall and the Agassiz Museum, is the estate of five acres just now purchased by the college for fifty-five thousand dollars, of the family of Holmes.

Here was born Oliver Wendell Holmes, our charming poet, philosopher and friend, for whoever has grasped his hand, or received his greeting, gazed on his countenance aglow with inspiration, or read his volumes as exhaustive of moral and social humanity as his lectures of its physical frame, must so consider him. Here dwelt from 1807 to 1837, when he died, Abiel Holmes, father of the poet, and pastor of the Congregational Church, who, learned at all points, but especially historical, wrote his American Annals and other well-known contributions to our literature in that pleasant library lined with books, to the right of the hall in this mansion of many memories. The room itself, of Puritan plainness and simplicity, is a square box with no other ornament than its projecting beams and some symmetrical panel work on the side from which the hearth in winter diffused from burning embers its warmth and glow. The side window looks over fields and paddocks with a few venerable trees, and those in front open on a small enclosure lined with shrubs, through which along that front leads a path the

usual approach to the house. The room, neat as wax work, has no mark now of being used; but when filled with such ancient chairs and tables as abound in other parts of the house, and in that blessed confusion that attends literary labor, presented a different scene;—the aged pastor at his desk, incubating in staid solemnity his weekly discourses, the boy at the window with imagination all compact, and eyes in fine frenzy rolling, assimilating the thoughts of other men or revelling in his own.

Across the hall are the grim features of Dr. Cooper, and beyond the door to the drawing room a stair-case connecting at the upper landing with another flight back, separated by a door. This arrangement, not unusual in houses of early date, led Lothrop Motley, when on a visit to the poet, to remark, as he observed his well filled book-shelves on the wall over the landing, that he saw he kept his books by double entry. Without any other particular feature to attract attention than its pleasant outlook and extreme simplicity, the house bears unmistakable indication of extreme old age. It is so rambling and full of nooks and corners, there is so much of it, and so quaint and canny, that apart even from its massy and venerable exterior, to which two large windows within the gable lend especial dignity, it seems exactly the abode for poet to be born and bred in.

Immediately after the battle of Lexington, April 19, 1775, the Americans collected by thousands in Cambridge to defend their chartered rights, and this house was selected by Artemas Ward, their general-in-chief, for his headquarters. Here were planned the occupation of Bunker's Hill and the raid on the islands. Upon General Washington's assuming command in July, Ward was assigned to the command of the right wing in Roxbury, Putnam of the centre in Cambridge, and Lee with Sullivan and Greene as his brigadiers on Winter Hill, Lee's headquarters being at what in an invitation to Washington he calls Hobgoblin Hall. The Holmes house continued to be used for army purposes and for the committee of public safety during the siege, the common in front forming part of the camp. In the long, low dining-room fronting on the common, and separated from the parlor by a double vestibule, lighted by small heavily sashed windows on either side, and opening by another main door out in that direction, Ward entertained Washington and the other generals soon after their arrival, the banquet, if not brilliant in its appointments, having been enlivened, tradition tells us, by patriotic songs. In an attic little disturbed by the changes of a century, is pointed out a closet where was placed a barrel for army correspondence, which the day after Bunker-Hill stood filled with letters home. Here General Warren rested on his way to that battle in which he lost his life, riding down from Newton—where he had been engaged the previous night in professional occupation in a case of nativity, the day before having been passed in legislative duties. It was the frequent resort of many well-known

personages subsequently distinguished in civil or military service, then with the legislature in Watertown or with the army.

The lot was originally assigned in 1707 to Jabez Fox. His heirs in 1737 conveyed it to Jonathan Hastings, father of a son of the same name long steward of the college, who in 1792 sold it to Prof. Pearson. From him in 1807 it passed to Judge Oliver Wendell, who left the estate at his death in 1818 to his daughter Mrs. Holmes, for whose use he had purchased it.

Close by the Holmes mansion, at the corner near the common, stood an inn, famous in former days as the Red Lion Tavern. Near it, or possibly forming part of it, is the present residence of Mr. Royall Morse. Between this corner and North avenue stands an ancient dwelling, looking old and grim enough to have had a history. On the northwest of the common are three more, one of which was formerly occupied by Dr. Waterhouse, of some celebrity in his day, who, born in Newport in an old house still standing there, and educated at the expense of Abraham Redwood, after whom its library is named, was a medical professor of the college. He married a great niece of Judge Lee. Near the site of the new church of St. John's on Brattle street many years ago existed an old mansion, in its later days the residence of Aaron Hill. In some of its apartments were hangings of much artistic merit, painted on canvass, which are still remembered.

Farther along on the road to Mount Auburn, beyond where Judge Story so long resided and opposite the above mentioned church, stands, in admirable preservation, one of the most interesting, as it is one of the most ancient mansions in Cambridge. It is now owned and occupied by our excellent and venerable fellow-citizen, Samuel Batchelder, whose generous hospitalities often throng its many apartments with youth and beauty, the worth and wisdom of Cambridge and its neighborhood. It is still an elegant as it is a commodious dwelling, and presents towards the lawn and river, as towards the road, elevations of unusual stateliness. Its large dimensions, sombre tints and venerable appearance, suggested to college companions something uncanny, which impression was heightened by the rumors afloat in its neighborhood of tragedies that had taken place beneath its roof. An acquaintance from the south in the law department had in those days his abode in what is now the dining-room, and sitting by the summer moonlight at its windows it was not difficult to conjure up, out of what was known or conjectured, many a weird vision of its ancient inhabitants.

Early in the last century it belonged to the Belchers. The first Andrew, who in 1639 married Elizabeth Danforth of Cambridge, removed there from Sudbury, and died 1680. His son Andrew married, 1670, Sarah Gilbert of Hartford, was an eminent merchant, and died in Boston in 1717. Jonathan, son of Andrew, born 1682, H. C. 1699, was governor of the Bay, 1730 to 1741, and died governor of New-Jersey, 1757. Andrew, H. C.

1724, and Jonathan, 1728, sons of Governor Belcher, were persons of respectability, and Andrew, his grandson, who married Miss Geyer of Boston, was the father of Sir Edward, whose scientific and other services in the British navy won him wide-spread reputation and his baronetcy.

The estate passed from the Belchers in 1720, through Mercy Tibbetts, in 1736, to John Vassall, son of Leonard, who, two years after his first wife died in 1739, conveyed it to his brother Henry, with the furniture, chaise, four-wheeled chaise, two bay stone horses, two black geldings, and other things pleasant to possess. The land embraced an area of seven acres, besides thirty acres of pasture on the south bank of the river. Henry married, in 1741, Penelope Royall of Medford. In 1747 he purchased of his brother, the Samuel Bell estate, adjoining his own, and afterwards another acre was added on the west side of the road. All this property, except the thirty-acre lot, forms part of the present estate. Henry died in 1769, but his widow long survived him, if we may judge from the date of the administration on her estate in 1807, taken out by the children of her only child, who married Dr. Charles Russell. The house passed through James Pitts, in 1779, Nathaniel Tracy and Thomas Russell, in 1792, to Andrew Craigie, who owned and occupied the Longfellow mansion opposite, while his brother-in-law, Mr. Bossinger Foster, for several years was the occupant of this, which was purchased by Mr. Batchelder in 1842.

The mansion, during these several ownerships, underwent many changes, the date of which cannot now be easily ascertained. Although minute description may be wearisome to minds impatient of such homely details, to the antiquarian, measurements and proportions, internal arrangements and distribution of apartments are indispensable to convey any precise idea of what the house actually is. In half a century it will probably have ceased to exist, but it is too excellent a dwelling, too suggestive of the modes and fashions of other days, to be permitted to pass out of mind.

In front, extended some distance along Brattle street, until recently, a low brick wall, buttressed and capped. On the south side of the house, which stands thirty feet from the old line of the road which is now being widened, is an ancient door, leading into the hall with drawing rooms twenty feet square on either side, and a staircase between. This hall opens beyond into a saloon with rounded end, running through the house and opening into a conservatory towards the lawn. Beyond the saloon is another handsome staircase, between the dining room back, and library towards the road. From the dining room extends a long range of buildings, with windows indicating in their heavy sashes and small panes an early period of provincial history. This wing contains two kitchens and offices, and several other apartments. The sleeping rooms on the second floor correspond in number and arrangement with the parlors below, preserving, in their ancient panelling, doors and

sashes, even more obvious marks of eld. Several of the rooms down stairs are panelled, and the chimney-places are of the liberal size that were usual when walnut and hickory were customary fuel.

Outside, towards the river, the elevation is broken into two projections with the conservatory between them, the sky line boldly defined by two gables only partially concealed by the wing. All about the house are large trees of great age, besides lilacs and other shrubs, gnarled and mossy, which tell clearly enough how many generations have passed away since they were planted.

On the other side of the road from Mr. Batchelder's is the well known mansion of Mr. Longfellow, known as the Craigie House, and also as General Washington's headquarters. It was erected in 1759 by Col. John Vassall, grandson of Leonard and son of that John who sold to his brother Henry the house just described. It may be safely said that no dwelling in New-England of its date remains, more spacious or elegant than this. It stands back one hundred and fifty feet from the road, and is surrounded by large open spaces on either side, that to the north being of several acres in extent. The shade trees are elms of the noblest, and there are other sorts including fruit trees and ornamental shrubs in great variety. The front, stately, of graceful proportions and harmonious decoration, is a pleasure to behold. On either side run broad and well-sheltered piazzas, the front including them being over eighty feet. The door is massive, and its ponderous fastenings and brasses the same as when Washington made it his home in the memorable winter of '75. The hall, twelve feet in breadth, contains the broad square staircase with landings, to which poetic genius has given a special association with the father of his country.

The drawing-room is of great height for the period, some twenty feet in either dimension, wainscoted in panels elaborately carved, the mantel with Corinthian pilasters on either side. In it hangs a fine painting, by Copley, of the second Sir William Pepperell and his sister as children. Across the entry from this apartment is the study, a bright, sunny room, and behind it the library of noble proportions, thirty feet in length, with columns diversifying the longer side opposite the windows. Between this and the dining-room, which is nearly as handsome an apartment, rises another principal staircase as broad and as much decorated as that in the front hall. Beneath, the cellar walls are of special stability, a portion of them in handsome brickwork, which seem of date more recent than the rest.

Col. Vassall having left it, the house for nine months that the siege of Boston lasted was the abode of Washington. From it were addressed those admirable letters which organized rebellion into successful revolution. There gathered his generals in council, there came to confer with him the patriot leaders belonging to the legislative body at Watertown, and within its spacious

apartments occurred many an interesting incident which his biographers have worthily narrated. After the war, the property was sold to Nathaniel Tracy, of Newburyport, who conveyed it to Thomas Russell in 1786, and in 1793 it finally passed to Andrew Craigie, who long dwelt there, and in whose time it consisted of nearly two hundred acres. Mr. Craigie married the daughter of Rev. Bezaleel Shaw, H. C. 1762, settled at Nantucket, a near relative of the late Chief Justice. He possessed a handsome estate, and was fond of display. He purchased the handsome equipage and four fine horses, which had been the property of the Duke of Kent when in Boston, and was exclusive enough in his habits to provoke the ill-will of his neighbors. When he built an ice-cellar with a summer-house over it, near the site of the present Observatory, and extensive green-houses, they prognosticated no good could come to one who flew in the face of Providence, spiting the summer with his ice and the winter with his flowers. He was liberal in his hospitality, and his widow, who long made the house her home after his death, maintained its character. It was at different times the residence of Edward Everett, Jared Sparks, and of Joseph Worcester, the distinguished lexicographer, but for the last quarter of a century it has been the abode of one who, renowned as he is in letters, has also won laurels to be cherished in the affectionate regard of his countrymen. Under its roof have been composed most of those exquisite productions of his genius which have made him famous over the world, and which in all time must invest his abode with associations not likely to fade.

Farther up Brattle street than the Longfellow mansion already described, are several other handsome dwellings mentioned by the Baroness Riedesel in her memoirs. She says there were, before the war, seven families connected by relationship or who lived in great intimacy, who had here farms, gardens and splendid mansions, and not far off orchards; and the buildings were a quarter of a mile distant from each other. The owners were in the habit of assembling every afternoon in one or other of their houses, and of diverting themselves with music or dancing. They lived in affluence, in good humor and without care, until the war dispersed them and transformed all these houses into solitary abodes.

When, after her husband was wounded in 1778 at Saratoga, she came with Burgoyne's army, which had been there surrendered, to Cambridge, where it was placed in cantonments, she occupied the house then nearest the Longfellow mansion, which was built about 1760 by Richard Lechmere. He was son of Thomas, brother of Lord Nicholas Lechmere, an eminent lawyer, who died in 1727. Thomas was here as early as 1722, standing in that year sponsor at the baptism of an ancestral namesake, and married a daughter of Wait Winthrop. Lechmere, who before the war conveyed the estate to Jonathan Sewall, attorney-general of the province, is believed to

have resided subsequently in the house on Tremont street, next to where the Albion stands, and which Cooper has introduced effectively into his novel of Lionel Lincoln. The parties to this conveyance of the Cambridge property will recall the well known suit brought by Sewall in 1769 against Lechmere, in favor of a slave demanding his freedom, and which was decided in favor of the negro. The case is often claimed to have been the first in which the question was definitively settled, abolishing slavery in Massachusetts, although historically it existed a few years later. Sewall, H. C. 1748, married Esther, daughter of the fourth Edmund Quincy and sister of Mrs. Governor Hancock. He was, as well as Lechmere, a refugee loyalist, and appointed by the crown judge of admiralty for Nova Scotia and New-Brunswick, died at St. John's in 1796.

The house was later occupied by one of the best of men, Mr. Joseph Foster, as the writer, who on Sundays often dined with him when in college, would be ungrateful not to remember. The first Mrs. Foster was daughter of John Cutler, the popular grand master of the masons, who as such officiated at the funeral solemnities in Boston, when Washington died, in 1799. She was one of a numerous family noted for personal attractions largely represented in their descendants. The second, when he married her, was the widowed mother of the late William D. Sohier, long a prominent leader of the Suffolk bar, and well remembered for his professional attainments, practical sagacity, ready wit and kind heart. Mr. Foster had several brothers, one of whom, Bossinger, occupied the Batchelder mansion. A daughter of William married Harrison Gray Otis, nephew of James, both as preëminent for eloquence as the former for the elegance of his manners and social graces; her two sisters were successively wives of Col. Apthorp, and their brothers were William, Leonard and Charles, the latter of whom at the age of eight-seven is the only survivor. Thus widely connected and universally beloved, a large circle of later generations more or less entitled grew up to call Mr. Foster by the endearing appellation suggested by their degree of affinity, one which is more than usually significant where the sentiment as in his case was of such affectionate respect. The house in his time was especially attractive from his cordial welcome and pleasant ways, and one to many of agreeable associations and frequent resort. It was a large and roomy structure, possessing no peculiar feature for remark; but when flung wide open in the summer noon-day, the air laden with fragrance from field and garden, hum of insect and song of bird, its fair proportions, simple grace and exquisite order and freshness combined to render it a fitting abode for the genial host and hostess who dispensed its hospitalities. Its ancient memories were carefully cherished, and on a window pane was to be seen an inscription with a diamond by Baroness Riedesel, when she was its occupant.

These several dwellings, occupied by members of the English establish-

ment and attendants of Christ Church, were known as Church Row. Tradition informs us that at each of them annually were given social entertainments to the president, professors and tutors of the college, and this from a sense of propriety rather than congeniality or inclination, for the rest of the year they lived among themselves or with their acquaintances and kinsfolk from other places. They were men of education and large fortune. Productive plantations in the West Indies contributed to the princely revenues of some of them, others were costly in lands or other property nearer home. Their houses abounded in rich plate, valuable paintings and furniture of the best, their shelves were laden with books, capacious and well arranged wine cellars denote their abounding hospitality, the long distances and scanty public conveyances would compel the inference, if tradition were wanting, that their stables were well stocked with the best of steeds. Close by Charles river and Fresh pond, Mt. Auburn with its forests near at hand and the country beyond of great picturesque beauty, their lot was indeed cast in pleasant places.

They were all akin. Oliver had married Col. Vassall's sister, Vassall had married his. The mother of Col. Vassall, Mrs. Lee, and Mrs. Lechmere were sisters, daughters of Lt.-Gov. Spencer Phips. Hon. David Phips, who lived where later William Winthrop erected the handsome house now standing east of the Apthorp mansion, was their brother. The wife of George Ruggles was Leonard Vassall's daughter, and aunt of Col. John. Ruggles sold his estate to Mrs. Fayerweather in 1774 for two thousand pounds, taking for half the purchase money the Leonard Vassall estate on Summer Street in Boston, which had descended to her from her father, Thomas Hubbard. The estates of Lee and Mrs. Henry Vassall were not confiscated in the war, but John Vassall's, Sewall's and Oliver's were all forfeited. Brattle's was sequestered but restored. This pleasant circle of refined enjoyment thus came to an end, and not one single descendant of their names remains in America. Some of them survived to an advanced age, Lee dying in 1802 at ninety-three; Phips at eighty-seven; Lechmere, who greatly regretted having left America, in 1814 at the same age; and Oliver in 1815 at eighty-two, the two last in Bristol, England. The reader is already familiar with the Brattle, Vassall and Lechmere mansions. Some mention should be made of two more before we close.

The mansion next west of the Lechmere house was the residence of Judge Lee, and down to 1860 belonged to one of his family. It has the reputation of being the oldest building in Cambridge certainly, dating much earlier than any other of equal note still remaining in anything approaching its pristine condition. Its foundations and mason work are cemented with clay, and this confirms the popular belief that it was erected before the days of Charles the Second, for lime came in this neighborhood into use for mortar at a later

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period, clay mixed with pulverized oyster shells being previously used instead. Its oak timbers, where exposed to view, present the same indications of extreme age as those in the cellar of the Edmund Quincy house in Quincy, now occupied by Mr. Butler. Although more elegant than the houses of the same period in Ipswich, it has to them many points of resemblance. The central chimney, twelve feet in either direction, is built on the natural surface of the ground, cellars being excavated on either side, one of them having a sub-cellar for fruit. The rooms are arranged in the same mode around the chimney, which thus afforded spacious fire-places to the drawing room on one side, to the keeping room on the other, and to what was originally the kitchen, but now a handsome dining room, in the rear.

The house is over sixty feet front, and the parlors and rooms over them would be twenty by twenty-six were it not that in many of them, as in the Ipswich houses, a portion of the end six feet in breadth opposite the fire places was partitioned off, in the keeping room for a study, in the chambers above for bed or dressing rooms, the window between either shut off by a glass door or set as it were in a recess. The object was protection against the cold. All the heat radiating from the centre stack, the portion of the rooms farthest removed, the end wall being imperfectly sealed and windows not very tight, would have lost its warmth with the thermometer below zero, but for this shield. The drawing room, however, preserves all its plenitude of size, and appears the larger for its low ceilings, across which and around which extend engaged beams. The paper hangings, as in other apartments, are in designs of former days, landscape and buildings, men and beasts, like those of the Lee house in Marblehead and probably as ancient, those having been placed there under the King. Out of the drawing room, as in all the better houses of two centuries ago, opened a door into the kitchen and another into a sleeping room of handsome proportions, and between them was an enclosed staircase and door towards the stables.

The main staircase in the front hall opposite the principal door of entrance leads up in front of the chimney stack, and is of easy ascent and handsome construction. The hall projects beyond the front of the house, as in the Waterhouse and Holmes mansions on the common and in the old Dunster house formerly on Harvard street, windows on either side of the porch so formed affording light and contributing to cheerfulness. The windows are peculiar, of great breadth for the height, indeed nearly square, and in their original state were no doubt glazed in lozenge panes set in leaden lattices. The floors are not all level. This would seem the effect of age, were it not that in other ancient houses it was evidently from design. At Little Harbor in the Wentworth, and in the Barrell house at York, some of the principal rooms vary in level several feet. There is a step down into the dining-room in this house from the drawing room, and its floor is an inch

or more above that of the hall. Besides the two flights of stairs mentioned, there is another from a hall leading out of the keeping room.

Above are several pleasant sleeping rooms on two floors. Back of those on the upper formerly ran a gallery, sixty feet by twelve or fifteen, now divided into chambers. In its furniture there is a happy combination of modern with ancient; one delightful apartment, with its superb four-poster, decorated cabinets and hangings like tapestry, its small dressing rooms partitioned off, being peculiarly attractive. The great fire places have disappeared, and modern simplicity eschews the gorgeous attire of richly tinted satins and velvets ablaze with gold lace and paste diamonds then in vogue; but no one can visit one of these old mansions in a good state of preservation, permitted by the good taste of its occupants to retain the characteristics of the olden time, without observing at every turn some peculiarity, not only to attract attention but to raise a doubt whether the arts of life as they advance are altogether improvements.

Sitting a few afternoons since in its delightful drawing-room, with the amiable hostess of the mansion, she mentioned several traditions connected with the house. Among others, she described the incidents of a festal occasion a century ago in that very apartment, related to her by a maiden lady long since passed away at an advanced age. It was perhaps rash to promise to put it into print, but promises the least reasonable should be respected. The lady said that the occupants of this aristocratic quarter made it their especial pride and boast that they had no work to do, and entertained little respect for those that had. As the daughter of the president of the college, however, an exception was made in her favor, and she was in her girlhood invited to a June festivity at Judge Lee's. It was a strawberry party, that fruit being then raised on these places in great profusion and of rare excellence. The company assembled early in the afternoon in costly apparel, and their manners excessively polite were much more formal and ceremonious than anything we know. Eating and drinking then constituted a principal part of social entertainments, and there was a ceaseless round of waiters loaded with jellies and creams and other pleasant contrivances, with wine and lemonade, of which it was considered good breeding liberally to partake. Conversation or social interchange appeared somewhat secondary to the duty of refreshment, and when ample justice had been done to this ambulatory repast, as dusk deepened into night, the guests took their leave. They probably had gayer times in those good old days of which Baroness Riedesel tells us.

The estate extended to Fresh pond, and also it is believed to the river, and consisting of good soil was well cultivated and productive. In the rear of the mansion were clustered every variety of subordinate building and office essential to an extensive farm, when persons of means killed their

own mutton, made their cider and beer, and wove their own cloth. These buildings being in a decayed condition when the present occupant entered into possession, were removed. A century ago the house stood remote from any other, evidently in its day, as it is even now, a dwelling of unusual elegance, and than which when erected there could have been few out of the larger towns superior in the province. If not substantially rebuilt when Judge Lee purchased it, in 1758, it was probably altered and improved by him. Much of the finish dates from that period. He bought it of Faith, widow of Cornelius Waldo, to whom it was conveyed in 1733 by Dr. Henry Hooper, son of Richard, also a physician, settled in Watertown. Of the family who for more than a century were proprietors of this interesting relic of the past, and many of whom have been generous contributors to the college and other public objects, some brief account may not be out of place.

Thomas Lee, father of the Judge, died in 1766, at the age of ninety-three, having in his long and useful life as a builder of ships and in commerce in Boston accumulated a large estate. His name, formerly inscribed over one of its library alcoves, indicated that he had been a benefactor of the college, where his sons graduated, Thomas in 1722, and Joseph in 1729. Gov. Phips, whose daughter Joseph married, died in 1757, and her inheritance united with his own made them rich. He was much esteemed and popular, but his appointment by the crown in 1774 to the council contrary to the provisions of the provincial charter created some prejudice against him, and with his neighbor Oliver he was mobbed. He found it prudent to leave Cambridge, and went first to Philadelphia and subsequently to New-Jersey, but having influential friends among the patriots, his property was not confiscated and he soon returned and resumed possession. Having no children he built a house to the left of his own for his nephew Thomas, to whom he left the Cambridge estate, and whose daughter, Mrs. Carpenter, still owned part of it with the mansion down to 1860. Another daughter was the second wife of Dr. Waterhouse, and his son George Gardner Lee, H. C. 1792, who died in 1816, was an officer in our navy. The widow of George, daughter of Dr. Sawyer of Newburyport, was the well known authoress of the Three Experiments of Living and other popular works.

Joseph, the other nephew of the Judge, married the sister of George Cabot, and left six sons, Joseph, Nathaniel, George, Thomas, Henry and Francis, besides daughters, one the first wife of Judge Jackson, and two never married. Henry, an eminent and much respected merchant, was the well known writer on political economy, the friend and correspondent of Tooke, Cobden and Ricardo, McCullock and numerous other English statisticians. Thomas, who married the sister of the saintly Buckminster, also a distinguished authoress, was a benefactor of Harvard. He adorned our Commonwealth Avenue Mall with a fine granite statue of Alexander Ham-

ilton, by Rimmer, and our public garden with a monument, the joint production of Ward and Van Brunt, representing the Good Samaritan, in commemoration of the discovery of anaesthetics. Its object was to preserve the credit of this almost unparalleled blessing to humanity, to the city of many notions, where it justly belongs, though Edinburgh lays claim for the late Sir James Simpson to the application later of chloroform as a substitute for ether.

Approaching Mt. Auburn, about a mile in distance from the colleges, where Brattle street, after many bends to avoid formerly existing marshes, and Mt. Auburn running nearer the river bound it on either side, stands Elmwood, the birth-place and present abode of James Russell Lowell. His name is sufficiently well known in the world of letters to recall that broad and brimming tide of sense and humor, which in prose and verse has charmed and refreshed for a generation all who speak our language. Our best and earliest satirist, his shafts have never been steeped in venom or in the gall of bitterness; but winged with medicaments pleasant and salutary, reach their mark, eradicating numberless follies and foibles without leaving behind them either wound or scar. As a moralist it is his pleasure to dwell on the sunny side of humanity, preferring what attracts to what repels, and knowing well how to mingle sound and healthy sentiment with whatever can amuse or entertain. The successor of Mr. Longfellow in the professorship of literature, and with its whole range familiar, genial and friendly, excelling in strength mental and bodily, conscientious of labor and always ahead of his work, he ranks high as an author, teacher and in personal merit, and possessed of this delightful home abounding in books and works of art, it would seem, if any one, he ought to be content.

But our object is not to pay tribute to his genius but to that of his place, which has memories to be preserved. The house was erected about 1760 by Thomas Oliver, the last provincial Lieut.-Governor. Oliver, not of the family of that name most distinguished in our history, was born in Dorchester in 1733, and graduating at Harvard in 1753 married, as we have already stated, Elizabeth, the sister of Major John Vassall, who built the Longfellow mansion. Possessed of a handsome fortune and a gentleman of excellent qualities, he was much beloved and respected, but as a mandamus councillor provoked the resentment of the patriots. September 2, 1774, they surrounded his house, thousands in number, one quarter part of them armed, demanding his resignation. Nothing daunted he refused, but when violence was threatened, alarmed for the safety of his family, he wrote on the paper offered for his signature: "My house at Cambridge being surrounded by four thousand people, in compliance with their commands, I sign my name Thomas Oliver." The throng were at first indignant, but were finally induced by their leaders to withdraw. Repairing to Boston he dissuaded General Gage from sending

out troops, lest it should lead to bloodshed. He remained in the capital till the British evacuated it in March, 1776, and going to England died there in Bristol in 1815. The next occupant of any historical importance was Elbridge Gerry, who after a long and distinguished career in the public service, died in 1813, Vice-President of the United States, at Washington, where his monument is to be seen in the Congressional burying ground. In 1817 the estate was purchased by Rev. Charles Lowell, son of Judge Lowell, who resided there till his death in 1861, when it descended to his youngest son the poet.

The house, which measures fifty-two feet front by forty-two in depth, is substantially built, of handsome proportions and decorations, of three stories in elevation, the upper with square windows of less height than those below. The lower rooms are eleven feet in stud, and where wainscoted are in panel-work of much simple elegance but not elaborately carved. The drawing-room in the south corner, for the compass lines are diagonal, is a peculiarly cheerful and attractive apartment. On either side of its spacious fire-place, wherein reposes an immense yule log, and which is cased about in wainscot, are deep recesses finished with panels of great breadth, that to the left lighted by a window on to the lawn. Among other works of art in this apartment is one of Allston's finest Salvator Rosa landscapes. Back of the drawing-room is the library, its walls covered with books, except on the side of the fire-place, which is panelled in good taste and ends in a cornice of wood, well composed but unpretending. The arrangement of the other rooms is that usual in the square mansions of the period, the dining-room in front being capacious and well proportioned.

A hall eight feet in width extends from front to rear, opening with broad glass doors at either end towards the grounds. It contains a double staircase reaching a common landing front and back, three or four steps from the level of the second floor. The walls abound in ancient portraits; one of the Russell family of the reign of Queen Bess on panel is an excellent picture in good preservation. In a niche in the front staircase is a copy of one of the most exquisite remains of ancient art in the Vatican, supposed to be a work of Phidias.

As the dwelling has been occupied for half a century by the same family, one connected with many of those most affluent in colonial times, all about are articles, chairs and cabinets, of great antiquity, too handsome to be superseded by any of modern contrivance. A secretary of innumerable drawers and cupboards from the family of Cutts in Portsmouth, from whom the poet is descended, a broad and well harmonized piece of embroidery, the handiwork of an ancestress of that name, are in an upper library. In the same apartment is a painting on wood of seven clergymen of the olden time in wigs and clerical costume, sitting at table smoking their pipes, their

countenances indicating how much they were amused at some good story that had been narrated. One of them, however, preserves his gravity, his saturnine expression clearly manifesting its inability to unbend though Nestor's self had sworn the jest were laughable. The picture was brought from the manse, still standing in Newburyport, of the great grandfather of the poet, Rev. John Lowell, who occupies in the picture the place of host at the table. It formerly decorated the mantel of the library of this excellent pastor, whose fondness for fun and kindliness of nature, far removed from the austerity usually associated with his profession in puritan times, never lost him either the respect or affection of his flock. There are other relics of much interest. On the window pane is an inscription, Libertas 1776; and dents in the woodwork made with the bayonet also date back to the days that tried men's souls. The rafters in the garret are of solid oak, and the window sashes throughout the house are of old fashioned solidity, and the shutters look as if intended for protection against other enemies than the weather.

The view from the upper windows extends far down the Charles, which gracefully curls between banks heavily wooded and prettily diversified. There are around few marks of habitation. Indeed, in all its surroundings, the place meets the requirements of Lord Bacon, for from many standpoints there is not a house to be seen. The grounds, in part still surrounded by the mossy park paling more often seen in England than here, are studded with English elms, one of them the largest in the county, and two on the back lawn, probably of the American species, form a fine pointed arch. There are other varieties and many evergreens. The turf spreads smooth and far, losing itself among the trees, the vistas presenting rural grace and beauty, inspiring repose and conducive to contemplation.

The domain is not extensive, but all around are broad stretches of the finest forest scenery. Mt. Auburn with its nearly two hundred acres forty years ago formed part of the large estate, extending from the river bank, of the Stones, held by them from the earliest settlement under an Indian deed. Its sylvan glades were a favorite haunt of young collegians, whose active imagination peopled its wild and romantic dingles with sprites and fairies. When for sale, chance brought it into the possession of George Brimmer, whose good taste led to its appropriation for a cemetery, the first of a class now numberless over the land. In its chapel, among other statues commemorative of different historical epochs, is that of James Otis, by Crawford, our finest work of art. South of the cemetery on the river bank is the palatial residence of Mrs. Winchester, with its handsome pleasure grounds, and in another direction across Brattle street are some hundreds of acres about Fresh pond, a broad sheet of water with charming paths and avenues around, the property in part, for more than two centuries, of the Wyeths, now of one of the ice kings who supplies thousands of families with the best and purest of that commodity from its crystal waters.

We have reached the upper bounds of Cambridge, and exhausted our limits and the patience of our readers. If we have made mistakes it has not been always easy to avoid them. There is little to plead in extenuation but the wish to rescue facts from oblivion, which, if of no general interest, will be of the greatest to remote generations, whose progenitors were associated with these venerable relics of by-gone days. Description of dwellings built for utility and with little reference to taste, is of course monotonous, and pedigrees, unless our own or those of our acquaintances, are dull in the extreme. But Cambridge is an exceptional place. It is classic ground, not to its alumni alone, but to all who take pride or pleasure in American culture. The traditions clustering around it are well worthy of preservation. Full justice to the subject demands a volume, which with more precious information and less superficial, the public may soon hope to possess from Mr. Paige. Our paths are simply antiquarian. We leave to abler pens the weightier matters of history.

NOTE to p. 12.—Mather says that it was President Rogers who made the long prayers.

AFTER-GLEANINGS.

It is neither our hope nor design, if we could, to exhaust a subject which might well be indefinitely extended. We should still be pleased to embrace in our present publication whatever we can glean of the college or domestic antiquities of Cambridge. Fear of overstepping limits prescribed or of subjecting to too severe a strain the patience of our readers, compelled a degree of repression in the Register. But whatever concerns localities that have a history possesses an especial interest for those connected with them by personal or family associations, and we add a few particulars that we were compelled to omit or which have come to our knowledge while the foregoing pages were in the press.

A conscientious desire to be exact in statement is the cardinal virtue of whoever presumes to impart information even from the by-paths of historical inquiry. To misrepresent, from inadvertence or neglect of any available source of information, is altogether unpardonable. Yet with the utmost solicitude to be correct, such conflicting impressions exist in the minds of those most favorably placed to be well informed as to matters, which are not of record but tradition, that some allowance must be made if after due research occasional inaccuracies are detected.

There is one error towards the close of the foregoing account of Cambridge, which shows how easy it is to mislead and be misled. When inquiring at the fountain-head of information as to the extent of the cemetery at Mt. Auburn, an accession of territory stated to have been recently made, sounded so much like seventy acres instead of seventeen, that it led to a greatly exaggerated estimate of its area. We are admonished, too, that our statement as to the locality of Thayer Hall is not quite in conformity with truth, as the face of that building is some thirty feet back of the line of University.

There prevails an uncertainty in the minds of persons long resident at Cambridge, as to the precise abode of Dunster, the first president. The house formerly on Harvard square, at the corner of Dunster street, mentioned as his residence, is thought to have been erected after the close of his administration. Another of a style much more antiquated, with second story projecting over the lower, three gables in the roof towards the street, and a long sloping roof to the rear, stood thirty years since farther down Dunster street, in the rear of that once supposed to be his, and this is conjectured to have been the house in which he dwelt.

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Within the college enclosure, across the Square, still remained not many years ago a commodious mansion, long occupied by Dr. Hedge, professor of metaphysics. It was built, according to tradition, by Sewall, professor of Hebrew for the twenty years prior to 1785. The wing, which formerly constituted part of the Wadsworth house when the residence of the president, and was then used for his library and office, but which has been removed from the side of the building to its rear, is at present occupied by the steward for the business of his department.

College Customs.

Even to allude to the customs and usages, the habits and peculiarities of college life, its enjoyments or its discipline in former days, may appear the height of presumption to those better posted than ourselves. And yet so much has passed out of mind we would gladly recall, that no apology is needed for calling attention to the fact. We had been encouraged to believe that with the aid of surviving graduates of former years, and many whom we know of more recent classes, enough might be gathered to stimulate inquiry, or at least awaken a sense of the importance of preserving what is still remembered. But even this hope is in a measure disappointed. Some little can be gleaned here and there from the laws and regulations of the college, its several histories, from Sidney Willard's Youth and Manhood, and Hall's College Words and Customs, as well as from biographies and magazine articles. Yet all these various sources of information convey but an insignificant portion of what tradition would probably yield to the diligent inquirer.

Methods of study and modes of punishment, customary furniture and dress, the way in which students were fed in their refectories at different periods, would be entertaining could they be known. Since the time when, instead of admonitions private or public, it was customary for the president with his own hands to administer the discipline of the rod after engaging in prayer with the offender, when less flagrant violations of the rules were expiated with boxing or cuffing, by the payment of shillings and pence, social life has undergone considerable changes. It seems difficult to realize now that undergraduates should ever have been required to be familiar with latin as with their own vernacular, or that they should have been compelled to go bareheaded in the college yard, take off their hats and hold them in hand when in presence of any member of the faculty. It is even more repugnant to all our notions of equality that one student should have been permitted to despatch another of a lower class upon his errands, teach him his manners, or subject him to more intolerable indignities. Yet such were the rules, and instances are recorded of expulsion for disobedience. Not longer ago than the revolution, even, fagging prevailed to some extent, seniors selecting freshmen for menial services, and there is a tradition of one of the latter throwing indignantly at his tormentor, the boots he was ordered to clean.

Such usages passed away with kingly rule, and with them another equally grating to youthful pride. Graduates were arranged in the catalogue according to the supposed social position of their families, those being placed first who were connected with dignitaries or officials. Nor was this the only advantage taken of the lowly. Rank in scholarship, the honors conferred, are said to have been greatly influenced by respect for authority, subservi-

ence to place or estate. One expedient employed to deter students from commission of graver offences, was degradation to a lower place on the roll than that to which they would have been otherwise entitled.

When suspension from class studies, or rustication to the care and keeping of country clergymen, as milder penalties than being compelled to take up connection with the college under sentence of expulsion, was introduced or discontinued, does not with certainty appear, but they were in use thirty years ago. The period of rustication was often employed in keeping school, and the pupils being frequently more advanced in years than their teachers, it was not always easy to keep them in due subordination. In one instance the girls of riper age, of whom the school chiefly consisted, left their seats, and marching in array to the table of the master informed him that they had concluded to spend the day in an excursion into the woods, inviting him to be of the party. Deeming it best to submit with good grace to what he could not control, he accepted their proposition and went. Poorer students, before the present munificent foundation of scholarships, already numbering between forty and fifty, were often allowed the privilege of keeping school in order that they might earn something towards defraying the expenses of their own education.

These expenses seem to have been exceedingly moderate at Cambridge. When seven shillings and four pence was the charge, as the case a century ago, for a week's board in commons, the privilege of liberal culture was widely extended. That the diet provided was not very palatable, or even sufficient in quantity, is abundantly shown by disorderly expedients resorted to for redress, from the very earliest days of the college under master Eaton down to the close of the last century. Many resided out altogether; ninety students, prior to the erection of Hollis, boarding as well as lodging outside the college enclosure. Richer students paid for commons, of which they never partook, and neither the overseers nor corporation, by the most rigorous laws, could compel attendance. The repasts, which at one period did not include breakfast, or at another supper, were given in Harvard, attached to the easterly end of which was the buttery, where pastry and ale, as also stationery and implements for games, could be purchased. Cider, ale and beer constituted the principal beverages in the middle of the last century, though chocolate, coffee and tea were added about that time for breakfast.

In provincial days students who could indulged in costly apparel; three-cornered hats and cues, small clothes and buckles, ruffles, not only at the bosom but at the cuffs, being generally worn. Gold lace and embroidery were expressly discountenanced, but with little effect. In 1786, a uniform was prescribed, which in 1790 was required to be of blue-gray, with frogs and buttons to designate the different classes. Gowns of calico or gingham in summer, and in winter of a woolen stuff called lambskin, were allowed in place of the coat except on occasions of solemnity. In 1822 the cloth prescribed for the uniform was black or black mixed, with frogs and crows' feet, and black gowns were permitted as a substitute, but since 1853 there has existed no other regulation with regard to dress, but that students on certain special occasions shall wear a black coat and a black hat or cap.

Any attempt to relate the history of the numerous rebellions which have occurred at Cambridge would be out of place. There formerly existed a chronic antagonism between the government and students, breaking out on

the slightest pretext into overt act. The members of some years were so numerously sentenced to expulsion as to be called, like those of 1807, 1822, 1836, rebellion classes. One recent cause of disturbance was the objectionable practice of hazing, by which freshmen were subjected to drenching, smoking out and various other annoyances. As the average age becomes more advanced and the rules more sensible, whatever is unreasonable or opposed to fairness and propriety dies out. Fights between students and townsmen, provoked by the former, took place very regularly on muster days and at similar gatherings, one being remembered as late as 1834. The prowess displayed by particular combatants in such encounters was often made the theme of their own self-adulation or that of their admirers.

In England's Cambridge visitors gaze in chapel and hall on relics of silver and gold, votive offerings of eld. On the Harvard roll of donations are tankards and cups presented by the filial piety of her children. From less care, more frequent use, fire or other vicissitudes, many of these have disappeared. But the old arm chair in which all the presidents since Holyoke have sat at commencement, is extant, and one book that Harvard gave. There have besides accumulated numerous superb portraits of ancient worthies, benefactors and others, now in Massachusetts, by and by to adorn Memorial Hall.

College Clubs and Associations.

Societies, more or less secret in their initiations and proceedings, abound at most of our American seats of learning, and Cambridge is no exception to the rule. Some of them are for literary improvement, some purely for social intercourse, generally both objects being united. No tradition is known to exist of any such association at Harvard earlier than the Institute of 1770, a literary and social association still in existence. It has its rooms in Hollis, assigned by the government, and is composed of members taken from the Sophomore class, about one half their number being selected. The Institute has manifested at different periods very different degrees of vitality. Its original object was literary, but its debates are now less frequent. The D. K. E. consists of thirty-five members, and is a secret society, to which belong members of the Freshman and Sophomore classes. The exercises with which it entertains itself are literary and social in character, and it is one of the most popular, being composed of the most prominent and popular students. From these two societies are selected, for the most part, the candidates for the Hasty Puddings.

The next in order to the Institute, as respects the date of its organization, is the Porcellian Club, established in 1791, with which, forty years later, was consolidated another, called the Knights of the Square Table, for similar objects, and consisting generally of the same members. Their collections of books were originally kept in the rooms of their respective librarians, but two years after their union, in 1833, rooms were rented on Harvard Square. Their library rapidly augmenting in numbers and value, from the generosity of their members, is now estimated at more than twelve thousand well selected volumes. The members—about ten from each of the two higher classes—make its club room their frequent resort for conversation or social recreation. Their chief dignitary is a grand master selected from the graduates, and a deputy from the senior class presides over their meetings.

The Hasty Puddings, ranking high in scholarship, and mainly devoted to

mental improvement, have had the same rooms in the upper part of Stoughton for many years. Here are held regular monthly meetings for literary exercises and dramatic performances, in which they excel. Their meetings close with a repast of mush or hasty pudding, made of Indian meal boiled, and for those who prefer it, also fried, which is made palatable by molasses or milk. In the strawberry season, that fruit is substituted. They have a library of about four thousand volumes, which contains some rare books. The society is among the most venerable of the Harvard clubs, dating back to 1795. Its records are, according to all reports, very amusing. Membership is sought with avidity, notwithstanding initiations the reverse of agreeable. It is said some seventy-four pages of prose, and several hundred lines of verse are often required of the acolyte. During his period of probation, from Monday to Friday, he is in charge of officials, except when at recitation, at meals, or in bed, and he is compelled to go about to them at a run, speaking to no one.

What are called the greek letter societies, of which there are several, are most of them of too recent an origin or of too evanescent a character for more than a passing allusion. The O. K., in existence as early as 1859, meets once a fortnight for chat and coffee. The Alpha Delta is composed of seniors and juniors taken from the D. K. E., and has its monthly meetings. The Psi Upsilon, Zeta Phi and Pi Eta, are mystic symbols of clubs, with various objects, literary, social and convivial, upon whose privacy we have no right to intrude. The Signet, consisting of members of the senior class, is, it is presumed, somewhat of the same description. The Everett Athenaeum, now in its fourth year, is of a different character, and from its life and spirit has given a new stimulus to the rest. The members are chosen in the sophomore year. Mr. Wakefield, whose generous donation of one hundred thousand dollars for a dormitory back of Gore Hall has just been announced, has given recently to this club, five thousand dollars for its library, for which it is understood a building is soon to be erected.

There have existed from time to time scientific associations at Cambridge, such as the Rumford Chemical, to which was assigned a room in the basement of Massachusetts; the Hermetick, also for the study of chemistry, merged in 1823 in the American Institute; the Eranetic of 1826, devoted to mathematics, and the Harvard Natural History Society. A Radical Club discusses social science. There are two musical associations of considerable antiquity, the Pierian Sodality for instrumental, the Glee Club for vocal music; and as many if not more religious, such as the Christian Brethren among the Orthodox, and St. Pauls among the Episcopalians.

The Phi Beta Kappa is an association the qualification for which is scholarship, the best twenty-five, formerly the best sixteen, scholars being selected from each class, part in the junior and part in the senior year. Others are added from graduates at their annual stated meeting on the Thursday following commencement, on which occasion they have an oration and poem generally of distinguished excellence, and dine together in the college hall.

The Harvard Washington Corps was not the first military organization attached to Harvard College. Another earlier was established in 1769, with the motto, *tam Marti quam Mercurio*. Its last commander was Solomon Vose, of the class of 1787. Under its latter name it was revived in 1811, by Gov. Gerry, and became one of the best drilled companies in the State.

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Its armory was in the fifth story of Hollis. At first only seniors and juniors belonged to it, but from 1825 all the classes. Its guns having been thrown out of the windows and damaged in the rebellion of 1834, it was disbanded.

One of the most amusing and clever organizations of any college was the Med. Facs. of Cambridge, started in 1818, and which flourished for many years, brimming over with wit and fun. It frequently attracted the attention of the government, who, upon second thought, concluded not to suppress it. It eventually exceeded the bounds of moderation, and being judged too disorderly and uproarious for longer toleration, in 1834 it was temporarily broken up, some of its record-books, though fortunately not all of them, being burnt in presence of the faculty. Again in 1860 this society was suppressed, and its records were destroyed by the college government. Its catalogues, published in 1824, 1827, 1830 and 1833, burlesques on the triennial, are very entertaining, and though containing many happy hits at passing celebrities, they are not often illnatured. It was again revived, and is still believed to exist, though shorn of its original brightness.

The Navy Club dates back to 1786, and consisted of members of the senior class, who had no parts assigned them at commencement. It was a sort of protest against the distinction to their prejudice, and an intimation that they were not cast down by this humiliation. Its Lord High Admiral was selected by his predecessor, from those ranging lowest in scholarship, but most distinguished for their mother wit and natural cleverness. He chose his subordinates, and it was their custom in grotesque dresses to march through the streets and grounds, saluting the several buildings and officials with groans. Towards commencement their proceedings closed with an excursion down the harbor, sometimes extended as far as Cape Cod, whence, after a clam bake or mammoth chowder, they returned the third day. Its organization and modes of procedure have been somewhat fitful, and undergone, from time to time, many modifications. Its last procession made its appearance in 1846, and its last excursion down the harbor was in 1851.

Ancient Dwellings.

It was matter of doubt with President Sparks and some later authorities, whether Putnam, during the siege of Boston in the revolutionary war, had his headquarters in the Inman house. That this mansion was his residence and that of Mrs. Putnam is believed to be too well authenticated for dispute. But it is said that the office duties of his command were performed in a small hip-roofed house standing within the last half century on Dana Hill. As his family were with him in camp, it is quite probable that for the multifarious affairs connected with the service he may have had accommodations near by his own abode, where his aids and other officers of his staff had their quarters and the routine business of the post was transacted.

Numerous other houses besides those we have ventured to describe, or to which allusion has been made, are scattered about Cambridge, bearing unmistakable indications of extreme old age. Others, decked externally with the embellishments of modern modes, betray within marks of the far distant period in which they were constructed. Many of them may still possess a history, could we discover it, but for the most part this has passed with the memory of their inmates into oblivion. Were we familiar with the vicissitudes that have chanced beneath their roofs, we should find ample food for wisdom and instruction, while the story of a few of them might sound

too much like romance to be believed. Even where no stirring incidents have disturbed the even tenor of existence, among the innumerable caravan that in the centuries have come and gone, there has been no doubt variety enough. Brides in their closets, widows in their weeds, patriarchs by winter hearths living on recollection, youth taking their departure in pursuit of fortune or glory, how many now in their prime in the full flush of manhood would have especial interest in those forgotten memories could they but be revived!

Whoever indeed takes into view what a single human life actually signifies, or is sufficiently courageous to group the incidents of his own, will admit that occurrences seemingly trivial are often the reverse. Happiness and adversity assume diverse forms, and the heart may sound all the depths of which its curiously contrived nature is susceptible in the midst of commonplace. But apart from these inner experiences, important to ourselves, but not in the least to our neighbors, ordinary incidents of periods remote become interesting as they recede. There may remain no traditions, not even the family Bible, to tell their names or how much of their span was spent when laid away, to recount the hopes and joys, the sorrows, remorse or disappointments of former generations, but without violence to probability it is safe to assert that events took place within these crumbling walls of deepest import to those that dwelt there. It would require little aid from imagination to call back choicest specimens of manly worth and feminine loveliness to their drama of duty and affection to prove our assertion to be true. But this is not our province. We deal with realities, not speculation, and fortunately there are sufficient well-authenticated facts associated with the mansions, which from their design or superior dimensions excite curiosity, to need no aid from fancy.

Woodstock, that Scott so pleasantly describes, is not the only house of days gone by possessed of secret chambers. In troubled times in New England, when Indian depredations occasionally approached the densest settlements, such places of concealment were of prime necessity and not unusual. It is well known how long the regicides—Goff, Whalley and Dixwell—escaped the active pursuit of filial and regal resentment in curiously contrived cellars and closets unobserved, or at least unnoticed, by members of the families that sheltered them. When at a later period the most substantial dwellings of the capital were sacked by popular violence, which was menaced to those in less populous neighborhoods, it was natural to resort to similar expedients for personal safety, or for the security of papers and articles of value. Such a secret chamber is said to have been discovered in the Lechmere house, behind a chimney stack connected with an ingeniously arranged trap door in the closet of the dining-room. Its access was too mysteriously guarded to warrant the supposition that even its ostensible purpose was the storage of wine.

Higher up Brattle street, opposite Elmwood, the seat of James Russell Lowell, stands a mansion in excellent preservation, which we should have mentioned before. If not so ancient as that of Judge Lee, it was one of the earliest of any pretension to elegance erected in that neighborhood. Susanna, daughter of Leonard Vassall, the progenitor of the second New England line of that name, was born in Boston, November 20, 1725. At the age of seventeen, in 1742, she became the wife of Capt. George Ruggles, a wealthy planter of the island of Jamaica. Soon after his marriage

he purchased this estate, then in Watertown, for Cambridge prior to 1754 extended in a westerly direction only to the line of what is now Sparks street. Previously the whole of Fresh Pond was in Watertown, forming part of that abundant supply of the limpid element from which that ancient place derived its appellation.

The original purchase, with possibly later accessions of territory, comprising fifty-six acres, bounding east on the estate already described of Judge Lee, and in part on the river, extended back towards the pond. On the property Mr. Ruggles, soon after he became its owner, erected this fine mansion in which he resided down nearly to the revolution. About 1771 he became embarrassed and the estate was sold under attachment, but bought in by his friends was subsequently reconveyed to him. He did not continue to hold it, but October 31, 1774, sold it for two thousand pounds to Thomas Fayerweather, whose wife was daughter of the Hon. Thomas Hubbard, for a quarter of a century treasurer of the college. Mr. Hubbard, soon after 1737, when Leonard Vassall died, had purchased of his heirs the mansion on Summer street in Boston, opposite Trinity church, and which stood on the present site of the store of the Hoveys. This he occupied till his death in 1773, and his widow afterwards till her decease a year later. As the former property of his father-in-law, the property being in the market attracted the attention of Capt. Ruggles, and an exchange was effected of the two estates, that in Boston being taken for half the purchase money of that at Cambridge. What became of Mr. Ruggles is only matter of conjecture. It is believed that he became, after the evacuation of Boston by the British in March, 1776, a refugee loyalist, and went to Halifax. His daughter, baptized July 26, 1747, married Ezekiel Lewis, a merchant of Boston, who resided at one time with his father-in-law in Cambridge, and died about 1779. She has been sometimes mistaken for another very beautiful lady, daughter of Brigadier Ruggles, of Hardwick, a personage of considerable political celebrity in those days, who was unhappily connected with a sad domestic tragedy, her husband being slain by her own hand.

Mr. Fayerweather, from whom the neighboring road or street was named, long resided in this mansion. About fifty years ago, with the adjoining grounds, it passed into the possession of the late Mr. William Wells, whose family still own and occupy it. The stables and outbuildings have some of them been taken down or rebuilt, and the house itself has been enlarged and modernized. It retains most of the peculiarities in construction of the period when it was erected. It has the same lofty ceilings, spacious hall, and handsome staircase which characterized that of Mr. Vassall in Summer street in Boston, built twenty years earlier. Many of the houses of that date owed no doubt their improved proportions to the fact that those who erected them had become accustomed, in the West Indies or in England, to elegant abodes.

The house, a large square edifice of three stories in elevation, measuring more than fifty feet in either dimension, stands back from the road. It was formerly approached by a straight path in front, but now by a carriage drive on one side. The drawing room has its share of handsome panelling, tiles of many devices and cornices of wood. The parlor, on the left side of the hall, which is broad and divided midway between the front and rear, is a very pleasant apartment. It has a large fireplace with a mantel from the mansion formerly in Bowdoin square in Boston of the Bootts, of which

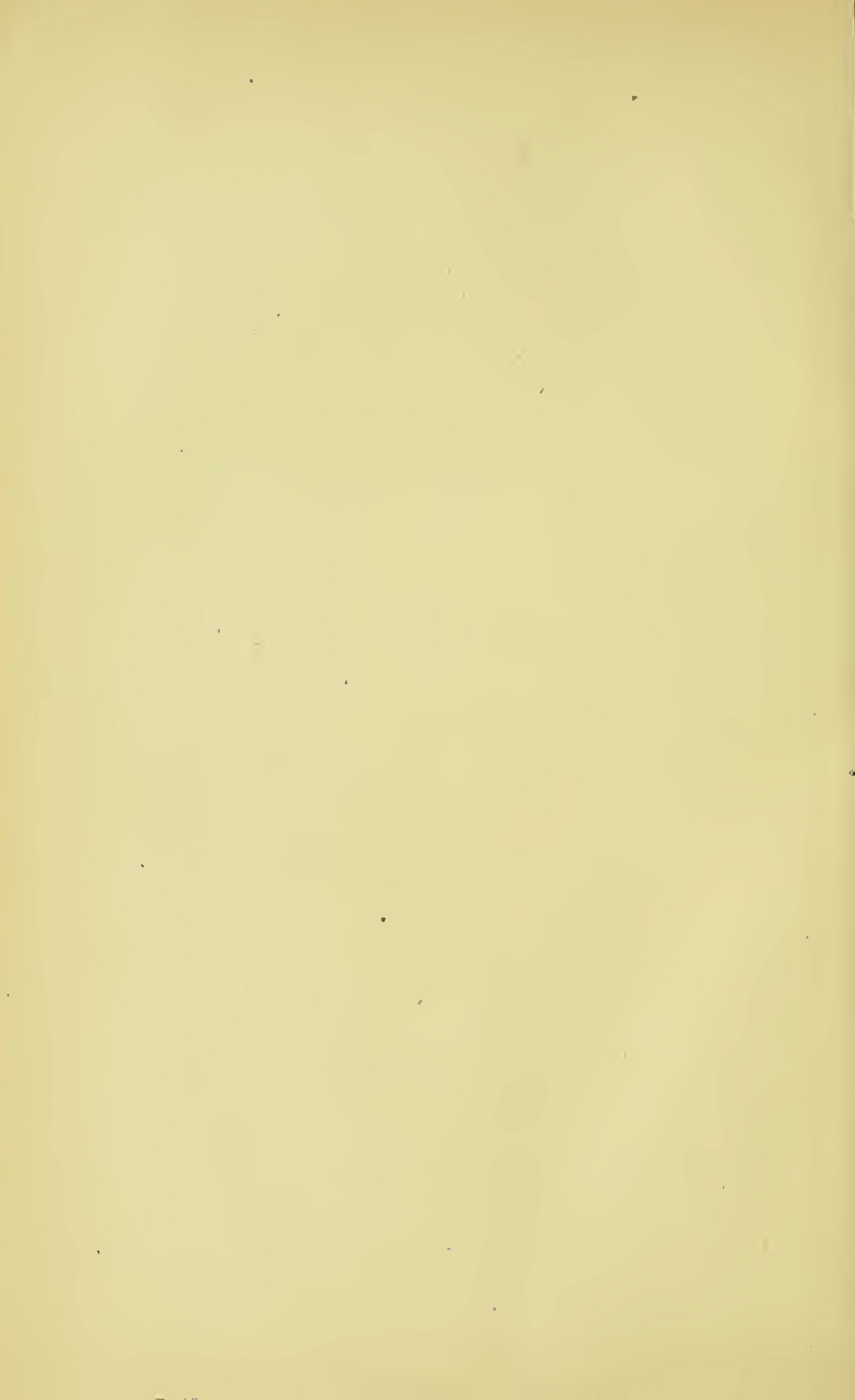
family Mrs. Wells is a daughter. On either side of the fireplace are deep recesses, through that on the right a door opening into the spacious dining-room beyond. The panelled wood work round the room has this peculiarity, that it extends some five feet from the ground. Deep low window seats, comfortably cushioned, afford pleasant glimpses of the foliage of many varieties around. On the doors are brasses of the most brilliant lustre, from the Hancock House on Beacon Hill.

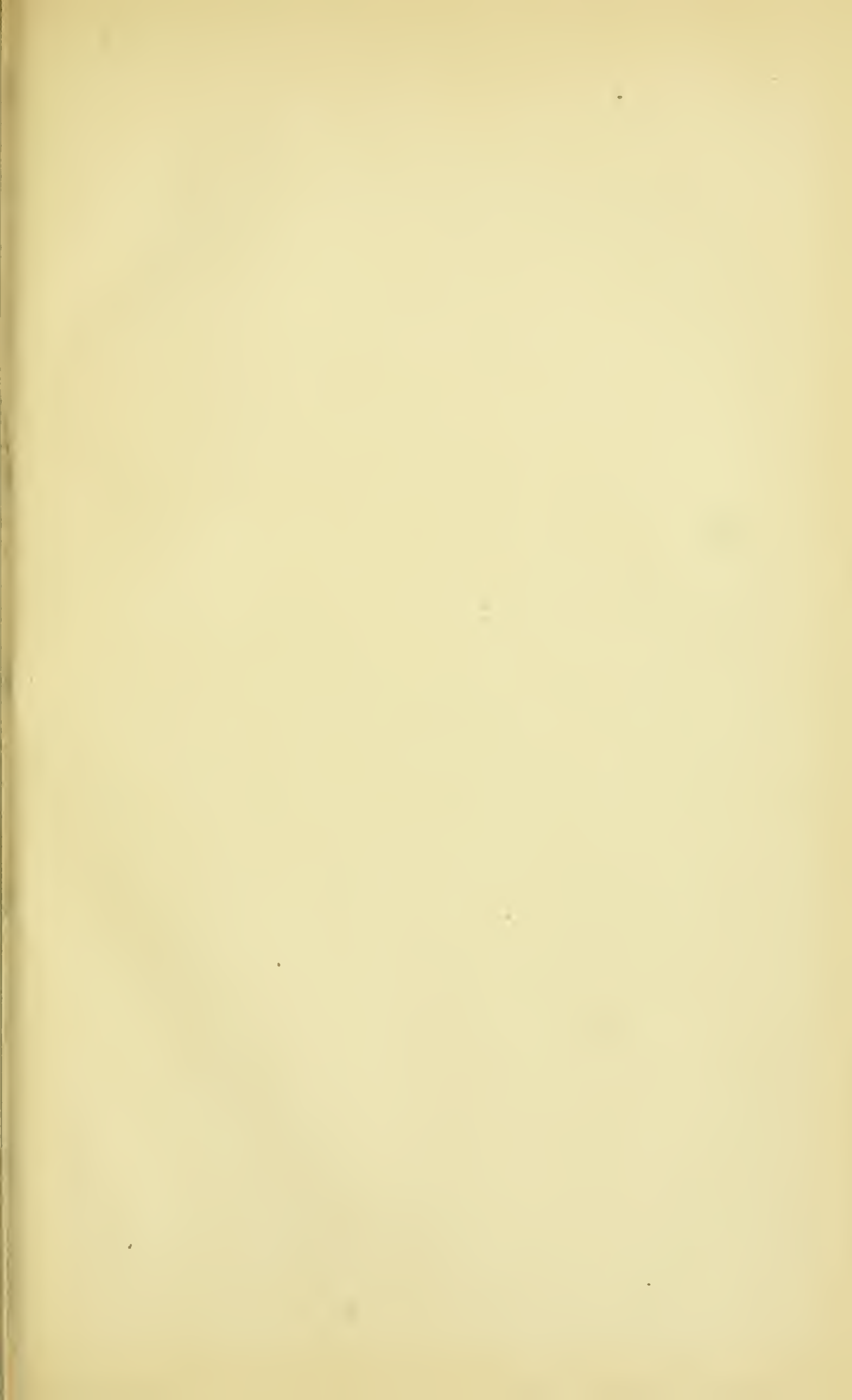
Back of the drawing and opposite the dining room is another large apartment with an agreeable outlook over the grounds. In it stands the table on which General Lee signed his surrender at Appomattox Court House. It had been manufactured by a soldier out of a deal box sent from the Sanitary to camp with supplies, and varnished makes a very handsome article of furniture. It was used in his tent, by Gen. Griffin, in command of the division to which the soldier belonged, serving double duty for daily repasts and literary work. Being at hand when needed for that most auspicious event in the history of our republic, which put an end, we hope forever, to civil strife, the table has acquired a value as a relic not likely to grow less.

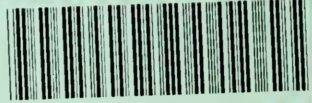
The rooms above on two floors are large and cheery, retaining whatever was elegant in the fashion of old, the only peculiarity of construction being that instead of window seats as below, the panelling rises to form before the windows shelves for plants or similar purposes. On the third floor the rooms look particularly spacious from their low stud, a tall man not being able more than to stand erect beneath the beams, but they are very cosy and pleasant to behold, and when the early sun pours in through the many windows, his heart must be heavy who does not rise to such a flood of radiance in spirits to take the world that day at least at disadvantage.

It would be injustice to this pleasant abode were the gardens and pleasure grounds passed by without observation. Time has grown noble forest trees, and shrubs and plants bear witness to the taste that reared them. Lofty fences shut out the dust of the neighboring roads, and within are privacy and walks of sufficient extent for recreation. As population becomes more dense the extensive enclosure may yield to its pressure, but the house is of sufficient solidity and elegance to survive perhaps another century.

When Class Day threw open the pleasant chambers of the Brattle House to the friends of the graduates who had occupied it, a glimpse at its fair proportions and tasteful decorations after the fashion of old, caused regret that the opportunity had not offered earlier for a description of its interior. The mansion on the Common once occupied by Dr. Waterhouse also deserves the especial attention of the antiquary. It has no doubt been made over in later times, but bears marks of being one of the oldest houses in Cambridge. Its massive woodwork, floors on different levels, some sunken by time, doors so low that a man above medium height must stoop to enter, contrast with the airy and elegant staircase and hall which appear to date from a much later period. The Apthorp and William Winthrop houses should also have been described.



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