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CONCORD BRIDGE.

*By the rude bridge that arches the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.*

(See page 364.)

HISTORIC PILGRIMAGES

IN

NEW ENGLAND

*AMONG LANDMARKS OF PILGRIM AND PURITAN
DAYS AND OF THE PROVINCIAL AND
REVOLUTIONARY PERIODS*

BY

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COUNTRY ROUND ABOUT BOSTON," ETC., ETC.



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P R E F A C E.

THE object of the Pilgrimages to historic places in New England of which account is given in these pages was to recall the early history of our country, from the beginning of the colonial period to the Revolution, through the study and inspiration of landmarks many of which are still preserved, while the sites of many more are yet easily to be identified. In going over the course laid out for the itineracy, the chronicler of these journeyings endeavored to give the true facts of history drawn from the best authorities, and, so far as possible, from original sources. To this end he consulted historical students as well as historical publications; and to the former he is indebted for the correction of some popular fallacies, with new readings of some important parts of the story. In the composition and arrangement of the book the effort has been made to render it acceptable both for supplementary reading in schools and to the general reader.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

The Start	1
---------------------	---

CHAPTER II.

Massachusetts Bay, Provincetown, Cape Cod	5
From Boston to Cape Cod tip.—Historic points along the waterway.—The Pilgrims in Boston Harbor before the Puritans came.—The expedition up from Plymouth led by Standish in 1621: Winslow's minute narrative.—The Norsemen's explorations of 1000-1004: legend of Thorvald's "Krossaness."—Early comers to Cape Cod.—The Mayflower in Provincetown Harbor.—The Compact signed in its cabin.—First landing-place of the Pilgrims.—Quaint Provincetown and its weird sand-hills.—The path of the first Pilgrim exploration party.—By Cape Cod to Plymouth.—Pilgrim traces along shore.	

CHAPTER III.

Plymouth	28
First impressions of the oldest town in New England.—Forefathers' Rock and its story.—Clark's Island, first landing-place of the Pilgrims in Plymouth Harbor.—The voyage of the shallop which brought them here.—The subsequent coming of the Mayflower's passengers.—Cole's Hill and Leyden Street.—Sites of the first houses.—The sad first winter.—The sailing away of the Mayflower.—The town seven years after the landing: the procession to Sunday service.—Town Square.—Burial Hill and its memorials.—Sites of the first fort and the watch-house.—Watson's Hill, where the first Indians appeared.—Town Brook.	

CHAPTER IV.

About Plymouth Town	52
Old Colony mansions.—Historic manuscripts and documents in the Registry of Deeds.—Pilgrim Hall and its relics.—The national monument.—An Old Colony ride.—Plymouth Woods.—Billington Sea.—Head of Town Brook.—Rare treasures in Plymouth homes.—Percy sits in Governor Bradford's chair.	

CHAPTER V.

Kingston 68

Governor Bradford's farm. — Sites of homes of early settlers. — Elder Cushman's Spring. — Kingston's heroes of the Revolution. — A Revolutionary Cincinnatus. — Reminiscences of King Philip's War: Caleb Cook and the death of Philip. — Kingston Landing. — The ancient Major John Bradford's house: former home of the "Bradford Manuscript." — The Governor Bradford house.

CHAPTER VI.

Duxbury and Marshfield 84

Homes of Myles Standish, Elder Brewster, John and Priscilla Alden. — Captain's Hill and the Standish monument. — "Eagle's Nest." — Graves of Standish and of other first settlers. — The legend of the courtship of Myles Standish. — "Careswell" and the Winslows. — Peregrine White. — The Loyalists and the Marshfield affair of 1775. — Daniel Webster's Marshfield farm. — The Webster tomb.

CHAPTER VII.

Cape Ann and the North Shore 111

To Gloucester by water. — Course of the incoming Puritan ships. — The "fyne and sweet harbour" where anchor was first cast. — The shore as it looked to Puritan eyes. — Winthrop's first landing-place. — The ancient "Stage Head." — First attempts at a settlement in 1624. — Roger Conant's plantation. — Steps to the founding of the Bay Colony. — Removal of the Old Planters to "Naumkeag." — The Old Shore Road. — Bass River Head settlement.

CHAPTER VIII.

Salem 125

Bounds of the earliest settlement. — Pictures of the Puritan town. — Town-House Square. — Sites of Endicott's "faire house" and of other homes of first-comers. — The Puritan meeting-houses. — The Court House where the "witchcraft" trials were held. — Various "witchcraft" sites. — The jail and the way to Gallows Hill. — "Witchcraft" documents and relics. — Landmarks of the Revolution. — Washington's reception in 1789. — The shop where Benjamin Thompson, afterward Count Rumford, served; his remarkable career. — The Old North Bridge and the affair of February, 1775. — Historic houses of various periods. — On Gallows Hill.

CHAPTER IX.

Salem, South Side 153

Old streets and sites. — The ancient "Burying-Point" and its historic graves. — Footprints of Nathaniel Hawthorne. — The Custom House and Hawthorne's work-room. — The Old Crowninshield mansion-house. —

The stately region round about the Common.—Salem Athenæum, the Essex Institute, and the Peabody Academy of Science.—The Willows and Salem Neck.—Winter Island and its traditions.

CHAPTER X.

Peabody and Danvers 163

Along the way to "Salem Village" of "witchcraft" times.—Monument to Danvers men of the Revolution.—George Peabody's benefactions: story of his life.—The ancient Downing farm: boyhood home of George Downing, for whom Downing Street in London was named.—House of John Procter of the "witchcraft" victims.—Over "Governor's Plain."—Governor Endicott's "Orchard Farm."—The Collins mansion-house: Gage's headquarters in 1774.—The old Nurse farm and its history: monument to Rebecca Nurse.—Birthplace of Judge Holten, patriot, statesman, jurist.—The old training-place of the yeoman soldiery.—Central point of the "witchcraft" outbreak.—Sites of the parsonage, Deacon Ingersoll's house, and the meeting-house of 1692.—Scenes of the delusion recalled.—Danvers historic houses of later periods.—Oak Knoll and the poet Whittier.—Homesteads of the Putnams.—Birthplace of General Israel Putnam.—Old Danversport landmarks.

CHAPTER XI.

Marblehead 189

Site first proposed for the college which became Harvard.—The "Dun-geons."—Site of the Darby Fort of 1629.—Eighteenth century landmarks.—Marblehead in the Revolutionary period and its heroes.—In the war of 1812.—The fight between the Chesapeake and the Shannon off Marblehead Neck.—The Constitution chased into the harbor.—The old-time fishers, their characteristics and their dialect.—The Mugford monument.—Old St. Michael's Church.—The Lee mansion-house.—Homes of the "sea-kings."—The old Custom House.—The historic Town House.—Birthplaces of eminent men.—Elbridge Gerry.—Story of the "Gerrymander."—The Glovers, Jonathan and General John.—The Old North Church.—Ancient Fort Sewall.—Quaint by-ways.—The "Moll Pitcher house."—The island parsonage.—Site of the Fountain Inn.—Burying Hill.—The monument to lost fishers.—Peach's Point, place of the Puritan fishing-stages.—True story of "Old Flood Ireson."

CHAPTER XII.

Colonial Boston 213

First movements of Winthrop's company.—The Charlestown settlement.—Blaxton's invitation to Winthrop.—The beginning of Boston.—The peninsula as it appeared to the Puritans.—Bounds of the original settlement.—Site of the governor's house.—The first meeting-house.—The

Market Place. — The first Town House and its successors. — Sites of early homesteads. — Home of Anna Hibbens, hanged for "witchcraft" on Boston Common. — Birthplace of Franklin. — The first South meeting-house: scene of some remarkable happenings. — John Alden (2d) and the "witchcraft" delusion. — Home of Anne Hutchinson. — The "Antinomian Controversy." — Sir Harry Vane. — The first schoolhouse. — The first King's Chapel. — Sir Edmund Andros: the Revolution of 1689. — The ancient burying-grounds. — Blaxton's cottage and garden. — The Bellingham mansion-house. — The John Cotton estate. — John Endicott's house. — Persecution of the Quakers. — The "King's Missive." — Old Dock Square. — The Brasier Inn.

CHAPTER XIII.

Provincial Boston 248

The germ of Independence. — Faneuil Hall and its memories. — A bunch of old landmarks. — The "Green Dragon Tavern," headquarters of the Revolution. — North End historic sites. — Home of Paul Revere. — The "Red Lyon Inn" and Quaker Upsall. — The Old North Church. — The Frankland house. — Hutchinson's house, sacked by the Stamp Act mob. — "Salutation Inn." — Home of Sir William Phips, the first royal governor: his romantic career. — Christ Church. — Revere's signal lanterns on the "Old North." — The real Major Pitcairn. — Copp's Hill Burying-ground: ancient tombs: marks of British bullets. — The affair of Hancock's sloop Liberty.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Pre-Revolutionary Period 281

The Old State House and its associations. — The Council Chamber: headquarters of the royal governors. — Steps to the Revolution, 1761-1775. — The Writs of Assistance; the Stamp Act; the Revenue Acts; the Boston Massacre; the Boston Tea-Party; the Boston Port Bill. — The "Sanctuary of Freedom" and the great town-meetings. — The Province House. — Home of Samuel Adams. — The Hancock mansion-house. — The "Bulfinch Front." — King's Chapel.

CHAPTER XV.

Lexington 332

Events preceding the "battle-day" of 1775. — Organization of the minutemen. — The Alarm. — The rides of Paul Revere and William Dawes. — Samuel Adams and Hancock at the parsonage. — Assembling of Captain Parker's company. — Lexington Green. — Revere, Dawes, and Prescott on the Concord road. — Capture of Revere and his final release. — The British march out from Boston. — Story of the "battle." — Monuments and landmarks. — The ancient Hancock-Clarke house. — Buckman's Tavern. — Memorial Hall.

CHAPTER XVI

- Concord** 360
- The American posts before the Fight. — Along the road to the battlefield. — The Old Manse. — At the Old North Bridge. — “The shot heard round the world.” — The “plundering party” at the Barrett Farm. — Some historic houses. — Landmarks in the village centre. — Wright’s Tavern. — Meeting-place of the Provincial Congress. — Patriots’ graves in the old burying-ground on the hill. — Graves of Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, the Alcotts, in Sleepy Hollow.

CHAPTER XVII.

- The British Retreat** 379
- From Concord to Charlestown. — Historic points along the roads. — The “mile-long” Ridge. — Literary landmarks: homes of Emerson, Hawthorne, the Alcotts. — Merriam’s Corner. — The “Bluff” on the Lexington road. — Lord Percy’s detachment at Lexington. — Round about “Munroe’s Tavern.” — Story of Lord Percy’s outward march. — Adventures of some Boston schoolboys. — Capture of Percy’s baggage-train by the “old men of Menotomy.” — The rout from “Menotomy” to Charlestown Common. — First American council of war.

CHAPTER XVIII.

- Bunker Hill** 400
- Formation of the “Great American Army.” — The night march of Colonel Prescott’s detachment from Cambridge to Charlestown. — The council on the hill-top. — Choice of Breed’s Hill, nearest Boston, for the fortifications. — The grounds as preserved to-day. — The towering obelisk. — The Prescott statue and its historic site. — Lines of the redoubt. — The breastworks of the rail-fence. — Landing-place of the British. — Story of the battle. — The burning of the town. — Death of Warren. — His monument and statue. — Some Puritan landmarks. — The John Harvard monument.

CHAPTER XIX.

- Cambridge** 428
- The American lines during the siege of Boston. — “Ploughed Hill,” “Ten Hills,” Winter-hill Fort, the Citadel, French’s Redoubt, the right wing. — Hoisting the first flags. — Quarters of Burgoyne’s captured army. — General Lee’s headquarters. — The Old Powder-House. — Cambridge Common. — The Washington Elm. — Washington in Camp. — A little tour about the University City. — Puritan landmarks. — The Colleges. — “Tory Row.” — Historic houses. — Tracings of the Norsemen.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Concord Bridge	<i>Frontispiece</i>	“ What a sad thing it is to see eight firebrands of hell hanging there!”	131
Map of Boston Harbor	6	Pillory and Stocks	135
Captain John Smith	7	Count Rumford	142
Looking up Boston Harbor from the Middle Brewster	8	Parson Barnard, the Elder	145
Myles Standish's Sword	12	Bertram Elm, Salem	149
Norse Vessels	15	Gallows Hill	151
Minot's Light	17	Birthplace of Nathaniel Hawthorne	154
The Mayflower	21	Hawthorne at Thirty-six	156
Sand Hills of Provincetown	23	Salem Custom House	157
A Bit of Old Plymouth	29	Marquis de Lafayette	159
Canopy Over Plymouth Rock	31	The Old Governor Bradstreet House	160
Clark's Island	34	Queen Victoria's Gift to George Peabody	166
Burial Hill, Plymouth	38	George Peabody	168
The Pilgrim Exiles	41	Collins House (Headquarters of General Gage in 1774)	173
Stockade	43	Old Nurse House	176
The Old Winslow Mansion-House	53	John Greenleaf Whittier	182
Indian Bow and Arrows, etc.	56	Oak Knoll, Whittier's Home	183
Indian War Club	57	General Israel Putnam's Birth- place	185
Indian Shell Axe	57	General Israel Putnam	187
Elder Brewster's Chair }	58	Old Town Hall, Marblehead	192
Peregrine White's Cradle }		Constitution (“ Old Ironsides ”)	194
Governor Carver's Chair }	59	The “ Flatiron ”	196
Foot-wheel in Governor Brad- ford's Family }		St. Michael's Church	198
National Monument	65	General John Glover House	201
Billington Sea Outlet	66	Birthplace of Elbridge Gerry	202
King Phillip	74	The “ Gerrymander ”	204
Major John Bradford House	77	Burying-Hill, Marblehead	207
Captain Myles Standish	88	Governor John Winthrop	216
Myles Standish's Grave	93	First Town House, Boston	221
John Alden and Priscilla	96	Birthplace of Benjamin Franklin	226
Laying an Atlantic Cable	98	Old South Meeting-House	227
Webster's Study	103	Interior of Old South	228
Daniel Webster	106	Statue of Sir Harry Vane	232
Pond on the Webster Estate	107	Statue of Blaxton	240
Manchester-by-the-Sea	113	Pine-tree Shilling	242
Stage Head, Gloucester	117	Statue of Governor Winthrop	244
Fish-Curing	122		
First Meeting-House in Salem	127		

	PAGE		PAGE
Statue of Samuel Adams	246	Emerson's Grave	377
Faneuil Hall ("Cradle of Liberty")	249	Emerson's Home	380
Boston Stone	252	The Wayside, Hawthorne's Home	381
Green Dragon Tavern	255	Merriam's Corner	383
Christ Church	266	Munroe Tavern	388
Paul Revere	268	Map of Boston and Vicinity	404
Tomb of the Mathers	277	Statue of William Prescott	406
Old State House	282	General Joseph Warren	411
Royal Arms	283	British Ensign	413
Liberty Tree	286	Revolutionary Musket	414
Landing of British Troops, 1768; by Paul Revere	290	Battle of Bunker Hill	416
Crispus Attucks Monument	296	Bunker Hill Monument	424
Samuel Adams	300	Harvard Monument	427
John Hancock	318	General Nathanael Greene	431
Old Province House	324	Old Powder-House, Somerville	433
Old Hancock Mansion	326	The "Washington Elm," Cam- bridge	435
Boston State House, with Annex	327	General Washington	436
Boston Common, 1809	329	Harvard College Campus	439
King's Chapel	330	Longfellow's Home	442
Battle of Lexington	349	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow	443
Governor Eustis's Monument	353	Elmwood, Lowell's Home	445
Hancock-Clarke House	354	Statue of Leif Erikson	446
Old Buckman Tavern	357	Boston Public Library: Front Fa- çade	448
The Old Manse	362	Boston Public Library: Colonnade of Court	449
The Minute-Man	367		
Hawthorne's Grave	376		

HISTORIC PILGRIMAGES.

I.

THE START.



LAST summer at Bar Harbor I chanced to meet my old friend Denison, who after graduation from college had gone West, and had made both a reputation and a fortune.

Denison had with him his son Percy, a high-school lad, looking forward to a college course. He was an athletic young fellow, manly in person and bearing, ardent, spirited, observing, — a genuine American boy of the best type. Drawn to him by his manner and talk, I found that among his studies at school he liked American history best, and that he had an especially keen interest in landmarks of the formative periods of his country. So our desultory talk fell upon such topics, till one night, as we sat on the hotel piazza, Percy unfolded to me a plan which he had long cherished.

This plan was to visit the home of his ancestors in Massachusetts, and to spend a vacation in pilgrimages to historic spots in

New England identified with the small beginnings of the nation. Would I not help him, he urged, systematically to carry out such a plan ?

Born and reared in the West, the East, with its wealth of historical associations, evidently had a fascination for him ; and, American to his finger-tips, he had a strong desire for a personal knowledge of the places where the steps which had led from Colonies to Provinces, and from Provinces to Republic, had been taken. He had discovered through the slight excursions into ancient records which he had made for his elder sister, who was a member of the Daughters of the Revolution, that he not only had ancestors, but that they were settled here in the "good old Colony days," before separation from the mother country was dreamed of. This discovery had stimulated his interest in historic New England. But with all his casual reading and study, he had found that his acquaintance with many of the most important landmarks of American history was yet but superficial. The fact had only recently been brought home to him, with a mortifying shock, by a critic's marginal notes upon an attempt which he had made at a prize essay : exposing his confusion of seventeenth century with eighteenth century monuments, of Colonial with Provincial affairs, and his mixing of landmarks of the pre-Revolution controversies. He had indeed derived some consolation from finding himself able to enlighten the congressman for his district, and the Fourth of July orator of his city, who had confounded Pilgrim with Puritan, and almost hopelessly tangled the causes of the Revolution ; and he had also found balm for his wounded pride in the disclosures by some of the Revolutionary sons and daughters that they were hardly more accurately informed. Still, as he had said, he was obliged to confess that he was not sufficiently grounded in foundation-facts clearly to tell the story of his country and its historic sites and places, as every true American should be able to do.

All this Percy confided to me with engaging frankness ; and the outcome of our talk was an agreement to meet in Boston,

the mecca of American historic pilgrimages, some time in the following spring, and lay out a programme.

So one fair day in May, such as occasionally bursts upon New England in that uncertain month, I received at Boston a despatch from Percy announcing his coming, and reminding me of my last summer's promise. I found him, upon his arrival, comfortably quartered in a down-town hotel, poring over an outspread map of New England, the chairs of his room upheaped with guide-books of all sorts and conditions, and a perplexed look upon his handsome face.

"Upon my word," he exclaimed after our mutual greetings, "it is all so interesting I can't make up my mind where to begin! Shall I start with the Pilgrims at Plymouth or with the Puritans at Salem? Or shall I begin with Revolutionary landmarks, in which interest is the keenest with us Westerners when we find ourselves in these parts, covering those of earlier days in later pilgrimages? Shall I take historic pilgrimages alone, or combine literary pilgrimages with them, and so embrace landmarks of American literature with those of American history?"

I suggested that he should make Boston his starting-post, and arrange an itinerary, each pilgrimage to occupy one or two days.

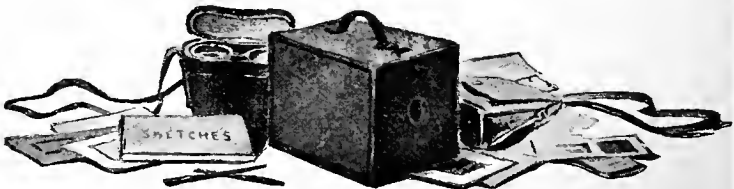
"Suppose," I said, "you lay out a programme including a dozen trips, covering in all, say, a fortnight. Your first pilgrimage might well be made into the Old Colony, beginning at Provincetown, at the tip of Cape Cod, and thence tracing the footprints of the Pilgrims through Plymouth, Kingston, Duxbury, and Marshfield. Then you might strike for Cape Ann, and follow the Puritans back through Salem and its neighborhood to Charlestown and Boston. At the same time you will cover landmarks of the Provincial and Revolutionary periods, and various other historic sites, recalling the stories of great men as well as of great events in our history. You might treat the Revolutionary period, so far as practicable, chronologically. Beginning here in Boston with monuments marking the preced-

ing controversies, you can trace the several outbreaks from the earliest to the Lexington affair, the Concord Fight, the British rout, the conflict at Breed's Hill, the Siege of Boston, the Evacuation.

“In these and other pilgrimages into localities within easy reach of your central point will be included a variety of most interesting features,—literary as well as historic landmarks, ancient mansion houses, rich monuments of Colonial and Provincial days, and much picturesque country and coast. As an admirable finish of the series, you might take Cambridge, giving part of a day to a leisurely tour of our oldest university town,—the place also, as you know, first selected by the Winthrop party for the chief town of the Colony before Boston was determined upon.”

These suggestions Percy adopted with promptness. He proposed that we should proceed at once to outline fourteen pilgrimages, and together start upon them, weather permitting, without delay, I to act as “guide, philosopher, and friend,” it pleased him to say. To the latter proposition I at first demurred; but he pressed it with such urgency and winsome insistence that I at length agreed, consenting to act the friendly guide, but declining the *rôle* of philosopher.

Our itinerary finally planned, we speedily completed our simple preparations. For equipment we provided ourselves with light haversacks in which to carry lunches and other essentials, several pocket maps, railway time-tables, and a good field-glass; while Percy had brought with him his kodak and his sketch-book.



II.

MASSACHUSETTS BAY, PROVINCETOWN, CAPE COD.

From Boston to Cape Cod tip. — Historic points along the waterway. — The Pilgrims in Boston Harbor before the Puritans came. — The expedition up from Plymouth led by Standish in 1621: Winslow's minute narrative. — The Norsemen's explorations of 1000-1004: legend of Thorvald's "Krossaness." — Early comers to Cape Cod. — The Mayflower in Provincetown Harbor. — The Compact signed in its cabin. — First landing-place of the Pilgrims. — Quaint Provincetown and its weird sand-hills. — The path of the first Pilgrim exploration party. — By Cape Cod to Plymouth. — Pilgrim traces along shore.

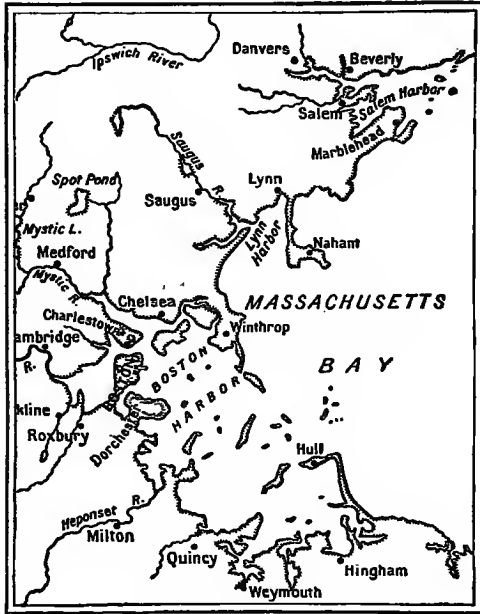
It was our good fortune to make our first pilgrimage with the opening of June. Boarding the Provincetown steamer early in the forenoon of a dazzlingly bright Monday, with a clear sky and a sparkling sea, we found seats on the forward deck, and settled down for a full enjoyment of the four or five hours' sail over Massachusetts Bay to the end of Cape Cod.

As we steamed placidly down from the spreading city, past the harbor islands, toward Point Allerton and the broad waters of the bay beyond, Percy tried in imagination to picture the scene which these shores, islands, and waters in their natural state — a silent wilderness, without buildings, houses, or shipping — presented to the Puritan first-comers.

"I have read," he observed, "that one of the early voyagers called this a paradise; but the Puritans, who came to stay, must have been most strongly impressed with its awful loneliness."

"True," I answered, "loneliness was, doubtless, an element in the scene. But it was by no means the dominant one; and I question if it made much, if any, impression upon the pioneers. None of the chroniclers among the first-comers, either as explorers, traders, or colonists, makes mention of it. What most

impressed them, evidently, was the attractiveness of the region ; and in the contemplation of this feature that of loneliness had slight influence. It was Captain John Smith, he of Pocahontas fame, one of the earliest to give a detailed account of this neighborhood, who described it as the 'paradise of all these



BOSTON HARBOR MAP.

parts'; and he was so enchanted with what he saw that he declared, 'Of all the four parts of the world that I have yet seen not inhabited, could I but have the means to transport a colony, I would rather live here than anywhere.' He sailed about these waters as early as 1614, a dozen years before any white settler was here, skirting the coast most closely between Cape Ann and Cohasset, and made note of 'many Isles all planted with corne, groves, mulberries, salvage [savage] gardens, and good harbors.' 'And as you passe,' he further remarked, 'the sea coast shews you all along large corne fields and great troupes of well proportioned people.'

"This was a somewhat fanciful picture, no doubt ; for the gallant Smith was an optimistic explorer, and had the sailor's fondness for picturesque narration of adventure, with a free

mingling of fact and romance. He was, moreover, concerned in an enterprise the main object of which was commercial, with colonization projects in view, so that he saw with a flattering eye. But those who came after him largely confirmed his view. Seven years later, in 1621, within the first year of the Plymouth Colony, Myles Standish came up from Plymouth in a shallop, or large sail-boat, with ten companions and three Indian guides, on a voyage of exploration and trade. Landing, they 'marched in arms up the country,' and also found it fair; for they took back to Plymouth 'a good report of the place, wishing we had been seated there.'

"When the Puritans came, in 1630, what there was of loneliness in the scene was fading away. Here and there was some slight show of settlement. At the upper end of the harbor was a little plantation at Winnisimmet, now the city of Chelsea, and the 'palisadoed' house of Samuel Maverick, a young 'gentleman of good estate' and education. At Mishawum (Charlestown) was the humbler, palisaded, and thatched dwelling of Thomas Walford, blacksmith, with his wife and children. At Shawmut, which became Boston, on the slope of its loftiest hill, was the cottage, the rose-garden, and orchard of William Blaxton [Blackstone], the 'solitary bookish recluse.' In the harbor was a trading and fishing station. Along shore were the stragglng settlements at 'Merry Mount,' Mount Wollaston, now in Quincy, and at Weymouth. Coming in June, the Puritans found the country



CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

at its best, in full blossom and leaf. These now bare islands by which we are sailing were then mostly well wooded. From the shores of the mainland noble forests stretched back to the hills beyond; and the three picturesque mounts of 'Shawmut,' which the Bostonians years since reduced and levelled, rose conspicuously in the landscape. Contrasted with what they had left behind in old England, it was a scene of solitude; but compared with that which ten years before first met the gaze



LOOKING UP BOSTON HARBOR FROM THE MIDDLE BREWSTER.

of the Pilgrims over the bleak headlands of Cape Cod, it must have been a spectacle almost animating.

“No, I should say that the first impressions of the Puritans were, on the whole, altogether pleasing. They found the country beautiful, and the ‘Old Planters,’ as the settlers already fixed here were called, disposed to be neighborly. These ‘Old Planters’ were the remnant of the colonies which Ferdinando Gorges and his son Robert attempted to establish in Massa-

chusetts Bay some years before, with discouraging results. They were regular Church of England men, but none the less on this account inclined to friendliness toward the incoming Puritan non-conformists. Maverick gave Winthrop a good dinner upon his arrival, and later Blaxton cordially invited the newcomers to settle on his peninsula."

In my preparation for these pilgrimages, in order to render myself as helpful as possible to my young friend, I had made some memoranda from various historical papers, records, and authorities, and had also taken copies of a few interesting documents. Among the latter was the story of the Myles Standish expedition of 1621, written by one of the company, Edward Winslow, and especially interesting as the first authentic account which we have of a landing by Europeans, and an in-shore exploration on this part of the coast. Captain Smith tells us that he passed "close aboard the shore," and mapped out the bay (by which term was then meant only Boston harbor), but he did not venture to land here; and it is the opinion of the best authorities that he did not come beyond the opening of the harbor, although it has been said that he sailed to its head. Other of the Plymouth men's predecessors, visitors or traders, did little more than make observations in passing, unless we accept the traditions of the Northmen respecting an attempt by them at a settlement made at the dawn of the eleventh century.

Winslow's quaint account was serviceable to us in fixing the first notable Pilgrim landmarks on the waterway down from Boston, as well as in filling out the picture of this neighborhood before the Puritan advent. So I produced it while we were discussing Puritan first impressions, and before we had passed beyond the historic harbor islands, Percy following on his map, as I read with explanatory note and comment.

"It seemed good to the company in general," — meaning the Plymouth Colony, — the account begins, "that though the Massachusetts [the Indian tribe occupying this region] had

often threatened us (so we were informed), yet we should go among them, partly to see the country and partly to make peace with them, and partly to procure their truck. For these ends the Governor chose ten men, and Tisquantum and two other savages, to bring us to speech with the people and interpret for us."

"Tisquantum, or Squanto," I explained, "was one of a band of upward of twenty Indians, whom Hunt, here with Captain Smith in 1614, enticed to his ship just before her departure, under pretence of trading, and carried off to Europe. A number were sold into slavery in Spain, while Squanto was taken, or found his way, to England. He got a smattering of English there; and being brought back to his home in 1619, by Captain Thomas Dermer, a later companion of Captain Smith, he became the ally of the Pilgrims when they came. Of the kidnapping of these Indians Smith was guiltless; for it was done after his departure, Hunt being left in charge of one of his vessels, which was to be taken to Malaga with a catch of fish."

The narrative continues: "On the 13th of September, 1621, being Tuesday, we set out about midnight, the tide then serving for us; we, supposing it to be nearer than it is, thought to be there the next morning betime, but it proved to be well-nigh twenty leagues from New Plymouth. We came into the bottom of the bay [the opening of this harbor], but being late, anchored and lay in the shallop, not having seen any of the people."

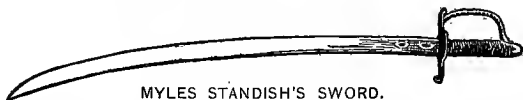
The place where they anchored was off Thomson's (now Thompson's) Island, the "fruitful isle," as it was afterward termed, lying well in toward the Quincy shore, near Castle Island, where now is Fort Independence. Here they passed the night; but during the evening Standish and others explored the island, and one William Trevore, a sailor of the party, took possession of it in the name of David Thomson, gentleman, then in London, from which act, probably, they named it Isle of Trevore. The next morning they "put in for the shore," and then made their landing, the spot being at the foot of the rocky cliff of the

headland in the marshes which we see back of the island, from that time known as Squantum Head, so named from the friendly Indian guide. At or near the same spot, nine years later, the passengers of the *Mary* and *John*, the first of Winthrop's fleet to arrive, landed, — coming over in small boats from Nantasket, where the captain of their ship had left them, — and began the settlement of Dorchester. So this point is doubly historic.

The narrative goes on to relate their adventures with minute detail. After making a breakfast of some lobsters, which they found here, and "made ready" under the cliff, the party, with the exception of two left to guard the shallop, set out with Squanto to seek the inhabitants. Soon they met an Indian woman coming for the lobsters which they had appropriated; and having "contented her," that is, given her something for them, they learned from her where the savages were. Leaving Squanto with the woman to guide them along shore, they returned, and re-entering their shallop, sailed farther inland, toward one of the near-by hills — perhaps Savin Hill, on the Dorchester shore, or Dorchester Heights of Revolutionary fame, in South Boston, now almost entirely gone. Here they found the sachem, "or governor of this place," Abbatinewat by name, and his followers, who gave them a friendly reception. The sachem told them that he "durst not remain in any settled place for fear of the Tarentines," — a warlike tribe dwelling on the distant Penobscot, in Maine, who were accustomed to sweep up to this region in their fleets of war-canoes at about harvest-time, and despoil its inhabitants. The Englishmen agreeing to be his "safeguard" from his enemies if he would declare himself to be a "King James's man," as divers other sachems down Plymouth way had done, he promptly made declaration, and then volunteered to pilot the party to the Squaw-Sachem. This Squaw-Sachem was the widow of Nane-pashemet, the chief Indian ruler of the region, and was living in the country up the Mystic River. So they again embarked, the Indians presumably taking a canoe, and crossed the bay in

the direction of Charlestown, to the mouth of the Mystic, observing as they sailed the many pleasant harbor islands. It was dusk when they reached the river; and accordingly they anchored, and spent that second night aboard the shallop. The next morning they went ashore, and then it was that they "marched in arms up the country."

It must have been an awesome spectacle that these strange men presented to their newly made savage friends, each in corselet, with matchlock and long sword, as they fell in line behind their stout little leader, the one soldier of the Plymouth Colony. Perhaps the captain himself bore his famous weapon of which Longfellow has sung, measuring, we are told, almost an English ell from hilt to point, and which is still preserved at Plymouth. They marched a long while along the wooded



MYLES STANDISH'S SWORD.

shore, brilliant with rich autumnal tints, before meeting any one; for the "troops of well proportioned people" whom Captain John Smith had remarked in this region had largely been reduced and scattered by pestilence and war. After a tramp of about three miles, they came to a deserted Indian farm, "where corn had been newly gathered and a house pulled down." "Not far from hence" they reached a stockaded fort which had been built by Nanepashemet, and inside it "the frame of a house wherein, being dead," the king "lay buried." A mile farther on they came to another fort, "seated on the top of an hill." Here, they were told, Nanepashemet had been killed by the Tarentines, "none dwelling in it since the time of his death."

This sightly place was Rock Hill in Medford. The party now halted, and sent two savages "to look up the inhabitants, and to inform them of our ends in coming, that they might not

be fearful of us." The messengers first found a lot of Indian women, together with their corn in heaps, within a mile of the halting-place, whither it was supposed they had fled, having got word of the approach of the invaders. They were induced to come back and meet the party. Though at first showing much fear, they soon "took heart," "seeing our gentle carriage toward them," and entertained the visitors with a banquet of boiled cod, "and such other things as they had." Then, with much sending for, came one of their men, "shaking and trembling with fear; but when he saw that we intended them no hurt, but came to truck, he press'd us with his skins also." Of him they inquired for the queen; but she was "far from thence," and could not be seen. While they were parleying, Squanto would have them rifle the women of their belongings, "'for,' said he, 'they are bad people, and have oft threatened you; but our answer was, 'were they never so bad we would not wrong them, or give them any just occasion against us.'" Still the spokesman, probably the valiant captain, took care to add that "if they once attempted anything against us, then we should deal far worse than he desired." Having spent the day, they returned to the shallop, almost all the women accompanying them to the shore, pressing their furs, and even the beaver skins from their backs, upon the visitors, so fully had the spirit of trade at length possessed them.

Promising to come again, the explorers set out on the return voyage at evening, with a fair wind and a light moon; "and through the goodness of God came safely home before noon of the day following, with a considerable quantity of beaver," and the good report of the place which we have remarked. Besides sailing the Mystic River, they observed the "fair entrance" of the Charles River, which Captain Smith had named but not seen. Although they "had no time to discover it," some historians give them, rather than Smith, the credit of its actual discovery.

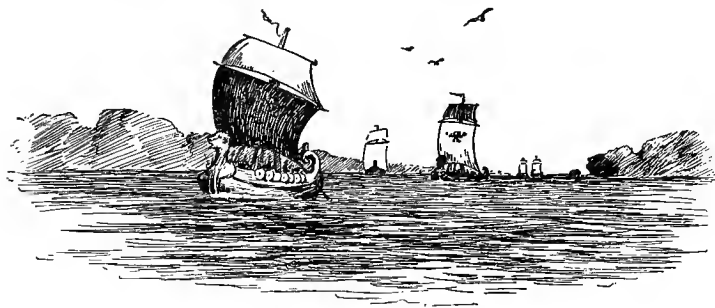
After this memorable first expedition, frequent trips up

from Plymouth were made, and some time before the coming of the Puritans these waters were quite familiar to Plymouth Colony folk. They established a fishing and trading station here as early as 1623. They were probably on Governor's Island, where now Fort Winthrop stands, within the next year, when it received its first name of Conant's Island, from Roger Conant, afterward governor at Cape Ann. They gave the name to Point Allerton, the bold headland of Hull, at our right as we pass out to the bay, in honor of their early agent, Isaac Allerton, who was with Standish in the exploration of 1621. They named the rocky islands opposite, on one of which Boston Light stands out picturesquely, calling them the Brewsters, for the family of Allerton's second wife, a daughter of Elder Brewster of the Plymouth Colony. Thompson was on his island by 1624, having come up from Piscataqua, now Portsmouth, N.H., where he had begun a plantation for Gorges the year before. Though not of the Pilgrims, he was friendly with them. He died in 1628; and when the Puritans came, his prosperous widow was living here with her infant son and a retinue of servants.

Point Allerton had an added attraction for Percy when I remarked that according to some archæologists it was the "Krossaness" of the Northmen, discovered and so named six hundred years and more before the coming of the Pilgrims, by Viking Thorvald, and the place of Thorvald's death and burial. This opinion, I told him, rests on the romantic Icelandic sagas, which have been the subject of much interesting speculation by historical students. Thorvald was son of Erik the Red, and brother of Leif, supposed to have been the first to reach this coast, and to have discovered Cape Cod. Erik the Red was a Danish chieftain, who in the year 985 sailed for Iceland, and there founded a colony of warriors. Thence several of these warriors made frequent expeditions in their picturesque galleys to the southward along the wild coast, seeking "some new Drontheim Fiord on which to found a Norway of the West."

Leif Erikson came some time in the year 1000; and it was the theory of the late Professor Eben N. Horsford, who devoted much time and care to Norse investigations, that he sailed up the bay, crossed Boston Harbor, and penetrated the Charles River to Cambridge and Watertown, where he attempted the founding of Vineland. So strong was Professor Horsford in this belief, that he caused stone tablets to be placed at various points, and the "Norumbega Tower" to be built in Weston on Charles River side.

Thorvald came twice, first about two years later than Leif. Upon his second voyage, in 1004, he was driven ashore, when



NORSE VESSELS.

the keel of his ship was broken, on Cape Cod, which he named "Kjalarness." After making repairs, the sagas tell of his sailing "round the eastern shores of the land and into the mouths of the friths which lay nearest thereto, and to a point of land which stretched out and was covered all over with wood." "Here," he exclaimed, "it is beautiful; and here I should like to fix my abode!" So he and his followers landed. They encountered nine of the aborigines, "eight of whom they killed, but the ninth escaped in his canoe." Later a large number came in canoes, and a fierce battle ensued. Thorvald was mortally wounded, and he advised his men to hasten their preparations for departure. "But me," he said, "you must

take to that promontory where I thought to have made my abode. I was a prophet; for now I shall dwell there forever. There you shall bury me; and plant there two crosses, one at my head and one at my feet, and call the place Krossaness [the promontory of the crosses] for all time coming." His directions were followed; and soon after his men re-embarked, and turned their faces homeward.

Although some archæologists confidently identify Point Allerton as this place, others are quite as sure that it was the Gurnet, the outer point of Plymouth, and others are not prepared to decide that it was either.

While we were thus discoursing, our steamer had made its way into the open by Minot's Light, the lonely tower rising from the sea, marking the outermost ledge of dangerous rock at the entrance of the harbor, or Boston Bay, whose great white light is visible for nearly fifteen nautical miles. Percy was told that this rugged stone structure has held its ground through storm and calm since 1859, when it was erected in place of an iron pile-house, swept away in a furious April gale eight years before, with the keeper and his two assistants. The monotony of the daily life of its occupants is broken by occasional visitors, who come in small boats to be lifted to it in a chair operated by the machinery which is employed to hoist provisions.

The sail now became a little sea-voyage, with a dim, fading coast-line on the one side, and the ocean on the other. There being no more near historic points to view, we took the opportunity to try the ship's dinner, which Percy pronounced "relishy."

On deck again we were in good season to enjoy the approach to port.

As the white cliffs of the hook enclosing Provincetown harbor loomed into view, I reminded Percy of its especial interest as the spot on which the first known English discoverer of Massachusetts set foot, as well as the place of the



MINOT'S LIGHT.

landing of the first colonists who became permanently planted here. .

“Yes,” he replied; “I know. That first English discoverer was Bartholomew Gosnold. He came here long before the Pilgrims; and it was he who gave the place the name of Cape Cod, because, as I have read, of the quantities of cod his men caught here. And they attempted to make a settlement here, didn’t they?”

“That was on the other side of the Cape, in Buzzard’s Bay. They first spent a day on shore here, observing the country, and meeting an Indian or two, — one of them ‘a young man of proper stature and of pleasing countenance,’ — who were not ill-disposed toward them. Then they sailed round the headland, doubling the Cape; passed Martha’s Vineyard; discovered the little island of No Man’s Land; rounded Gay Head on Martha’s Vineyard, which they named Dover Cliffs; and landed on the island of Cuttyhunk, at the entrance of Buzzard’s Bay, naming the former Elizabeth Island, from the English queen, and the latter Gosnold’s Hope. ‘Here,’ says Bancroft, ‘they beheld the rank vegetation of a virgin soil; noble forests; wild fruits and flowers bursting from the earth; the eglantine, the thorn, and the honeysuckle; the wild pea, the tansy, and young sassafras; strawberries, raspberries, grape-vines — all in profusion. Within a pond upon the island lies a rocky islet. On this the adventurers built their storehouse and their fort, and the foundations of a colony were laid.’ The band remained on the island for about a month. Then becoming dissatisfied, and fearing the Indians, they loaded their vessel with sassafras root, at that time ‘esteemed in pharmacy as a sovereign panacea,’ and set sail for the return voyage to England.

“But,” I recalled, “Cape Cod was known to Europeans some time before Gosnold’s coming. Besides those traditions of the Northmen, vague references to it are found in various accounts of early voyagers. Thoreau, in his Cape Cod sketches, says that it was probably visited by Europeans long before the seven-

teenth century; and it may be that Sebastian Cabot, the first to discover the continent of North America, himself beheld it. The date of Gosnold's landing was 1602. The next year Martin Pring, sent out by wealthy Bristol merchants, was here looking for sassafras; and thereafter 'they came thick and fast, until long after sassafras had lost its reputation.' In 1605 and 1606 Champlain was here, the first year with De Monts, and made the first map of the country, extending from Labrador to Cape Cod, when it was known as 'New France.' Then came Captain John Smith, making his map, and first calling the country New England. He gave to this harbor the name of Milford Haven, and Prince Charles changed the name of Cape Cod to Cape James. Subsequently other names, French, Dutch, and English, were given the Cape, but that of Cape Cod alone held; and it is likely to be, as Cotton Mather said, a name which 'it will never lose till shoals of codfish be seen swimming on its highest hills.'"

We were now rounding the headland of the "hook" into Cape Cod Bay. We passed Race Point, with its lighthouse, showing at night a fixed white light, varied by a white flash every minute and a half; next Wood End, whose tower shows a light flashing red every fifteen seconds; next Long Point, from which beams a great fixed white light, — all names familiar to mariners the world over, while the latter is historic as the probable first Pilgrim landing-place. And then our steamboat turned into the magnificent harbor. Before us to the left lay the queer little town, spreading along the curving beach mainly in one street, in front, stretches of rickety old wharves reaching far into the bay, and behind, the weird sand-hills rising in the form of a crescent.

At the head of the harbor we passed close to the place where the *Mayflower* came to anchor at the end of her anxious voyage, "after many difficulties in boisterous storms," and where she rode during the month of her stay in this haven while the chief men were searching "for an habitation." Here in her little cabin on that sombre November day of 1620, before a foot

touched the shore, the famous compact for "a civil body politick" — "perhaps," says John Quincy Adams, "the only instance in human history of that positive, original social compact which speculative philosophers have imagined as the only legitimate source of government" — was drawn up, and signed by all the males of the company who were of age, forty-one in number. The women and children of the company numbered fifty-nine. Here was born Peregrine White (so named because of the peregrinations of his parents), the first white child that came into being in New England. With such associations this body of water has peculiar interest for every American. As one of the truest of Americans has said, he "should reverently lift his hat in its honor."

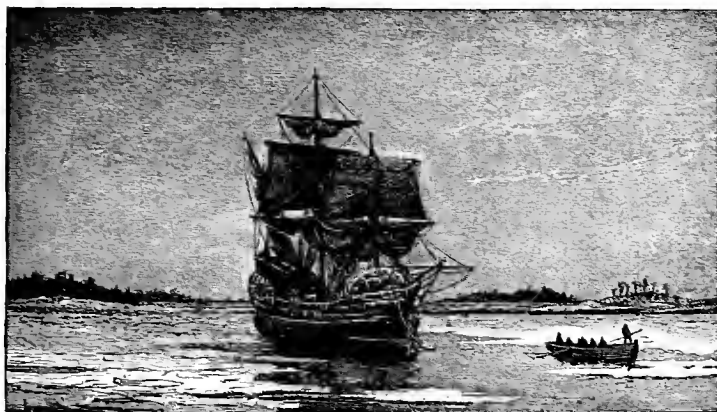
The *Mayflower* dropped anchor "three-quarters of an English mile," we are told, off Long Point shore. The first landing there was made by a few of the men, who at once set about refitting the shallop, which they had brought with them for use in discovering the coast. A number of the women also went ashore to wash; and so on Monday, Nov. 13, old style, was instituted the New England washing-day. Then the entire company landed to refresh themselves, wading a "ship's bow," on account of the shallow shore, which the long-boat could not reach.

We sailed farther on toward the town, and up to the long wharf, where we were met by quite a delegation of the town folk; for the incoming of the Boston steamer and the mails by the railroad are the great events of the day.

Although much of the picturesque life of Provincetown has gone out with the changes in the sea-faring business and the fisheries, Percy found it odd and unusual, and enjoyed greatly the promenade along the plank walk by the principal thoroughfare.

But his chief delight was the background of sand-hills, glittering in the sunshine, and taking on various hues. The town he saw was literally a town builded on the sand. Sand was every-

where. He was told that it was Provincetown's great enemy, drifting from the shifting hills like snow, and more than once threatening to annihilate the town. At every hand he observed evidences of the constant battle against it. Large stories were told him by the townspeople, with whom he fell into casual talk, of its persistent work, — of its quick swallowing of the hulls of wrecks, its rapid burial of growing things, and the destructive effects of sand-blasts in winter storms.



THE MAYFLOWER.

At first, he was informed, the shops and houses were built on piles that the sand might drift under them; but now they are mostly of brick underpinning. Rocks and stones are as rare as jewels in the place, and the earth is all imported. Yet we saw a goodly show both of trees and gardens, testifying to the perseverance of the inhabitants in overcoming the natural conditions of their situation. Earth brought in vessels from a distance, and laid about their houses, has been cultivated into lawns, grass-plots, flower-beds, and vines, which are marvels of color.

Percy learned that the main income of the town is still derived from fisheries, and ships yet come in with fine catches.

More make this a harbor of refuge, none on the coast being its superior. Opening to the south, land-locked, spacious, it has sufficient anchorage, it was said, for twenty-five hundred sail. Tales were told of old skippers seeing not infrequently five hundred ships at one time riding within the hook. Of the flourishing fishing-days Percy heard many interesting stories, but none larger than those which Thoreau repeats, — of a vessel coming in one day with “forty-four thousand codfish,” and of another arriving from the Grand Banks with “fifty-six thousand fish taken in a single voyage, the main deck being, on her return, eight inches under water in calm weather.”

In Revolutionary days British cruisers frequently ran in here; and toward the close of the war, the frigate *Somerset*, flying before a French man-of-war in hot pursuit, in attempting to make the harbor, was wrecked on the outer bar. Her bones still lie buried in these Cape Cod sands, beyond the town. She had often made a rendezvous in these waters, when her captain had levied on the Provincetowners for supplies, settling the bill, as the local historian relates, not in currency, but by the loan of his chaplain to preach to them. So they viewed the ship’s discomfiture with complacency till she struck. Then they bravely strove to save the crew, but in vain, for the poor fellows were thrown into the sea. “The *Somerset*,” I added, “will be heard of later, when we visit Bunker Hill, for she was one of the warships which covered the landing of the British troops.”

From the main street, which extends the length of the town along the harbor, we crossed to the shorter upper street, parallel with it, and built on a ridge of the sand-hills, where stands the town-house, the most conspicuous building in the place. From this point we entered upon an exploration of the sand-hills, with a townsman as our guide; for to the stranger this strange region is like the trackless sea.

These hills, of varying heights, broken by sharp cuts, — great dips like “mighty sugar-scoops,” as one writer has aptly described them, and “giant bowls,” — extend, in irregular chains,

north and south, for about five miles. The winds have carved them into fantastic shapes, some with smoothly rounded tops, others curiously combed, others running to peaks, others with long, flat summits. They are constantly changing, a million tons of sand, it has been estimated, being displaced from and about them each year. "Where," says the writer whom I have quoted, "while the mischievous winds prevail, you see a mere mound to-day, you may to-morrow find a level plain, a growing hill, or a deep cut or scoop. And with all the shifting, it is clear that the dunes creep steadily southward." press-



SAND HILLS.

ing upon the town. The sands are of the finest texture, a rich creamy color; and the shades which the hills take on vary with the changing seasons. Here and there the slopes and foot-hills are thick with beach-grass, occasionally mingled with masses of bayberry bush. At rare intervals appear the trunks of ancient trees, remnants, perhaps, of the forest which the Pilgrims found here when they described the harbor as "compassed about to the very sea with oaks, pines, juniper, sassafras, and other sweet wood."

The sand-hills to the ocean side, Percy was told, are the property of the Commonwealth, part of the "Province Lands"

which originally embraced the territory of the town (hence its name); and the State is now making a systematic effort to check the movement of the sands toward, by extending the growth of the beach-grass, and restoring the forest. Ultimately the region is to become a great public sea-park.

On the nearest summit, with the Atlantic in full view on one side, Massachusetts Bay on the other, and the town beneath us, we tarried a while to study Pilgrim footprints at long range.

Looking across to Long Point at the right, and following the curving harbor and bay front, we were able, in part, to trace the line of march of the band of sixteen "resolute men," who were put ashore from the Mayflower on the fourth day after her arrival to make the first exploration of the country, while others were mending the shallop. Marshalled on the Point by their captain, Myles Standish, each with "musket, sword, and corselet," they set off in military order, covering all that is now Provincetown the first day, and the next penetrating around to the present Truro Village. There turning about, they retraced their steps, and after a second night in camp, came "both weary and welcome home." They had followed for the most part an Indian trail. But they met only one band of savages, — four or five, with a dog, who, upon their approach, fled into the woods. This meeting was on their outward march, at about the middle of the present town. Their adventure was without exciting incident, beyond the catching of William Bradford — afterward Governor Bradford — by the leg in an Indian deer-trap, and their occasional losing of the trail. The appearance of the country "much comforted them;" and the soil, where we found sand, they found "much like the downs of Holland." "Much game they saw," some deer, and three bucks; but they "would rather have had one of them." No woods are here now, nor game to speak of, though in these sand-hills an occasional shy fox is yet seen.

Thoreau's "great walk" in the sand-hill region was toward the southwest end of the town, west of "Shank Painter

Swamp," across the sands to the shores of Race Point, three miles distant, and thence eastward through the great sand "desert" to the Atlantic side north of the town, "where," he tells us, "for half a mile from the shore it was one mass of white breakers, which, with the wind, made such a din that we could hardly hear ourselves speak."

After supper Percy and I strolled along the plank walk of the main street, finding all Provincetown out, looked into a number of the queer shops, and made friends with two or three old citizens, who gave freely from their stores of reminiscences of the town in its palmy days, before its discovery by the summer tourist.

The night we spent at a good tavern, where we were favored with a fair table and comfortable beds. The next morning, up with the earliest of birds, we took the first of the two daily trains, which starts out at forty minutes after five o'clock, for our journey over the Cape and around to Plymouth.

The way by land is by far the longest way round. By water direct it is not more than twenty-two miles across the bay, and on a line with the shore, fifty-five miles. But covering as it does the full length of this "bare and bended arm" of Massachusetts, passing numerous points of historic interest, the long, roundabout railroad journey is well worth the taking. Percy found it so, the entire ride being full of novelty for him.

Through Truro, which extends for twelve miles up the Cape from Provincetown to Wellfleet, the railroad runs close to the bay shore. Just beyond Provincetown and its sand-hills range, we entered the narrowest part of the Cape, — "the wrist," as Thoreau terms it, — a sandy height, at points less than half a mile between bay and ocean. From the Atlantic side, which is the higher, the inhabitants overlook the bay; and they may yet see, as Thoreau saw, "vessels sailing south into the bay on the one hand, and north along the Atlantic shore on the other, all with an aft wind."

The shore along Eastern Harbor was of special interest to

Percy as the place where the first Pilgrim exploration party, whose course we had traced, signalled their position to the *Mayflower* by a beacon fire. At North Truro station we were in the neighborhood of Highland Light, one of the first-class lights on the Atlantic coast, and the first light usually seen on the approach to Massachusetts Bay from Europe. It marks the place also, according to the late Professor Horsford, of Leif's "Landfall" of the year 1001. This, Professor Horsford contended, was on "a little island at the summit of Cape Cod, only a few square miles in area, now connected by drifting and blown sand with the mainland near" this lighthouse. Highland Light stands on a high clay bank abutting on the ocean, called the "Clay Pounds," some say because vessels have been pounded against it in gales. The white tower rises one hundred and eighty-three feet above the sea, and its light is visible for nearly twenty nautical miles. The fog-signal adjoining is a first-class "Daboll" trumpet. The ocean side between this and Race Point Light is the most dangerous along the Cape, and the shore is often strewn with wreckage. "Dangerfield" was the first name of Truro, when it also included Provincetown.

At the station in Truro Village we were near the limit of the Pilgrims' journey up the Cape, at the mouth of the Pamet River, which they called Cold Harbor. Here, after a second exploration, — this by water, and in the shallop, the party numbering twenty-five, with several sailors, and the captain of the *Mayflower* sailing the boat, — some were quite disposed to establish the settlement. But after earnest discussion, it was agreed to make a third expedition; and this brought them to Clark's Island, and ultimately to Plymouth.

Next we entered the fishing-town of Wellfleet, where the first night on the eventful third expedition was spent, and where in the morning the company had a brisk, though bloodless, fight with a band of Indians on shore. Then we passed through ancient Eastham, which forms the bend of the fore-

arm of the Cape, first settled in 1646, and out of which were cut Wellfleet (in 1763), and the next town, Orleans (in 1797). Here the arm turns to the westward, and the railroad shortly curves southward to tap the villages of Brewster (named after Elder Brewster of the Plymouth Colony). Thence we passed through Dennis, picturesque in parts; Yarmouth, Barnstable, and Sandwich, the three oldest towns on the Cape, dating each from 1639; and the youthful Bourne, carved out of Sandwich a dozen years ago, marking the mainland and the end of the Cape.

Percy, at this point, brought out his note-book, and demanded statistics; whereupon I overhauled my memoranda, and gave him these: Length of Cape Cod, sixty-five miles on the north shore, eighty on the south and east; average breadth, about six miles; greatest height above the level of the sea, about three hundred feet; composed almost entirely of sand, to the depth of nearly three hundred feet.

From Bourne we struck into a series of Old Colony towns, going around to the west of Plymouth instead of directly into its limits which touch Bourne, and reaching our destination by way of the Plymouth and Middleborough railway.



III.

PLYMOUTH.

First impressions of the oldest town in New England. — Forefathers' Rock and its story. — Clark's Island, first landing-place of the Pilgrims in Plymouth Harbor. — The voyage of the shallop which brought them here. — The subsequent coming of the Mayflower's passengers. — Cole's Hill and Leyden Street. — Sites of the first houses. — The sad first winter. — The sailing away of the Mayflower. — The town seven years after the landing: the procession to Sunday service. — Town Square. — Burial Hill and its memorials. — Sites of the first fort and the watch-house. — Watson's Hill, where the first Indians appeared. — Town Brook.

PERCY was charmed with Plymouth. The approach by the railroad, with the wide view from the car windows over the harbor to the bay, in its frame of picturesque shore, had delighted him; and his pleasing first impressions deepened as we strolled through the elm-shaded streets of the Pilgrim town. He found it bearing well its years, with dignified mien, as befits the oldest town in New England, conservatively modernized, with the comforts and conveniences of the age, but withal a charming old-time flavor.

Our first impulse was to follow our companions of the train through the tree-lined way — fitly named Old Colony Park — toward the main street. But Percy remarking that he would like to begin at the beginning, and take Plymouth as the Pilgrims first took it, we turned around to the left of the station, toward the water front, and followed Water Street to the traditional landing-place on the Rock.

As we walked along the water-side roadway, the panorama of sea and shore, which had spread before us from the railway entrance, came into nearer view. Facing the harbor, we had at the left Captain's Hill in Duxbury, topped by the slender shaft of the Myles Standish monument. Beyond appeared Rouse's Hummock on Duxbury Beach, where the French Atlantic cable is landed. Almost in front of us lay Clark's Island, the first landing-place of the Mayflower's exploring party. At its right



A BIT OF OLD PLYMOUTH.

Saquish Head stood out picturesquely from the attenuated strip of Duxbury Beach. Beyond, on the outer end of the beach, the Gurnet's Nose, with its twin white lighthouses, pointed seaward. Toward the east, Plymouth Beach stretched from the south shore, a long, narrow spit of glistening sand, covered with woodland when the Pilgrims came, but now bare of verdure, save the fringe of short beach-grass on the harbor side. At the extreme right the spreading headland of Manomet marked the southern harbor bound. It was full tide, and the harbor appeared to be a fine one; but it is so only in seeming, for on the

ebb it is left almost bare, exposing a wide expanse of flats thick with eel-grass, long sand-bars and shoals, through which the main ship channel makes its devious way to the sea.

Percy proposed a visit to Clark's Island before making the tour of the town, that we might explore that first landing-place, and approach the mainland as the Pilgrims had approached it. I explained that the island was private property, and that there was no public communication with it. Still, I had heard that visitors coming to see Pilgrim landmarks were not unwelcome there; and I suggested that we might find a skipper who would take us across, and obtain permission for us to land. This struck Percy agreeably; and we concluded to hunt up our skipper after we had viewed the historic Rock, and make the start, if possible, from the pier in front of it.

A short walk brought us to the "sacred shrine." The boulder — its two pieces which for upward of a century had been separated being now reunited — presents, we are assured, "much the same appearance as when the Pilgrim shallop grazed its side." It stands under a heavy granite canopy, protected by iron railing with side gates, which are thrown open during the daytime, that modern pilgrims may step as well as gaze upon the hallowed spot. This Percy did, as thousands have done before him; and then we reviewed its interesting history, with the evidence in support of the theory that this was actually the place of landing, which some close students of history have doubted.

I recalled that it was not till 1741 that the Rock was publicly identified as the spot upon which the pioneers first stepped, although tradition had long marked it, as the place. In that year it was proposed to build a wharf over it; whereupon Elder Thomas Faunce, a venerable man, living in Duxbury, was borne here in his armchair, and, seated on the Rock, made declaration in the presence of many witnesses, that when a boy he had been told the story of the landing on this identical stone, by his father, who had come over on the ship *Anne* in 1623, and that he

had also heard it repeated by contemporary Pilgrims. "Then, taking his last look at the spot so endeared to his memory, and bedewing it with tears, the aged elder bade it farewell." The fact that Elder Faunce was at this time almost a centenarian, having attained the age of ninety-five, has been considered good ground for doubting the accuracy of his declaration; but it is said that he was yet of strong intellect and clear memory.



CANOPY OVER PLYMOUTH ROCK.

And having been born in the year 1647, he was of adult age when several of the leaders of the Mayflower band were still living.

The wharf builders, however, heedless of the old man's protest, went forward with their work, building at a higher level than the Rock; and subsequently the sea covered it with sand.

At a later period, it is said, the Rock was used for a step toward a warehouse. Then, in 1774, at the approach of the Revolution, its removal was undertaken to the Town Square, there to be surmounted by a liberty-pole. In the effort to lift it from its bed it was accidentally split, which was taken by some Liberty-party men as an omen of the final separation of the Colonies from the mother country. The upper part was lifted out; and twenty yoke of oxen being attached to it, the piece was gayly drawn with much huzzahing to the Town Square, where it was deposited at the foot of a liberty-pole flying the flag inscribed "Liberty or Death." Here it remained till the Fourth of July, 1834, when it was again removed, with formal procession, this time to the yard of Pilgrim Hall, in front of the entrance-porch of the building.

This was its resting-place for nearly half a century, bewildering to visitors because of its remoteness from the shore, while the other portion was preserved on the original site, sunk in a stone pavement. Its return to the present spot, and the welding together of the two parts, was in the year 1880, without ceremony. The building of the granite canopy above the Rock, designed by Hammatt Billings, was begun in 1859, but was not completed till 1867.

"Now, as to the landing," I remarked, "if we hold fast to the narratives of the historians of the period,—the Pilgrims themselves,—we must discard much of the picture which painters and romancers have given.

"The landing of the 21st of December (11th, old style), which we celebrate as Forefathers' Day, was, as you know, the landing only of the twelve Pilgrims forming the exploring party of eighteen persons (six of them of the Mayflower's crew), who sailed up from Provincetown in the shallop, and first reached Clark's Island. After leaving the island they 'sounded ye harbour and founde it fitt for shipping,' and cautiously skirting the mainland, at length came ashore here. 'Marching into ye land,' they found 'divers cornfields & little

running brookes, a place (as they supposed) fit for situation ;' and met no Indians. Then, re-embarking, they sailed back to Provincetown with 'this newes to ye rest of their people, which did much comfort their harts.' They were absent on this exploration trip about a week.

"The Mayflower weighed anchor in Provincetown Harbor to come hither on the 15th, old style; and arriving on the 16th, delayed by contrary winds, anchored off the inner bend of Plymouth Beach, over a mile distant from shore. Then further exploration was made by the leaders, for it was not yet determined where the settlement should be. At length, on the morning of the 19th, after they 'had called on God for direction,' they resolved to take 'a better view of two places which we thought most fitting for us,' and to decide between them. These were this place, and a point over Kingston way, on Jones River, named by them for the Mayflower's captain. Deciding 'by most voices' to settle here, they determined the next day 'to come all ashore and to build houses.' But that next day a cold storm arose, and there was then no general landing. As the weather cleared after a succession of rainy days, the men of the company landed in groups, and shortly began work on the building of the 'common house;' but just when the women came ashore is not known.

"We must, therefore, dismiss the pretty romance of the light-hearted Mary Chilton's landing, 'the first to set foot on this threshold of fame;' and the claim for young John Alden of his being the first to land must also fail, for he was not one of the exploring party in the shallop. The Mayflower continued to be the headquarters till after the 'common house' was built, and it was not till March that the whole company was transferred from her to the shore. She remained anchored in the harbor till well into the spring, finally sailing for home on the 5th of April.

"It is an interesting fact, by the way," I added, "that 'Forefathers' Rock' is the only rock of its kind on this part of

the shore. It is one of a very few bowlders, in a region where the geologists say 'there is not known a single ledge save those which the fisherman reaches with his lead.' And this fact is often quoted in criticism of Mrs. Hemans's famous hymn. It is true that her 'rock-bound coast,' so far as the neighborhood of the landing is concerned, was a figment of the imagination; but in Kingston are ledges, while over on the outer face of Manomet, south of the entrance to the harbor, are magnificent rock features which justify her allusions."

From the Rock the sites of the first settlements are but a



CLARK'S ISLAND.

step; still, we held to our plan of first crossing to Clark's Island, having the special good luck to find on this pier a skipper who could take us over, and secure the privilege of landing. Striking a bargain with him, which was not difficult, for he was a reasonable man, we stepped aboard his craft, and with a fair breeze sailed off.

It was a pretty sail of four miles across. We passed near Plymouth Beach pier, and close to the Red Lighthouse at the junction of the Plymouth, Kingston, and Duxbnry channels, mooring at length to the little jetty of our island, the jewel of the harbor. By the permission of its present owners, descen-

dants of the Watson family, into whose possession the island came during Pilgrim days, we strolled over its pleasant paths to Election Rock, which bears the inscription commemorating the Pilgrims' first Sunday in Plymouth Harbor. Election Rock we found to be a large bowlder, nearly, if not quite, twelve feet high, occupying the highest point of the island. The inscription, copied from *Mourt's Relation*, appears on its outer face in these words (the date being modern style; old style, the 10th):—

“ON THE
SABBOTH DAY
WEE RESTED.
20 DECEMBER,
1620.”

Standing upon the little elevation where the almost shipwrecked pioneers had stood, hard onto three centuries before us, our eyes roamed over lovely views seaward and shoreward. Theirs saw a wooded solitude across an unknown harbor on the one side, and on the other the shipless sea. Still, on that “faire and sunshiny” day following the night of storm when they made this shelter, it was doubtless to them far from a cheerless scene.

Of the narratives of the memorable voyage which brought up here, that in Bradford's history is the most interesting, although the earlier *Mourt's Relation*, written in part, it is presumed, by the same hand, is faithful in minute detail. Notes from both of these I had with me; and while Percy was tracing on his map the course of the party over from Provincetown, I outlined the story of the adventure.

It was a notable band, including the chief men of the colonists. There were John Carver, the first governor; William Bradford, the historian, who became the second governor; the cultured Edward Winslow; the soldier Myles Standish; Richard Warren, John and Edward Tilley, Steven Hopkins; John Howland, one of Carver's company; Edward Doten, of Hopkins's

company ; John Allerton and Thomas English, sailors in the service of the Merchant Adventurers, with whom the Pilgrims had contracted ; and two master's mates, the master gunner, and three sailors of the *Mayflower*.

Shortly after the start from Provincetown they encountered harsh winds and freezing weather, so that the "sprea of ye sea lighting on their coats, they were as if they had been glased." That day they beat about the bay, and with difficulty reached Billingsgate Point, the extreme western shore of Wellfleet Harbor, within which they spent the night. The next day part of the band explored various points on shore, while the others continued the search by water for a "fitte place."

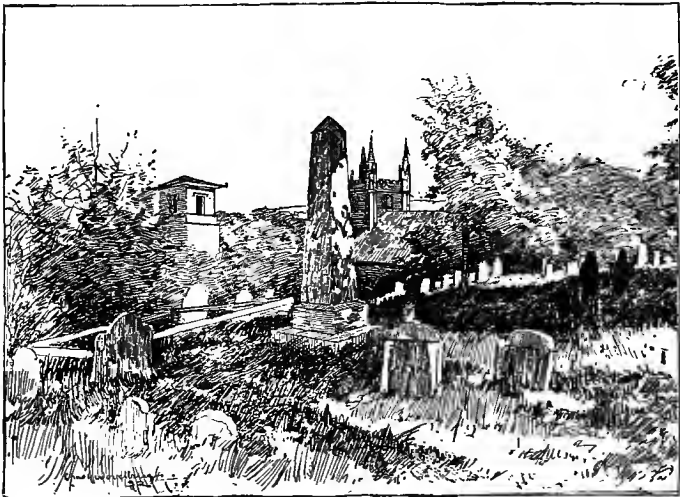
The second night's rendezvous was on the Wellfleet shore, the neighborhood of which we passed on our railroad ride up from Provincetown. Here in the morning they had their most exciting meeting with the Indians, and so named the place "First Encounter." Thence they sailed for a harbor of which Coppin, one of the master's mates, had told them. He was their pilot, having been in this region before. Coasting along inside of the Cape, the shallop at length neared Manomet Headland. It was now late in the afternoon. Suddenly a storm of snow and rain came upon them. The sea roughened. Their rudder broke, and it was "as much as two seamen could do to steer her with a couple of oars." At dusk their mast broke in three pieces. Their sail fell overboard in a "very grown sea, so as they had like to have been cast away." "Yet by God's mercie they recovered themselves, and having ye floud with them, struck into ye harbore." Then Coppin crying, "Lord, be merciful to us ! my eyes never saw this place before," "would have run the ship ashore in a cove full of breakers before ye winde, but a lusty seaman who steered bade them who rowed, if they were men, about with her ! or ells they were all cast away, the which they did with speede." All honor to him. He was a cheerful and clear-eyed soul, this lusty seaman ; for he bade his companions "to be of good cheere & row lustly,

for there was a faire sound before them, and he doubted not they should find one place or other wher they might ride in saftie."

The cove full of breakers is supposed to have been that between the Gurnet and Saquish Head; although one authority holds that it was off Plymouth Beach, and the "faire sound" was our harbor. Rounding Saquish Head, it then being very "darke" and raining "sore," they found themselves in smoother water, and soon got under the lee of this island, where they came into safe anchorage. The frightened voyagers, not knowing where they were, and fearing further meeting with hostile Indians, were "divided in their mindes" whether to go ashore or stay by their boat till morning. But some being "so weake with cold [cold] they could not endure," they determined to make the venture. Landing, they "with much adoe got fire (all things being so wett)," the cheerful light of which soon drew the others; and by midnight, when the wind had shifted and "it frose hard," all were here bivouacked. The first to step ashore was Clark, the first master's mate; and so his name was subsequently given to this island.

With the coming of daylight they found that they were on a "strange island," "secure from ye Indians, wher they might dry their stufe, fixe their peeces & rest themselves; and give God thanks for his mercies in their manifould deliverances." This done, they set out to explore the place. The island was then covered with a fine growth of red cedar; and from this rock they doubtless got fair views of the neighboring points, also well wooded, and of the mainland across the harbor. Toward nightfall, "this being ye last day of ye weeke, they prepared ther to keepe ye Sabath." And the simple record of that first Sunday is in the words from the *Relation* here inscribed, "On the Sabboth Day wee rested." Of their devotions no note is preserved. "They would hardly have stirred on any enterprise without their Bible." Drake remarks, in attempting to picture the scene, "and probably one having the imprint of

Geneva, with figured verses, was now produced. Bradford, yet ignorant of his wife's death [she fell overboard from the Mayflower, and was drowned, the very day of the departure of the exploring party], may have prayed, and Winslow exhorted. . . . Master Carver may have struck the key-note of the Hundredth Psalm, 'the grand old Puritan anthem;' and even Myles Standish and the 'saylers' three may have joined in the forest hymnal.'



BURIAL HILL.

Early the next morning they gathered up their belongings, and again taking the shallop, turned their backs upon this restful island, and sailed off toward the mainland. So we now followed on our return sail, our captain, humoring Percy's fancy, steering, according to his lights, along the course they may have taken.

We made our landing at the modern pier, and, passing Forefathers' Rock, walked up to the bluff directly across the

roadway, and into the region which the Pilgrims first occupied. This mound is the remnant of the "Cole's Hill" near which the first houses were placed, and where without doubt the first burials were made in unmarked graves. Approaching the hill by North Street, on the right side, we came around by a left turn to the little park on its cleared brow, overlooking the placid harbor and the bay beyond. Thence we crossed to Leyden Street, on the south side, the principal Pilgrim street (unnamed till 1802), and to the site of the first "common house." On the hill we observed at the head of Middle Street, on the park side of the road, the single memorial tablet here, which marks the burial-place of one Pilgrim, discovered some years ago, and points to that of another, near by. Its inscription Percy copied as follows:—

ON THIS HILL
THE PILGRIMS
WHO DIED THE FIRST WINTER
WERE BURIED.
THIS TABLET
MARKS THE SPOT WHERE
LIES THE BODY OF ONE FOUND
OCT. 8TH. 1883. THE BODY OF
ANOTHER FOUND ON THE 27TH
OF THE FOLLOWING MONTH
LIES EIGHT FEET NORTHEAST OF
THE WESTERLY CORNER
OF THIS STONE.
ERECTED 1884.

Of the forty-four — nearly half of the company — who died during the first four months, these ashes, and parts of five skeletons entombed in the chamber of the canopy over Forefathers' Rock, are the only remains known: and the identity of these is beyond conjecture. Twenty-one of the forty-four were signers of the compact in the cabin of the *Mayflower* before the landing at Provincetown. Among the number were Carver, the governor, who died suddenly on the day of the departure of the *Mayflower* for home, and his widow, whose death soon followed,

from grief. This great mortality was largely the result of exposure during the long search for a "fitte place" for settlement. Many caught fatal colds through wading from the boats to the shore at Provincetown. Others died of ship-fever contracted on the crowded *Mayflower*. As the winter advanced, "ye well were not in any measure sufficient to attend ye sicke, nor ye living scarce able to bury ye dead." At one time, says Hutchinson, there were not above seven men capable of bearing arms.

But with all this hardship, this suffering, this awful fatality, the work of upbuilding and of ordering the affairs of the little colony moved steadily forward. And when at length the *Mayflower* weighed anchor and turned her prow homeward, breaking the last link with the Old World, not one of the band faltered. All resolutely remained; and, while they "crowded the strand, watching the lessening speck, . . . with a loftiness of purpose which was ever theirs," "they consecrated themselves anew to the work in which they were engaged."

This recital brought vividly to Percy's mind the pathos of that first dismal winter, and impressed him with the sublime heroism of the lone colonists.

"And how was it that these graves were so completely obliterated?" he asked. "I have read that not a single grave of a *Mayflower* Pilgrim is now to be found."

This is not strictly correct, I told him; for the burial-place of Bradford is known, that of Standish, discovered in recent years, and those of two or three others. Yet it is true that not only most of the *Mayflower* passengers, but nearly all of those who came in the *Fortune*, the next ship to arrive, in 1621, and in the *Anne* and *Little James*, in 1623, lie in unknown graves. It is a tradition that the graves on this hill were in the first spring carefully levelled and sowed with grain, in order to conceal from the Indians the extent of the losses of the colonists, lest the savages might take advantage of their weakness, and attempt to exterminate them.

Not all of those who died in the first winter, perhaps, were buried here. Some may have been buried in their own homestead lots, as was a custom of the time, and for long after. The first exposure of human remains on the hill was made in 1735, when, during a heavy storm, a portion of the bank was washed away, and several bodies were exhumed. Then, early in the present century, workmen digging a cellar for a house



George Henry Boughton.

THE PURITAN EXILES.

came upon a skeleton. But it was not till one hundred and twenty years after the first discovery of remains that the fact of this being the earliest burial-place was established. At that time (May, 1855), in digging a trench on the slope of the hill, portions of five skeletons were disinterred; which, being examined by the late Drs. John C. Warren and Oliver Wendell Holmes, of Boston, were pronounced to be of the Caucasian race. These are now in the canopy over the Rock. The bones found

on the spot marked by this tablet were re-deposited in a brick vault; the others discovered later were undisturbed.

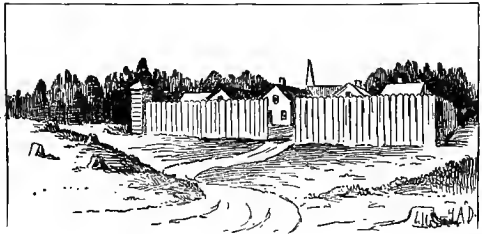
The site of the first or "common" house, on Leyden Street, opposite a large elm on the hillside, we found conspicuously marked, the wooden tablet illustrated with a fanciful representation of the rude structure and its original surroundings. The site was identified by local antiquarians after careful study of the bits of evidence which appeared. In 1801 workmen digging the cellar for the dwelling now here turned up some tools and an iron plate, which it was concluded must have been used in the "common house." The construction of this first house was begun on Christmas Day, nine days after the mooring of the *Mayflower* in the harbor; and the following Sunday the first religious services on shore were held in the partly finished building. Owing to the frost and frequent "foule" weather, which much hindered the work, and the labor in fetching wood, there being slight growth of timber on this point, it was not completed till the middle of January. It was made of hewn logs, with thatched roof, about "20 foote square." It was the "rendezvous" of the colonists while on shore, till their little town was built in "two rowes of houses and a faire street," — "this street we are now on," I reminded Percy.

"Three days after the beginning of their common house," I continued, as we strolled up this first Pilgrim street toward Burial Hill, "they began work on their fort on the hill which we are approaching, and also began to lay out and allot lands, first dividing the company into nineteen families, the single men being distributed among them that fewer houses might be built at the start. This classification was on the basis of the division of the company upon their arrival at Provincetown — eighteen husbands and wives and four fathers, each with one or more sons. The governor's family numbered eight. A rude plot of this street in Bradford's handwriting is preserved in the Plymouth Records of Deeds, with this entry, the first in the book, to an incomplete list of names of lot-holders: 'meer-

steads & garden-plotes of those who came first, layed out, 1620.'

“ At the approach of the second winter the village consisted of seven dwellings, with four other houses for plantation uses, and more were about to be erected. Six years later it had grown to be the comely town which is pictured in the familiar description of Isaak De Rasieres, a man ‘of faire and genteel behaviour,’ as Bradford calls him, who visited the colony in October, 1627, as an embassy from the New Netherlands. The town lay, he wrote, ‘on the slope of a hill stretching east toward the sea coast, with a broad street about a cannon-shot of eight

hundred [yards] long leading down the hill, with a street crossing in the middle northward to the rivulet and southward to the land.



STOCKADE.

The houses are constructed of

hewn planks, with gardens, also enclosed behind and at the sides with hewn planks; so that their houses and court-yards are arranged in very good order, with a stockade against a sudden attack; and at the ends of the streets there are three wooden gates. In the centre, on the cross-street, stands the governor's house, before which is a square inclosure, upon which four pateros [steenstukken] are mounted, so as to flank along the streets. Up the hill [Burial Hill] they have a large square house, with a flat roof, made of thick sawn plank, stayed with oak beams, upon the tip of which they have six cannon, which shoot iron balls of four and five pounds, and command the surrounding country. The lower part they use for their church, where they preach on Sundays and the usual holidays.'

“De Rasieres gives this quaint and graphic picture of the procession to the Sunday service: ‘They assemble by beat of drums, each with his musket and firelock, in front of the captain’s door. They have their cloaks on, and place themselves in order, three abreast, and are led by a sergeant without beat of drum. Behind comes the governor in a long robe; beside him, on the right hand, comes the preacher with his long cloak on, and on the left hand the captain, with his side arms, and cloak on, and with a small cane in his hand—and so they march in good order, and each sets his arms down near him. Thus they are continually on their guard night and day.’ The fort on Burial Hill was their place of worship for eighteen years, or till 1638, when the first meeting-house was erected in Town Square. What manner of house that was is not known. In fact, nothing is known of it except that it had a bell.”

We were now within Town Square at the foot of Burial Hill, which rose abruptly in front of us, picturesque and impressive, its steep grassy slopes thick with gray gravestones and monuments, simply adorned with pleasant shade-trees and flowering bush and shrub. The noble elms which embellish the square are upward of a century old. They were planted by Thomas Davis in 1784. For some years they shaded the ancient house of Governor Bradford, which stood on the corner of Main Street, where the Odd Fellows’ building now stands. The site of the first meeting-house, it is believed, is covered by the tower of this building. The “Church of the Pilgrimage,” next beyond, was built in 1840. The lineal descendant of the First Church, founded by the Pilgrims in Scrooby, England, is the stone Memorial Church, on the hillside, close to the entrance-way to the burying-ground, replacing a former Gothic structure burned in 1892. This organization, a tablet informs the visitor, has remained unchanged, and its ministry continued in unbroken succession to the present day. With the exception of the elms, the only ancient thing now in the square is the Town House, on the south side, formerly the Court House, built in 1749.

While mounting the hill by the steep entrance-path, Percy paused occasionally to glance at the inscriptions on the nearest stones, hoping to come across an historic name, or some quaint epitaph, which he had been told were rather more numerous here than in other early New England burying-grounds. Near the summit, and quite close to the path, an ornamented slate slab bearing the name of Thomas Faunce caught his eye. This, as he rightly thought, marks the grave of the aged identifier of "Forefathers' Rock." According to the inscription, the good man was in his ninety-ninth year when he died, in February, 1746, four years after his formal pilgrimage and dramatic farewell to the Rock. He was the last to hold the office of ruling elder in the First Church, a place of importance in his day, second only to that of the minister; and he served as town clerk of Plymouth for nearly forty years.

After making a sketch of this stone, Percy thought that we had better next seek the Governor Bradford monument as the most important memorial on the hill. So we bent our steps toward the north path, in the direction of the clump of elms and larches on the right.

Near the head of the main path, before the bend northward, we noticed, at the left, an oval marble block on a low pedestal, inscribed, "This monument marks the spot where the Watch House was erected in 1643;" and we turned to look at it. The short granite posts at the corners of the lot in which it stands indicate the bounds of the house. It was a tower of brick; and it is said that the foundation is still here, slightly below the surface, while the hearthstone upon which the Pilgrim watch-fires were built still lies undisturbed. Thirty-three years later, during King Philip's War, when an invasion was feared, a second watchhouse was built, presumably over the old one. This was of wood, "sixteen foot in length, twelve foot in breadth, and eight foot studd, of two stories," and two "gabels to the rooffe on each syde one." It was agreed that the builder should receive for the job "eight pounds to be paid

either in money or other pay equivalent," and that only the frame should be brought to the place at the town's charge. Those were days of frugal figuring, and bargains for the town were made with the same closeness that marked bargains between individuals.

The site of the ancient forts we found marked by a similar oval tablet near by, to the southeast. The first fort was a rude construction, only twenty by twenty feet, completed in January, 1621. But the next year a larger one was erected in its place, "both strong and comly, which was of good defence." It was made, Bradford tells us, "with a flate rofe & battlements, on which their ordnance was mounted, and where they kept constant watch, espetically in time of danger. It served them also for a meeting house & was fitted accordingly for that use." This was the fortress and meeting-house which De Rasieres describes. On the approach of King Philip's War a third and much more formidable structure, palisaded with high pickets enclosing a space one hundred feet square, and surrounded by a ditch, was erected. After the war had ended, King Philip's head was long exposed upon its battlements, as that of Wittuwamet, a chief killed by Standish in a hot duel at Weymouth in 1623, had been displayed above the walls of the earlier fort.

Back of the tablet marking the site of the watchhouse, we observed a row of stones commemorating the ministers of the First Church; and back of these the Judson tomb, with numerous inscriptions, one of them to the memory of the famous Adoniram Judson, D.D., missionary to Burmah, and the author of the dictionary of the Burmese language, who died at sea in 1850. The first Adoniram Judson, his father, buried here, was the first pastor of the Third Congregational Society of Plymouth.

Farther over to the south, and back of the site of the fort, the Cushman monument rose conspicuously, the most imposing obelisk on the hill, erected by descendants of Robert Cushman. This commemorates, besides the pioneer Robert, — who was

the first agent of the colony in England, returning thither in the ship in which he came out in 1621, — his son Thomas Cushman, ruling elder of the Plymouth Church for nearly forty years, and Mary, Thomas's wife, a daughter of Isaac Allerton, "the last survivor of the first comers in the Mayflower," as the inscription on the monument relates. The slate stone marking Elder Cushman's grave, close to the shaft, was placed by the church in 1715, twenty years after his death. Left fatherless when a youth, Cushman was brought up in Governor Bradford's family, and in after years became the governor's confidential friend.

Making our way westerly toward the centre of the ground, we came upon the grave of John Howland, one of the oldest here; upon the headstone is this entry quoted in the Plymouth records: "He was the last man that was left of those that came over in the ship called 'Mayflower' that lived in Plymouth." Howland, I reminded Percy, was of the exploring party who made the first landing on the Rock, and was the "lustie yonge man" whose narrow escape from drowning on the Mayflower's voyage over is related by Bradford. During a "mighty storme," he says, Howland, "coming upon some occasion above ye grattings, was, with a seele of ye shipe throwne into sea; but it pleased God yt he caught hould of ye tope-saile halliards, which hunge over board & rane out at length; yet he held his hould (though he was sundrie fadomes under water) till he was hald up by ye same rope to ye brime of ye water, and then with a boat hooke & other means got into ye shipe againe, & his life was saved; and though he was something ill with it, yet he lived many years after, and became a profitable member both in church and comone wealthe." Howland was deputy and assistant for several years, and died "a godly man" at the age of eighty. On the gravestone his wife is said to have been a daughter of Governor Carver, but this is questioned by authorities; and Bradford states that he married Elizabeth Tilley, daughter of John Tilley.

Near by the Howland graves Percy discovered the oldest stone in the ground, — at the grave of Edward Gray, bearing date of 1681. Gray was one of the wealthiest men in the colony, a merchant, and in later life one of the largest owners of land. His home was in Kingston, and the homestead remains occupied by his descendant to this day.

Behind this grave are the Clark gravestones, one of which especially attracts strangers because it purports to mark the grave of the mate of the Mayflower. This inscription Percy copied in part as follows: —

HERE LIES BURIED YE BODY OF

MR. THOMAS CLARK,

AGED 98,

DEPARTED THIS LIFE MARCH 24, 1697.

Thomas Clark was mate of the Mayflower, according to tradition in the Plymouth and Connecticut Colonies. History gives his arrival in Plymouth from England in the ship *Anne* in 1623. . .

He lived for some years in Boston, and also in Harwich, of which town he was one of the original proprietors. He died in Plymouth, having lived in the reigns of seven British sovereigns, the Commonwealth and the Protectorate.

This stone is erected to his memory by his descendants A. D. 1891.

“In this, as in most cases, history is the better guide than tradition,” I remarked. “The name of the Mayflower’s mate was John, not Thomas, Clark; and it has been clearly shown that Thomas first came out in the *Anne*. The error of this inscription is corrected in the local guide-book, and none need be led astray by it. But Thomas Clark was not the less a notable man in the colony; and his son Nathaniel, whose grave is a near neighbor, became one of the councillors under Sir Edmund Andros, that obnoxious governor of New England in 1686–1689, and for a while had possession of Clark’s Island under a grant from Sir Edmund. Previously he was secretary of Plymouth Colony. He married Dorothy, widow of the Edward Gray distinguished by the oldest gravestone here as we have seen.”

We now turned toward the Bradford obelisk. We found it in a position commanding the fullest view of the town below the hill, the harbor and the bay beyond, and the central memorial of a cluster of notable tablets. It was placed so long ago as 1835 by descendants of the governor over the spot which some time before had been fully identified as his grave. Percy copied the inscriptions, finding some difficulty in deciphering the Latin lines, and making nothing of the Hebrew. Later, substituting translations which were found in *Kingman's Epitaphs*, these inscriptions stood on his note-book as follows:—

(NORTH SIDE.)

“JEHOVAH IS THE HELP OF MY LIFE.”

UNDER THIS STONE REST THE ASHES OF

WILL^M BRADFORD,

A ZEALOUS PURITAN & SINCERE CHRISTIAN :

Gov. of Ply. Col. from Apr. 1621 to 1657

(the year he died, aged 69), except

5 years which he declined.

Qua patres difficillime adepti sunt nolite turpiter relinquere.

(What our fathers with so much difficulty secured, do not basely relinquish).

(SOUTH SIDE.)

℞. ⅃.

WILLIAM BRADFORD

OF AUSTERFIELD, YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND,

WAS THE SON OF

WILLIAM AND ALICE BRADFORD.

He was Governor of Plymouth Colony from 1621 to 1633 ; 1635 ; 1637 ;
1639 to 1643 ; 1645 to 1657.

Several graves of Bradfords surround the monument. The oldest stone in the group is over the grave of Joseph Bradford, youngest son of the governor and his second wife, Alice Southworth Bradford. He lived a quiet life, mostly on his farm in Kingston, and died in his eighty-fifth year. Major William, the eldest and more distinguished son, prominent both in civil and military affairs, lies on the west side of his father's grave. It is related that at the time of his death, in February, 170 $\frac{3}{4}$, the public road from Kingston where he lived was obstructed

with snow, and "the corpse was carried . . . along the sea-shore, it being the expressed desire of the deceased to be buried near the body of his father." It is believed that the governor's second wife was buried near the monument, but there is no trace of her grave. She was widow of Edward Southworth when Bradford married her, a fortnight after her arrival as a passenger in the *Anne*, presumably coming in response to his suit, for he had "known and wooed" her in old England when she was Alice Carpenter, before his first marriage, we are told. In his history he refers to the arrival of the *Anne* with "some very useful persons" on board. Alice Bradford survived the governor thirteen years. With the note of her death in the Plymouth records it was said of her that "Shee was a goodly matron, and much loved while she lived, and lamented tho' aged when she died." Her sister, Mary Carpenter, lived to the age of ninety.

After we had strolled among these and other ancient graves, and Percy had made copies of numerous quaint inscriptions, we sat for a while on one of the benches under the larch-trees, enjoying the view of town below us and bay beyond, with the misty line of Cape Cod cliffs on the distant southeasterly horizon. Looking down upon the town, we traced the outlines of the early Pilgrim village, — Leyden Street on the one side, North Street on the other, Middle Street over Cole's Hill, Main Street the upper bound, Water Street on the harbor front, and the historic Rock of landing. Then, turning again toward the main path, as we entered upon the steep descent we had a fair view to the southward of neighboring Watson's Hill, upon the summit of which the first Indians appeared in February, 1621, silhouetted against the winter sky; whence shortly after came Samoset, the first Indian visitor, with his, "Welcome, Englishmen;" then other braves; and then the friendly Massasoit, with his body-guard of warriors. We looked down also upon the Town Brook crossing, where Massasoit, with twenty of his warriors, was met "in military form," and thence es-

corted to the presence of Governor Carver, who appeared with "drumme and trumpet after him and some few musketiers," when that famous league of peace, the first of its kind, and "preserved inviolable for upward of fifty years," was concluded. To the westward lay the picturesque chain of hills, the nearest crowned with the national monument to the forefathers, and the glittering waters of "Billington Sea," the pretty lake, which its Pilgrim discoverer thought to be a "great sea."

I V.

ABOUT PLYMOUTH TOWN.

Old Colony mansions. — Historic manuscripts and documents in the Registry of Deeds. — Pilgrim Hall and its relics. — The national monument. — An Old Colony ride. — Plymouth Woods. — Billington Sea. — Head of Town Brook. — Rare treasures in Plymouth homes. — Percy sits in Governor Bradford's chair.

HAVING now covered the chief Pilgrim landmarks, we bent our steps toward Pilgrim Hall to examine the collection of memorials there displayed. On the way along Main Street we observed an historic house or two, notably the Warren-Otis house, on the North Street corner; and making a *détour* into North Street, passing under the row of superb Watson lindens, which Colonel George Watson imported and set out a century ago, we came to the old Winslow mansion-house. It was our good fortune, through the courtesy of one of the family in whose possession the property has been for years, to see the interior of the older part of this dwelling. Percy found great delight in the tour through the spacious rooms, high-studded, with old-fashioned wainscoting, deep fireplaces, and high mantels; and he was especially charmed with the broad hall, its stately stairway, enriched with fine hand-turned balusters and twisted newel-post, the old clock at the bend of the stairway, the lattice-work at the turn giving light and air to the rear hall.

As we entered the drawing-room on the first floor, our host spoke of this apartment as the scene of various interesting events during the history of the mansion, covering a hundred and fifty years. "It was in this room," he remarked, "that Ralph Waldo Emerson was married to his second wife, Lydia

Jackson in the autumn of 1835. She was a daughter of Charles Jackson, who acquired this estate by inheritance. Emerson had met her the previous winter when he was lecturing in Plymouth. Upon his wedding-day, as his son, Dr. Emerson, relates in *Emerson in Concord*, he 'drove in a chaise to Plymouth,' and was married in the evening. Then the next morning he 'set forth in the chaise again, and brought his bride before sunset to their new home in Concord.'"



THE OLD WINSLOW MANSION-HOUSE.

This mansion our kind friend told us was built in 1745 by Edward Winslow, a great-grandson of Governor Edward Winslow, and it occupies land originally of John Howland's holding, purchased by Winslow from Consider Howland, a grandson of John. It has been in the possession of Edward Winslow's descendants, direct or indirect, ever since. For many years it was the summer home of the late eminent Unitarian clergyman and scholar, the Rev. Dr. George W. Briggs of Cambridge.

Returning to Court Street, which Main Street becomes be-

yond North Street, we soon reached the County Court House, the dignified building of old-time type (erected in 1820, and remodelled in 1857, I ascertained, to satisfy Percy's craving for statistics), set well back from a green park. I suggested that we should step inside, assuring Percy that we would find some rare treasures here which he would regret to miss. Entering the office of the Registry of Deeds, on the street floor, and stating our desire to see some of the old manuscripts which we understood were accessible to the public, we were conducted to a case of drawers, where we found under glass the original writings of the fathers, brief records in quaint phrasing of momentous acts in the first years, upon which Percy feasted his eyes. Taking the drawers in succession, we saw the original plotting of the first street, the plan of the first allotment of lands, or "meersteads," with the names of those to whom they were assigned; the earliest orders for the government of the little colony; the order, in Bradford's handwriting, first establishing the right of trial by jury; the order first providing a customs law; the division into lots among the colonists of the cattle belonging to the whole company in 1627 (the first neat-cattle having been brought over in 1624); papers bearing the signatures of Bradford, Standish, and other leaders; and lastly, the original patent granted in 1629 to Bradford and his associates, with the signatures of the Earl of Warwick and others, together with the great seal, and the original birch-wood box in which the document came from England. Percy was permitted to make copies of some of the documents, and his note-book soon contained the following:—

[The division of the cattle. 1627.]

At a publique court held the 22th of May it was concluded by the whole Companie, that the cattell w^{ch} were the Companies, to wit, the Cowes & the Goates should be equally devided to all the psonts [persons] of the same company & soe kept vntill the expiration of ten yeares after the date aboue written. & that euery one should well and sufficiently puid [provide] for there owne pt vnder penalty of forfeiting the same.

That the old stock with halfe th increase should remain for comon vse to be diuided at thend of the said terme or otherwise as ocaation falleth out, & the other halfe to be their owne for euer.

Vppon w^{ch} agreement they were equally deuided by lotts soe as the burthen of the keeping the males then beeing should be borne for common vse by those to whose lot the best Cowes should fall & so the lotts fell as followeth. — thirteene psonts being pportioned to one lot.

[Then follow the names of the households to whom each lot fell, and the cattle and goats in each lot.]

[The establishment of trial by Jury. 1623.]

It was ordained. 17. day of Desemb. Anno. 1623. by the Court then held; that all crimynall facts; and also all maters of Trespasses; and debts between man, & man should, be tried by the verdict, of twelue Honest men, to be Impanled by Authority, in got forme of a Jurie vpon their oaths.

[The first customs law. 1626.]

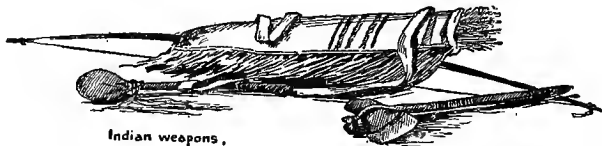
It was ordained the said. 29. of March. 1626. for the preunting scarcity, as also for the furduring of our trade, that no corne, beans, or pease, be transporded, inbarked or sold to that end to be conuayed out of the colony without the leaue & licence of the Gouvernour & Counsell; the breach whereof to be punished with lose of the goods so taken or proued to be sould; & the seler furder fined, or punished, or both at the discretion of ye Gour & counsell.

Numerous ancient deeds were also shown Percy; and in the record room he was allowed to see the original copy of the will of Myles Standish, now bound in the volume of early wills.

From the Court House, five minutes down the pleasant tree-lined thoroughfare brought us to Pilgrim Hall, marked by the allegorical "Landing" in demi-relief in the pediment above the Doric porch. Upon the stone tablet, in the yard, at the side of the building, Percy read the words of the Compact signed in the cabin of the Mayflower at Provincetown, and, worked in the encircling fence, the names of its signers. This fence formerly enclosed the top of the Rock when that was here in front of the hall. The tablet was set up, and the fence removed to its

present position upon the restoration of the stone to its original bed at the foot of Cole's Hill. Entering the Hall we turned from the small vestibule into the curator's anteroom, where we enrolled our names in the visitors' book, and paid the modest fee of admission, which gave us a free run of every department, the entire interior being devoted to the museum.

In the curator's room Percy was told that the ancient clock on the wall, which though nearly two centuries old ticks off the time as faithfully as any of the smart young modern clocks, once hung in the John Hancock mansion-house in Boston, and during the Siege was safely lodged in a house in Bridgewater. His attention was also directed by the devoted curator to other interesting things here. Among them was a commission on



Indian weapons,

INDIAN BOW AND ARROWS, ETC.

parchment from Oliver Cromwell to Edward Winslow as one of the arbitrators between England and the States-General of the United Provinces in the matter of ships and goods detained within the King of Denmark's domains after May, 1652. The signature had disappeared, having been torn off by some autograph thief; but it preserved a valuable, because contemporaneous, pen-and-ink portrait of Cromwell. Another relic was a curious picture of "The Landing," done in distemper.

We passed directly from the curator's room to the Main Room. Percy observed that it is lighted from the roof, to which it extends, and occupies the greater part of the building. Besides Pilgrim antiquities in great variety and of much value, we found here numerous Indian implements and weapons, relics of Revolutionary days and of the later Civil War period, with rare

books, manuscripts, and documents, and an extensive collection of paintings, portraits, engravings, and prints. While Percy's interest naturally centred in Pilgrim things, he did not allow anything historic, whatever its period, to escape him. The larger paintings on the walls, perhaps because they were the



INDIAN WAR CLUB.

more conspicuous objects, first engaged him. He made bold to criticise Henry Sargent's conception in the well-known "Landing of the Pilgrims," which occupies the place of honor on the rear wall, the true story of the landing being fresh in his mind. I remarked, by way of justification of the painter, that the picture was intentionally ideal, and, moreover, that when it was conceived, more than sixty years ago, less was popularly known than now of the Pilgrim story. Bradford's History, for example, still lay undiscovered in the Fulham Library in England, where it had mysteriously found lodgment after much adventure, the story of which he would have in detail on our next day's pilgrimage.

"Yes," responded the astute Percy, "but it was clear enough, surely, from other histories, that there was no meeting with any Indian at the time of the landing, and no warrant for such a grouping as the artist pictures."



INDIAN SHELL AXE.

Percy was severe, as youth is apt to be, but not more so than some older critics of this work.

Drake, I recalled, points to the figures of Governor Carver and of Samoset in the foreground, both larger than life, and to that of Standish, a tall, soldierly man, when, in fact, he was undersized, "scarce manly in appearance." And in "the

crouching attitude of the Indian" Drake does not recognize "the erect and dauntless Samoset portrayed by Mourt, Bradford, and Winslow." "Still," I added, "this painting is an improvement upon that other painting of 'The Landing,' in the collection of the Historic Genealogical Society of Boston, which Drake speaks of — representing a boat approaching the shore filled with soldiers in red coats!"

The other large paintings — on the south wall, "The Embarkation of the Pilgrims," from Delft-Haven; a copy, by Edgar



ELDER BREWSTER'S CHAIR.
PEREGRINE WHITE'S CRADLE.

Parker of Boston, of Weir's painting in the Capitol at Washington; and on the north wall, "The Embarkation," by Charles Lucy, an English artist, which, when

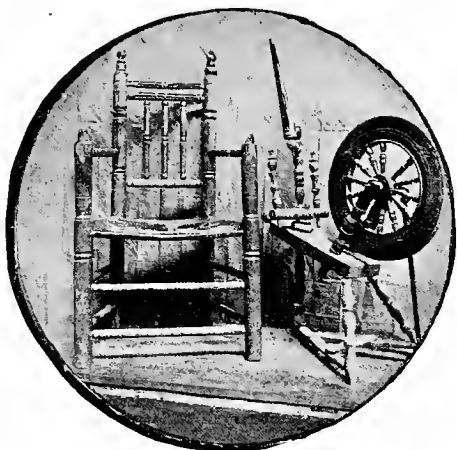
displayed at a prize exhibition in London, drew the first premium of a thousand guineas — more fully satisfied my young critic. Before Lucy's painting he paused long, its vigor and

pathos evidently growing upon him as he studied its strongly drawn figures. But I have heard other more seasoned critics condemn its lack also of historical accuracy. The many portraits which he carefully scrutinized embraced those of the Winslows, — of Edward, the pioneer, afterward the governor; of Josiah, the first native-born governor of the Plymouth Colony, and Penelope, his wife, a daughter of Herbert Pelham, the first treasurer of Harvard College; of General John, great-grandson of Governor Edward, a major-general in the British

army, second in command in the expedition against the Acadians in 1755, and the officer who moved them from their homes, an act which inspired Longfellow's classic *Evangeline*; and of the Rev. John Alden, great-grandson of John Alden of the Mayflower band, who reached the great age of one hundred and two years.

Turning now to the collection of antiquities, Percy was impressed with the many articles which are said to have come in the Mayflower.

He saw the chairs of Governor Carver and of Elder Brewster; a cabinet brought by William White, the father of Peregrine, the first white child born at Provincetown, Percy remembered; a Dutch cradle, also brought by William White, which afterward belonged to Governor Winslow, who married White's



GOVERNOR CARVER'S CHAIR.
FOOT-WHEEL IN GOVERNOR BRADFORD'S FAMILY.

widow; a part of a chest, pestle, and mortar, and a pewter plate bearing the Winslow arms, brought by Edward Winslow; a huge iron pot and pewter platter brought by Myles Standish; numerous small pieces, spectacles, canes, a brass candlestick, a slipper, a cap, owned by Mayflower passengers; an ancient foot-wheel once owned by a great-granddaughter of Governor Bradford, and a model of the Mayflower near by. Elsewhere he came across the table and chair of Governor Winslow, which stood in the Council chamber during his governorship.

One case was found entirely filled with memorials of Myles Standish; another, with articles once belonging to the Winslow family; a third, with Alden family relics; a fourth, with various things owned by the First Church; and a fifth, treasures of the White family.

In the Standish case, with the pot and platter already mentioned, Percy looked down upon the captain's sword; an embroidered "sampler" worked by Lora Standish, the captain's daughter, who died in young womanhood; the fragments of a quilt which once belonged to Rose Standish (the captain's first wife, who died a month after the landing); a piece of the hearthstone of Standish's home in Duxbury, and a ground plan of the house. Chief of all these in interest to Percy was the famous sword; and he wished that he might handle the ancient weapon, the more closely to examine its finish and the cuttings on its blade. It is of early Persian make, we are told, a Dharban, of Thunder-bolt iron, and may have come down to Standish from the Crusaders. Upon the blade appear engraved figures of the sun, moon, and stars, with Arabic inscriptions, which till so late as 1881 no one had been found able to decipher. In June of that year Professor James Rosedale of Jerusalem, an Arabic scholar visiting Plymouth with a party of Arabs from Palestine, interpreted one of them and part of another; but the third, he explained, no one could decipher, for "it is of private signification," the key to the charm which the blade was assumed to possess, and known only to the warrior who had it engraved. The three inscriptions he pronounced to be Mohammedan work, cut at a much later period than the ancient Persian emblems — the sun, moon, and stars, worshipped by the Persians as the celestial deities of strength and power. The inscription which he interpreted read, "With peace God ruled his slaves, and with judgment of his arm he gave trouble to the valiant of the mighty and courageous," meaning the wicked; the other, in part, "In God is all might," the remainder being, like the third inscription, a private mark. He declared that the sword must have

fallen into the hands of the Saracens upon the defeat of the Persian tyrant warrior, Kozoroi, when Jerusalem was wrenched from him, in the year 637. Professor Rosedale's statement was written out and signed by him; and it is reproduced in the official catalogue of the collection.

Percy made a note of the quaint sampler of Lora Standish's make, for his sister's sake. At the bottom of the dainty piece of embroidery, with the date of 1653, the maiden had worked these lines:—

“Lorea Standish is my name.
 Lord guide my hart that I may doe thy will;
 Also fill my hauds with such convenient skill
 As may conduce to virtue void of shame;
 And I will give the glory to thy name.”

In a miscellaneous collection next to the Standish case, Percy's eye caught sight of the oldest state paper in the United States,—the first patent granted to the colonists, issued by the President and Council for New England, June 1, 1621, in the name of John Pierce in trust. It was brought over in the *Fortune*, arriving in November of that year. It bears the seals and signatures of the Duke of Lenox, the Marquis of Hamilton, the Earl of Warwick, Sir Ferdinando Gorges, and one other which cannot be made out. Interesting papers were also found in the case of articles belonging to the First Church, in another part of the hall; and in the White case, a bond written and signed by Peregrine White. Next to the White case, in a miscellaneous collection were seen the barrel of the gun with which King Philip was killed, a rare copy of John Eliot's Indian Bible, edition of 1685, and the original manuscript of Mrs. Hemans's hymn, “The Breaking Waves Dashed High.”

From the Main Room we passed into the north anteroom, then to the library, and finally to the lower hall, making note of many curious things of various periods. We studied more portraits, engravings, quaint old views; saw more rare books, manuscripts, and parchments. A series of commissions to John

Winslow from King George the Second, from the royal Provincial governors, Shirley and Pownal, and from Sir Charles Hardy, especially interested Percy; also the letter of King Philip, by the hand of his Indian secretary, written in 1663, to Governor Prence; and of relics of the Provincial days, the royal arms which hung in the old Pilgrim Court House before the Revolution. The latter was carried off at the outbreak of hostilities by a fleeing royalist to Nova Scotia, whence it returned some years ago, a present to the Pilgrim Society from the royalist's descendant.

In the lower hall the oaken bones of the Sparrow-hawk, a vessel wrecked on Cape Cod only six years after the coming of the Pilgrims, and embedded in the sands for more than two and a quarter centuries, occupied a large space, and, to Percy's mind, constituted the chief feature of the museum here. This I told him was the ship "with passengers in her and sundrie goods bound [from England] for Virginia," of the loss of which, in the autumn of 1627, Governor Bradford gives a detailed account in his History. She had been six weeks at sea, and having lost her way, the master being sick, and the supply of water, food, and wood giving out, she was steered in the direction of land; and coming upon a "small, blind harbore," to the southward of Cape Cod, she ran upon a "drie flate within ye harbor, close by a beach." This was at a point off Nanset Beach and Chatham. The ship's company, not knowing where they were, nor what they should do, "begane to be stricken with sadness;" but encountering some friendly Indians who had a smattering of English, they learned of their nearness to New Plymouth, and sending a missive to the governor, he at once responded with a boat-load of food, and "things to mend their vessel." After Bradford's return home he received word that the ship, being repaired, had again been driven ashore by a great storm and made unfit for sea. Thereupon her passengers with their goods were conveyed to Plymouth to remain till they were able to renew their voyage. Ground was appor-

tioned to them, and they raised much corn, which they sold on their departure.

From the tag tacked to the frame Percy ascertained that these remains were exhumed from their bed in a meadow some distance back from the water by a storm in 1863, and being identified by competent authorities, were later carefully set up as we see them. All the principal timbers are here. The skeleton gives us a fair idea of a vessel of the period of the *Mayflower*, and of about its size of hull. Another relic of an historic craft was seen in the wood from the pawl-post of the English frigate *Somerset*, the story of the wreck of which, also off Cape Cod, we heard in our pilgrimage to Provincetown.

Leaving Pilgrim Hall, the round of what may be termed official memorials was finished with a visit to the National Monument. This we reached by another pleasant walk along Court Street, past the head of Old Colony Park, and beyond to Cushman Street, thick with trees, leading up toward the hill of which the monument is the centre-piece. We found it rising from a broad, open space, a great granite pile, surmounted by a massive figure of Faith, one foot resting on Forefathers' Rock, one hand holding a Bible, and the other uplifted, the index finger pointing upward. The four secondary seated figures, occupying buttresses at the base of the main, octagonal, pedestal, represent, respectively, Morality, with the Decalogue in one hand, the scroll of Revelation in the other, and in a niche on either side of her throne, a prophet and an evangelist; Law, with Justice on one side, and on the other Mercy; Education, with Wisdom, and Youth led by Experience; and Freedom, protecting Peace, while Tyranny lies overthrown by its powers. Upon the faces of the buttresses the leading scenes in the Pilgrim history. — the Departure from Delft-Haven, the Signing of the Compact in the Cabin of the *Mayflower*, the Landing at Plymouth, and the First Treaty with the Indians, — are depicted in alto-reliefs; while in the panels on the main pedestal are the

names of the Mayflower passengers, and the formal inscription :—

NATIONAL MONUMENT TO THE FOREFATHERS.

ERECTED BY A GRATEFUL PEOPLE IN REMEMBRANCE OF THEIR LABORS,
SACRIFICES, AND SUFFERINGS FOR THE CAUSE OF
CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

Percy was surprised at the statement that this monument was twenty-nine years in building, the corner-stone having been laid in the summer of 1859, and the work pronounced finished in the autumn of 1888. The main pedestal and the statue of Faith, however, were in place a dozen years before the final completion of the work. It was designed by Hammett Billings, who planned the canopy over Forefathers' Rock, and is distinguished as the largest piece of granite statuary in the world.

Here our pilgrimage might have properly ended; but the day being not yet full spent, I suggested that we should take a drive out to the Forest Park, the town's public reservation, and get a taste of genuine Plymouth woods. This is, too, an historic quarter, I explained to Percy; for it embraces the lovely lakes of "Billington Sea," and the head of the "very sweete" Town Brook. My companion fell heartily into the plan, and accordingly we returned to the town centre, and sought a vehicle with cheerful driver at an easy price. This being speedily accomplished, for we discovered that carriage-men as well as boat-men, and other traders in Plymouth, were considerate in their dealings with the visiting modern pilgrim, we set out on the pleasant Old Colony ride. Our way lay by Town Brook, and along the tree-shaded highway which reaches to New Bedford, thirty miles and more beyond. A short half-hour's drive brought us to the park entrance, simply a rural wood-road from which smaller roads branch. There were no indications of the conventional public park, or evidences of attempts to improve nature. Here is the natural forest, bounded by a natural lake.



NATIONAL MONUMENT, PLYMOUTH.

The sweet underbrush, and wood flora, and mossy turf, are suffered to remain as nature placed them. Birds abound here, and squirrels. Rural foot-paths follow the road-lines, from which narrower paths diverge into the thickets. The roads wind over the undulating surface, now nearing or skirting the water, now travelling the thickly wooded knolls above it, again rounding a slight promontory, from which extended views across "Billington Sea" are had. Frequent "opens" appear, through



BILLINGTON SEA OUTLET.

which charming bits of landscape delight the eye. At a point midway of the latter half of the circuit we left our carriage, and struck into a foot-path leading toward the southern section of the "sea." The walk through the rich woods brought us shortly into a glen-like region, and to the water's edge. Over the lake, with "the island" of vivid green lying, like a rare jewel, upon its bosom, to the distant chain of surrounding hills, we gazed upon an enchanting scene. Then turning, and following a planked way over swampy ground, we came upon a lovely dell, in which Town Brook opens, a narrow, placid stream,

and whence, with many a turn and twist, through verdant banks, it makes its way to the town and the sea. Our return ride was by the thoroughfare alongside of the brook, picturesque throughout.

Having made some pleasant acquaintances while upon the day's pilgrimage, we spent the early evening in brief calls at some of the older Plymouth homes, and here found treasures of Pilgrim times, rarer, even, than those displayed in the museum of Pilgrim Hall. In one fair mansion-house, upward of a century old, a type of the Charles Bulfinch house, and designed, it is believed, by this first of eminent Boston architects, Percy had the pleasure of sitting in the chair of Governor Bradford, an heirloom of the family whose ancestral home this is, while holding in his hand a book printed by William Brewster, at Leyden, in 1617, with the author's autograph, and surrounded by some of the richest Pilgrim relics in Plymouth.

With the ringing of the "nine o'clock bell," which old-time custom still prevails in Plymouth town, we bade our new friends good-night; and, taking the electric car, rode over to the head of the beach, where we booked for the night at Hotel Pilgrim on the hill.

V.

KINGSTON.

Governor Bradford's farm. — Sites of homes of early settlers. — Elder Cushman's Spring. — Kingston's heroes of the Revolution. — A Revolutionary Cincinnati. — Reminiscences of King Philip's War: Caleb Cook and the death of Philip. — Kingston Landing. — The ancient Major John Bradford's house: former home of the "Bradford Manuscript." — The Governor Bradford house.

ANOTHER glorious June morning favored us for our third Pilgrimage. This was to embrace Kingston, Duxbury, and Marshfield, all intimately associated with the earliest Pilgrims, and the latter distinguished in later days as the home of Daniel Webster. Percy was up betimes, long, I must confess, before I had stirred, and from the back piazza of the hotel witnessed the rising of the sun out of the sea, and the lighting up of the picturesque harbor shore.

Immediately after breakfast we took the electric car, which starts directly from the steps of the hotel, bound for Kingston, four miles from Plymouth. The car passed along the main Plymouth street with which we had become familiar, and then took the old Boston highway into which Court Street makes. On the way, while enjoying the pleasant view of the sea and shore at our right, with fair country on the other side, we discoursed upon the Pilgrim associations of the old towns that we were to visit.

Kingston, lying about the "very pleasant river" which the Pilgrim leaders explored, and named, as we have seen, for Captain Jones of the Mayflower, occupies the territory which they had "a great liking to plant in," instead of Plymouth, but decided against because it lay too far from their fishing, and was

“so encompassed with woods” that they feared danger from the savages. It was one of the earliest places occupied, however, when the colonists began to reach out into the country beyond the little village round about Leyden Street. This outreaching was upon the coming of the Puritans of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, and the “flowing of many people into the country,” which, Bradford informs us, caused cattle and corn to rise to a great price. The colonists were then growing in their “outward estate,” and “no man now thought he could live except he had cattle & a great deal of ground to keep them.” “So there was no longer holding them together, but they must of necessity goe to their great lots,” and they “scattered all over ye bay.”

Governor Bradford himself was one of the earliest to take up lands about Jones River, and he had a house here as early as 1637. Some authorities think this was his principal dwelling-place for several years. His son, Major William Bradford, succeeded him in this homestead; and Bradfords were identified with the place till near the middle of the nineteenth century, the last of the governor's direct descendants, David Bradford, dying here in 1840. Others of the Mayflower company early occupying lands in these parts were Isaac Allerton (for whom, we have observed, Point Allerton in Boston Harbor was named), who was connected with the early business affairs of the colony, twice its agent to the “Merchant Adventurers” in London, but subsequently, falling out of favor with his associates, through unprofitable business ventures, transferring his interests to other colonies; Samuel Fuller, the first physician of the colony; John Howland; Stephen Hopkins; and Francis Cook. Later, Edward Gray, he who became the most prosperous merchant of the colony; Thomas Willie, afterward the first English mayor of New York; Charles Chauncy, sometime minister of Scituate, subsequently president of Harvard College, — settled in this territory.

Those who first took up lands in Duxbury were Myles

Standish, Elder Brewster and his eldest son, Jonathan, Thomas Prence, afterward governor for seventeen years, and John Alden. They moved over with their families in 1630 or 1631, agreeing, however, to live in Plymouth in the winter, and to attend church there; but a year or so after these conditions were removed, and Duxbury set up its own church.

Lands in Marshfield, then Green Bay Harbor, were as early taken up. Edward Winslow had the largest domain, part of which was subsequently included in the Daniel Webster place. Winslow established himself here in 1636-1637, and called his broad estate "Careswell," after a seat of his ancestors in Old England. Near by his brothers, Gilbert, John, and Kenelm, also settled; but John, who had married cheerful Mary Chilton, the "romping girl" of the tradition of the landing from the Mayflower, moved to Boston a few years later.

The earliest settlements were made close to the bay and the rivers, which were the first highways of the Pilgrims. The first pathway extended from Plymouth to Marshfield, crossing Jones River and Island Creek, the latter on the edge of Kingston Bay, then following the shore line, skirting Captain's Hill in Duxbury, to accommodate Standish and Brewster, keeping still to the shore around to John Alden's farm on the north side of Blue Fish River, and thence to Winslow's "Careswell" and Green Harbor. Parts of this pathway were later merged in "Massachusetts Path," the way to the Massachusetts Bay Colony settlements. In this pilgrimage, I told Percy, we should follow the line of this first path in a general way, turning aside, now and again, for excursions to various landmarks or picturesque points of historic interest.

Kingston remained a precinct of Plymouth through Pilgrim times and well into the eighteenth century. When it set up as an independent town it took its name from George the First, on the king's birthday, in May, 1726. Duxbury was named for Duxbury or Duxburrow Hall, the seat of the Standish family in England. Marshfield was a part of Duxbury till

1641, and then, made a township, received its name, probably, for Marsfield, earlier Marysfield, a parish in Sussex, England, the old home of some of the settlers, and not, as popularly assumed, from the wide extent of marshes within its bounds. On John Smith's chart of the Massachusetts coast in 1614, the names upon which Prince Charles changed, the Marshfield territory appears as "Oxford."

In each of these old colony towns we were to find numerous footprints of the Pilgrims yet clear; and it was with lively anticipations that Percy sprang from the electric car when it stopped, at my signal to the conductor, on the outskirts of Kingston, in the "Colonel Thomas's Hill" neighborhood:

We alighted here to visit "Elder Cushman's Spring," at the foot of Thomas's Hill, on the right of the highway, near the site of the homestead of the ancient Isaac Allerton farm. Elder Cushman, I reminded Percy, was that Thomas Cushman, ruling elder of the Plymouth Church for forty years, whose grave we saw on Burial Hill. This farm became his home after his marriage to Allerton's daughter Mary, who came out in the *Mayflower*, a child, and outlived all of the "first comers," as we found also recorded on the Cushman monument. She reached the rare old age of ninety years, passing her long life from young womanhood in the homestead here. The elder also lived long, his death occurring in his eighty-fifth year. Mary's mother died soon after the arrival at Plymouth; and a few years later Allerton took for a second wife Fear Brewster, daughter of Elder Brewster, but she soon succumbed to the hardships of early colonial life, dying in 1634.

Thomas's Hill is historic of a later period, having been, a century after Pilgrim days, a part of the estate of General John Thomas of early Revolutionary fame, who commanded on the Roxbury side during the siege of Boston, and directed the fortification of Dorchester Heights; an officer whose great merit on this occasion, Bancroft says, "is the more to be remembered from the shortness of his career."

“Was he killed in action?” Percy asked.

“No; this fine captain met his death ‘unattended by glory.’ In less than three months after the evacuation of Boston he fell a victim to the small-pox in Canada. Just before the end of the siege he was appointed a major-general by the Continental Congress, and ordered to Quebec in command of the expedition against Canada, to which duty he hastened immediately after the British had left the town. When he reached the American camp, the scourge was raging there with much virulence, and he was overtaken by it in the midst of his preparations for the campaign. He was a gallant gentleman, of ‘superior ability and culture,’ the historian avers, a typical citizen-soldier of that memorable period. In private life a physician, skilful and successful, he brought to his military duties the same care and thoughtfulness which he gave to his profession. He had seen service twenty years before the Revolution, in the French wars, when he was commander of Provincial troops in the campaign of 1756–1757, under General John Winslow of Marshfield. As the Revolution approached he was active and influential in the patriot cause, a delegate to the convention of Plymouth County in 1774, and a member of the Provincial Congress at Concord and Watertown; and he led a Plymouth regiment to the camp about Boston upon the first summons for men. His memory is cherished in the Old Colony as a sterling patriot and an able soldier when serious work was to be done. Had he lived he would probably have ranked with the leaders whose names are more familiar in the story of the Revolution. Although not a native of Kingston (he was born in Marshfield, the son of a farmer), General Thomas settled here in early manhood when he began the practice of his profession.”

This led to talk, as we strolled toward the ancient spring, about other Revolutionary heroes. Simeon Sampson, the first captain in the Massachusetts naval service appointed by the Provincial Congress, was a Kingston man; and my young friend’s interest was heightened when he learned that the brisk

little war-ships which Captain Sampson commanded — first the brig Independence, and afterward the state ship Mars — were both built at Kingston's Landing, which we were to pass on our way through this town.

“Then there was the schoolmaster-soldier of Kingston,” I added, “Captain Peleg Wadsworth, whose daughter Zilpah, in after years, married Stephen Longfellow, and became the mother of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the poet. He was a native of Duxbury, but was living in Kingston when the Revolution came, and teaching a private school in Plymouth. He organized the Kingston company of minute-men, and as its captain marched to the Roxbury camp. Soon after he was made an aide to General Artemas Ward. In 1778 he had command of a regiment from Essex in the expedition to Rhode Island under General Sullivan; and the next year, being appointed adjutant-general of the Massachusetts militia, had charge of a portion of the troops engaged in the expedition ‘to the eastward,’ that is, to the district of Maine, — for Maine, you know, was a part of Massachusetts till 1820. General Wadsworth remained in Maine, and subsequently became a prosperous merchant.

“And there was Major Seth Drew, Kingston born, first lieutenant of the Kingston minute-men, who left his work, as Cincinnatus left his plough, for his country's service. Drew was a shipwright; and, as the spirited story runs, when tidings of Lexington and Concord reached Kingston, he was engaged in the shipyard at the Landing at ‘graving,’ — cleaning a ship's bottom. In this process it was customary to set fire to a tar-barrel, and pass it under the vessel in order to burn or melt off the foul substance. Drew had just lighted one barrel, and had begun using it, when his brother James rushed into the yard with the exciting news. Without a word he passed the burning barrel to another workman, and instantly left to join his company. He served with credit throughout the war.”

We reached “Elder Cushman's Spring” by a lane from the highway, passing at the side of a modern homestead, and across

a pleasant field for some distance down toward the Old Colony railroad along the shore. The spring lay in a rural spot at the foot of a knoll, near the railroad tracks, shaded by old trees. We found it bubbling from its sandy bottom, as it bubbled, doubtless, in the elder's time; and it is said that it has never been known to run dry. For years it has been used as a drinking-place for grazing cattle.

The first houses were clustered in this part of the present town, which still holds its Pilgrim name of "Rocky Nook;" but traces of them long since disappeared. The homesteads of Samuel Fuller, the physician, of Francis Cook, and perhaps of John Howland (who had previously lived a while on the Duxbury side), were somewhere alongside of "Smelt Brook," the little stream which comes down to Rocky Nook from Smelt Pond in the southeast part of the town.



KING PHILIP.

On the Cook homestead subsequently lived Caleb Cook, grandson of Francis Cook, a soldier in King Philip's War, of 1675-1676, who was in company with the Indian by whom Philip was shot, with the gun which we had seen in Pilgrim Hall. Although Philip, son of that Massasoit who welcomed the Pilgrims upon their advent, led one of the most dreadful of Indian wars, carrying horror, woe, and desolation in its train, during which hundreds of brave colonists fell on the field of battle, many women and children were carried into captivity, whole villages and towns were destroyed,

fiendish cruelties, massacres, and atrocities were perpetrated, we cannot read unmoved the story of this once great Indian monarch's bitter end. So I remarked to Percy; and, while we were recrossing the field back to the highway, I sketched its salient features and the part which Caleb Cook had in it.

Philip had been hemmed in and brought to bay by the soldiers of the famous Indian fighter, Colonel Benjamin Church of Duxbury. Deserted by his allies, his "ablest braves" slain, his wife and boy, the last of the Massasoit race, captured (and subsequently sold into slavery), his subjects "falling around him as the leaves of the forest," he remained almost alone. Driven from point to point, he at length made his way back to his own country about Mount Hope, near Bristol, R.I. and here "sullenly awaited the doom which impended." Of what followed, Barry, in his history of Massachusetts, tells us in the fewest words; and taking out my note-book, I read this extract: "It was welcome news to Captain Church that his enemy was in such straits, and without a moment's delay, gathering around him his few trusty followers, he prepared to put the finishing stroke to the war. A deserter guided him to the side of the swamp whither Philip had withdrawn; and upon a spot of upland, at its southern end, and at the foot of the mount which had been the throne of the chieftain, the victim awaited the approach of his pursuers. Creeping upon their bellies, as cautiously as the tiger advances upon its prey, Church and his companions wound their way in. Every man had his orders, and every one was posted to the best possible advantage. The quick report of a musket is heard; a full^o volley follows; and Philip, half naked, is seen hastily fleeing. An Englishman covets the honor of shooting him. His gun misses fire. And the ball of an Indian pierces his heart. . . . The body of the chieftain lies stretched upon the ground, and the desolating war is brought to a close."

The dead body was beheaded and quartered; one of the hands was given to the Indian who fired the fatal shot, and on

the day appointed for a public thanksgiving the head was brought in triumph to Plymouth, where it was set up on the battlement of the fort on the hill. Caleb Cook was the Englishman to whom Barry refers. He was assigned with the Indian to watch, and, if possible, to kill Philip; and when his gun failed, he bade the Indian fire. The Indian afterward gave his gun to Cook, in whose family it was kept as a trophy for many years. At length the barrel was placed in Pilgrim Hall, while the lock was given to the Massachusetts Historical Society in Boston.

On the highway again, we sighted another car approaching. Taking this, we rode toward the main village so far as the road to The Landing, next beyond the bridge across Jones River, by which the ancient Bradford farms are reached. A ten or fifteen minutes' walk brought us again to the railroad, and to The Landing on the farther side. Here, on a bluff, we came upon the Major John Bradford house, a typical seventeenth century dwelling, interesting in itself, but most distinguished for its historical associations.

Major John Bradford, I explained, was the eldest son of Major William Bradford, and grandson of Governor Bradford. He followed worthily in the footsteps of his more eminent father and grandfather, holding numerous offices, and serving in the General Court; and he was the principal founder of this town of Kingston. Marrying, he built this house about 1674; and here he died in 1736, in his eighty-fourth year.

But what most interested Percy was my remark that this Major Bradford was the last of the Bradford family to possess the famous "Bradford Manuscript," the first history of the Plymouth Plantation, from which I had quoted so freely in Plymouth, and that it was from this house that the precious document started upon its adventures upward of a century and a half ago, — tarrying in Boston till the Revolutionary period, then disappearing; later bringing up mysteriously in the library of the bishop of London at Fulham; at length coming back to

us, and finding permanent lodgment in the Massachusetts State Library, placed there with much ceremony in the spring of 1897.

The owner of the ancient house kindly permitted us to inspect the quaint interior. We lingered longest in the deep, low-studded "living-room," at the right of the narrow entry; for this was the room, we imagined, and with fair reason, in which, on a June day in 1728, the major entertained Thomas



MAJOR JOHN BRADFORD HOUSE.

Prince, minister of the Old South Church in Boston, renowned as a chronologist, and passed to his keeping all of the old governor's manuscripts, then lying in the family strong-box.

"The lot," I went on to relate, as we drew up by the old fireplace, "did not include the Plymouth history; for that was already out of the major's hands, having been loaned by him to Judge Samuel Sewall of Boston (he of the unique *Sewall's Diary*, that remarkable chronicle of small details of Colonial and Provincial life). But it soon after came into Dr. Prince's

collection, and was deposited in his "New England Library" in Boston, kept in the "steeple chamber" of the Old South Meeting-house. All this we learn from Dr. Prince's note on a fly-leaf of the manuscript history, which served to identify the document when it was discovered in the Fulham Library by American historical authorities in 1855, long after it had been given up as lost. Here is the note, which I have copied exactly, thinking you might find it interesting as a specimen of Colonial English, as well as profitable as a part of the story of the first chapter in the history of your country — 'the very Book of Genesis of the nation': —

TUESDAY, *June 4, 1728.*

N. B. Calling at Major John Bradford's, at Kingston, near Plimouth, son of Major W^m. Bradford, formerly Dep. Gov^r. of Plimouth Colony, who was eldest son of W^m. Bradford Esq^r. then 2^d Gov^r and author of this History; y^e s^d Major John Bradford gave me several Manuscript Octavo^s w^c He assured me were written with his Grandfather Gov^r Bradford's own Hand. He also gave me a little Pencil Book wrote with a Blew lead pencil by his s^d Father, y^e Dep. Gov^r., and He also told me y^t He had sent & only lent his s^d Grandfather, Gov^r. Bradford's, History of Plimouth Colony, wrote by his own Hand also to Judge Sewall; and desired me to get it of Him or find it out & take out of it what I think proper for my New England Chronology w^c. I accordingly obtained, and this is y^e s^d History w^c I find wrote in y^e same Hand-writing as y^e Octavo Manuscript above s^d.

THOMAS PRINCE.

I also mentioned to him my Desire to lodging this History in y^e New England Library of Prints & Manuscripts w^c I had been then collecting for 23 years, to w^c He signified his willingness only y^t He might have y^e Perusal of it while he lived.

T. PRINCE.

"That it was not Major Bradford's intention absolutely to part with the manuscript history is shown by a supplementary note of Prince's, appearing on another fly-leaf: —

'But Major Bradford tells me and assures me that He only lent this Book of his Grandfather's to Mr. Sewall & that it being of his

Grandfather's own handwriting He had so high a value for it that he wou'd never Part with y^e Property but wou'd lend it to me & desired me to get it which I did, and write this that so Major Bradford and his Heirs may be known to be the Right owners.'

"Still, it does not appear that either the major or his heirs ever reclaimed it; and when discovered in the Fulham Library it bore the Prince book-plate, pasted on the leaf with Prince's note. Another memorandum appears on one of the blank leaves at the beginning of the volume, as follows:—

'This book was rit by goefner William Bradford and gifen to his son mager William Bradford and by him to his son mager John Bradford. rit by me Samuel Bradford March 20, 1705.'

"Dr. Prince died in 1758, and his library was bequeathed by him to the Boston Old South Church. It is now deposited in the Boston Public Library.

"Just how or when the Bradford manuscript history disappeared from the 'steeple chamber' of the old Boston meeting-house will always be a mystery. The last person known to have publicly used it was the chief justice, Thomas Hutchinson, who made extracts from it in his history of Massachusetts, published in 1765–1767. Some antiquarians have conjectured that it may have been among the many valuable papers in Hutchinson's library which were scattered by the mob in the sacking of his mansion-house, at the North End, Boston, during the anti-Stamp-Act outbreak in 1765. Others have thought that he may have taken it to England when he left Boston in 1774, as it happened, never to return; and that he gave it to the Rev. East Apthorp, formerly rector of Christ Church in Cambridge, then vicar of Croyden, England, from whom it subsequently passed to the Fulham Library. Both Hutchinson and Apthorp were natives of Boston; they had been life-long friends; and it was at Brompton, near Croyden, that Hutchinson made his English home. But the most generally accepted theory is that the manuscript was taken off by some

British officer at the evacuation of Boston. You have read, Percy, that the Old South Meeting-house was used during the siege as a riding-school for British troops, and both officers and soldiers had free access to the tower. Other manuscripts in the Prince collection also disappeared at the same time, among them Governor Bradford's Letter-book. The latter was discovered in 1793 in a grocer's shop in Halifax, and later being acquired by the Massachusetts Historical Society, was published in its Collections. The Bradford history was first reproduced by the same society in 1856, shortly after its discovery in the Fulham Library, from a careful copy made there.

“The first allusion to the manuscript in London was made in the history of the Episcopal Church in America, published by the Bishop of Oxford in 1846. This allusion caught the eye of an American historical scholar, the late John Wingate Thornton of Boston, and led to the efforts to recover it, which, pursued intermittingly for more than forty years, finally met success through the agency of Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, and United States Minister Bayard, and the gracious act of the English government, close to the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of its disappearance, assuming the theory that it went off with the retreating British from Boston in March, 1776, to be correct.”

This old house was partially burned by Indians during King Philip's War. Another Bradford house — that of Joseph Bradford, youngest son of the governor, who died in 1715 — stood for many years on the opposite side of the river, on the jutting piece of land which the Pilgrims named “Flat House Dock.” Beyond, near the mouth of the river, was the landing-stage of the ferry of 1636 between Duxbury and Plymouth.

The Governor Bradford house stood about a quarter of a mile northwest of the Major John Bradford house. The home lot has been preserved and marked through the efforts of the late Dr. T. Bradford Drew of Plymouth, the historian of Kings-

ton, into whose hands it fortunately fell, and who interested Bradford descendants in its preservation.

The early Massachusetts Path, passing on the west side of the Major John lot, crossed the original Bradford farm on the east side of the homestead. We reached the homestead site by way of the Shore Road, taking the left turn from the Landing Road. A few rods beyond the railroad-crossing we turned into a lane at the right, — Bradford Road, — and a few steps brought us to the spot. Here on a knoll, framed with young trees, is the tablet, the inscription upon which Percy copied as follows: —

THIS EMINENCE
IS A PORTION OF THE ANCIENT ESTATE OF
WILLIAM BRADFORD
The Illustrious Governor of Plymouth Colony on which
he had a House before 1637.
Here his Son the "Honorable Major"
WILLIAM BRADFORD
Lived, and Died in 1704.
Wamsutta, the Indian Chieftain, tarried here
just before his Death, in 1662

A slight depression in the ground, thickly grown with clover and mustard-plant a few paces west of the tablet, marks the cellar of the homestead.

The evidence upon which it was determined that the governor had a house here at the date given is found in the Old Colony Records, where is noted an agreement, May 10, 1637, relative to the laying of "highways for horse and cart," in which a way is mentioned connecting with "the old path to Massachusetts leaving Mr. Bradford's house upon the west, and from Mr. Bradford's house to Stephen Traceyes ground as the way now lieth." "Stephen Traceyes ground" is now marked by the brick mansion which we see in the distance to the northward, in Duxbury.

While Governor Bradford may have lived here only for a short time, the house became notable as the home of Major Wil-

liam, his eldest son, who took such a prominent part in colonial affairs. He was for some time an assistant of the governor; the chief military officer of the colony, succeeding Myles Standish; chief commander of the Plymouth forces in King Philip's War; deputy-governor of the colony from 1682 to 1686, and again from 1689 to 1692; one of Sir Edmund Andros's council in 1687; and a councillor of Massachusetts, after the union of the colonies in 1692. Late in life he was called "Worshipful Major Bradford." He was three times married, and fifteen children are mentioned in his will. In this instrument direct reference is made to the "Bradford Manuscript," — "my father's manuscript, viz., a narrative of the beginning of New Plimouth," bequeathed to his son John. The farm in his day covered many acres north of Stony Brook, extending to Duxbury.

"And who was Wamsutta?" Percy asked.

"Wamsutta, or Alexander Pokanoket, as he was named by the colony court, at his request for an English name, was son of Massasoit, and succeeded him as sachem of the Pokanoket or Wampanoag tribe. His reign was of brief duration, lasting only about two years. Suspected of designs against the colonists, he was surprised and taken prisoner by Majors Winslow and Bradford, who brought him to Plymouth. Upon making a satisfactory explanation he was released, and started for his home. But on the way, changing his mind, he returned, intending to visit the Massachusetts Bay Indians. Stopping at Major Winslow's house in Marshfield, he was seized with a fever, whereupon he was brought by water to Major Bradford's house here. Soon, growing weaker, he was carried upon the shoulders of his men to a canoe, and so was transported home, where he died two or three days after. His brother, King Philip, whose Indian name was Metacomo, was his successor. In the earlier histories it was asserted that harsh treatment of Wamsutta while a prisoner brought about the fever resulting in his death, and that this fact incited Philip to the hostile attitude which ultimately led to Philip's War; but this theory was upset by Major Brad-

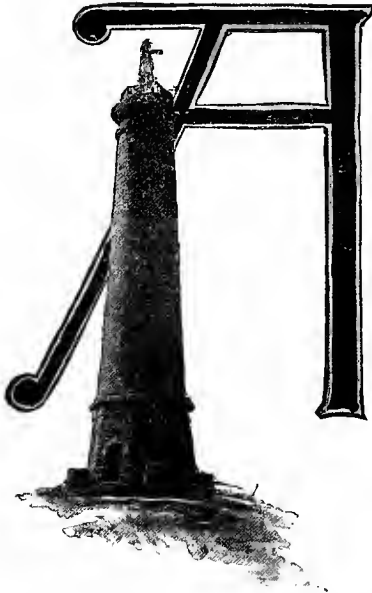
ford's own account of the affair, which came to light in a letter from him subsequently published."

The railroad ride from Kingston to Duxbury is a short one, but trains are not frequent; and since it was our desire to compass a good deal of territory within the day, I concluded to engage a carriage at a neighboring livery. This idea took Percy's fancy; and so having the good fortune to strike an easy bargain for a comfortable road-wagon, with a driver born and bred in the country we were to traverse, we were soon under way. But before taking the road to Duxbury, we made a little tour of the main village of Kingston, Percy enjoying its picturesqueness, with the river idling through, the shaded old streets, the cheerful houses, some of them mansions of old-time sea-captains, the blooming gardens in many a front yard.

V I.

DUXBURY AND MARSHFIELD.

Homes of Myles Standish, Elder Brewster, John and Priscilla Alden. — Captain's Hill and the Standish monument. — "Eagle's Nest." — Graves of Standish and of other first settlers. — The legend of the courtship of Myles Standish. — "Careswell" and the Winslows. — Peregrine White. — The Loyalists and the Marshfield affair of 1775. — Daniel Webster's Marshfield farm. — The Webster tomb.



As we turned Duxburyward, our driver gave us the choice of two ways, — by the road through the woods, or by the Old Shore Road. We chose the latter. The four-mile ride, with the varying views of the glistening bay, was exhilarating. Percy enjoyed every moment of it; and as his delighted eye roamed over the pastoral country and up toward "Captain's Hill," with its lofty stone shaft supporting high in air the statue of the stout little Puritan soldier, he

exclaimed that Myles Standish showed good taste in his choice of a home.

"He was, I fancy, less moved," I observed, "by the beauties

of the spot than by its advantages, especially for his grazing cattle. When he moved here the region round about was a wooded wilderness, with no such open views as we now have. Yet it doubtless was a picturesque place, with its wide outlook upon the sea, and its deep background of forest."

We stopped at "Crescent Avenue," at the foot of Captain's Hill; and instructing our driver to meet us at "Hall's Corner," we strolled toward the summit by way of this avenue, which circles the hill. As we neared the top we paused more than once to enjoy the beautiful views expanding in every direction.

To Percy's questions about the monument, who built it, how it came to be built, and so on, I related its brief history.

It developed from a modest movement begun not long after the Civil War, by descendants of Standish, who felt that a memorial of some sort ought to be set up on this spot to perpetuate the memory of the "first commissioned officer of the New World." This movement, in course of time, broadening into a national affair, and several liberal subscriptions having come from various quarters toward the cost of a suitable monument, the State of Massachusetts, in 1872, chartered a Standish Monument Association to undertake its erection. The corner-stone was laid that year with quite a demonstration, but the structure was more than twenty years in building. The keystone of the entrance arch was contributed by General Grant in behalf of the United States, and other arch stones by the New-England States, while stones for the upper sides of the base were provided by the several counties of Massachusetts; all of which were duly inscribed. Percy made note of the dimensions of the massive structure, which he obtained from a Duxbury member of the monument association, whom we chanced to meet here, and who, pleased with the lad's keen interest, sought the accurate figures. Thus the height of the granite shaft from grade to the parapet, or base of the statue, was set down as one hundred and twenty-five feet; the diameter at the base twenty-eight feet, at the top sixteen feet; the height of the statue

fourteen feet. The hill itself rises to a height of one hundred and eighty feet. Percy was told that steps wind around the cone of the monument up to a domed "observation chamber" beneath the parapet; and he would have liked to make the ascent, but the heavy doors were padlocked, for the steps are not secure, the interior of the structure being yet unfinished.

We tarried a while on the long summit, looking down and out upon grand views, seaward and landward, and taking a survey of Standish's domain, which spread up from the water and over this hill. Facing toward Plymouth harbor and town on the south, we could see where Standish's house stood at the base of the hill, to the left, on a knoll near the shore. Farther to the left, we saw the "Standish Cottage," built by Alexander Standish, the captain's eldest son, nearly two and a third centuries ago; and still farther to the left the site, at "Eagle's Nest," of the farm of Elder Brewster, adjoining Standish's lands.

Then we descended the slope in the direction of the "Standish Cottage;" for Percy was eager to get a close view of it, having been told by his new friend that it contained some of the materials of the original Myles Standish homestead, saved from the ruins of that house when it burned down after the captain's death, while occupied by Alexander's family. We found the cottage a long, low, gambrel-roofed structure, with small window-panes remaining in some of the frames, the broad chimney showing the date 1666 on its sides, a long strip of wood-bine across the upper part of the front, a thick lilac bush at one side. But it was unoccupied, and the entrance barred. Admittance, however, was secured for us, and the old door swung open hospitably. Within, our guide told us of timbers in the rugged frame, of hearthstone, doors, and latches which had come from the older house. And Percy stood upon the hearthstone and handled the latchings with a weird feeling that his feet might be pressing where Standish's had pressed, and his hands touching what Standish and Bradford, Brewster, John and

Priscilla Alden, and others of the Pilgrim band who were wont to cross the threshold of the captain's house, had touched.

Next we sought the site of the captain's house on the neighboring knoll, and hard by the spring, in a hollow toward the shore, yet known as "Standish's Spring." Where the house stood, two cellars, with their thick walls bedded in clay, were visible, we were told, till some time after the beginning of the monument on the hilltop. These cellars showed that there had been here a structure of two wings, coming together almost in the form of the letter V, the north wing the longer. It is supposed that one of the cellars was that of a storehouse adjoining the main house, built by Alexander after his father's death.

Beyond these scant particulars nothing is known of the homestead. What manner of house it was, tradition even does not say. And yet it was Standish's home for a quarter of a century, and the place of his death in 1656, "full of years and honored by his generations." Before he built it, and moved here from his first ruder home in Plymouth, — on Burial Hill slope, near the fort, — he had performed some of his most valourous deeds as the "military right-arm" and "war-champion" of the colonists, leading expeditions of adventure, subduing hostile Indians, rescuing the settlers from perils. But from this house he went forth to other momentous undertakings; for he was invested with the general command as captain from that first dread winter of 1620–1621 to the end of his life, receiving his last commission against new enemies, in his old age, the very year that he died.

Standish has been described as "short of stature, but sinewy and robust, with a constitution of iron, and an intrepidity that no peril could quail." He was of an active and daring spirit; in temper hot, "a little chimney soon fired;" quick in quarrel, but, like most fiery souls, quick to recover; in friendship stanch and true. He was bred a soldier; and some years before he joined the Pilgrims he had learned the "art and temper of war." He had served in the Low Countries as a lieutenant,

commissioned by Queen Elizabeth, in the forces sent over by England to aid the Dutch against the Spanish. After the truce of 1609, between Prince Maurice of Holland and the King of Spain, he remained in the Netherlands, and soon fell in with Robinson and his Pilgrim congregation at Leyden, to whom and to whose principles he was drawn, although he did not become a member of their church. He embarked with the Mayflower band, some say voluntarily, others say at the re-



CAPTAIN MYLES STANDISH.

quest or appeal of the leaders, who felt the need of a soldier with them. However this may be, he evidently cast his fortunes with them without reservation. While unconnected with the church organization, he was a chief in their councils from the first. Besides being the military leader, he served as one of the governor's assistants, and for some years was the treasurer of the colony. He was the best linguist among the leaders.

Standish came of one of the oldest houses in Lancashire, and a valiant race. One of his ancestors fought in the battle of Agincourt under Henry the Fifth, in 1415. Another was in the struggle in which Wat Tyler, the leader of the Peasant Revolt of 1381, was killed. Another, bishop of St. Asaph, North Wales, stood bravely by Catherine of Aragon, the wife of Henry the Eighth, and aided her in resisting the divorce forced by the king that he might wed Anne Boleyn. "In the family record of Standish and Duxbury Hall in the

parish church of Chorley, Old England, is the name Miles Standanaught. To stand at nothing in the way of duty commanded by the civil authority," said the orator at the laying of the corner-stone of the Standish monument, "seemed the essence of the character of Myles Standish."

"I wish that statue on the monument were nearer the ground," said Percy, who had followed this sketch of the Pilgrim captain with such absorbing attention that I was tempted further to enlarge upon the subject, "for I should like to see how a real soldier of the early days looked."

"Arrayed for action," I remarked, "in his coat of mail, and with that huge sword, almost as tall as himself, in hand, Standish must, indeed, have been a formidable as well as a picturesque figure. His coat of mail was a cloth garment, thickly interwoven with a metallic wire, rendering it durable and scarcely penetrable; and the suit included a breastplate and helmet. Athwart his breast was a broad leather band which sustained his sword. On his feet were buckled shoes, and the hose above them disclosed the 'ribbed muscles of his calf.' From beneath the helmet appeared thick masses of hair, auburn at first, iron gray with advancing years. The face was full and bronzed, with tawny beard. The eyes of blue were keen and penetrating. No wonder that the spectacle of this white chief at the head of his stern-visaged followers, more sombrely but none the less impressively clad, with their murderous muskets, spread terror among the Indian tribes whose chiefs conspired to annihilate the intruding palefaces.

"Of the furnishings of Standish's house, if not of its details, we can form some idea from the inventory of his property made after his death. The schedule includes four bedsteads, one settle-bed, five feather beds, three bolsters, three pillows, two blankets, one coverlid, four pairs of sheets, one pair of fine sheets, and four napkins. Two tables, one table-cloth, one form chair, four common chairs, four rugs. Four iron pots, three brass kettles, one frying-pan, one skillet or kneading-

trough, two pails, two trays, one dozen trenchers or wooden plates, one bowl, one churn. Two spinning-wheels, one pair of steel-yards, a warming-pan, three beer-casks, a malt-mill. His collection of weapons embraced three muskets, four carbines, two small guns, one fowling-piece, his famous sword, a cutlass, with three belts. His library was composed of a few books, including *Cæsar's Commentaries*, *Barriffe's Artillery*, several histories, and two Bibles. His live stock consisted of two mares, two colts, one young horse, with equipments; two saddles, one pillion, and one bridle; four oxen, six cows, three heifers, one calf, eight sheep, two rams, one wether, and fourteen swine."

Continuing around the hill along Standish Street, we passed in near neighborhood of the Elder Brewster farmstead, a picturesque old house on the hillside now standing close by the site of the elder's home. A clump of whitewood trees, which remained long after Pilgrim times, gave the name of "Eagle's Nest" to the vicinity. The beloved elder was along in years when he built his thatch-roofed house at the "Nest," and came here to live. He was the eldest of the Pilgrim fathers, being fifty-six when he came over, while Bradford was but thirty-two, Standish thirty-six, Winslow twenty-six, Allerton thirty-one. He died here in April, 1644, at the age of about eighty years. His library was the largest and most important then in the colony. It comprised three hundred volumes, sixty-four, it has been said, "in classic languages." His Duxbury estate was divided between his two surviving sons, Love and Jonathan, who immediately after his funeral met at Governor Bradford's house, and, "in the presence of the governor, Mr. Prence (afterward Governor Prence), Mr. Winslow, and Captain Standish, determined mutually upon the division." His daughter Patience was the first wife of Prence, whom she married in 1624. She became the mother of five children, and died in 1634. Fear, who, we have seen, became Allerton's second wife, died a year before Patience. Love succeeded to the elder's house, and he

also died there. Jonathan and his family moved to Connecticut about 1648.

Being in the neighborhood of the Myles Standish Hotel, we turned aside from our path, and crossed over to this seaside resort for lunch. Then, returning to Standish Street, our way was over to the ancient burying-ground between "Hall's Corner" and "Bayley's Corner," where lies the dust of Standish, of Elder Brewster perhaps, of the first ministers of the town, of the Aldens, and of other first settlers. It was a cheerful walk, with the bay in fair view beyond the rolling ground on one side of the village thoroughfare.

"You must know, Percy," I chatted as we walked, "that till within a few years the place of Standish's sepulchre was unknown. It was long popularly supposed that he was buried on his farm, somewhere on the slope of Captain's Hill. It was another theory that his grave had been on a knoll at Harden Hill, on the southwesterly edge of Duxbury Bay, in a graveyard destroyed by the tides during the latter part of the seventeenth century. There was also a tradition, repeated from generation to generation, that the grave was originally marked by two triangular pyramidal stones lying due east and due west, about six feet apart. Much painstaking research and careful examination of localities were made by antiquarians and others, covering a long period; but it was not till 1891 that the spot now marked was identified beyond reasonable dispute. At the same time, the identity of this ground as the first instead of the second burying-place of the settlement, as it had been called, was established. With the tradition as to the peculiar head and foot stones, the searchers for the grave had the evidence of Standish's will, made in 1655, fifteen months before his death, in which he devised that 'if I die in Duxburrow my body to bee laied as neare as conveniently may bee to my two dear daughters, Lora Standish my daughter, and Mary Standish my daughter-in-law.' Lora was the daughter whose 'sampler' work we saw in Pilgrim Hall; Mary was the

first wife of Lieutenant Josiah Standish, the captain's second son. It was known that they were buried side by side.

“The ancient burying-ground was neglected for many years, and being unfenced, cattle roamed freely over it. At length the Rural Society, a modern association instituted for beautifying the town, undertook its restoration; and the work was intrusted to Melzar Brewster, a direct descendant of Elder Brewster. While digging over the place, Mr. Brewster came across two peculiar stones embedded in the sandy earth, which he raised to the surface. These stones and their position answering exactly the description of the marks of Standish's grave, the traditions were revived, and the Rural Society determined to test them. This was in April, 1889. In the presence of a committee, two graves between the stones were opened. In the first one was found the skeleton of a young woman. Upon the peculiarly shaped head was a large coil of light brown hair, and all conditions pointed to a young woman of between twenty and twenty-five years of age at the time of death. In the other grave, on the north side of the first one, was found a man's skeleton, nearly perfect. The bones indicated a frame of powerful build and strength. On the skull was a quantity of hair of a brownish-red hue. The head was in formation exactly like that of the young woman. In both cases the coffins were well preserved. The nature of the ground here, it is said, gives it great preservative power.

“From the evidence disclosed by these opened graves, taken in connection with unquestioned facts of history, the conclusion was reached by several of the committee that the first was the grave of Lora Standish, and the second the long-lost grave of the Pilgrim captain.

“But all were not convinced. For two years nothing more was done. Then two Duxbury citizens, Dr. Wilfred G. Brown, and the Rev. E. J. V. Huiginn, determined to examine every accessible record, and thoroughly to test every tradition bearing upon the matter. Finally, in April, 1891, under their direc-

tion, further investigation was made about the graves already opened, when a larger committee was assembled. First a long and deep trench was cut south of the grave of the young woman, but no trace of a grave was found on that side. Then digging on the north side of the man's grave, the diggers uncovered the grave of another young woman. The skeleton here found was in appearance that of a woman between eighteen and twenty-five years. The head had a heavy coil of brown hair, and the beautiful teeth were perfect. It being



MYLES STANDISH'S GRAVE.

known that Mary Standish was about twenty years old when she died in 1654,—the year of her marriage,—it was not difficult, with the previous discoveries, to decide that this was her grave. On the day following a trench was cut north of the three graves, and two more skeletons were disclosed, one of a boy apparently of nine or twelve years, the other of a boy from three to six years. These were determined to be, the first of Charles Standish, and the second of John Standish, children of the captain, who died, presumably of the 'plague,' in 1632–1633. The Charles mentioned in the captain's will, at that

time living, is supposed to have been a second son of that name, born after the death of the first one."

My discourse ended at the graveyard gate, which we had reached by a side street from the main thoroughfare. Thence our steps naturally turned toward the fort-like construction appearing through the trees near the middle of the ground, Percy correctly assuming that this must mark the Standish grave. The monument is a miniature fortress, with great black guns mounted at its four corners, and groups of cannon-balls between, enclosing the five graves. Above the captain's grave is a huge boulder inscribed simply with his name; and smaller stones, similarly inscribed, mark the graves of Lora and Mary Standish, while the original "triangular pyramidal stones" are placed as they were found. Percy brought out his camera, and took a photograph of the monument to add to his collection.

Under the pines and cedars, on the south side of the yard, we found a group of Alden graves, but no trace of those of John and Priscilla. The grave of their son Jonathan, however, appears, the headstone showing the oldest date here. He died in 1697. Nearer the entrance to the yard a stone has been placed marking the site of the first meeting-house. Between this and the Standish graves is a grave paved with stones, which is supposed by some authorities to be that of Elder Brewster, or of the Rev. Ralph Partridge, the first regular minister, who died in 1658. The homes of the first three ministers (from 1637 to 1700) adjoined the burying-ground, or the ground of the first meeting-house, Partridge's house being nearest the latter.

The next point of interest in our list of Duxbury landmarks was the Alden house, on the homestead lot of John and Priscilla; and this being some distance beyond, toward Duxbury centre, we returned to the carriage which was awaiting us, and rode over.

"I suppose," Percy observed, when he took his seat by our driver's side, "it was through the woods then here that Priscilla rode on the white steer from the wedding at Plymouth

to her new home. I've seen the picture in *The Courtship of Myles Standish*, by Mr. Longfellow, which my sister has at home; and before I started East I read the poem clear through. So, you see, I'm posted."

I had to tell him what the hard facts of history show, — that there was no "milk-white steer" in the colony, nor any cattle, or domestic animal larger than a goat, when John Alden and Priscilla Mullins were married. That it was more than two years after when the first neat cattle appeared, being brought over from England in the ship *Anne*. That when these young folk were married, there was no settlement on this side of the bay. That the Pilgrims were then all living in Plymouth, on the two sides of the little street from the water to Burial Hill; and Alden required no animal to carry his bride a few rods to his home, then on the slope of Burial Hill.

The tradition from which the pretty tale of Priscilla and John and the doughty captain is drawn rests, indeed, on shadowy ground. It first found print early in the present century. In that useful little publication, familiar to lovers of antiquity as *Alden's Epitaphs*, issued in 1814 by the Rev. Dr. Timothy Alden, the "anecdote," as he terms it, "carefully handed down by tradition," runs in this quaint fashion: —

In a very short time after the decease of Mrs. Standish, the captain was led to think that if he could obtain Miss Priscilla Mullins, a daughter of Mr. William Mullins, the breach in his family would be happily repaired. He, therefore, according to the customs of those times, sent to ask Mr. Mullins' permission to visit his daughter. John Alden, the messenger, went and faithfully communicated the wishes of the captain. The old gentleman did not object, as he might have done, on account of the recency of Captain Standish's bereavement. He said it was perfectly agreeable to him, but the young lady must also be consulted. The damsel was then called into the room, and John Alden, who is said to have been a man of most excellent form, with a fair and ruddy complexion, arose, and in a very courteous and prepossessing manner, delivered his errand. Miss Mullins listened with respectful attention, and at last, after a considerable pause, fixing her eyes upon him, with an open and pleasant countenance, said, "Prithee, John, why do you not speak for yourself?"



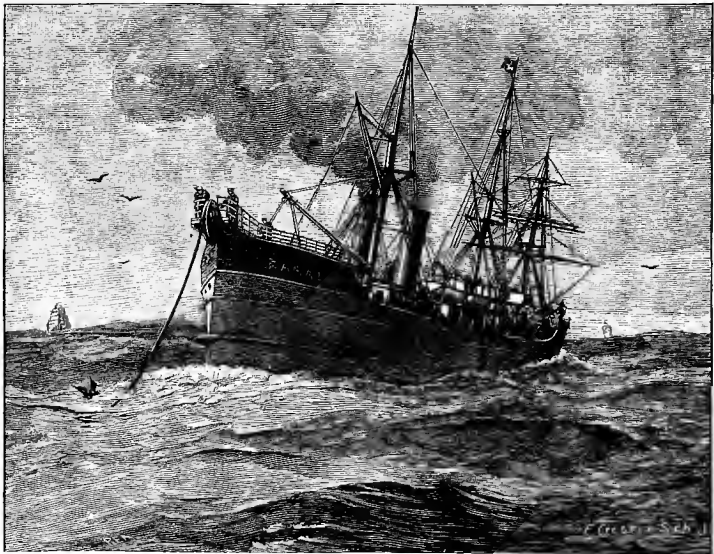
JOHN ALDEN AND PRISCILLA.

He blushed, and bowed, and took his leave, but with a look which indicated more than his diffidence would permit him otherwise to express. However, he soon renewed his visit, and it was not long before their nuptials were celebrated in ample form. . . . What report he made to his constituent, after the first interview, tradition does not unfold; but it is said, how true the writer knows not, that the captain never forgave him to the day of his death.

Rose Standish, the captain's first wife, whom he married in the Isle of Man, died during the first winter in Plymouth, late in January, 1621. John and Priscilla were married early in the same year, their wedding being the third in the colony. Priscilla's father died in March that year, and her mother and brother possibly the same month, leaving her alone. She may have married John Alden before her father's death, but more likely just after the loss of her family, when she was in greatest need of a protector. Standish took for his second wife, Barbara, whom tradition says was a younger sister of Rose, and who is supposed to have come out in the ship *Anne*, arriving in the spring of 1624. She was the mistress of his home from that time, first in Plymouth and afterward in Duxbury, where she died at a good old age, surviving the captain. Perhaps Standish did woo the fair Priscilla, and was vanquished by the more youthful and gentler John; but if so, his wrath at the discomfiture was evidently not long-lived. For the two families appear to have been on a friendly footing while dwelling in Duxbury. Standish and Alden served together in various public capacities, and Alden's daughter Sarah became the first wife of Standish's son Alexander.

Alden was not a dependant of Standish's, as some have characterized him. Bradford says he was "hired for a cooper at Southampton, where the ship victualled, and being a hopeful young man was much desired, but left to his own liking to go or stay where he came from; but he stayed." In the division of the colonists after the landing, he was assigned a place in Standish's family, and thus was brought into close relations with

the captain. Here he remained till his marriage with Priscilla, acting as the captain's secretary. He was about twenty-one years of age when he married, and early became one of the helpful men in the colony's affairs. During his active life he held various offices of trust. He was upon several occasions a member of the council of war; served more than once as an agent of the colony, and for three years as the colony treas-



LAYING AN ATLANTIC CABLE.

urer. He was the last surviving signer of the Mayflower compact, and died on his Duxbury farm at the age of eighty-seven years. Here he and his wife reared a family of four sons and four daughters. The eldest son, Jonathan, succeeded to the farm.

The present Alden house is about two hundred and forty years old. It was built by a grandson of John and Priscilla,

and is the third house on the farm. Blue Fish River, near by, acquired its name from the Pilgrims, who found it richly stocked with this fine fish.

Leaving the Alden house, our way now lay toward Marshfield. Instead, however, of taking the direct road, we turned shoreward to enjoy a stretch of Duxbury Beach. Crossing over to "Powder Point," we reached the shore by the "Long Bridge," entering at a picturesque point. This beach is the finest in the Old Colony, extending for six miles, from the "Gurnet" at the south, to Green Harbor, Marshfield, at the north, separated from the mainland, as Green Harbor is approached, by the Cut River Canal. We made a brief stop at the "Cable House," the land's end of the Atlantic cable to Brest, Percy expressing a desire to look about this interesting place.

Again under way, we crossed Cut River, and shortly entering Careswell Street, approached the country which was included in Edward Winslow's "Careswell," his domain extending to the southern bank of Green Harbor River. Winslow obtained his grant of lands here in 1636 or 1637, and built his dwelling more substantial, it is said, than any other then in the colony. Lands adjoining his were five years after granted to William Thomas, at that time an assistant to the governor. Two centuries later, parts of both estates were embraced in the country-seat of Daniel Webster. Thus the home of the first New England statesman, as Winslow is conceded to have been, became the home of the foremost statesman of New England of the later day.

While we were nearing the ancient Careswell, our talk turned on Winslow's character and career, and the important parts which he played in the early life of the little colony. He was one of the ablest of the four chief leaders, — Bradford, Brewster, Winslow, Standish, — and the most accomplished man of affairs among the colonists. Like Standish, he was of notable lineage,

his family tracing back to Walter de Wynslow, Esquire, Gentleman at Arms, of the county of Buckingham, in the early fourteenth century. He was attracted to the Pilgrim band at Leyden, when, a young man of twenty-two, on his travels. Joining them two or three years before the emigration, he was soon associated "most leadingly and lovingly with all their spiritual and temporal concerns." His birthplace was Droitwich, in Worcestershire, a few miles from Worcester; and he was the eldest of eight children. His services to the colony were varied and marked. We have seen that he was one of the exploring party from Provincetown, and was engaged in all the important early expeditions. He gave himself as a hostage to the Indians while the negotiations for the treaty with Massasoit were proceeding. Later, he strengthened the friendship of Massasoit for the colonists by visiting the sachem lying dangerously ill, and curing him when the "medicine-man" was powerless. In 1623 he went to England as the agent of the colony. Upon his return, in 1624, he brought the first neat cattle ever in New England. From 1624 to 1633 he was an assistant to the governor. In 1633, 1636, and 1644 he was governor. In 1635 he went to England as agent of both the Plymouth and the Massachusetts colonies to petition the council for aid to withstand the encroachments of the French to "the Eastward," now Maine. In 1643 he was again agent to England for both colonies. And again in 1646, to answer complaints of religious intolerance and persecution brought by Samuel Gorton, with whom three colonies had become involved in disputes. While on the last embassy he was appointed by Cromwell first Commissioner of the Commonwealth to superintend the English expedition to the Spanish West Indies. When on the way out, he took the fever, and died on shipboard, in May, 1655. He was buried at sea with the honors of war.

To this outline of Winslow's career I added his further distinction of being the first bridegroom in the colony, and of becoming through his marriage the stepfather of the first white

child born to the colonists; for his bride was Susanna White, mother of Peregrine White. His first wife, the gentle Elizabeth, who came over with him, died on March 24, 1621, three months after the arrival. Susanna White's husband, William, died on the 21st of February. The marriage of Winslow and the Widow White took place early in the following May, when they set up housekeeping in Winslow's first house in Plymouth. The second wedding in the colony was that of John Howland and Elizabeth Tilley, and the third, as we have seen, that of John Alden and Priscilla Mullins—all occurring in the early summer of 1621, before the arrival of the second ship, the *Fortune*, which came in November that year.

Josiah Winslow, the son of Edward and Susanna White Winslow, born in Plymouth in 1628, living from childhood at Careswell, rose to high distinction in colonial affairs. He was the first native-born governor, chosen annually to the chair from 1673 till his death in 1681; the first major-general of the united forces of the Plymouth and Bay colonies, and the commander of the New England troops in King Philip's War.

General John Winslow, great-grandson of Edward, also conspicuous in military affairs, led a battalion of New England soldiers in Governor Shirley's Canadian expedition in 1755; and it was he who, as commander of the English forces at Grand Pré, directed the harsh removal of the Acadians from their homes in the lovely village "on the shores of the Basin of Minas," sending them into exile—"Exile without an end, and without an example in story." Percy had read Longfellow's pathetic *Evangeline*, and he was much surprised to find here in the Pilgrim country footprints of the soldier who carried out the king's order in that sad business. I advised him also to read Francis Parkman's account of the affair, given in *Montcalm and Wolfe*, as the most authentic. Parkman thus describes Winslow as he appeared in the village church delivering the instructions of the king to the assembled peasants fresh from the harvest field: "He was fifty-three years

of age, with double chin, smooth forehead, arched eyebrows, close powdered wig, and round rubicund face, from which the weight of an odious duty had probably banished the smirk of self-satisfaction that dwelt there at other times."

"And what of Peregrine White?" Percy asked.

"Peregrine White was a credit to the colony, well sustaining by his full-rounded and useful life his position as its first-born. He was a soldier, a member of the General Court, a worthy citizen; and he died on his Marshfield farm at the age of eighty-four, 'vigorous and of comely aspect to the last.' His military service began in his youth, and long continued. We find him an 'auncient bearer,' or ensign, of the forces raised in 1642, under Standish. Later he is called Lieutenant White. In 1673 he was made a member of the council of war, and thereafter appears as captain. He served in the General Court in 1660 and 1673. He married in 1648, taking for wife, Elizabeth, daughter of William Bassett, who came over in the *Fortune*. Upon his marriage he settled on a farm, which his father-in-law gave him, on the north side of South River, not far from his boyhood home at Careswell. This farm remained in the possession of his descendants to modern days. His homestead is marked by an ancient house half a mile east of *Telegraph Hill*, built by a direct descendant. He reared a family of six children, and his descendants are scattered over the land."

We were now at the Webster place, and leaving our carriage at the entrance, we wandered up the yet stately avenue toward the mansion-house. There is some likeness in the estate of to-day to that of Webster's time. Here are the majestic trees which he cherished, many of them set out by his hand; the trio of ponds which he developed; the roads, avenues, and shaded walks of his planning; the orchards, the deep fields, the meadows, the rural scenery. But the famous flower-garden, covering nearly an acre of ground, and brilliant with the richest and most beautiful of native plants, the mansion-house

in which Webster lived so long and where he died, and all the neighboring buildings of his time save one, are gone, a disastrous fire in the early winter of 1878 having swept them all off. Still, the present mansion-house occupies the site of the former one; and the single structure spared by the flames — the little building which stands under the shadow of great trees at the avenue's side nearly opposite the house — has especial interest, for it was often used by Webster as his rural study.

We were graciously permitted by the present owners of the estate to step into the "study," and to stroll over the historic



WEBSTER'S "STUDY."

grounds, one of the hospitable occupants guiding us to Webster's haunts, and points made memorable by association with him; and along the way I outlined the history of Marshfield Farm, as it was called, and endeavored to picture to Percy the place as it was in the fulness of its glory while Webster was the host.

Webster, a born farmer and true lover of nature, was drawn to Marshfield for a country home by the rural beauty of its situation, and to this particular part through agreeable visits which he had made to it when the Thomases — Captain John Thomas's family — were living in the old mansion-house. His

first purchase here, made about the year 1827, after the death of Captain Thomas, was of the old house, with that portion of the landed estate possessed by Nathaniel Ray Thomas before the Revolution, which was reserved unconfiscated at the close of the war, as dower for his widow. For Nathaniel Ray Thomas, in direct line from William Thomas, the first settler, was a Royalist. He was one of Gage's "mandamus councillors" (so called because they were appointed by the king to hold office during his pleasure, in place of being chosen annually by the popular assembly as had been the method under the first charter). When affairs grew threatening he went up to Boston, there joined the British army, and sailed off with it upon the evacuation to Halifax, never to return. He built his mansion-house in or about 1774, and in 1775 it was the scene of a little affair which might have had large consequences had not a certain British officer displayed that discretion which we are told is the better part of valor.

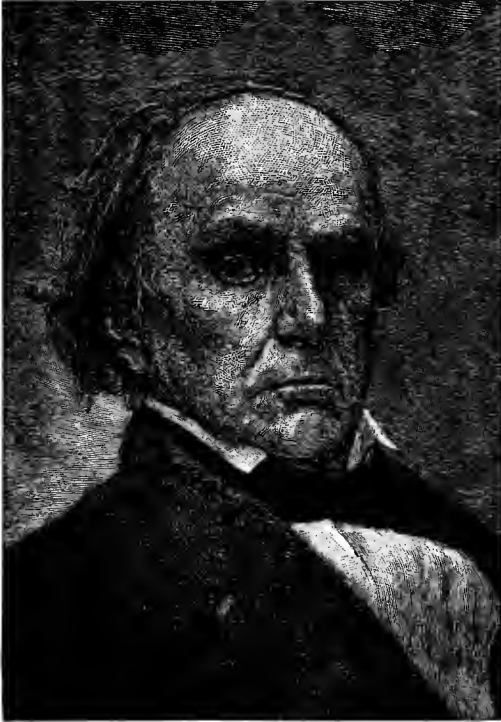
This affair happened shortly after the Lexington-Concord outbreak. A detachment of British troops, called the "Queen's Guards," under Captain Balfour, were quartered here, sent down from Boston by Gage at the request of the Loyalists of Marshfield and neighborhood, who feared trouble with the Patriots. The presence of these troops in the Old Colony was resented, and when the news of Lexington and Concord came it was determined to drive them out. Accordingly, the Kingston and other minute-men were one day marched over here. When near the place a halt was made, and a conference of officers held. Captain Wadsworth of the Kingston men, impatient at the delay, marched his company alone to within a few rods of the enemy. His force, however, was too small to venture an attack; and while waiting for the others to come up, the enemy quietly retreated by the back way, Balfour leading his troops through Cut River to British ships anchored off Brant Rock, by which they were conveyed back to Boston. The "Queen's Guards" were called the "flower of the British

army" in New England; and it is said that only five of the fine fellows, with their captain, survived the battle of Bunker Hill.

Marshfield, we are told, was a centre of Toryism at the approach of the Revolution. It maintained an organization called the "Associated Loyalists of Marshfield," in which three hundred persons were enrolled. Nearly every member of the old Winslow family then living here were leading "associated Loyalists," and Dr. Isaac Winslow's house was the chief place of meeting.

To his original purchase, Webster subsequently made repeated additions till his domain extended over two thousand acres, including that portion of the ancient Careswell which embraced the governor's home lot. He made it one of the best farms in the country. He stocked it with blooded cattle, herds of sheep, and fine horses. He had large collections of Chinese poultry, guinea hens, and other fowl. Gay peacocks strutted over the lawn which swept off from the mansion-house, and among his live stock were some curious South American llamas. He embellished the extensive grounds with a multitudinous array of trees of many varieties, a hundred thousand of them grown from seeds of his own planting. The original mansion-house was more than doubled, and with its numerous gables showing above the trees, suggested, when approached in the distance, famous Abbotsford. Within, on the first floor, were a generous hall and nine handsome rooms, all opening into each other, one of them the "Gothic library," another the low, cheerful, commodious dining-room where the statesman entertained many guests of distinction. Portraits of Webster by Stuart and Healey, of members of his family, of Lord Ashburton, of Judge Story, with paintings and engravings, enriched the walls. Above stairs the bedrooms each had a name, — the star chamber, the castrum, the red room, the blue room, the pink room. Besides the mansion-house and its outbuildings, there were on the estate the farmer's house, the dairyman's cottage, the fisherman's house (for Webster was a devoted deep-sea fisherman and brook angler), the landlord's agricultural office, several

large barns, the gardener's house, and numerous subordinate buildings. How fair it all was is best shown by Webster's own description of it which he once gave in a letter to a friend.



DANIEL WEBSTER.

This is the picture as limned by him.

An old-fashioned, two-story house, with a piazza all around it, stands on a gentle rising, facing due south and distant fifty rods from the road which runs in front. Beyond the road is a ridge of hilly land, not very high, covered with oak wood, running in the same direction as the road, and leaving a little depression or break exactly opposite the house, through which the southern breezes fan us of an afternoon. I feel them now, coming not over beds of violets,

but over Plymouth Bay, fresh, if not fragrant. A carriage-way leads from the road to the house, not bold or impudent right up straight to the house like the march of a column of soldiers, but winding over the lower parts of the ground, sheltering itself among trees and hedges, and getting possession at last more by grace than force, as other achievements are best made. Two other houses are in sight, one, a farmhouse, cottage built, at the end of the avenue, so covered up in an orchard as

to be hardly visible; the other, a little farther off in the same direction, that is, to the left on the road, very neat and pretty, with a beautiful field of grass by its side. Opposite the east window of the east room stands a noble spreading elm, the admiration of all beholders. Beyond that is the garden, sloping to the east, and running down till the tide washes its lower wall. Back of the house are such vulgar things as barns; and on the other side, that is, to the north and northwest, is a fresh-water pond of some extent, with green grass growing down to the margin, and a good walk all around it, one side the walk passing through a thick belt of trees, planted by the same hand that now indites this eloquent description. This pond is separated on the east by a causeway from the marshes and the salt water, and over the causeway is the common



POND ON THE WEBSTER ESTATE.

passage to the northern part of the farm. I say nothing of orchards and copses and clumps interspersed over the lawn, because such things may be seen in vulgar places. But now comes the climax. From the doors, from the windows, and, still better, from twenty little elevations, all of which are close by, you see the ocean, a mile off, reposing in calm, or terrified in storm, as the case may be. There, you have now Marshfield; and let us recapitulate. 1. The ocean: as to that, when it is mentioned enough is said. 2. A dry and pure air, not a bog, not a ditch, not an infernal gutter in five miles; not a particle of exhalation but from the ocean and a running New England stream. 3. A walk of a mile, always fit for ladies' feet, when not too wet, through the orchard and the belt. 4. Five miles of excellent hard beach-driving on the seashore, commencing a mile and a half from the house. 5. A region of pine forest three miles back, dark and piney in appearance and smell as you ever witnessed in the remotest interior."

Our exploration of the place finished, we walked over to the tomb of Webster on Burying Hill, half a mile back from the house. We took the picturesque lane which skirts the larger pond, and crosses pleasant fields and pastures. The simple monument occupies a spot in the old burying-ground which the statesman himself selected, on the summit of the hill, commanding beautiful ocean views and peaceful landscape. Close by are memorials of the Pilgrim dead, the monument to the memory of the early settlers at Green Harbor, the Winslow family tombs; for this was the first burying-ground in Marshfield, and adjoined the first meeting-house. The tomb, a structure of rough hewn granite, with luxuriant sod covering the roof, rises at the back of the family lot. A plain marble slab above the door bears simply the name — DANIEL WEBSTER. On the back appears the fuller inscription, with the epitaph dictated by Webster the day before his death, which Percy copied: —

DANIEL WEBSTER,

BORN JANUARY 18, 1782, DIED OCTOBER 24, 1852.

"Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."

Philosophical argument,
 especially that drawn from the
 vastness of the universe, in comparison
 with the apparent insignificance of this globe,
 has sometimes shaken my reason for the faith which
 is in me; but my heart has always assured and reassured me
 that the gospel of Jesus Christ must be Divine Reality. The Sermon
 on the Mount cannot be a mere human production. This
 belief enters into the very depth of my con-
 science. The whole history
 of man proves it.

As we contemplated this sepulchre and its peaceful surroundings, I related to Percy the memorable closing scenes of Webster's life.

He died at three o'clock on an October Sunday morning. On the afternoon of Saturday he conversed freely, and with careful detail, relative to the disposal of his affairs. At five

o'clock his physician and long-time friend, Dr. John Jeffries, announced to him that his last hour was approaching. He received the announcement with great calmness. He asked that all the women of the family be first called into the room. To each individually he addressed affectionate words of parting. He then took leave of his male relatives and personal friends who were present, his farmers and his servants, in the same manner, with kind words respecting their past relations, and of fond farewell. The last of his family with whom he parted was a grandson, Peter Harvey Webster, his son Fletcher's child, for whom he invoked "the richest blessings of heaven." He then murmured, as if communing with himself, "On the 24th of October all that is mortal of Daniel Webster will be no more!" Then, in a full and clear voice, he uttered a fervent prayer, concluding impressively: "Heavenly Father, forgive my sins, and welcome me to thyself, through Jesus Christ." A brief conversation ensued with his physician, who told him that medical skill could do no more. "Then," he replied, "I am to be here patiently till the end; if it be so, may it come soon." His last words were, "I still live!" — words which Edward Everett, in his eloquent eulogy, pronounced in Boston, said, "attest the serene composure of the mind, the Christian heroism with which he was able to turn his consciousness in upon itself, and explore, step by step, the dark passage (dark to us, but to him already lighted from above) which connects this world with the world to come." Through his last hour he was entirely calm, and "breathed his life away so peacefully that it was difficult to fix the precise moment that he expired."

His funeral, on the 29th, a clear and cheerful day, was a simple ceremony, held in the mansion-house. The casket stood upon his desk, in the Gothic library. Instead of a shroud, he was clad in a costume which he was fond of wearing, — a blue coat with gilt buttons, white cravat, waistcoat, trousers, and gloves, silken hose, and shoes of patent leather. A great com-

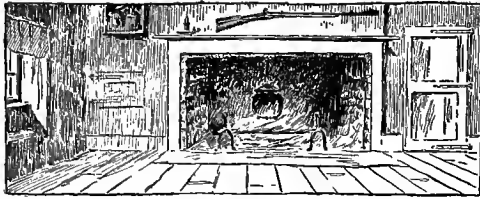
pany of ten thousand friends, among them many of the most illustrious men of the country at that time, escorted his remains through the lane and across the fields up to this tomb.

The slender monument in the front of the lot marks the graves of Webster's wife, Grace, born in 1781, died in 1821; of his beloved daughter, Julia, born in 1818, died in 1848, wife of Samuel Appleton; and of his son, Major Edward, born in 1820, died in 1848, killed at San Angel, Mexico, "in the military service of his country." The other graves are those of his son Charles, who died in 1824 at three years of age; and of his son Fletcher, who succeeded to the Marshfield farm.

Percy turned reluctantly from the statesman's tomb, and after he had copied the inscriptions on the tombs of the Winslows, — Governor Josiah, Penelope, his widow, Isaac W., their son, and other members of this distinguished family, — had studied the family coat-of-arms on the tomb which it is supposed Isaac Winslow constructed, and had made copy of the names inscribed upon the monument to the early Green Harbor settlers, we left the hallowed spot.

Then, back to the main road, we re-entered our carriage, and were driven along the quiet rural thoroughfare to the railway station. Along the way we passed near Cherry Hill, where Webster delivered his last address to a great throng of his neighbors and fellow-citizens of the Old Colony, toward dusk of a July afternoon of 1852. They had gathered from far and near to welcome him home, and had escorted him in triumphal procession from the Kingston station (there was no railway through Marshfield at that time) to this place, a cavalcade of young men preceding the barouche in which he rode, drawn by "six spirited gray horses," while lines of children along the road showered him with flowers and blossoms.

From the homely country station we made our return to Boston, arriving on the edge of the cool summer evening.



A Colonial Fireplace

VII.

CAPE ANN AND THE NORTH SHORE.

To Gloucester by water. — Course of the incoming Puritan ships. — The “fyne and sweet harbour” where anchor was first cast. — The shore as it looked to Puritan eyes. — Winthrop’s first landing-place. — The ancient “Stage Head.” — First attempts at a settlement in 1624. — Roger Conant’s plantation. — Steps to the founding of the Bay Colony. — Removal of the Old Planters to “Naumkeag.” — The Old Shore Road. — Bass River Head settlement.

HAVING now explored the Pilgrim country, we turned our faces toward the earliest homes of the Puritans. And since the practical beginning of the Massachusetts Bay Colony was the plantation of which Roger Conant was the “governor” from 1625 to 1628, first at “Cape Anne,” the northern bound of Massachusetts Bay, and then at “Naumkeag,” now Salem, we outlined the route of our next pilgrimage to embrace, in a general way, the region which the earliest Puritan immigrants traversed.

As we had approached Cape Cod by water, so we planned to make Cape Ann (as it is now spelled, without the final *e*), taking the highway of the forefathers. Accordingly we “booked,” as they say in England, for the Gloucester steamboat sailing from Boston down the length of the cape, a distance of thirty miles, to that famous old fishing-town which was the place of the first attempted settlement.

It was mid-forenoon when the good ship, with a full com-

plement of passengers, most of them evidently on pleasure bent, left her moorings, and sailed gayly across the harbor into the bay. We were fortunate in having another sunshiny day with exhilarating breezes; fortunate in our seats in a sheltered corner on the forward deck; fortunate in our surroundings.

Beyond the harbor islands, and well into the bay, our course followed the distant line of the picturesque North Shore, beginning with the rocky promontory of Nahant, far out in front of which Egg Rock Light rises bold and solitary. We passed in succession, dimly outlined, the city of Lynn, the seaside resort of Swampscott, and rugged Marblehead, flanked by Tinker's Island on the southeast, and Cat, or Lowell's, Island to the northeast, with the tall light-tower on the projecting Marblehead Neck. Then appeared a lonely rock in the sea which a ship's officer tells us is Halfway Rock, a point where the Marblehead fishermen, on their outward trips to the fishing-grounds, cast pennies into the deep for good luck and safe return. Lowell's Island, the southernmost island of the group, protecting the inner harbor of Salem like a guard, came into good view as we passed; next beyond, Eagle Island and the two Gooseberries; then fair Baker's Island, with its twin lights, and the Great and Little Misery islands beyond. Behind this stretch of islands lay Beverly shore, the beauties of which poets have sung; and with his glass Percy swept the country back from the glistening beaches.

Between these islands and the coast we sighted the waters through which the first Puritan ships made their haven. Entering the passage between Baker's Island and the Miseries, the Abigail bringing Endicott in 1628, the George, the Talbot, the Lion's Whelp, the Four Sisters, and the Mayflower, with Higginson and his company in 1629, and Winthrop's fleet of seven vessels in 1630, made their cautious way along the virgin shore, and so "warped" up to "Naumkeag."

Next behind the Miseries, and smaller isles nearer the shore, — House, Chubb's, and Rams by name, — pretty Manchester-

by-the-Sea, with its famous Singing Beach, appeared. In Manchester Bay, of which we had a glimpse, and a fuller view through the glass, we saw the "fyne and sweet harbour" in which the Talbot, chief of Higginson's little fleet, and on which he came, dropped anchor toward dusk of a Saturday in June, after her long voyage across the tempestuous sea. A few of the Talbot's men landed from a small boat upon one of the neighboring islands and gathered ripe strawberries, gooseberries, and "sweet single roses," which they brought back for the refreshment of the passengers. Here the Talbot lay over



MANCHESTER-BY-THE-SEA.

Celebration of the Landing of the Puritans.

Sunday, and Higginson held the customary service with thanksgiving. Then bright and early on Monday they pursued their farther way to "Naumkeag;" and as they sailed the passage "it was wonderful," wrote Higginson in his Journal, "to behold the many islands replenished with thicke wood and high trees, and many fayere green pastures."

Parson Higginson, indeed, I observed in passing (he was the first minister sent out by the Massachusetts Bay Company), had been charmed with the rare beauty of the Cape region from his first glimpse of it; and he breaks into raptures in his description of the enchanting scenes it presented. As

the Talbot approached the Cape from the ocean, "the sea was abundantly stored with rockweed and yellow flowers, like gilliflowers." What he called "yellow flowers" are supposed by some writers to have been masses of buttercups which had floated out from Ipswich Bay back of the ocean end of the Cape; but an antiquarian authority of Salem has pronounced them to have been, not flowers, but quantities of the brilliant-hued jellyfish which abounded in these waters. By noon of Friday, the 26th of June, the Talbot was within three leagues of the Cape; and the enraptured chronicler continues, "as we sailed along the coasts we saw every hill and dale and every island full of gay woods and high trees. The nearer we came to the shore, the more flowers in abundance, sometimes scattered abroad, sometimes joined in sheets nine or ten yards long, which we supposed to be brought from the low meadows by the tide. . . . Now," he concludes in a joyous strain, "what with fine woods and green trees by land, and these yellow flowers painting the sea, made us all desirous to see our new paradise of New England, whence we saw such forerunning signals of fertility afar off."

"Contrast this picture, Percy," I suggested, "with the sombre spectacle of the wintry shores which met the anxious gaze of the forlorn Pilgrims as their lone ship bore toward Cape Cod."

Winthrop, arriving the next June, in the *Arbella*, the flagship, or "admiral" as he termed it, of his fleet, also came to anchor in this Manchester Bay; and he first landed on Manchester soil.

As he tells the story, on the last day at sea, Tuesday, the 10th of June, the *Arbella* had encountered a southerly gale. Yet she "bore all sail," and at four o'clock in the afternoon sighted the three islands, Straitsmouth, Thatcher's, and Milk Islands, which lie off Rockport, beyond Gloucester, at the extreme southern end of the Cape. These islands at that time were known as "The Three Turks' Heads," the name given them by Captain John Smith upon his exploration of this coast

in 1614, to commemorate one of the numerous achievements of his romantic career, — the defeat and beheading of three Ottoman champions one after the other, in combat in an arena, when he was serving in the Transylvanian army. So the adventurous captain also named this Cape “*Tragabigzanda*,” in honor of a Turkish lady who befriended him, when, later, he fell a prisoner of the Turks; which name Prince Charles changed on Smith’s map to Cape Anne, in honor of his mother, Anne of Denmark. That night, Winthrop’s story continues, they could plainly see the trees on the Three Turks’ Heads, and they had “a fine fresh smell from the shore.” The next day they “stood to.” Then, on Saturday, the wind favoring, they “stood in” toward the harbor of Manchester. And, passing through the straits between Baker’s Island and the Miseries, they came to anchor inside, nearly opposite, it is conjectured, Gale’s Point, the projection on the east side.

Here they were met by some of the Salem men, with Endicott at the head, who had sailed over to welcome them. At night several of the leaders and their women folk accompanied the Salem men to the settlement, where they supped “on a good venison pasty and beer;” but most of them returned to the ship later, “disliking their lodgings,” Winthrop says. It is, however, averred by historians of our times, that they were moved to return more from their dislike of the religious forms of their hosts, and their desire to observe the coming Sunday according to the forms which they had been following. While they were off feasting, most of the other passengers went ashore at Manchester, where they were regaled with strawberries, and “were like as merry as the gentlefolks at their venison and beer.” On Sunday, Masconoma, the sagamore of Agawam, head of the tribe of this region, with another Indian, came on board. They bade the strangers welcome, and tarried with them through the day. During Sunday afternoon, the Jewell of the fleet was descried bearing in. On Monday, “the wind coming fair,” the ships proceeded to Salem.

Percy followed the Manchester shore-line with his glass, making out Lobster Cove on the farther side of the point which protects the harbor, Singing Beach, Coolidge Point, and Kettle's Cove, where a few colonists were settled so early as 1626 or 1627, engaged in fishing.

Now our steamer bears toward the shore, and we come close to beautiful Magnolia, with its rocky coast and rising banks of richly massed trees, among which appear pretty country seats. We have a glimpse of the craggy shore of Norman's Woe, with Norman's Woe Rock in front, scene of Longfellow's *Wreck of the Hesperus*. And now we are entering Gloucester Harbor between green islands and shore, the quaint port lying directly before us.

As we sail in, I call Percy's attention to the rocky bluff projecting into the harbor on the north side; for this is the ancient "Stage Head" to which we are first bound after our landing, — the place of the first Cape Ann fishing-stations, and of the plantation which has been called the "germ or seed-plot" of the Bay Colony.

Embarking at the pier, we pass up to the narrow main street, and thence, turning to the left, stroll westward to Pavilion Beach, off of Western Avenue, — or, as the natives call it, the "Cut Road," — reaching the ancient Stage Head at the western end of the beach. It is an entertaining walk, for the greater part through the unexciting business quarter of the city, slightly above the water-side with its wharves and packing-shops, whence comes a pungent odor of fish.

On the slightly bluff we find a dismantled fort marking the "fishing-station" of old, which bears the fitting name of Fort Conant; and since the point has been fortified from seventeenth century times, its early name of Stage Head long ago gave place to Stage Fort. The present structure was erected during the Civil War, reconstructed from works built in the war of 1812, on the lines of breastworks raised in the Revolution. Below the bluff, back from the little cove on the seaward side, lay

“Fishermen’s Field,” a tract of sheltered land containing about a hundred acres, on which the first comers “planted” themselves four years before the Puritan advent, and attempted the earliest settlement.

The story of the ventures here is important, as it is interesting, in showing the steps leading to the establishment of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, and the development of the combinations of merchants in England investing in colonial enterprises. It brings out in especial clearness the value of the



STAGE HEAD, GLOUCESTER.

work and example of two men, — the Rev. John White in England, and Roger Conant here. And as we paced up and down this historic height in sight of the broadening sea, I related it in brief detail.

The first attempt at a plantation was made by the Pilgrims of the Plymouth Colony. It was one of the important results of the mission of Edward Winslow to England in 1623–1624. He and Robert Cushman, whom Bradford called the colony’s “right hand” with the Merchant Adventurers in London, after spreading reports of the success of the colony, and in-

teresting other English merchants in its trade, put the finishing stroke to their work by securing from Lord Sheffield, of the Council for New England, a charter or patent for Cape Anne, giving them and their associates full liberty to "fish, fowle, hawke, truck and trade" in the region, and power to establish a plantation, with schools, churches, and hospitals, ministers, magistrates, and other officers, to make laws for its government, and to repel intruders by force of arms. With this precious document, which, by the way, is still preserved in the library of the Essex Institute in Salem, Winslow returned to Plymouth in the ship *Charity* in March, 1624; and so soon as the ship's cargo was discharged, she was despatched hither with a few Plymouth men as colonists, and materials for building and stocking fishing-stages. For some years previous to this time Dorchester and other West of England merchants had annually sent their ships here for purposes of fishing, but with no thought then of colonization.

The Plymouth men erected a "great frame house" for common use, and the next year raised additional structures. But the schools, the churches, the ministers, and the magistrates did not appear, and the brave beginning ended disastrously. The agent of the company proved inefficient, the salt-works were early injured, and at length the "great house" burned down. It was the failure of this enterprise, John Wingate Thornton says, in his *Landing at Cape Anne*,—the first authentic account in detail of the undertakings here,—that sundered the only bond of interest between the Pilgrims and the London merchant adventurers, causing them to dissolve their association, and discontinue their assistance to the Plymouth Colony. Several of them, however, as individuals, encouraged the colonists to continue business relations, and subsequently advanced a fresh cargo of goods, but at an exorbitant rate of interest, which only made a bad matter worse.

Meanwhile the Dorchester Company of West of England merchants was formed through the instrumentality of the Rev.

John White of Dorchester, a moderate Puritan, and a philanthropist much interested in colonization; and the same year, 1624, Mr. White "conceiving that planting in the land might go equally with fishing in the sea," this company began a plantation here under the Winslow patent, through an arrangement with the Plymouth Colony. It sent over in its first band a number of husbandmen well provided with farming implements and live-stock. This was the beginning of the colony of which Roger Conant was subsequently made governor, and to which he held fast through much vicissitude till the joining of Endicott's company at Salem.

When called to the leadership here, Conant was living at Nantasket in Boston Bay, whither he had moved from Plymouth, where he had not been comfortable, being a Church of England man; and neighbors of his at Nantasket were the Rev. John Lyford, an Episcopal clergyman, and John Oldham, a trader, both of whom had been banished from Plymouth for "sedition" and mischief-making. Lyford and Oldham were also invited by the Dorchester Company to join the Cape Ann Colony, the former as its minister; but Lyford only accepted, Oldham preferring to continue the profitable trade with the Indians in which he was engaged on his own account. Conant, as governor, was invested by the Dorchester Company with "the managing and government of all their affairs," here, "as well fishing and planting." He came down toward the close of the first year of the plantation, and took hold of things evidently with a firm and skilful hand. But the colony was composed of mixed elements, and troubles soon arose.

The most serious affair was a contest, in or about 1625, over the fishing-stage which the Plymouth men had built. "One Hewes" had been sent out by some of the London merchants who had withdrawn from the Plymouth Colony's interest, to make reprisals of its possessions here, and during the absence of the builders of the stage he took possession of it. Thereupon the warrior Myles Standish sailed down from Plymouth

with a force to recapture it. In battle array, on the shore below, he demanded its restoration. Hewes and his men had made a barricade of hogsheads here on Stage Head. Refusing to surrender, Standish was about to make an assault, when the peace-loving Conant interfered, and through his prudence and moderation bloodshed was prevented. It was agreed that each should have its stage, and the planters should help in building a new one for the Plymouth men.

Notwithstanding Conant's administrative talent and good conduct of the business, this enterprise fared worse even than that of the Plymouth men, partly because of the unruly elements which had worked into the colony. Consequently, in 1625, the Dorchester Company dissolved, after paying the wages of the men, and offering free passage back to those who desired to return to England. This offer was accepted, says the historian, by "the ill-behaved, thriftless, or weak-minded," while the others remained with Conant. Mr. White, "invincible to all opposition" from his associates in England, stood by the fading enterprise, writing Conant encouragingly, promising immediately to procure a new patent, and to send him all the goods, provisions, and men he might ask. Thereupon he led his dwindled colony off to the "fruitful neck of land in Naumkeag," and there, building their houses and engaging in the cultivation of maize and tobacco, they awaited the promised re-enforcements.

From this later movement of Mr. White the Massachusetts Bay Colony resulted. The re-enforcements finally came under the leadership of Endicott, with the promised patent, which deposed Conant. Some slight friction between Conant's "Old Planters" and the newcomers ensued at the start, but this was allayed in the allotment of lands and subsequent exchanges. Conant quietly withdrew from the leadership, but he became a useful and to some extent influential citizen of the new colony. He was made a freeman in 1631, and was a representative in the General Court in 1634. In his old age he was a leader

in the incorporation of Beverly, which had been a part of Salem. He died in 1679, at the age of eighty-six years. His grave is unmarked and unknown.

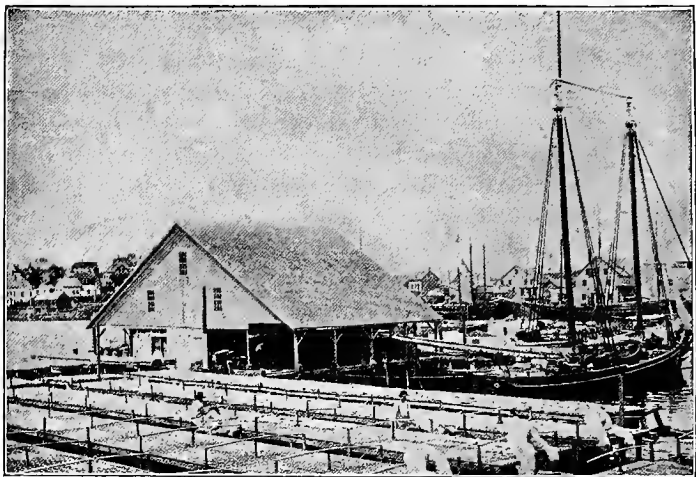
The company remaining with Conant after the break-up here embraced about a dozen planters, and with the women and children not more than thirty. Soon after the removal to "Naumkeag" they became restive and disheartened; and under the influence of the minister, Lyford, it was actually determined to remove to Virginia. But the resolute Conant "peremptorily declared his mind to wait the providence of God in that place where they now were, yea, though all the rest should forsake him;" and Lyford alone went off. So Conant kept the breath of life in the colony. He, though himself not a Puritan, and his companions, have been called the "sentinels of Puritanism on the Bay of Massachusetts," while to Mr. White, working in England, has been given the title of "father of the Massachusetts Colony."

The Cape Ann fishing-stage did not long remain abandoned; and soon after the establishment of the Bay Colony, the permanent settlement of this region was begun in the parts occupied by Conant's plantation. At length, in the spring of 1639, it was incorporated as a "fishing-plantation," and in 1642 became a town, taking the name of Gloucester from old Gloucester in England, from which several of the first settlers had come. The territory of the town originally included the entire peninsula of Cape Ann. From the first fishing-station on the bay, it has become a fishing-city of the first rank in the world.

The path which Conant and his followers took when they left Stage Head for "Naumkeag," driving their cattle before them, was, tradition says, through the woods, along the line upon which the highway between Gloucester and Salem was afterward laid out. Before the advent of the railroad this was the highway travelled by the stage-coaches between Gloucester and Salem. "We are to follow its general direction by carriage," I remarked at the close of this long narrative; "but

first," I suggested, "let us ramble over these old Gloucester streets."

Returning to the beach, we dined at the Pavilion Hotel; and after bargaining for a road-wagon and driver to be ready for us within an hour, we took a turn along the water front. Percy was much entertained by the process of preparing and boxing "boned codfish," which is one of the great industries here;



FISH-CURING.

and he found delight in the fishing-craft moored alongside the old wharves. Then we strolled up to the residential streets, where we saw interesting specimens of old-time architecture. In the City Hall, Percy was permitted to ascend the tower, from the window of which he enjoyed an expanding view over the city and oceanward. In the first parish meeting-house, through the courtesy of the sexton, whom we hunted up, he saw, suspended in the vestibule, the cannon-ball shot from the British sloop-of-war Falcon into the face of the earlier struc-

ture, in 1775. The Falcon was chasing a ship laden with goods from the West Indies into the harbor; and when, instead of aiding him to capture his prize, the Gloucester fishermen set the bell of the old meeting-house a-clanging, sounding a general alarm, the captain, with an oath, ordered a gunner to fire on the building. The ball penetrated its front wall, but the bell was not silenced. So the story goes.

We might have extended our walk to other more distant points of interest; but since we had a long ride before us, and the day was advancing, I thought it better not to stray too far a-field.

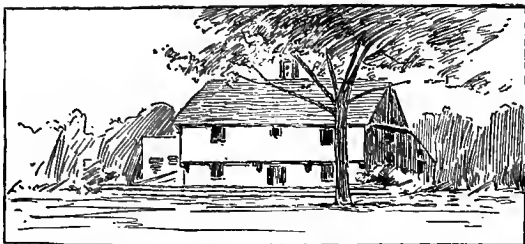
When we returned to the Pavilion we found our team in waiting, and we lost no time in getting off. We could have made the journey in a less costly way by taking an electric car to Beverly, or a train on the Gloucester Branch railroad. But the electric car line, while running over some delightfully rural roads, passes through towns above the shore, and the steam railroad ride, though pleasant, is not to be compared with the ride by carriage close to the coast.

We drove out of Gloucester by Western Avenue, across "the Cut," and through Fresh Water Cove village. Thence our way, bearing toward the shore, passed through, in succession, the summer coast places and towns which we had seen in the distance from the steamer coming down, — Magnolia, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Beverly Farms, and Beverly. It was a charming drive for the entire distance. We approached picturesque Magnolia by Norman Road, in near neighborhood of "Norman's Woe" and of "Rufe's Chasm;" passed through the pleasantest parts of Manchester, fair sections of Beverly Farms, enjoying fine sea-views; crossed "Pride's Crossing," near which is the modest country-seat made famous as Oliver Wendell Holmes's summer home.

Dismissing our carriage in Beverly Centre, we walked over toward "Bass River Head," beyond the railroad track by the station, where a settlement was begun by some of Conant's

men with some of Endicott's band soon after Endicott's coming. This river, given its present name by the colonists because of its then rich store of bass, is the northernmost of several estuaries running inland from Salem Harbor, between Beverly, Danvers, and Salem. The territory about the head was first occupied in 1628 for cutting thatch and for tillage; and "quickly after," one of the settlers wrote, sundry houses were built. The "Old Planters" coming over here took up farms which they had received in exchange for their house-lots in Salem, in accordance with an agreement concluded after the arrival of Endicott's colonists. The settlement was first called "Cape Ann Side." It belonged to Salem till 1668, when it was made a separate town with the name of Beverly, nine years after the first petition "for liberty to be a company by themselves," which was headed by Conant, was presented.

Evening had now come, and we took an electric car for Salem, across the river. At the Salem end of the long bridge we passed by the landing-place of Winthrop in 1630, and perhaps of Endicott and Higginson earlier, near the "Dike Rock," on the western side. A short ride through the quaint streets brought us to the end of this day's pilgrimage at the Essex House, where we were to spend the night.



VIII.

SALEM.

Bounds of the earliest settlement. — Pictures of the Puritan town. — Town-House Square. — Sites of Endicott's "faire house" and of other homes of first-comers. — The Puritan meeting-houses. — The Court House where the "witchcraft" trials were held. — Various "witchcraft" sites. — The jail and the way to Gallows Hill. — "Witchcraft" documents and relics. — Landmarks of the Revolution. — Washington's reception in 1789. — The shop where Benjamin Thompson, afterward Count Rumford, served; his remarkable career. — The Old North Bridge and the affair of February, 1775. — Historic houses of various periods. — On Gallows Hill.

WHILE we were at breakfast in our comfortable inn, I gave Percy an outline of the topography of earliest Salem, landmarks of which we were to find in this rare old city, together with relics of the "witchcraft" delusion, historic sites of the Revolutionary period, old-time mansion-houses, birthplaces and homes of distinguished men in American public life, in the arts, sciences, and letters.

According to the best authorities, Conant's "Old Planters" built their houses between North River and South River, along a line following the middle of Essex Street, upon which our inn faces, their lots running thence to each river; and the first building of Endicott's men was in the same quarter. The earliest settlement was toward the South River side, in the vicinity of the present Elm and Washington Streets, the latter

the thoroughfare beneath which the railway tunnel runs. East of this point, house-lots running back from the river front were early laid out along the South River up to Salem Neck. On the North River side the earliest lots were west of North Street. Essex Street originally ran along the rear end of the first house-lots fronting on the rivers. Washington Street was the first road laid out, four rods wide, connecting the ways which ran along the borders of the rivers. Central, Elm, and Daniels Streets are old roads, which led to the earliest "town landings" on the South River.

The Rev. Francis Higginson, first teacher of the first church, whose impressions of Cape Ann at his coming in 1629 we found so engaging, gives us the earliest picture of the Puritan town. When he arrived in June, 1629, there were about one hundred planters under Endicott's government, and half a score of houses, chief of them a "faire house newly built for the governor." He tells of a garden by the governor's house "with a lot of green pease growing in it, as good as were ever seen in England;" of a vineyard which the governor had planted with great hope of success; of a plenty of turnips, parsnips, carrots, pumpkins, and cucumbers in the plantation, with an abundance of growing corn. The company coming with Higginson added about two hundred to the number of settlers. Of the total of three hundred then here, about a third went to Charlestown, and began that town, before the arrival of Winthrop's fleet in June, 1630.

Another picture with a touch of the life of the early colonists is that drawn, a few years after, by William Wood, who came over in Higginson's company, for observation, to report to the English investing merchants. Writing of the town as it appeared before his return to England in August, 1633, he refers to its pleasant position on the middle of the neck of land between the two rivers, and to the farms beyond, where the colonists got their hay and planted their corn. Then he remarks, "they cross these rivers in small canoes made of whole pine-

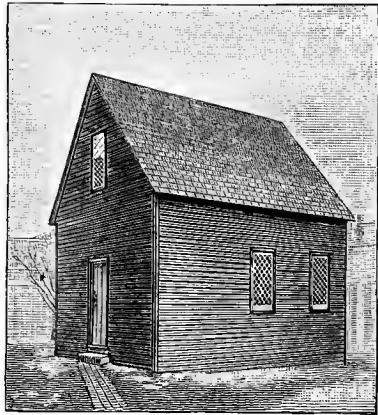
trees, being about two foot and a half over, and twenty foot long. In these likewise they go a-fowling, sometimes two leagues to sea. There be more canoes in this town than in all the whole Patent, every household having a water-horse or two." The name "Naumkeag" was changed to Salem, according to Cotton Mather, "for the peace which they [the settlers] had and hoped in it."

Breakfast over, we started out.

A short walk along Essex Street brought us to Town House Square, at the junction of Essex and Washington Streets, where I had planned to begin our tour, since this was the earliest town centre, and here or near by historic sites are most numerous, while it was the scene of some of the most sombre and some of the most stirring events in our history.

"First," I remarked, as we approached the square, "let us consider Puritan landmarks in this neighborhood."

Governor Endicott's "faire house" was here, "east of Washington Street" and "south of North River." It probably stood about where Federal Street enters the square. It was the frame house originally built by the Old Planters at Cape Ann in 1624, which was taken apart, brought to Salem, and reconstructed soon after Endicott's arrival. It has been quaintly described by an early writer as "of the model in England first called Tudor, and afterwards the Elizabethan, which was essentially Gothic." It was of two stories with a sharp pitch-roof.



FIRST MEETING-HOUSE IN SALEM.
BUILT 1634.

Tradition says that it was removed about a half century after, a short distance, to Church Street; and an ancient house on that street is pointed out as containing some of its timbers. But the best local antiquarians discredit this theory.

The first Puritan meeting-house, erected in 1634, five years after the organization of the church, stood on the southeast corner of Washington and Essex Streets, where now stands the present First Church (Unitarian), its direct descendant, and fourth in line. What is supposed to be its frame is still preserved, restored to its original appearance. This is one of the treasures of the Essex Institute, and I promised Percy that he should see it at the finish of our ramble. Its history he found concisely told on a tablet set in the outer wall of the Unitarian church.

HERE STOOD FROM 1634 UNTIL 1673
THE FIRST MEETING HOUSE
ERECTED IN SALEM.

No structure was built earlier for congregational worship
by a church formed in America.

It was occupied for secular as well as religious uses.

IN IT PREACHED IN SUCCESSION,

I. ROGER WILLIAMS: II. HUGH PETERS:

III. EDWARD NORRIS: IV. JOHN HIGGINSON.

It was enlarged in 1639,

and was last used for worship in 1670.

The First Church in Salem, gathered July and August, 1629,
has had no place of worship but this spot.

The second meeting-house on this site was the scene of the first performance by the colonial authorities in the awful series of proceedings in the "witchcraft" tragedies of 1692. For here the examinations of accused "witches" were held before the deputy governor, Thomas Danforth, and others of the Council from Boston, in April, that year, shortly after the examinations by local magistrates in Salem Village, now Danvers, where the delusion had its beginnings and mainly centred. Upon one exciting day in June following, when Bridget Bishop, the first public victim of the prosecution, was being led through

the streets under a guard to her trial, it is related that, as she passed this building, "she gave a look towards the house, and immediately a demon invisibly entering it tore down a part of it: so that though there was no person to be seen therein, yet the people at the noise rushing in, found a board which was strongly fastened with several nails, transported into another quarter of the house." This is the relation of Cotton Mather, the Boston minister, that relentless pursuer of the victims, and fanner of the popular flame of superstition. Probably the fable, as Upham in his history of the "witchcraft" frenzy intimates, was developed from the simple happening of the ripping up of a board by some persons who had got into the house, to help them to a window where they could obtain a view of the strange procession, and from which they fled in terror when searchers approached.

The houses of the first ministers — Higginson, the "teacher," and Skelton, the pastor — were close by the meeting-house lot, that of Higginson on Washington Street, facing South River, on ground now occupied by the "Asiatic Building," and that of Skelton on Front Street, at about where a police-station now stands.

Roger Conant's home lot, on which stood his house, the first one set up in the plantation, is supposed to be in part covered by the "Maynes Block," on Essex Street. John Woodbury, next to Conant perhaps the most important of the "Old Planters," was his near neighbor, occupying a lot now covered by the "Browne Block," on Essex Street.

The first town and court house was on the west side of Washington Street, about where the post-office stands. When it was built is not known; but in 1677 it was removed to the middle of Washington Street, at a point between Essex and Church Streets, and faced toward Essex Street. This was the court-house in which the "witchcraft trials" were held, and from which the condemned victims of the dreadful delusion were hurried to the jail, then to their doom on "Gallows Hill."

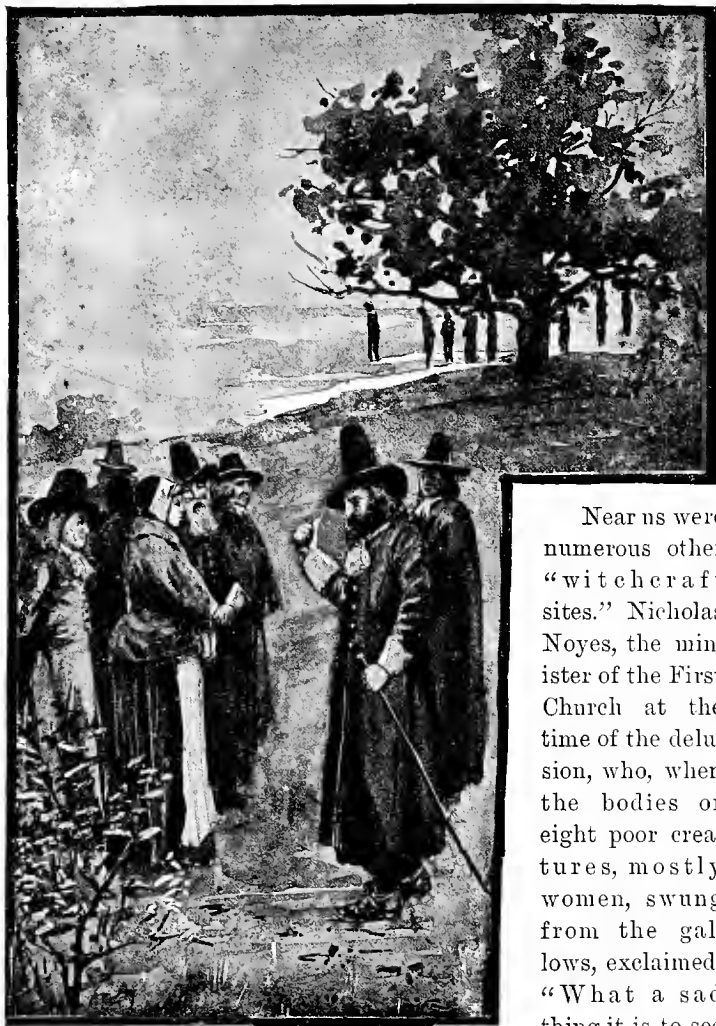
The ghastly story is told in brief on a tablet against a neighboring building, on the west side of Washington Street by Lynde Street (in the neighborhood of the site, but not "nearly opposite"), which Percy copied in his note-book:—

Nearly opposite this spot stood, in the middle of the street, a building devoted, from 1677 until 1718, to municipal and judicial uses.

IN IT, IN 1692,

were tried and condemned for witchcraft most of the nineteen persons who suffered death on the gallows. Giles Corey was here put to trial on the same charge, and, refusing to plead, was taken away and pressed to death. In January, 1693, twenty-one persons were tried here for witchcraft, of whom eighteen were acquitted and three condemned, but later set free, together with about 150 accused persons, in a general delivery which occurred in May.

The court, I explained, was a special one, convened especially for these trials by Sir William Phips, the first royal governor of the newly erected Province of Massachusetts Bay. At the outset it consisted of William Stoughton of Dorchester, the deputy governor, as chief justice, with Nathaniel Saltonstall of Haverhill, Major John Richards of Boston, Major Bartholomew Gedney of Salem, Wait Winthrop, Samuel Sewall, and Peter Sargent, all three of Boston, and Jonathan Corwin and John Hathorne of Salem, as associate judges. Saltonstall appears to have withdrawn early from the court. Corwin had been associated with Judge John Hathorne in the preliminary examinations of the accused persons. The prosecuting attorney was Thomas Newton of Boston. The court opened the first week in June, and the terrible business of trial and execution continued till autumn. The first execution was in June. There were five on one day in July, five on one day in August, and eight on one day in September; while Giles Corey was pressed to death in September, three days before the hanging of the group of eight victims.



"WHAT A SAD THING IT IS TO SEE EIGHT FIREBRANDS
OF HELL HANGING THERE!"

Near us were numerous other "witchcraft sites." Nicholas Noyes, the minister of the First Church at the time of the delusion, who, when the bodies of eight poor creatures, mostly women, swung from the gallows, exclaimed, "What a sad thing it is to see eight firebrands of hell hanging

there!" lived in a house on the ground occupied by the building upon which the tablet is placed. Parson Noyes is said to have been a man of superior talents, in his ordinary walks amiable and benevolent. In his fanaticism, like so many other generally kindly souls during the sway of this delusion, he was carried to a pitch of frenzy. In a house of a later period on the site of Mr. Noyes's dwelling, John Rogers, the maker of those popular character groups in plaster which are in so many American homes, was born in 1829. The estate of Edward and Bridget Bishop, the latter the first condemned "witch" to be executed, was on the opposite side of Washington Street, — then known as Court House Lane, — and extended over a large lot back from the southern corner of Church Street. It was in the cellar of the old homestead here, which was removed a little while before the excitement broke out, to make way for another house, that it was testified the "puppets" "made up of rags and hogs' bristles," were found. These "puppets" or "images" were objects like a doll, or the figure of an animal, or a twisted bundle of rags, through the instrumentality of which a "witch" was believed to have the power of operating on her victims at any distance.

The high sheriff, George Corwin, lived farther down Washington Street, just below the post-office, west side, his house being where is now the old Joshua Ward place, so called, distinguished as the dwelling in which Washington spent a night in 1789. Corwin was a descendant of John Winthrop, his mother being a granddaughter of the governor. He was a son-in-law of Judge Gedney, and nephew of Judge Corwin of the "witchcraft court."

The Ship Tavern, or "Widow Gedney's," a favorite place of entertainment with the officials, was east of Washington Street, on Essex, opposite Central Street. Thomas Beadle's Tavern, where several examinations took place, was a short walk off down Essex Street. Samuel Beadle's Tavern, also sometimes used in connection with the prosecution, and where

the constable "put up," was back from the square, on the southern corner of Church and St. Peter's Streets, the latter then Prison Lane. Near Samuel Beadle's, on the western side of St. Peter's Street, north of the point where Federal Street enters it, was the jail. Its original frame is still standing, retained in the pleasant dwelling now here, facing Federal Street, owned and occupied by Abner C. Goodell, the eminent editor of the Province Laws of Massachusetts.

The way to "Gallows Hill" travelled by the cart dragging the condemned to death, with the rabble at its wheels, was from the jail by St. Peter's to Essex Street, thence through the length of Essex Street to Boston Street, nearly to Aborn Street, then, by a turn back to the least precipitous slope of the hill, and so to the highest point at its southern end. "We shall approach the grim place," I observed, "by a walk in part over this route and a short street-car ride."

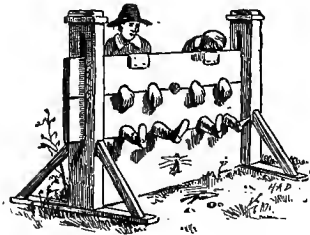
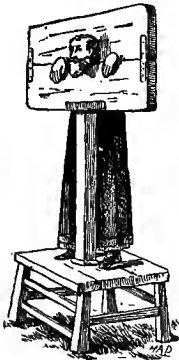
The place where Giles Corey was pressed to death is supposed to have been the ground, then a field, now covered by the Prescott public schoolhouse on Howard Street, near Bridge Street, a little way east of Washington Street. Giles Corey was an aged man, of more than eighty-one years, "of singular force and acuteness of intellect," Upham avers; and a large landholder in Salem Farms, now West Peabody. He was at first carried away by the delusion; and upon his testimony and unguarded talk, his wife, Martha Corey, a woman of exceptional intelligence and eminent piety, was convicted and executed. After her death his eyes were opened. When he in turn was apprehended, he carefully disposed of his property among members of his family. Upon being called into court to answer to the indictment, he pleaded "not guilty;" but on being asked how he would be tried, he stood mute instead of replying, as the law required, "By God and my country." Three times he was called, but his lips remained sealed. And so for his contumacy he was sentenced to this dreadful punishment, never before, nor since, inflicted in New England. Stripped of

his clothing, he was thrown upon his back, and heavy weights of stone were placed upon his body till the life was crushed out of it. His fortitude must have been magnificent. He urged his executioners to increase the weight, for he would not yield; there could be but one way of ending the matter, and they might as well "pile on the rocks."

The home of Philip and Mary English, who were indicted, but succeeded in escaping from jail, was back on Essex Street, near the turn toward Salem Neck. Philip English was a merchant and a large property owner, his possessions including fourteen buildings, a wharf, and twenty-one vessels. His wife was a woman of kindly graces, eminent character, and culture. When the officer came to apprehend her, it was late in the evening, and she had retired. Thereupon he read the warrant in her bedchamber, and left, placing guards about the house. In the morning she arose, calmly attended to the duties of the household, "kissed the children with great composure, proposed her plan for their education, took leave of them," and then, saying she was now ready to die, gave herself up to the officer. She and her husband were committed to the prison in Boston. How they managed to escape is not known. They found refuge in New York, where they remained concealed till the turn of affairs here. Then they came back to their home, and, it is said, "occupied the highest social position." But to Mary English the shock which she had suffered was fatal, and her death soon followed their return. Their house was one of the fine ones of Salem in its time. When it was taken down, in 1833, a secret chamber, in which the inmates might hide from the court officers, was disclosed.

In the present Court House, the farther of yonder group of granite and brick buildings at the end of Washington Street, facing Federal Street (the granite house built in 1841, the brick in 1861, the annex, 1889), are collected a number of witchcraft documents and relics; and Percy expressing a wish to see them now, we stepped into the office of the clerk of courts, their custodian.

We were shown in manuscript the testimony taken at the examinations; the death warrant of Bridget Bishop, with the return of Sheriff Corwin making record of her execution, narrating how he "caused her to be hung by the neck till she was dead and buried" (the last two words, however, crossed with the pen, the afterthought of the sheriff evidently being that they were a trifle superfluous); and the "witch-pins," produced in court among other instruments of torture which it was declared the accused had used upon their victims. Of these pins there were originally quite a number in the collection, and they were at first pinned to the manuscript reports; but when it was discovered that unscrupulous visitors were reducing the stock by filching, the few left were deposited



PILLORY AND STOCKS.

and sealed in the vial in which they are now shown, — mixed with a few modern solid-headed pins which were substituted for some of the genuine specimens. In the main court-room on the second floor, we saw the fine full-length portrait of Chief Justice Lemuel Shaw of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts (1830–1860), by William M. Hunt; in the law library portraits of Judge Otis P. Lord and Judge George F. Choate, both by Frederick P. Vinton, and of Rufus Choate, by Joseph Ames.

On our way back to the square, I gave Percy a general idea of the situation of the public pillory and stocks, and the whip-

ping-post, remarking that we should see in the Essex Institute an old picture showing the whipping-post in the middle of Washington Street. Then I conducted him back to the site of the second Town and Court House, made memorable by pre-Revolutionary acts of the people within it, and by the meetings of the last General Assembly and the first Provincial Congress. It was a small building, described as of "twenty feet stud, thirty broad, and forty long, the upper story for court and the lower for town business," and stood next west of the First Church, facing Essex Street, corner of Ruck Street, now that part of Washington Street south of Essex Street. On the north-west corner of the First Church building a tablet preserves its record as follows:—

THREE RODS WEST OF THIS SPOT STOOD

FROM 1718 UNTIL 1785

THE TOWN HOUSE.

Here Governor Burnet convened the General Court in 1728 and 1729. A Town meeting held here in 1765 protested against the Stamp Act, and another in 1769 denounced the tax on tea. Here met in 1774, the last General Assembly of the Province of the Massachusetts Bay, which, June 17th, in defiance of General Gage, chose delegates to

THE FIRST CONTINENTAL CONGRESS.

The House of Assembly was thereupon dissolved, and the election of a new house to meet at Salem, was ordered by the Governor, but this by later proclamation he refused to recognize.

In contempt of his authority the members met in the Town House, October 5, and after organizing resolved themselves into

A PROVINCIAL CONGRESS

and adjourned to Concord,
there to act with other delegates as

The First Provincial Congress of Massachusetts.

When Gage's secretary appeared to deliver the proclamation dissolving the Assembly, he found the doors locked against him, and was compelled to read the document on the stairs leading to the hall of meeting.

The third Town and Court House, successor of this historic structure, was set, like the witchcraft court-house, in the middle of Washington Street, facing Essex Street, but farther north. It was most renowned as the central point of the reception of Washington in 1789, when he spent half a day and a night in Salem during his last journey into New England. Upon this occasion he was honored after the stately and formal fashion of the time. He rode into town on a "beautiful white horse," having quitted his carriage at the Marblehead bound, his arrival there being signalled by the boom of cannon and the joyous peal of the town bells. He was escorted through the thronged streets by a military and civic procession, closing with the several Salem schoolmasters each at the head of his pupils; and upon reaching this Court House he was from its balcony presented to the adoring citizens crowded into the square. "Immediately the air rang with their acclamations." Then he was "saluted with an ode, adapted to the occasion, by a select choir of singers, in a temporary gallery contiguous to the Court House, covered with rich Persian carpets and hung with damask curtains." Following the ode came the presentation of "the affectionate address of the Town, to which he returned a kind and elegant answer." These ceremonies over, he was escorted by the Salem Cadets, then, as now, a famous corps, to his lodgings in the Joshua Ward house, below the square, which we have already noticed. Here he received the "compliments of many different classes of people." Later in the afternoon he made formal calls at the mansion-houses of local worthies. At dusk the Court House was illuminated, and a merry show of fireworks was made. In the evening there was an "assembly," or ball, in his honor, in Concert Hall, — still standing, now a dwelling at No. 138 Federal Street, at which, he subsequently recorded in his diary, there were "at least a hundred handsome and well-dressed ladies." He spent the early hour from seven to eight o'clock at the ball, and with the ringing of the nine-o'clock bell had returned to his lodgings, and retired for the night. His

room in the Ward house was the second story front, behind the ivy-covered wall. Early the next morning he started off for Newburyport, "to gratify the people" riding out of the town on horseback.

This Court House made way in 1839 for the railway tunnel.

Before leaving Town House Square we made a call at the City Hall, and looked over the Washington and other portraits which adorn it. "Salem," I observed, "is remarkable for its collections of historical portraits in public buildings, notably here and in the Court House; while the display on the walls of the Essex Institute and the Peabody Academy of Science is unsurpassed by any like exhibit in the country."

Now we turned into Essex Street from the west side of the square. A little way up the thoroughfare I pointed to the comfortable dwelling on the left side, numbered 314, with the remark that it is interesting as the place where Benjamin Thompson, in after years the famous Count Rumford, was employed when a lad. That was in 1766, when John Appleton's dry-goods shop was here.

"Count Rumford? Who was he?" Percy asked.

"Your question is not surprising," I replied; "for although Rumford was of wide fame in his time, and his name is perpetuated in the Rumford professorship at Harvard University, his remarkable career is to-day familiar to comparatively few, I fancy, outside the ranks of scientific and historical students. And yet he has been named with Benjamin Franklin as 'the most distinguished for philosophical genius' that our country has produced, while in the foreign city of Munich there stands a fine statue of him."

"An American, and a count?"

"Yes. It's an interesting story, but too long to tell here. The so-called 'witch-house' is only a few steps beyond."

"Why not tell it as we go along? I know all about Franklin, of course; and I ought to know all about this American count, who, you say, was as distinguished as he."

Finding him so interested, I gave him the story in piecemeal, between landmarks, managing to finish it before we reached the North Bridge, where there was another story to tell. It ran as follows..

Rumford was born in 1753, plain Benjamin Thompson. He was a country boy, bred on a farm in Woburn, ten miles from Boston; and before middle age he had become eminent abroad as a mathematician, scientist, philosopher, administrator of public affairs, with various academic, military, titular, and civic honors. His development was rapid, dramatic, and in some respects romantic. When a mere lad on the Woburn farm he was dabbling in chemical experiments. He was scarcely thirteen when he came to Salem as an apprentice in Mr. Appleton's shop, and before long he was engaged during his spare moments in a wider range of experiments. His quick mind was turned to various scientific studies through overhearing the talk of members of a social evening club, out of which grew the Essex Institute, who were wont to drop into the shop or visit his master, in whose family he lived. He also had the benefit of lessons from the learned Thomas Barnard, then minister of the First Church; and at fourteen he was "sufficiently advanced in algebra, geometry, astronomy, and the higher mathematics to calculate a solar eclipse within a few seconds of accuracy." He was here three years. Then he went to Boston, apprenticed to Hopestill Capen, who kept a dry-goods shop in old Marshall Lane, on the edge of the North End, then the "court end" of the little metropolis. In Boston he made some valuable acquaintances, and, as in Salem, seized every opportunity to pursue his studies. Graduating from the shop, he took up the study of medicine and anatomy; attended scientific lectures at Harvard, walking to and from his home in Woburn, to which he had returned; and taught school to supply his scanty purse. At nineteen he was in Concord, N.H., then the town of Rumford, included in Essex County, Mass., as a school-teacher. Before he had reached twenty he was married there to the

widow of Colonel Benjamin Rolfe, a lady fourteen years his senior. Through this union he "first enjoyed the favors of fortune," for the lady was well connected and possessed abundant means. She was the daughter of the Rev. Timothy Walker, the minister of the town and most influential citizen, while her late husband had been the "squire." Young Thompson at this time was of engaging personality and winning manners. In his new relation he came into close association with what has been termed the Provincial gentry. He was especially favored by the friendship of the royal governor, Wentworth, who made him a major in a Provincial regiment of New Hampshire before he was twenty-one. As the Revolution approached he fell under suspicion of adhesion to the royal cause. Though he protested his sympathy with the Patriots, and charges against him were unproved, he nevertheless found it prudent to leave his fine home in Rumford and go into hiding. After the outbreak of the war he got aboard a British frigate off the harbor of Newport. The vessel sailed around to Boston, and there he remained during the latter part of the siege. At the evacuation he sailed for England bearing despatches from General Howe. From that moment he became openly identified with the enemy.

With his arrival in England almost immediately began his upward course. He was then but twenty-three. Lord George Germaine, the secretary of state for the colonies, became his patron, and gave him a clerkship in the colonial office. Shortly after he was promoted to the secretaryship of the Province of Georgia. In 1780 he was made under secretary of state for the northern department. While occupying these positions he steadily continued his scientific pursuits and philosophical investigations. He also turned his attention to certain improvements in army and navy equipment, and carried forward experiments in gunpowder which he had begun in America. In 1779 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. Upon the resignation of Lord North's administration he entered the mil-

itary service. Commissioned lieutenant-colonel, he was given a cavalry command in the British army over here. Landing at Charleston, S.C., early in 1782, he took part in the closing campaigns in the Southern Provinces. Returning to England at the end of the war, he retired from the army on half pay. Then he started out to offer his sword to the Austrians in a campaign against the Turks; and on the way he fell in with Prince Maximilian, afterward elector of Bavaria, to whom he was favorably introduced.

Through this chance meeting he was led to the field of his greatest achievements. Winning the quick friendship of the prince, he was easily induced to change his plans, and enter the service of Bavaria in a civic as well as a military capacity. King George the Third of England, whose subject he was, willingly granted him permission to do so, and at the same time knighted him as Sir Benjamin Thompson. Rumford passed eleven years in this service, occupying for the most part of that time the united offices of minister of war, minister of police, and chamberlain of the elector, in which he combined administrative and executive functions. He became the foremost citizen of Munich. In his public work he accomplished many changes of lasting effect. He reorganized the army; instituted practical reforms in Munich; suppressed mendicancy in the city; provided employment for the poor in a systematic way; helped them to help themselves; greatly improved the condition of the industrial classes in the country. And when Munich was threatened by hostile armies, and the elector fled from the capital, it was his energy and tact that prevented its occupation by the enemy. His deeds in behalf of the people won their confidence and affection. It is related that on one occasion when he was lying dangerously ill, the poor of Munich went publicly in a body, in procession, to the cathedral, and put up prayers for his recovery. His title of count — a “count of the Holy Roman Empire,” with the “order of the White Eagle” — was conferred upon him in 1791; and he took the name

of Rumford in remembrance of the American town where he had received the "first favors of fortune." But his American wife, through which they came, he never saw again after he sailed out of Boston with those despatches from General Howe.



COUNT RUMFORD.

During all this public work in Bavaria, Rumford's interest in philosophical matters was constant, and his reputation as a scientist steadily broadened. He was early admitted to the academies of science at Munich and Mannheim, to the academy

at Berlin, and to learned bodies in other countries. He wrote much, and his published works on scientific subjects form quite a library. He finally retired from public service to devote himself to his favorite studies, especially to researches relative to light and heat, and the economy of fuel, upon which his fame in the science world mainly rests. His observation of the heating of the drill in boring cannon, a phenomenon which was familiar to prehistoric man, who by means of similar friction kindled his fires, led to a train of thought and study which resulted in his discovery of the law of the correlation of forces, which Faraday has pronounced to be the highest philosophical idea that the human mind has been able to grasp. In this he anticipated the progress of scientific discovery by nearly a century. He invented a number of useful things; and in after years his name, if not his career, became well known among New England housekeepers, who found the "Rumford Roaster" a great institution. The latter years of his life were spent in retirement in France. He died, a lonely man, at Auteuil, in 1814. In England he was a founder of the Royal Institute of Great Britain. In our own country he instituted the "Rumford Medal" for the advancement of knowledge of light and heat and of their practical application, which is awarded by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in Boston. He never came back to his native land after the Revolution, although toward the close of his life his thought often turned to it.

"I imagine," I ventured, in finishing the story, "that his course in the Revolution, and the fact that his life-work was in the old country, account for the scant references to him in our popular histories. But, disloyal as he was, he deserves a place in the shining list of 'American geniuses.'"

The "Witch House," at the corner of Essex and North Streets, did not appeal to Percy after he learned that it never was the home of an accused "witch," nor a place in which any "witch" pranks were played; and that the only ground for its

popular title is a tradition that some of the preliminary examinations were held in it during the witchcraft frenzy. Still, it has claim to distinction as the home of Judge Corwin of the witchcraft court. But it has greater interest as the house of Roger Williams, the independent minister of Salem, who, subsequently, banished by the colony for his independence, and ordered back to England, fled through the wilderness, and founded Rhode Island. This was the house which he built and occupied in 1635-1636. It has been repeatedly remodelled since his day, and much made over since Judge Corwin's time. But it is yet a quaint, picturesque structure, of ancient fashion, and is treasured as the oldest house standing in Salem. How it looked in the early days we afterwards saw in a drawing at the Essex Institute.

Turning here from Essex into North Street, anciently known as Williams's Lane, we passed the site of the old North Church, on the corner of North and Lynde Streets, and then, beyond Lynde Street, trod the way over which Lieutenant-Colonel Leslie's redcoats marched on a Sunday afternoon in February, 1775, down to the North Bridge (north of the intersection of North and Bridge Streets), which barely escaped being the place of the outbreak of the Revolution seven weeks before Lexington and Concord.

The story of this affair, which was now in order, thrilled Percy; and he thought it followed well that of Rumford's career. Thus it ran.

The expedition had been secretly sent out from Boston by General Gage to capture some cannon which an informer had reported had been hidden by the Provincials near this bridge. Leslie and his command sailed down in a transport to Marblehead, and marched over from that town. Their coming was a surprise to the Marbleheaders; but quickly divining their object, swift messengers were speeded ahead of them to give the alarm. When the messengers reached here with their exciting news, the bells were rung, drums beaten, and alarm-guns fired.

The troops marched silently over the old Marblehead road, and entered the town. They had been delayed at the South Bridge over the old dam on Mill Street, which had been partly torn up to arrest their progress, and had to be repaired. But with this exception, no demonstration was made against them along the way. An advance guard marched to the south side toward Long, now Derby Wharf, while the main body came on with measured step through Town House Square, Lynde, and North Streets. It was about four o'clock, toward the close of the afternoon service in the churches. In front of the old First Church a large body of people was gathered. Before the North Church was a greater throng. The minister, young Thomas Barnard, son of the elder Barnard, minister of the First Church, had just dismissed his congregation, and stood with them as the troops approached.



PARSON BARNARD, THE ELDER

In the pressing crowds were numerous Royalists, but the prevailing sentiment was hostile, and ominous looks fell upon the scarlet line. Threatening looks were returned. Keeping close to Leslie on the march, was John Felt, a leading Patriot. He warned the commander that the signal for an attack upon the people would instantly bring a struggle between themselves, in which one or both would fall. When Leslie threatened to fire, Felt, with kindling eye, said, —

“You’d better not! You have no right to fire without further orders; and if you do, you are all dead men; for there,” pointing to a thickening mass, “is a multitude, every man of whom is ready to die in this strife!”

Richard Derby, owner of some of the cannon, when called upon to exert his influence for their peaceful surrender, retorted, “Find them if you can; take them if you can; they will never be surrendered!”

Reaching the bridge, Leslie found the draw hoisted, and a crowd of threatening townsmen in his path. They hovered about his troops, protesting that they had a right to defend their own highways, and vowing that they would. On the opposite side of the river was Colonel Timothy Pickering with forty militia, and ranks increasing, ready to contest farther advance if the stream were crossed. When the enemy proposed to use a “gundalow” lying by, in crossing, James Barr leaped into the boat, and scuttled her with an axe. So other boats were scuttled under the leadership of Barr and Felt, one of the party being slightly wounded by a soldier’s bayonet. The people were becoming exasperated, when the young minister of the North Church (he was then but twenty-seven) pushed to the front as a mediator.

“And who are you, sir?” Leslie demanded, turning sharply upon him.

“I am Thomas Barnard, a minister of the gospel, and my answer is peace,” he replied, with spirit and dignity. “You cannot commit this violation against innocent men here, on this holy day, without sinning against God and humanity. The blood of every murdered man will cry from the ground for vengeance upon yourself and the nation which you represent. Let me entreat you to return.”

Then, turning to the people, in a few earnest words he pleaded for calmness and moderation, and urged their consent to a peaceable adjustment of the trouble. His counsel prevailed; and after a brief parley between spokesmen for the

people and the British officer, the draw was slowly lowered. Opposite stood Pickering and his men, drawn up in position. Leslie marched his troops thirty rods across the bridge. Then, wheeling, the column took up the march back to Marblehead as it had come, without further molestation, and re-embarked for Boston.

The altercation lasted for nearly an hour and a half. Meanwhile the cannon were hurriedly removed from the blacksmith shop on the farther side of the bridge, where they were being mounted on carriages, to a safer hiding-place. This was a thicket back of Devereux's Hill, a mile's march from the water. There were seventeen of the guns, and they had been collected from different places by the committee appointed by the Provincial Congress to take possession of the warlike stores of the Province.

Near the present bridge, Percy observed a granite tablet with this inscription, which he copied:—

IN THE REVOLUTION
the first armed resistance to the royal authority
was made at this bridge
26 FEBRUARY, 1775,

BY THE PEOPLE OF SALEM.

The advance of 300 British troops led by Lt. Col. Leslie
and sent by Gen. Gage to seize munitions
of war, was here arrested.

“This neighborhood, by the way,” I remarked, as we turned to retrace our steps toward Essex Street, “has a mournful interest, as the scene of the drowning of Governor Winthrop's son Henry, the day after the young man's landing from the *Talbot*, by which he had come out in 1630. The place of the accident is supposed to have been quite near the point where the bridge crosses. He was attempting to swim across to an Indian camp, and was caught in eel-grass. Henry was the second son of the governor, a ‘sprightly and hopeful young gentleman,’ of but twenty-two. Winthrop records his death in the *Journal* in a

single line: 'Friday 2 (July). My son H. W. was drowned at Salem;' delicacy, Savage explains in a foot-note, permitting the author to say no more here of this son. But in a letter to his wife, then still in England, the father cries out in the lamentation, 'My son Henry! my son Henry! Ah, poor child!'"

We strolled farther up Essex Street, past mansion-houses of old-time grandeur, and ancient dwellings close pressed by modern; and after a call at the Public Library, took car for Gallows Hill. Along the way, however, before reaching the library building, we turned from the direct path once or twice, to see an historic house on a neighboring street, or an historic site. On Broad Street, reached from Cambridge Street, opposite the present North Church, we found the Timothy Pickering birthplace, — an English, many-gabled cottage, dating back to the year 1643, set in the midst of a gay, old-fashioned garden. This was Pickering's home at the time of the North Bridge affair, and till long after the Revolution. But in his later years he lived on Warren Street (No. 29), near by. Pickering became one of the illustrious among Salem men, as soldier and statesman. Through the Revolution he held the post of adjutant-general in the Continental army; and afterward he was successively postmaster-general, secretary of war, and secretary of state in Washington's cabinet. In near neighborhood (No. 35 Warren Street) we saw the birthplace of the eminent mathematician, Benjamin Peirce, who so distinguished the professorship of mathematics in Harvard College. And on Chestnut Street, between Warren and Essex Streets, the house (No. 18) in which John Pickering, the Greek lexicographer, born in Salem in 1777, sometime lived, and which Nathaniel Hawthorne, the romancer, occupied for a few months in 1846-1847. "We shall see houses more identified with Hawthorne's writings than this in another part of the town," I informed Percy, "and also his birthplace."

Back on Essex Street, in the stately old colonial mansion-house opposite the Public Library building, we saw the home for years of Judge William C. Endicott, long a justice of the Su-

preme Court of Massachusetts, and secretary of war in President Cleveland's first cabinet. The house dates from the middle of the eighteenth century, originally built for Joseph Cabot, one of the leading Salem merchants of Provincial times.



BERTRAM ELM.

Before entering the Public Library I led Percy into the side yard to show him the famous Bertram Elm. This is one of the largest and finest of elms in this region of beautiful trees, nearly eighty years old, the trunk measuring thirteen feet in circumference, and with a handsome spread. Percy had fortunately brought his camera along, not yielding to his inclination when we started out to leave it at the inn; and with the aid of the

kindly librarian, whom we happened to meet at the gate, he secured a rare picture of the great tree from a point of view disclosing fully its beauties. Then, stepping within the library building, — a mansion-house transformed for library purposes, — the admirable features of the institution were pointed out by the librarian, who found in Percy an intelligent observer.

It was not a long ride to Gallows Hill. We left the car on Boston Street (the old Boston road), at the foot of Hanson Street. A short pull up Hanson Street brought us to the summit, at a point quite near to the place of execution in those dark days two centuries back. We saw that the hill was a part of a range of rocky, undulating elevations, barren and drear, spreading along from side to side, and far back in broken lines. No more woful spot could be imagined for the final act in such harrowing tragedies as those which ended here. Tradition fixes the place of execution on the southern brow of the eminence, a few paces from the gate by which we entered. As we stood gazing at the peaceful, animated panorama spread out from this commanding height, so different from the scant picture upon which the last look of the victims of the popular frenzy fell, Percy's cheery face saddened, and his eyes grew misty.

"It was awful," the impressionable lad cried, "awful! Think of nineteen innocent persons, aged women, good mothers, one of them a minister, you tell me, charged with such silly things, convicted by grown men, and brutally hanged up here like criminals!"

"Yes," I responded, "to us who are fortunate to live in an enlightened age, that such tragedies were possible in a Christian community, and under the cover of law, indeed seems incredible. But we must reflect that that was an age of superstition in the old as in the new country. Here in New England, Upham says, 'the imagination had been expanded by credulity until it had reached a wild and monstrous growth. The Puritans were always prone to subject themselves to its influence; and New England, at the time to which we are referring, was a

most fit and congenial theatre upon which to display its power. . . . There was little communication between the several villages and settlements. It was the darkest and most desponding period in the civil history of New England; . . . the people . . . were becoming the victims of political jealousies, discontent, and animosities. . . . Their minds were startled and confounded by the prevalence of prophecies and forebodings of dark and dismal events. At this most unfortunate moment, . . . it was



GALLOWS HILL

their universal and sober belief that the Evil One himself was in a special manner let loose, and permitted to descend upon them with unexampled fury.' They were possessed with the idea, that having failed to check the progress of knowledge in Europe, the devil had withdrawn into the American wilderness to make a final stand with his pagan allies, the Indians, and prevent the spread of Christianity here; and their souls were fired with the thought that by carrying on the war with vigor against his confederates, the 'witches,' they would become chosen instruments of God for breaking down the last stronghold on earth of the kingdom of darkness.

"Of their peculiar views of the power and agency of Satan, Upham further says, was the belief that he would pervert into

instruments to further his wicked cause many who stood among the highest in the confidence of Christians. So it was, doubtless, that those accused persons of highest reputation for piety, and accredited church members, suffered the most. When the pious minister, Burrough, on the ladder of the gallows, closed his touching speech with a prayer 'so well worded, and uttered with such composedness and fervency of spirit,' that many of the spectators were moved to tears, and 'it seemed to some that they would hinder the execution,' the accusers cried that 'the black man stood and dictated to him.' And immediately after his execution, Cotton Mather, who had been moving restlessly among the crowd, harangued them, and to offset the effect of the saintly deportment of poor Burroughs, declared that 'the Devil often had been transformed into an angel of light.'"

"It should be remembered to the credit of Salem," I added, "that when the revulsion of feeling came, the general jail delivery of 1693 was the forerunner of the break-up of the witchcraft delusion among civilized peoples the world over."

In all the dreadful story of the sacrifice of innocent lives during this frenzy, — the slow passage of the cart from the jail through the streets of the town, up the rough steep to the foot of the gallows; the mental tortures which the condemned were made to suffer to the bitter end; the taunts of the ministers, Cotton Mather outdoing all the leaders in inflaming the populace; the feverish haste of the executioners; the half burials of the bodies in the clefts of the rocks near by, — in all the details which Upham, through exhaustive research, has revealed, those which relate the sublime heroism, dignity, charity toward their persecutors, which the fine characters among the nineteen exhibited throughout the dread ordeal, most impress the student of the history of this period. Not one in the final scene lost his or her fortitude for a moment. "Their bearing," Upham says truly, "reflects credit upon our common nature." "Let this be the thought," I counselled Percy, "with which we leave this grewsome spot."

I X.

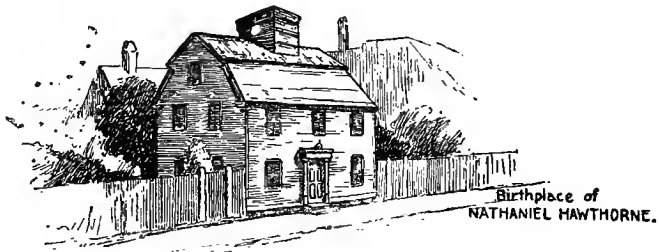
SALEM, SOUTH SIDE.

Old streets and sites. — The ancient "Burying-Point" and its historic graves. — Footprints of Nathaniel Hawthorne. — The Custom House and Hawthorne's work-room. — The Old Crowninshield mansion-house. — The stately region round about the Common. — Salem Athenæum, the Essex Institute, and the Peabody Academy of Science. — The Willows and Salem Neck. — Winter Island and its traditions.

TAKING a return car to Town House Square, we next made a tour of old streets on the east side, at the right of Essex Street, in which are numerous landmarks. Turning into Liberty Street, next beyond the Peabody Academy, a few steps brought us to Charter Street and the ancient burying-ground. "Lynde Block," on the corner of Essex and Liberty Streets, covers ground on which long stood a mansion-house occupied in turn by Benjamin Lynde, Chief Justice of the Superior Court of Massachusetts Bay, 1729-1749, by his son bearing the same name and holding the same office, 1769-1777, and by Judge Andrew Oliver, son of the royal Lieutenant-Governor Oliver. On the bronze plate against the fence of the Charter-street cemetery we read that this was the first ground set apart for the burial of the dead, after 1637 known as "The Burying-Point," and that it contains the graves of Simon Bradstreet, the last governor of the Colony, of the Chief Justices Lynde, and of others "whose virtues, honors, courage, and sagacity have nobly illustrated the history of Salem." Perhaps is also here the grave of the gentle Lady Arbella, wife of Isaac Johnson, one of the chief men of Winthrop's company, who, "coming from a paradise of plenty and pleasure in the family of a noble Earldom," as Hubbard quaintly relates, died soon after

the arrival at Salem. That she was buried in Salem is well authenticated; but her grave was unmarked, and its spot has never been identified. In the Governor Bradstreet tomb is also buried the Rev. John Higginson, son and successor of the first "teacher," Francis Higginson. Other graves of note which we found were those of Nathaniel Mather, younger brother of Cotton Mather, a hard student and precocious, who died young, "an aged man at nineteen years;" of the "witchcraft" judge, John Hathorne; and of Mary Corey, the first wife of Giles Corey, the last of the witchcraft victims.

Percy made note of the quaintest memorials in the ground. Then we continued our walk southward.



As we turned back into the street, I called attention to the old house adjoining the graveyard on the south side. This was the first of several Nathaniel Hawthorne landmarks in this neighborhood which we should see. It was some years the home of Dr. Nathaniel Peabody, whose daughter, Sophia Amelia, became Hawthorne's wife, and figures in his *Dolliver Romance*. The Hawthornes and Peabodys were near and intimate neighbors from Hawthorne's boyhood. He was married, however, not in this house, as some have stated, but in Boston, the Peabodys at that time (1842) living there, in West Street, near the Common.

The next Hawthorne landmark, the house in which he was

born (in 1804), we soon reached. This is the gambrel-roofed house on the east side of Union Street (No. 21). It is also a Puritan landmark, for it dates from before "witchcraft" days. It came into the possession of the Hawthornes (the *w* in the name was added by Nathaniel, being the English mode of spelling it) in 1772, when Hawthorne's grandfather, Daniel Hathorne, direct descendant of the "witchcraft" Judge Hathorne, purchased it. Daniel Hathorne was a seafaring man, and was captain of a privateer in the Revolution. Hawthorne's father also followed the sea, early becoming captain of his ship.

This was Hawthorne's home through his first four years only, and is less identified with him than the next Hawthorne landmark, — the house on Herbert Street, where his boyhood and early youth were passed, and to which he returned at different periods later in life, when doing much of his fine literary work. Still, as the place of the author's birth, although reduced in size, and otherwise changed, and also as an ancient house, it had attractions for Percy.

The Herbert-street house (Nos. 10½ and 12) was owned by Hawthorne's maternal grandfather, Richard Manning. His mother moved into it with her children in 1808, after the death of his father at Surinam, at the age of thirty-three, when on a voyage in the ship *Nabby*, of which he was captain. At that time the two estates joined in the rear. The dwelling has unhappily degenerated into a tenement-house, with no semblance to its appearance in Hawthorne's day. Hawthorne's own room was in the southwest corner of the third story. When a day-dreaming boy he scratched his name on one of the window-panes which in after years was taken out, and is still preserved in the Manning family. It was in this "lonely chamber" that he wove many of his early tales; and it is to this room that he refers in the letter dated Salem, October 1840, printed in his *American Notes*, beginning, "Here I sit in my old accustomed chamber where I used to sit in days gone by," in which he recalls his

youthful efforts and hopes. "I have a copy of this letter here," I remarked, overhauling my notes, "which I made, thinking it might interest you when we reached this house. 'This claims to be called a haunted chamber,' he writes; 'for thousand upon thousand of visions have appeared to me in it, and some few of them have become visible to the world. If ever I should have a biographer, he ought to make great mention of this cham-



HAWTHORNE AT THIRTY-SIX

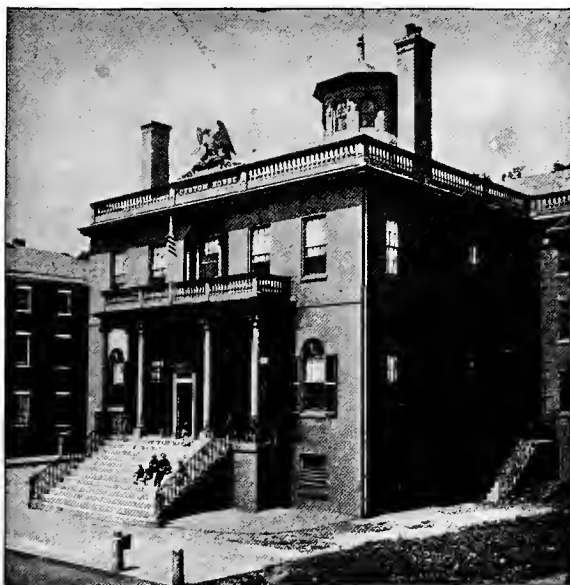
ber in my memoirs, because so much of my lonely youth was wasted here, and here my mind and character were formed; and here I have been glad and hopeful, and here I have been despondent. And here I sat a long, long time, waiting patiently for the world to know me, and sometimes wondering why it did not know me sooner, or whether it would ever know me at all, — at least, till I were in my grave. . . .

By and by the world found me out in my lonely chamber, and called me forth, — not, indeed, with a loud roar of acclamation, but rather with a still, small voice, — and forth I went, but found nothing in the world that I thought preferable to my old solitude, till now' . . .

The tenants good-naturedly permitted us to look inside the house which once contained such rare genius. "This has been called Hawthorne's real home; for he lived here altogether more years than in any other house, although 'The Wayside'

at Concord, his last home, is the shrine to which his admirers turn," I remarked as we passed through the narrow entries. And Percy agreed that it was regrettable that it had not been preserved, his "lonely chamber" especially.

A few steps on, from Herbert Street into Derby Street, we came to the Custom House, most interesting from its ac-



SALEM CUSTOM HOUSE.

sociation with Hawthorne. Percy was led directly to the room which Hawthorne occupied when holding the post of surveyor of customs in 1846, — the southwesterly front room, on the first floor. The plain, old-fashioned desk used by him, on the lid of which he one day scratched his autograph with his thumbnail, has given place to more modern furniture, and is now in the Essex Institute collection; but Percy was shown the stencil

with which he marked the goods inspected by him, "N. Hawthorne." On the second floor, back of the collector's private office, we saw the room in which tradition says "The Scarlet Letter" was found. It was an unfinished room in Hawthorne's time, in which barrels packed with old paper, records, and documents were stored, rare hunting-ground for autograph and historical manuscript collectors. Percy, winning friends here as everywhere by his hearty and intelligent interest in all that he saw, was given the privilege of a visit to the cupola, the lookout of customs officers for infractions of the revenue laws.

"Is this building associated with the Revolution in any way?" Percy asked as we strolled out.

"No," I told him; "it is an early nineteenth century structure. It was built in 1818-1819, a little beyond what has been termed the romantic epoch in Salem's history, 'when the word Salem was the synonym for everything brilliant and heroic in a commercial way.' In the latter days of the Province its site was occupied by the homestead of George Crowninshield, a leading merchant with fleets of ships. The mansion-house here was a stately structure, with front pilasters, long sweep of broad front steps, and a cupola, on the top of which was an effigy of a merchant gazing through a spyglass seaward, on the lookout, presumably, for his incoming vessel; while back of the house were large flower and fruit gardens famous the country round. George Crowninshield's son, Benjamin W., who became a representative in Congress, a United States senator, and secretary of war under President Madison (1814-1815), built his mansion-house near the old estate; and this still stands on Derby Street, now utilized as the 'Old Ladies' Home.' Here Mr. Crowninshield entertained elegantly. In July, 1817, President Monroe was his guest; and a dinner given on that occasion, at which the gallant Commodores Bainbridge and Perry were among the company, was one of the chief features of the President's visit to Salem. This house was also the birthplace of Judge William C. Endicott. In later years General James

Miller, while collector of the port (1825 to 1849), lived in the western side. Miller was the hero of 'Lundy's Lane,' in the war of 1812, and celebrated for his motto, 'I'll try, sir,' which brought him glory."

Back through Orange Street, we crossed Essex Street, and entered Washington Square, leading to the stately region about the Common, in which numerous Salem worthies of past times dwelt. On Winter Street, opening from the north side of the square, I pointed Percy to the birthplace of William W. Story, the sculptor, son of Judge Joseph Story, in the house numbered 26. This was Judge Story's home for many years; and here he entertained Lafayette with dignified hospitality, upon the occasion of the second visit of the beloved Frenchman to America in 1824. On Mall Street, next beyond, another Hawthorne landmark, in the house numbered 14, engaged Percy's especial attention when I told him that *The Scarlet Letter*, which he had heard his father speak of as Hawthorne's most powerful work, was written here. Hawthorne moved

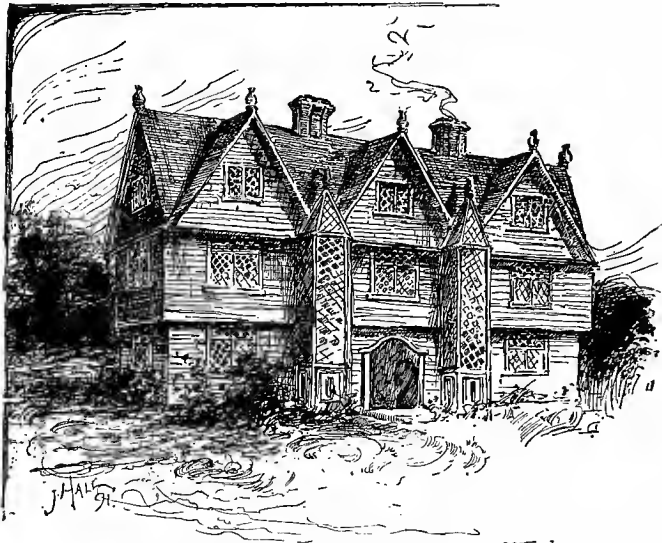


MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE.

to this house from the Chestnut-street house, which we passed on our way to the Public Library. Percy had read, he told me, only *A Wonder Book for Girls and Boys*, and *The Whole History of Grandfather's Chair*; but I found that he had a pretty fair knowledge, for a lad, of the nature of Hawthorne's work, gleaned from the talk about books in the cultivated home of his parents. There was a set of Hawthorne in his father's library, he said; and now that he had seen these "landmarks," he meant to read every volume of it before he entered college.

After making the circuit of the Common, we returned to Essex Street; and the next hour was profitably and pleasantly

spent in a little tour through the three literary and scientific institutions which give Salem wide reputation among scholars and students, — the Salem Athenæum, the Essex Institute, and the Peabody Academy of Science, in easy reach of each other. It interested Percy to learn that the Athenæum, Plummer Hall, stands on ground included in the home lot of Emanuel



THE OLD GOVERNOR BRADSTREET HOUSE.

Downing, one of the first Puritan settlers, which was subsequently occupied by Governor Simon Bradstreet, who came into possession of it through his marriage with the widow of Joseph Gardner, a successor of Downing in the ownership. In later periods it was the homestead estate, first of Nathan Read, who so early as 1789 invented a paddle-wheel steamboat, which he successfully tested on the North River; and afterward of Joseph Peabody, an opulent shipping merchant.

In the Peabody mansion-house William H. Prescott, the historian, was born in 1796. Of these notable institutions Percy learned that the Athenæum was the oldest, dating back to 1760, and that in 1810 it acquired the books of the Social and Philosophical Libraries, including a remarkable collection of scientific works; that the Essex Institute is an outgrowth of the Essex Historical Society, begun in 1821, and the Essex County Natural History Society, organized in 1833; that the Peabody Academy of Science was endowed by George Peabody, the eminent banker and philanthropist of London, born in South Danvers, and dates from 1868; and that the latter contains the scientific collections of the Essex Institute, with the curiosities, portraits, and relics of the East India Marine Society, organized in 1799, to which the building formerly belonged.

The day was now far spent; and being near our inn, I suggested that we should dine. This struck Percy as an excellent idea; for though not at all tired, he protested, he was ravenously hungry.

After dinner, which we took in a leisurely fashion, I proposed an electric-car ride down to "The Willows" on "The Neck," as a good finish of our round of historic Salem. Percy was agreeable, and we started off. After turning from the thickly built parts, the car swung into open country, with the water in near view on either side, and sped at a merry pace along the length of the Neck to its termination at The Willows, a public park, and Juniper Point, a summer village. Walking a few rods beyond the terminus of the car-line to the water's edge, we strolled along the shore between The Willows and Juniper Point, taking in the charming view, — of the Beverly shore opposite, out to sea the groups of islands lying like a guard across the way toward Salem Harbor, the entrance to Marblehead Harbor, the wooded bluff of Naugus Head in Marblehead, Salem Harbor, the old wharves, the city, while we traced the course of the ships of the Puritan colonists from the outer waters into North River.

This Neck, I told Percy, is historic as one of the earliest points occupied for various pursuits of the first settlers. The earliest fortifications protecting the entrance to the harbor were here. Near the middle, toward the west side, are remnants of Fort Lee. At Hospital Point, by The Willows, are traces of earthworks of Revolutionary times. On Winter Island, which lies to the southward, connected to the mainland by a causeway, is the picturesque ruin of Fort Pickering, named for Timothy Pickering, in place of a fortification built in 1643. It stands close to the white lighthouse at the harbor's mouth. On Winter Island the early settlers used to dry their catches of fish. In later times ships were built here; and it is distinguished as the place where the frigate *Essex*, the "pride of the country," was constructed in 1799. This was the vessel upon which Farragut served as a midshipman. She was commanded at different times by Commodores Barron, Bainbridge, Decatur, Steward, and Campbell. Her victorious career ended near the close of the war of 1812 in the neutral port of Valparaiso, where she was attacked and overpowered by two British frigates.

In the days of Salem's commercial supremacy, with her fleets of merchant vessels, enterprising Salem boys resorted to the top of the Neck to watch for incoming ships. When one was sighted, there was a great race back to town to the owner's office, the boy first reaching goal receiving a modest reward for his news. Those were days before the telegraph was dreamed of.

It was evening when we made our return trip to the city. Our next pilgrimages being to near-by places, we had planned to spend a second night here.

X.

PEABODY AND DANVERS.

Along the way to "Salem Village" of "witchcraft" times. — Monument to Danvers men of the Revolution. — George Peabody's benefactions: story of his life. — The ancient Downing farm: boyhood home of George Downing, for whom Downing Street in London was named. — House of John Procter of the "witchcraft" victims. — Over "Governor's Plain." — Governor Endicott's "Orchard Farm." — The Collins mansion-house: Gage's headquarters in 1774. — The old Nurse farm and its history: monument to Rebecca Nurse. — Birthplace of Judge Holten, patriot, statesman, jurist. — The old training-place of the yeoman soldiery. — Central point of the "witchcraft" outbreak. — Sites of the parsonage, Deacon Ingersoll's house, and the meeting-house of 1692. — Scenes of the delusion recalled. — Danvers historic houses of later periods. — Oak Knoll and the poet Whittier. — Homesteads of the Putnams. — Birthplace of General Israel Putnam. — Old Danversport landmarks.

FIRST on our programme for the next day was a trip to Danvers Centre, the "Salem Village" of "witchcraft" times, by way of Peabody.

Taking an early breakfast, we were off in the fresh morning. We made the distance to Peabody by electric car, choosing the direct line through Essex Street beyond Town House Square. It was a run of but two miles, in part over the course which we had travelled the day before in going to Gallows Hill. We left the car just beyond the Salem-Peabody boundary line, where Boston Street makes into the broad Main Street of Peabody, stopping at the old Revolutionary soldiers' monument, which stands in the roadway.

I explained that this was the third monument erected to minute-men of the Lexington-Concord affair, — the first being, properly, on the historic Green in Lexington, and the second in Arlington, the Menotomy of that time, through which the fight

was hottest on the British retreat. It stands on the spot which was the rendezvous of the Danvers minute-men on the fateful Nineteenth of April, when word of the British advance was brought into town, and from which they started in hot haste over fences and across fields for the scene of action. They covered sixteen miles in four hours, meeting the enemy on the retreat at Menotomy. Here they were in the thick of the fight. Most of the seven who lost their lives were killed by a flank guard thrown out from the retreating column. They were all young men, — save one, under thirty years, the youngest but twenty-one, — as Percy observed by the inscription on the monument, which gives their names and ages, with the stirring motto: “*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*” Upon the westerly side of the shaft he read the inscription: “Erected by citizens of Danvers on the sixtieth anniversary, 1835.”

General Gideon Foster, who, as captain, led the minute-men of this section in the fight, was among those who took part in the dedication of this memorial. He lived to the great age of ninety-six years. A portrait of him hangs in the Peabody Institute near by. The whole number of Danvers men who started for Lexington was two hundred, under three brave leaders, Captains Foster, Israel Hutchinson, and Jeremiah Page. Although Danvers was situated farther from the scene of the contest than any of her sister towns which were represented in it, yet, the local historian says, “she lost more of her children than any other town except Lexington.” When Kosuth, the Hungarian patriot, was in America, in 1852, he paid a brief visit to South Danvers, as Peabody was then called (it was renamed for George Peabody in 1868); and standing in front of this monument, he made a speech to the assembled townspeople in which he spoke eloquently of the patriotism of the men of the Revolution, showing a wonderful knowledge of the details of the earliest battles.

A few steps along Main Street brought us to the Peabody Institute, the gift of George Peabody to his native town in

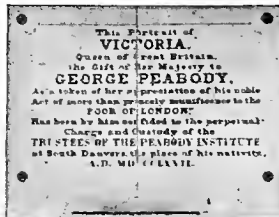
1852, developed in subsequent years by his munificence into one of the most useful institutions of its kind. It is also the depository of the cherished gifts, medals, and documents, which Mr. Peabody received in recognition of the liberal employment of his wealth in practical charitable, philanthropic, and educational work. The little house in which he was born, in 1795, to poor parents, I observed as we entered the building, still stands, some distance west of the Lexington monument, on the north side of Washington Street; and his grave is in Harmony Grove Cemetery, which we passed in the car-ride over.

“He gave, in all, for charity, education, and in founding institutions,” I added, “the princely sum of eight million dollars. His gifts to establish and develop this worthy institution amounted to two hundred thousand dollars; for the Peabody Institute in Danvers, which we shall see, he gave fifty thousand; for the Peabody Academy of Science in Salem, one hundred and forty thousand; for the Peabody Institute in Baltimore, where he was engaged in prosperous business when a young man, one and a half million; to found the museum of American archæology and ethnology at Harvard University, one hundred and fifty thousand; to found the museum of natural history at Yale, a similar sum; to Phillips (Andover) Academy, and to Kenyon College, each twenty-five thousand; to found the Newburyport free public library, fifteen thousand; to the Massachusetts Historical Society, twenty thousand. In 1854 he furnished the means for fitting out *The Advance*, Dr. Kane’s ship, for the arctic voyage in search of Sir John Franklin. His largest gifts were, three millions establishing the Southern Education Fund in this country, and two and a half millions for homes for the poor of London. Almost all of these gifts were made during his lifetime; and he began giving in middle age, as his fortune, of his own building, increased.”

Passing into the main room of the fine library, we were favored with a view of the remarkable collection of rich presents

made to Mr. Peabody. Chief of these, set in a sliding case fitted into the iron safe built for their keeping, is the portrait of Queen Victoria, enamelled upon gold. This was her personal gift, with a letter in her own hand, presented upon Mr. Peabody's refusal of a baronetcy which she offered him after his benefactions to the London poor. Then we were shown the gold box containing the freedom of the city of London, given to Mr. Peabody by the corporation, and a memorial from the

Fishmongers' of the ancient don, also in a the heavy gold him by Congress tion of the estab- Southern Edu- the gold awarded the Paris tion of the work Fund; il- ed me- from va- cieties; large of auto- letters.



QUEEN VICTORIA'S GIFT TO GEORGE PEABODY.

Company, one guilds of Long-gold box; next medal presented in commemora- lishment of the cation Fund;

medal him at Exposit- 1867, for of this luminat- mentials rious so- and a number graph

While

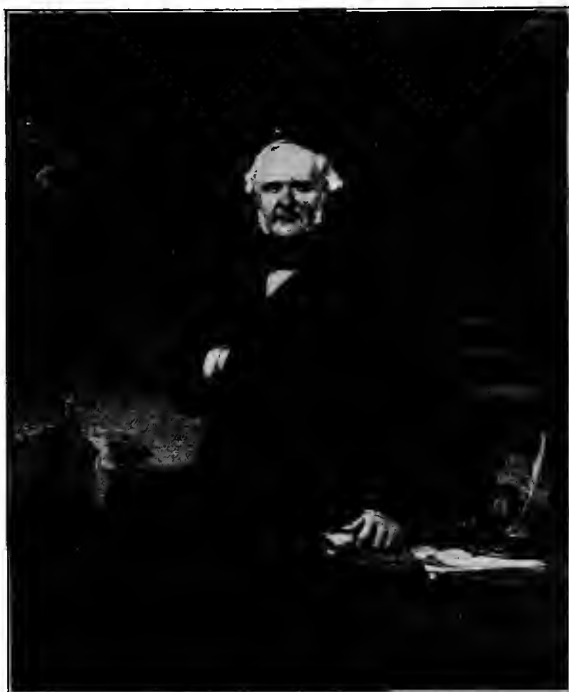
examining these treasures, Percy asked a variety of questions relative to Mr. Peabody's career. He knew that he had started a poor boy, and had early become a rich man. He knew, also, that he was a banker in London for a long time. But what was he before he became a banker? How did his career begin? How did he get his chance over there in London?

It is by no means so romantic a story as that of Count Rumford, I answered. But it has some quite as interesting

features. George Peabody went to the district school, and at the age of twelve was a grocer's shop-boy and clerk in this village. Three years in the grocer's shop were followed by a year's life on a Vermont farm, the farm of his maternal grandfather, Jeremiah Dodge (an old Essex County name), in the town of Thetford. At sixteen he was a clerk in the store of his brother in Newburyport. Later in the same year he started a little business on his own account, obtaining on credit, through a merchant who liked his spirit and business ways, two thousand dollars' worth of goods. These he disposed of at a good profit. With his modest surplus he next joined his uncle in a dry-goods business in Georgetown, D.C. This was continued prosperously for about two years, the youth winning friends and trade by his courtesy, affability, and talent. While there he served in the War of 1812, as a volunteer in an artillery company at Fort Warburton, which commanded the Potomac River approach to Washington. Then, at the age of nineteen, he embarked in the wholesale dry-goods business with a partner. Through his energy and skill their trade increased with great rapidity. He often made long journeys on horseback into distant parts as a "drummer," or commercial traveller. Within a year the house was moved from Georgetown to Baltimore and a wider market. When he reached his majority he had become a prosperous and rising young merchant. In 1822, when he was twenty-seven, branches of the house were established in New York and Philadelphia, and it ranked with the leading concerns of the country.

In 1827 Mr. Peabody made his first trip to England. Ten years later he sold his interest in the American firm, and established himself with others in London, as a merchant and money-broker. His house became a leading banking institution, holding deposits for customers, discounting bills, negotiating loans, buying and selling stocks. His personal wealth increased rapidly, but he maintained his simple habits. He lived in lodgings unostentatiously. He never married. He be-

came widely known in Europe, but he remained steadfastly true to his own country. He was a representative American upon several important occasions and in important matters. On the great national holiday it was his custom to give a banquet, at



GEORGE PEABODY.

which prominent European men of affairs, as well as eminent Americans, were his guests. He died in London in 1869. Distinguished honors were paid him by the English government. Services were performed over his coffin in Westminster Abbey, the bishop of London preaching a funeral sermon the Sunday following; his remains were sent to this country on a British

war-ship, convoyed by an American war-ship, and also by a French vessel detailed by the emperor for the service. Prince Arthur, as the representative of Queen Victoria, accompanied the expedition, and attended the ceremonies here. The funeral fleet came to Portland, Me. The body lay in state in that city for a day, and thence was brought to Peabody. Here it again lay in state, after which the final funeral services were held, in the presence of a notable congregation of eminent citizens, with the townspeople. The funeral oration was pronounced by Robert C. Winthrop.

In the hall of the building we saw a fine portrait of Mr. Peabody, which was painted by his order, and given by him to the institution. Other portraits on the walls which interested Percy were of Rufus Choate, the eminent Massachusetts lawyer, whose first law-office was in this town; of Edward Everett; and of General Foster, the soldier of the Revolution.

The electric-car line from Salem continues through the village and along the main road to Danvers. But, instead of taking another car at once, we made a partial circuit of the village on foot to cover its still remaining landmarks, boarding the car farther along Danversward.

Peabody is now a manufacturing place, in which the leather industry is paramount. When first settled, it was a region of rural beauty, justifying the pastoral name of "Brooksby," first bestowed upon it by the early settlers. The river (that is, the head of the estuary known as the North River of Salem) and the brooks, now narrowed or running in underground channels through the town, were clear and sparkling streams. It was "green with woodland foliage to the water's edge, and surrounded at intervals with meadows dotted with herds of cattle." This was its aspect at the time of the "witchcraft" delusion. It was embraced in what was commonly called "The Farms;" for the earliest settlers here were husbandmen, and, with the inhabitants of Salem Village, were known as "The Farmers," in distinction from the dwellers in Salem town.

One of the pleasantest domains was the "Downing Farm," spreading over broad acres, first occupied by Emanuel Downing, a brother-in-law of Governor Winthrop, whose homestead lot we identified in Salem. Here lived when a boy Emanuel Downing's son George, who afterward became Sir George Downing in England, for whom the famous Downing Street of London was named; and at a later period it was the farm of John Procter, one of the most prominent of the "witchcraft" victims. Part of the ancient farm is still tilled, and part of the Procter house is still retained in the picturesque farmhouse pleasantly placed, under shadow of ancient elms, old in Procter's time, close to the roadway, at "Procter's Corner," which was named for the Puritan (the *e* in the second syllable of the name was changed to *o* by succeeding generations). This is now the most historic spot in Peabody. It is some distance from the centre, but a pleasant walk by way of Lowell Street from Peabody Square.

As we strolled toward the old farm we chatted first about Sir George Downing, and then of the more sombre subject of Procter's tragic fate.

George Downing was one of the first class graduated from Harvard College, and he prepared for the ministry. Not long after leaving college he sailed as chaplain on a vessel bound for the West Indies, whence he went to England to travel. While abroad he attracted the notice of Cromwell, and became attached to his interest. He was made a chaplain, and subsequently promoted to the rank of "scent-master-general" in Cromwell's army. Marrying, in 1654, a sister of Viscount Morpeth, afterward Earl of Carlisle, his home became permanently fixed in England. He entered Parliament, and attained prominence in the diplomatic service. Cromwell sent him to Paris on diplomatic business, and later made him ambassador to The Hague. Upon the restoration, he speedily turned to Charles II., making the change within two days, and betraying and sacrificing three of his associates in the somersault, when he was knighted by the

king, and his commission to The Hague renewed. Returning to England, he re-entered Parliament for Morpeth, and thereafter the exchequer was in his control. He was the originator of the policy enforced in the famous navigation acts. Downing College, at Cambridge, England, to the founding of which his fortune went after three generations, perpetuates his name, as well as Downing Street. His sister Anne, the widow of Captain Joseph Gardener, who was killed in the Great Swamp Fight with the Narragansetts, became the second wife of Governor Bradstreet in 1680.

John Procter came to this farm thirty years before the outbreak of the witchcraft frenzy. He had previously lived in Ipswich on an equally valuable farm. He was an important man in the community, of great force of character, energy, and spirit. Mary Warren, one of the "afflicted children," whose wild stories and antics inspired the frenzy, was a servant in his family. He was outspoken in his expressions of disbelief in the delusion; and when he and his wife were accused, he boldly denounced the proceedings and all who had part in them. For this reason, his prosecutors felt that he was undoubtedly guilty, and should be put out of the way. In their opinion the heinousness of his crime demanded his sacrifice. Their bitterness against him was so vehement, Upham says, that they not only united, and tried to destroy his wife and all of his family above the age of infancy, but all of his wife's relatives, then living in Lynn, many of whom were thrown into prison. When the father and mother were taken away, the helpless children were left on the farm destitute, and the farmhouse was swept of its provisions by the sheriff. While in jail in Boston, Procter sent a letter to the Boston ministers, appealing to them to petition the government to give himself and others accused a trial there, or to change the magistrates in Salem. "My son, William Procter," he wrote, "when he was examined, because he would not confess that he was guilty, when he was innocent, they tied him neck and heels, till the blood gushed out of his nose, and would have kept him

so twenty-four hours, if one, more merciful than the rest, had not taken pity on him, and caused him to be unbound." Upham commends especially Procter's manly and noble deportment in his last hour on Gallows Hill. After his execution his remains were recovered by friends, and brought in the night-time here, were decently buried on his own grounds, in a field, tradition says, at the side of the farm buildings just off the road. His wife escaped death.

Reaching at length the ancient place, with its elm-shaded farmhouse in the bend of the road, we tarried a while in its serene neighborhood. Then retracing our way some distance, we turned into Endicott Street, and thence reached the junction of streets marked by the roadside pump, at the point where Central Street makes into Andover Street, along which the electric-car line to Danvers runs. Here we took the car coming up from Peabody village, and sped along toward the ancient Salem Village, now Danvers Centre, with its "witchcraft" landmarks.

On the way we passed over "Governor's Plain," a part of the grant made to Governor Endicott in 1632, and in fair view of Endicott's "Orchard Farm," adjoining a broad tract of picturesque field and meadow in which still stands the "Endicott Pear Tree," set out, tradition says, by the governor himself. The farm remained in the Endicott family till 1828.

We left the car farther on at the old Hooper or Collins house, on the left, one of the best specimens of the grand mansion-house of Provincial days, and historic as the headquarters of General Gage during the summer of 1774.

This was General Gage's seat from the 5th of June to early September of that troublous year, when Boston was too warm in weather and temper for the royal governor; and after the 21st of July, his military escort, consisting of two companies of the Sixty-fourth (Scottish) Regiment, were encamped in the field opposite. His private office at this time was in the old Page house, which we shall see in Danvers Square. The patriot

townspeople were jealous of the presence of the royal troops, and after a time so harassed them that by late August they were forced to lie under arms every night to prevent surprise. They finally left in the night time of the 5th of September for Boston. During his stay here Gage was affable and courteous in his intercourse with the townspeople whom he met, while



COLLINS HOUSE — HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL GAGE IN 1774.

the conduct of his soldiers is said to have been generally exemplary. He was slow to comprehend the temper of the people. It is related that upon one occasion, while sitting on a log in front of the house and chatting with some neighbors, he remarked, "We shall soon quell these feelings and govern all this," with a sweep of his outstretched arm to indicate the country. Near the encampment was a large oak-tree, which came afterward to be known as "King George's Whipping-

post," soldiers being here chastised for various misdemeanors. This tree was felled when the frigate *Essex* was building on Winter Island, in Salem, and was converted into the stern-post of the famous vessel.

The mansion-house dates from 1754. It was built by Robert Hooper of Marblehead, a man of large wealth acquired in the fishing business, who, from his possessions, fine equipages, and style of living, was dubbed "King Hooper." He was a Loyalist; and it is related that when the Danvers Centre men were hastening to the rendezvous on Lexington-Concord day, he was fired upon from the ranks, while standing in his doorway protesting against the cutting of the leaden ornaments from the tall posts of the front fence, by some of the soldiers, to work into bullets. This is the current story; but Hanson, in his history of Danvers, intimates that it is apocryphal. At all events, a hole in the front door made by a bullet, declared by the occupants of the mansion from that day to have been fired as the Patriot troops passed by, was long preserved. After Hooper's time the mansion was occupied by Judge Benajah Collins, whose name it has since generally borne. From him it passed to various other tenants, and at length came into the possession of Mr. Francis Peabody. We were courteously permitted to enter the grounds; and when the entrance porch was reached by the path lined with stately and venerable trees, Percy had the good fortune to receive an invitation to take a look at the fine old-time interior.

A short walk from this historic house, along Pine Street, and we were in the "witchcraft" region.

First, we came upon the old Nurse farm, stretching back from the road at the left. In the foreground, in the midst of a broad field, lies the family cemetery, with its monument to the martyred Rebecca Nurse, and more distant, on rising ground, the ancient homestead from which this gentle, devout, cultivated woman, a mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother, charged with witchcraft, was rudely taken, thrown into jail,

loaded with chains, tried, acquitted, tried again, then convicted under the pressure of the magistrates, and finally executed.

The monument and cluster of tablets which mark the tree-embowed burying-ground are plainly visible from the roadway. Strolling up to the enclosure, we found the granite shaft erected by Rebecca Nurse's descendants picturesquely placed on a grassy mound under a canopy of green composed of little pines. The inscriptions, which Percy copied, run as follows:—

[FRONT FACE.]

REBECCA NURSE

YARMOUTH, ENGLAND, 1621,

SALEM, MASS., 1692.

<i>O Christian Martyr!</i>	<i>The world, redeemed</i>
<i>Who for Faith could die,</i>	<i>From Superstition's sway,</i>
<i>When all about thee</i>	<i>Is breathing freer</i>
<i>Owne'd the hideous Lie!</i>	<i>For thy sake to-day.</i>

[REVERSE.]

ACCUSED OF WITCHCRAFT.

She declared, "I am innocent and God will clear my innocence."

Once acquitted yet falsely condemned

She suffered death July 19th, 1692.

IN LOVING MEMORY

OF HER CHRISTIAN CHARACTER

Even then attested by forty of her neighbors,

This Monument is erected

July, 1885.

The names of these forty neighbors, headed by Nathaniel Putnam, are preserved on a tablet near by. They gave their signatures at the desire of her husband to a formal declaration that they had known Rebecca Nurse for many years, and had observed her "life and conversation" to be "according to her professions;" while Nathaniel Putnam added his personal testimony in these cautious words: that "she hath brought up a great family of children, and educated them well, so that there is in some of them an apparent savor of godliness."

The verses on the monument were contributed by the poet Whittier.

That the remains of the martyr were actually buried in this ground has been questioned; but the tradition that they were secretly removed from Gallows Hill by her sons during the night following her execution, and given tender burial among her kindred, is pretty well authenticated.

The old roadway which passes by the cemetery to the homestead was laid out more than two centuries ago by the Nurse family across their lands. Some years before the "witchcraft"



OLD NURSE HOMESTEAD.

outbreak the greater part of the farm, originally containing about three hundred acres, was divided by Francis Nurse, Rebecca's husband, among their children, who had built dwellings near their own. The homestead is supposed to have been built about the year 1636, by Townsend Bishop, one of the most accomplished men among the first settlers of Salem Village, who at length left the place, after being brought up before the church for "discipline," having doubts as to infant baptism. The farm was granted to him in 1635. It was then next adjoining Endi-

cott's "Orchard Farm," and in 1648 came into the governor's possession, increasing his holdings to about a thousand acres. It remained in the Endicott family till its purchase by Francis Nurse in 1678. Disputes and lawsuits over boundaries of adjoining farms, covering a long period, stirred up animosities in the neighborhood, and these were reflected in the witchcraft business.

Passing out of the eastern gate of the farm, and bearing to the left along the old road, we came upon Holten Street, named for Judge Samuel Holten, an eminent patriot of the Revolutionary period, later statesman and jurist, whose birthplace and life-long home still stands at the end of the street, and whose grave is in the Holten cemetery, which we pass on the way to the ancient house. This house was built by Judge Holten's great-grandfather, Benjamin Holten, about 1650, and was enlarged to its present comfortable proportions in the judge's day. He was born here in 1738, and died here in 1816.

Next, Percy was much interested in the "Old Training-Field" near by, on Center Street, where, upon the great boulder planted in the green, he read this inscription:—

DEACON NATHANIEL INGERSOLL, 1634-1719,
GAVE THIS LAND TO THE INHABITANTS OF
SALEM VILLAGE,

AS

"A TRAINING-PLACE FOREVER."

To the memory of him and of the brave men who have gone hence
to protect their homes and to save their country,
this stone was erected by the town, 1894.

I told him, quoting from Upham, that this little piece of ground is associated with all the military traditions of the country, from the early Indian wars down to the civil war of our own times. Upham declares that in its proper character as a training-field it is invested with an interest not elsewhere surpassed, if equalled. Here, he says, the "elements of the military art have been imparted to a greater number of persons

distinguished in their day, . . . a brave yeomanry in arms, than on any other spot. From the slaughter of Bloody Brook, the storming of the Narragansett Fort, and all the early Indian wars; from the Heights of Abraham, Lake George, Lexington, Bunker Hill, Brandywine, Pea Ridge, and a hundred other battlefields, — a lustre is reflected back upon this village parade-ground." On the opposite side of the field still stands, transformed into a dwelling, the old Upton's Tavern, dating from 1710, where was great festivity on training-days.

A few steps up Center Street brought us to the central place of the witchcraft outbreak, — by, or near, the sites of the parsonage of 1692, home of Samuel Parris, the minister of the parish, which has been called "the cradle of the witchcraft delusion;" of Deacon Ingersoll's house, the "great room" of which witnessed so many weird "witchcraft" scenes; and of the meeting-house in which the "manifestations" of the "afflicted children" were made, the awful preliminary examinations were held, and the condemned victims were solemnly excommunicated.

Of these sites we found no special mark, save a rough stone on the slight elevation in the field off the street, which helps to identify the place where the Parris house stood. For Upham says that, from the change in popular feeling, the awakening from the delusion, there was a "general desire to obliterate the memory of the calamity, and this nearly extinguished tradition."

The site of Deacon Ingersoll's house is covered by the parsonage of the present church, on Center and Hobart Streets, the fourth structure occupying the site of the successor of the "witchcraft" meeting-house of 1692. The "witchcraft" meeting-house stood farther down, on Hobart Street, within the ploughed field just beyond Forest Street. It was a plain, square, wooden building, of rude aspect, built in 1673. Upham describes with interesting detail the first examinations held here, — the appearance in the village of John Hathorne and

Jonathan Corwin, the magistrates from Salem town, in imposing array, escorted by the marshal, the constables, and their aids, with all the trappings of their office; their entrance into the church, crowded with the people from the farms; the prisoners in the grip of the officers. After the delusion was past, the old meeting-house was abandoned, and subsequently, removed to a neighboring farm, was turned into a barn. Its successor was built in 1702. The place selected for the latter was then in "front of Deacon Ingersoll's door," and was known as "Watch House Hill," the Watch House having been here. Then the elevation was higher than now.

Parris's house, with the parson's barn, garden, and well, stood near the old meeting-house. His next neighbor was Jonathan Walcot, father of Mary Walcot, one of the "afflicted children." It was in these two families, says Upham, that the affair began and was nurtured. Other houses of leading actors were at more distant points.

"What were the 'manifestations' of the 'afflicted children'?" Percy asked.

"They began by Mr. Parris's children crawling about and writhing on the floor, under chairs and tables, lolling their tongues, and distorting their bodies. Later, as the contagion increased, the afflicted professed to suffer dreadful bodily torments, which they declared were brought upon them, mysteriously, by the accused, who had an understanding with the Devil. Since the acts of the 'witches' were visible only to the 'afflicted children,' it was upon their testimony alone that the victims were condemned. The real nature of the disorder of the girls is well defined by the Rev. William B. Rice, late minister of the First Parish, and its historian. He calls it a mixture of bodily disease, mental distemper, and moral wickedness. Their minds were filled with stories of the Devil and of spectres; their imaginations were set on fire; they were half affrighted, half fascinated; and they fell into wild, weird actings. Family feuds and long contentions prevailing among

the people of the village, Mr. Rice affirms, with Upham, had much to do with the violence of the outbreak; and it grew in some part out of questions connected with the settlement and support of the parish minister. After the fury had spent itself, Parris was dismissed, and left the town. His successor, Joseph Green, a sweet-tempered and enlightened man, did much to restore tranquillity. He caused the sentences of excommunication against the pious victims to be revoked; and the confession of error made by Ann Putnam, one of the 'afflicted children' upon whose 'testimony' several of the accused were condemned, was by him recorded on the church book."

The tree-clad elevation to the eastward, which Percy admired, is called Whipple's Hill, I told him, after an early settler; and it is interesting from associations with Edwin P. Whipple of Boston, the essayist (born 1819, died 1886). Hathorn Hill, more distant, to the north, along the summit of which spreads the buildings of the Massachusetts State Asylum for the Insane, also bears an ancient name, — that of the first immigrant Hathorn, ancestor of the "witchcraft" judge and of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The homestead of Sergeant Thomas Putnam, where lived Ann Putnam, lay to the westward of Hathorn Hill. She was a girl of thirteen when drawn into the "witchcraft" business by her older companions and the encouragement of their parents. Sergeant Putnam was grandson of John, the first American ancestor of the Putnams, and eldest son of one of the most influential men, and the richest, in Salem Village. The ancient house, still standing, but greatly altered, was Ann Putnam's home throughout her life. She lived to middle age, a quiet maiden lady; and her grave is in the old Putnam burying-ground, opposite the Asylum Station on the railway, beside her parents, the tomb now covered by a thick growth of vine and tree.

Returning to Holten Street, we strolled along this way and Elm Street, toward Danvers Square. Just beyond the bridge

over the old mill-pond, we reached the Peabody Institute, George Peabody's gift to Danvers. We paid this excellent institution a brief visit, and then, continuing our walk, soon came upon the square. The picturesque old house on the left corner, with long, low front and gambrel roof, especially pleased Percy's fancy.

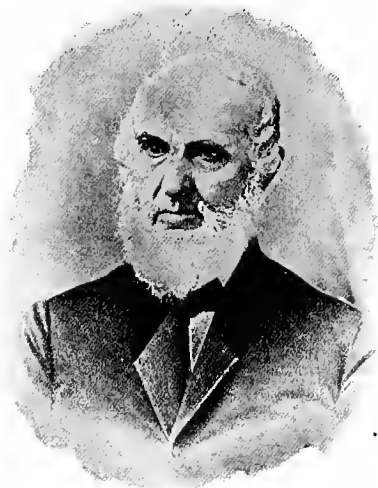
"This is the Page house," I explained, "of which I spoke when we were at the Collins house, as the place where General Gage had his office while he was in Danvers. But that was merely an incident in its history. It has larger claim to attention as the home of brave Jeremiah Page, the first Revolutionary colonel of an Essex regiment, and a captain in the American army during the Revolution. In this house the minute-men were organized upon his call, and from it he started with the militia-men of old Danvers for the Lexington affair. On the roof of the mansion one afternoon a few years before, when the use of the 'detested' taxed tea was interdicted, Madam Page entertained a party of friends with the beloved beverage, so keeping the letter, if not the spirit, of her obedience to her husband's command that none of the tea should be 'drunk under his roof.'" I asked Percy to look up the verses in the *Atlantic Monthly* by Lucy Larcom commemorative of this event.

In the square the old Berry Tavern, with its swing-sign, looked inviting; and we concluded to tarry here for lunch.

After thus refreshing ourselves we took an "Asylum" car, on the electric line passing through the square, and rode to Summer Street, which leads up to "Oak Knoll," the favorite home of the poet Whittier during his latter years. Midway up the pleasant road we passed the Wadsworth burying-ground, the oldest in the town, in which is the grave of the beloved Parson Green, who, following Parson Parris in the Village Church, did so much toward healing the breaches caused by the "witchcraft" minister. He came to Salem Village in 1697, a young man, having graduated from Harvard College two years

before, and served the parish for eighteen years, when he died at the early age of forty. In the old church book, with the record of his death, is written: "He was the choicest flower and the goodliest tree in the garden of our God." Also in this burying-ground is the grave of Parson Parris's wife, Elizabeth.

"Oak Knoll" lies a few rods above, on the same side. At the entrance from the road we turned into the rural avenue, and following this winding way through a thick grove, with



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

vines and flowering shrubs among the trees, we shortly reached the pleasant mansion-house of unpretentious style. At the door we met one of the family, who, upon my stating our mission, gave us cordial welcome, and took pleasure in pointing Percy to the gentle poet's haunts. He was shown the oak on the knoll, across the path before the front piazza, which suggested to Whittier the name bestowed upon the place; the walks he liked,

through the grove across the fields, and over to the river. Within the house he saw the poet's room and his study. He learned the history of the beautiful estate,—that for thirty years, between the forties and seventies, it was the country seat of a Salem merchant, and that it became Whittier's principal home after it had passed to its present owners, the family of the late Colonel Edward Johnson of Boston, cousins of the poet, who acquired it in 1875. He learned also that it is an

historic as well as a literary landmark ; for it includes the home lot on the grant made in 1641 to John Putnam, the emigrant ancestor of the long line of distinguished Putnams in America.

John Putnam's homestead remained till two or three years after the mansion-house at Oak Knoll was built. The site is just below the entrance to these grounds, the roadway passing over it. Putnam added to his grant by subsequent purchases of



OAK KNOLL, WHITTIER'S HOME.

additional acres, till he became one of the largest landholders in the settlement. He has been called one of the most energetic and successful of the pioneers. The homestead was occupied in succession by his youngest son, Lieutenant, and afterward Captain, John ; by James, John's second son ; by James's son, Jethro ; by Jethro's son, Colonel Enoch ; and by Enoch's son, Jethro (till his marriage to a daughter of Judge Holten, when

he went to live in the Holten house), — all of whom were men of standing in their days in the Village.

When John (2d) was living in the homestead, the minister, George Burrough, later one of the "witchcraft" victims, and his wife, were of the household for about a year after 1680. Colonel Enoch, the fourth from the first John here, was active in the Revolution. He marched to Lexington on the Alarm as a lieutenant in Captain Hutchinson's company. In the same company were his brother Perley, who was killed in the fighting, and his cousin Nathan, who was wounded; while his son Jethro was in Captain Page's company. The famous General Israel Putnam, "Old Put" of the Revolution, Washington's "uncut diamond," was great-grandson of the first John, and his birthplace, I told Percy, we should presently see. "The remarkable statement has been made," I further observed, "that fully seventy-five members of the Putnam family marched to the Nineteenth of April fight. General Putnam was not among them, for he was then living in Connecticut; but he was early on the scene in the Revolution, as you well know."

Leaving "Oak Knoll" with a grateful word from Percy to the good friends he had made here, we retraced our steps back to the main road, where we had left the car, and followed this thoroughfare farther on to a line of historic Putnam houses, finishing with the General Israel Putnam birthplace. It was a short walk to the first of the group, a little way above the railroad bridge, at the corner of Nichols Street, on the right. This was originally the house of William Putnam, brother of the general, built about the year 1723. Not far beyond, on the left side, we passed the second, the Deacon Joseph Putnam house, of perhaps thirty years later date, — a long, gambrel-roofed structure, picturesquely set well back from the road, and shaded by magnificent elms. It was built by David, General Israel's eldest brother, for the latter's son James, who became Deacon James of the Village church. Now it is commonly known as the "Colonel Jesse Putnam house," from a later-day occupant,

prominent in affairs of his time, an ardent reformer and anti-slavery man.

Then a few rods above on the right again, the "Old Put house," as it is familiarly termed, appeared, a combination of seventeenth and eighteenth century building. It was in the rear part that the soldier was born. This was the original house, built about the year 1650 by General Israel's grand-



GENERAL ISRAEL PUTNAM'S BIRTHPLACE.

father, Thomas (eldest son of the first John), to which his father, Joseph, Thomas's youngest son, succeeded. The front part was built on more than half a century later by his eldest brother David. At the time of the "witchcraft" fury, Joseph, then a young man of twenty-two, was living in the old house with his mother and his wife, a bride of a year, scarcely eighteen. He was one of the few open disbelievers in the delusion, and as outspoken against the proceedings as was John Procter,

who lost his life for his courage. It is said that for six months he kept his loaded firelock close by him, and a saddled horse ready to resist arrest and flee if any attempt were made to apprehend him. But he was unmolested. Sergeant Putnam, father of Ann, of the "afflicted children," was his eldest brother.

Percy had the same good fortune in seeing the interior of this historic house under a sympathetic guide as at Oak Knoll. I had, indeed, been favored by a valued friend with a note of introduction to the gracious mistress of the mansion, a granddaughter of Colonel David Putnam; but I am confident that the winning way of the honest lad would have gained admittance for him without my passport.

We entered the narrow hall of the eighteenth century front, and after a leisurely survey of its quaint rooms with their old furniture, portraits, prints, and treasured heirlooms, passed through the quainter ancient part, directly to the little chamber overlooking the farm, where our hero came into the world on the 7th of January, 17 $\frac{1}{2}$. Percy, who had now become quite an expert in old houses, remarked the heavy oaken beams of the low ceiling of the room, the thick walls, the deep fireplace; and his pleased eye took in every detail of the furnishings. He examined every relic, and eagerly listened to its story, while he handled the wooden sword, the boy's plaything of a later Putnam, who hastened to the Civil War at the first call, and lost his young life in the service. Then in the attic above he saw a motley collection of kitchen and other domestic utensils, which had done long service in the ancient house for two centuries back.

Passing out by the rear door into the yard or field back of the house, he lingered for a while under the aged willow, and listened to anecdotes of "Old Put," — of his services in the French and Indian wars as well as in the Revolution. Incidents, too, were related of his youth on this farm; for he remained here till his marriage to Hannah Pope in 1739, when he was twenty-one. Then the young couple began housekeep-

ing in a house which stood near the Old Putnam burying-ground; but soon after they moved to Pomfret, Conn. The homestead passed from Israel's father to his eldest brother, Colonel David, who was a dashing cavalry officer previous to



GENERAL ISRAEL PUTNAM (from Painting by Trumbull).

the Revolution. He died in 1769. He had four sons, of whom the second, another Israel, remained on the old place. Its owner and occupant in later days, Miss Susan Putnam, was this Israel's daughter.

Now we returned to Danvers Square by electric car, and

there took a Marblehead car, the line, beginning in Danvers Centre, passing through Danversport, Salem, and the heart of Marblehead.

“Danversport,” I explained, as we sped on, “covers three peninsulas, formed by the streams called Water’s, Crane, and Porter’s Rivers, converging at tide-water. The upper peninsula, between Crane and Porter’s Rivers, yet called by old citizens ‘Skelton’s Neck,’ comprises the grant made in 1632 to Parson Skelton, first minister of the Salem Church, while the lower formed Governor Endicott’s ‘Orchard Farm.’ In Provincial days, and for quite a period after the Revolution, Danversport was a place of much commercial activity. It was a port of some consequence then, and ships laden with rich stuffs from foreign parts came up to its wharves. Good ships, too, were built here, and during the Revolution swift privateers.”

Along the way we passed a few mansion-houses left over from those days, still having an air of solid comfort about them. The most notable of these is the Read mansion beyond the village, near the bridge across Water’s River, occupying an elevated point within the old “Orchard Farm,” and overlooking Crane River. It was built toward the close of the last century by Nathan Read, the same who had a town house in Salem on the site of Plummer Hall, as we observed there, and who invented the steamboat before Fulton, and the first nail-machine in the country (which was operated by water-power in the mill at the bridge below). He experimented with his paddle-wheel steamer on the mill-pond in front of his dwelling.

Just after we had crossed the Salem line, I pointed out our last “witchcraft” landmark, — the weathered old house, off at the distant left at the end of a worn lane. It is the ancient homestead of the Jacobs farm, in which in 1692 lived George Jacobs, one of the victims who was hanged on the same day, Aug. 19, as the good parson, George Burrough, the courageous John Procter, John Willard, and Martha Carrier.



XI.

MARBLEHEAD.

Site first proposed for the college which became Harvard. — The “Dungeons.” — Site of the Darby Fort of 1629. — Eighteenth century landmarks. — Marblehead in the Revolutionary period and its heroes. — In the war of 1812. — The fight between the Chesapeake and the Shannon off Marblehead Neck. — The Constitution chased into the harbor. — The old-time fishers, their characteristics and their dialect. — The Mugford monument. — Old St. Michael’s Church. — The Lee mansion-house. — Homes of the “sea-kings.” — The old Custom House. — The historic Town House. — Birthplaces of eminent men. — Elbridge Gerry. — Story of the “Gerrymander.” — The Glovers, Jonathan and General John. — The Old North Church. — Ancient Fort Sewall. — Quaint by-ways. — The “Moll Pitcher house.” — The island parsonage. — Site of the Fountain Inn. — Burying Hill. — The monument to lost fishers. — Peach’s Point, place of the Puritan fishing-stages. — True story of “Old Flood Ireson.”

FROM Salem to Marblehead was but a half hour’s ride by way of tree-lined Lafayette Street through South Salem and along the Old Salem Road, pleasant throughout.

Lafayette Street leads to Forest River, which flows to Salem Harbor, and is the boundary-line between Salem and Marblehead. Crossing the river, and proceeding toward the town of Marblehead, we passed the land first proposed for the seat of Harvard College before John Harvard’s name was connected with it. It is the plain spreading back on the right on the high land just over the river.

“First mention of its selection for this purpose,” I observed, the fact being new to Percy, “appears in the ancient Salem

records. At a town-meeting in May, 1635, John Humphrey, who then had a great farm on the Marblehead side, applied for land in this vicinity; and his application was referred to a committee with instructions to 'consider of the premises least it should hinder the building of a colledge w^h would be maine [many] mens losse.' In November following, the General Court made its grant of four hundred pounds for the establishment of the college, and it seems that this site was so far determined upon that the next year a committee was appointed to erect a college building. But, evidently before the work had got underway, the court had finally settled upon Cambridge (then 'the Newe Towne') as the place, and had ordered building begun there. Of this Salem committee it is interesting to recall that John Humphrey was one member, while another was the Rev. Hugh Peters, who subsequently returned to England, where he became an active partisan of Cromwell, and after the restoration of Charles II., was tried, as one of the regicides, for high treason, sentenced to be drawn upon a hurdle, and executed at Charing Cross. He had here a grant of land on the Marblehead side which is included in the quarter of the town now known as Devereux."

From the top of the hill, just after crossing Forest River, and embraced in the proposed college grounds, we had a view of the curious "Dungeons," so called, or circular depressions caused by the melting of icebergs formed in the glacial period.

Before crossing the bridge, I had pointed Percy to the view down Salem Harbor on the left, in the direction of Naugus Head, the outermost point of the northwest side of Marblehead, where the earliest fort — Darby Fort by name — was set up by Endicott's men, and mounted with the guns brought out by the Higginson fleet in 1629.

A little farther on we were in the outskirts of the town, and then were travelling its quaint, narrow streets of irregular line and original architecture.

I told Percy that while we may trace in this old town a few

Puritan footprints, the rocky peninsula having been occupied very soon after the coming of Endicott's men and their followers as a fishing-station (which industry was immensely increased by the exertions of the Rev. John Barnard, the minister early in the eighteenth century), the landmarks most distinct are of the latter part of the eighteenth century, notably of the Revolutionary period. For Marblehead had a part in some of the most momentous of the Revolutionary movements, to which its old Town Hall, still standing, bore witness. It was the home of Elbridge Gerry, of Azor Orne, of Jeremiah Lee, of General John Glover, of Jonathan Glover, all foremost in the Patriot cause; and the houses in which they lived are yet preserved. It became the "nursery of the American navy," identified with the first Act of the Continental Congress for the formation of the navy; and here were the homes of some of its bravest captains, still to be identified.

Here lived young Captain James Mugford, whose gallant deed off Boston Harbor, in May, 1776, in the capture of an incoming "Powder Boat," loaded with arms and ammunition for the British army, in full sight of the British fleet lying in "Nantasket Roads," is commemorated by a monument in a public square. This was the most valuable prize taken in the war up to that time. After its delivery at Boston, Mugford's ship, in attempting to get to sea again, was grounded in "Shirley Gut," whereupon she was attacked by thirteen boats with two hundred armed sailors from the British fleet; and in the fierce fight which ensued, when Mugford was mortally wounded, he nerved his men to victory by his dying cry, "Don't give up the vessel; you can beat them off!"

Here also lived Commodore John Manly, who, as Captain Manly, sailing the first schooner of the fleet of armed vessels, authorized by the Provincial Congress to "protect the sea-coast," and to cut off British supplies, hoisted the first American flag, — the Pine Tree Flag of Massachusetts; and to him the first British flag was struck. We may find, too, the house

in which lived Commodore Samuel Tucker, hero of numerous sea-fights, who in the single year of 1776 captured from thirty to forty prizes; and who carried out John Adams as envoy to France in 1778 in the frigate Boston, taking a valuable prize on the way, just to "keep his hand in." Other Marbleheaders, doers of great deeds in the navy, or as masters of privateers, of which Marblehead sent out a famous fleet, were Captain John Lee, Captain John Harris, Captain Richard Cowell, Captain Robert Wormstead.

Of the old-time prominence of the town, I recalled the statement of its historians that in the decades immediately pre-



OLD TOWN HALL. BUILT, 1727.

ceding the Revolution it was second in the Colony — next to Boston — both in population and wealth, and had many vessels engaged in a profitable foreign trade. Says an exuberant writer of that time, "As to numbers and opulence it swarmed with inhabitants, was a pattern of industry, flourished in trade, and abounded in wealth; from hence, as from a fountain, streams of wealth flowed out which greatly enriched the vicinity, and penetrated far into the country." During this period some of the grand houses of the rich "sea-kings," the relics of which are yet to be seen, were built.

While a number of its wealthiest citizens remained firm

Loyalists, the mass of the people threw themselves ardently into the Revolution. When, with the closing of Boston against all commerce by the "Boston Port Bill" in 1774, Marblehead was named as the port of entry, it refused to profit by Boston's affliction. Declaring that its heart bled "for the distressed but respectable Bostonians," the town placed the Town House and the Powder House at the disposal of Boston merchants for the storage of their goods, while the citizens freely opened their storehouses, other buildings, and wharves, for this purpose, meantime contributing quantities of fish, oil, and a sum of money for the poor of the blockaded town. When the struggle came on, "her men flew to arms, and all her wealth and resources were engaged to sustain the Declaration of Independence." In 1775 the town furnished and equipped for the Continental Army a regiment of eight hundred men. This was the famous "Marine Regiment," under General John Glover, composed of hardy fishermen, that performed signal services, notably in connection with the transportation of the army across the Sound from Brooklyn to New York, in August, 1776, and in the crossing of the Delaware in December following. Engaged in service on the water, in manning privateers or naval vessels through the war, were many more men of Marblehead.

During the early part of the conflict British war-ships passed the harbor almost daily, "so near that the faces of red-coated soldiers could be seen from the Neck," and there were occasionally adventures with the enemy off shore. The Revolution left the town impoverished, with her commerce destroyed, and her population greatly reduced. But in subsequent years something of her former prosperity was recovered with the further development of the fishing-business.

In the War of 1812 Marblehead took a more active part than other New England seaboard towns, with most of whom the war was unpopular. Nearly a fifth of her population, then about six thousand, was drawn into the service; and at its close



THE FAMOUS U. S. VESSEL CONSTITUTION ("OLD IRONSIDES").

(From Photogravure of Painting by Marshall Johnson.)

Built in Boston, at the shipyard where now is Constitution Wharf, and launched Oct. 21, 1797. Of 44 guns; speed, $13\frac{1}{2}$ knots an hour, "going free under topgallant sails." Won the name of "Old Ironsides" from her remarkable exploits in the war of 1812. Repeatedly repaired and rebuilt on the original model. After long and gallant service condemned by the Navy Department, and ordered to be destroyed, when the publication of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's spirited protest roused public opinion, and she was saved. After her permanent retirement sometime used as quarters for midshipmen at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md. Brought to the Charlestown Navy Yard in 1897, when her centennial anniversary was celebrated.

five hundred Marblehead men were in Dartmoor and other English prisons. During this war occurred the famous "duel" off Marblehead Neck, between the United States frigate Chesapeake, Captain Lawrence, and the British frigate Shannon, Captain Broke, in which the American ship was worsted. But Captain Lawrence, mortally wounded, refused to allow his colors to be struck while he lived, and uttered his last brave words, "Don't give up the ship!" echoing the cry of the gallant Mugford of thirty-seven years before. This engagement, in sight of the town, was witnessed by throngs on the rooftops and the rocky shore, and with great anxiety, for Marbleheaders made up a good part of the Chesapeake's crew. Then on a Sunday in April, 1814, great excitement was aroused by the spectacle of the frigate Constitution, grand "Old Ironsides," making in from sea toward Marblehead harbor, with two British frigates, the Tenedos and Endymion, in hot pursuit. In anticipation of a fight heavy cannon were hurried over from Salem, the local battalion of artillery was got in readiness, assistance hastened from the Charlestown Navy Yard, and the "New England Guards" marched down from Boston. But, meanwhile, "Old Ironsides" had come safe under the protecting guns of old Fort Sewall, and the chasing vessels had made off to sea.

The fishing-business continued the chief industry of the town till after the Civil War period; but it reached the highest point of prosperity in the late thirties and early forties, when nearly a hundred ships were engaged in the trade. In course of time fishing on the distant banks of Newfoundland with its long voyages declined, and in its stead came bay-fishing, confined to Massachusetts Bay. This life on the sea, with its hazards, produced a hardy race, and a peculiar one. The old-time Marbleheaders were essentially fisher-folk, with the qualities which characterize their kind strongly marked. The typical Marbleheader of the old days smacked of the sea, and by his manner, gait, and speech was recognizable far beyond his neigh-

borhood. A peculiar Marblehead dialect developed, and peculiar Marblehead customs. The Marblehead boy was then a terror to the outsider. When a stranger appeared in the crooked streets his startling cry, "Rock him round the corner!" followed not infrequently with a shower of small stones, stirred the blood and ruffled the temper of the unoffending intruder. But these rough ways were only superficial. The aggressive Marblehead boy, when you got at him, broke through his re-



THE "FLATIRON."

serve of defiant shyness, proved most companionable, sure in friendship, true as steel. He became the sturdy, self-reliant skipper, or the master of his own ship, or the successful fishing-merchant.

The fishermen's houses were as peculiar as themselves. Those closest to the sea, severely plain and weathered, were set without regard to the lane-like street lines, jumbled together, appearing as if blown by some great gale to their places. Others, built over or against the rocky ridges which run through

the thickly settled parts of the town, were most picturesque; some of two and three stories, running up the face of a rock with one story back on the top of the ledge; others with front at a ledge-top, and running several stories down at the back; others apparently built into a ledge. In numerous cases long flights of steps up a succession of terraces led to the house door. A few of these houses are yet left, with others of the old-time architecture, as we have already observed; but with the change of the town from a quaint fishing-place to a manufacturing centre and a tidy summer resort, not a little of its fascinating homely aspect has departed.

I was still talking when we had left the car, and were strolling about the town. Our walk began at the Mugford Monument in the square, at the junction of Pleasant and Essex Streets, by which the car passes. This shaft of granite was set up on the hundredth anniversary of Captain Mugford's exploit. The inscriptions, copied as usual by Percy in his note-book, read:

[NORTHERN SIDE.]

A TRIBUTE OF MARBLEHEAD

To the memory of the brave Captain Mugford, and his heroic crew,
who, in the Franklin, of sixty tons, and four four-pounders,

MAY 17, 1776,

under the guns of the British fleet,
captured and carried into Boston

the transport Hope, three hundred tons, ten guns,
loaded with munitions of war, including fifteen hundred barrels of powder.

[WESTERN SIDE.]

CAPTAIN JAMES MUGFORD,

BORN IN MARBLEHEAD, MAY 19, 1749,

KILLED MAY 19, 1776,

while successfully defending his vessel against thirteen boats
and two hundred men from the British fleet.

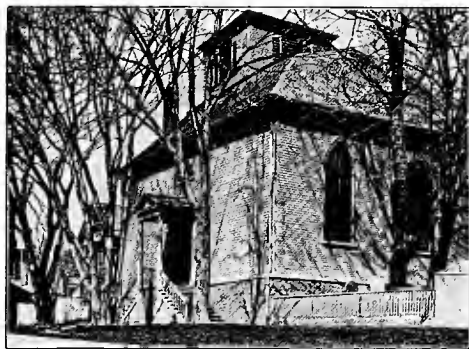
On the eastern side are displayed the names of the crew of the Franklin, so far as known.

There are two houses associated with the young hero still standing, one of them the house in which he "set up house-

keeping" with his bride not long before his adventure; the other, the home of his wife's father, John Griste, to which his dead body was brought, and whence it was borne to the grave with honors. He was interred in the old Charter-street burying-ground in Salem, a fact not generally known. These houses are both on Mugford Street (an old way renamed for the hero), some distance beyond the monument, the first at the corner of Mugford and Back Streets, the second near the Unitarian Church.

We crossed from the square to Washington Street, and, going down this thoroughfare, soon came to a number of interesting landmarks in near neighborhood.

First in the group was St. Michael's Church, a few steps off from Washington Street by a turn through Summer Street, no-



ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH.

table as the oldest Episcopal church-building now standing in New England. Although this antique structure has undergone some change since its heavy oaken frame, got out in England, was set up almost two centuries ago, it retains in the

interior its chief original characteristics, and is one of the best examples of the early American church of this denomination. When told that in its original form it was exactly square, and its roof had seven gables, with central tower surmounted with a spire, Percy expressed his opinion that it must have had a more picturesque appearance than now. But within he found

it sufficiently antique. In the original design, the ceiling was in the form of a St. Andrew's cross, supported by four columns of solid oak, also brought from England. The altar and reredos were at first on the eastern side, and the ancient pulpit, of wine-glass pattern, with prayer-desk in front, on the northern. The original form of the roof is seen under the present roof, which was built over the other when an addition was made to the building in 1728. The ancient reredos is preserved in the lettering, done in England in 1714, the year in which the church was built. Before the Revolution this was surmounted by the royal monogram and coat-of-arms; but during the celebration of the Declaration of Independence, which covered a week with the exhilarated Marbleheaders, they were pulled down, and at the same time the church-bell was rung till it cracked, "to punish some of the communicants for their loyalist sentiments," says the historian Roads. Subsequently a gorgeous American spread eagle was set in place of the overthrown king's arms, but this also disappeared in after years. The old brass chandelier, suspended from the middle of the ceiling, was a gift, made in 1730, by John Ellridge, then collector of the port of Bristol, England. Among other relics highly cherished by the parish is the communion service of solid silver, which was given by David Le Gallois in 1745. A pleasing piece of information which Percy gathered here was that the second rector of the church, David Mossom, subsequently moving to Virginia, was the clergyman who married Washington to Mrs. Martha Custis.

Returning to Washington Street, we next looked into the old Lee mansion-house, now occupied by banking institutions, with part of the original hall only preserved. This, Percy was informed, was once the grandest dwelling in the town, and distinguished among the "most elegant" houses in the colonies. In its prime, from its finely proportioned hall a noble stairway ascended to stately apartments richly embellished. The paper on the walls was made in England, and other furnishings were

imported. It was Colonel Jeremiah Lee's mansion, built in 1768, at a cost, it has been said, of ten thousand pounds, large for those days. Colonel Lee was one of the leading merchants of his time, a large shipowner, engaged in foreign trade. He kept a number of slaves employed about the mansion and in loading and unloading his vessels at the wharves. He entered ardently into the Patriot cause, serving latterly on the Provincial Committee of Safety and Supplies. He was with Gerry and Orne at Wetherby's Black-Horse Tavern in Menotomy (now Arlington) on the night of the 18th of April, 1775, when Lieutenant-Colonel Smith's detachment of redcoats passed through on the march to Lexington and Concord; and his exposure on that occasion resulted in his death. The committee had been in session at this tavern during the evening, and the three Marblehead members were lodged there for the night. Before daybreak they were roused from their beds by the report that the king's troops were approaching. While gazing from their chamber windows at the "unwonted spectacle," they were surprised by the movement of an officer and file from the ranks to search the house. Half-dressed, they hurried out by the back door into a cornfield behind the tavern, where they "threw themselves flat on their faces in the stubble," and here lay concealed for an hour till the danger was over. The night was cold, and Colonel Lee contracted a fever from which he died in May following. In this mansion, during Colonel Lee's time and long after, persons of distinction visiting the town were entertained with fine hospitality. Washington, upon his brief visit in 1789, was its guest, Madam Lee then being the hostess; Lafayette was an honored guest upon both of his visits, in 1784 and 1824, as were President Monroe in 1817, and President Jackson in 1833.

Now passing to Washington Square, in the vicinity of the Common, we saw some of the seventeenth-century mansions of the "sea-kings," the retired sea-captains and Bilboa merchants; then, on the Common, "Abbot Hall," the modern town building

given by a generous citizen; on old streets below, clusters of quaint buildings, one of which, from its peculiar shape called the "Flatiron," Percy photographed; down by the water-side the old Custom House, built long before the Revolution, where the merchants used to gather awaiting incoming ships; nearby, on Front Street, the old Jonathan Glover house; and back from Glover Street, partly concealed by houses in its front, the General John Glover house, occupying what was once Colonel Jonathan Glover's garden, one of the finest in town, with a front gate, the posts on either side of which bore gilded eagles with out-spread wings.

Again on Washington Street, we surveyed the old Town Hall, standing in the middle of the



GENERAL JOHN GLOVER HOUSE.

thoroughfare, with long flights of outside steps at either end. This dates from 1727; and from its association with great events, the place of momentous gatherings and of patriotic acts, it is called the "Faneuil Hall of Marblehead." Then, south of the historic hall, on the east side of Washington Street, we passed the birthplace of Joseph Story, the eminent jurist (born 1779, died 1845), long associate justice of the United States Supreme Court, whose distinguished father, Dr. Elisha Story, was an active Patriot, one of the "Boston Tea-Party" of 1773, a "Son of Liberty," and surgeon and soldier in the fight on the

British retreat from Concord, at Bunker Hill by General Warren's side, and in other engagements of the Continental army. Then we paused before the old house on the opposite side, for this was Elbridge Gerry's birthplace.

"Yes, this was the Elbridge Gerry whose signature appears among the signers of the Declaration of Independence," I replied to Percy's question. "He is accorded to have been the



BIRTHPLACE OF ELBRIDGE GERRY.

greatest man of Marblehead. John Glover was her most distinguished soldier; Manly and Tucker her greatest naval captains; Azor Orne and Jonathan Glover, elder brother of General John, were both prominent in the Provincial Congress, and active and influential in public affairs of their exciting time; but Gerry was pre-eminently the leader, the statesman of national fame. Born in 1744, son of a prosperous merchant, his public career began in his young manhood, and continued through

his long life, closing only with his death in his seventy-first year. He was a representative in the Massachusetts General Court in 1772-1773; he was an active member of the committee of safety of Marblehead, the framer of the spirited pre-Revolutionary resolutions and addresses adopted by the people in the historic Town House; he was a foremost member of the Provincial Congress; member of the Provincial Committee on Safety and Supplies; member of the Continental Congress through its existence; member of the Annapolis, Md., convention of 1786, to report a system for the regulation of the commercial trade of the United States; member of the convention to frame the national constitution; member of the first and second congresses which sat after the organization of the government in 1789; an elector of president and vice-president in 1797, casting his vote for John Adams; the same year commissioner to France; in 1810 and 1811, governor of Massachusetts; and in 1811 to 1814, vice-president of the United States. He died suddenly in Washington when on his way to his duties as president of the Senate, and was buried in the Congressional Cemetery, Congress subsequently placing a monument over his grave.

“You’ve doubtless seen the word ‘gerrymander,’ frequently occurring in the newspapers, or heard it used by politicians, meaning an unfair arrangement of the political divisions of a State, to give one party an advantage over another in elections. Well, this word was coined from Gerry’s name. It came about in this way. In 1811, when he was governor of Massachusetts, and a majority in both branches of the legislature were of his party — Democratic, — a new division of the districts for the election of representatives in Congress was made. For the purpose of securing a Democratic representative, one district was composed by a most irregular arrangement of towns in the county of Essex. Thereupon Benjamin Russell, the editor of the *Columbian Centinel* of Boston, plotted out on a map of the county the towns thus selected, and hung the map in his edito-

rial sanctum. Soon after, Gilbert Stuart, the celebrated portrait painter, happening in and remarking the map, observed that the towns as Russell had colored them formed a picture of some monstrous animal. Then, taking a pencil from his pocket, he sketched on a few lines resembling claws. 'There,' said he, 'that will do for a salamander.' — 'Salamander!' cried Russell, looking up from his desk at which he had been busy with his pen, and surveying Stuart's additions, 'Call it Gerrymander!'



THE "GERRYMANDER."

And so it remained. The Federalists adopted it as a term of reproach to the Democratic legislature, and an engraving of the 'Gerrymander' was hawked about the State as a political tract. The assumption that the peculiar arrangement of the district was instigated by Gerry, which some writers make, is without warrant.

"During the latter part of his life Gerry lived in the mansion-

house in Cambridge, known and treasured with us as the birth-place and life-long home of James Russell Lowell.

"Some time after the Peace, this Marblehead house was occupied by Captain William Blackler, of General Glover's regiment, whose proud boast it was that he commanded the boat in which Washington crossed the Delaware."

The rough granite "Old North" Church, on the opposite side of the street, claimed a moment's attention, it being a successor of the first Puritan meeting-house in the town, which stood on Burying Hill, in our route farther north. Percy ascertained

that it was built about seventy years ago, in large part of stone taken from the ledge which it occupies.

Next we turned from Washington Street, and by a rambling way, past a succession of old houses of comfortable aspect, we reached the winding street by the water-side which makes toward the ancient Fort Sewall, most picturesque of landmarks picturesquely placed. It is a dismantled fortress now, and the high grounds about it constitute a public park. Following the example of other loiterers here, we took seats on one of the benches and enjoyed the pretty views around us. On our bench also was sitting an aged fisherman, of the genuine Marblehead type; and Percy straightway making friends with him, drew a sailor's yarn or two from his slow lips. From our vantage-ground the prospect embraced a variety of pleasing features. In front of us, across the harbor, now gay with pleasure craft, yachts and launches, in place of the old-time fisher's boats, lay the "Great Neck," covered with summer cottages, "villas," club buildings; and on the tip, the lighthouse at the harbor mouth. Toward the left, Cat or Lowell's Island appeared in near view; in the distance beyond, Halfway Rock; more to the left, Baker's Island and the open sea; more distinctly, Thatcher's Island with its twin lights; in nearer view again, the Miseries; behind, the Beverly and Manchester shores; at the extreme left, behind the fort, Peach's Point, the place of the first settlement in Marblehead; and Little Harbor, with its centrepiece in Gerry's Island.

The harbor, Percy gathered from his sailor friend, is one of the deepest and snuggest on the Atlantic coast, while the fort was a "mighty grand" one when it was "rigged up." It is supposed to have been built in 1742; the General Court that year having granted the town six hundred and ninety pounds to erect here a "good and sufficient breastwork and a platform for the accommodation of 12-pounders, or other guns equivalent." It was first set up for the defence of the harbor against French cruisers. The name of Sewall was given it at a later

period in honor of Judge Samuel Sewall, a distinguished townsman, and a justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts from 1800 to 1814, the last year chief justice. He was a grandson of Judge Samuel Sewall of the "witchcraft" court.

From the fort we walked along the water-side street to Franklin Place, so called, and rounding the corner, came upon old Orne Street. Now we were in a part of the town which has suffered fewer changes in late years than other parts, and Percy got a fair idea of what old Marblehead was. Here were "the wooden houses, quaint and brown," the narrow, crooked road by heaps of stone. Its chiefest landmark was the Orne house, home of the Patriot, Colonel Azor Orne, midway, on the left side. Just beyond the fork of lanes we passed the "Moll Pitcher house," where was born, in 1738, Mary Dimond, who became the "fortune-teller of Lynn." "There was no port on either continent which floated the flag of an American ship," we are told, "that had not heard the fame" of this fisherman's daughter who "read the stars." She became Mary, or "Moll," Pitcher through her marriage, in 1760, to Robert Pitcher, a Lynn shoemaker; and it was close upon her removal to Lynn that she began the practice of her "trade." Her cottage on a lonely spot on High Rock remained a landmark for years after she died, a weird old woman of seventy-five, and was a place passed with quickened step by superstitious young folk. But Moll Pitcher appears to have been a kindly, shrewd old soul, and to have borne a good name with her distant neighbors.

Just above the Moll Pitcher house, at a bend in the lane, I piloted Percy toward the rocky brink of "Little Harbor;" and here, through an opening between queer old houses, he looked upon a dainty view. In the foreground of the picture was the little green Gerry's Island, where Parson William Walton, first minister of Marblehead (from 1638 till his death, 1668), set up his house, oddest of parsonages. Then, a few rods off, we saw the well which belonged to the Fountain Inn, the first considerable tavern of Marblehead, celebrated in Oliver Wendell

Holmes's ballad of Sir Henry Frankland and Agnes Surriage, and in Edwin Lassiter Bynner's novel of *Agnes Surriage*. The ancient inn, with its "flapping sign" and the "spreading elm below," long since disappeared; and this well, years ago filled up, was only accidentally discovered at a comparatively recent date in digging a post-hole. It was then restored as an



BURYING HILL.

interesting landmark. The inn was old when Sir Harry first swung up to its door in his coach and four which had brought him down from Boston, and met the barefooted Agnes scrubbing the tavern steps. That was in 1742. Frankland was then the young collector of the port of Boston, and had come here to superintend the building of the fortification which became Fort Sewall. The inn was a favorite place of the gentry of the town and the jovial sea-captains, while there were traditions that pirates bold and smugglers at times found shelter beneath its friendly roof.

Following the bend of the lane, we soon came to Burying Hill with its historic graves and monuments. A short, sharp ascent, and we were at the summit, bare and rocky, overlooking the town and the sea. Here stood the first meeting-house, built perhaps as early as 1638; and the present burying-ground was the churchyard. We saw the graves of several of the early ministers in a row near the summit, their headstones carved with Latin inscriptions; and close by, on the topmost point of the hill, the white shaft raised to commemorate members of the seamen's society lost on sea and shore. On one side of the monument Percy read this sad tale of shipwreck:—

LOST
ON THE GRAND BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND
IN THE MEMORABLE GALE OF SEPTEMBER 19, 1846.
[NAMES.]

Whole number lost from Marblehead in the gale, 65 men and
boys: 43 heads of families, leaving 43 widows,
155 fatherless children.

“I have seen somewhere stated,” I observed, “that in one case a wife lost her husband, a brother, a son-in-law, and two sons of a brother. Parents lost sons, some one son, some two, and in two instances three sons. The fishing-fleet which sailed out of the harbor that year comprised fifty vessels, containing in all three hundred and fifty men. This was but one of numerous afflictions of like nature which Marblehead suffered in her history. In the year 1768 nine vessels with most of their men were lost. In the two years 1768–1769, twenty-three vessels were lost with all the men on board,—one hundred and sixty-two,—while a considerable number were washed overboard from vessels which safely returned to port. These left seventy widows and a hundred and fifty children. This shaft against the sky, pathetic reminder of the dangers of the deep, can be seen from ships ten to fifteen miles off at sea.”

On the farther slope of the ground, under one of the few trees here, we found the tomb of General John Glover. I told

Percy that he would see in Boston a fine statue of the general in the handsome parkway of Commonwealth Avenue.

We continued our walk along the narrow thoroughfare a short distance beyond Burying Hill, to the headland of Peach's Point. Some old houses are here, but nothing to help us to identify the site of the first Puritan "fishing-stages." Still, it pleased Percy to be in the place of the first settlement. Somewhere on the "Point" stood "Mr. Cradock's house," of the burning of which, in September, 1633, Winthrop gives this account in his journal under that date: "Mr. Cradock's house at Marblehead was burned down about midnight before, there being in it Mr. Allerton and many fishermen whom he employed that season, who were all preserved by a special Providence of God, with most of his goods there, by a tailor, who sat up that night at work in the house, and hearing a noise, looked out and saw the house on fire above the oven in the thatch." The "Mr. Allerton" was the Isaac Allerton of the Plymouth Colony, whose farm, I recalled, we had crossed in Kingston. He was in Marblehead perhaps as early as 1629, certainly in 1630; for he was one of the first to welcome Winthrop on the arrival of the *Arbella* in Manchester Bay. In 1631 he came out in the ship *White Angel*, and, loading her with fish, returned to England. Soon, coming back with a number of men, he built a "large fishing-house" on this point, and engaged actively in the fishing business. This probably was the "Mr. Cradock's house," the burning of which Governor Winthrop describes. In the enterprise Allerton may have been in partnership with Cradock. Cradock was the first governor of the Massachusetts Company in London, but he never came out. Allerton's son-in-law, Moses Maverick, was in co-operation with him, and became a permanent settler on the Point. Probably Allerton made his home here after his falling out with the Plymouth brethren. Subsequently he came into disagreement with the Bay Company, and one day the General Court gave him "leave to depart from Marblehead." Thereupon he went to Connect-

icut, and afterwards to "New Amsterdam," which became New York.

These early colonists of fishermen launched the third vessel built in the colony. They called her *Desire*. One of her early voyages was to the West Indies, and part of her return cargo consisted of the first slaves introduced into New England.

Marblehead was made a plantation by order of the General Court in 1635, and belonged to Salem till 1649. Its name came early; for Francis Higginson wrote, in his description in 1629, "here is plentie of Marblestone in such store that we have great rocks of it and a harbour near by. Our plantation is from thence called Marble-Harbour." And "harbour" was soon changed to head, because of the bold projection of the peninsula into the water.

Having completed the tour of the principal landmarks of the town, I suggested that we return to our starting-point by the back way, and so reach the railway station by streets which we had not traversed.

"But," said Percy, "we haven't yet visited the scene of the poem by Mr. Whittier about old Floyd Ireson, who was tarred and feathered and dragged about in a cart by the women of Marblehead, for deserting a wreck at sea. My sister copied the poem for me from a book she has, and I've brought it along. That was a real story, wasn't it, about a real man?"

"Yes and no," I replied. "It was a wrong story about a real man, whose persecution broke his spirit, — completely 'cowed him,' as a Marbleheader has said. Marbleheaders don't like to talk about it; and you'll find it difficult to induce an old native to pilot you to the poor old skipper's home in the queer corner of Oakum Bay. They feel that Whittier did their town and their townspeople a great unkindness, which he would never have done had he sought fact instead of accepting tradition for the basis of his verse. The 'Chant of Flood Oirson,' as it has been called, was current in the town years before Whittier wrote, and ran in this wise: —

'Old Flood Oirson for his hord hort
 Was tor'd and further'd and coried in a cort,
 A becos he left five men on a wrack
 Was tor'd and further'd all over his back!'

"The true story was first published some twenty years ago by the late Rev. Charles T. Brooks, minister and poet, in a newspaper, by way of introduction to his verses, *A Plea for Flood Ireson*, written as an offset to Whittier's poem.

"The incident occurred in the spring of 1808. Ireson was skipper of the schooner *Betsy* of Marblehead. On her homeward voyage from the West Indies she sighted a wreck when passing Cape Cod. It being dark at the time, and the sea running high, she was unable to render immediate assistance; so the skipper, before going below, ordered the watch to 'lay by' the wreck till daylight. But this order was disobeyed, and the *Betsy* was speeded on her course abandoning the sinking ship. Meanwhile another vessel, a Provincetown whaleboat, rescued her captain with part of the crew, and they reaching shore before the *Betsy*, report of her conduct preceded her in port. When she arrived a crowd, gathered on the wharf, called her crew to account; but they protested that the skipper would not allow them to go to the wreck's relief. Thereupon the mob seized Ireson, put him into an old dory, and dragged him through the streets toward Salem, intending to take him to Beverly, where he belonged, and humiliate him before his neighbors. But when nearing Salem, a number of its citizens, having heard of the affair, met the procession in the road and compelled it to turn about. Meanwhile, the bottom of the old dory had fallen out, and the victim had been shifted to a cart. On the way back, the mob encountered a party of indignant Marblehead citizens, who gave poor Ireson their protection, and he was borne to his home without further molestation. When he got down from the cart he remarked simply, 'I thank you for my ride, gentlemen; but you'll live to regret it!'

"As for the part which the women of Marblehead took in

the affair, Mr. Brooks said: 'A few old fish-wives may have thrown their feather beds out of the window; but as to the story of the men's giving their victim over to the tender mercies of the women, and of their punching him with marlin-spikes, to make him sing the rhymed history of his disgrace — to me, who have been familiar with the tradition of the occurrence from childhood, this ornamentation of the story seems clearly a sailor's yarn.' The public of Marblehead, he added, were from the first on the side of their much respected townsman. His crew were an unruly and dissolute set, more likely to have prevented their captain from going upon an errand of mercy than he was to have hindered them; and the form of government on a Marblehead fishing-smack was then a pretty unlimited democracy.

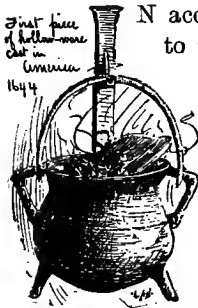
"Poor Ireson sailed another voyage as skipper, the following year, but never after. Later in life he followed dory-fishing in the bay, and used to peddle his catch in a hand-cart through the streets. Although the best townspeople soon after the affair became entirely satisfied that he had suffered unjustly, and treated him with respect, his life was wrecked; and he drifted aimlessly till his death, only a year or two before the appearance of Whittier's ballad. His name was Benjamin Ireson; 'Flood,' not 'Floyd,' as Whittier gives it, being a nickname."

At the station we found that there was no train for Boston till late evening; so we returned to Salem by electric car, and there took an "express" which brought us to the city at a merry pace. Back again to his hotel, and at our late supper, Percy pronounced this day's pilgrimage one of the most delightful of the series, thus far.

XII.

COLONIAL BOSTON.

First movements of Winthrop's company. — The Charlestown settlement. — Blaxton's invitation to Winthrop. — The beginning of Boston. — The peninsula as it appeared to the Puritans. — Bounds of the original settlement. — Site of the governor's house. — The first meeting-house. — The Market Place. — The first Town House and its successors. — Sites of early homesteads. — Home of Anna Hibbens, hanged for "witchcraft" on Boston Common. — Birthplace of Franklin. — The first South meeting-house: scene of some remarkable happenings. — John Alden (2d) and the "witchcraft" delusion. — Home of Anne Hutchinson. — The "Antinomian Controversy." — Sir Harry Vane. — The first schoolhouse. — The first King's Chapel. — Sir Edmund Andros: the Revolution of 1689. — The ancient burying-grounds. — Blaxton's cottage and garden. — The Bellingham mansion-house. — The John Cotton estate. — John Endicott's house. — Persecution of the Quakers. — The "King's Missive." — Old Dock Square. — The Brasier Inn.



IN accordance with our "schedule," we were now to trace Puritan footprints in old Charlestown and old Boston. I suggested, however, that we confine our explorations this day to the small territory comprised in colonial Boston, reserving Charlestown, now a district of Boston, for a later pilgrimage; since its Puritan landmarks are few, and its chief interest lies in its historic battlefield of the Revolution.

Percy acquiesced, as was his courteous custom in any proposal of mine; and so, after breakfast, we prepared for the trip by refreshing our minds with Puritan history through a review of the movements of Winthrop's company, from the time of their departure from Salem, to the occupation of the peninsula which they named Boston, for their chief settlement.

In less than a week after their landing at Salem, Winthrop and the other chief men of the company started out in search of a place for a capital town, since Salem "did not suit." They were drawn first to Charlestown, doubtless, by the fact that a settlement had been already begun there under the patronage of Endicott, in accordance with instructions from the Massachusetts Company's directors in London. Claims to parts of "the Massachusetts" (the term then for the country lying around the inner bay from Nahant to Point Allerton), which was covered by the Massachusetts Company's patent, were being pressed by John Oldham, based upon a lease under the Robert Gorges patent, and by Sir William Brereton, upon a deed from John Gorges (who succeeded to this patent) to what is now East Boston and its neighbor Breed's Island. So Endicott was directed to occupy this territory with "all speed." The letter of instructions was brought out by one of the ships of Francis Higginson's fleet; and at the same time came Thomas Graves, an engineer of high repute, engaged to lay out the new plantation. On the same ship were Ralph Sprague and his younger brothers, Richard and Robert, coming out at their own expense. The brothers Sprague, with a few others, immediately journeyed through the wilderness to this point, and settled it with the free consent of John Sagamore, the sachem of the Indian tribe of the region; while Graves, with a goodly number of Higginson's company, including the minister, Francis Bright, soon followed. Graves at once began laying out a town with ways and lots along the base of the hill rising back of the present Charlestown City Square, and set his carpenters to work building a "Great House" for "such of the [Massachusetts] company as were shortly to come over." By midsummer of 1629 the settlement numbered about an hundred men, women, and children, living in temporary huts and tents; and glowing reports were sent back to England of their prosperous situation. They had for neighbors, as we have seen, Thomas Walford, with his family, and probably children, whom they had found here

living in a palisaded house on the south side of Breed's Hill; across the Mystic River, at "Winnisimmet," now Chelsea, Samuel Maverick, gentleman, living in his fortified house on the present United States Naval Hospital grounds, with a number of servants, and a few other planters scattered about him; across the Charles, on the peninsula, then "Shawmut," the Rev. William Blaxton, an Episcopal minister and a learned recluse, living in his cottage on the slope of Beacon Hill in the midst of his rose-garden and orchard of fruit-trees; and on islands in the harbor, sundry other "old planters," or traders, most of them, probably, holding under the Gorges patent.

Winthrop and his associates came down from Salem by water, arriving on the seventeenth of June (a memorable date in Charlestown); and that night they "lay at Mr. Maverick's," at his house by the Mystic-river side, enjoying to the full, we may be sure, the young planter's hospitality. The next day they returned to Salem; and reporting favorably for building at Charlestown, preparations were immediately made to that end. By the fifth of July the greater part of the fleet were here, the latest of the ships to arrive — the *Mayflower* and the *Whale* on the first of that month, the *Talbot* on the second, and the *Trial* on the fifth — coming direct to this harbor, not stopping at Salem.

The colony already settled was found to be in no such prosperous condition as the reports sent back to London had indicated, but, indeed, was in a woful plight. Threescore of the people had died, many of the survivors were sick, and all were complaining. The new-comers numbered about fifteen hundred. The governor and several of the leading men were established in the "Great House," while the multitude set up cottages, booths, and tents along the ways laid out by Graves. Sickness quickly came upon the new-comers, many of whom had come out ill-prepared; their provisions fell short, and much suffering followed the drinking of the brackish water of a spring which they used. Winthrop early despatched Captain

Pearce of the Lyon to Ireland for more provisions, Salem being also scantily supplied; and the governor's "calm courage," we are told, sustained the drooping spirits of the company; while Samuel Fuller, the Plymouth Colony's physician, came to the aid of the sick. But by the close of the hot summer nearly two hundred had died; among them the wives of several



GOVERNOR WINTHROP.

(From a Painting in the State House at Boston, attributed to Vandyke.)

of the leaders, William Gager, the company's physician, and Isaac Johnson, the wealthiest, and next to Winthrop the foremost, man of the colonists, husband of the gentle Lady Arbella, who had earlier died at Salem. A number also of the disheartened had gone back to England in the returning ships, among them Mr. Bright, the min-

ister. Meanwhile several of the leaders had been exploring other parts; and when reports were received by incoming ships of preparations of the French against the colonists, it was resolved "for present shelter" to "plant dispersedly." Sir Richard Saltonstall, George Phillips, one of the ministers of the company, and "several score," went up Charles River, and settled Watertown. Others went to Dorchester (now part of Boston), where the passengers of the *Mary* and *John*, the first

vessel of Winthrop's fleet to reach this side (June 6, 1630), were already settled. Then Blaxton came across the river, and "acquainted the governor with a spring" on his peninsula, "withal inviting him and soliciting him thither;" and this invitation being accepted, the greater part of the company, with the minister, John Wilson, moved over. This was the beginning of Boston. The place was named in an order of the Court of Assistants sitting in the "Great House" at Charlestown, adopted Sept. 17 (old style 7): "That Treamountain [the name informally given 'Shawmut' by the Charlestown settlers] shalbe Boston; Mattapan, Dorchester; and y^e town up y^e Charles River, Watertown:" the name of Boston being selected in honor of old Boston in Lincolnshire, England, from which came Isaac Johnson and other leaders, who brought much strength to the Massachusetts Company. Of those who settled elsewhere, William Pynchon (later the founder of Springfield, Mass.), with a small band, planted at Roxbury (now included in Boston), which was first recognized by the Court of Assistants in October; others settled at Saugus, the name of which was soon changed to Lynn; while Thomas Dudley, the deputy governor, and Simon Bradstreet, his son-in-law, who subsequently became so prominent in the colony, established themselves, with a few others, at Cambridge, which was called "The Newe Towne." A small number, including the leaders of the original settlement, remained at Charlestown. In December it was agreed that the "Newe Towne" should be made a fortified town, the capital of the colony; but this agreement was not carried out, Winthrop finally throwing his influence for Boston, much to Dudley's discomfiture.

Upon the occupation of Blaxton's peninsula, the people began to build their houses "against winter." The frame of the governor's house, begun in Cambridge, was moved here and set up; in October the first General Court in America was held; and before the cold weather had fairly come, the town was established and in running order. The first winter was a

hard one, and affairs had reached a grave pass with the lack of food, when, on the 22d of February, Captain Pearce's good ship *Lyon*, loaded with an abundance of provisions, hove in sight. Upon this timely arrival, in place of a Fast Day, which had been ordered, a Thanksgiving was celebrated, — the first Thanksgiving Day in Massachusetts.

Now I produced an old map which gave Percy a good idea of the topography of early Boston, and enabled him to picture its appearance to the Puritan settlers. The original peninsula, he saw, was irregular in form, "pear-shaped," as the earlier writers described it, with three scantily wooded hills, the loftiest of them, one hundred and thirty-eight feet above sea-level, showing three distinct peaks, which suggested the name of "Treamount." "This is now," I explained, "much reduced, Beacon Hill, on which the domed State House stands. Of the other two, only one remains, a fragment, in Copp's Hill, occupied by an ancient burying-ground. The depressions between the three hills were broken by coves, creeks, estuaries, and bays, and surrounded by broad salt marshes. In its extreme length the peninsula measured less than three miles; its greatest breadth was but a little more than one mile; and it was connected with the main land by a long, slender stem, early called 'The Neck,' a mile in length, which was often submerged at its narrowest point between tide-washed flats. The first houses, of mud walls and thatched roofs, were built about the base of the loftiest hill, toward the water, on the eastern or harbor side. On one of the lower hills (the present Copp's Hill) was erected the first windmill (1632) to grind the colonists' corn; on the other, the first fortification (begun in 1632), which gave it its name of Fort Hill; and on the highest, the beacon (1635), with combustibles ready to be fired on occasion of danger to warn the neighboring country. The topographical features remained with slight change for a century and a half, and the life of the town through the Colonial and Provincial periods was confined to a territory which could be covered in a comfortable walk.

“At the beginning the Puritan settlement lay, roughly speaking, between the present Milk, Bromfield, Tremont, and Hanover Streets and the water, which then worked up toward the present Liberty Square on the Milk-street bound, and back of Faneuil Hall on the other side. Very soon, however, the bounds extended south to Summer and Kingston Streets, and north including the territory of the ‘North End.’ The central point was the land about the spot occupied by the Old State House at the head of State Street. This central point was the first ‘sawe pitte,’ where the colonists prepared the logs for their houses, the first market-place, and the centre of town life.”

So we began our tour of Colonial Boston in State-street Square, the most historic spot in the place. “You will have to exercise your imagination considerably,” I warned Percy as we started out; “for no structure of the Colony period (which closed in 1692 with the establishment of the Province) now exists here, while many historic sites have been obliterated by the cutting of modern streets, and the repeated reconstructions of the city.”

Backed up against the Old State House, and looking out upon the busy thoroughfare, I pointed to the site of the governor’s first mansion-house, on the south side, where is now the great Exchange Building; the site of the first meeting-house and lot, where the “sky-scrapers” stand, — the Brazer and Worthington buildings, — below the corner of Devonshire Street; the site of the first Town House, where this Old State House stands; on the north side the site of the first minister’s house, near the lower Devonshire-street corner. In the open in front of the meeting-house stood the whipping-post, the stocks, and the pillory, used often for the pettiest of misdemeanors, non-attendance at “meeting,” and other offences against the church; and later the “cage” for the confinement of violators of Sunday laws.

“The location of Winthrop’s first house on this square,” I

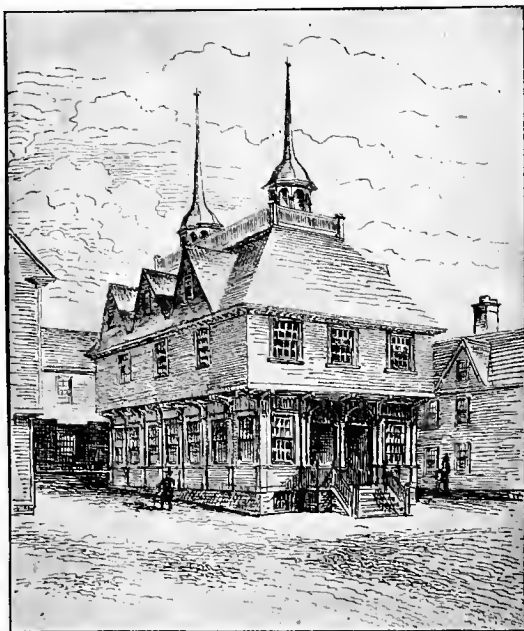
observed in passing, "is a new discovery, made a few years ago by a member of the admirable Colonial Society of Massachusetts in the examination of ancient deeds. Before that all writers had assumed that the governor's house, which stood till the Revolution close by the Old South Meeting-house, and which the British burned for firewood during the Siege of Boston, was his first and only house. But this later investigator, Mr. Frederick L. Gay, shows quite clearly, not only that there was an earlier one standing here, but that it was the governor's town home for thirteen years from the settlement. Its precise situation is placed by Mr. Gay near, if not actually on, the ground now covered by the main hall of the Exchange Building.

"The meeting-house was not built till the colonists had been here for more than a year, and where the church services were held before its erection history does not say. Doubtless the little congregation pressed into the governor's 'mansion.' It was a rude, barren structure, this first meeting-house, of one story, plastered stone walls, and thatched roof; but it served for fully eight years. When the town felt rich enough to build a larger one, the governor offered for it 'The Green,' where the Old South stands, then in his lot. Though thankfully acknowledged, his offer was not accepted, the new house being placed at the head of State Street, facing Washington Street (then 'the High Street'), where the Rogers Building stands; and here its successors stood till after the Revolution. Its lineal descendant, the present 'First Church,' is one of the most beautiful pieces of ecclesiastical architecture in the 'Back-bay district' of modern Boston.

"Till the first Town House was set up in 1657-1659, that is, for more than a quarter of a century, the meeting-house was used for colonial and town business as well as for church purposes. Here the General Court sat, the local courts were held, and all public meetings assembled.

"The market-place was established so early as 1634. Thursday was market-day. Then the farmers came in from the

country towns with produce to barter for merchandise. Thirteen years later, when the population of New England had considerably increased, twenty thousand persons having come over from England during the first ten years of the settlement, the town began holding semi-annual fairs here, in June and Octo-



FIRST TOWN HOUSE.

ber. These fairs continued each two or three days, and gayety of a mild sort attended them.

“The first Town House was provided for by a sum of money left by will by Captain Robert Keayne, the first captain of the first military company (perpetuated in the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of to-day), and by subscriptions of a few townspeople paid in merchandise, live-stock, or labor. It

was a 'comely and substantial' building of wood, set upon 'twenty-one pillars full ten feet high between pedestal and capital,' and overhanging the pillars three feet all around. Its sloping roof with gable ends was adorned with dormer windows, balustrade, and two tall, slender turrets. Altogether, in style and ornamentation, it was quite a superior structure. The space enclosed by the pillars was utilized as a free public market, and as an exchange where 'the merchants of the town may confer,' while on the floor above the courts sat. In the building was also the beginning of the first public library in America, for which provision was made in Captain Keayne's will. This house was burned down, together with the meeting-house at the head of the street, and one hundred dwellings, in the 'great fire' of 1711. Its destruction moved the poet to the melancholy *Short Lamentation*, in which he grieves in this wise:—

' Our losing of our Great Exchange gives us a fearful wound,
Some say that few such Chambers in our kingdom can be found.'

"This fire, by the way, was the eighth 'great fire' from which the town had suffered in fourscore years of its life.' Of the previous calamities of this nature, a fire in 1702 destroyed many structures, while three warehouses were blown up 'to hinder its spreading;' one in 1679 swept off all the warehouses, seventy in number, eighty dwellings, and all the ships in the dock, upon which Cotton Mather exclaimed, 'Ah, Boston! thou hast seen the vanity of all worldly possessions!' Another in 1676 laid in ashes forty-six dwellings and the Second or North Church, a meeting-house 'of considerable bigness,' at the North End.

"The second Town House and Exchange rose speedily, being completed in 1713. It was probably similar in fashion to the first one. A visitor to the town in 1719, — Daniel Neal, — thus describes it: 'A fine piece of building, containing besides the Walk for the Merchants, the Council Chamber, the House of

Commons, and another spacious room for the sessions of the Courts of Justice.' He observed the thriving booksellers' shops surrounding the Exchange, and remarked that the 'knowledge of letters flourishes more here than in all the other English plantations put together; for in the city of New York there is but one bookseller's shop, and in the Plantations of Virginia, Maryland, Carolina, Barbadoes, and the Islands, none at all.'

"A third of a century after, or in 1747, this house was also burned; and then, in 1748-1749, the present building of brick and oak was erected upon and in the old walls, which alone were saved. Originally, like its predecessor, it had an open public exchange in the street story. The superstructure was supported by ten Doric pillars. On the second floor were the Representatives Chamber in the middle, the Court Chamber at the western end, and the Council Chamber, for the governor and councillors, at the eastern end. In the upper story were the rooms of the town officers. In the Council Chamber the royal arms were a conspicuous feature, while on the walls were fine paintings of English kings, in place of others destroyed with the old building, and more modest portraits of several of the colonial governors. Over the door of the Representatives Chamber were the ancient arms of the Colony. At a later period a carved wooden codfish hung from the ceiling of this chamber, 'emblem of the staple of commodities' of the Colony and the Province. As the Province Court House, identified with some of the most momentous events of our history, the place where the king's officers ruled, and then 'the child Independence was born,' this is the most interesting structure of its period existing in the country to-day, the 'Mecca of our land,' as it has well been characterized."

Percy was now impatient to enter the building, especially when, in closing my monologue, I remarked that the interior has been restored to something quite like its appearance at the time of the Revolution; but I advised that we should first complete our short round of Colonial landmarks, stating that we

would return to this point to cover landmarks of the Province period.

So we moved on. Taking Devonshire Street southward, we passed the site of the house and garden of Captain Keayne, the "father of the Town House," beneath the granite business blocks on the west corner. His lot extended to Washington Street. "Keayne" I observed, "was a thrifty merchant and a public-spirited man, but this did not save him from the censure of the General Court on the charge of selling his goods at prices beyond those fixed by it. For, Percy, you must know it was a pretty paternal government at the beginning, establishing rates for all merchandise, produce, and live-stock, prescribing the wages of mechanics and laborers, and regulating trade. The captain is distinguished as the maker of the longest will on record, — two hundred good-sized pages; it was largely devoted to efforts to acquit himself of the accusation of over-charging."

At the turn from the square, I spoke of other colonial sites of this neighborhood not before mentioned. "Next to the first meeting-house was the homestead lot of Elder Thomas Leverett, father of Governor John Leverett. The elder had been an alderman of old Boston in England, and a parishioner there of the Rev. John Cotton in the St. Botolph Church. On the westerly part of his lot, Andrew Belcher, father of Jonathan Belcher, who became one of the royal governors, lived near the end of the Colony period. Another part of the estate was earlier sold (in 1677) to Jeremiah Dummer, goldsmith, a conspicuous man, whose eldest son, William, became deputy governor of the Province (1716-1719), while his youngest son, Jeremiah, won a wide reputation as a scholar and writer. John Leverett lived on Washington Street, near where the Sears Building stands, at the corner of Court Street. He was deputy governor in 1671, acting governor in 1672, and governor in 1673. King Philip's War was during his administration. When a young man, in 1644, he went to England, and served under Cromwell. The tall Ames Building on the opposite corner is

close upon the site of the estate of Henry Dunster, first president of Harvard College."

From Devonshire Street we turned into Milk Street, passing, just before the turn, the site of the home of Anna Hibbens, who was hanged for a "witch" on Boston Common in 1656. The house and garden-lot lay between Spring Lane and Milk Street, and adjoined Governor Winthrop's "Green." Anna Hibbens's story, which I sketched, much moved Percy. "She was the widow of William Hibbens, a leading merchant, sometime member of the Court of Assistants, later agent of the Colony in England. Besides this town lot, he had an extensive farm grant at "Muddy River," now Brookline. It was not long after his death that the widow was denounced for "witchcraft," taken from her pleasant homestead, and put to death. This you will note, Percy," I added, "was thirty-six years before the outbreak in Salem Village. And eight years earlier, another Boston woman, Margaret Jones, was convicted on the same charge, and hanged in the same place. Anna Hibbens was a relative of Richard Bellingham, deputy governor of the Colony at the time of her execution, and otherwise well connected. But this availed the poor woman nothing; the delusion was evidently more powerful than family influence. She was first tried and condemned by a jury; but the verdict being set aside by the magistrates, her case came before the august General Court. She defended herself as best she could, but the popular clamor was too great; the court found her guilty, and John Endicott, then governor, pronounced the sentence of death upon her. Some years afterward, the Rev. John Norton, third minister of the First Church, alluded to her as having been hanged 'for a witch only for having more wit than her neighbors.'"

Going up Milk Street we passed, on the opposite side, just above Hawley Street, the site of the home and garden of John Stevenson, whose widow, Mary Stevenson, married, in 1659, William Blaxton, the first European settler of "Shawmut," who had wearied, evidently, of the life of a recluse,

But this spot was more interesting to Percy as the place where later stood the little house in which Benjamin Franklin was born (1706); and I called the lad's attention to the bust of the philosopher on the face of the present building with the line in gilt letters beneath, marking it.

We were now at the revered Old South Meeting-house, which, as the "Sanctuary of Freedom," ranks with the Old State House and Faneuil Hall, the three most cherished landmarks of the Revolutionary epoch. But we did not venture within the structure at this time; for, as I told Percy, this historic interior

was to be reserved with the others for our ramble among Provincial landmarks. Percy observed by the tablet on the belfry that the building dates from 1729, while its predecessor was erected in 1670.



HOUSE WHERE FRANKLIN
WAS BORN.

The first structure was a little cedar meeting-house. "Yes," I replied to his questions, as we stood aside from the hurrying throngs on the sidewalk, "it was notable in its way. It was the scene of some remarkable happenings of late colonial

days. It was here, one July Sunday in 1677, 'in time of the publick dispensing of the word,' that Margaret Brewster, with other proscribed Quakers, appeared before the astonished congregation, clad in sackcloth, 'with ashes upon her head, bare-foot, and her face blackened,' and delivered a solemn warning of the approach of a great calamity 'called the black pox,' as a punishment to the town for its persecution of her sect. For this performance the woman was subsequently 'whipt at the cart's tail, up and down the town, with twenty lashes.' When in 1686 the 'arbitrary Andros' came as Captain General and Governor-in-Chief of all New England, under James II.'s commission, one of his first acts was to order the taking of this

meeting-house for the Episcopal Church, which his forerunner, Edward Randolph, had instituted shortly before in the Town House, the Colonial Council refusing the use of any meeting-house for this purpose. For some time thereafter the little band of Episcopalians occupied the meeting-house every Sunday forenoon, the regular congregation being compelled to wait till afternoon for their meeting. Not infrequently the Episcopal service was prolonged into the afternoon; and on one occasion, when it had continued till after two o'clock, Judge Samuel Sewall recorded in his Diary: 'It was a sad sight to see how full the street was of people, gazing and moving to and fro, because they had not entrance into the church.' In 1697,

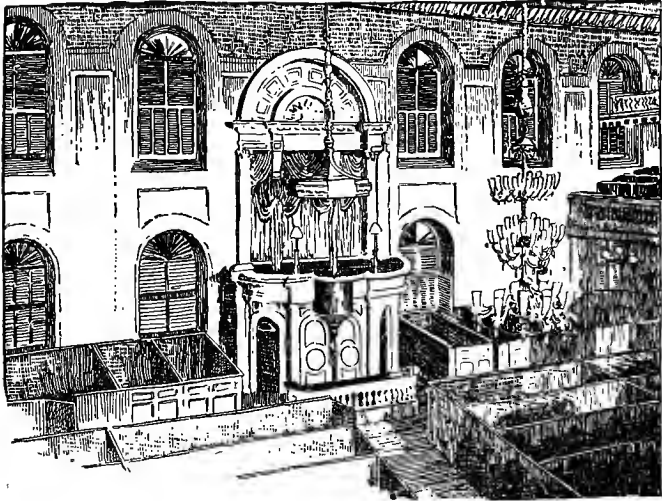


THE OLD SOUTH MEETING-HOUSE.

five years after the terrible witchcraft business, when the people had recovered from the delusion, and a Fast Day of 'humiliation and penitence' for its acts was being observed by the colony, this same Judge Sewall rose in his pew here, and stood with head bowed, while the pastor read to 'the solemn assem-

bly' his confession of contrition for his share in the blood guiltiness.

"This was the Third Church of Boston, and was associated with some notable men. It was founded by seceders from the First Church who had been opposed to the call of John Davenport from New Haven, Conn. (of which he was the founder), to the pastorate made vacant by the death of the first minister,



INTERIOR OF OLD SOUTH.

John Wilson. They were also at difference with their brethren on the question of the "baptismal covenant." Of the founders was John Alden, eldest son of John and Priscilla Alden of the Plymouth Colony. He came to Boston to live in 1659; and his house was on the now dingy little court, known from him as Alden Street, which cuts behind the lower corner of Sudbury and Court Streets, below Scollay Square. He was a sea-captain, commander for some time of the armed

vessel in the service of the colony, had served in the French and Indian wars, and was accounted a man 'of sound judgment, active business habits, and unexceptional moral character.' But notwithstanding his good name, when he had attained an 'honorable age,' he fell a victim to the witchcraft delusion. He was arrested, taken before the examiners at Salem Village, imprisoned in the jail here in Boston, and would doubtless have suffered the penalty, had he not happily escaped just before the pressing to death of poor old Giles Corey. It is said that he fled to Duxbury, and was secreted on the old Alden farm. After the delusion had abated, he gave himself up, and was one of the hundred and fifty who were discharged, by proclamation, in the general jail delivery. Another founder was Joshua Scottow, a merchant and man of affairs who built the earliest warehouse in the town; and Judge Sewall was one of the first members of the church.

"Tablets elaborately inscribed to the memory of these men, — Alden, Scottow, and Sewall, — and also of the Patriot Samuel Adams, who was a member of the church during the last fourteen years of his life, we may see in the present Old South Church building on Copley Square.

"Governor Winthrop's 'Green,' the land upon which the Old South stands, was given to the church by Madam Norton, the widow of John Norton, who succeeded John Cotton in the First Church pastorate. Mr. Norton bought the property in 1659, and was living in the Governor Winthrop mansion-house here when he died, in 1664. Madam Norton's gift, made in 1669, was in trust 'forever, for the erecting of a house for their assembling themselves publicly to worship God.' The 'Green' extended from Milk Street to Spring Lane, and the governor's second house was nearest the lane. Winthrop died in this house in March, 1649, at the age of sixty-one. He was buried with great honor in the first burying-ground of the town, at the head of School Street, now King's Chapel Burying-ground, where we shall see his tomb. Some time after the

building of the first South meeting-house, the mansion became the parsonage."

• We resumed our stroll, and turned into School Street, by the "Old Corner Bookstore," the oldest building now in Boston, dating from 1712, which occupies the site of the home of Anne Hutchinson, 1633-1637. "She was," I remarked, "the central figure of the 'Antinomian Controversy,' which raged fiercely a half-dozen years after the beginning of the settlement, and resulted in her banishment, with a number of the principal men of the colony, while many more were disfranchised and disarmed."

"What was that? a rebellion?" asked Percy. "I don't remember reading about any such thing in my history."

"It was in a way a rebellion. It was a theological outbreak, — a revolt of those classed as Antinomians against the Orthodox teachings, following upon criticisms of the ministers which Anne Hutchinson led at weekly meetings of women in her house here to discuss the Sunday sermons. An 'Antinomian' is defined as one who did not believe in subjection to the law of works, so called, as the duty of a Christian; in other words, one who held that those who felt spiritually that they had faith — were under a 'covenant of faith' — need not concern themselves about outward forms, — the 'covenant of works,' — which the Orthodox ministers preached as essential to salvation. The Antinomian was the forerunner of the Quaker."

This definition I saw mystified Percy. He understood better, however, the significance of the controversy when I explained that it was primarily a contest in which the unquestioned teachings of the ministers, with their supremacy in leadership, was an issue. The sentence of banishment pronounced upon Anne Hutchinson was formally declared to be "for traducing the ministers and their ministry in the country."

"The agitation," I went on to relate, "temporarily divided the colony, the majority of the Boston people for a time being with Mistress Hutchinson and her adherents, while those of the outside settlements were with the ministers. Incidents of it

were the election of young Sir Harry Vane, who sided with the Hutchinsonians, as governor in 1636, and his defeat in the next election by Winthrop, candidate of the opposition. This election took place in Cambridge; and in the canvass before the voting, the Boston parson, John Wilson, of Winthrop's party, made the first stump speech in our history, climbing a tree for his platform.

“Anne Hutchinson was intellectually strong, a gentlewoman of a ‘nimble wit,’ able and keen in argument, and withal of kindly nature, helpful, charitable, a good neighbor. She was the daughter of an English clergyman, and in old Boston, England, was a parishioner of John Cotton. She came to the new Boston with her husband, William Hutchinson, and their family, in 1633, in the ship Griffin, which brought out the most important company since the arrival of Winthrop's band. There were among the Griffin's two hundred passengers, John Cotton, the great Puritan preacher, who had been for twenty years rector of St. Botolph's; John Haynes, ‘a gentleman of great estate,’ as Winthrop described him, who became governor in 1635, and later governor of Connecticut; Thomas Hooker, the eminent minister, with his congregation from Braintree, most of whom afterward went with him to Connecticut, where he founded Hartford; Edmund Quinsey, the founder of the famous Quincy family in America; Thomas Leverett, the elder; and ‘many other men of good estate.’ Sir Harry Vane, then but twenty-four, came two years later, and in the same ship with him, the minister Hugh Peters, of whom we heard in our Marblehead pilgrimage.

“After her sentence (in 1638) Anne Hutchinson went to Aquidneck, which became Newport, where her family had preceded her. Of the others banished, William Coddington and William Aspinwall also went to Newport, while John Wheelwright, who had been minister at Mount Wollaston (Quincy), went to New Hampshire, and founded Exeter. Wheelwright was Anne Hutchinson's brother-in-law. Anne Hutchinson's fate was a tragic one. Having moved to Long Island, she and all her family with her, except a daughter, were killed in a general

massacre of Dutch and English by the Indians in 1642. In addition to their lot in Boston, the Hutchinsons had an extensive farm at Mount Wollaston; and here the exiled woman tarried on her pilgrimage through the wilderness to the more hospitable Rhode Island. Thomas Hutchinson, later the royal governor, was a lineal descendant of these Hutchinsons. William Aspinwall's house and garden were just above the Hutchinson homestead, opposite the 'Governor's Green.'

"Sir Harry Vane has been called 'the boy governor.' He was a picturesque character in the little colony. Son and heir



STATUE OF SIR HARRY VANE,
Boston Public Library.

of the comptroller of King Charles I.'s household, he was born 'in the purple.' He was made governor only a few months after his arrival here. His stay was brief, but full of action. He gave a touch of brilliancy to the sombre life of the young town. When he went forth upon his official duties as governor, to the General Court, and to church, he was always preceded by 'four sergeants with halberds, steel caps on their heads, bandoliers, and small arms.' His handsome figure, in the gallant attire of the gentleman of the period, is attractively portrayed in the bronze statue by the sculptor MacMonnies, which now adorns the vestibule of the Public Library in Copley Square. When he sailed off upon his return to England, in August following his defeat for re-election, he was given 'honorable dismissal' with

'divers vollies of shott from the Castle' on Castle Island, by order of Winthrop. Back in England he was soon active in the movements which led to the revolution and the downfall

of Charles I. He became a leader in the 'Long Parliament,' a prominent director of affairs in the Civil War, and next to Oliver Cromwell the foremost man of the Commonwealth. After the Restoration he was thrown into the Tower. Subsequently, when tried on the charge of treason and denied counsel, he defended himself with remarkable ability, dignity, and courage. In June, 1662, he was beheaded. Milton wrote of him as 'young in years, but in sage counsel old.' He was a steadfast friend of New England, and from the beginning of his career a staunch advocate of toleration and liberality."

Midway up School Street we passed the site of the first schoolhouse, on or near the spot occupied by the statue of Benjamin Franklin in the City Hall yard. Percy was interested in the history of the first school, established within three years after the planting of the town, and represented to-day by the famous Boston Latin School. I quoted the first quaint record of it, found in the vote in town-meeting in 1635: that "our brother Philemon Pormort shall be intreated to become schole master for y^e teaching and nourtering of children with vs." Brother Pormort was master for a short time only. He was a Hutchinsonian, and followed the banished Wheelwright to Exeter. His successor, chosen in 1636, was at first supported from a subscription by the "richer inhabitants," but very soon the town made appropriation for his maintenance as a "free schoolmaster." After the establishment of Harvard College, also in 1636, the chief function of the school was to "fit youths for the university." It was the only school in the town for almost half a century. Then a free "writing-school" was established for teaching children to write and cipher. The first schoolhouse accommodated the master's family as well as the school. It served for more than a century.

King's Chapel, which we next passed at the head of the short street, is of the Provincial period, having been erected in 1749-1754; but since it covers the site of the Colonial landmark, the first chapel, which Andros caused to be built for his first

Episcopal church in 1688, our talk turned upon the earlier structure, and, incidentally, the Andros *régime*. The chapel was placed here in a corner of the old burying-ground, by the side of the graves of the Puritan founders, for the simple reason, I explained, that the Puritan landholders refused to sell any portion of their holdings for such use. This ground was then town land, and so was taken by order of Andros and his council. What sort of a structure the first chapel was we could see in the earliest view of Boston at the Public Library. It was a rude affair, but with some pretensions to outward elegance, having a tower and pinnacle topped with a crown, and a cock perched above for a vane. It was without pews for the first half-dozen years. Andros and Randolph did not see its completion; for the first service in it was not held till three months after the brisk little revolution which overthrew the governor.

Percy asking for the story of this revolution, which occurred in Boston streets, I sketched it in broad outline. It was a bloodless revolution, but none the less effective. The spark was kindled by the coming of the news on the 4th of April, 1689, of the landing of William of Orange at Torbay, and the downfall of the Stuarts. The clash came a fortnight later. On the morning of the 18th rumors sped of preparations for a popular uprising, coupled with reports of Andros's intention to fire the town, and then to flee for France in the frigate *Rose*, lying in the harbor. At nine o'clock the drums were beating, and the main streets were almost instantly filled with armed men. The captain of the frigate and two of Andros's chief supporters were seized; but Andros, Randolph, and others had found shelter in the fort on Fort Hill. Before noon more Andros men were taken, and lodged in the jail. Meantime Simon Bradstreet, and others of the old magistrates, were brought to the Council Chamber in the old Town House, and reinstated by the people as a council of safety. At noon, when twenty companies of colonial soldiers were assembled about the Town House, a "Declaration of the Gentlemen, Merchants, and Inhabitants of Boston,"

drawn up by Cotton Mather, defending the insurrection as a "duty to God and the country," was read from the balcony to the populace in the square. The surrender of Andros and his associates was demanded and refused. Later it was evident that they were moving for escape in the frigate. By a bold stroke the revolutionists seized the 'sconce,' or battery, at the southern end of the "Barricado," which stretched along the water front, and turned its guns upon the fort. Surrender was again demanded; and after some parleying, Andros came forth unarmed. He was taken, and, with his followers, marched through the streets where, upon his advent as governor, he had first displayed "his scarlet coat and his arbitrary commission." He was temporarily confined in a dwelling on State (then King) Street, while Randolph and the others were imprisoned in the jail.

The next day the country people swarmed into town, and demanded the surrender of the Castle, the fortress on the island where is now Fort Independence. When, under the guns of the fort on Fort Hill and of the shipping in the harbor, the frigate was compelled to surrender, the revolution was complete. Andros remained a prisoner at the Castle till February of the following year, when he was sent to England. Randolph and the others were held almost as long, being sent to England by royal command in January, 1690. The government which succeeded was headed by the venerable Bradstreet, then full eighty-seven years, as governor, acting with the Council. It continued till the establishment of the Province in 1692. This is known as the Inter-charter period. Andros was subsequently governor of Virginia from 1692-1698.

"That Andros is unjustly characterized in our history," I added to this narrative, "is the conclusion of later investigators who have reviewed his story calmly and without prejudice. In his Memoir, published as an introduction to the Prince Society's collection of *Andros Tracts*, Mr. William H. Whitmore summarizes the case as follows: 'That his government was distasteful to the citizens of Massachusetts is undeniable, but no

man sent here to perform the same duty would have been acceptable. In reality, the grievance of the colonists lay in the destruction of their charter; and filled with hatred to those who had thus deprived them of this accustomed liberty, they were at enmity with every form of government that might be imposed in its place. . . . We see no reason to doubt that Sir Edmund Andros was an upright and honorable man, faithful to his employers, conscientious in his religious belief, an able soldier, possessed of great administrative abilities, a man worthy to be ranked among the leaders of his time. He may have been hasty of speech, yet his words were followed by no act of revenge; he may have been proud of his ancestry and his position at court, yet we find no evidence that his pride exceeded the bounds of decorum.' ”

Turning the corner, we entered the ancient burying-ground (having previously provided ourselves with the necessary permit), and a profitable half-hour was spent among the tombs of the founders. Percy first sought the Winthrop tomb, on the north side of the ground. Here lie the remains of the governor, with those of his son John and his grandson Fitz-John, both governors of Connecticut. Close by he saw the tomb of Thomas Oliver, ruling elder of the First Church; and near this, a tablet inscribed to the “famous reverend and learned pastors” of the First Church, beginning with John Cotton. Other tombs which interested him were those of the Boston branch of the Plymouth Colony Winslow family, including John Winslow’s wife, the Mary Chilton of the Mayflower tradition; of Governor John Leverett; of Isaac Addington, early secretary of the colony; and of the royal governor, William Shirley. The tomb marked by a marble monument inscribed with the name of Phillips, he was told is supposed to be the burial-place of Lady Anne Andros, wife of Sir Edmund, the governor, who died in February, 1687–1688. Her funeral took place in the South Meeting-house, which the Episcopal church was then in part occupying by Andros’s decree. Being held in the evening, the meeting-house

was lighted with candles and torches ; and torch-bearers accompanied the military escort from the church to the tomb. The first interment in this earliest burying-ground was made in the first winter of the settlement. I observed to Percy that the burial was referred to by both Winthrop and Dudley. It was of a "hopeful young gent and an experienced soldier" who died in Charlestown. He was given a military funeral, and buried as a soldier with "three vollies of shott." The enclosure came to be known as King's Chapel Burying-ground after Puritan times, simply because of its proximity to the chapel.

It being but a few steps up Tremont Street to the third burying-ground, the "Granary" (named for the early town granary which stood where the Park-street Church stands) we visited it next. Percy saw from the tablet on the gate that it dates from 1660, and includes beneath its tall trees the graves of many distinguished personages. He read in the list the names of eight governors of the Colony, the Province, and the State, — Richard Bellingham, William Dummer, John Hancock, James Bowdoin, Samuel Adams, Increase Sumner, James Sullivan, and Christopher Gore. He saw that here were also entombed Edward Rawson, a secretary of the Colony, and Josiah Willard, a secretary of the Province; John Hull, the "mint-master" of 1652; Judge Samuel Sewall; the parents of Benjamin Franklin; Thomas Prince, the annalist and fifth minister of the Old South; Peter Daille, minister of the French church established by the Huguenot refngees; Peter Faneuil, the giver of Faneuil Hall; the victims of the "Boston Massacre" of 1770; Paul Revere; Robert Treat Paine, signer of the Declaration of Independence. The monument to Franklin's parents was the most conspicuous memorial in the ground; and Percy first copied its elaborate inscription, which had a peculiar interest, having been composed by Franklin. He observed that the shaft was a tribute by citizens of Boston, erected in 1827, the original cuttings on the headstone having become nearly obliterated.

JOSIAH FRANKLIN AND ABIAH HIS WIFE

LIE HERE INTERRED.

They lived lovingly together in wedlock fifty-five years, and without an estate, or any gainful employment, by constant labour and honest industry, maintained a large family comfortably, and brought up thirteen children and seven grand-children respectably. From this instance, reader, be encouraged to diligence in thy calling, and distrust not Providence.

HE WAS A PIOUS AND PRUDENT MAN;
SHE A DISCREET AND VIRTUOUS WOMAN.

Their youngest son, in filial regard to their memory,
places this stone.

J. F., BORN 1655, DIED, 1744, Æ 89.

A. F., BORN 1667, DIED, 1752, Æ 85.

“As a matter of fact,” I remarked, when the copy was finished, “Josiah Franklin was born in 1657, and died in January, 1744–1745, at the age of eighty-seven years. ‘Sq,’ says Shurtleff, in his history of Boston, in making this correction, ‘we find that even the epitaph of the philosopher’s father sustains the old proverb that gravestones will lie.’ And this reminds me to tell you the melancholy truth, that in this historic enclosure, and in King’s Chapel Burying-ground as well, official vandals have, in the desecrating work of ‘improving’ these grounds, shifted many of the headstones from their proper places at the graves which they were meant to mark. The performance roused the righteous ire of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who in his ‘Autocrat’ papers declared it to be a most accursed act of vandalism; and he protested that the old reproach of ‘Here lies’ never had such a wholesale illustration as in these outraged burial-places, where the stone does lie above and the bones do not lie beneath.”

Percy also made note of the shaft in front of the tomb of John Hancock, against the southern side of the ground, placed by the Commonwealth in 1896.

Next he sought the grave of Samuel Adams, near which is a bowlder, suitably inscribed, which was set up in 1898. He was much interested also when told that the graves of the victims of the so-called "Boston Massacre" are near the north side wall, under a larch-tree, but unmarked.

As we were passing out of the yard, I called his attention to an upright slate stone inscribed: "Benjamin Woodbridge, son of the Honorable Dudley Woodbridge, Esq'r. . . . deceased July y^e 3d, 1728, in y^e 20th year of his age." "This," I explained, "tells a sad story. It marks the grave of a youth of great promise, who lost his young life in a midnight duel with a comrade on the Common near by. Both were of good family and station. Woodbridge's father was a merchant in Barbadoes, and had been minister of the church in Groton, Conn. The young man had just been admitted as partner with Jonathan Sewall, then an active merchant in Boston. His adversary, Henry Phillips, was four years his senior. Phillips was the younger son of Samuel Phillips, long a leading Boston bookseller, and connected by marriage with the Faneuils and other wealthy families. He had shortly before graduated from Harvard College, and was, with his brother Gillam, carrying on the father's business, who had died. The young men fought with swords, and Woodbridge soon fell mortally wounded. Phillips was helped by his brother and Peter Faneuil to escape on a British frigate in the harbor, which sailed at daybreak for France. But within a year he died at Rochelle of 'grief and a broken heart.' The duel followed immediately upon a quarrel at the Royal Exchange Tavern, on King (now State) Street, over cards, some accounts say."

We now retraced our steps along crowded Tremont Street toward Scollay Square, and passed a succession of colonial sites. Glancing up Beacon Street, — the early way to "Centry Hill," where the beacon stood, — I pointed to the site of the stone house of the Rev. James Allen, minister of the First Church (1668–1710), who married for his second wife the widow of



STATUE OF BLAXTON.

Governor Endicott's son John, of whom we heard in Danvers. This house stood between Tremont and Somerset Streets.

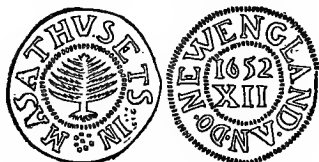
The cottage of Blaxton, the first settler, also faced the present Beacon Street, but some distance beyond. "It was on the western slope of Beacon Hill, remote from the settlement, overlooking a lovely view of bay and distant hills. But the recluse did not remain here long after the coming of the Puritans, for he could not bring himself under their dominion," I remarked. "I came from England because

I did not like the Lords Bishops,' he said; 'but I cannot join with you, because I could not be under the Lords Brethren.'

So in 1634 he sold to the colony his rights in the peninsula, reserving only six acres about his house, and shortly moved off to Lonsdale, R.I., where he set up a new home which he called Study Hill. His reservation is easily traced. It lay opposite the Common, between Spruce Street and the water (which then flowed above Charles Street), and extended back over the west peak of 'Treamount,' reduced a century ago. The spring with which he 'acquainted' Winthrop when he invited the colonists thither was in the middle of the present Louisburg Square. He received for the peninsula thirty pounds, which amount was raised by the first colonial tax, — six shillings on each householder. After his removal he occasionally revisited the colony, and, as we have seen, ultimately found a wife here. He died at Study Hill in 1675, eighty years old. The Blackstone River is named for him; but in Boston his memory is preserved only in a street and a square, which bear his name."

Of the Tremont-street colonial sites about which we chatted as we strolled, was first, just below the Beacon-street corner, that of the house of John Oxenbridge, sixth minister of the First Church. Next, opposite the lower end of the Chapel Burying-ground, that of Governor Bellingham's stone mansion-house, quite a fine affair for its day, occupying a generous lot which extended back up the hill — the lower peak of Beacon Hill — then rising here. On a part of this estate a century later was the more elaborate mansion-house of Andrew Faneuil, within beautiful grounds, afterward the grand home of Peter Faneuil, his nephew. Next north, the house and garden of the Rev. John Davenport, the minister of the First Church, whose call in 1668 led to the formation of the South Church. He served but two years, his death occurring in 1670; but this estate remained the property of the First Church for nearly a century. Next below, the Rev. John Cotton's estate, extending to the south entrance of Pemberton Square, and back over the hill which originally rose to a peak at this point. For years it was called, from the famous minister, Cotton's Hill.

Adjoining Cotton's house, was the home of Sir Harry Vane. This was an addition which the young governor built onto Cotton's dwelling soon after his arrival, having at his coming been the minister's guest. Upon his departure Sir Harry gave his part to Cotton's son Seaborn, so quaintly named because born at sea. Subsequently the Cotton homestead came into the possession of John Hull, silversmith, who, as the "mint-master," coined the first New England money, the famous "Pine Tree" shillings, of which Percy had heard. "It was in 1652, during the governorship of Endicott, that this mint was established," I added to his request for its story; "and it supplied the colonial money for more than thirty years. Hull became a man of wealth honestly made. His daughter married Judge Samuel



PINE-TREE SHILLING (both sides).

Sewall; and her wedding portion, so the story runs, was her weight in pine-tree shillings. Hull's wife was Judith Quinsey, daughter of Edmund Quinsey, the immigrant progenitor of the American Quincys; and for her was named

Point Judith, the dreaded headland on Narragansett Bay, at the turn into Long Island Sound."

The next historic site was that of the home of John Endicott, north of the Cotton estate, fronting probably on the present Scollay Square. Endicott moved from Salem to Boston in 1644, and lived here the remainder of his life. It was to this house that in 1661 was brought the order of the king that all Quakers detained for punishment be sent to England for trial, the event upon which Whittier founded his fine poem of *The King's Missive*. Endicott was then again governor, having served since 1655, and had rigorously enforced the laws against the "cursed sect of Hereticks," as the Quakers were called.

To Percy's call for this story I gave him an outline of the first simple narrative, which pictured the dramatic scene.

“It was on a Sunday morning in September when the exciting word startled the town of the arrival of a vessel ‘filled with Quakers,’ and that ‘Shattock, the devil, and all had come!’ Shattock (or Shattuck) of Salem was one of those Quakers who had been banished from New England on pain of death. Others, defying the laws of exclusion, had suffered from whippings with a threefold knotted whip at a cart’s tail through the towns into the wilderness; from maimings, some losing their ears; from imprisonment, without food for days; while three, William Robinson, Marmaduke Stevenson, and Mary Dyar (who had been one of Mistress Hutchinson’s circle years before), had been executed on the Common, and buried there in unmarked graves. The interference of Charles II. had been obtained by the Quakers in England; and Shattuck had been made the king’s deputy, bearing his mandate.

“The morning after the arrival in port, Goldsmith, the ship’s master, also a Quaker, and Shattuck went ashore. Thus the narrative proceeds: ‘They two went directly through the town [up King Street and through Prison Lane, now Court Street, past the prison where several Quakers were then confined] to the governor’s house, and knock at the door. He sending a man to know their business, they sent him word that their message was from the King of England, and that they would deliver it to none but himself. Then they were admitted to go in, and the governor came to them, and commanded Samuel Shattock’s hat to be taken off; and having received the deputation and the mandamus, he laid off his own hat; and ordering Shattock’s hat to be given him again, perused the papers, and then went out to the deputy governor’s [Bellingham], bidding the King’s deputy and Captain Goldsmith to follow him. When he had consulted with the deputy governor, he returned to Shattock and Goldsmith, and said, We shall obey his majesty’s command. After this the master of the ship gave liberty to his passengers to come on shore, which they did, and had a religious meeting with their friends of the

town, where they returned praises to God for his mercy manifested in this wonderful deliverance.'

"Shortly after the imprisoned Quakers were released. But the suspension of the persecutions was not of long duration. Within four years more Quakers were whipped. By 1677 new anti-Quaker laws were enacted. Constables were ordered to search out all

Quakers and apprehend them. Meetings of Quakers were punishable by imprisonment, fine, or whipping, of all found in attendance. It was during this year of 1677, you may remember, that Margaret Brewster made her demonstration in the South Meeting-house, for which she was dragged at the cart's tail and whipped. Yet in this very year, despite the rigorous laws, the alert constables, the harsh punishments, the Quakers established a regular



STATUE OF GOVERNOR WINTHROP.

place of worship here in Boston. Twenty years later they built a meeting-house. It stood not far from this point, in Brattle Street, opening yonder across the square, on the site of the present Quincy House. It was the first brick meeting-house in the town. It is a curious fact that while the sect increased during the persecutions, when these ceased it began to diminish in numbers. In extenuation of their course, the authorities explained that

‘the Quakers died, not because of their other crimes, how capital soever, but upon their superadded presumptions and incorrigible contempt of authority.’”

In Scollay Square we stopped a few moments before its central piece, Greenough’s statue of John Winthrop, while Percy studied the sculptor’s work. The Puritan governor, of short, compact figure, clad in the striking garb of his period, appears as just landing upon the shores of the New World, with the roll of the colony charter in one hand, in the other, the Bible. Behind him we see the trunk of a forest-tree with a rope attached, significant of the fastening of his boat. This is a duplicate of the statue placed by Massachusetts in the Capitol at Washington; and Percy, with his growing interest in historic sites, expressed his opinion that the original should have been placed here.

Looking down Court Street, we could see the Old Court House, which covers the site of the first prison, where the Quakers were held, and the victims of the witchcraft delusion were incarcerated. Here, at a later period (1699), a distinguished prisoner was the pirate Captain Kidd, for whose hidden treasures at various places along the coast many deluded souls have made fruitless quest. It was a gloomy dungeon, of thick stone walls, ponderous oaken doors, dark passages, and narrow cells. Years after it had disappeared the great keys carried at the jailer’s girdle were found, each weighing from one to three pounds.

Now turning into the bow-shaped Cornhill, we strolled down to Adams Square and the Faneuil Hall neighborhood, at which point I proposed that our walk through Colonial Boston should finish, and the exploration of Provincial Boston begin. To be sure, this plan excluded the old North End, which toward the latter part of the Colony period had become “the most populous and elegant” part of the town; but beyond a few distinguished sites there, and some relics of seventeenth century architecture, its greatest attraction is in its Provincial and Revolutionary landmarks.

At the head of Cornhill, where the street opens, the first free writing and ciphering school of 1684 was housed. Half way down the street, at the left, a quaint passageway, by a flight of steps, leads below into Brattle Square. From this square we



STATUE OF SAMUEL ADAMS.

passed to Elm Street (earlier Wing Lane), where Governor Andros first lodged, in the house of Mrs. Rebecca Tailer, near the Hanover-street corner. Madam Tailer's son William, a quarter of a century after, became a royal lieutenant-governor and acting governor of the Province. Later Sir Edmund is supposed to have lived as befitted the governor of all New England, in a house of his own, on or near "the High Street." Some good authorities say that this house stood on "Prison Lane" (Court Street), just off "the High Street" (Washington Street).

Turning toward Adams Square, the statue of Samuel Adams

passed to Elm Street (earlier Wing Lane), where Governor Andros first lodged, in the house of Mrs. Rebecca Tailer, near the Hanover-street corner. Madam Tailer's son William, a quarter of a century after, became a royal lieutenant-governor and acting governor of the Province. Later Sir Edmund is supposed to have lived as befitted the governor of all New England, in a house of his own, on or near "the High

Miss Anne Whitney's work, appeared in view. This much interested Percy, when he understood that it represents the patriot leader making his demand upon Hutchinson, after the "Boston Massacre" of 1770, for the instant removal of the troops. He was most impressed by the manliness of the figure, in plain citizen's dress, erect, with folded arms, and the finely cut face showing an expression of firmness and determination. The inscription went down in his note-book as follows:—

SAMUEL ADAMS.

1722-1803.

A PATRIOT.

He organized the Revolution and signed the
Declaration of Independence.

GOVERNOR.

A True Leader of the People. A Statesman incorruptible and fearless.

From Adams Square we entered a neighborhood of interesting sites. The square blends with the early Dock Square, originally on the edge of the Town Dock, which was the first "landing-place" where the ships discharged their cargoes. North Market Street marks the line of the dock. Once the tide flowed up quite close to Elm and Brattle Streets. About the dock were early markets. On the south side of Faneuil Hall Square was the Corn Market. On the north side, the Saturday Meal Market. Faneuil Hall is on town land, for years a market-place.

In Corn Court, off Faneuil Hall Square, we saw the old Brasier Inn, which after the Revolution became the Hancock House, with a swing-sign displaying Governor Hancock's portrait life size. Here Talleyrand, when an exile from France, stopped during the summer of 1794. Two summers later Louis Philippe, under the name of M. d'Orleans, made it his headquarters a part of the time which he spent in Boston. Washington once dined in its front parlor.

Now we entered the "Cradle of Liberty," and turned our attention to Provincial Boston.

XIII.

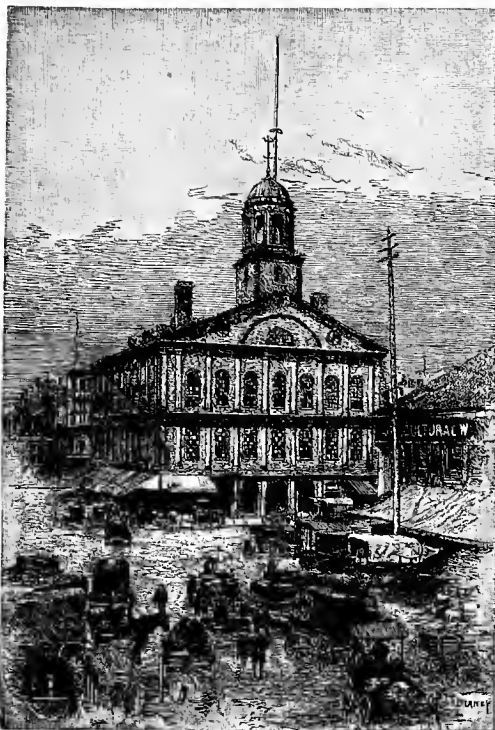
PROVINCIAL BOSTON.

The germ of Independence. — Faneuil Hall and its memories. — A bunch of old landmarks. — The "Green Dragon Tavern," headquarters of the Revolution. — North End historic sites. — Home of Paul Revere. — The "Red Lyon Inn" and Quaker Upsall. — The Old North Church. — The Frankland house. — Hutchinson's house, sacked by the Stamp Act mob. — "Salutation Inn." — Home of Sir William Phips, the first royal governor: his romantic career. — Christ Church. — Revere's signal lanterns on the "Old North." — The real Major Pitcairn. — Copp's Hill Burying-ground: ancient tombs: marks of British bullets. — The affair of Hancock's sloop Liberty.

"WE take Faneuil Hall first in order among the landmarks of the Province period," I remarked as we ascended the broad flight of steps to the renowned interior, "because by these landmarks we are especially to trace the successive steps to the Revolution, and it was in this old hall that first was 'kindled the divine spark of liberty.' The germ of independence, indeed, appeared close to the beginning of the Province period, although the popular demonstrations against the encroachments of King and Parliament were not begun till the turn of the first half century. This germ is found in the resistance of the people's representatives to the demands of the royal governors, under instructions from the crown, for fixed salaries from the Province. These demands were persistently made by one governor after another, and as steadily denied or evaded, the General Court holding that the crown officials being appointed by the king, not chosen by the Province, were the king's servants, and should 'look to their master for their pay.'"

Percy admired the dignified appearance of the hall, with its rows of Doric columns supporting the deep galleries, the broad

platform with projecting rostrum, the quiet old-time ornamentation; and he was especially taken with the paintings on the walls, embracing a striking collection of portraits, with George M. P. Healey's great historical picture of the memorable scene in the old United States Senate Chamber, in 1830, upon the occasion of Webster's delivery of his celebrated reply to Hayne. His interest flagged a bit when he learned that the portraits are mostly clever copies, the originals being deposited at the Museum of Fine Arts, in another part of the city, for safe keeping. Healey's painting, however, was the genuine thing, and its details were



FANEUIL HALL, "CRADLE OF LIBERTY."

most interesting; for in the groups of listeners crowding the floor are portraits of senators and others of political distinction at the time of the great debate, which were easily identified with the aid of the key to the work.

While we explored the building, examining, among other

things, the collection of relics of the ancient military company whose armory is on the upper floors, we talked of its history and its memories. In Provincial days it was a smaller building than now, having been enlarged, as it at present appears, — double its original size, — early in this century. This work was under the direction of that pioneer among American architects, Charles Bulfinch, designer of the “Bulfinch Front” of the present Massachusetts State House, and architect of the Capitol at Washington for twelve years, first appointed by President Monroe. At the time of the enlargement, the galleries and the Doric pillars were put in; but these changes did not destroy nor mar the characteristics of the historic structure, which from its dedication in 1763 by the Patriot Otis, he of the “tongue of flame,” to the cause of liberty, has been renowned as the “Cradle of Liberty.”

This is the second Faneuil Hall, not the original one, as Percy supposed. That was burned in January, 1761, the walls only being saved. This was erected in its place, by the town, in 1762–1763. The funds to meet its cost were raised in part by a lottery.

“What?” Percy asked; “a lottery? I thought lotteries were against the law. They certainly are at home.”

“So they are here now,” I answered. “But in those days they were tolerated, and sanctioned even, by the authorities. This one was authorized by the General Court. They were not infrequently resorted to for funds for various public works. Old Stoughton Hall, at Harvard University, was built partly from the proceeds of a lottery, which was also instituted by the General Court.”

“The first Faneuil Hall, planned primarily for a market-house, but enlarged to provide a public hall,” I went on to relate, “was, like this one, dedicated to the interests of liberty, but also to loyalty — ‘loyalty to a king under whom we enjoy this liberty.’ That was in March, 1743, six months after the completion of the structure. The occasion was the first public

meeting within its walls, which was assembled to commemorate the giver, Peter Faneuil, who had just died suddenly. The orator was John Lovell, master of the Latin School. When the Revolutionary struggle came he was a pronounced Loyalist, and he sailed off to Halifax upon the evacuation of Boston. His son, James Lovell, assistant in the school, was as firm a Patriot, and was a prisoner at Halifax in the hands of the British when his father was a refugee there.

“ In this hall, from its first erection, were held those great Boston town-meetings, the heads of which, Thomas Hutchinson, when in the governor’s chair, declared, influenced all public measures. It was the popular gathering-place for the courageous expression of public sentiment at every crisis of Provincial times. Here in 1772 the first Boston Committee of Correspondence, empowered to state the rights of the colonists with the infringements thereon, was established upon a motion by Samuel Adams, which, Bancroft says, contained the whole Revolution, and which the Tories declared to be the source of the rebellion. From the days of the pre-Revolutionary leaders to our own times, hosts of orators and statesmen have spoken from its inspired platform. Upon the joyful tidings of the repeal of the ‘odious’ Stamp Act, in 1766, the hall was gayly illuminated by vote of the townspeople. Here General Gage, coming in 1774 as royal governor to execute obnoxious laws, was received with a public dinner, when he gave the toast ‘To the prosperity of the town of Boston!’ although the ruinous Boston Port Act was pending. During the Siege of Boston the hall became a playhouse under the patronage of a ‘Society for Promoting Theatrical Amusements,’ composed of the British officers, and ladies of the little Tory society of the besieged town. Soldiers were the actors. One night in January, 1776, when *The Blockade of Boston*, a local farce from the facile pen of General Burgoyne was being performed, the audience was scattered in a panic by the sudden appearance of a sergeant bringing the startling report of a ‘Yankee’ attack upon the British works

at Charlestown, and an order calling the officers to their posts."

From Faneuil Hall we turned northward. Crossing to Union Street, it was but a short distance down this way to old Marshall Lane, which embraces several Provincial relics, short as it is. The little painted brick, low-studded, pitch-roofed building on the corner, facing Union Street, attracted Percy when I told him that here was, before the Revolution, Hopestill Capen's dry-goods shop, where Count Rumford, then plain Benjamin Thompson, sixteen, handsome and ambitious, served as a clerk, as I had related in telling this American count's story when we were in Salem. In this little building also was printed the *Massachusetts Spy*, by Isaiah Thomas, before its hurried removal to Worcester at the outbreak of the Revolution.

Near the narrowing outlet of the lane, Percy caught sight of a spherical stone on top of an upright one embedded in the wall of a building, marked "Boston Stone, 1737." This piqued his curiosity, as it does that of many even of the throngs who pass it daily, and he asked what it meant. I explained that it is the remnant of a paint-mill, brought out from England about the year 1700, and used by a painter who had a shop here. The spherical stone was the grinder. The name of "Boston Stone" for the upright piece was suggested presumably by the ancient London Stone, when it served, like that, as a



BOSTON STONE.

direction for shops in the neighborhood. Then I led him to the building at the end of the lane, facing Hanover Street, and pointed out the "Painters' Arms," with date of 1701 fixed in

its front. This is supposed to represent the Painters' Guild of London, and was originally set up by the painter who owned the mill before his shop.

In the decayed brick mansion-house at the head of Creek Lane, opening at the right of the Boston Stone, we saw a landmark of Revolutionary days. It was then the dwelling of Ebenezer Hancock, John Hancock's brother. Ebenezer was deputy paymaster-general of the Continental army; and Drake, in his *Historic Landmarks*, tells of the quantities of French crowns heaped up in his office here, which America's ally, the King of France, had sent over by the fleet of D'Estaing. With these bright pieces the arrears of the officers of the Continental line were paid. The dilapidated block extending back on Creek Lane was built by John Hancock soon after the close of the war, and long went by the name of Hancock Row.

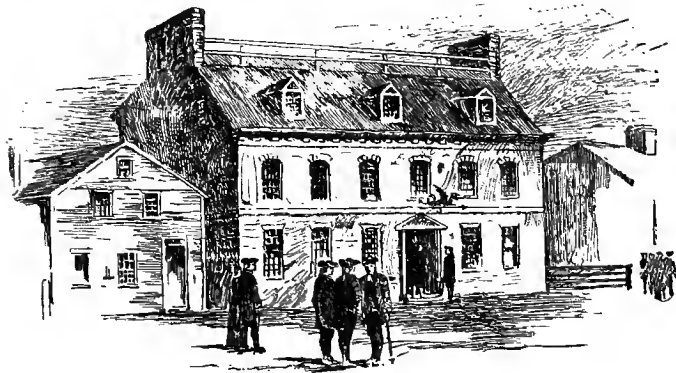
Creek Lane in early days led to the Mill Creek, where now is Blackstone Street; and Union Street, first called "the Way from the Conduit to the Milne (mill)" led to the South Mill near by. Back to the junction of Hanover and Union Streets, we passed in the streetway the site of the dwelling and shop, at the sign of "The Blue Ball," of Josiah Franklin, tallow chandler, father of Benjamin Franklin. Here the eminent Bostonian spent his boyhood. Josiah Franklin moved to this modest estate from the Milk-street house, the birthplace of the philosopher, as we had seen, when Benjamin was an infant. The old landmark disappeared in the widening of Hanover Street many years ago.

We continued a few steps farther down Union Street to visit the site of the "Green Dragon Tavern," the headquarters of the Revolution, as Daniel Webster termed it. The place is marked by a building on the left from Hanover Street, which wears high up on its front a reproduction of the old tavern sign of a "green dragon." My observation that no building was more deserving of preservation than this as a landmark of American history was heartily echoed by Percy, when he real-

ized what an important part it had in the preliminary moves of the great struggle. For through them all it was the secret meeting-place of the Boston "Sons of Liberty," the title which that spirited friend of America in the British Parliament, Colonel Barré, when opposing the Stamp Bill, first applied to the Patriots in 1765, and which was afterward adopted by them in the several colonies. Here, behind the locked doors of the "Long Room," were discussed and perfected those plans which confounded the royal governors, and led to successful resistance. Here met the "North End Caucus," embracing mechanics, traders, and a few professional men, in which Samuel Adams, Joseph Warren, and John Hancock led. The famous "tea-party" of 1773 had its origin within its walls. It was the rendezvous of the band of mechanics who composed the guard organized to watch the movements of the British officers and the Tories, during the months preceding Lexington and Concord, when plans on both sides were so rapidly maturing. At their meetings every man swore upon the Bible that he would not discover any of their transactions except to Samuel Adams, Warren, Hancock, Dr. Church, and one or two others. Yet with all this care, some information of what was going on reached General Gage. Who was the informer was not learned till after the war had begun, when disclosures were made of a secret correspondence with the enemy carried on by Dr. Church, the once trusted leader. The guard of mechanics took turns to watch the enemy, two by two, by patrolling the streets all night.

Percy asking if the "caucus" was like our political caucuses, I explained its characteristics. It was one of several political clubs which were important factors in the pre-Revolutionary movements. There were three of these "caucuses," — the North End (the largest), the South End, and the Middle District Caucus respectively, — all organized before the Stamp Act business. The other clubs were smaller and more select, embracing lawyers, clergymen, and the popular leaders. They

met privately at the houses of members. At the meetings of the caucuses a mechanic of influence among his fellows was always selected for moderator, while the guiding minds were the popular leaders. By these bodies most important matters were decided. They determined who should represent the town in the local offices, in the General Court, and in the Provincial Congress. While they were unlike the party caucus of to-day, they were its forerunner; and they furnished the word "caucus," now so common in our political vocabulary.



GREEN DRAGON TAVERN.

The "Green Dragon" was also distinguished as the place where the pioneer St. Andrew's Lodge of Freemasons was organized in 1752; and seventeen years after, the first Grand Lodge of the Province with Joseph Warren as master. Paul Revere was also one of the first grand officers.

The old tavern stood till 1828, when it made way for the widening of the lane into the street. Judging from a model made from memory by the late Dr. Nathaniel B. Shurtleff, the well-known local antiquarian and historian, it must have been a fine piece of late seventeenth century architecture. So Percy agreed when I showed him a print of it. Over the entrance

door on an iron crane was couched the green dragon, formed of a thick sheet of copper. The creature had a curled tail, and from its wide-open mouth protruded a fearful looking tongue. Back of the house was a deep lot enclosing the "garden," and extending to the old mill-pond.

We had now returned to Hanover Street, and entered Salem Street. As we passed along the narrow way, by thickening shops of Jew clothiers, by knots of sombre Russians, swarthy Italians, Poles, Norwegians, Armenians, and heard the jargon of foreign tongues, Percy found it hard to understand that we were penetrating the "elegant" quarter of late Colonial and Provincial Boston. The old North End, I told him, long ago fell into decay, and its once fine mansions and ancient estates became mostly the homes of the poorer classes. Then various nationalities herded within its precincts, and by degrees it came to be distinctly the foreign quarter of the city. In the upper part through which we were now passing, Russians and other races of northern Europe predominate, while the heart of the quarter is known to modern Boston as "Little Italy." Although during the last two or three decades much of the ancient architecture which gave it an unique character has disappeared, and long-cherished landmarks have been swept away, it yet retains much of historical interest, and its numerous historic sites are easily identified.

Just below the head of Salem Street we passed the site, on the left, of the first Baptist meeting-house in the colony, a rude wooden box of a building, set up in 1679-1680. It backed upon the border of the old mill-pond, which was used for baptisms. When it was finished and ready for the little congregation, its doors were found nailed up by order of Governor Bradstreet and the Colonial Council.

"Were the Baptists persecuted like the Quakers?" Percy asked.

"Not so rigorously. They suffered, indeed, numerous fines, some whippings, and occasional banishment; but they were not

so relentlessly pursued. They were less demonstrative than the Quakers, fewer in number, and less unorthodox. The society which built this meeting-house was first organized in 1665, in Charlestown, with a handful of members. Driven out of Charlestown, they made Noddle's Island (East Boston) their place of refuge for a number of years. After the Boston meeting-house was unbarred, as it was speedily, they went on their way with reasonable peace considering the times and the Puritan attitude toward those of other faiths. Theirs was the only Baptist society in Boston till 1743. This site was occupied by the first meeting-house and its successors for a century and a half. The lineal descendant of the first society is now housed in the handsome edifice on Commonwealth Avenue, in the Back Bay quarter, designed by the late H. H. Richardson, eminent among Boston architects, and built originally for the historic Brattle Square (Unitarian) society, now extinct. It is distinguished by its Florentine tower, with finely sculptured frieze of bas-relief upon the sides near the summit, and at each angle statues of angels blowing golden trumpets."

At Prince Street, which crosses Salem Street, we took the right turn, and strolled toward North Square, the centre of the quarter where historic sites are thick. The one landmark yet remaining is a worn, low-browed house, which was the home of Paul Revere during the latter part of the pre-Revolutionary period. This is the wooden structure with projecting second story, close pressed by an Italian apartment house, at the North-street exit from the square. Percy was greatly interested in this quaint relic; and he lingered for some minutes before it, taking in its every detail, quite unmoved by the swarms of Italian children who gathered about him. As he gazed I spoke of the illuminated pictures of the "Boston Massacre" which Revere displayed in the windows of this house on the evening of the first anniversary of that event, which so impressed the spectators crowded into the square. "They were struck with solemn silence, and their countenances were covered with a

melancholy gloom." Thus wrote the reporter of the day in the *Boston Gazette*. It must have been indeed a grewsome show, I observed. In the middle window was exhibited a realistic view of the "Massacre;" in the north window, a sitting figure, the "Genius of Liberty," holding aloft a liberty cap, and trampling under foot a soldier hugging a serpent, the emblem of military tyranny; in the south window, a monumental obelisk with the names of the five victims inscribed on the pedestal, in front of which was a bust of young Christopher Snider, who was killed by a townsman a few days before the "Massacre," and in the background a figure representing Snider's "ghost," as he stood when he received the fatal wound, with this couplet beneath:—

Snider's pale ghost fresh bleeding stands,
And Vengeance for his death demands.

Snider was a school-boy, and had lost his life by a shot fired at random into a crowd by a townsman, a Tory "informer." The "informer" had been driven off by the crowd while attempting to remove a wooden image which had been placed against the shop of a Tory merchant, to mark it for "boycotting," as we should say to-day. The lad's death thrilled the town, and hastened the crisis. On the day of his funeral the bells were tolled, while in the procession to the grave five hundred children walked in front of the bier, six of his schoolmates held the pall, and thirteen hundred inhabitants completed the line.

Of the historic sites of this neighborhood the nearest to the Revere house is that of the Red Lyon Inn of colonial times, kept by Nicholas Upsall, one of the proscribed Quakers, the "Upsall gray with his length of days," of Whittier's *The King's Missive*. To this site, at about the corner of North and Richmond Streets, I pointed Percy, as I related Upsall's story. He was one of the first settlers, coming with the Dorchester colonists, a man of substance, in later years owner of consider-

able property in this part of the town. He befriended the first Quakers who came here early in 1656. These were two women. When they were in prison and starving, he gave the jailer a sum of money per week to provide them with food, which he was not allowed himself to do. Later that year, when the first act against Quakers was published through the town at the beat of the drum, and it was read before the door of the Red Lyon, Upsall exclaimed that he "did look at it as a sad forerunner of some heavy judgment to fall on the country." For this utterance he was called before the court the very next morning, fined, and banished forthwith. He was then sixty years of age. He lived twenty years longer, all of that time in banishment or in prison, being sentenced to "perpetual imprisonment." His grave is in old Copp's Hill Burying-ground.

Turning back into the square, we passed, on the north side, the site of the Old North Church, from the belfry of which, according to some authorities, Paul Revere's signal lanterns were hung on the night before Lexington, not from Christ Church on Salem Street, formally marked as the place. The Old North was the Second Church of Boston, which came to be known as the "church of the Mathers," Increase (son of the Rev. Richard Mather, settled in Dorchester in 1636), Cotton, son of Increase, and Samuel, son of Cotton, having in turn served as its ministers. The first meeting-house, built in 1650, was the church of "considerable bigness" which went down in the "great fire" of 1676. Increase Mather's house, near by, was also destroyed in that fire, but his remarkable library was saved. The "Old North" was built upon the ruins of the first meeting-house, and stood till the winter of the Siege of Boston, when it was pulled down by the British soldiers, and used for firewood.

Near the point where we first entered the square from Prince Street stood the mansion-house of Sir Henry Frankland, of whom we had heard when at Marblehead. It faced the square on the easterly corner. It was one of the grandest

houses of its time, built originally by William Clark, a merchant of prominence in foreign trade, and sometime member of the Provincial Council. From its broad halls and entries opened twenty-six rooms. The parlors were ornamented with fluted columns, wainscoted walls, panels covered with landscapes, elaborately carved mantels, porcelain fireplaces displaying foreign views. The main stairway was exceptionally broad and easy, and over it Sir Harry is said to have ridden his pony.

Next to the Clark-Frankland house stood the Hutchinson mansion-house, facing Garden Court, quite as grand an affair. It was the birthplace of Governor Thomas Hutchinson, and his town home through his life in Boston; and it was here that the Stamp Act mob of 1765 did its most wantonly destructive work. This occurred on the night of the 26th of August. Hutchinson was at this time lieutenant-governor, and chief justice of the highest court.

As we stood in the now dingy square, I recalled the story. "The mob began their riotous work of the evening in King (now State) Street, with the burning of the papers of the register of admiralty in front of that officer's house, on the north side of the Town House. Then they swept down here, plundering on the way the house of Benjamin Hallowell, comptroller of customs, on Hanover Street near by. Reaching the Hutchinson mansion, they sacked it from top to bottom. The costly furniture, furnishings, plate, paintings, the library, one of the most valuable in the town, with rare manuscripts relating to the history of the colony, the apparel of the family, every article in the house and cellars, the furniture of a kitchen alone excepted,—all were destroyed, cast into the street, or carried away; while much of the partitions and roof of the house were pulled down. The pillaging continued from eight o'clock till four in the morning. The family barely escaped from the house before the mob appeared. Hutchinson himself, leaving from a rear door, first took refuge in the house of the Rev. Samuel Mather on Moon

Street; but from this comfortable haven he was soon obliged to retreat to a less conspicuous dwelling, that of Thomas Edes, a baker, for the mob demanded his person. The next morning, being deprived of his official robes and all other apparel except an undress in which he was clad when he fled from the house, he appeared in court in that costume, covered by a great coat which he had borrowed. Instead of the usual charge to the grand jury, he addressed it on the occurrences of the night. He denied the charges which had incensed the mob against him. These charges were principally that he had been privy to complaints against persons concerned in illicit trade (which if true, however, he protested would have been in no degree blameworthy), and that he had advised the imposition of the stamp duties, while he declared that he had opposed the Act as unwise."

This anti-Stamp-Act outbreak, I impressed upon Percy, was made by the rough elements of the town joined by a lot of sailors, who became inflamed with liquor; and it was viewed with distress by the Patriot leaders. They were among the first publicly to denounce it. Early on the following day a town-meeting was summoned in Faneuil Hall, at which votes were passed strongly condemning the night's work.

The Hutchinson house as it appeared before the sacking is attractively pictured in *The Rebels, A Tale of the Revolution*, by Lydia Maria Child, popular half a century ago, though stilted in style we should call it in these days, which I advised Percy to look up when he returned home. It was not a copy of the Clark-Frankland house, as some writers have assumed. It was older than its grand neighbor, having been built about twenty years before, in 1710. The governor's father, for whom it was built, was at that time one of the most prosperous merchants in the town. The governor added considerably to the richness of the house. The interior was highly embellished. In the entrance hall was a gilded arch, decorated with busts and statues. The parlor was panelled in St. Domingo mahogany with much

ornamentation, and around the room were arches surmounted with the English arms. The library was hung with tapestry emblazoning the coronation of George the Second. The mansion was of painted brick, three stories, its front ornamented with Corinthian columns. A handsome garden back of the house extended to Hanover and Fleet Streets.

After the ruin wrought by the mob, Hutchinson made his home at his country-seat in Milton (about seven miles from the town) till the mansion was restored. Pieces of this country house are yet preserved in a pleasant mansion on Milton Hill occupying its site and overlooking a beautiful view, though different in character from that which Hutchinson enjoyed, and which, he told George the Third, "most gentlemen from abroad" pronounced the "finest prospect . . . they ever saw." Hutchinson became acting governor in the summer of 1769; and in June, 1774, he left for England to report to the king, when he was superseded by General Gage. He expected shortly to return, but the development of the Revolution rendered it impossible for him to do so. He died an exile at Brompton, yearning for his old home, in June, 1780.

As we turned from the square, I alluded to its use as a rendezvous for the British soldiers at the time of the occupation. Barracks were here, and during the Siege the old mansion-houses were utilized by officers. The headquarters of Major Pitcairn of the marines was hard by, on North Street.

Our way now lay through Moon Street, short and narrow; Fleet Street to the left; Hanover Street to the right; and Charter Street from the left side of Hanover to Copp's Hill. Just below the turn into Hanover Street I directed Percy's attention to the ancient house opposite, set in from the street, its upper story and roof only appearing above the shop built out in front of it. This dates back to 1677, and was built by Increase Mather after the destruction of his North-square house in the fire of 1676. Here he lived till his death in 1723. Afterward it was occupied by the Rev. Andrew Eliot, and by his son, the

Rev. John Eliot, ministers of the "New North" Church, respectively, the father from 1742 to 1778, the son from 1779 to 1813.

Nearly opposite the opening of Charter Street we passed Salutation Street, an alley upon which stood the "Salutation Inn," with its sign of "The Two Palaverers," — two brisk gentlemen in small clothes and cocked hats greeting each other profusely. This was the North End rallying-place of the Patriot forces before the Revolution. Here the North End Caucus was organized, and regularly met before it took the larger quarters of the "Green Dragon." It was at a meeting of the caucus in this inn, when the question of ways and means to rid the town of the redcoats was under discussion, that, tradition says, Hancock exclaimed, "Burn Boston, and make John Hancock a beggar, if the public good requires it!"

Along Charter Street, which got its name from the Province Charter, we marked the site of the second house of Paul Revere, by Revere Place, which opens just above Hanover Street. This house was a substantial one, to which Revere moved during the latter part of the Revolution, and it remained his home till his death in 1818. His cannon and bell foundry, established after the Peace in 1783, was near the foot of Foster Street, which opens from Charter Street toward the water.

The next point of interest was the site of the house of Sir William Phips, first in the line of royal governors of the Province. This stood at about the westerly corner of Charter and Salem Streets. Phips's story, which I briefly outlined, greatly entertained Percy.

"He was the son of a blacksmith and shipwright, born in 1651, in what is now Woolwich, Me. According to Cotton Mather, he was one of twenty-one boys in a family of twenty-six children; but later, and perhaps less imaginative, historians incline to regard this as apocryphal. At least only one brother has been traced. Phips was first a shepherd, then a ship-carpenter. Coming to Boston, he worked at his trade for some time, and it is said that he did not learn to read and

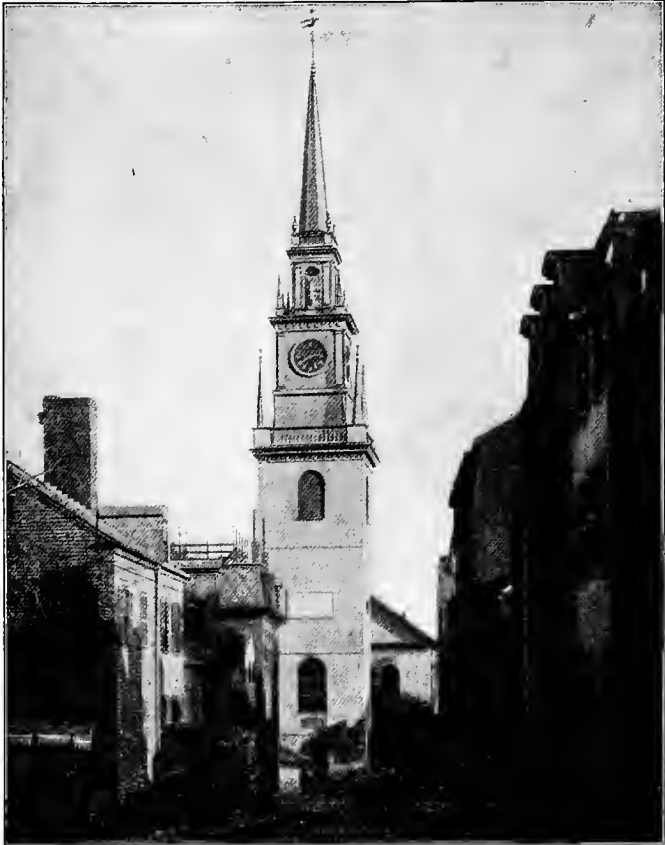
write till he was twenty-two. He was of a roving and adventurous spirit. In 1684, hearing of a wrecked and sunken ship in the Spanish Main filled with treasure, he was impelled to attempt its recovery. Accordingly he went to England; and, to quote Mather again, by zealous persistency, with royal patronage, he obtained a public vessel for his search. His first attempt failed. Next he interested the Duke of Albemarle, who undertook the cost of a second enterprise. This was dazzlingly successful, treasure exceeding in value a million and a half dollars being recovered. Of this amount Phips's share was nearly a hundred thousand dollars. In addition the duke gave him a gold cup, valued at five thousand dollars, for his wife. Then the king honored him with the baronetcy, and also appointed him high sheriff for New England. So he came home a grand man. When a poor lad, he once dreamed, says Mather, that one day he would live in a brick house on the Green Lane in North Boston. Green Lane was the earlier name of Salem Street. His dream had come true; for his wife had purchased the brick house on the Salem-street corner a few days after the news of his great successes had arrived. Soon after his return he was given command of the fleet in the expedition of 1690 against the French in Canada, when Port Royal was captured, but a disastrous failure was made in the assault upon Quebec.

“Phips was appointed first governor of the Province upon the nomination of Increase Mather, who was in England as agent of the colony when the new charter was framed. Mather had gone out in 1688, during the Andros *régime*, to make an effort for the restoration of the old charter; and he was permitted to name the first officers under the new instrument. Phips also being in England at the time returned with Mather, sailing under the convoy of the frigate *Nonesuch*. Upon his arrival here in May, 1692, he was inducted into office in great state. His administration was for the most part a turbulent one. He was of quick and hot temper, and sometimes carried his meas-

ures by force. It is related that he once assaulted the collector of the port, and that he caned the captain of the frigate which escorted him across the sea. Being a big man and of great strength, personal collision with him was naturally unpleasant. But with all his faults he is said to have been well-intentioned, and a good friend. He died suddenly in London, in February, 1695, whither he had been summoned to answer to complaints made by the people against his administration. Although he appointed the 'witchcraft' court sitting in Salem, he was pretty much out of that business, having been absent during its progress on an expedition against the Indians. When he returned, finding that his own wife, who appears to have been a kindly soul, had been 'cried out against,' his influence went against the delusion."

It was but a few steps through Salem Street to picturesque old Christ Church. This was the second Episcopal church in Boston, built in 1723, and is the oldest church building now standing in the city. Since it contains numerous historical relics, with its old-style fixtures, it is of especial value as a landmark, even though the tablet on its face may mislead. So I remarked as we entered the interesting building. We found ourselves in an interior of Provincial fashion. The pews, and the balcony surrounding the church, with its supporting pillars and upper arches, have, we were told by the official who piloted us, undergone little material change in a century and a half. The organ-case is the same that enclosed the first organ, brought from London in 1756, although the present instrument is modern. The clock below the rail has ticked off the time since 1746. The figures of the cherubim in front of the organ, and the chandeliers, have also been here since 1746. They were given to the church by the bold privateer who captured them from a French vessel which was conveying them to a convent in Canada. The pulpit is in part of the ancient hour-glass shape, the bottom being the original structure. The "Vinegar Bible," the prayer-books, and the silver communion service,

bearing the royal arms, given by George the Second, have been in use from 1733. The massive christening basin dates from



CHRIST CHURCH.

1730. Among the mural paintings and ornaments, Percy was particularly struck with the bust of Washington, by the French sculptor Houdon, when he heard that it was the first monu-

mental effigy of the great American, and had been placed here but ten years after his death. He cast an interested glance at the high windows set in the heavy stone side walls, two and a half feet thick, he was told, and the deep window-seats, which are as originally built.

Then, being piloted to the belfry, he was told of the chime of sweet bells here, brought from England in 1744. They are eight in number, each inscribed, the inscription on one being: "We are the first ring of bells cast for the British Empire in North America, A. R., 1744." The spire above is a reproduction, the original one having been blown down in a gale in 1804. But the belfry is the same from which General Gage looked out upon the battle of Bunker Hill and the burning of Charlestown, while Clinton and Burgoyne were shelling the town from the battery of six heavy English guns in the old burying-ground on neighboring Copp's Hill.

As for Paul Revere's signal lanterns, the true story of which Percy expressed great desire to hear, I could give him only the evidence on both sides of the controversy.

The argument in favor of this belfry as the place where these lanterns were hung is based mainly on the story which has come down from Robert Newman, at that time sexton of this church, and one of the ardent young patriot mechanics. This story is a detailed account of the placing of the lanterns by himself. He lived near by on the southern corner of Salem and Sheafe Streets. British officers being quartered in the house, he was obliged to disguise his plans. He was anxiously expecting information from a friend who was watching the movement of the troops that night; and in order to avoid the suspicion of his enforced lodgers, he took a candle early and went to bed, in his room up-stairs at the rear of the house. Soon after, he got up, and stealing out through a window let himself down the sloping roof of a shed into the yard, whence he reached the street. Evidently meeting his friend, he hastened with his keys and lanterns to the church. Upon entering, he

locked the door behind him, quickly ascended the tower, and set the signals. Then coming down, he passed through the church, jumped out of a rear window, got back to his home by a roundabout way, returned to his chamber as he had left it, and was soon again in bed. This is the Newman evidence.



PAUL REVERE.

(From crayon by Fevret de St.-Mémin.)

- Another statement, supported by family tradition, is that Captain John Puling, one of the wardens of the church, a merchant in the confidence of Warren and other patriot leaders, placed the lanterns here.

“The evidence in behalf of the North Church, then in North Square, has been best presented by the late Richard Frothingham, the author of the *Life and Times of Joseph Warren*, and historian of the *Siege of Boston*, who is of high repute as an

authority on the history of the early events of the Revolution. His statement was made in a letter to the mayor of Boston in 1876, two years before the placing of the tablet here. Since it gives a concise summary of the movements and acts on both sides, the Patriot and the British, leading up to the alarm on the night before Lexington and Concord, as well as a clear set-

ting forth of the signalling incident, and the part played by various leaders, I made a pretty full abstract of it in my preparation for these pilgrimages. The condensed statement runs as follows.

“The popular party tried to avert an appeal to arms; but its accepted head, the Continental Congress, voted [October, 1774] that if the Acts of Parliament altering the charter of Massachusetts should be attempted to be carried into execution by force, all America ought to support the inhabitants in their opposition. On receiving this vote, the Provincial Congress provided for an organization of the militia, appointed general officers to command them, created an executive board, the Committee of Safety, and clothed it with power to summon the militia to the field whenever, in its judgment, the emergency should arise; and till this call should be made, the Patriots were enjoined to avoid a collision with the troops. This committee authorized the purchase of ammunition and stores for an army, and ordered them to be deposited in Concord, under the care of Colonel James Barrett.

“The public mind every day became more anxious; the movements of the British officers and troops seemed more ominous; and so general was the apprehension that General Gage would attempt to destroy the stores at Concord, that the committee (March 14, 1775) required that ‘watches be kept constantly where the provincial magazines are kept;’ while the members from Roxbury, Cambridge, and Charlestown were ‘desired, at the expense of the Province, to procure at least two men for a watch every night, to be placed in each of those towns,’ and to be in readiness to send couriers forward to the towns where the magazines were placed, in the event of sallies from the army by night. The next day, among other precautions taken, Colonel Barrett was directed to ‘provide couriers to alarm the neighboring town on receiving information of any movement of the British troops.’ In addition, there was in Boston the volunteer force of thirty men patrolling the streets

to watch the soldiers and the Tories. Thus there was fixed on Gage a vigilant detective force. His officers were shadowed at every step. Troops often went into the country; sometimes, as in the cases of the excursions to Salem and to Marshfield, for a special object; at other times small parties went over the ferry through Charlestown. Regiments would march over the Boston Neck, go through Dedham, and return through Roxbury. On the 30th of March a brigade, under Lord Percy, went out several miles, causing great alarm. It occasioned a conference of Committees of Correspondence to devise measures for the public safety.

“When the public mind was in the greatest anxiety, and many Bostonians were moving their effects into the country, it was observed, on the 15th of April, that the grenadiers and light infantry were relieved from duty. Their quarters are not named. A carefully drawn up report by Colonel William Heath (March 20) states that eighty men were stationed in King Street; three hundred and forty on the Neck; four hundred at Fort Hill; seventeen hundred on Boston Common; and three hundred and thirty at the Castle. This was the whole army. The Somerset man-of-war was moved near the ferry between Boston and Charlestown. On this night of the 15th, the transports which had been hauled up for repairs were launched, and moored under the sterns of the men-of-war.

“These circumstances appeared to Dr. Joseph Warren, one of the most active members of the Committee of Correspondence, so threatening that on the next day, Sunday, he desired Paul Revere — who on several occasions the previous year had served the cause faithfully as an ‘express,’ or messenger — to go to the Rev. Jonas Clarke’s house in Lexington, with whom John Hancock and Samuel Adams were staying, and warn them to provide for their safety. They this day advised Colonel Barrett at Concord of the reception of this message, and thereupon he removed a portion of the military stores to

Sudbury and Groton. Revere returned in the evening, and had a conference with some of the Patriots. They were apprehensive that, if the British undertook an enterprise, they would make it difficult for any one to cross the Charles River or to get over Boston Neck; and Revere then agreed that 'if the British went out by water, they would show two lanthorns in the North Church steeple, and if by land, one, as a signal.' According to the statement of Richard Devens, one of the Charlestown Patriots with whom Revere conferred, the signal was to be hung out in the upper window of the tower of the North Church, toward Charlestown. It is evident that these were designed as private signals, meant only for these persons, and not for the public.

"On Monday the Committee of Safety took additional precautions, and directed several cannon to be transferred from Concord to Acton and Groton. On Tuesday, the 18th, a meeting of the Committees of Safety and Supplies was held at the Black Horse Tavern in Menotomy (Arlington). Warren remained in Boston. After the business of the day, Devens of Charlestown, and Abraham Watson of Cambridge, leaving several of the members at the tavern, rode in a chaise, at about sunset, toward Charlestown. They soon met a number of British officers, with their servants, on horseback. After riding some ways on, they turned back, passing the officers, to the tavern, informed their friends of the circumstance, and remained till the officers had passed by. Elbridge Gerry, of the committee, sent this intelligence to Hancock and Adams by an 'express' who, taking a by-path, avoided the officers, and safely delivered his message. Devens, upon reaching his home in Charlestown, went to the ferry, and soon received word that the troops were 'all in motion, certainly preparing to go out into the country.' They were secretly, as it was thought, and very quietly, marching toward the bottom of Boston Common.

"At about this time of the evening, General Gage told Lord Percy at the Province House that he intended to send a detach-

ment to seize the stores at Concord, under command of Colonel Smith, who knew that he was going, but not where, and begged Lord Percy to keep the matter a profound secret. But Percy, in going to his quarters, saw on the Common eight or ten men conversing. Joining them, one said, 'The British troops have marched, but they will miss their aim.' — 'What aim?' asked Lord Percy. 'Why, the cannon at Concord.' Thereupon he immediately returned to Gage, and told what he had heard. Gage declared that he had been betrayed; for only one other knew it [that one being, presumably, his wife, an American lady], and immediately gave orders that no one should be allowed to leave the town. But Warren had been advised of the march of the troops, and had acted. He promptly sent William Dawes out over Boston Neck into the country to give the alarm, and to communicate with Hancock and Adams. He then sent in great haste for Revere to come to his house, and begged him also immediately to set off for Lexington for the same purpose. This was at about ten o'clock. Revere left, called upon a friend, and desired him to make the agreed-upon signals. He went next to his home in North Square, and got his riding-boots and a surtout. Then he took to his boat; and two friends rowed him across Charles River, a little to the eastward of where the Somerset lay. It was then young flood, and the moon was rising. He landed on the Charlestown side at about eleven o'clock. There he was met by his patriot friends, who told him that they had seen the signals, and Devens had already sent two messengers, one to Menotomy, and the other to Lexington, with word that the troops were certainly coming out. A horse was in readiness for Revere, and off he dashed on his famous 'Midnight Ride.' The alarm had been sounding over hill and valley in various parts for an hour, undoubtedly by the couriers held in readiness by order of the Provincial Congress. Bells and guns marked their progress. Bands of minute-men came forth at the sounds. Colonel Smith had got out but a few miles, when, as he said, 'many signal guns and the ringing

of alarm bells repeatedly,' assured him that the country 'had intelligence or strong suspicion of their coming.'

"The setting of the lanterns was certainly an interesting incident of that evening; but the facts show that it was neither the only nor the earliest warning of the march of the British troops. And it was a private signal agreed upon by Revere and Devens. These two, the only authorities for the incident, name the North Church as the place; and the church in North Square was the only church in 1775 called the North Church. It was near Revere's house, and was the church which he attended. Its minister at that time, John Lathrop, was a Patriot. The rector of Christ Church, Mather Byles, Jr., was a Royalist, as were many of its communicants. The North Church had a belfry but no steeple, and so was best adapted to show lights."

"It seems to me," Percy remarked, with a shrewd little smile, at the conclusion of the narrative, "that while you give the evidence on both sides, your summing up is altogether against the Christ Church party, and directly for the other fellows."

To this I returned smile for smile, but said nothing.

As we passed out of the church, mention was made by our guide of the old tombs beneath it, in one of which the remains of Major Pitcairn were placed after his death from wounds received at Bunker Hill. Subsequently the body was sent for by Pitcairn's relatives in England, and the monument to his memory was erected in Westminster Abbey. The ghoulish tale was related that when the sexton of the church undertook to execute the order from England, he was unable to identify Pitcairn's remains, and actually forwarded the body of a British lieutenant entombed here for that of the major.

From a remark dropped by Percy I saw that he had the popular impression of Pitcairn, which has been created by the stories woven into our history of this officer's conduct at Lexington and Concord, — of his cry with an oath on Lexington Green, "Disperse, ye rebels! Throw down your arms! Vil-

lains, disperse!" coupled with the impatient order to his soldiers to fire, and of his swaggering boast at Wright's Tavern in Concord, while stirring a glass of brandy with his bloody finger, that so he would "stir the rebels' blood before night!" These stories have given Pitcairn an opprobrious name; but the truth of history, I assured the lad, shows it to be undeserved. He was a gallant, accomplished, and amiable officer, of a character quite the opposite of that which these stories indicate. In support of this estimate of him, I quoted Frothingham's *Siege of Boston*, Drake's *Landmarks*, and sundry other authorities. He was much beloved by his command. At Bunker Hill his bravery was especially marked. He was slain when entering the redoubt. "He had been wounded twice. Then, putting himself at the head of his forces, he faced danger, calling out, 'Now for the glory of the marines!' and fell into the arms of his son, also an officer in his regiment, receiving four balls in his body."

I was glad to show this side of the shield; for it is always good to recognize reputation, bravery, and manliness in our foes. It was evident, however, that Percy was reluctant to discard the "Disperse, ye rebels!" story, which he had read with a thrill; and I told him that he need not do so. There is abundant evidence that the much-quoted words were used by some one on that fateful morning, and that the British fired first, under orders. Possibly the words and order came from the commander of the detachment, Colonel Smith. Pitcairn, it is declared, struck his sword downward as a signal to his men to forbear firing. As for the Wright's Tavern incident, there is no evidence to connect Pitcairn with it. If it occurred at all, it is believed that a soldier was the brutal performer, and not an officer.

Hull Street, opening directly in front of Christ Church, led us to the ancient burying-ground. This street, I remarked, perpetuates the name of John Hull, the "mint-master," whom we traced in Colonial Boston. It was cut through his pasture; and

the land was given in 1701 by Judge Sewall and his wife, the mint-master's daughter, on condition that it should be called Hull Street "forever." The old wooden house on the south side, just above Salem Street, had a passing interest from the fact that it was General Gage's staff headquarters on Bunker Hill day. At that time it belonged to the patriot Galloupe family. They left it at the beginning of the Siege, and made a temporary home in Saugus. It dates from 1724, and was originally embellished with a pleasant front garden.

As we approached the entrance to the burying-ground, we were beset by numerous small boys, who were anxious to guide us about the place for a fee; and Percy remarked the glibness with which little Italian lads, and those of other foreign extraction, rattled off the various historical "features" of the neighborhood, like true American boys imbued with their country's history. "They have been well taught, you see, in the public schools," I observed.

My young friend was charmed with the picturesqueness of the enclosure, its paths shaded by stately old trees, and its splendid outlook upon the water. The oldest part dates back to 1660, the year that the Granary Burying-ground, which we had visited in our previous ramble, was established, he remembered. This was originally the North Burying-ground, while that was the South. We strolled first over the oldest part, on the northeast side of the Hull-street entrance. The other portions are later established cemeteries, but all are united now under the name of Copp's Hill Burying-ground. A little section of the old ground, near Snow Hill Street, was the slaves' quarter, where numerous bondsmen were buried. The British batteries of 1775 were in this neighborhood, occupying the western slope of the hill now cut away.

As we wandered among the graves, and deciphered the inscriptions on the ancient stones, Percy heard with surprise of acts of vandalism in years gone by when the old burying-ground was neglected. Many of the gravestones were filched from their

places, and scattered about the neighborhood as it fell into decay. These were put to use, some on chimney tops, others in covering drains, in cellars, or as doorsteps. Largely through the efforts of the superintendent, an official of long and devoted service, twenty or thirty of them have since been recovered, and restored to the ground. Other scandalous acts were perpetrated by a youthful vandal who years ago changed the dates upon several of the older stones, turning 1690 into 1620, 1695 into 1625, and so on. In two or three instances tombs of old families were appropriated by others. One glaring robbery of this sort was the seizure of the Hutchinson tomb, on the southeast side of the ground, where were buried, with other members of the family, the father and grandfather of Governor Hutchinson. Their remains were scattered, while the Hutchinson name was cut from the inscription on the tomb, and another substituted.

One of the oldest stones we found marked by the bullets of British soldiers, who used several of the slabs as targets during the Siege. Their favorite target here, however, was evidently the stone over the tomb of Daniel Malcom, merchant, "a true Son of Liberty, a friend to the publick, and enemy to oppression, and one of the first in opposing the Revenue Acts on America," — as the inscription reads. Malcom's boldest exploit was the landing of a cargo of wines from one of his ships in 1768, without paying the duty, which the Patriots were resisting as unjust and illegal. The performance was in the night-time. The vessel being anchored among the lower islands of the harbor, the wine-casks, about sixty, were brought ashore and, guarded by bands of men armed with clubs, deposited in various parts of the town. Malcom died in 1769. The stone was considerably defaced and splintered by the British bullets.

In about the middle of the ground we came upon the triple graves of the Worthylake family, whose tragic fate inspired the mournful ballad of *The Light House Tragedy*, written by the then youthful Benjamin Franklin, and peddled by him

through the streets of the town. George Worthylake was the keeper of the Boston Lighthouse, and one day in 1718 was drowned with his wife and daughter, while the three were coming up to town from the lighthouse. The Shaw family monument, commemorating, with others, Major Samuel Shaw, the soldier of the Revolution; the grave of Nicholas Upsall; that of Jesse Lee, the earliest preacher of Methodism in Boston; sev-



TOMB OF THE MATHERS.

eral slabs displaying heraldic devices, — all interested Percy; but before the tomb of the Mathers, near the Charter-street gate, he tarried longest. On the brown stone slab covering the vault, Percy made out the inscription: —

THE REVEREND DOCTORS
INCREASE, COTTON, AND SAMUEL MATHER,
WERE INTERRED IN THIS VAULT.

'Tis the tomb of our fathers.

MATHER-CROCKER'S

I[ncrease] died Augt. 27th, 1723, Æ 84.

C[otton] died Feb. 13th, 1727, Æ 65.

S[amuel] died June 27, 1785, Æ 79.

The weeping willow near this tomb was pointed to as especially noteworthy, having been grown from a slip from the willow over the grave of Napoleon at St. Helena. which was brought here and set out in 1840.

We left the ground by the Charter-street gate, passed down the steps of the heavy granite battlement-like structure built against the back of the hill, and crossed to the North End Park on the water front,—a public work, with the granite affair in the hillside, of quite modern construction. This made an agreeable finish of our North End walk.

Turning now southward, we followed Commercial Street and Atlantic Avenue around to State Street, so reaching the historic ground about the Old State House. In the busy commercial quarter we passed several sites of especial interest. First was the place where the Constitution, grand Old Ironsides, was launched a hundred years ago. This was at Hart's shipyard, now covered by Constitution Wharf. Next was the site of the North Battery, where Battery Wharf now is. It was from this point that several of the British regiments and Pitcairn's marines embarked on Bunker-Hill day. The North Battery marked the northern boundary of the ancient "Barricado," built for defences in 1673-1681, which extended from near the foot of Copp's Hill to near the foot of Fort Hill. The South Battery, or "Sconce," where is now Rowe's Wharf, was its southern bound. Atlantic Avenue marks its line. Early in the eighteenth century the Barricado fell into decay, but the batteries remained till after the Revolution.

Opposite the foot of Fleet Street was Hancock's Wharf, now covered by the north side of Lewis Wharf, the scene of the riot of June, 1768, over the seizure of Hancock's sloop Liberty for violating the obnoxious revenue laws. The incident was new to Percy, he not having come across it in his studies. It was not in itself a very serious affair, I explained; but it had a direct bearing upon subsequent proceedings.

The Liberty had arrived from Madeira with a cargo of

wines. When the "tidewaiter" came aboard, he was followed by the captain of another of Hancock's vessels and half a dozen companions, who contrived to confine the officer below while they landed the wine. The next day the commissioners of customs ordered the seizure of the sloop; and at about sunset, when the laborers of the neighborhood were leaving their work, the revenue officers put upon her the "broad arrow." Then a boat's crew from the man-of-war Romney, lying in the stream, cut her fastenings, and moored her under the frigate's guns. These proceedings attracted a thickening crowd, between whom and the Romney's men rough epithets were freely exchanged; while the captain of the Romney was especially overbearing in his manner. From words the crowd soon came to acts. They pelted the ship's officers and sailors with dirt and stones, and roughly handled the revenue officials. Next they attacked the dwellings of the comptroller and inspector-general near by, smashing their front windows. Finally they seized the collector's pleasure-boat, and pulling it ashore, dragged it in noisy procession to the Common, where they made a bonfire of it. The tumult continued through the evening; but it was brought to a quiet close through the exertions of Samuel Adams, Warren, and Hancock, who at length appeared on the Common, and urged the crowd peacefully to disperse.

"The leaders, you see," and I laid stress upon this point, "deprecatcd this affair, as they discountenanced and strove to check every riotous act of the populace. But they held that the responsibility for this particular outbreak lay with the customs commissioners and their subordinates, whose 'haughty conduct' had occasioned it. The Liberty was detained for several days, without warrant the popular leaders maintained, since no legal process had been filed against her. Meanwhile there were held the series of great town-meetings in Faneuil Hall, culminating in that of the 17th of June, with the formal declaration of the people against the revenue Acts, and of their 'unalterable resolution to vindicate invaluable rights

at the hazard of fortune and life.' Early in these proceedings the commissioners, becoming alarmed for their personal safety, abdicated their offices, and retired to the Romney. Shortly after, they removed their families to the Castle, where they remained till the coming of the British regiments in October."

When we were again at the Old State House, Percy reminded me of my promise that he should inspect its interior during this "pilgrimage." I assured him that I had not forgotten it. Indeed, this was the next "feature" on our programme. It was my plan that within the old Council Chamber where the scarlet-coated royal governors and the bewigged councillors had sat and deliberated over grave issues during all the troublous times preceding the Revolution, we should review the momentous events of this period with which the building and its neighborhood were associated.

XIV.

THE PRE-REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD.

The Old State House and its associations.—The Council Chamber: headquarters of the royal governors.—Steps to the Revolution, 1761–1775.—The Writs of Assistance; the Stamp Act; the Revenue Acts; the Boston Massacre; the Boston Tea-Party; the Boston Port Bill.—The “Sanctuary of Freedom” and the great town-meetings.—The Province House.—Home of Samuel Adams.—The Hancock mansion-house.—The “Bulfinch Front.”—King’s Chapel.

WE entered the Old State House by the south side door, toward which the guns of the British Main Guard were pointed in 1769.

Ascending by the old stairs to the memorial halls above, Percy straightway became absorbed in the collection of historical relics exhibited here by the Bostonian Society, in whose safe custody they now are. We made the rounds of the cases in the old Representatives Chamber, filled with rare and curious things; visited the “Hancock Room;” the “Commission Room,” where we saw numerous documents with the royal governors’ signatures; viewed the fine array of portraits, quaint paintings, unique prints, and old photographs against the walls of the several apartments; penetrated to the upper floor, where the display of antiquities is most varied.

Then I worked Percy slowly back to the old Council Chamber, and at length, seating ourselves in this “throne-room” of the king’s representatives, we had our talk of historical happenings hereabout, tracing the pre-Revolutionary events in chronological order, and making note of their landmarks, the subjects being: the Writs of Assistance of 1761; the Stamp Act, 1765; the Townshend Revenue Acts, 1767; the “Boston Massacre,”



OLD STATE HOUSE.

1770; the "Boston Tea-Party," 1773; the Boston Port Bill, and the Regulating Acts, 1774.

Percy's active imagination at once began to people this apartment with its old-time occupants, and to picture the scenes which it presented during the sittings of the stately royal governors and the honorable council. Having been the Council Chamber all through the Provincial period, it was identified



ROYAL ARMS IN OLD STATE HOUSE.

with every chapter in the story of the pre-Revolutionary struggles. When the State government was erected in 1780, it became the first Senate Chamber. The Representatives' Chamber, separated by a narrow lobby from this chamber, between which there was so much and, at times, so sharp friction, also remained practically unchanged through Province days.

It was in this building that, in 1761, "American Independence" was born, when the fiery, eloquent, and scholarly James Otis made his electrifying argument, before the highest court

of the Province, for commercial freedom. "Note, Percy," I remarked in taking up the story, "that this was fourteen years before the outbreak of hostilities. As John Adams afterward wrote, it was 'the opening scene of American resistance. A lawyer of Boston with a tongue of flame and the inspiration of a seer, stepped forward to demonstrate that all arbitrary authority was unconstitutional and against the law.' The issue was the granting of general Writs of Assistance to the customs officers to enable them forcibly to enter dwellings and warehouses in the execution of their duties. Hutchinson, who had just been made chief justice, and four associates, with 'voluminous wigs, broad bands, and robes of scarlet cloth,' constituted the court. The trial, held in February, was before a distinguished audience. Otis had been advocate-general for the colony, and had resigned that office because he could not act for the crown. He appeared in this case for the 'inhabitants of Boston.' Only a few extracts from his speech are preserved, but these few disclose its magnificent mettle.

"'I argue,' he boldly proclaimed, 'in favor of British liberties at a time when we hear the greatest monarch on earth declaring from his throne that he glories in the name of Briton, and that the privileges of his people are dearer to him than the most valuable prerogatives of the crown. I oppose that kind of power, the exercise of which, in former periods of English history, cost one king his head and another his throne.' The argument was based on the ground that the writs being general were illegal, and put the power of tyrants in the hands of the officers. 'The freedom of one's house,' the orator proclaimed, 'is an essential branch of English liberty. A man's house is his castle. While he is quiet he is as well guarded as a prince. This writ, if declared legal, totally annihilates this privilege.'

"George the Third, you will recall, if you remember dates, had just come to the throne, and the pressure upon the colonies of the policy of British supremacy, and of a rigorous enforcement of the revenue laws for the benefit of the king's exchequer,

had begun with the incoming of the Bute ministry. The decision of the court was against Otis, but the 'seeds of resistance' had been sown broadcast.

"Next came the Stamp Act of 1765. This was part of a system of internal taxation devised by the British ministry to enforce the supremacy of Parliament over the colonies. The Act comprised fifty-five resolutions, the chief feature of which was the requirement that all deeds, receipts, and other legal and business documents executed in the colonies, should be written and printed upon stamped paper. This paper could be obtained only of Distributors of Stamps appointed by the crown. The revenues were to go to the home government. The news of the passage of the Act reached the colonies in April, and the people instantly organized to resist it. Virginia sounded the first alarm. In July word came to Boston of a large shipment of the stamped paper. On the 5th of August a list of Distributors of Stamps was published in the newspapers. In this list appeared the name of Andrew Oliver, a brother-in-law of Hutchinson, as distributor for Massachusetts; and against him was directed the rage of the populace. The 12th, being the birthday of the Prince of Wales, was a holiday. Crowds were about the streets shouting 'Pitt and Liberty!' (Pitt had just returned to power at the head of a new ministry); and at night a bonfire was kindled in the square below us, with the same cry. On the 14th the outbreak began.

"When the morning dawned two effigies, one of Lord Bute, — a 'jack boot' with a horned head protruding from it, — the other of Oliver, appeared dangling from a branch of the 'Liberty Tree,' and drew excited crowds to its neighborhood. This tree was a broad-spreading elm, the space beneath which was a popular gathering-place of the Sons of Liberty, called by them 'Liberty Hall.' It stood at the then south end of the town, in a group of elms on Washington Street, nearly opposite Boylston Street. Its site is indicated by a tablet on a building now near the spot. Hutchinson, as chief justice, ordered the sheriff

forthwith to remove the effigies, but by the advice of 'some of the graver persons' in the throngs gathered about the tree, the officer stayed his hand. In the afternoon the governor, Sir Francis Bernard, summoned the council to this chamber to consider the disturbing situation. A majority of the councillors advised against the forcible removal of the offending figures, which might provoke a riot, trusting to the people to remove them by nightfall without disturbance. So they hung and swung through the day; and after dark, as the council had



OLD LIBERTY TREE.

predicted, they were taken down and disposed of, but not without disturbance. Placed on a bier, they were escorted through the town by a procession, shouting, 'Liberty! Property! No Stamps!' to Fort Hill (levelled, and now marked by Fort Hill Square), where they were burned in a bonfire. The procession passed directly beneath this chamber, through the then open merchants' exchange. Bernard, Hutchinson, and the council were again in session; and the crowd halted here long enough to repeat its cry, 'Liberty! Property! No Stamps!' in full volume, for their benefit. Then it swung down this street to Kilby Street, where, near the corner, it paused to demolish a newly

erected 'stamp-office.' Taking the fragments along for kindling, it swept up to the hill, and built the bonfire near Oliver's dwelling on the hill slope. While the fire burned, Oliver's house, outbuildings, and garden were attacked with more or less damage. Hutchinson wanted to sound an alarm, and muster the militia; but it would have been useless, for the 'drummers were in the mob.' The crowd dispersed at about midnight, with derisive cheers before Bernard's quarters in the Province House.

"Thus ended this demonstration. The next day the council again convened in this chamber. The governor issued a proclamation offering a reward for the apprehension of the ringleaders of the mob, but no informer appeared. Later, Oliver came forward with a signed statement that he had written to England asking to be excused from serving as a distributor. This action was celebrated at night with a second bonfire on Fort Hill, and cheers before Oliver's gate. Matters remained fairly quiet thereafter till the night of the 26th. Then occurred the far more serious outbreak, beginning with the attack upon the office of William Story, deputy register of the court of vice-admiralty, which was in his house on the north side of this building, and the burning of the public files, taken therefrom, in a bonfire in the square below; and ending with the sacking of Hutchinson's mansion-house at the North End, which has been described. A fortnight later word of another change of ministry came from England, with the report that the Stamp Act would be laid aside, whereat there was great rejoicing. The bells were rung, and 'joy and gladness appeared on every countenance.' But soon after the stamps arrived, and were deposited at the Castle.

"The first of November was the day upon which the tax was to go into effect. On the morning of that day the bells were tolled, minute-guns were fired, the shipping in the harbor displayed their colors at half-mast, while on the Liberty Tree hung two effigies, — this time of Lord George Grenville, the

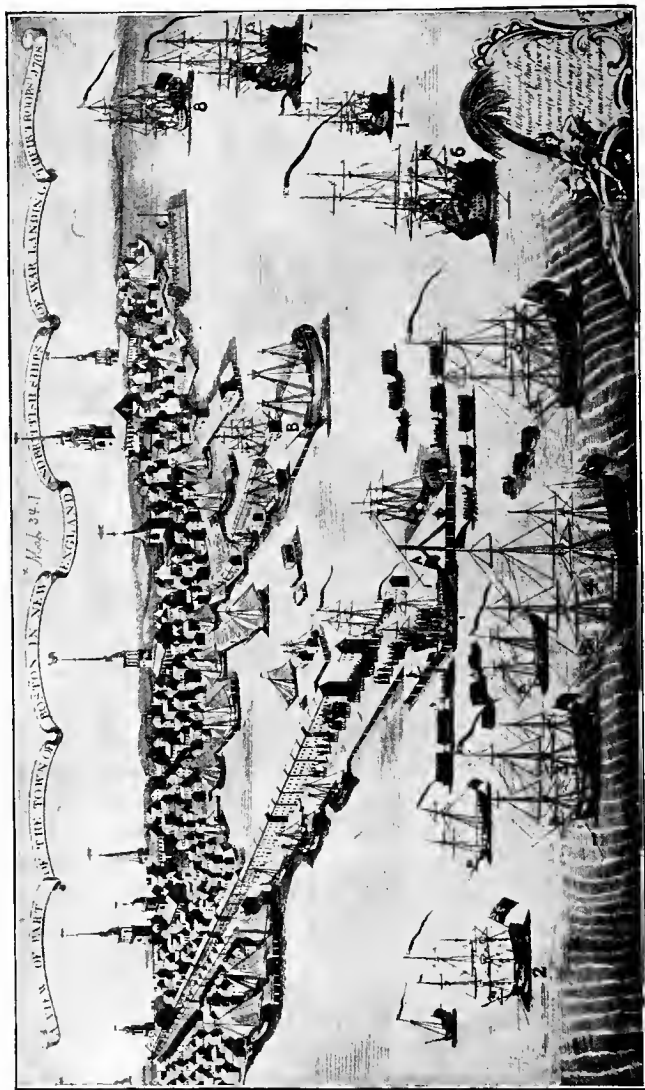
chief instigator of the Stamp Act, and of John Huske, the first to advise it. Huske was a native of New Hampshire, who, having moved to England, had obtained a seat in the Commons. Late in the afternoon these images were cut down, and placed with great solemnity in a cart, were trundled over the town, then back to the gallows on the 'Neck,' near Dover Street, where they were again hung, again cut down, and 'fiercely torn limb from limb.' In December Oliver was compelled to appear at the Liberty Tree, make a public declaration of his resignation, and subscribe to an oath, administered with much formality by Richard Dana, that he never would act in the office. In February, on the day appointed for the public burning of a stamped paper in each of the principal towns of the colonies, effigies of Grenville and Bute in full court dress, with pieces of the stamped paper, were drawn about these streets in a cart, and finally burned at the foot of the gallows. After which the Sons of Liberty returned to their headquarters, and coolly drank his majesty's health! A few days later a vessel having arrived which was reported to have stamped clearances aboard, the Sons of Liberty issued a formal 'warrant' to a fellow-member to demand in their names these 'marks of Creole slavery,' and when obtained, to 'commit them to the flames in King Street.' One being obtained, it was fixed upon a pole and solemnly brought to this square, where it was fastened into the town stocks, and later publicly burned by the 'executioner.'

"During all this time the stamps remained at the Castle. Business was greatly impeded, commerce was interrupted, and the courts were closed, till the Province officials were compelled to disregard the Act on the ground that no stamps were to be obtained. At length, in May, came the joyful news of the repeal of the Act by Parliament in the preceding March. The event was celebrated on the 19th. The town bells pealed, cannon boomed, flags waved, even the steeples of the churches being hung with banners. Prisoners held for debt were re-

leased. In the evening there was a general illumination. The Liberty Tree was 'loaded with lanterns.' On the Common was an obelisk, also decked out with lanterns. Fireworks were set off by the Sons of Liberty. In front of Hancock's house on Beacon Hill a pipe of wine was opened for the people, while 'the genteel part of the town' was entertained within the mansion.

With the repeal of the Stamp Act, however, the sting was retained, the accompanying Act asserting the authority of Parliament to 'bind the colonies and the people of America in all cases whatsoever.' Then, early in 1767, came the Townshend Revenue Acts (so called for Charles Townshend, the British chancellor of the exchequer, who instituted them). These Acts imposed upon the colonies duties on paper, glass, painters' colors, and tea; created a board of Commissioners of Customs; and legalized Writs of Assistance. The customs commissioners were to reside in Boston, and their jurisdiction extended over the entire coast from Labrador to the Gulf of Mexico. The revenue was to be disposed of at the king's pleasure, under his sign manual. It was to be employed principally in the support of the crown officers in the colonies, to render them independent of the colonial legislatures. The Acts went into force in November. They were met immediately by the adoption of a non-importation and non-consumption agreement.

Now Bernard began talking and writing of the necessity of a British force in Boston. When, upon the celebration of the anniversary of the repeal of the Stamp Act on the 18th of March (1768), effigies of Charles Paxton, the head of the customs commissioners, and of Williams, an inspector, swung from the Liberty Tree, the commissioners became alarmed; and they secured a naval force in Boston harbor. Thus the *Romney*, a frigate of fifty guns, appeared here. Then came the 'Liberty' incident, — the seizure of Hancock's sloop, and the riot occasioned by it. The popular feeling at that time, you should understand, was aggravated by the earlier acts of the *Romney's* press-gang in impressing Boston citizens.



1. Beaver. 2. Senegal. 3. Marlin. 4. Glasgow. 5. Mermeld. 6. Ronney. 7. Lannceston. 8. Honetta.
 A. Long Wharf. B. Hancock's Wharf. C. North Battery.

On Friday, Sept. 30th, 1768, the Ships of WAR, armed Schooners, Transports, &c., Came up the Harbour and Anchored round the TOWN; their Cannon loaded, a Spring on their Cables, as for a regular Siege. At noon on Saturday, October the 1st, the fourteenth and twenty-ninth Regiments, a detachment from the 59th Regt. and Train of Artillery, with two pieces of Cannon, landed on the Long Wharf; there Formed and Marched with insolent Parade, Drums beating, Fifes playing, and Colours flying, up KING STREET, Each Soldier having received 16 rounds of Powder and Ball.

ENGRAVED, PRINTED, & SOLD by PAUL REVERE, BOSTON.

“Toward the close of June occurred the struggle between Bernard and the General Court, sitting in the next hall, when the governor strove to execute the royal order for that body to rescind its ‘Circular Letter’ to the Assemblies of the other colonies proposing union of action for the redress of grievances. The Representatives said ‘No,’ by an emphatic majority. ‘As this magnificent No! of Massachusetts resounded through the colonies,’ says Frothingham, ‘it elicited a response which filled the hearts of the Boston Patriots with joy.’ This question was declared to be the most important that an American Assembly had ever acted upon. Bernard met the refusal to rescind by instantly proroguing the General Court ‘till the pleasure of his majesty should be known,’ and for several months there was no session of the body.

“With the opening of October the British troops appeared, and Boston became a garrisoned town. The first regiments came in seven armed vessels from Halifax. The preparations for landing were impressive. The seven vessels were ranged off the wharves with cannon loaded and springs on their cables. As the troops lined up on Long Wharf, at the foot of this street, the people looked on in perfect silence. With loaded guns and fixed bayonets, they marched up the street, past this building, and to the Common, the throngs of spectators maintaining the same eloquent silence.

“The first arrivals consisted of two regiments, and a portion of another with a train of artillery. Shortly after, two Irish regiments arrived direct from Ireland. Then Commodore Hood, commander of the British naval forces in North American waters, came over from Halifax, and established his quarters here. There were in all about fifteen hundred redcoats in the town. The General Court, the Council, and the Boston selectmen, all resolutely refused to provide quarters for them, holding fast to the principle that the quartering of a standing army upon the town in time of peace, without the consent of the General Court, was a violation of the people’s rights. Consequently

the army officers were forced to hire private buildings, and fit them at the expense of the crown. And you may be sure the rates ran high. One regiment occupied Faneuil Hall for some weeks. Others were quartered in buildings on wharves, and in rude barracks on the Common. Murray's Barracks, a building owned by James Murray, on Brattle Street near the Quincy House, accommodated a large force. This Town House was turned over by Bernard to the officers; and every part of the building, with the sole exception of this chamber, was occupied. The main guard, with its guns pointing at the south entrance, was stationed opposite. Detachments were posted at the land avenue leading from the town and at the ferries.

“The removal of the troops was steadily agitated by the popular leaders, and they strove earnestly to maintain the peace. But despite their efforts collisions between townspeople and soldiers were frequent. The troops were a constant menace. The abuse of this building was especially flagrant. Things had reached such a pass by the summer of 1769, that in June the General Court refused to go on with business. Thereupon Governor Bernard adjourned the body to meet in Cambridge. But the very night of its adjournment the cannon of the main guard were removed, and placed on a ship bound for Halifax. Still, the military occupation of the building continued; and in July the General Court adopted a resolve declaring that whoever gave the order for making a barracks of it, and placing the main guard opposite its doors, ‘designed a high Insult and a triumphant Indication that the Military power was the Master of the whole Legislative.’ In July two of the regiments were sent off to Halifax, leaving but two, the Twenty-ninth and the Fourteenth, under the command of Lieutenant-colonel Dalrymple.

“This was the British force in the town when, on the evening of March 5, 1770, occurred the riot beneath these windows which has gone down into history as the ‘Boston Massacre.’ It was the culmination of a succession of small warfares be-

tween 'Townners' and 'Britishers.' Three days before, a series of fights had taken place at Gray's Ropewalks, near the present Pearl Street, between a parcel of workmen and a number of soldiers belonging to the Twenty-ninth Regiment, in which the soldiers were beaten. The report soon sped about town that the contest would be renewed on the evening of the 5th. On the afternoon of that day a handbill making the following declaration was posted in a public place: —

BOSTON, Monday ye 5, 1770.

THIS is to Inform ye Rebellious People in Boston that ye Soljers in ye 14th and 29th Regiments are determined to joine together and defend themselves against all who shall Opose them. Signed Ye Soljers of ye 14th and 29th Regiments.

"The Twenty-ninth were quartered in Water and Congress (then Atkinson) Streets; the Fourteenth in Murray's Barracks.

"Early in the evening of the 5th, parties of men and apprentice boys with canes and sticks, and groups of soldiers with cutlasses, strolled about the neighborhood, 'as though something uncommon was expected,' and 'neither party was sparing of insult.' At about eight o'clock a group of boys idling in the square below taunted the sentinel posted at the Royal Custom House, which stood on the lower corner of Exchange and this street. Captain Goldfinch of the Fourteenth Regiment passing by, one of the boys — a barber's apprentice — cried, 'There goes a mean fellow who hasn't paid my master for curling his hair.' Thereupon the sentinel gave the lad a blow with his musket, sending him away crying, and scattering the group. Shortly after, a couple of young men sauntering along the main street attempted to go down the passage from the present Cornhill to Brattle Square by Murray's Barracks, ignoring the sentinel's challenge. A scrimmage ensued, in which other soldiers from the barracks, and 'Townners' attracted by the noise, soon took part. The affray was growing serious, when the same Captain Goldfinch, coming upon the scene, ordered the soldiers

back to the barracks and the gate closed. Meanwhile a number of 'North Enders' had run to the Old Brick Meeting-house, nearly opposite the west end of this building, and lifted a boy through a window, who rang the bell as for an alarm of fire. Quickly a little crowd responded, and pressed into Dock Square.

"This street and square were now quiet, the sentinel before the Custom House pacing his beat in solitude, while a few persons with fire-bags and buckets were grouped about the main guard's quarters. The crowd in Dock Square were held by an harangue from a 'tall man who wore a red cloak and a white wig,' but of whom history says no more. When he concluded, the cry, 'To the main guard!' arose. It was echoed in a neighboring street, 'To the main guard! that's the nest!' Peaceably disposed persons endeavored to disperse the throng, and crying, 'Home! home! every man to his home!' set the example by themselves withdrawing. But just then an excited company of men and boys made a rush up Exchange Street (then Royal Exchange Lane) to the Custom House. As they approached the sentinel, one of them cried, 'Here's the soldier that did it!' meaning the attack upon the barber's boy, when the lad himself coming up repeated, 'That's the fellow who knocked me down with the butt-end of his gun.' Then, with cries of, 'Knock him down! Kill him!' a fusillade of snow-balls, bits of ice, and epithets was opened upon the soldier. Backing up the steps against the door, and with bayonet presented, he warned his persecutors to keep off, at the same time calling for help.

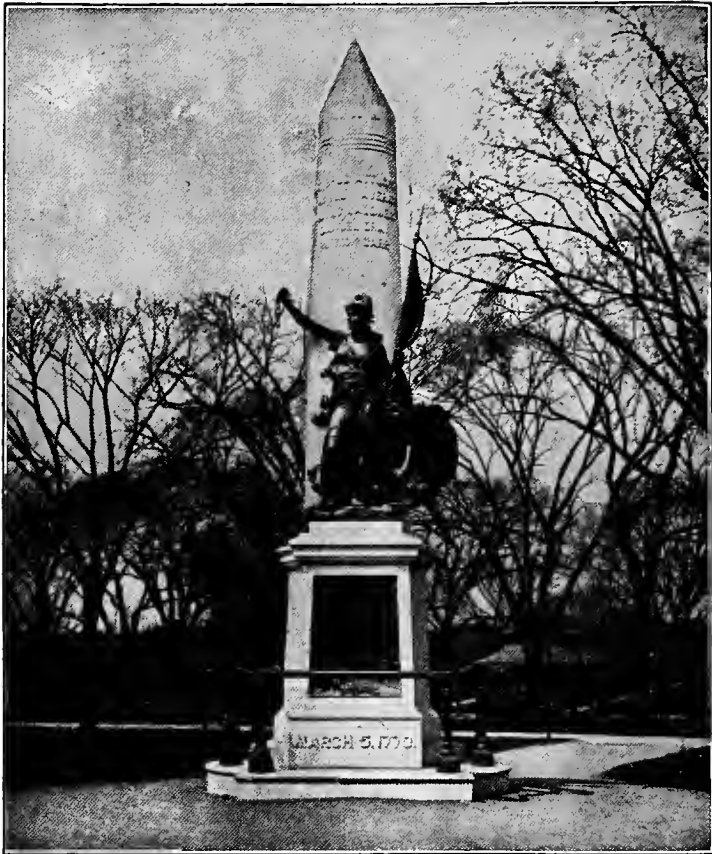
"Somebody ran across to the main guard; and Captain Preston, officer of the guard that day, was called from Concert Hall, near by, in Scollay Square, where he happened to be at the moment. Preston at once ordered out a sergeant and file of seven men, and soon followed himself, to see, as he said, that they did no mischief. The soldiers came across at a trot, and parting the group about the sentinel, pricking some of them with their bayonets, formed in a half-circle near the sentry-box,

The sentry came down and fell into line, and almost immediately Captain Preston joined the file. You may see the spot where they stood, marked now by a circle in the paving of the street, near the sidewalk.

“The crowd whom the soldiers confronted was not large. It numbered perhaps sixty, or not more than eighty, men and boys, sailors and workmen. Others came running to the spot; but at no time till after the tragedy was there a ‘multitude’ gathered, as some accounts have stated. Some of the ‘Town-ers’ had had a part in the affray about Murray’s Barracks; others had been in the previous combats at the ropewalks; while in the file of soldiers were two or three who had been worsted in those encounters. On both sides the excitement was intense. The crowd pressed close upon the file, striking their bayonets with sticks and clubs, snowballs and street rubbish, taunting them, and challenging them to fire if they dare; for it was the popular belief that they would not fire without an order from a civil magistrate, which no magistrate would dare to give.

“But wiser heads among the lookers-on, when the rising anger in the faces of the soldiers was observed, as with their bayonets they parried the thrusts of the ‘Town-ers,’ recognized the danger. Young Harry Knox, the bookseller, afterward the gallant General Knox, grasping Preston by the coat, appealed to him ‘for God’s sake to take his men back again, for if they fired, his life must answer the consequences.’ Preston was much agitated. He was standing in a pushing group slightly apart from his men. As he was about to reply, he saw them suddenly at close quarters, and using their bayonets. Instantly, with or without orders (upon this point the evidence was conflicting), one soldier, who had been struck in the face with a stick, brought his gun to shoulder and fired; then in quick succession six others.

“Three of the crowd were killed outright: Crispus Attucks, a mulatto, two bullets entering his breast; Samuel Gray, a



CRISPUS ATTUCKS MONUMENT.

ropemaker, shot in the head; and James Caldwell, a sailor, mate of a ship in port, shot in the breast. Two others were fatally wounded, — Samuel Maverick, a lad of seventeen, apprenticed to a joiner, and Patrick Carr, worker for a leather-breeches maker; while six others were badly hurt. Only one

of the lot — Crispus Attucks — appears to have had a part in the affray; and he when shot was not active, but was looking on, leaning over a heavy cordwood stick. Gray was shot just as he had exclaimed, 'My lads, they'll not fire.' Caldwell had been drawn to the spot by the alarm-bell, and was merely a spectator. Maverick and Carr, also attracted by the bell-ringing, were shot while running across the street.

"Now the whole town was aroused. The church-bells rung out an alarm upon the frosty air, the drums beat to arms, and the report that the troops had risen on the people sped through the streets. Soon hundreds had hurried thither; and there was now here what the popular leaders had so long dreaded and endeavored to avert, — 'an indignant population and an exasperated soldiery face to face.' Captain Preston, after checking a second volley from his men, had withdrawn them to the main guard, while several companies of the Twenty-ninth had formed before the main guard in three divisions, the first division in the kneeling posture for street-firing. The Fourteenth were held in their barracks under arms.

"Hutchinson, then acting governor (Bernard had left for England eight months before), was summoned from his house to the scene. Reaching the thronged square, he was hurried up to this room, which was crowded with leading townsmen, both Whigs and Tories. Appearing upon the balcony, he addressed the excited populace below. He expressed his deep concern at the deplorable event, and declared that the law should have its course. He would 'live and die by the law.' Promising to order an inquiry in the morning, he urged all to retire to their homes.

"But promises were not sufficient. The people would not disperse till Captain Preston was arrested and an inquiry begun. Accordingly a court of inquiry was ordered at once to assemble here. Next the retirement of the troops was demanded. Hutchinson replied that it was not in his power to give the order, but he would consult the officers. Lieutenant-Colonel

Dalrymple and others now appeared upon the balcony. A brief consultation was held, when they withdrew, and reappeared in the street. Then the soldiers rose from their kneeling position, which had been maintained throughout, the order 'shoulder arms' was heard, and the columns marched back into the barracks. With their withdrawal, the people began slowly to move homeward. But a hundred men, forming a volunteer watch, remained till morning, while the court of inquiry sat the night through. After an examination covering three hours, Captain Preston was held for trial and remanded to jail. Later the soldiers of the file were also arrested. It was three o'clock in the morning when Hutchinson left this chamber.

"While the night session of the court was progressing, the patriot leaders were busy. 'Expresses' were despatched to near and distant towns with intelligence of the affair, and preparations were made for public meetings on the next day.

"Early next morning the town was again in motion. Hundreds from other towns pressed into this square and about the doors of Faneuil Hall. The councillors promptly responded to Hutchinson's summons, and this chamber became the scene of a succession of remarkable events. Besides the councillors, Hutchinson found here awaiting him most of the justices of the county, and the selectmen of the town, to represent the necessity of the troops being at a distance from the people. To their arguments his reply was as before, that he had no power in the matter. Later, however, impressed by the seriousness of the situation and the temper of the people, he sent for Colonels Dalrymple and Carr of the two regiments, to meet with the council as military advisers.

"While the discussions were proceeding here, the first public meeting was under way in Faneuil Hall, packed from entrance to platform. This meeting listened to narratives by several witnesses of the 'Massacre,' heard an impassioned speech from Samuel Adams, and appointed a committee, with Adams at its head, immediately to wait upon the lieutenant-

governor, acquaint him with its conviction that the inhabitants and the soldiery could no longer dwell together in safety,' and urge their instant removal.

"At noon the committee appeared in this chamber. Its message delivered, Hutchinson promised a written reply, when it withdrew to another room. An animated discussion followed its withdrawal. Hutchinson held strictly to his original position. The council advised the removal of one regiment, in which proposition Colonel Dalrymple concurred. But the lieutenant-governor was obdurate. Bringing the sitting abruptly to a close, he declared that he meant to receive no further application on the subject. He reluctantly agreed, however, to an afternoon meeting, which, as events proved, was a point gained for the people's cause.

"At three o'clock came the second public meeting, — a regularly called town-meeting. Faneuil Hall could not hold the throng which pressed to its doors. Consequently removal was made to the Old South. The crowds on the way to the meeting-house passed up this street in view from these windows; and Hutchinson, with several of the councillors, looked out upon them. The spectators were impressed by the spectacle. 'This multitude,' some one remarked to Hutchinson, 'are not such as pulled down your house;' they 'are men of the best characters, men of estates, and men of religion.' Even the meeting-house was not large enough for all, and many persons occupied the street between it and this building.

At the afternoon sitting of the lieutenant-governor and council, there was present, with the military officers, the commander of the *Rose* frigate, also summoned by Hutchinson. Hutchinson's promised written reply was delivered to the people's committee. When its members appeared at the south door, the word passed, 'Make way for the Committee;' and the crowd, forming on either side of the street, made a lane for their passage to the meeting-house. Adams uncovered his head, and with hat in hand led his associates between the lines. As they

passed up the street he bowed alternately to either side, while he repeated the significant cue, 'Both regiments or none!'

"Arrived at the meeting, the Reply was read. It was not in his power, Hutchinson wrote, to countermand the orders which the commanders of the regiments had received from the general of the army (Gage) in New York. But Colonel Dalrymple had signified that the Twenty-ninth Regiment, because of the part which they had taken in the difference, should be retired



SAMUEL ADAMS.

to the Castle, that the main guard should be removed, and that the Fourteenth Regiment, while retained in the town, should be laid under restraint. Instantly rose from the assembly Samuel Adams's watch-word, 'Both regiments or none!' The Reply was voted to be unsatisfactory; and a new committee was named to carry it to Hutchinson, with the declaration that nothing short of a total and immediate removal of the troops would satisfy the people.

"Samuel Adams was again chairman of this committee, and associated with him were Warren, three of the selectmen, Hancock, Henshaw, and Pemberton, and the patriot merchants, Phillips and Molineux. It was at about four o'clock when they entered this chamber. Around the long table were formally assembled the lieutenant-governor, the council, and their military advisers, 'the scrupulous and sumptuous costumes of civilians in authority, — gold and silver lace, scarlet cloaks, and large wigs, — mingling with the brilliant uniforms of the British army.'

“In presenting the vote, Adams tersely stated the case. Hutchinson replied briefly, and repeated his declaration that the troops were not subject to his authority. Adams again rose, paused, and ‘gave a searching look at Hutchinson,’ then in ‘a tone not loud, but deep and earnest,’ proceeded:—

“‘It is well known that, acting as governor of the Province, you are, by its charter, the commander-in-chief of the military forces within it; and as such the troops now in the capital are subject to your orders. If you, or Colonel Dalrymple under you, have the power to remove one regiment, you have the power to remove both; and nothing short of their total removal will satisfy the people, or preserve the peace of the Province. A multitude, highly incensed, now wait the result of this application. The voice of ten thousand freemen demands that both regiments be forthwith removed. Their voice must be respected, their demand obeyed. Fail, then, at your peril, to comply with this requisition! On you alone rests the responsibility of the decision; and if the just expectations of the people are disappointed, you must be answerable to God and your country for the fatal consequences that must ensue. The committee have discharged their duty, and it is for you to discharge yours. They wait your final determination.’

“It is the appearance of the great commoner at this moment, ‘in his countenance and attitude a silent eloquence,’ that the sculptor portrays in the statue which we have seen in Adams Square. His words had a profound effect. As he stood with his eyes fixed upon Hutchinson, he afterward said, ‘If fancy deceived me not, I observed his knees to tremble, and I thought I saw his face grow pale; and I enjoyed the sight.’ For some minutes silence fell upon the group around the council table. Then, in low tones, sinking to whispers, Hutchinson engaged in earnest conference with Colonel Dalrymple. Soon the officer spoke up audibly, ‘I am ready to obey your orders,’ thus bringing the responsibility where Adams had placed it, directly upon the lieutenant-governor. Then Adams’s associates, also with

great plainness of speech, added their appeals, after which the committee withdrew to await action.

“Behind the closed doors, Hutchinson debated the matter with the council earnestly and long, so long that the patience of the people was severely tried. At length the council formally resolved that the troops must go, and advised the lieutenant-governor to request Colonel Dalrymple to order the whole command to the Castle. Still Hutchinson hesitated. Sending for other crown officers in the building, he sought their counsel. Among them was the Provincial secretary, Oliver, who whispered in his ear that he must either comply or leave the Province. Yielding at last, he recommended to Colonel Dalrymple, rather than ordered, the removal; and the officer gave his word of honor that he would begin preparations therefor the next morning.

“With this decision the committee hastened back through the crowded street to the waiting throng in the old meeting-house, but the news had sped before it. ‘The report being received, the inhabitants could not but express the high satisfaction which it afforded them.’ Such is the careful minute in the Town Records of the demonstration which must have followed. It was now dark, but the work was not yet completed. Provision was to be made for the protection of the town till the removal was fully effected, and for readiness if any break should occur in the programme. So a watch was established for that night. The second committee who had waited upon the lieutenant-governor was constituted a ‘Committee of Safety,’ authorized to continue the watch till every soldier had departed; while plans for a general muster of the people in case of necessity were perfected. Well into the evening the meeting dissolved.

“A week was occupied in the removal. Meanwhile the Committee of Safety placed guards at every point, the strongest about this building and the prison on Queen (now Court) Street. The whole militia of the Province was in requisition, and many

of the foremost townsmen did service as common soldiers. John Adams writes: 'We were all upon a level; no man was exempted; our military officers were our superiors. I had the honor to be summoned in my turn, and attended at the Town House with my musket and bayonet, my broadsword and cartridge-box.'

"The funeral of the victims of the 'Massacre' took place before the departure of the troops. It was attended with much solemnity. In the morning the bells of Boston and of the surrounding towns were tolled. At the appointed hour four hearses, coming from different points, formed a junction on and about the spot where the tragedy had occurred, and thence a procession of townspeople, six deep, followed them to the Granary Burying-ground, the place of burial, as we have seen.

"It was not till October that the trial of Captain Preston took place. This was held in the new Court House on yonder Court (then Queen) Street, occupied in 1768. That the town might be free from any charge of unfairness, two of the patriot leaders, John Adams and Josiah Quincy, appeared, with Robert Auchmuty, the prisoner's personal counsel, for the defence; while Robert Treat Paine, in the absence of the king's attorney, Jonathan Sewall (whom John Adams says significantly 'disappeared'), conducted the prosecution. The presiding judge was the younger Chief Justice Lynde. The brief used by John Adams has been preserved, and we may see it displayed among other interesting manuscripts, in a case in the beautiful Boston Public Library. Preston was acquitted. In November the soldiers were tried, eight of them. This trial lasted nine days. It resulted in the acquittal of six, and the conviction of two for manslaughter. These two, pleading the 'benefit of clergy,' were each burnt in the hand in open court, and discharged. A few days later two or three citizens accused of firing into the crowd during the 'Massacre,' from a window in the Royal Custom House, were tried, but speedily acquitted.

"The regiments remained for some time on Castle Island

under the command of Colonel Dalrymple, but no further trouble was had with them. They came to be called in England 'Sam Adams's regiments,' a term applied to them by Lord North, then first lord of the treasury, when he received the accounts of their summary removal at the behest of the citizen leader.

"The 'Boston Tea-Party' of 1773 was the next momentous event. Upon the very night of the 'Boston Massacre,' Lord North brought into Parliament the bill to repeal the Townshend Revenue Acts, with the exception of the preamble, asserting the right of Parliament to legislate for the colonies in 'all cases whatsoever,' and the tax on tea: the former being retained to save the principle of taxation, the latter to secure its acknowledgment. The intention of the ministry to propose this bill was announced in a circular letter to the several governors during the preceding summer (1769), and merchants had combined to resist the tax, while anti-tea leagues had formed months before it went into operation. So early as February, 1770, a Boston town-meeting in Faneuil Hall had resolved 'totally to abstain from the use of tea.' That same winter more than four hundred matrons had combined to drink no more tea till the revenue Acts were wholly repealed; and shortly after, upward of an hundred young women, 'daughters of these Patriots,' had followed their example, 'with pleasure engaging' to deny themselves the drinking of the cheering beverage, 'in the hope to frustrate a plan which tends to deprive a whole community of all that is valuable in life.' So by the time of the passage of Lord North's bill, the importation of tea had become so small that the tax was virtually a nullity.

"Through the larger part of the next two years the country was quiet, with only an occasional outbreak of feeling. Much attention was given to the development of domestic industries, which had been fostered through the non-use of imported materials. Home-made articles were brought into fashion. At Harvard College the class of 1770 had graduated in homespun.

"In March, 1771, Hutchinson received his commission as

governor, and his brother-in-law, Oliver, the stamp distributor of 1765, became lieutenant-governor. In the summer of 1770 a beginning of martial law had been made by the establishment of Boston Harbor as the rendezvous of the war-ships stationed in North America, and by a royal order directing Hutchinson to deliver the Castle to the military authorities to be garrisoned by regular troops. The latter, being a direct violation of the charter, which reserved to the governor the command of the militia and the forts, had occasioned public protest. But Hutchinson hastily executed it; before doing so coming into this chamber, and under injunction of secrecy, disclosing his instructions to the council, who were 'filled with amazement.' Thus the Castle passed to the custody of Colonel Dalrymple, and it remained in the possession of the king's forces from that time till the evacuation of Boston in 1776. In August, 1771, twelve war-ships, under the command of Admiral Montague, appeared in the harbor in pursuance of the order making it the naval rendezvous. The alleged reason for the demonstration was apprehension of war with Spain, but the popular leaders saw in it an intended intimidation of the people. The next summer (1772) came the agitation over the governor's acceptance of a salary from the king, and the measure making the judiciary dependent upon the crown, by providing for the payment of their salaries by the king's order. These aggressions led to the creation, in November, of the Committees of Correspondence, the foundation of American union, and the famous Appeal of Boston, 'A State of the Rights of the Colonists, and of this Province in particular.'

"Then tea became the commanding issue in the autumn of 1773, the king having determined to 'try the question with America' by the tea-tax. The East India Tea Company, embarrassed by the accumulation of teas owing to the persistent refusal of the colonies to import them, had petitioned Parliament for relief, and had been empowered to export its stock to this country duty free in England, but subject here to the tax

of threepence per pound, which was to be turned into the royal treasury by the company's agents. Immediately upon this action ships were laden and despatched simultaneously to Charleston, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston; while at each port persons were selected to act as consignees, or tea commissioners, as they were popularly called. The news of the sailing of these tea-ships inflamed the country, and it was agreed that the teas should not be landed.

“The Boston consignees were Elisha and Thomas Hutchinson, Jr., sons of the governor; Richard Clarke & Sons; Benjamin Faneuil, Jr.; and John Winslow, all leading merchants, and classed with the ‘gentry’ of the town. So soon as their selection became known, a vigorous pressure was brought to force their resignations. During the night of Monday, the 1st of November, each was served at his house with a written notice to appear at the Liberty Tree on the following Wednesday. The following morning handbills appeared posted about town calling a public meeting at the Tree at the time appointed, in this spirited fashion:—

TO THE FREEMEN OF THIS AND NEIGHBORING
TOWNS.

GENTLEMEN, You are desired to meet at Liberty Tree this day at 12 o'clock at noon; then and there to hear the persons to whom the tea shipped by the East India Company is consigned, make a public resignation of their office as consignees upon oath; and also swear that they will re-ship any teas that may be consigned to them by said company by the first vessel sailing for London.

BOSTON, Nov. 3, 1773.

O. C., *Secretary.*

SHOW US THE MAN THAT DARE TAKE DOWN THIS.

“On the evening of Tuesday the North End Caucus had a secret meeting at the ‘Green Dragon,’ to which the Committee of Correspondence and John Hancock were bidden. The official report of this meeting is brief, but direct to the point:

‘Voted, that the tea shipped by the East India Company shall not be landed.’ Ten days before, this caucus had declared by vote that its members ‘would oppose with their lives and fortunes, the vending of any tea’ which might come.

“On Wednesday morning the town crier went his rounds, summoning the people to the meeting at ‘Liberty Hall,’ while the church-bells were rung for an hour before noon. With the people who responded were the popular leaders, three of the Boston representatives in the General Court, the selectmen, the town clerk, and the town treasurer. But the tea consignees did not appear. They were together in Richard Clarke’s warehouse, at the lower end of this street, near the present Broad Street, with several supporting friends and a justice of the peace. The governor was in his chair here in the Council Chamber anxiously awaiting the development of the day’s events. The meeting at the Liberty Tree chose a committee to seek the consignees, and upon their refusal to resign, or pledge not to land the teas, to serve them with a resolve declaring them to be ‘enemies to their country.’ The committee proceeded to this duty followed by a part of the meeting. Hutchinson and those here with him looked out from these windows upon the procession while it passed down this street, as they had looked upon the greater throng from whom came the demand for the removal of the troops three years and a half before.

“At Clarke’s warehouse Molineux was the spokesman for the committee. The consignees were in the counting-room on the second floor behind lock and key. Molineux addressed them from the stairs through an open window. Clarke, speaking for his associates, asked from whom the committee came. ‘From the whole people,’ Molineux replied. Then the demand of the meeting was delivered. Clarke retorted, ‘I shall have nothing to do with you,’ and abruptly closed the interview. Thereupon Molineux read the resolve, declaring the consignees to be enemies of their country, and the committee withdrew.

When the crowd below learned the result, a shout went up, 'Out with them! Out with them!' A number of Mr. Clarke's friends tried to bar the lower doors, and a struggle ensued. Then the justice came down and in the king's name demanded peace; but his appeal met only hoots and jeers. Soon, however, the leaders quieted the turbulent elements. The committee returned to the Liberty Tree and made its report, when the meeting dissolved with no further action.

"A legal town-meeting was now called for Friday the 5th instant. At this meeting Faneuil Hall was crowded. Two sessions were held. Resolutions were adopted defining the attitude of the town, and another committee was despatched to request the resignations of the consignees. After repeated calls, they sent in a letter declaring that compliance with the request was impossible. This letter was voted unsatisfactory; and after appointing a committee especially to wait upon the Hutchinson brothers, the meeting adjourned to the next day.

"At the second meeting a still larger throng assembled. The committee who had sought the Hutchinsons reported a letter from one of them, stating that when he and his brother 'knew definitely that they had been appointed factors, they would be sufficiently informed to answer the request of the inhabitants.' This angered the meeting; and the ominous cry arose, 'To arms! To arms!' But the leaders counselling patience and orderly procedure, the tumult quieted down; and with a vote that the letter was 'daringly affrontive to the town,' this session ended.

"No further demonstration was made till ten days later. On the 17th an incoming vessel reported that the tea-ships were approaching. Thereupon another legal town-meeting was called for the following day. Immediately upon assembling, this meeting sent a committee to the consignees for a final answer to the town's demand. They replied in writing that 'they were now further acquainted that their friends in England had entered into general engagements in their behalf, merely of a commer-

cial nature, which put it out of their power to comply with the request.' Without a word of comment, beyond the vote of 'unsatisfactory,' the meeting at once dissolved.

"This sudden dissolution alarmed the consignees; and the next day they petitioned the governor and council to permit them 'to resign themselves and the property committed to their care to His Excellency and their Honors as guardians and protectors of the people.' But the council was not disposed to become their trustees; and after much debate at several sittings about the long table, the petition was denied. Failing in this move, they prudently withdrew to the country within two miles of the Castle, with an order from the governor for their admission to that place of refuge in case of trouble.

"On November the 28th the first of the tea-ships, the Dartmouth, arrived in the harbor, and anchored off Long Wharf. Her appearance greatly excited the town. Although it was Sunday, it was a busy day with the popular leaders, and especially with the members of the Boston Committee of Correspondence. Summoning the Dartmouth's owner, Francis Rotch, a Quaker, the committee obtained from him a promise not to enter his ship till Tuesday. Circular letters were despatched to the Committees of Correspondence of the neighboring towns, calling them to a conference early the next morning in Faneuil Hall, while 'expresses' were sent to notify the towns of a public meeting here that day.

"On Monday morning this notification appeared in public places:—

FRIENDS ! BRETHREN ! COUNTRYMEN

THAT worst of plagues, the detested tea shipped for this port by the East India Company, is now arrived in this harbor; the hour of destruction, or manly opposition to the machinations of tyranny, stares you in the face; every friend to his country, to himself and posterity, is now called upon to meet at Faneuil Hall, at nine o'clock this day (at which time the bells will ring) to make a united and successful resistance to this last, worst, and most destructive measure of administration.

“As the hour approached, a great concourse filled the hall, and crowded the square about it. The first act of the meeting was a vote that ‘as the town of Boston, in a full legal meeting, has resolved to do the utmost in its power to prevent the landing of the tea, this body is absolutely determined that the tea which has arrived shall be returned to the place whence it came, at all hazards.’ Then, the better to accommodate the people, adjournment was taken to the Old South; and this building, being the place of the subsequent assemblies, became identified with the proceedings which led directly to the ‘Tea-Party’ at ‘Griffin’s Wharf.’

“This day’s gathering was notable. It embraced five or six thousand ‘respectable inhabitants,’ ‘men of the best characters and of the first fortunes;’ while the overflow filled the streets down to these doors, and beneath the windows of this chamber, in which the governor and Council were again assembled. The deliberations in the meeting-house were long and earnest. Many speeches were made, but of these there is no record. The action taken was a resolve that no duty on the tea should be paid in Boston. In order to give the consignees time to make proposals, a recess was taken to mid-afternoon. By this time the consignees were at the Castle, having hastened thither upon hearing of the first vote passed in Faneuil Hall.

“At the afternoon session matters progressed rapidly. Votes were passed declaring that the teas in the Dartmouth must go back ‘in the same bottom;’ informing Rotch, the owner, and Hall, the master, that the entry or the landing of the teas would be at their peril; appointing a watch of twenty-five volunteers to guard the vessel, and prevent the landing by force. Then, upon a statement from John Hancock that the consignees, having received their letters only the previous evening, wanted more time to prepare their proposals, the meeting, ‘out of great tenderness to them,’ adjourned to the next morning.

“At Tuesday’s meeting the proposals of the consignees

appeared. They were sorry, they wrote, that they could not return satisfactory answers to the messages of the town, but it was out of their power to send the teas back; they were, however, ready to store them till they could communicate with their constituents in England, and obtain further instructions. The letter was received with contempt, and turned aside without action.

Now the sheriff of Suffolk appeared, bearing a proclamation from the governor, which he asked leave of the moderator to read. Objection was made from the floor; but after a little speech from Samuel Adams, the meeting consented to hear it. It declared the meeting of the previous day to have been an open violation and defiance of the good and wholesome laws of the Province; and since great numbers were now assembled for like purposes, the governor, as his Majesty's representative, warned, exhorted, and required all and each of them thus unlawfully assembled, 'forthwith to disperse, and to surcease all further unlawful proceedings' at 'their utmost peril.' The response was 'a long and very general hiss,' and a quick vote that the meeting would not disperse. Thereupon the sheriff withdrew to report to the governor, who had, upon issuing this document, betaken himself to his country house in Milton.

At this juncture John Singleton Copley, the famous Boston portrait painter, who was a son-in-law of Richard Clarke, of the consignees, attempted the part of a mediator; and two hours' time was granted him to seek the Messrs. Clarke to induce them to confer with the meeting. Thereupon an adjournment was taken to await the result of his mission.

When the people reassembled, Mr. Rotch and Captain Hall of the Dartmouth, John Rowe, part owner of a second tea-ship expected, and Mr. Timmins, factor of a third, were sent for, and each made to promise that the teas should go back in the ships in which they came. Copley, having now returned, and without the Messrs. Clarke, explained that the consignees deemed it inexpedient to appear; but they would add to their

proposals that the teas would be stored subject to the inspection of a committee of citizens. This was voted to be unsatisfactory. Then resolves were passed formally pronouncing all persons importing teas to be enemies of the country, and repeating the declaration that the teas should be returned to the place whence they came; copies of these resolutions were ordered to be sent to the other colonies and to England; provision was made for the continuance of the watch, and for alarming the country, if occasion required, by ringing the bells in the daytime, or by tolling them at night; post-riders were appointed to give wide-spread notice in case of attempt to land the teas by force; a vote of thanks was passed to the brethren present from other towns for their 'countenance and union;' and the meeting closed with a declaration that 'it is the determination of this body to carry these votes and resolves into existence at the risk of their lives and property.'

"On Dec. 7 the second tea-ship, the *Beaver*, reached port, and soon after, the third, the *Eleanor*. They were hauled up alongside of the *Dartmouth*, which had been ordered to lie at 'Griffin's Wharf,' that one watch might serve for all. This watch, from twenty-four to thirty-four strong, performed its work with military precision. The members were all armed with muskets. At night the service was like that of sentinels in a garrison, the men every half-hour passing the word 'All's well.' The watch was maintained for nearly twenty days and nights.

"Soon after the arrival of the other ships much uneasiness was manifested at the apparent disinclination of Mr. Rotch to move for the departure of his vessel as demanded, and at evidences of intention on the part of the crown officials to land the teas with the aid of the naval and military forces. Under the customs laws, a vessel, if unloaded twenty days after her arrival in port, was liable to seizure for non-payment of duties on articles imported in her; nor upon landing only a part of her cargo could she be legally cleared. With the *Dartmouth* the twenty-

days limit would expire on the 16th of December. As that time approached, the guns of the Castle were loaded; while two of the little fleet of war-ships in the harbor were placed on guard of the outward passages. But no further public move was made by the people till three days before the expiration of the twenty-days limit.

“In the meantime, however, the Committee of Correspondence and its allies were active. On the 11th of December Rotch was summoned before the committee, and asked why he had not kept his pledge. His reply was that it was out of his power to do so. Thereupon he was advised to apply forthwith for a clearance and a pass to sea, Samuel Adams emphatically declaring that ‘the ship must go; the people of Boston and the neighboring towns absolutely require and expect it.’

“On the morning of the 14th the following notice was posted, and also circulated by post-riders through the outside towns:—

FRIENDS ! BRETHREN ! COUNTRYMEN !

THE perfidious acts of your restless enemies to render ineffectual the late resolutions of the body of the people, demand your assembling at the Old South Meeting-house, precisely at ten o'clock this day, at which time the bells will ring.

“To this call another great throng responded, some coming from a distance of twenty miles. The proceedings were brief and business-like. Captain Bruce of the third tea-ship was summoned, and made to promise that he would ask for a clearance for his ship when all his goods, except the teas, were unloaded. Then Rotch was again summoned. He was ordered ‘at his peril’ to send the Dartmouth with the teas back to London. He protested that it was in vain for him to attempt to do so. Then he was ordered forthwith to make formal application for a clearance, and a committee was appointed to accompany him. The collector promised to give his answer the next morn-

ing. Thereupon the meeting adjourned to the 16th, the last of the twenty-days limit. In the meantime, at a second interview, the clearance was refused unless the vessel were fully discharged of her cargo.

“Now came the final meeting. No handbills appeared upon this day. No ‘rally-words’ were printed in the newspapers. But the people flocked to the old meeting-house and its neighborhood; business was generally suspended in the town; and the feeling seemed universal that the crisis was at hand. This day’s assembly was composed of ‘nearly seven thousand persons, gentlemen, merchants, yeomen, and others, respectable for their rank and abilities, and venerable for their age and character;’ and its spirit surprised all who viewed the scene.

“The business began with the report of the committee which had witnessed Mr. Rotch’s refusal of a clearance. Mr. Rotch was once more summoned, and told that he must now make his protest at the Custom House, and apply to the governor for a pass by the Castle and the naval guard. Since Hutchinson was in Milton, and some time would be required for the journey out and back, the meeting adjourned to afternoon.

“Again in session, and Mr. Rotch not yet returned, formal votes were passed against the ‘detested tea,’ declaring its use to be ‘improper and pernicious,’ and advising the appointment of committees of inspection by all the towns to prevent its coming among them. Then the great throng was stirred by fervid speech of leaders upon the motion ‘whether it be the sense and determination of this body to abide by their former resolutions with respect to the not suffering the tea to be landed.’ At half-past four the vote was put, and the people again declared that the teas should not be landed. Yet Rotch had not returned. Uneasiness was displayed, but the leaders counselled patience. More speeches followed. One speaker put the significant query, ‘Who knows how tea will mingle with salt water?’ as another, at a previous meeting, had said that the only way to get rid of the tea was to throw it overboard; but few in the

gathering comprehended its real significance. At dusk the old meeting-house was dimly lighted with candles. Still the people waited. At last, at six o'clock, the Dartmouth's owner made his appearance. His report was given, brief, but sufficient: The governor would not grant his pass to a vessel which had not been cleared at the Custom House. Instantly 'A mob! a mob!' was shouted from the floor. But the call to order sounding above the tumult quieted the excited house. Now the question was calmly put to Rotch, 'Whether he would send his vessel back with the teas in her under the present circumstances?' His reply was that 'he could not possibly comply, since he apprehended a compliance would prove his ruin.' Then arose the voice of Samuel Adams, 'This meeting can do nothing more to save the country.'

"This was the preconcerted signal. Immediately a band of men disguised as Indians and carrying hatchets appeared at the meeting-house door and sounded a warwhoop. It was echoed from the galleries within, when the band passed on. Silence was commanded by the leaders of the meeting, and it swiftly completed its work with order and decorum.

"Then the body of the people issuing from the meeting-house hastened down Milk Street and by Fort Hill to the wharf where the tea-ships lay. Here they gathered in silence around the guard, while the 'Mohawks,' as the band was called, pursued their work. Boarding first the Dartmouth, the leaders demanded the keys of the hatches, warned the ship's officer in charge and the custom-house officers to stand aside, led their followers into the hold, hoisted the tea-chests to the deck, smashed them open, and hove their contents into the harbor. This cargo, one hundred and fourteen chests, disposed of, the band went next to the Eleanor, and last to the Beaver, throwing overboard in all three hundred and forty-two chests of the stuff, which was soon adrift.

"The performance occupied nearly three hours, and was conducted throughout in a quiet, orderly, and systematic fashion.

There was no interference by either crown officers or ship's officers. No one was harmed. No other property was injured or disturbed. When the work was finished, the 'Mohawks' marched away and soon scattered, while the witnessing crowd quickly dispersed. The town was never more still of a Saturday night, John Adams afterwards wrote, than it was at ten o'clock on that memorable evening.

"Among the many anecdotes of the affair, this tradition is preserved by Lossing. Admiral Montague of the fleet lodged in the neighborhood of the scene; and as the 'Mohawks' passed him on their return, they indulged a little chaff at his expense. 'Well, boys,' he growled, 'you've had a fine, pleasant evening for your Indian caper, haven't you? But never mind, you've got to pay the fiddler yet!' — 'Oh, never mind!' shouted Pitts, the leader; 'never mind, squire! Just come out here, if you please, and we'll settle the bill in two minutes.'

"We cannot find Griffin's Wharf now. But if we go down Milk Street to Pearl, and follow Pearl Street to its finish on Atlantic Avenue, we shall see in the face of the building on the northeast corner, fronting on Atlantic Avenue, a tablet of bronze bearing this inscription: —

[MODEL OF A TEA SHIP.]

HERE FORMERLY STOOD

GRIFFIN'S WHARF.

At which lay moored on Dec. 16, 1773, three British ships with cargoes of tea. To defeat King George's trivial but tyrannical tax of three pence a pound, about ninety citizens of Boston, partly disguised as Indians, boarded the ships, threw the cargoes, three hundred and forty-two chests in all, into the sea, and made the world ring with the patriotic exploit of the
BOSTON TEA PARTY.

*'No, ne'er was mingled such a draught
In palace, hall, or arbor,
As freemen brewed and tyrants quaffed,
That night in Boston Harbor.'*

“Some of the tea floated off to the flats in Dorchester. A half-chestful, supposed to have been gathered from this mass, was subsequently found in a house there, and brought to Boston Common, was publicly burned. Later a quantity discovered in Charlestown was seized and burned in the town square in view of a thousand spectators. In March, 1774, another tea-ship, the *Fortune*, arriving in port, was unloaded in the same way as the *Dartmouth* and her sister ships, by ‘*Mohawks*,’ probably of the original band. In this affair the contents of twenty-eight and a half chests were tipped overboard.

“Who constituted the ‘*Mohawk*’ band was not known till after the Revolution, and then only in part. Seventy names are preserved, but it is said that more than a hundred were concerned in the daring enterprise. The tablet, you see, gives ninety as the number. Drake says that under the Indian blankets were ‘concealed many a laced and scarlet coat.’ Dr. Warren some authorities name as one of the party. In the list of the seventy are found the names of Paul Revere and Molineux, the merchant. The leaders of the band made their preparations in the back office of Edes & Gill’s printing-shop, on the northeast corner of Court Street and Franklin Avenue, a stone’s throw from this building.

“The news of the Boston act was received throughout the country with demonstrations of great joy. Facts show, says Frothingham, that there was the same spirit in all of the thirteen colonies. New York and Philadelphia sent their tea-ships back to London with their cargoes, while Charleston unloaded the ship arriving at her port, and stored the teas in cellars, where they perished.

“By the British ministry the proceeding was judged an act of rebellion; and its direct results were the penal acts passed by Parliament in the spring of 1774 for the punishment of Boston, ‘the principal object of attention.’ These acts were the Boston Port Bill and the Regulating Acts for the Province. The former shut this port against commerce, so to remain during the

king's pleasure, made Marblehead a port of entry, and established Salem as the seat of government. The latter virtually repealed the charter. The councillors were to be appointed by the king, to serve according to his pleasure (under the charter they were chosen by the Representatives annually), the judges, sheriffs, and other criminal officers to be appointed by the governor, juries to be summoned by the sheriff. Town-meetings



JOHN HANCOCK.

(After a painting by Copley in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.)

without the permission of the governor were prohibited; offenders against the laws were to be taken to other colonies or to England for trial; and the quartering of troops upon Boston was legalized.

“In May, 1774, came General Gage as governor, superseding Hutchinson, who sailed for England in June following. Gage was enjoined rigorously to execute the Boston Port Bill. His instructions also directed him to arrest for transportation and trial in England,

Samuel Adams, John Hancock, Joseph Warren, and other patriot leaders. His commission made him captain-general and governor-in-chief of the Province, while he retained his authority as commander-in-chief of the British forces in North America. Upon his arrival at Long Wharf he was received with much parade. Salutes were fired from the batteries and the shipping. A procession composed of the Cadets, John Hancock commander, the councillors, and the House of Rep-

representatives, escorted him up this street to this Old State House and this chamber; while a troop of horse, the artillery company, the grenadiers, and companies of militia, in double lines, saluted him as he passed. At noon his commission was read before the worthies gathered in this room, and the oaths were administered, when three volleys were fired by the military companies outside. Next he reviewed the militia. Then he was escorted to Faneuil Hall, where that 'elegant dinner' was served and those loyal toasts were given. Then, again under military escort, he marched to the Province House, his official residence. In these demonstrations Patriots were conspicuous with Tories, the desire of the popular leaders being to remove any unfavorable impression which might have been made by the Tory report, circulated before Gage's arrival, that if permitted to land he would be treated with indignity. In the middle of June the troops appeared, and Boston became again a garrisoned town.

"The Boston Port Bill went into operation on the first day of June, when the ships of war were moored around the town, establishing a complete blockade. There was no open opposition, but popular feeling was expressed by the tolling of the public bells and the display of mourning emblems. The Act had already united the colonies. Substantial aid came to the distressed town from every colony. Numbers signed the 'Solemn League and Covenant,' to suspend all commercial intercourse with Great Britain, and to use no British goods. The summer was full of political activity, largely directed by the Committee of Correspondence.

"In August copies of the Regulating Acts reached Gage officially, with instructions to put them in force at all hazards, which he undertook at once to do. They were accompanied by commissions for thirty-six councillors appointed by the king, who were termed mandamus councillors. Most of them accepted, and took their places around the council table here. Other officers under the Acts promptly prepared to exercise

authority, — ‘the sheriffs to summon juries, the judges to hold court.’ As promptly a county convention of delegates assembled in Faneuil Hall. This body declared the officials thus acting to be unconstitutional officers, and in private session agreed upon plans to defeat the Acts, in which was proposed the Provincial Congress, whose sittings began in October, in Concord. Town-meetings were held as before, notwithstanding their prohibition without the governor’s consent. This was done by the simple process of keeping alive by adjournments a meeting called before the Acts went into force.

“Meanwhile the obnoxious officials, with other leading Tories, suffered various indignities from the populace. Their walks along the streets were made cheerless by petty demonstrations of popular disfavor. Experiences like the following were not infrequently theirs. On the east side of Washington Street (then Cornhill), south of this building, were a succession of shops, occupied by a chaise-maker, a tailor, a barber, a shoemaker, and two others, in each of which was a bell. Whenever a mandamus councillor or a high Tory approached this line, the first shopkeeper would set his bell a-ringing, as a signal to the others; and the ringing would be kept up all through the shops till he had passed by. In other towns Tories were followed about by drummers. In Newbury an old man was stationed at the bridge; and whenever a prominent Tory appeared, he paraded ahead of the unhappy man, crying as he beat his drum, ‘A Tory has come to town!’

“The drift was now steadily toward the conflict of arms. Efforts were making on both sides to secure the military stores in the Province. On Sept. 1 a detachment of British troops, embarking from Long Wharf and sailing up the Mystic River, made an early morning raid upon the old Powder House in Somerville (then Charlestown), an ancient landmark still standing, and captured its store of powder. Then proceeding to Cambridge, two field-pieces there were seized, and brought back to Boston. At this performance the ‘Powder Alarm’ was

spread through the towns by couriers; and the day following the 'men of Middlesex,' with muskets in hands, gathered in large numbers on Cambridge Common. Then the opening act of war might have occurred had not the popular leaders succeeded in restraining the yeomen. As it was, they contented themselves with forcing the resignations of a mandamus councillor and of the lieutenant-governor, Oliver, then living at what afterward became Elmwood, James Russell Lowell's home, of which we shall hear more when we visit Cambridge. On the 9th of September the famous 'Suffolk Resolves,' drawn by Dr. Joseph Warren, were adopted at the convention of delegates meeting in the Vose mansion-house in Milton, still standing, at the foot of the hill upon which was Hutchinson's country-seat. These Resolves boldly declared the issue, and the determination of the people to act on the defensive so long as reason and self-preservation would permit, 'but no longer.' Paul Revere, as messenger, hastened with them to the Continental Congress at Philadelphia. Later the same month Gage began strengthening the fortification on Boston Neck, at Dover Street. During the autumn and winter the minute-men were organizing. In February, 1775, came the affair at the Salem North Bridge, Colonel Leslie's detachment sailing from the Castle for this expedition. In March, Samuel Adams and Hancock prudently withdrew to the country, the report of their intended seizure being current. Then came the clash with Lexington and Concord."

"In this same room," I added as a supplement to the story, "Generals Gage, Howe, and Clinton held a council of war on the morning of the battle of Bunker Hill. Here the Declaration of Independence was read upon its receipt on the 18th of July, 1776. 'Then the gentlemen,' the officials who had assembled to hear it, 'stood up, and each, repeating the words as they were spoken by an officer, swore to uphold the rights of his country.' At the same time the document was proclaimed by the town clerk from the balcony to the crowd below, 'at the

close of which a shout begun in the hall, passed to the street, which rang with loud huzzas, the slow and measured boom of cannon, and the rattle of musketry.' Afterward there was a grand banquet in this chamber 'where the richer citizens appeared,' while out-of-doors 'undissembled festivity cheered and brightened every face.' During the celebrations emblems of royalty about the town, and signs of Tories, were torn from their places, and burned in a bonfire in front of the 'Bunch of Grapes Tavern,' then a little way down this street, at the corner of Kilby Street. So disappeared the original lion and unicorn on the outside of this building, those now here being copies. In the evening the whole town was cheerful with illuminations. A dozen years later Washington, when on his last visit to New England, was received in these halls. From the platform of a colonnade erected at the Washington-street end, and projecting 'boldly into the main street so as to exhibit in a strong light the Man of the People,' he reviewed the great procession in his honor."

We now left this historic building, and walked up curving Washington Street to the Old South Meeting-house again, taking the way which Samuel Adams and his committee took in their passage through the lane of people on that March day of 1770. This time we turned into the open door. It gave entrance to another museum, composed mostly of Revolutionary relics and portraits. Percy found the quaint interior inspiring, although I told him that it had been much changed since the days of those great Revolutionary meetings which we had been reviewing. He had read, he said, of its desecration by British troops, referred to on the tablet on the belfry face,—how the old meeting-house was turned into a riding-school during the Siege of Boston.

"Yes," I remarked; "but this is only part of the story. Timothy Newell, one of the Boston selectmen who remained in the town through the Siege, recorded in his diary (Oct. 27, 1775) that the pulpit, pews, and seats were all cut to pieces and car-

ried off 'in the most savage manner as can be expressed. . . . The beautiful carved pew with the silk furniture of Deacon Hubbard was taken down and carried to ——'s house by an officer and made a hog sty.' The floor was covered with dirt and gravel; on the south side was placed a bar over which the cavalry-men leaped their horses; one gallery was fitted for spectators, another for a refreshment-place. In the winter a stove was set up; and in this was used for kindling some of the precious books and manuscripts of the Rev. Thomas Prince's library, which was stored in the 'steeple room.' It was from this collection, you will remember, that the Bradford manuscript history, now in the State Library, was probably taken at the time of the evacuation, and started on its travels, as was related when we were in Kingston at the ancient Bradford house."

I pointed out the window back of the pulpit through which Joseph Warren entered to avoid possible violence from British soldiers at the front door, to deliver his "Boston Massacre" anniversary oration three months before he fell at Bunker Hill. And I related one instance of his tact and courage on this occasion. The house was packed with a great audience, conspicuous among whom were British officers. Some of them occupied foremost seats, and even the pulpit steps, while in the pulpit were the most prominent of the popular leaders. At one point in the oration an officer in the group on the pulpit stairs held up his hand with a lot of bullets in the open palm, when Warren, observing the action, calmly dropped his handkerchief over them, without a break in his discourse.

I told Percy also how this "Sanctuary of Freedom" had been preserved through the patriotic efforts of a body of women in the centennial year of 1776, when its removal was imminent, and how it is now used by that admirable institution, "The Old South Lectures to Young People," which teaches American history to Young America in most attractive form.

Leaving this rare landmark, we continued up Washington Street, passing on the opposite side, a few steps above the head

of Milk Street, the site of the Old Province House, about which Percy was curious to hear. As the official residence of the royal governors, it was "the central scene of the chief pageant-ries, gayeties, and formalities of the king's vice-royal court in Boston." It was a grand mansion of brick, gambrel roof, and



OLD PROVINCE HOUSE.

lofty cupola, surmounted by a gilded figure of an Indian with drawn bow and arrow, the handiwork of that same "Deacon" Shem Drown who made the grasshopper vane on Fanueil Hall. It was built originally for a dwelling by Peter Sergeant, a rich London merchant who came to Boston in 1667; and the Province bought it for the royal governors' use in 1717. Governor Shute was its first royal occupant. It stood well back from

the highway, with a handsome lawn in front, embellished by noble oaks and flowering shrubs. Above the portico of the main entrance were the royal arms carved in deal and gilt. The entrance doors gave access to a great hall, from which a broad stairway, with richly carved balustrades, led to panelled and corniced parlors and rooms of state. The narrow Province Street and Province Court, queer old by-ways now, which we turned aside to explore, were originally avenues to the stables and rear grounds. From the balcony of the mansion proclamations were delivered with much formality, while in the spacious courtyard military evolutions took place on occasions of receptions to dignitaries. It was the custom to escort the royal governor in state on his official passages between the mansion and the Council Chamber where we had sat so long. After the Province became the State the mansion became the "Government House," and was used for the sittings of the governor and council and for offices, not for official residence. Then early in this century it passed from State uses. It lingered for many years after, shorn of its grounds, and fallen to plebeian uses. A fire in 1864 finally swept it away, save fragments of its walls.

Turning from Washington Street into Winter Street, we next passed the site of Samuel Adams's home during the last twenty years of his life, which closed in 1803. The mansion stood on the upper corner of Winter Place, and we saw was marked by a tablet on the side of the great dry-goods store here. The house in which the Patriot was born and lived in the pre-Revolutionary period was on Purchase Street, toward the water. Seized during the Siege, it was left so mutilated and disfigured, we are told, that it was uninhabitable.

Now we strolled across the Common, over which spread the huts and tents of the British troops a century and a quarter ago. We took a path toward Beacon Street, in the direction of the "gilded dome" of the "Bulfinch Front" of the State House. Thus we were brought to the site of the John Han-

cock mansion-house, on Beacon Street, just below Hancock Place, covered now by a conventional "brown stone front." In the low iron fence by the sidewalk, Percy discerned a small tablet marking the spot. The mansion, built in 1737, I told him, was notable in its day for the elegance of its design and the beauty of its proportions. In Hancock's time the approach from the street was by terraces, planted with ornamental trees. Within, from ample halls, opened spacious rooms, highly ornamented; and at the rear was a great banqueting-hall in which many a famous company were gathered as guests of the elegant host. Its grounds, including gardens and pastures, originally embraced all the territory occupied by the "Bulfinch Front"

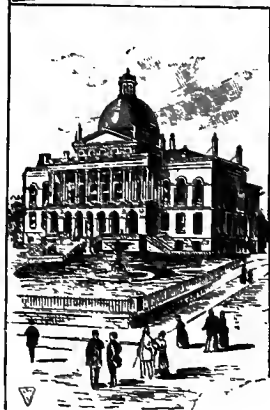
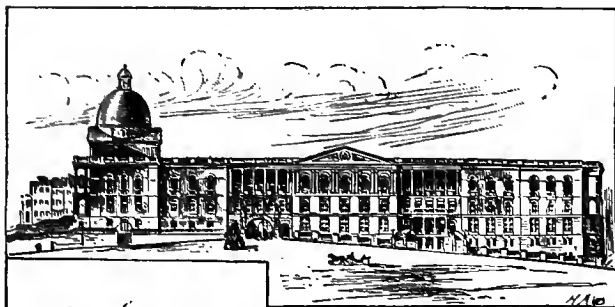


OLD HANCOCK MANSION.

(which stands on the old cow-pasture), and extended west to Joy Street. Hancock intended to give the whole of his domain to the State for executive purposes, and the minutes for his will to this effect was under his pillow when he died. The estate came to him from his uncle, Thomas Hancock, an opulent merchant, who built the mansion. During the Siege,

the British general, Clinton, made his headquarters here. The mansion remained a stately relic of the past till our Civil War period;

and its final demolition, in 1863, was mourned by many good Bostonians, who had striven unsuccessfully to preserve it, and



BOSTON STATE HOUSE WITH
ANNEX.

make it the official residence of Massachusetts governors. The Massachusetts Building at the Chicago World's Fair of 1892, which Percy said he had seen and admired, was a likeness of it, though not an exact copy.

Turning back to the "Bulfinch Front," Percy took close note of this structure, which dates from 1795-1798; and then he studied the details of the modern addition at the rear, the "State House Annex," so called, built in 1889-1897. Meanwhile I chatted about the older building, dipping a bit into its history: telling of the haul of the corner-stone up the hill, steeper then than now, by fifteen "milk-white" horses, — fifteen being the number of States at that time in the Union; of the laying of the stone with much ceremony: of the part which the old patriot leader, Samuel Adams, then governor, who served from 1794 to 1797, took on the occasion; and of his little

speech in which he expressed the hope that "liberty and the rights of man would be forever advocated and supported" within the walls to be erected. The building, I added, is held in esteem by Bostonians as the best example of the work of Charles Bulfinch, who set the note for a fine fashion of architecture in his day. It was the centrepiece of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's famous epigram, which has got twisted by much quoting into "Boston the Hub of the Universe," — "Boston State House is the hub of the solar system. You couldn't pry that out of a Boston man if you had the tire of all creation straightened out for a crowbar."

These buildings much interested my young friend; but the most absorbing feature of this neighborhood to him was the monument set against the Common to the brave young Colonel Robert G. Shaw, who commanded the Fifty-fourth Regiment of Massachusetts Infantry, composed of colored troops in the Civil War, and was killed at the head of his command while heroically leading the assault on Fort Wagner, July 18, 1863. In this fine piece of sculpture St. Gaudens, I ventured, has achieved his greatest work. Percy tarried long before it, fascinated by the beauty of its detail and its pathos. Then he took copies of the elaborate inscriptions upon its face, and upon the frame of the tablet, and the back and ends of the terrace. The frame, I told him, was designed by McKim, the architect of the Public Library building; and the finished work was unveiled in May, 1897.

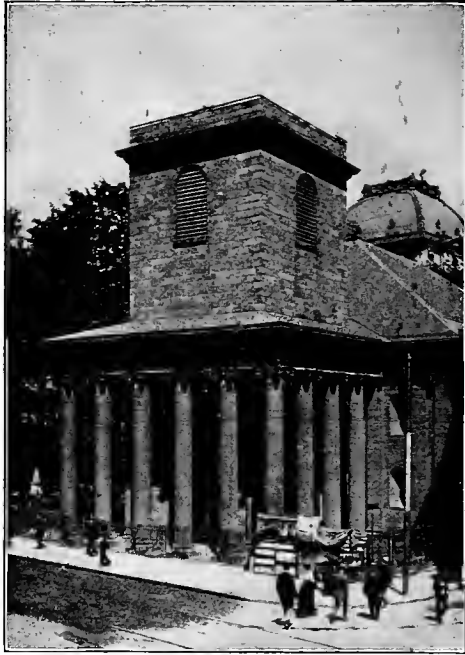
We continued down Beacon Street to Tremont Street, and finished our pilgrimage at King's Chapel, which we were permitted to enter. As we loitered along the broad aisles, by the old-fashioned pews, the antique pulpit and reading-desk, the mural tablets, the quaintly sculptured monuments, and the painted windows of the chancel, we talked of the days of the royal governors, when this rare interior was made brilliant with their standards. On the rows of pillars were hung their armorial bearings and escutcheons. A canopy and drapery distin-



BOSTON COMMON IN 1809.

(From an Old Water-color Drawing in the Public Library.)

guished the governor's pew. "The altar-piece with the gilded Gloria, the Creed, the Commandments, the organ, the surpliced priest, and above all, the green boughs of Christmas," as Dr. George E. Ellis has said, "composed altogether a sight which some young Puritan eyes longed, and some older ones were



KING'S CHAPEL.

shocked, to see." During the Siege this was the only church in which regular services were held, attended by the British officers and the Loyalist gentry. At the evacuation, the rector sailed off with the army to Halifax, carrying with him the church register, plate, and vestments, and the chapel was closed. The next year its doors opened to the Old South Society; and it worshipped

here for five years, while its meeting-house was being slowly restored from the ruinous work of Burgoyne's cavalrymen. Then in 1782 regular services were resumed by the remnant of the old parish left in the town, with the Rev. James Freeman as "teacher." Seven years later Dr. Freeman was ordained rector, and then this oldest Episcopal church became the first Unitarian. The corner-stone of this chapel, which we have seen was built around the earlier one, was laid by the royal governor, Shirley, who when he came to die was buried in one of the tombs beneath the porch. The rough granite of which the chapel is constructed was brought from Braintree (now Quincy), where it was taken from the surface, for there were then no quarries. It was designed by an English architect; and the architect's plans included a steeple, but the parish lacked funds sufficient to build one. The portico was not completed till 1789, forty years after the laying of the corner-stone.

The funeral of General Joseph Warren took place here after the recovery of his body from the battlefield of Bunker Hill. The remains were brought first to the Town House, and thence escorted to the chapel by a great procession. Perez Morton pronounced the funeral oration. The burial was in the Granary Burying-Ground. Fifty years after, the remains were again removed, and deposited in Forest Hills Cemetery in Roxbury, where Warren was born.



XV.

LEXINGTON.

Events preceding the "battle-day" of 1775. — Organization of the minutemen. — The Alarm. — The rides of Paul Revere and William Dawes. — Samuel Adams and Hancock at the parsonage. — Assembling of Captain Parker's company. — Lexington Green. — Revere, Dawes, and Prescott on the Concord road. — Capture of Revere and his final release. — The British march out from Boston. — Story of the "battle." — Monuments and landmarks. — The ancient Hancock-Clarke house. — Buckman's Tavern. — Memorial Hall.

PERCY started upon the pilgrimage to Lexington and Concord with the liveliest of anticipations. It was a mellow June morning, with a radiant sky, and a gentle breeze tempering the sun's rays. Something like it was that "glorious morning" of the "battle-day" of 1775. That day, though cool at dawn-ing, ripened phenomenally warm. It was an early summer day breaking into spring. The apple-trees were in blossom, and nature was pushing forward in other ways.

Our plan was first to go direct to Lexington Green, or the Common as it was called in 1775, where the opening shots were fired; then on to Concord, and return to Boston along the line of the British Retreat. We went out by train from the Boston North Union Station. The ride of eleven miles took us into a pleasant country above North Cambridge, when the railroad entered the "market-garden" region of Arlington, and sped on through rural parts.

On the way we reviewed the happenings of the days and

the night immediately preceding the combat, for Percy wished to have all the facts fresh in mind when he reached the historic spots for which we were bound.

We recalled that while Warren and the volunteer patrol in Boston were following closely the motions of Gage and his officers through the early months of 1775, the Patriots in the country were alert. As the spring advanced, about every town in the Province was "resounding with the awful notes of preparation." The minute-men, or the "Alarm List Companies" as they were called, for which the Provincial Congress had provided to be in readiness for any emergency, were out almost daily for drill, while the towns were bringing forward munitions of war. The Committees of Safety and of Supplies had been of late holding daily sessions. On the 17th they met at Concord; on the 18th, as we have seen, at the Black-Horse, or "Wetherby's," Tavern in Arlington, then Menotomy. The second Provincial Congress had just closed its sitting in Concord, to meet again in May. John Hancock, its president, and Samuel Adams, as we have seen, had stopped in Lexington, instead of returning to Boston, where they might be seized by Gage. They were with the family of the patriot minister, Jonas Clarke, in the old parsonage, which still stands, where Hancock's grandfather, the early minister of Lexington, had lived. Parson Clarke was connected with the Hancock family through his marriage to Parson Hancock's granddaughter.

On the 16th, Sunday, Paul Revere made his first ride to Lexington. This was as important as the famous ride; for he bore Warren's message to Hancock and Adams about the suspicious movements of the British in Boston, which indicated a making ready for the secret expedition, sometime expected by the Patriots, to seize the war-stores at Concord, and possibly the two leaders. This word being sent on to Colonel Barrett at Concord, and to members of the Committee of Supply within reach, the work of secreting and removing the stores to neighboring towns occupied the next two days.

On the 18th, after sunset, that group of mounted British officers, with their servants, whom Devens and Watson of the Committee of Supplies, on their return from the meeting at "Wetherby's," had met when nearing Cambridge, appeared on the highway toward Lexington. We had heard (in Frothingham's evidence about the Revere signal-lanterns, I reminded Percy) how Devens and Watson turned back, and rejoined their associates at Wetherby's; how, when the officers had passed the tavern, an "express" was hurried off to Hancock and Adams with this news, — that "eight or nine officers of the king's troops were out on the road in a musing, contemplative posture, and were suspected of some evil design;" and how the messenger, taking by-roads, reached the village ahead of them. News of their approach, however, had already come, and precautionary measures were being taken. The report was brought by a farmer returning from market in Boston, who had passed them on the road. Sergeant Munroe, of the militia company, suspecting their intention to be the seizure of Hancock and Adams, surrounded the parsonage with an armed guard of eight men. Some time after dark the officers rode quietly through the village and beyond up the Concord road. But the guard at the parsonage remained, it being feared that their plan was to return, and make the seizure later in the night. They had been detailed, however, with others, merely to patrol the roads out from Boston, to prevent word of the night expedition reaching the country. At about ten o'clock in the evening a small band of militia men, thirty or forty, came together on the Green, which was the usual place of parade, ready to resist any hostile act of the mysterious horsemen. Three of the militia men were chosen to ride after them to see what they were up to, and to return with report. But the report of the "scouts" was delayed, for when they caught up with the officers all three were taken prisoners.

At midnight Paul Revere dashed into the village at the finish of his famous ride, and later William Dawes, who had come

out by way of Roxbury. We have Revere's own story of his journey, and to-day we can drive or ride over almost every rod of his course. His boat, in which he was rowed across the river to Charlestown by his two friends (Thomas Richardson and Josiah Bentley), pushed off from the Boston side not more than five minutes before the execution of Gage's orders to permit no person to leave the town that night. He landed on the Charlestown side, near the present Hoosac elevators, at the end of Warren Bridge. While Deacon Larkin's fleet horse was getting ready for his use, Richard Devens told him of the meeting with the officers on the high road "all well mounted and armed."

It was close upon eleven o'clock when he was off at a brisk pace. He rode up the present Main Street to the "Neck," where he turned into the old Cambridge road, which passes through Somerville. When he was nearly opposite where "Mark was hanged in chains," he spied two men on horseback under a tree. ("Mark," I here interjected in response to Percy's query, "Who was he?" "was a negro slave executed in 1755, with Phillis, another slave, for poisoning their master, the man being hanged, the woman burned at the stake. Mark's body was suspended in irons from a gibbet on the Cambridge-road side of the Common, now Jackson Park, and remained there, a hideous spectacle, for about fifteen years.") Nearing the two men, he discovered that they were British officers. As he approached, one tried to head him off, and the other to take him. But giving his horse a quick, sharp turn, he galloped across lots back to the main road, over the Neck, and up the Winter-hill road, now Broadway, chased by one of the officers, till the latter got stranded in a clay-pit just off the road. The change in his route was a fortunate one for Revere; for had he held to the Cambridge road he might have come plump into the British column, which had had nearly an hour's start of him from Boston. He pressed on up and over the hill and along the Medford road, which the electric cars now take, to Medford village. Here he turned aside to wake up the captain of the Medford

minute-men and other townsmen. Then, by way of West Medford, and over the Mystic Bridge at the "Weirs," he dashed on to "Menotomy," and thence, by the present Massachusetts Avenue, to Lexington, alarming about every house along the roads. Coming to the parsonage at a gallop, Sergeant Munroe of the guard cautioned him "not to make so much noise."

"Noise!" he shouted; "you'll have enough of it here before long. The Regulars are coming out!"

Parson Clarke, drawn to a chamber window by the parley, asked, "Who's there?" Revere answered, without giving his name, that he wished to see Mr. Hancock. Thereupon Hancock, who had retired, but was not asleep, recognizing Revere's voice, looked out of his window and cheerily called, "Come in, Revere; we're not afraid of you."

Now lights appeared in the old house. Revere was admitted by the side door to the "living-room," where, joined by the two leaders and the minister, he hastily delivered his startling message. Doubtless the women of the household, roused from their beds, — the minister's wife, Madam Lydia Hancock, widow of John Hancock's uncle Thomas, from whom he received his fortune and the mansion-house in Boston, and Dorothy Quincy, his betrothed, — listened over the balusters from the entry above stairs to the story. Dawes had not yet arrived, and it was feared that he had been stopped by the British officers on the roads; but within a half-hour he appeared. He had had no special adventure, but had turned somewhat from his course to spread the alarm thoroughly. After "refreshing themselves," Revere and Dawes mounted their horses again, and set off for Concord.

Meanwhile Revere's news had quickly sped through the little village; and the bell in the old belfry, then on the edge of the Green, sent out its warning peal. The minute-men responded, and soon the company had assembled in arms. At two o'clock Captain Parker had the roll called, and ordered every man to load his gun with powder and ball. Messengers also were de-

spatched down the Boston road to learn if the redcoats were really coming. After a while one returned, and reported that he could hear nothing of them. This created the impression that the movement might have been a feint to divert attention from an expedition in some other direction than Lexington and Concord; so the company was dismissed, with orders to re-assemble at the beat of the drum. Some of the men who lived near by returned to their homes; but the greater part gathered in the old Buckman Tavern, opposite the Green, which still stands. Other messengers were sent out as the night advanced.

“How did it fare with Revere and Dawes on their ride toward Concord?” was Percy’s next question.

“Soon after they had entered the Concord road they were overtaken by young Dr. Samuel Prescott of Concord, well mounted, whom they found to be a high Son of Liberty. He had been making a call in Lexington (upon his sweetheart, Miss Milliken, of a fine old patriot family), and was returning to his home. They told him of the British officers met by Devens and Watson, and for whom they were on the lookout, thinking that the group had separated, and might be posted in twos at points along the road to stop messengers to Concord. It was suggested that all the inhabitants in reach should be alarmed. Prescott fell into this plan, and so they proceeded. When they were nearly half way to Concord, and Revere was riding in advance of his companions, they having stopped to alarm a house, he caught sight ahead of two men in a suspicious attitude on the roadside. He shouted for Dawes and Prescott to come up; and when they had joined him, the three were surrounded by four mounted officers who suddenly appeared in the road. Spurring their horses, they tried to dash past. But the officers, being armed with pistols and swords, forced them into a side pasture, where were the two officers first sighted, under a tree. Prescott, jumping his horse over a low stone wall, escaped, and got safely to Concord, where he gave the alarm. Dawes was chased for some distance, when, approaching a farm-

house which happened to be empty, he dashed up to it, 'flapping his leather breeches, and shouting, "Hello, boys! I've got two of them;"' and so scared his pursuers away. We hear no more of him, but it is supposed that he finally reached Concord some time after Prescott.

"Revere was captured. He had made for a wood a short distance from the pasture; but when he reached it, 'out started six officers on horseback' and ordered him to dismount. One of them put him through a sharp examination. The answers were frankly given: He had come from Boston and his name was Revere. Was it Paul? Yes, Paul Revere. Was he an express? Yes. What time did he leave Boston? He gave the hour, with the added information that the troops coming out had 'caught aground' in passing Charles River, and that there would be five hundred Americans out in a short time, for he had alarmed the country all the way up. Then this officer rode toward the first group, and soon all came back at a full gallop. One of them, a Major Mitchell, whom Revere recognized, put his pistol to the Patriot's head, called him by name, told him he was going to ask him some questions, 'and if he didn't give true answers he'd blow his brains out.' The questions were similar to those put by the first officer, and the answers were quite as frank. 'I told him,' Revere says, 'that I was a man of truth; that he had stopped me on the highway and made me a prisoner, I knew not by what right; that I would tell him the truth; I was not afraid.' After being searched for arms, Revere was ordered again to mount his horse. Four other prisoners (three of them the Lexington scouts) were then brought out of some bushes, and ordered to mount their horses. Again on the road, the officers and their men formed a circle with the prisoners in the middle, Revere being especially guarded behind the other four. In this order the horsemen turned back toward Lexington. When close to the village, the sound of a volley of guns was heard. This startled the officers. The major inquired of Revere the dis-

tance to Cambridge, and if there were any other road. When told, the officers held a hurried consultation. Then Revere was made to give up his fine horse to the sergeant who had guarded him, and take the soldier's jaded beast; the other prisoners were ordered to dismount; an officer cut the bridles and saddles from their horses, and drove them off; the men were told that they might go about their business, and the Britishers galloped off into the darkness.

“Revere made his way across the old burying-ground back of the present Unitarian church and through some pastures to the parsonage, where he related his adventures to the household. Hancock and Adams were now earnestly advised to seek a place of greater safety. Both at first demurred, Hancock exclaiming — so at least some of the historians relate — that ‘it should never be said of him that he turned his back upon the British.’ He was, you see, as chairman of the Committee of Safety, which was clothed by the Provincial Congress with power to summon the militia into the field, practically the head of the military forces. However, the arguments of their advisers — that their preservation was of the utmost importance to the cause, and that, being unarmed, they could do little in opposition to the king's troops — prevailed; and it was decided that they should retire to Woburn Precinct, now the town of Burlington. Revere says that he and a Mr. Lowell, who was a clerk of Hancock's, went with them; and it is also stated that Sergeant Munroe of the guard was their pilot. Revere, Lowell, and Munroe hastened back to the village, and were on the scene when the ‘battle’ occurred, as we shall later see.

“Now as to the march of the king's troops out from Boston. The detachment consisted of eight hundred grenadiers, infantry, and marines, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Smith. They embarked at the foot of the Common, probably about where the Providence Division railway station stands on Park Square. What is now the Back-bay quarter of Boston, with its broad avenues and architectural display, was then, as was

observed in our Boston pilgrimages, covered by the Back Bay, its waters coming up to the Common's edge. The troops embarking in the transports at about ten o'clock, an hour after Boston's bedtime, sailed silently across this bay, and landed at 'Phipp's farm,' afterward Lechmere's Point, in East Cambridge, — where now are the Middlesex County court-houses, — 'just as the moon was rising.' To prevent discovery they were led over an unfrequented path across the marshes at that time here, to the old road from Charlestown to 'Menotomy,' part of which afterward came to be known as 'Milk Row,' from its use as a thoroughfare by milk-wagons travelling between the country and Boston. The path across the marshes was untrodden, and here and there the soldiers were compelled to wade through chilling water. Upon the road they had advanced but a few miles, when the ringing of the country church-bells and the firing of alarm-guns told Colonel Smith that the secret of the expedition was out. When he had reached Arlington, he sent a messenger back to General Gage for re-enforcements. We have heard how the column halted at "Wetherby's," but failed to capture Gerry, Orne, and Lee of the Committee of Supplies, who were spending the night there, and had hidden in the corn-stubble back of the tavern. When about on the line between Arlington and Lexington, Smith detached the light infantry and marines under Major Pitcairn, with orders to 'press forward and secure the bridges at Concord.' Farther on, in East Lexington, Pitcairn's force met the band of officers who had earlier captured Revere and the four Lexington men, and had so suddenly left them. The story which the officers told of five hundred men assembled at Lexington, and others constantly coming in from every quarter, caused Pitcairn to halt till Smith and the grenadiers came in sight, that he might have support if attacked by a superior force. The march renewed, two soldiers were sent ahead with orders to secrete themselves one on each side of the road, and to close upon any person approaching when he had come be-

tween them and the troops. Thus the messengers sent out from the village after two o'clock, save the last one, were captured. The last one, Thaddens Bowman, sighted the two soldiers sitting on either side of the road at a point about a mile and a half below the village, when his horse suddenly stopped; and as he was spurring the animal on, he caught a glimpse in the distance of the approaching column — it was then just dawn. Instantly wheeling about, he raced back to the Green with his news.

Upon Bowman's report — the first received since the dismissal of the minute-men after the roll-call, two hours before, for it was now half-past four in the morning — Captain Parker ordered the alarm-guns fired and the drums beaten. All was now excitement in the village. The minute-men quickly reassembled. Sergeant Munroe was ordered to form the company. This was done in two ranks across the Green. There were fifty or sixty men in line, and clustered about the line thirty or forty spectators, several of them with arms.

Meanwhile the king's troops were steadily approaching. When within a short distance of the Green, the officers, hearing the beat of drums, ordered the column to halt, and to prime and load. Then the order was given, "Forward!" and the red-coats came on at double-quick time.

Our train brought up at Lexington station just as we had reached this point of the narrative. A few steps from the station, and we were at the historic Green.

Percy was struck with the beauty of the spot, and the quiet dignity of its surroundings. Could I tell him how it looked on the battle-day? "A fair idea could be got," I answered, "from the careful, detailed description given by Hudson in his history of Lexington. It was then, as now, a triangular green surrounded by trees. On the southeasterly corner, the site marked by the 'stone pulpit,' stood the meeting-house, facing directly down the road from Boston, which ran straight for about one hundred rods below, and nearly level. Beside the meeting-

house stood the belfry, from which the alarm was rung out. This was a separate structure of wood, and is still preserved in the neighborhood. At the meeting-house the Boston road divided, and its branches formed the two sides of the Green. The branch to the left led to Concord, that to the right to Bedford. On the Bedford branch, nearly opposite the meeting-house, was Buckman's Tavern, the old house which we see behind the great elm on the roadside. On the other branch, in the rear of the meeting-house, were two dwelling-houses, one of which still remains, marked, we may see, with a tablet, 'A Witness of the Battle.' It was the home of Lieutenant Nathan Munroe of the militia company. These two houses, with their outbuildings and one or two shops, formed the northerly boundary of the Green. Facing it on the east were two dwellings, with a blacksmith shop between. One of these dwellings also remains. It was the home of Jonathan Harrington, who, wounded in the encounter, dragged himself from the Green to his door, and died at his wife's feet, as the tablet on the house-front relates. The Bedford branch passed the old parsonage, a quarter of a mile above the Green, on what is now Hancock Street, the present Bedford road being of a later date. The village centre in 1775 contained only eight or ten houses, and the entire town had not more than eight hundred inhabitants. In the list of enrolled militia were the names of over one hundred townsmen.

"The meeting-house of this period was the chief building of the village. Here the civic as well as the religious history of the town was made. In it were held the town-meetings at which decisive action on the pre-Revolutionary issues were taken. In the upper gallery was kept the town's store of powder. Two minute-men were here after a supply when the building was surrounded by the British; and one of them, Caleb Harrington, was killed in attempting to escape. Here the dead were brought after the encounter. The pulpit faced as the stone pulpit, or reading-desk, on its site faces." Percy read the names of the ministers of the church inscribed on the stone desk, and

observed that the united service of two of them, the Revs. John Hancock (1698-1752) and Jonas Clarke (1755-1805), covered five years above a century, the terms of each closing only with death. The closed book on the desk he was told symbolizes the finished record of one hundred and fifty years of town life. The rugged young elm close beside this monument especially attracted him when he learned that it was planted by General Grant in 1875, on the occasion of the centennial celebration of the "battle."

Now he was curious to know just where the minute-men stood when the attack began; and pointing toward the upper end of the Green, I told him that they were drawn up there, facing the rear of the meeting-house. The line extended from the old Bedford branch toward the Concord road, near where the Battle Monument stands. Captain Parker stood on the right of the line, about ten rods north of the meeting-house; Sergeant Munroe on the left. We crossed over to the picturesque boulder partly covered with columbine, which marks the head of the line; and Percy copied the inscription beneath the carved musket and powder-horn —

"Stand your ground! Don't fire unless fired upon! But if they
want to have a war, let it begin here!"

—said to have been the command of Captain Parker to his men as they stood before receiving the British fire. A half-century after, when at a celebration the "battle" was re-enacted, Colonel Munroe, the same who as sergeant had formed Captain Parker's line, repeated this command as he formed the American line for the play engagement, declaring with firmer emphasis than grammar, "Them are the very words that Captain Parker said." And the same words were given in a letter to Bancroft, the historian, by Theodore Parker, the eminent radical and preacher, who was a grandson of Captain Parker.

The musket cut on the boulder, of the type of gun carried

by the minute-men, points the direction of the line, which Percy now followed across the Green.

Then he studied the quaint old Battle Monument, with its mantle of ivy, an historic landmark in itself, having been set up in the last year of the eighteenth century. He also made a copy of the inscription spread over its face, long and elaborate, but of exceptional interest and value because written by the patriot minister, Jonas Clarke, and fashioned in the oratorical style of the time:—

SACRED TO THE LIBERTY AND THE RIGHTS OF MANKIND!!!
 THE FREEDOM AND INDEPENDENCE OF AMERICA,
 SEALED AND DEFENDED WITH THE BLOOD OF HER SONS.
 THIS MONUMENT IS ERECTED

BY INHABITANTS OF LEXINGTON,

Under the Patronage and at the expense of the
 Commonwealth of Massachusetts,

TO THE MEMORY OF THEIR FELLOW-CITIZENS,

ENSIGN ROBERT MUNROE, AND MESSRS. JONAS PARKER, SAMUEL
 HADLEY, JONATHAN HARRINGTON, JUNR., ISAAC MUZZY,
 CALEB HARRINGTON, AND JOHN BROWN OF
 LEXINGTON, AND ASAHEL PORTER
 OF WOBURN,

Who fell on this field, the First Victims to the Sword of British
 Tyranny and Oppression, on the morning of the ever
 memorable Nineteenth of April, An. Dom. 1775.

THE DIE WAS CAST!!!

The Blood of these Martyrs

In the Cause of God and their Country

Was the Cement of the Union of these States, then
 Colonies, and gave the spring to the spirit, firmness, and resolution of
 their Fellow-Citizens. They rose as one man to revenge
 their Brethren's Blood, and at the Point
 of the Sword, to Assert and De-
 fend their native Rights.

THEY NOBLY DAR'D TO BE FREE!!

The contest was long, bloody, and affecting. Righteous Heaven
 approved the solemn appeal, Victory crowned their
 arms, and the Peace, Liberty, and Independence
 of the United States of America was
 their glorious reward.

On the smaller tablet Percy read that the bodies of the slain were first buried in the old cemetery, and after lying there for sixty years were gathered up, and reinterred within the railing in the rear of this shaft. They lie now, he was told, in a stone vault, occupying a mahogany sarcophagus, on the top of which are carved eight urns, representing their number. Their first burial was in a common grave. At the second burial, here, Edward Everett delivered the oration, which is classed among his most finished productions. The day was the sixtieth anniversary of the "battle," in 1835. The ceremonies were notable, and the company gathered distinguished. The sarcophagus was first borne from the burying-ground to the meeting-house, — the successor of the meeting-house of 1775, — followed by ten survivors of the "battle," and a procession of dignitaries and townspeople, under escort of the town military companies. Then Mr. Everett pronounced the oration in the presence of a great audience, which included Daniel Webster, Judge Joseph Story of the Supreme Court, and President Josiah Quincy of Harvard College. The oration over, the procession re-formed, and marched around the Green to this point, when the sarcophagus was slowly lowered into the vault, while the military companies fired three volleys over the spot.

After this narration, and while we lingered before the old monument, Percy suggested that this was the place to hear the "true story of the battle." "It is a short story," I responded, "variously told. The differences in the several versions relate to the question of which side fired first. All the evidence supports the contention of the American side, that the British were the aggressors; but the British side as strongly insisted that the king's troops were first fired upon, and this did not lack persistent advocates. Major Pitcairn evidently honestly believed that the first guns were discharged by the Provincials, one shot wounding his horse, and another wounding a soldier near him. This was, he said, when the Provincials failing to disperse at the word, he turned to order his troops not to fire, but to draw

out, that the rebels might be surrounded and disarmed. As he turned, he saw a gun in a 'peasant's' hand from behind a wall 'flash in the pan without going off, and instantly, or very soon, two or three guns went off.' Gage embodied Pitcairn's report in the account which he prepared for England, adding that several shots were at the same time fired from the meeting-house; upon which, 'without any order or regularity, the light infantry began a scattered fire, and killed several of the country people, but were silenced as soon as the authority of their officers could make them.' On the other hand, Jonas Clarke, the minister, who was an eye-witness of the whole affair, declared in his *Narrative of Facts*, appended to a sermon preached by him in the old meeting-house on the first anniversary of the affair: 'As to the question, Who fired first? if it can be a question with any, we may observe that though General Gage hath been pleased to tell the world in his account of this savage transaction "that the troops were fired upon by the rebels out of the meeting-house and the neighboring houses, as well as those that were in the field, and that the troops only returned the fire, and passed on their way to Concord;" yet nothing can be more certain than the contrary, and nothing more false, weak, or wicked than such a representation. To say nothing of the absurdity of the supposition that fifty, sixty, or even seventy men should in the open field commence hostilities with twelve or fifteen hundred [this figure was later changed in a foot-note to about eight hundred] of the best troops of Britain, nor of the known determination of this small party of Americans upon no consideration whatever to begin the scene of blood [though they were equally determined to stand by their rights to the last, added in another foot-note]. A cloud of witnesses, whose veracity cannot be justly disputed, upon oath have declared, in the most express and positive terms, that the British troops fired first, and I think we may safely add, without the least reason or provocation. Nor was there opportunity given for our men to save themselves, either by laying down their arms,

or dispersing, as directed, had they been disposed to; as the command to fire upon them was given almost at the same instant that they were ordered by the British officers to disperse, to lay down their arms, etc. In short, so far from firing first upon the king's troops, upon the most careful inquiry it appears that but very few of our people fired at all; and even they did not fire until, after being fired upon by the troops, they were wounded themselves, or saw others killed or wounded by them, and looked upon it as next to impossible for them to escape. As to any firing from the meeting-house, as Gage represents, it is certain that there were but four men in the meeting-house when the troops came up; and they were there getting some ammunition from the town stock, and had not so much as loaded their guns (except one, who never discharged it) when the troops fired upon the militia.'

“‘The true story of the battle’ runs something like this. In our review of the happenings immediately preceding the encounter, we left the infantry, led by Pitcairn, approaching the village centre at quick step, while the militia, or minutemen, were hastily forming here. Only part of the company had had time to get into the military position facing the enemy, while others were moving about the ground, when the redecoats rushed up, appearing at the east end of the meeting-house. For a moment a few in the line faltered, but Captain Parker commanded every man to hold his ground till the order was given to leave it. One protesting, ‘There are so few of us, it will be folly to stand here,’ the captain exclaimed, ‘The first man who offers to run shall be shot down.’ Three mounted officers, supposed to be Colonel Smith, Major Pitcairn, and another, advanced to the front of the troops; and when within a few rods of the line one of them shouted the command, with an oath, ‘Disperse ye rebels! Villains, disperse!’ The order not being obeyed, the officer repeated his command still more furiously. Still they held their ground and their arms. Thereupon this, or another, officer discharged his pistol toward the line, and a

few guns were fired by the troops. No harm being done by this discharge, the militiamen supposed that the guns were loaded only with powder, and did not then return the fire. But almost instantly followed a promiscuous and general fire from the front ranks of the British, with fatal effects. Some accounts say that this was upon an imperative order, 'Fire! fire!' by one of the officers; but others say that it was without orders, that the 'impetuosity of the troops' was such that Pitcairn, their immediate leader, could not check them, the striking of his sword downward, the signal not to fire, being unheeded. They now came on from both sides of the meeting-house, as if to surround the militiamen; and several of his men having been shot down, Captain Parker gave his order to disperse. Meanwhile the return fire had begun. Some of the militiamen fired before leaving the line, two fired from behind a stone wall, others after retreating a short distance, and one person fired from the back door of Buckman's Tavern. The Regulars continued their fire so long as the militia remained in sight. Then they formed on the Green, fired a volley, and gave three huzzas, 'expressive of the joy of victory and the glory of conquest.' In line again, they took up the march to Concord, six miles off, which they reached without further interference.

"Of the eight Provincials killed, three when shot were on or near the line. One of them was Jonathan Harrington, who died so pathetically on the threshold of his home. Another was Ensign Robert Munroe, a soldier of Colonial wars, who had been the standard-bearer of his company at the capture of Louisburg. Two were killed after they had left the field. The wounded numbered ten. The British suffered only slightly, but two soldiers being wounded. This was due to the heavy smoke which their guns made, preventing the Provincials from taking aim.

"Paul Revere and young Lowell had left Buckman's just before the engagement, on their way to the parsonage, and



THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.
(From the Painting by A. H. Bicknell.)

were about a hundred yards above the meeting-house when the troops appeared on both sides of it. They had been to the tavern to get a trunk of papers belonging to Hancock. They had passed through the militia, of whom Revere estimated there were then about fifty. When he first saw the oncoming troops, 'in their front was an officer on horseback.' He and his companion made a 'short halt' on the roadside, when he 'saw and heard a gun fire which appeared to be a pistol.' Next he 'could distinguish two guns, and then a continual roar of musketry.' Then they hurried on with the trunk.

"At the parsonage the minister and his family, with their remaining guests, witnessed the 'battle' from the front windows. As Madam Lydia Hancock was looking out of the front door a bullet whistled by her head. Very soon after Madam Hancock and Dorothy Quincy were hurried off in Hancock's coach, and joined the two patriot leaders in Woburn Precinct. What befell the refugees there is more than a twice-told tale. They were the honored guests of Madam Jones, widow of the Rev. Thomas Jones, minister of the Second Church of Woburn (1751-1774) in the fine old ministerial mansion-house. Their hostess had prepared an 'elegant dinner' for them. One of the delicacies of the feast was a salmon, then an unusual dainty at that season, which Hancock had received as a present, and Miss Quincy had brought over from Lexington, true to Hancock's message, when sending for the ladies to follow to this place of refuge, 'not to forget the salmon.' The company had scarcely seated themselves at the well-laden table, and with keen appetites, — the patriot leaders especially, for they had had no breakfast, — when a man burst into the house and the dining-room, wildly terrified, with the report that the Regulars were close upon them in hot pursuit. 'My wife, I fear, is by this time in eternity,' he cried; 'and as for you,' meaning Hancock and Adams, 'you had better look out for yourselves, for the enemy will soon be at your heels!' At this startling story the dinner-party was instantly broken up, and quick preparations were

made for flight. They did not know, of course, that the Regulars were far away, and at that moment themselves in retreat; nor did they realize that the messenger was a coward, whose weak mind had been turned by the sight he had witnessed at Lexington. So Hancock's coach was hastily hidden in neighboring woods, while the saddened Widow Jones's guests were piloted by the Rev. Mr. Marriott, her late husband's successor in the pastorate, to a safer haven. They were led through a cart-road to the house of one Amos Wyman, in an obscure quarter toward Billerica; and here they appeased their hunger at a banquet of cold salt pork and potatoes, served in a wooden tray.

“It was at Hancock and Adams's first point of refuge, where they were in hearing of the firing on the Green, that the memorable colloquy took place: ‘It is a fine day,’ Adams remarked as he strolled over a field at dawn. ‘Very pleasant,’ answered a companion, supposing him to be contemplating the beauties of the sky. ‘I mean,’ explained the Patriot, ‘it is a glorious morning for America.’ Just where this field was is a matter of conjecture. A tablet now marks a picturesque hill-slope a little way above the Green as the spot. But the weight of authority inclines to a more distant place, — the point toward Woburn Precinct to which Sergeant Munroe and Revere first piloted the Patriots.”

Now we strolled across Elm Avenue, and through the short lane by the present First Parish church, into the ancient burying-ground, where are the tombs of the earlier ministers, Benjamin Estabrook, John Hancock, and Jonas Clarke; the grave of the first schoolmaster, brother of the first minister; numerous graves of soldiers of the Revolution; and monuments to Captain Parker of the minute-men, and to Dr. William Eustis, associate of Warren, surgeon in the Continental army, secretary of war, congressman, foreign minister, and governor. It was a peaceful bit of ground, with vines trailing over side walls and gravestones, shade-trees, and rural footpaths. Percy found a

number of quaint inscriptions on the older stones, which he transcribed in his note-book, together with those upon the two monuments.

“Whether the Parker monument exactly marks the patriot soldier’s grave,” I observed, as Percy copied the lines upon this pyramidal block, “none can say. For his was an unmarked grave; and the evidence that this is the spot rests only upon the fact that a member of the Parker family, in her old age, and long after his death, pointed it out. The monument was a tribute of the modern town of Lexington, as the simple inscription shows:—

TO THE MEMORY OF
CAPTAIN JOHN PARKER,
Born July 13, 1729,
Commander of the Minute Men April 19, 1775,
Died September 17, 1775,
The Town erects this Memorial, 1884.

“Parker was in feeble health at the time of the battle;’ and his death in the following autumn was from consumption, developed by his exertions in the field. After the ‘battle’ he reassembled his company, and followed the British so far as Lincoln, where upon the retreat, later in the day, his men attacked the enemy from an open field. In May he joined the army at Cambridge with part of his command, and on ‘Bunker Hill day’ was in the Cambridge camp with sixty-one men ready for action. He was a farmer of the best type of that day, of early New England stock, a man ‘of strong will, bold, earnest, and daring,’ sure of his convictions and true to them. The fowling-piece which he carried on the Nineteenth now hangs in the Senate Chamber of the State House in Boston, together with the first gun captured from the British in the Revolution,—both gifts of his distinguished descendant, Theodore Parker.”

At the Eustis monument I explained that Dr. Eustis was identified more with Boston than with Lexington. He was

buried here at his request, beside the grave of his mother. His parents, ardent Patriots, moved out to Lexington in 1774, when affairs in Boston were assuming a threatening aspect; and here



EUSTIS MONUMENT.

his mother died a month before the "battle." His father subsequently returned to Boston, where he lived to an advanced age. His grave is in the old Copp's Hill Burying-ground. Eustis was just twenty-one when the war broke out. He was enrolled among the Lexington minute-men, but on the Nineteenth was in Boston with Dr. Warren. He had studied for his profession with Warren, and was then the Patriot's assistant in his practice. When word of the Lexington affair reached Warren by an express, he mounted his horse, and hastened to the scene of action, leaving the care of his patients to Eustis; and so soon as Eustis had completed these duties, he speedily

followed his chief. The next day at Cambridge he was made surgeon of a regiment of artillery. He was at the battle of Bunker Hill by the side of Warren, and after the engagement attended the American wounded at the Vassall house in Cambridge. He served either as regimental or general surgeon throughout the Revolution. After the war, beginning poor, he practised his profession successfully, and was early called to public life. Beginning in the Massachusetts General Court, his service included several terms in the governor's council, longer periods in Congress, some time in President Madison's cabinet as secretary of war, several years as minister to The Hague, and one term in the governorship of Massachusetts, dying in office after entering upon his second term. The inscription upon this monument, which bears tribute to his fine qualities, was composed by Edward Everett.



HANCOCK-CLARKE HOUSE.

Our steps were next turned toward the old parsonage,— the ancient Hancock-Clarke house. It was a pleasant, short walk along tree-shaded roads. We found the house not on its original site, but on the opposite side of the road, having been

moved here in 1896, when the historic ground which it had so long occupied was seized for modern house-lots and its demolition threatened. Its rescue from the despoiler was effected by the Lexington Historical Society, and we took off our hats to its patriotic preservers. It is a rare old landmark, as our American landmarks go, the older part dating back to the beginning of the Provincial period. It originally stood with its side to the road, within an old-fashioned garden. Back of it Parson Clarke, more than a century ago, planted an elm, which spread to magnificent proportions. This splendid tree has been suffered to remain, and it now ranks with the finest of the weeping-willow type in New England. The story of the old house is in part told upon the tablet on its side, which Percy duly copied:—

BUILT 1698. ENLARGED 1734.

RESIDENCE OF

REV. JOHN HANCOCK 55 YEARS,
AND OF HIS SUCCESSOR

REV. JONAS CLARKE 50 YEARS.

Here Samuel Adams and John Hancock were sleeping when aroused by
Paul Revere, April 17, 1775.

The older part is the ell. This stout little gambrel-roofed structure of five rooms served Parson Hancock and his growing family for a third of a century. Three sons and two daughters were born and reared here. John, the elder (father of John of the Revolution), became the minister of Braintree (the "North Precinct," now Quincy), and a man of much importance in the community. Ebenezer, the second son, became his father's colleague in the Lexington church, and died young. Thomas, the third son, became the rich Boston merchant. The daughters both became ministers' wives,—Elizabeth, the elder, marrying Jonathan Bowman, minister at Dorchester, and Lucy marrying Nicholas Bowes, minister of Bedford. It was Lucy's daughter Lucy whom the Rev. Jonas Clarke married two years after his installation as her grandfather's successor. Parson Hancock came here from Cambridge, where he was born (son of

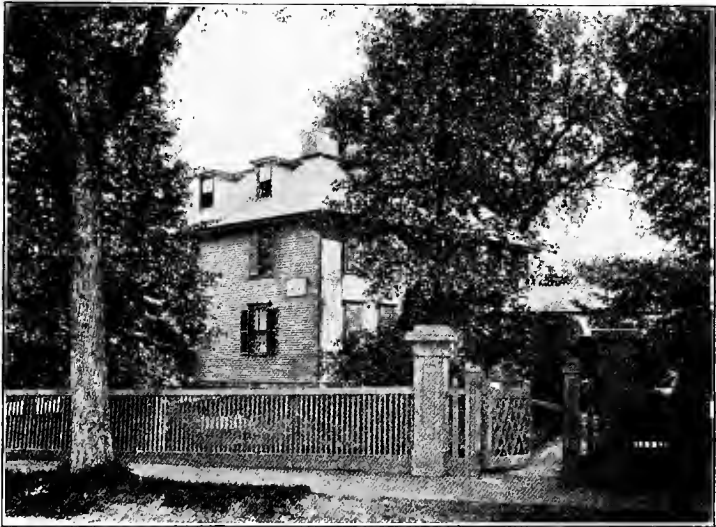
Deacon Nathaniel Hancock, "cordwainer"), a few years after his graduation from Harvard (1689). When he built the house it was the centrepiece of a farm of twenty-five acres lying on both sides of the old Bedford road. The "enlargement" of the house, being the front, of two stories with four spacious rooms, was made by Thomas Hancock when he had become rich and prosperous. Parson Hancock died in 1752, and his wife, Madam Hancock (daughter of a minister, the Rev. Thomas Clarke of Chelmsford), in 1760.

Parson Jonas Clarke reared here a larger family than his predecessor, — six sons and six daughters. Of his daughters, four became clergymen's wives. One married the Rev. Dr. Henry Ware, Hollis professor of divinity at Harvard College; another, the Rev. Dr. William Harris, president of Columbia College; a third, the Rev. Dr. Thaddeus Fiske of West Cambridge (now Arlington); a fourth, the Rev. Benjamin Green of West Medway. Parson Clarke was a native of Newton, and a graduate of Harvard (1752). He was a man of wide influence in his time. He was a zealous Patriot and an ardent advocate of the popular cause. So the parsonage became a place of frequent meetings of the leaders. "Here," the historian tells us, "many of their plans were formed and important letters and papers written."

Entering by the side door, from which, perhaps, Adams and Hancock hurried to take the chaise which carried them beyond the reach of the king's troops on that momentous April morning, we rambled through the old rooms. In the older part Percy found some likeness to the ancient houses we had seen in our "Old Colony" pilgrimages. Here were the exposed beams, the thick window-casings, the heavy frame. The living-room, wainscoted to the ceiling, looked, he said, as if it might have been snug. And the kitchen, with its numerous cupboards, pleased him. A little room off of the living-room, not much larger than the "china closet" of a modern dwelling, he was told was good Parson Hancock's study. He clambered

up the steep stairs to the attic, and one of the stuffy rooms here it pleased him to think was "the boy's room." But what gave him most pleasure was standing in the apartment which Hancock and Adams were occupying when roused from their bed by the midnight call of Paul Revere. This is the south-west room, second story, of the "enlargement."

Upon leaving the "parsonage" we found that we had but little time to spare before the train for Concord was due. A



OLD BUCKMAN TAVERN.

visit to Memorial Hall, with its statues and relics, was, according to our programme, to finish this part of our pilgrimage, the landmarks below the Green being mostly associated with the British Retreat, to be viewed on our return trip from Concord along the line of the Retreat. So we walked back past the Green directly to this hall, which is in the Town House in the village centre. Along the way we passed before the old Buckman Tavern, long ago turned into a dwelling, but happily not

spoiled in the process. The tablet on the side toward the roadway gave us its date, 1690, with the information that it was a mark for British bullets on the Nineteenth, as well as the rendezvous of the minute-men. Some of the British bullets stuck in its clapboards, and these are preserved within the house. The tavern-keeper of 1775 was one of Captain Parker's men.

In Memorial Hall, Percy's interest first centred in the statues and memorial tablets on either side of the entrance arch, above which, as we were entering, his eye had caught the inscription, "Lexington consecrates this hall and its emblems to the memory of the founders and the sustainers of our free institutions." The group of statuary consists of life-size figures of John Hancock, Samuel Adams, the Minute-Man of 1775, and the Union Soldier of 1861; while the tablets give the names of the Lexington men who fell in 1775 and in the Civil War respectively, each in appropriate setting. The Hancock by Thomas R. Gould, and the Adams by Martin Milmore, being portrait statues, in which the sculptors aimed to be accurate in costume as well as in likeness, were most interesting to my young friend. Of the tablets, that in the corridor recess by the Minute-Man bears the fullest inscription and is of the greater historical value, since it preserves the record of Lexington's patriotic pre-Revolutionary pledge. It reads as copied into Percy's note-book:—

THE PLEDGE AND ITS REDEMPTION.

RESPONSE OF LEXINGTON TO THE
APPEAL OF BOSTON,

DEC. 13, 1773.

"We trust in God that, should the state of our affairs require it, we shall be ready to sacrifice our estates and everything dear in life, yea, and life itself, in support of the common cause."

NAMES OF CITIZENS OF LEXINGTON WHO FELL IN
FREEDOM'S CAUSE, APRIL 19, 1775.

[HERE FOLLOW THE NAMES.]

"They poured out their generous blood like water, before they knew whether it would fertilize the land of freedom or of bondage."

WEBSTER.

The other tablet, by the Union Soldier, displays under the caption, "The Sons defended what the Fathers won," the names of twenty Lexington men who lost their lives in the Civil War.

Passing to the cases of relics, we took them in order round the octagon-shaped room, with the prints, pictures, and "broad-sides" on the walls. We saw Major Pitcairn's pistols, which were captured with his horse on the Retreat, and were afterward carried through the war by General Israel Putnam. We glanced at old flint-lock muskets which minute-men carried, at the tongue of the bell which rung the alarm on the morning of the Nineteenth, at numerous Washington relics. On the wall we found an excellent photograph of the original report of the British attack, which was carried by relays of mounted couriers to the various towns and more distant parts on the afternoon of the Nineteenth.

The hall opening into the Cary Public Library, we made a brief survey of this worthy institution, in large part the gift of a generous Lexington family. Then we ascended to the town-hall on the second floor of the building; and Percy saw here the spirited painting of the "Battle of Lexington," by the widely known artist, Henry Sandham of Boston.

XVI.

CONCORD.

The American posts before the Fight. — Along the road to the battlefield. — The Old Manse. — At the Old North Bridge. — “The shot heard round the world.” — The “plundering party” at the Barrett Farm. — Some historic houses. — Landmarks in the village centre. — Wright’s Tavern. — Meeting-place of the Provincial Congress. — Patriots’ graves in the old burying-ground on the hill. — Graves of Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, the Alcotts, in Sleepy Hollow.

THE railway ride from Lexington to Concord was not long, although the train moved in a leisurely way through the pleasant country. While on the little journey we reviewed the events of the opening of the “battle-day” in Concord, bringing the story up to the arrival of the British, and the movement about the Old North Bridge, where was fired “the shot heard round the world.”

It was between one and two o’clock in the morning that young Dr. Prescott swung into the village on his fleet horse with his news of the outcoming troops, having warned the village of Lincoln on the way. Immediately the church-bell rung out an alarm. The town Committee of Safety, the military officers, and a number of leading townsmen, quickly assembled in the village centre for consultation. Messengers were hastened toward Lexington for further information. The militia and minute-men gathered on the training-field, near the meeting-house. Citizens and soldiers, under the direction of Colonel Barrett, energetically resumed the work of removing the military stores to various hiding-places. Mingling with the workers, and performing his full share, was William Emerson, the minister, Ralph Waldo Emerson’s grandfather. In

his almanac, years after found by his grandson, "the Concord seer," he gave a minute account of the day's doings; and from this narrative I continued the story.

When the messengers returned with the report that the Regulars were marching along the road from Lexington, Mr. Emerson relates, "A number of the minute-men belonging to this town and Acton and Lincoln, with several others that were in readiness, marched out to meet them, while the Alarm Company were preparing to receive them in town. Captain Minot, who commanded them [the minute-men], thought it proper to take possession of the hill above the meeting-house [in the village centre, where the liberty-pole stood] as the most advantageous situation. No sooner had our men gained it than we were met by the companies that were sent out to meet the troops, who informed us that they were just upon us, and that we must retreat, as their number was more than treble of ours. We then retreated from the hill near the Liberty Pole, and took a new post back of the town upon an eminence, where we formed into two battalions, and waited the arrival of the enemy. Scarcely had we formed when we saw the British troops at the distance of a quarter of a mile, glittering in arms, advancing toward us with the greatest celerity. Some were for making a stand, notwithstanding the superiority of their numbers; but others, more prudent, thought best to retreat till our strength should be equal to the enemy's by recruits from neighboring towns that were continually coming in to our assistance. Accordingly we retreated over the bridge [The Old North].

"The troops came into the town, set fire to several carriages for the artillery, destroyed sixty barrels of flour, rifled several houses, took possession of the Town House, destroyed five hundred pounds of balls, set a guard of one hundred men at the North Bridge, and sent up a party to the home of Colonel Barrett [about a mile and three-quarters from the bridge, westward toward Acton], where they were in expectation of

finding a quantity of warlike stores. But these were happily secured just before the arrival by transportation into the woods and other by-places. In the meantime the guard set by the enemy to secure the posts at the North Bridge were alarmed by the approach of our people, who had retreated as mentioned before, and were now advancing with special orders not to fire



THE OLD MANSE.

unless fired upon. We were the more cautious to prevent beginning a rupture with the king's troops, as we were then uncertain what had happened at Lexington, and knew not that they had begun the quarrel there by firing upon our people, and killing eight men upon the spot." Then came the Fight.

We left our train within a short walk of the battle-ground by way of historic Monument Street, which crosses the track a

few rods east of the station. As we proceeded up the pleasant road, we soon came upon the picturesque Old Manse, back from the thoroughfare at the end of an avenue of oaks and maples. "This had been standing for ten years at the time of the Fight," I remarked, while Percy leaned against one of the old stone posts at the gateway, and admired the picture which the gambrel-roofed mansion made in its setting of green,—and the Fight was on its grounds. "It was then the home of the young minister, William Emerson, built by him the year after he had become the Concord minister, and had married Phebe Bliss, his predecessor's daughter. From one of the western windows of the second floor Phebe Emerson looked out upon the Fight in the field by the bridge. In his study here the minister wrote his Narrative of the events of the battle-day, and at the close of April wrote in his almanac, 'This month remarkable for the greatest events of the present age.' 'The cause of the colonies,' Ralph Waldo Emerson has said, 'was much in his heart; he made it the subject of his preaching and his prayers, and he inspired many with his enthusiasm.' We may assume, therefore, that this house, like the parsonage in Lexington, was a favorite gathering-place with the Patriots, especially, perhaps, when the Provincial Congress was sitting in the old meeting-house in the village.

"The young minister entered the service, becoming chaplain to the northern army at Ticonderoga, but died a few months after of the distemper, which made sad inroads in the camp. Then, in 1778, Ezra Ripley, who had become the minister of Concord, married young Emerson's widow, and came to the parsonage. This was his home for sixty years; and here he died, a patriarch full-ripe, at the age of ninety. He was called the 'good Ripley' from his benignant character. Ralph Waldo Emerson's home was here with Dr. Ripley's family for about a year in the thirties (1834-1835). His study was on the second floor, the little room over the dining-room, the same from which his grandmother saw the Concord Fight. Nathaniel Hawthorne

came here to live upon his marriage with Sophia Peabody of Salem in 1842, and it was their home for four years. Hawthorne's sketch of the unique place in his *Mosses from an Old Manse* is a classic in our literature. Hawthorne also used the little room on the second floor as his study; and on a window-pane one day he cut his name, 'Nathaniel Hawthorne. This is his study, 1843.' Parson Ripley's study was on the first floor, opposite the parlor. Hawthorne's vegetable garden, of which he discourses so whimsically in his *Mosses*, was along a side of the avenue, then of black ash, near the house. Back of the house Dr. Ripley developed a wonderful orchard, which has now, however, faded away."

Having been favored with a note of introduction, we strolled up the avenue to the entrance door. We were graciously received on presenting my note; and Percy was given the rare pleasure of an inspection of the fine old interior, rich in associations, historical and literary. Afterward we walked about the grounds, extending behind the house to the gentle river. Percy thought that the mansion with the long lean-to at the rear, and its broad side terminating with the gambrel roof, as seen from a bend in the river, made a more enchanting picture than the front view.

Returning to the roadway, a few more steps brought us to the lane leading to the battle-ground. Percy was charmed with the beauty of the curving approach to the bridge, through double rows of thickly planted pines and firs.¹ We came first to the Battle Monument, which marks the British position. The plain shaft was cut from a bowlder of granite found in the woods of Westford, the town in which lived Lieutenant-Colonel John Robinson, who marched by the side of Major Buttrick, leading the American line. Its inspiring inscription Percy added to the growing list in his note-book. Meanwhile he had observed in the side wall of the lane, at the left, the words, "Grave of British soldiers," and asked who they were. But

¹ See frontispiece.

that I could not tell him. They were the two unknown soldiers who were killed in the Fight, and afterward buried where they fell. The inscription on the monument as copied read :

HERE
ON THE 19TH OF APRIL, 1775,
WAS MADE THE FIRST FORCIBLE RESISTANCE TO
BRITISH AGGRESSION.

On the opposite bank stood the American militia,
Here stood the invading army.
And on this spot the first of the enemy fell
in the War of the Revolution,
which gave Independence to these United States.
In gratitude to God, and in the love of Freedom,
this monument was erected,
A.D. 1836.

Now we crossed the stout bridge to the opposite bank of the river where stands the Minute-Man, which marks the American position. The present structure was built in the centennial year of 1875, and was intended to be in its essential features a reproduction of the Battle Bridge, a picture of which is preserved in a rude drawing made a few weeks after the Fight by a portrait painter, who came with the New Haven company to the Cambridge camp, and subsequently engraved with other sketches by Amos Doolittle of New Haven. The Minute-Man, as appears by the inscription, was also placed in the centennial year. Its unveiling was a feature of that year's celebration. The work was the first important undertaking of the young sculptor, Daniel C. French. He was at that time only twenty-five years of age, but had already attained a fame beyond his Concord home. The material from which the statue was cast was taken out of ten brass cannon given for the purpose by Congress. The stone for the high pedestal came from the same boulder of white granite in the oak woods of Westford from which the Battle Monument was cut.

These details I faithfully related as we stood before the statue, but Percy apparently only half heard them. He was absorbed in contemplation of the fine figure. The farmer sol-

dier, leaving the plough in the furrow, and with musket in hand responding to the call to arms, impressed him strongly. The costume is that of the time. The long waistcoat hanging heavy with bullets in the pockets, the worn gaiters, the open collar, the easy hat, the rude accoutrements, all were characteristics of the garb of the Alarm men whom the British encountered on that day. The face of the youth, especially well drawn, is strong and serious, "as of one who sees all the doubt and danger from the first, and yet goes quietly on." The inscriptions which Percy copied were: on the face of the pedestal, the opening lines of Emerson's hymn sung at the dedication of the Battle Monument:—

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

On the rear: "1775, Nineteenth of April, 1875."

From this point we looked up toward the high ground whence the Provincials made their advance upon the enemy. Their mustering-field on the hill borders on what is now Liberty Street, which opens from Monument Street a little way above, and curves around in a southwesterly direction. At Percy's request I recalled the familiar story in manner as follows.

"It was at ten o'clock, or about two hours after the arrival of the Regulars in the village, that the clash came. During these two hours companies of minute-men and militia had come in from several towns, increasing the line which Joseph Hosmer of Concord, acting as adjutant, formed, to four hundred and fifty men. From the mustering-field some of the operations of the main body of the troops in the village centre half a mile off were visible. When the thick smoke from the burning gun-carriages and stores was seen rising above the village, and apprehensions for the fate of the town were felt, a consultation



THE MINUTE-MAN.

of the officers, with a number of leading townsmen who were also in the field, was held. It was then determined to dislodge the guard at the bridge, and force the way to the village. The captain of the Lincoln minute-men volunteered to drive the guard off with his company; and Captain Isaac Davis of the Acton company declared, 'I haven't a man that's afraid to go!' Colonel Barrett gave the order for the general advance, with the caution 'not to fire on the king's troops unless fired upon,' and designated John Buttrick of Concord (whose home was close by) to lead.

"They started down the hill about three hundred strong, in double file, with 'trailed' arms. The Acton company was in front, with Major Buttrick, Lieutenant-Colonel Robinson of Westford (who had volunteered to accompany him), and Captain Davis at their head; the Concord, Lincoln, and other town companies following. The 'invading army,' as the British force is designated on the Battle Monument, numbered, according to William Emerson's Narrative, only one hundred men. They were in three companies, under command of one Captain Laurie. A similar number, also in three companies, had gone on to Colonel Barrett's farm on the 'plundering expedition,' under Captain Parsons.

"When the Provincials began their march, the British were on this side of the river; but as the line approached, they retired to the other side, where they formed 'as if for a fight,' and began pulling up the planks of the bridge. Observing this action, Major Buttrick remonstrated, and ordered his men to quicken their pace. When they were within a few rods of the bridge — pretty near to where the Minute-Man stands — one or two shots were fired up the river from the British line. Then a single gun was fired, the ball from which wounded two of the Provincials, one of them, Luther Blanchard, a fifer in the Acton company. Then instantly followed a volley, by which Captain Davis and Abner Hosmer of Acton were killed; Davis falling, tradition says, on the spot marked by the sprouting

apple-stump back of the Minute-Man. At their fall, Major Buttrick 'leaped from the ground and gave the order, "Fire, fellow-soldiers! for God's sake, fire!"' The order was obeyed, and one British soldier was killed, while nine were wounded.

"This was the end of the Fight at the bridge. The British immediately turned, and retreated in great confusion toward the village, the Provincials pursuing them across the bridge. One of the wounded, who had been left on the bank, as he was attempting to get up, was cruelly killed by a hatchet in the hands of a young fellow in the wake of the Provincials; he was afterward buried, with the one killed in the Fight, in the grave beneath the side wall. Part of the Provincials returned to the mustering-field with their dead, and subsequently followed the others on the road back of the mile-long hill, or 'The Ridge,' and across the 'Great Fields,' to the east quarter of the town, where we shall later hear of them. The retreating British detachment were soon met by two companies of grenadiers whom the noise of the firing had hastened up from the village. On the retreat from the bridge, one of Captain Laurie's men fired from the ranks at Captain Elisha Jones, who was standing, gun in hand, at the open door of the shed adjoining the old red house on the highway, which still stands opposite the grounds of the Old Manse." Percy saw the hole which the bullet made in the L of this house, when we returned to the street. And a timber nailed against a beam near the bullet-hole was pointed out to him as a relic of the Battle Bridge, while the stone set up in the front lawn, he was told, was a stepping-stone from the river-bank across which Captain Davis fell when shot.

"The mustering-field of the Provincials, on Liberty Street," I added, "is marked by a tablet; and nearly opposite, 'Battle-lawn,' on the hill-slope, has a boulder inscribed with a record of Colonel Barrett's order of the march to the bridge, together with the story of Captain Nathan Barrett's deeds, — his lead of his company in the Fight; his joining in the pursuit of the Brit-

ish on the Retreat all the way to Charlestown; and, after being wounded, his capture of Major Pitcairn's horse, saddle, and pistols. Captain Barrett's house, refashioned into a modern mansion of attractive aspect, is still standing, on Monument Street, about three-quarters of a mile above the bridge, on the slope of Punkatasset Hill; and near it is the ancient Hunt house, still preserving its old-time style, where the militia and minute-men were given breakfast on the morning of the Fight, after taking their third post and awaiting re-enforcements." Just below the opening of North Bridge Lane, in the field on the other side of the highway, I called Percy's attention to a picturesque piece of abandoned road, a remnant of the identical "bridle-road" running back of the Ridge, over which the Provincials hurried to the "east quarter."

We walked back through Monument Street to the village centre at a more leisurely pace than Captain Laurie's Britishers took.

"How fared the soldiers who made the raid on Colonel Barrett's house?" Percy asked.

"They began with a good breakfast in the great kitchen of the farmhouse. Its mistress, the colonel's wife, set before them an abundance in response to their demands for supplies; but when the officers offered her pay for the food, she refused it with dignity, saying, 'We are commanded to feed our enemy if he hunger.' Then they swarmed over the house and farmyard, searching for the military stores they had come to destroy. Thorough as their work was done, much of the material which was still here, there not having been time to remove it all, escaped them. This included some cannon hidden in a field under fresh furrows; gun-carriages covered up in 'Spruce Hollow,' a depression on the place which is pointed out to this day; and a lot of small articles belonging to cannon, musket-balls, flints, and cutlasses in casks in the garret of the house, which the patriot housewife had covered with a quantity of feathers just before the appearance of the troops. The various articles

which they did find were gathered in a heap in the yard by the roadway, and were about to be set afire, when 'the sounds of musketry toward the town,' wafted from the engagement at the Old North Bridge, were heard, and they hastened off the way they had come. It was part of their mission evidently to capture Colonel Barrett, if found; for they seized the elder son when he gave his name as Barrett, telling him that he was a rebel and must go with them to Boston, but released him upon Mrs. Barrett's explanation that he was 'not the master of the house.' The detachment recrossed the Old North Bridge not long after the Fight, and returned unmolested to the main body in the village. The Barrett house is still standing, on the Old Mill Road, a picturesque, weathered structure, looking to-day much as it looked in 1775. Here Colonel Barrett recruited the militia, and the 'muster-room' is one of its interesting features. It was of a group of three Barrett houses standing in broad acres at that time; and the neighborhood was known as Barrett's Mill, from the mill which the Barretts ran."

Just before entering the square which marks the village centre, we passed the high ground, at the left of Monument Street, which was the second position occupied by the Provincials at the approach of the British columns from Lexington.

In the square and at the Common we were at the point where the line was hurriedly re-formed upon the collection of the scattered British forces. Then, says William Emerson's Narrative, "for half an hour the enemy, by their marches and countermarches, discovered great fickleness and inconsistency, sometimes advancing, sometimes returning to their former posts." At length they turned into the Boston road, and the Retreat began.

Instead of following at once in their footsteps, we tarried in the centre for a while, visiting the neighboring landmarks; and then we had a quiet little dinner at the Thoreau House.

The central Common, or Training-Field, was the scene of the operations of the main body of the troops under the eyes of

Colonel Smith and Major Pitcairn; and Percy found the tracing of its historic points an interesting occupation. In 1775 the buildings around it consisted of the Court House, the meeting-house, storehouses, several shops, dwellings, and Wright's Tavern. On the west side, where Main Street now begins, was the Milldam over the Mill Brook, at the right of which was an old mill; below, the jail; and lower down, near the junction of Main and Sudbury Streets, was Jones's Tavern, where Colonel Smith made his headquarters. The Lexington, or Boston, road, entered, as now, from the southeast, by the side of the mile-long Ridge, which terminates in the hill rising back from the square, with the old burying-ground on its slope. On the top of this hill stood the liberty-pole, which was the first thing destroyed by the British, and later burned in the middle of the square, with the stores and war materials which they seized. From the plain on the summit, the first post of the Provincials, Smith and Pitcairn reviewed their troops.

The storehouse which the British sacked faced the square, and a relic of it was pointed out to Percy in the low structure between the Thoreau House and Lowell Street. Lowell Street leads to the Old South Bridge, where a guard was also placed by Colonel Smith during his occupancy of the town. On this street, a few steps below the square, was found a landmark of earlier Concord, — the site of the house of Peter Bulkeley, first minister and a founder of the town. Here, as the tablet on the spot informs the visitor, "a bargain was made with the Squaw Sachem [the Indian king's widow], the Sagamore Tahattawanx, and other Indians, who then sold the right in the territory of the town to the English planters, and gave them peaceful possession." This was in 1636, a year after the beginning of Concord. I quoted the price paid by the Englishmen, which amused Percy: a quantity of "wampum," hatchets, hoes, knives, cotton cloth, shirts, and a "new suit" of cotton cloth, a linen band, hat, shoes, stockings, and a great coat, for Wappacowet, who had married the Squaw Sachem.

On the west side of the square we observed a tablet marking the site of the Town and Court House, which the British set on fire, but an old woman saved by dint of earnest pleading with the officers, "putting as much strength into her arguments as an importunate widow could think of." This was one Mother Moulton, housekeeper for Dr. Minot, whose house was by the building. She and an infirm old man were all of the near neighbors remaining after the British came, the others having withdrawn to places of safety. Hers is the only statement extant of an eye-witness of the scenes in this quarter, and this is but meagre. It appears in a petition to the General Court, filed the year after, for compensation for her service, which was evidently not granted, although a resolve reported made an award of the very modest sum of three pounds. She tells how the Regulars, entering the town in a hostile manner, "draw'd up in form" before the door of Dr. Minot's house; how they continued on the Green feeding their horses; how many of them were in and out of the house for three hours, and she waited on them with what she had of food and drink; how she brought chairs for Major Pitcairn and other officers, who sat at the door viewing their men; how "all on a sudden" they had set fire to the great gun-carriages just by the house; and while these were in flames, smoke arose out of the Town House. This unique document was discovered in the State archives thirteen years ago by a Concord historian.

Next we looked into the old Wright Tavern, which shows the date of 1747 upon its chimney. We were assured that what remains of the building has suffered less outward change since the Revolution than most of the other old houses of the town. Whether some swaggering soldier, though not the maligned Pitcairn (as we had satisfied ourselves when on our pilgrimage to colonial Boston landmarks), made here that fierce declaration about stirring the "rebels' blood before night" as he stirred his brandy with his bloody finger, the redcoats doubtless made free use of the tavern liquors, and may have

indulged in brag and bluster. So a townsman whom we met at the open door remarked. He also informed Percy that while the Provincial Congress was sitting in the neighboring meeting-house, Wright's was a frequent meeting-place of committees, and was much patronized by members of the body.

Crossing now to the meeting-house, we read the story of the Congress from the tablet set against the porch:—

THE FIRST PROVINCIAL CONGRESS

OF DELEGATES FROM THE TOWNS OF MASSACHUSETTS,

Was called by conventions of the people to meet at Concord on the eleventh day of October, 1774.

The delegates assembled here in the meeting-house on that day, and organized, with John Hancock as president and Benjamin Lincoln as secretary.

Called together to maintain the rights of the people, this Congress assumed the government of the Province, and by its measures prepared the way for the War of the Revolution.

Percy was disappointed when told that this building is not the church of the Provincial period, although it contains some of the timber of that structure, with part of its frame.

Opposite the meeting-house is the ancient burying-ground, on the hill where the Provincials took their first position. How large a part this eminence has had in Concord history, Percy saw by the inscribed tablet in the front wall against the sidewalk:—

ON THIS HILL

The settlers of Concord built their meeting-house
near which they were buried;
on the southern slope of the ridge
were their dwellings during
the first winter;
below it they laid out
their first road;
and on the summit stood the
Liberty-pole of the Revolution.

Here we found the tombs of Colonel Barrett, of Major (afterward Colonel) Buttrick, and of William Emerson, the patriot

minister, with that of his predecessor and father-in-law, Daniel Bliss. With the exception of the Barrett grave (near the entrance-gate back of the stone house), these are on the crest of the hill, where the Provincials stood. Colonel Buttrick lies near his father, the good Deacon Buttrick, who "was followed to the grave by his widow and thirteen well-instructed children," as the headstone records. The epitaph at the soldier's grave recounts that, "Having with patriotic firmness shared in the dangers which led to American Independence, he lived to enjoy the blessings of it," and that "having laid down the sword with honor, he resumed the plough with industry: by the latter to maintain what the former had won. The worth of a Patriot, Citizen, and Christian adorned his life, and his worth was acknowledged by the grief and respect of all ranks at his death." He died in 1791, at the age of sixty. On the tomb of William Emerson this tribute appeared:—

Enthusiastic, eloquent, affectionate, and pious; he loved his family, his people, his God, and his country. And the last he yielded the cheerful sacrifice of his life.

Percy duly copied these inscriptions, and then added the following to his collection,—the epitaph on the headstone of the grave of a slave, on the farther slope of the hill:—

*God wills us free, man wills us slaves.
I will as God wills; God's will be done.*

HERE LIES THE BODY OF

JOHN JACK,

A native of Africa, who died March, 1773,

Aged about sixty years.

Though born in a land of slavery,

He was born free.

Though he lived in a land of liberty,

He lived a slave;

Till by his honest though stolen labour he acquired the source of slavery which gave him his freedom; though not long before

Death, the grand tyrant, gave him his final emancipation, and put him on a footing with kings.

Though a slave to vice, he practiced those virtues without which kings are but slaves.

This "Jack," I explained, was a slave on the farm which the Old Manse occupied, and purchased his freedom at about the time the parsonage was built. The unique epitaph was written by Daniel Bliss, brother-in-law of William Emerson, and a Tory.

On the square again, a few steps eastward brought us to two or three old houses which were here in 1775. One, now a dwelling, was at that time the shop of Reuben Brown, saddler, who made military equipments for the Provincials; and another, now the house of the Concord Antiquarian Society, was his home. The shop was set on fire by the British, but saved before it was seriously injured. Reuben Brown was the messenger sent down the Boston road to reconnoitre on the morning of the Nineteenth. We stepped into the Antiquarian rooms, upon the payment of an admission fee, and found a delightful interior fashioned after the old style, with a display of a varied collection of historical relics. Among many other



HAWTHORNE'S GRAVE.

things which Percy examined with interest were the musket of one of the British soldiers killed in the Fight, the sword of a grenadier who was taken prisoner, and one of Paul Revere's lanterns.

We had now covered the historical points about the square; but I suggested that before we dined we should walk over to Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, and visit the graves of Emerson,



EMERSON'S GRAVE.

Hawthorne, Thoreau, and the Alcotts, who have given Concord so wide a fame in the literary world. It was but a short distance from this point by way of Bedford Street. These graves are on the northern side of the burying-ground, near together, in a beautiful part called The Ridge, which we reached by the Ridge Path. The first by which we lingered was Hawthorne's grave, behind a hedge of arbor-vitæ, marked simply "Hawthorne," on a white stone. Near by, on the right side of the

path, we found the Thoreau lot, with the grave of Henry D. Thoreau, the naturalist, marked by a granite stone, beside his kindred. In the adjoining lot lie the Alcott family, — A. Bronson Alcott, beside his wife and gifted daughters, — Louisa M. Alcott, the author of *Little Women*; A. May Nieriken, the artist; and Elizabeth Sewall Alcott, — each grave marked by a low stone bearing initials only. Then a few steps beyond we came upon Ralph Waldo Emerson's grave, beneath the shade of a tall pine, and marked by a great boulder of pink quartz, inscribed with these lines from his poem *The Problem*: —

“The passive Master lent his hand
To the vast soul that o'er him planned.”

Close by are the graves of other members of the family, — Emerson's mother, his “Aunt Mary,” his wife, and their son Waldo; the headstone at the child's grave inscribed with the familiar lines from the *Threnody*, written by Emerson upon his death: —

“The hyacinthine boy, for whom
Morn well might break and April bloom;
The gracious boy who did adorn
The world whereunto he was born.”

Making our way back along the southern slope of this hill and through the valley, we passed the tomb of the distinguished Samuel Hoar, of his equally distinguished son, Judge E. Rockwood Hoar, secretary of the treasury in President Grant's cabinet, and of other members of the family.

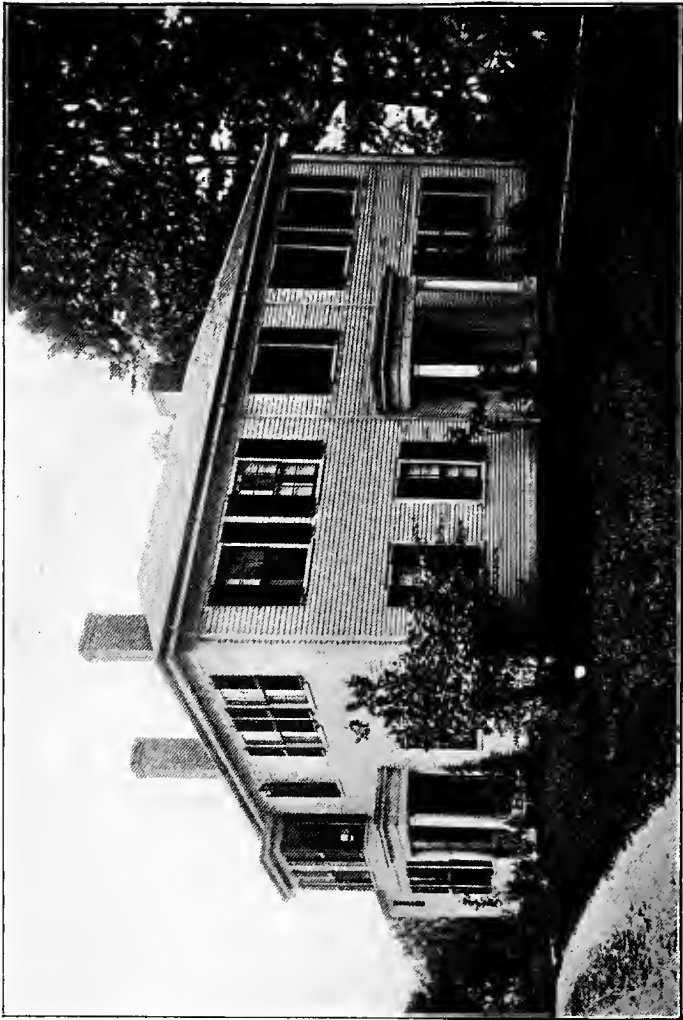
XVII.

THE BRITISH RETREAT.

From Concord to Charlestown.—Historic points along the roads.—The “mile-long” Ridge.—Literary landmarks: homes of Emerson, Hawthorne, the Alcotts.—Merriam’s Corner.—The “Bluff” on the Lexington road.—Lord Percy’s detachment at Lexington.—Round about “Munroe’s Tavern.”—Story of Lord Percy’s outward march.—Adventures of some Boston schoolboys.—Capture of Percy’s baggage-train by the “old men of Menotomy.”—The rout from “Menotomy” to Charlestown Common.—First American council of war.

AFTER our dinner we engaged a light road-wagon with a driver, and soon were off on the line of “The Retreat.” Our way of covering the course was easier than that of the “Regulars,” more comfortable even than that of the wounded British officer who was taken over the road in a “chaise,” only to be captured when nearing a safe haven, and held as prisoner.

Entering Lexington Street from the square, we soon rode by a succession of famous Concord houses, each of which had its special charm for Percy. First in importance was the Emerson place, at the Concord Turnpike junction, on the right, the plain, square house, behind fine chestnut-trees, where Ralph Waldo Emerson lived for nearly half a century,—from the time of his marriage to Miss Lydia Jackson, in the old Winslow mansion-house in Plymouth which we had visited, till his death in 1882. A little way farther down, at the side of the mile-long Ridge, on the left, which our road follows, I next pointed out the rustic Hillside Chapel and “Orchard House” adjoining. In the chapel the Concord School of Philosophy, of which Bronson Alcott was dean, held its summer meetings for the ten years of its life; and “Orchard House” was the home of the Alcotts



EMERSON'S HOME.

for twenty years. It interested Percy to hear that it was in this house that Louisa M. Alcott wrote her *Little Women*, and gained fame. "Originally," I added, "it was a farmhouse, and was old when the British marched by. It was not the quaint philosopher's last home, as many Concord pilgrims assume. Mr. Alcott spent the closing years of his life in the house in the



THE WAYSIDE, HAWTHORNE'S HOME.

village where Thoreau last lived. This is on Main Street, near Thoreau Street, not far from the station on the Fitchburg Railroad. It had become the home of Mr. Alcott's married daughter, Anna Bronson Pratt, whose boys were the 'Little Men' of Louisa Alcott's stories."

Next to "Orchard House" we passed "The Wayside," Nathaniel Hawthorne's last home, — from 1852 to his death in

1864. Alcott had previously lived here, and from him Hawthorne bought the place. In Alcott's time it was a small farm with a house upon it, like "Orchard House," antedating the Revolution. The old house is the nucleus of the present structure, which Hawthorne built upon it. The thickets of firs, pines, and other trees, and the low front hedge, were planted by him. His study, where his last work was done, was in the tower. He gave the name of "The Wayside" to the place, from its seclusion close by the travelled road. Alcott had called it by the more prosaic title of "The Hillside." The next estate, with gabled cottage and vineyard against the hill-slope, was interesting as the birthplace of the Concord grape. Ephraim Bull, the originator of this grape, first producing it in 1855, here lived and cultivated his vineyard for half a century, and till a few years before his death at an advanced age.

A short distance beyond we reached the end of the Ridge at Merriam's Corner, where the first attack was made upon the retreating British column, and here we took up the story of the Retreat. "Merriam's Corner," I began, "was the point in the 'east quarter' to which the Provincials hastened by the back way from the Old North Bridge neighborhood, behind the Ridge and across the Great Fields.

"The king's troops on the Retreat marched down our road to this point with a slow but steady step, without music or spoken word that could be heard. They had entered the town in two divisions, one division taking the Ridge, the other the road; but now the main body kept the road, while a flank guard of from eighty to one hundred men took the Ridge. The Provincials awaiting them at this corner were about one hundred and fifty in number, lying in ambush behind stone walls, fences, and the few buildings of the neighborhood. Besides the men who had come over by the back way, there were minute-men of the towns of Chelmsford and Billerica, and of Reading and Medford. Those from the latter towns were under the command of

Major John Brooks of Medford, who became a general in the Continental army, after the peace served in various military and civic offices, and was governor of Massachusetts from 1816 to 1823.

“When the Regulars reached a little bridge near the junction of the roads forming this corner, the flank guard was drawn in. Thereupon the body suddenly faced about, and fired a vol-



MERRIAM'S CORNER.

ley toward the Provincial position, but without effect. The Provincials instantly returned the fire, killing two soldiers and wounding others. A sharp skirmish ensued. Then the British march was hurriedly resumed, while the Provincials began the long pursuit, generally without military order, ‘every one being his own commander,’ and increasing in force by the constant additions of men of other towns.” The partial record of the first action, inscribed on the tablet set into the stone wall rounding the corner, we easily read from our wagon:—

MERRIAM'S CORNER

The British troops retreating from the
OLD NORTH BRIDGE,

Were here attacked in flank by the men of Concord and neighboring towns, and driven under a hot fire to Charlestown.

The next sharp skirmish was within the limits of Lincoln, which we entered soon after leaving Merriam's Corner. "This," I continued, "was at or about the foot of 'Hardy's Hill,' at a large bend in the road toward the north, with a thick grove on one side and high bushes on the other. The pursuing Provincials had run singly across the meadows, and concealed themselves behind trees, bushes, and stone walls on either side here, with the Sudbury company also in ambush. They opened a deadly fire, as the enemy came around the bend, by which eight soldiers were killed and several wounded. The fire was repeatedly returned from the retreating column, but with slight effect. Five of the British killed were afterward buried in the village burying-ground of Lincoln, and three by the side of the road.

"A little farther on in these woody defiles Captain Jonathan Wilson of the Bedford minute-men, who had been in the Concord Fight, had, with several others from various towns, taken a stand behind a barn. They were engaged with the approaching enemy when a flank guard caught them. In the struggle the captain and two others were killed. Captain Wilson was a brave soldier and an ardent Patriot. Before leaving Bedford (which adjoins Concord), early in the morning, his men were given a hasty breakfast at Fitch's Tavern (still standing, now a picturesque dwelling); and as they left, the captain cheerily said, 'It's a cold breakfast, boys, but we'll give the British a hot dinner! We'll have every dog of them before night!' Active in the pursuit in this neighborhood were the Woburn minute-men, with Major Loamm Baldwin, afterward a colonel in the Continental army, the intimate friend of that Benjamin Thompson who became Count Rumford, the story of whose romantic career we had heard in Salem.

“The Retreat had now become a rout. Two more of the British were killed near the Lexington line. These men were subsequently buried in a neighboring field. It was at this point that Captain Parker and his Lexington minute-men got in their fire in return for the morning attack on Lexington Green. At the rise of the road toward Fiske Hill, northward, the troops were especially hard pressed, the Provincials having run forward and placed themselves advantageously behind trees and fences. At length they made a stand at the Bluff, at the junction of this and the old Concord road, and facing about, as at Merriam’s Corner, opened a hot fire upon their harassing foes.” Upon reaching the Bluff, we found it marked by a tablet inscribed as follows :—

THIS BLUFF

was used as a rallying point by the British,

APRIL 19, 1775.

After a sharp fight they retreated to Fiske Hill, from which they were driven in great confusion.

It was in this fight that Major Pitcairn was wounded and unhorsed ; and I quoted a description of the scene found in a narrative of the Rev. Edmund Foster of Littleton, a volunteer from Reading in Major Brooks’s company : “An officer mounted on an elegant horse, with a drawn sword in hand, was riding backward and forward, commanding and urging the troops. A number of Americans behind a pile of rails fired. The officer fell (he suffered a broken arm), the horse took fright, and ran directly toward those” who had shot his rider. Thus the horse with the major’s pistols came into the possession of the Provincials. In this skirmish Colonel Smith was slightly wounded in the foot.

A little way below, a minute-man and a Regular met at a well in the yard of an old house by the roadside, and we stopped by the spot while Percy copied the story of the tragic encounter from the tablet here :—

AT THIS WELL, APRIL 19, 1775,

JAMES HAYWARD OF ACTON

Met a British soldier, who, raising his gun, said, "You're a dead man!" "And so are you," replied Hayward. Both fired. The soldier was instantly killed, and Hayward mortally wounded.

As the tradition runs, the soldier had dropped out of the ranks, and had entered the house for plunder, while Hayward, who had been pursuing the troops, had stopped in the yard for a drink at the well just as he was coming out of the front door.

Resuming the story, I told of the haste with which the troops in a confused mass pressed on from the Fiske Hill fight. "They hurried through Lexington centre; past the Green where they had huzzaed for the 'victory' of the morning; by the old meeting-house where they met a rattling fire from musketry; and down the Boston road, to a point where on the outward march they had taken the quick step for the charge on Captain Parker's line. At this point they gained the shelter of Lord Percy's detachment, who had come to their relief. So exhausted were many of them, that, as a British account said, 'they were obliged to lie down for rest on the ground, their tongues hanging out of their mouths like those of dogs after a chase.'

"Lord Percy formed his detachment into a square enclosing the worn troops, and here they rested for about two hours before renewing the Retreat."

And here we stopped to reconnoitre.

We were perhaps three-quarters of a mile below the village centre, in a fair region of homes with rural surroundings. Lord Percy occupied that part of the then straggling village of which the central point was Munroe's Tavern, where he established his headquarters. He so placed the two field-pieces which he had brought with him as to command the road and the village centre; and these played upon the pursuing Provincials, temporarily scattered them.

We left our wagon at the high-school building, on the left

of the road, near the spot where one of these cannons was stationed. It occupied a slight elevation, long ago levelled. We found the place indicated by a unique monument in the school-house yard, — a stone cannon in the form of a field-piece of the Revolutionary period, mounted on wheels, and pointed toward the village. The inscription read:—

NEAR THIS SPOT

EARL PERCY

With reinforcements planted a field-piece to cover the retreat of
the British troops, April 19, 1775.

A ball shot from this gun, it is related, went through the old meeting-house at the centre. A little way down the road we came upon a tablet pointing to the position of the other field-piece. This tablet, set in a wall against the right sidewalk, is thus inscribed:—

On the hill to the south
was planted
one of the British field-pieces,
APRIL 19, 1775,
to command the village and its approaches.
And near this place
several buildings were burned.

The exact spot, “on the hill to the south” (Munroe Hill), where Lexingtonians say the gun stood, and to which they have given the name of “Gun Rock,” we were shown on Warren Street, reached by side streets from the main road, the farther one, Percy Road, curving up from the old tavern a few rods below.

Munroe Tavern delighted Percy. The attractiveness of its situation, on a knoll above the roadway, beneath the shade of noble elms and maples, pleased his eye, while he was impressed with its historical value. On the tablet upon the front we read the legend:—

EARL PERCY'S

HEADQUARTERS AND HOSPITAL, APRIL 19, 1775.

THE MUNROE TAVERN BUILT 1695.

Then we entered by the front door, which swung open to the enemy on the Nineteenth, into the narrow entry into which they pressed, and thence to the rooms they occupied during their brief stay. They were interlopers: we were guests. Our host was a lineal descendant of the first Landlord Munroe, whose sign of a brimming punch-bowl swung from one of the ancient



MUNROE TAVERN.

elms above the roadway long before the Revolution. The tavern was years ago closed.

The room on the left of the entry, Percy was told, was utilized for the hospital where the British wounded were cared for. In that at the right was the bar, where liquor was served upon demand to the redcoats by an old man who, when the Retreat was about to be resumed, was cruelly killed as he attempted to escape from a rear door. He was one of the few townspeople who had remained in the neighborhood, too old to

take a part with the fighting Provincials. Percy was shown a hole in the ceiling of the low-browed room which a British musket-ball made. Just before their departure the soldiers sacked the tavern, and piling a lot of its furniture into this room, set the heap afire. But after they had gone the fire was quenched, and so the landmark saved.

The ancient tavern has additional interest as the headquarters of Washington on his return journey from that last visit of his to New England in 1789. At that time he dined here in solemn state in the long dining-room, then on the second floor, after which he was escorted to Lexington Green, and "viewed the spot on which the first blood was spilt in the dispute with Great Britain," as he wrote in his Diary. Percy had the rare privilege of sitting in Washington's chair, which now occupies the place of honor in the entry; and while he was so seated I related the story of Lord Percy's march out from Boston.

"Percy's detachment consisted of three regiments of infantry and two divisions of marines, with the two field-pieces; about one thousand men in all. They made a gallant start from Boston, as if on grand parade. They first lined up along 'Long Acre,' now Tremont Street, the line extending from Scollay Square to the 'head of the Mall' on the Common. The town school, then held in Scollay's Building, which stood in the middle of the square facing Queen, now Court, Street, had opened shortly before martial music was heard and the troops were seen in movement. Lord Percy, then about thirty years old, of handsome face and figure, was mounted on a white charger, and busy in arranging the column. Of course the boys were excited by the show, which could be seen from the school windows; and Master Carter was not unmoved. One of the boys was sent out for information. He soon returned with the startling report that the British, who had gone out in the night, as all the town then knew, had fallen on the Provincials, killed several, and had sent for re-enforcements. Then exclaimed

Master Carter, 'Boys, war's begun — the school is broken up!' This was received with three ringing cheers, and the boys hurried to the street in joyous bounds. What followed, and what happened to a band of these lads, is told in the reminiscences of one of them, Benjamin Russell, then thirteen, who afterward became the famous editor of the *Columbian Centinel*.

"They followed in the rear of the column, when the march began at nine o'clock, with a gay swing. The route taken was up the main street, now Washington Street, along the narrow Neck to Roxbury, over the hill where the old Eliot church stands, along the old Cambridge road to the Brighton Bridge, — then the Old Long Bridge, — across to Cambridge, and thence by what is now Massachusetts Avenue, extending to Lexington Green. At Roxbury the Provost marshal permitted the boys to pass the fortifications, and they followed so far as the college in Cambridge. The troops marched through Roxbury to the tune of 'Yankee Doodle.' At the Old Long Bridge they found the planks removed, which had been done by order of the Cambridge selectmen to impede their march. But the planks being piled up on the Cambridge side, instead of cast adrift or hidden, some soldiers sent over on the string-pieces of the bridge soon relaid them sufficiently to enable the body to cross. The baggage-train with the supplies was left behind to complete the work, so that the heavy wagon could cross. Later on, this came to grief, as we shall see. The remainder of the march was without special incident. Till he reached 'Menotomy,' Lord Percy was not aware that any serious fighting had taken place. When he heard rumors of it, he hastened his force forward at a more rapid pace.

"And those Boston school-boys, what happened to them? They spent the afternoon about Cambridge Common in play. Toward sunset they heard firing; and since it appeared to be near, they ascended a rising ground. Then they saw the troops whom they had followed out of the town, in full retreat, with

the Provincials at their heels, and heard the whistling of bullets. They hastened back to the Cambridge road, and thought of home. But it was too late. The avenues were closed, and Boston was shut in. Farmer Hastings gave them supper. That night they slept in one of the college buildings. Then the camp at Cambridge was established, and they were taken into the barracks and furnished with rations. They made themselves useful in various ways. Some of them became attached to companies as clerks. Young Russell became clerk of the company of Connecticut troops commanded by Captain Putnam, a son of General Putnam. The boys saw the battle of Bunker Hill from a point on the Cambridge road near Charlestown Neck, to which they ventured. After the battle the company to which young Russell was attached was stationed on Prospect Hill in Somerville, with other troops, General Putnam in command. He did duty till far into the summer, when one day he met his father and his uncle who had just escaped from Boston. His father had not heard of him since the day he had strayed off after the British troops. 'He was so rejoiced to see me,' he says, 'that he was about to shake me for not writing to him.' One of the soldiers took fire. 'Don't shake that boy, sir,' said he; 'he's our clerk.' An explanation followed. The father and son repaired to General Putnam's tent, and the boy was at length allowed to retire from the service. Later he joined the army as a private, and served throughout the war. He was one of the guard of Major André on the day of the execution of that unfortunate officer. The other boys were not restored to their homes till after the evacuation of Boston."

Our driver had followed us to "Munroe's," and we now resumed our journey down the historic road.

"When the Retreat was renewed under Lord Percy's lead," I remarked as we got under way, "the advance was formed by the light infantry and grenadiers, while the fresh troops of Percy's detachment brought up the rear, and furnished the flanking parties, who marched to the right and left of the road

parallel with the main body. In the centre were the wounded, in wagons of various sorts which had been seized from the village stables and barns. There were now in the column in all about eighteen hundred men. From this point, the historians agree, the Retreat was marked by 'indiscriminate pillage and wanton destruction.' Hardly a dwelling along the way from Lexington through 'Menotomy' escaped some injury. The houses were mostly abandoned, the women and children having fled to places of greater safety, while the men were pursuing the enemy. The few old and defenceless who were obliged to remain by their houses suffered ill treatment, and some were killed."

In the lower village of East Lexington we passed two or three houses standing at that time. One on the left side was marked as the home of the last survivor of the affair on Lexington Green, — Jonathan Harrington, the fifer-boy of Captain Parker's company. He lived till 1854, to the age of ninety-eight. At the turn of Pleasant Street, on the right, we observed a tablet against the centre green here. Driving up to it, Percy saw that it recounted the experience of "the first armed man taken in the Revolution," Benjamin Wellington. He was a minute-man, whom the scouts, sent ahead of Colonel Smith's men on the march out, surprised and disarmed near this spot, at early dawn. But after they had passed on, "with undaunted courage he borrowed another gun, and hastened to join his comrades on Lexington Green." He served later in the "Massachusetts Line" of the Continental army, and was at White Plains and Saratoga.

No more landmarks of the Retreat were reached till we had passed Arlington Heights, and were within Arlington village. "Although the pursuers pressed hard upon the rear guard, which for that reason Lord Percy relieved now and then," I went on with the story, "the troops were not seriously molested till they came to open ground about the 'Foot of the Rocks,' below Arlington Heights. But here a hot fire was opened upon

them at the sides; and a running fight began, which continued almost constantly all the way to Charlestown. Minute-men from towns about Boston and more distant places had been coming in all the morning, and in the pursuit were now engaged the largest number of Provincials. They fired from behind houses, barns, stone walls, fences, and as before, hung upon the rear of the hurrying column. The British also kept up a pretty constant fire, but always to a disadvantage, the Provincials being so generally ambushed. There was, however, not a little fighting in the open, and many acts of bravery and daring are narrated. Many of the farmer soldiers had served in the French war, and were trained fighters. A few of them were mounted, and harassed the enemy from unexpected points. One Wyman of Woburn, riding a white horse, hovered about the retreating troops the entire distance of the terrible march. He was an old gray-headed hunter, and 'struck the trail' as they left Concord. His way was to ride toward the column within gunshot, then turn his horse, throw himself off, and aim his long gun resting on the saddle. 'That aim was death.' The troops came to dread him; and whenever he was sighted the warning cry was raised, 'Look out for the man on the white horse!' Finally, at Charlestown, he was seen to ride off toward the Neck, pursued by a party of the flank guard. Then he turned, aimed, and one of his pursuers fell."

The first Arlington landmark which we passed was the long building on the left, some distance below the "Foot of the Rocks," of the old roadside tavern type. This was the "Great Tavern," and in the upper end of it a wealthy farmer was then living. The house was pillaged, and set on fire; but a slave of the farmer, who had from a hiding-place watched the proceedings, put out the flames immediately after the troops had disappeared. Farther down, as we neared the town centre, we came to a tablet at the sidewalk curb, on the right, which marks the neighborhood of the killing of a number of Provincials caught in ambush. The inscription read:—

SITE OF THE HOUSE OF

JASON RUSSELL,

Where he and eleven others were captured, disarmed, and killed
by the retreating British,
April 19, 1775.

We found the little farmhouse still standing, not, however, on the original site, but back on the old lot, and turned about, having been removed since the tablet was placed. Remarking that the Provincials killed here were mostly Danvers men, of that gallant company who made the distance from their rendezvous in South Danvers, now Peabody, to the scene of action in four hours, more than half the way on the run, I repeated the tragic details as they are told by the local historians. "The men had taken up a post in the rear of the house, in a walled enclosure, strengthened with bundles of shingles, while Jason Russell had barricaded his gate, and made a cover from which to attack the troops. Russell was old and lame, and had been urged to follow his family out of danger; but he resolved to remain by his homestead, saying that 'an Englishman's house was his castle.' The hill to the westward, around which the road curves, concealed the approaching British; and while the little band behind the ambushade were in readiness, the guard of flankers suddenly came upon their rear. There was a moment of savage fighting; then the survivors were driven toward the road, where by this time the main body of the troops were passing. They took refuge in the house, and the slaughter followed. Eight escaped by the cellar, and one pursuing redcoat was killed on the cellar stairs. Russell himself was shot down in the doorway, and stabbed again and again by the soldiers' bayonets."

At the village centre the retreating troops halted for a few moments before the church green, upon the very spot where Lord Percy's wagon of supplies on the way out had come to grief. This story we found outlined on the stone tablet here placed :—

AT THIS SPOT, ON APRIL 19, 1775,
THE OLD MEN OF MENOTOMY

Captured a convoy of eighteen soldiers with supplies, on its way
to join the British at Lexington.

“These old men,” I narrated, to Percy’s petition for the particulars of the story, “were at Cooper’s Tavern, a little way below, when an ‘express’ brought word of the coming up the road of the wagon and guard. They were ‘exempts,’ too old to serve with the minute-men in the field; but they were imbued with the spirit of the hour. Some of them were veterans of previous wars. So they determined to capture the convoy, and immediately organized for the purpose. There were in all twelve of them, under a leader. They took position behind a bank wall of earth and stone. When the convoy appeared between them and the meeting-house, they suddenly rose, aimed directly at the horses, and called to the guard to surrender. The response was the whipping up of the horses by their startled drivers. Then the twelve old men fired. Several of the horses were killed and two of the soldiers, while a number were wounded. The drivers leaped from their places, and with the guard ran toward Spy Pond, into which they threw their guns, and escaped. There is an apocryphal tale that while wandering along the pond-side several of them, encountering an old woman, one Mother Botherick, digging dandelions, surrendered to her; and that leading her captives to a neighboring farmhouse she delivered them up with the remark, ‘If you ever live to get back, tell King George that an old woman took six of his grenadiers prisoners.’ The captured wagon was drawn into a hollow near the present railroad station, the dead horses were hidden in a near-by field, and the live horses were driven off to Medford.

“But a more remarkable performance by a single old man in this neighborhood on the Retreat is recorded. During the few moments of the halt of the pursued troops by the church green, Samuel Whittemore, a warrior of eighty (years before he

had been a captain of the Royal Dragoons), fired several shots at them from the cover of a wall opposite, under which he lay. He was loading for more, when five soldiers of the flank guard suddenly approached him shoulder to shoulder. Being lame as well as old, to attempt to escape was useless. So he fought them. With his musket he instantly shot one of the soldiers. Drawing a horse-pistol he fired at another, and sent a second pistol shot just as the soldiers fired at him. A ball struck him in the head, and he fell senseless. Then the unhurt soldiers beat him with their muskets repeatedly, bayoneted him, and left him for dead. After the British had gone, some of the townspeople found him but just alive. He was taken to Cooper's Tavern, where his wounds were dressed with no hope by the surgeon of his recovery. But he did recover, although he had suffered one shot wound and thirteen bayonet wounds, and lived eighteen years longer — dying peacefully in his bed at the age of ninety-eight. He dwelt with his son and grandchildren near the Cambridge line. When early in the morning of the Nineteenth the women and children left for a place of safety, his wife pleaded with him to go with them. But, instead, he put his old weapons in order, and started 'up to town.' When he was recovering, one day his good wife said to him, 'Well, now, don't you wish you'd done as I wanted you to?' — 'No,' said the stout old fellow; 'I'd run the same chance again.'" The site of this exploit is just east of the railway station on Mystic Street, and we found a stone tablet marking it. This records that the old man killed three soldiers.

Behind the church on the green, which stands in place of the meeting-house of 1775, is the old burying-ground. Here we found a monument to three men of Menotomy and nine others unknown, among the Provincials slain within the town limits. They were buried in a single grave, side by side, with the clothes in which they fell; and their remains were brought here on a sled drawn by a yoke of oxen over the bare ground. The grave was first marked by a slate slab, recording that "Mr. Jason Rus-

sell was barbarously murdered in his own Home by Gage's bloody Troops," and that his body lies here, with "Eleven of our friends, who in like manner with many others were cruelly slain on that fatal day. Blessed are ye dead who die in ye Lord." The stone stands now by the side of the monument. In a part of this graveyard used for the burial of slaves were buried a number of the British soldiers who were killed. It is said that more were killed on both sides in the passage of the troops through this town than in any other part of the way, — at least twenty-two Americans, and more than double this number of British.

On the main road again, along the line of the Retreat, we passed the site of Cooper's Tavern, now occupied by a modern hotel, where the soldiers caught and killed two old men. They were Jabez Wyman and Jason Winship, two of the "exempts" who had had part in the capture of Lord Percy's convoy — although this fact was not known to their slayers. They had dropped in to the tavern to get the news; and as the troops were approaching, the landlady, Rachel Cooper, was mixing some flip for the old gentlemen. She escaped with her husband to the cellar. Wyman and Winship were the two other Menotomy men buried in the common grave in the old graveyard; and their names, with that of Jason Russell, are preserved on the monument.

The fighting was brisk along this part of the village, then called Menotomy Plain. General William Heath of Roxbury, one of the generals who had been ordered by the Provincial Congress to take command of the minute-men when called out, was here directing the Provincials, and with him Dr. Joseph Warren. Warren was in the thick of the fight, and at one time a musket-ball came so near to his head as to strike the pin out of the hair of his earlock.

Farther down the road Percy caught sight of a tablet on the left side; and drawing up to it we saw that it marked the site of the Black-Horse Tavern, or "Wetherby's," the meeting-place

of the Committee of Safety. Some distance below we crossed the line between Arlington and Cambridge, marked by a venerable elm on the roadside, near which was the home of the old hero Samuel Whittamore. All along this now pleasant way the retreating troops were hard pressed. Just before we reached the fork of the roads at "Porter's," we passed a tablet marking a point where four Cambridge minute-men were killed by the flankers.

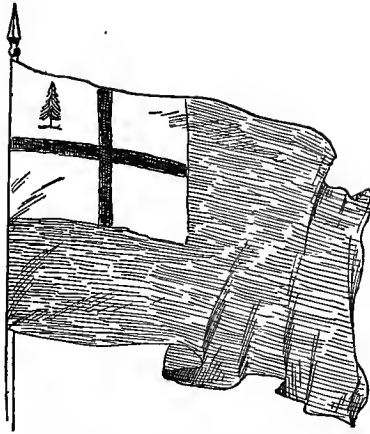
At the fork the British took the left road, passing through Somerville, then a part of Charlestown. Their peril increased as they pushed on. Their ammunition was running short, and their progress was impeded by the large number of the wounded who crowded the wagons in the centre of the column. The Provincials hung close on their rear, and frequently attacked them from the roadside. Below, the road winds around Prospect Hill. At the approach to this elevation the fighting was sharpest, and the British had recourse to their field-pieces. But the hottest fire was at the base of the hill, along old "Milk Row."

When the worn and almost breathless troops had reached the Common, Jackson Park of to-day, near Charlestown Neck, General Heath ordered the pursuit stopped. The troops turned in to Main Street, and hastened toward Bunker Hill, where they came under the protection of the guns of the British ships of war lying in the river. Only their speed, and the delay of Colonel Pickering, who was coming over Winter Hill with the Essex regiment, composed of Salem, Marblehead, and other Essex townsmen, seven hundred strong, saved them from destruction. It was about eight o'clock in the evening when they reached the shelter of the war-ships, and some hours later before they were back in Boston. Their loss in the entire expedition was seventy-three killed, one hundred and seventy-four wounded, and twenty-six missing. The Provincial loss was fifty-one killed, thirty-nine wounded, and five missing.

General Heath, upon giving the order to stop the pursuit,

returned to the foot of Prospect Hill, and established his headquarters in a patriot's house there. Assembling the several officers about him, he held the first council of war of the Revolution. Guards were formed, sentinels placed near Charlestown Neck, and patrols established for the night. The rest of the militia were marched to Cambridge, and ordered to lie on their arms. The next day Boston was besieged.

Since we had had a long day, we left the line of the Retreat at "Porter's," and, dismissing our carriage, took an electric car on Massachusetts Avenue, covering the remainder of our journey back to Boston by way of Cambridge.



Flag used by the New England troops
at the battle of Bunker Hill .

XVIII.

BUNKER HILL.

Formation of the "Great American Army."—The night march of Colonel Prescott's detachment from Cambridge to Charlestown.—The council on the hill-top.—Choice of Breed's Hill, nearest Boston, for the fortifications.—The grounds as preserved to-day.—The towering obelisk.—The Prescott statue and its historic site.—Lines of the redoubt.—The breastworks of the rail-fence.—Landing-place of the British.—Story of the battle.—The burning of the town.—Death of Warren.—His monument and statue.—Some Puritan landmarks.—The John Harvard monument.

THE happenings between the Nineteenth of April and the Seventeenth of June was the subject of our table-talk at breakfast the next morning, preliminary to our pilgrimage to Bunker Hill, "scheduled" for this day.

We recalled the prompt action of the Committee of Safety on the day after Lexington and Concord in its appeal to the towns to "hasten and encourage" the enlistment of men to form an army, and push them forward to headquarters at Cam-

bridge; the assumption, on the same day, by General Artemas Ward of the command of the forces already on Cambridge Common; the immediate holding of the second council of war; the posting of guards on the roads leading to the camp; the strengthening of the position taken by General Thomas at Roxbury, guarding the single land-way out of Boston; the re-assembling of the Provincial Congress on the 22d, at the call of the Committee of Safety; its removal at once from Concord to Watertown to be nearer the army; its vote on the 23d to call for thirty thousand men; the quick response of the other New England colonies; the development of the "Great American Army" out of the motley military corps composed of minute-men, militia, and volunteers at Cambridge, with a "burlesque appearance of multiformity in arms, accoutrements, clothing, and conduct," its "only element of uniformity being the common purpose that called it together."

Early in May the building of fortifications was begun, the first being breastworks across the present Harvard College yard in Cambridge. On the 12th the fortifying of Bunker Hill, Winter Hill, and Prospect Hill was first proposed. On the 26th, Gage, "cooped up" in Boston, was re-enforced by the arrival of Generals Howe, Burgoyne, and Clinton with fresh troops. His force was now nearly ten thousand men, and a hostile move was believed to be imminent. Several skirmishes had already occurred with the British outposts and foraging parties. On the 27th there was a spirited one on Noddle's Island, now East Boston, which was considered the most important engagement after Lexington and Concord. In this affair General Israel Putnam led the victorious Provincials, with whom was Warren as a volunteer. Some small cannon were captured, and a lot of live-stock driven off out of the British reach. Not an American was killed, and but four were wounded, while the British lost twenty killed and fifty wounded. The report of this encounter reaching the Continental Congress influenced the vote for Putnam as a major-general.

By mid June the "army" at Cambridge numbered about sixteen thousand men. "Each colony had its own establishment, supplying the troops with provisions and ammunition, and directing their discipline." General Ward was, in fact, commander-in-chief only of the Massachusetts forces. But by general consent his leadership was recognized by the other organizations. On the 12th, General Gage issued his proclamation declaring martial law; pronouncing the "infatuated multitudes who have long suffered themselves to be conducted by certain well-known incendiaries and traitors in a fatal progression of crimes against the constitutional authority of the state," and "have at length proceeded to avowed rebellion," to be rebels; and offering pardon to all who would forthwith lay down their arms, "or stand distinct and separate from the paricides of the constitution," "excepting only from the benefit of such pardon Samuel Adams and John Hancock [at this time at the Continental Congress], whose offences are of too flagitious a nature to admit of any other consideration than that of condign punishment." On the next day the Provincial Congress, through a committee, prepared a counter proclamation, declaring pardon to all offenders against the rights and liberties of the country, "excepting only from the benefit of such pardon Thomas Gage and Samuel Graves [the admiral of the fleet of war-ships] with the mandamus councillors Sewall, Paxton, and Hallowell," who had not resigned their offices, "and all the natives of America not belonging to the navy or army who went out with the regular troops on the Nineteenth of April last, and were countenancing, aiding, and abetting them in the robberies and murders by them committed."

On the fifteenth the crisis was near. Information having been received that Gage had fixed upon the night of the eighteenth to occupy the heights of Dorchester, and to begin offensive operations, it was determined to maintain possession of Bunker Hill by posting a sufficient force there. This was the first step which led to the battle. On the sixteenth, portions

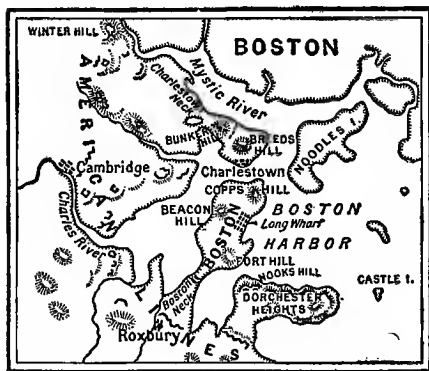
of several Massachusetts regiments and a fatigue party of Connecticut troops were ordered to "parade" at six o'clock that evening, with all the intrenching-tools in the camp, and with packs, blankets, and provisions for twenty-four hours. An artillery company with two field-pieces was also ordered to join the detachment. It numbered in all about a thousand men. Colonel William Prescott, of Pepperell, was given the command. He had tasted war, and had served with distinction under General Winslow at Cape Breton. He was at the head of a regiment of minute-men formed in 1774. He was a fine, soldierly figure, large and muscular, over six feet tall, with strong features, blue eyes, and brown hair. On this night he wore a simple uniform, comprising a blue military coat and a three-cornered hat.

The men were paraded on Cambridge Common at the appointed hour. Then, lined up in front of the Hastings house, the headquarters of the Committee of Safety and of General Ward (it was afterward the birthplace of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, and stood in front of the present Harvard Law School building), prayer was offered by President Langdon, of Harvard College, standing on the steps.

At about nine o'clock the silent march was begun down the old road to Charlestown. Colonel Prescott was at the head of the column, with two sergeants carrying dark lanterns a few paces in front of him. The intrenching-tools were in the rear. The men were armed with fowling-pieces without bayonets, and only a limited supply of powder and balls was carried. It was understood that re-enforcements and additional supplies should follow the next morning. Colonel Prescott had orders in writing to fortify Bunker Hill, and defend it till relieved; and these orders were not to be communicated till the detachment had passed Charlestown Neck. At the Neck the force was joined by General Putnam, Major Brooks of Medford (whose acquaintance we made on the British retreat from Concord), and another officer.

After marching over the top of Bunker Hill, a halt was made; and Colonel Prescott, calling his field-officers around him, read his orders. Then a long consultation was held in relation to the point to be fortified. Bunker Hill, properly called, is the uppermost and highest of two hills traversing the peninsula of Charlestown, connected by a ridge. It was finally determined that the lower hill, nearer Boston, should be selected. This elevation, about seventy feet high, was not then named, and might have been assumed to be a part of Bunker Hill, within the

scope of the order. It was divided into three large pastures, one of which was Breed's Pasture, and subsequently it came to be called Breed's Hill. So it happened that the Battle of Bunker Hill was fought, not on Bunker, but on Breed's Hill.



MAP OF BOSTON AND VICINITY.

It was about midnight when the work of building the fortifications began. While it was under way, a guard patrolled the shore in the lower part of the town, and kept watch upon the enemy. Five British war-ships lay near by. The Falcon was off "Moulton's Point," now included in the Navy Yard; the Lively was in the stream, opposite the present Navy Yard; the Somerset was at the ferry to Boston, where Charles-river Bridge now is; the Glasgow lay near the present Craigie's Bridge, between Boston and East Cambridge; the Cerberus was within gun-shot, as were also several floating batteries. The opposite shore, on the Boston side, was belted with a chain of senti-

nels. During the night Colonel Prescott, in company with Major Brooks, made occasional trips to the water-side, and was cheered by the drowsy call of "All's well" from the watch on the vessels, showing that no discovery had been made of what was going on upon the hill.

The "Great American Army" was at this time in three general divisions, posted as follows. The right wing at Roxbury, under General Thomas. It consisted of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut troops, with a few field-pieces and heavy cannon. The central division at Cambridge. This was composed of Massachusetts and Connecticut troops, including a few companies of artillery with field-pieces; part of a regiment stationed over the Arlington line; another at breast-works near Prospect Hill; and a large guard at "Lechmere's Point," East Cambridge, where Colonel Smith's redcoats had landed for their march to Lexington and Concord. The left wing at Charlestown Neck, composed of Colonel James Reed's New Hampshire Regiment, with sentinels reaching to "Penny Ferry," where Malden Bridge now is, and to Bunker Hill; part of a regiment at Chelsea; and Colonel John Stark's New Hampshire men at Medford.

With these facts fresh in mind we started off. Our trip over to the "Battle Hill" was accomplished by electric car in about twenty minutes, for the distance from our starting-point at Percy's hotel was not long. We might have walked, I suggested, but the way is not interesting. We took a car passing through Main Street, Charlestown District, and left it at Monument Avenue, which leads direct to the monument grounds. The great granite obelisk, simple and dignified in outline, loomed up before us, majestic and impressive.

Mounting the height by the broad stone steps from the sidewalk, we faced, in the main path, Story's spirited figure of Colonel Prescott in bronze, portraying the commander just as he had uttered the warning words to his impatient men waiting the oncoming enemy, "Don't fire till I tell you! Don't fire

till you see the whites of their eyes!" The forward bended body seems vibrant with emotion. The right leg advances, the right hand grasps nervously the unsheathed sword ready to

raise as the signal for action, the left hand pushes back with a repressing movement, the eyes gaze eagerly forward. The loose seersucker coat, its skirts almost sweeping the ground, and the broad-brimmed farmer's hat, giving an effective sombrero shadow to the strong face, add to the picturesqueness of the figure, while the costume is historically correct; for it is known that during the hot night's work upon the fortification, Prescott donned this garb in place of the more cumbersome regimentals which we see in a heap at the foot of the statue.



PRESCOTT'S STATUE.

Percy's interest in this statue was heightened when he learned that it stands upon or close to the spot where Prescott stood at the opening of the battle, and gave the signal to fire by waving his sword, although the figure faces in a different direction.

Then we traced in a general way the outlines of the re-

doubt. The monument covers its southeast corner. It was about eight rods square, the sides six feet from the level of the ground, with platforms of wood or steps of earth for the men to stand upon when firing. It fronted toward the south, overlooking the town at the base of the hill, and the Charles River. Its southeastern angle directly faced Copp's Hill in Boston. Its eastern side fronted extensive fields which lay between it and Moulton's Point, Moulton's Hill, an elevation of about thirty feet, long ago levelled, intervening. Its northern side overlooked the Mystic River, from which it was distant about five hundred yards. The eastern side was prolonged by a breastwork detached by a "sally-port," which extended for about one hundred yards toward a marsh.

"These works were partly finished at daybreak," I remarked as we followed the lines, "and drew the first fire of the astonished enemy, — shots from the guns of the Lively, — waking Boston, and alarming the British camp. Admiral Graves ordered the firing to cease; but it was soon renewed, by Gage's orders, from the entire fleet and from the battery on Copp's Hill. At first no injury was done by the flying balls; and the Provincials kept right on, strengthening the intrenchments. The inside platform and steps of the redoubt were built during this opening cannonade. Early in the day a private was struck by a ball and killed, which created some confusion, and drove a few men from the field. Thereupon, Prescott, to inspire confidence, mounted the parapet, and walked leisurely around it, inspecting the work, giving directions to this officer and that, and encouraging the men with cheerful words and sallies of humor. One of the captains, discerning his motive, followed his example. These exhibitions of coolness had the desired effect, and the balls were afterward received with indifference or with cheers. An English account refers to the 'wonderful firmness' with which this severe fire was borne by the Provincials, who 'seemed to go on with their business as if no enemy had been near.'

“When Prescott was on the parapet, his tall form caught the eye of Gage, who from Copp’s Hill was observing the movements through a glass. Who was the person in command? he asked, of Councillor Willard at his elbow. Willard recognized Prescott, who was his brother-in-law.

“‘Will he fight?’ asked Gage.

“‘Yes, sir; he is an old soldier, and will fight as long as a drop of blood remains in his veins.’

“‘The works must be carried,’ was the reply.

“These intrenchments were completed under the steady fire at about eleven o’clock, when the men were worn, hot, and hungry; for their labor had been incessant, the heat had increased as the day advanced, and the promised supplies and re-enforcements had not come. Prescott had early been urged by some of his officers to send to Cambridge for troops to relieve the men; but he declined to do so, declaring that ‘they had had the merit of the labor, and should have the honor of the victory.’ But after a council of war, at about nine o’clock he despatched Major Brooks to urge General Ward to hasten forward the provisions and additional companies; and these were now anxiously awaited. Putnam was before Brooks in Cambridge appealing for re-enforcements. Ward was reluctant to weaken his force, believing that Gage’s principal attack would be upon Cambridge to destroy the stores. At length, however, after conferences with the Committee of Safety, orders were issued to Stark’s and Reed’s New Hampshire Regiments; and before noon fresh men and provisions, in small detachments and quantities, reached the hill. Putnam arrived ahead of them. He directed the immediate throwing up of intrenchments on Bunker Hill proper, for service in case of retreat, as had been agreed upon when Breed’s Hill was selected for the main fortification; but in the confusion of the day these were not completed.

“As noon approached, the troops in Boston were seen in motion; for the view from the hill was then unobstructed. At about twelve o’clock they marched to the places of embarkation,

— Long Wharf at the foot of King Street, and the North Battery near Copp's Hill, — while two of the war-ships moved up Charles River to join the others in firing upon the works. As the troops embarked, with field-pieces in the leading barge, a blue flag was displayed as a signal to the fleet. Then the guns belched forth with a deafening roar. The Falcon and the Lively swept the low ground in front of the hill to dislodge any force which might be posted there to oppose a landing. The Somerset and two floating batteries at the ferry, with the Copp's Hill battery, rained shot upon the redoubt. The Glasgow, with a transport moored farther up Charles River, raked Charlestown Neck to cut off re-enforcements or retreat. 'The sun was shining in meridian splendor,' says Frothingham in his description of the scene as the enemy approached, 'and the scarlet uniforms, the glistening armor, the brazen artillery, the regular movement of the boats, the flashes of fire, and the belching of smoke, formed a spectacle brilliant and imposing.'

"The landing was made at Moulton's Point, at about one o'clock; and the troops were formed in three lines. But action was delayed nearly two hours. For Major-General Howe, the commander, finding the fortifications more formidable than he had anticipated, had determined to send for re-enforcements. His orders were to 'drive the Americans from their works' by an attack in front. This was Gage's plan. At the early morning council of war in Boston, a majority decided upon Sir Henry Clinton's plan of an attack in the rear by a force landed on Charlestown Neck, under the protection of the British batteries, which would take the Provincials on the reverse, and make their capture easy. But this Gage overruled on the ground that the troops thus landed might fall between two forces of the Provincials. His controlling idea, however, was that the works should be carried by main force. And such a course, to attack in front, 'to show how little able the rabble that manned' the works 'was to compete with the troops of the king, and to administer a stern rebuke that should punish

severely those actually in arms, and admonish those whose loyalty was wavering,' as General Charles Devens expressed it in his masterly review of the battle at the centennial celebration, 'was more in accordance with the spirit that prevailed in the British army. Its officers were smarting under the disgraceful retreat from Lexington and Concord, and could not yet believe that they had before them foemen worthy of their steel.' General Howe may have shared this feeling; but he was a prudent soldier, disposed, evidently, to take no unnecessary risks in his venture. How fatally wrong the feeling was became clear at the first assault.

"The two hours' interval was to the advantage of the Provincials. While Howe waited on the shore below, they greatly strengthened their position by the construction of the famous breastwork of the 'rail-fence,' about which so much of the action centred. This was at the left of the redoubt, upon the side toward the Mystic, near the base of Bunker Hill. The occupation of the point was due, says Devens, to the foresight of Prescott, the skilful conduct of Knowlton of Connecticut, and the fortunate arrival of Stark. Prescott having observed, immediately upon the landing of the British, Howe's intention of moving along the Mystic, and thus attempting to outflank his forces, had directed Knowlton, with the Connecticut detachment and two field-pieces, to oppose him. They took a position about six hundred feet to the rear of the redoubt, at a fence of stone with two rails on top, extending toward the river. In front of this fence, a few feet distant, they rapidly made another, with materials which they found here, and filled the intervals with new-mown grass from the fields. While this work was progressing, Stark, and soon after Reed, arrived with their New Hampshire men. They extended the line, by rails and stones taken from adjoining fences, to the river, finishing it on the beach with a strong stone wall. At the open, between the breastwork from the redoubt and the 'rail-fence,' artillery was stationed; but this proved of little service. On

the right of the redoubt a slight breastwork was also hastily made along a cart-way.

“Shortly before the opening of the battle Dr. Joseph Warren appeared on the field; also General Pomeroy of Northampton, a veteran of seventy years, and other leaders. Two days

before, Warren had been appointed a major-general by the Provincial Congress, of which he was then president. He came first to the rail-fence. Putnam, meeting him, offered to receive his orders. ‘I am here only as a volunteer,’ he replied. ‘I know nothing of your dispositions, nor will I interfere with them. Tell me where I can be most useful.’ Putnam directed him to the



GENERAL JOSEPH WARREN

redoubt, saying that there he would be covered. To this he said, ‘Don’t think I came to seek a place of safety, but tell me where the onset will be most furious.’ Putnam again naming the redoubt, he hastened forward to this post, with a musket in hand. Here he was received with great enthusiasm. ‘All the men huzzaed.’ They were becoming disheartened; for only small re-enforcements had yet appeared, and

the feeling was growing that they were to be left to be slain. Warren brought encouragement and inspiration, with the cheering report that two thousand men were on the way. Prescott, having heard of his appointment as major-general, offered him the command. But Warren replied, 'I shall take no command here. I came as a volunteer with my musket, to serve under you, and shall be happy to learn from a soldier of your experience.'

"General Pomeroy also offered his services as a volunteer, and declined any command. He, too, was greeted with cheers as he took his place at the rail-fence. 'Later in the day,' says Devens, 'when his musket is shattered by a shot, he waves the broken stock in his strong right hand as he directs the men, — a leader's truncheon that tells its own story of the bravery by which it was won.'

"A small portion of the anxiously expected re-enforcements arrived in time for the engagement. Others, sent out from Cambridge after the news of the landing had been received there, failed to reach the hill before the battle was over; and many never reached Charlestown at all.

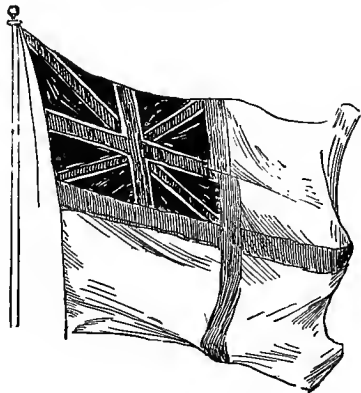
"It was nearly three o'clock when General Howe's re-enforcements arrived; and a few minutes after, the action began. The housetops of Boston, the high ground, and the shores in view of the battle-hill, were thronged with anxious people; but Charlestown itself was practically depopulated, nearly all of its inhabitants having left as affairs had become threatening. Before the move upon the works, General Howe thus addressed his troops: —

"*Gentlemen*, I am very happy in having the honor of commanding so fine a body of men. I do not in the least doubt but that you will behave like Englishmen, and as becometh good soldiers. If the enemy will not come from their intrenchments, we must drive them out at all events, otherwise the town of Boston will be set on fire by them. I shall not desire one of you to go a step further than where I go myself at your head. Remember, gentlemen, we have no recourse to any resources if we lose Boston but to go on board our ships, which will be very disagreeable to us all.'

“Then strong flank guards were sent out, the two field-pieces were directed to play on the American lines (but they proved useless, balls too large for the guns having been furnished by the blundering ordnance officer). The fire from Copp’s Hill, from the war-ships, and from the batteries, was centred on the intrenchments, and the British started up the hill. The attack was in two wings. The first wing, led by Brigadier-General Pigot, second in command, was directly to assail the redoubt. The second, led by General Howe, was divided into two columns, one of which was close to the bank of the river, intended to turn the extreme left of the American line, while the other was to drive the Provincials from their position at the rail-fence, and to cut off the retreat of those in the redoubt.”

The story of the battle has been graphically told by numerous orators and historians, but by none better or clearer than by General Devens. Of his review, therefore, I had made a condensation for Percy’s benefit; and sitting by the side of the monument, Percy brought his imagination into play, while I unfolded this picture of the scene.

“First as to the character of the contending forces. The soldiers advancing were ‘of the best and most tried troops of the British army;’ and ‘as they move there is seen the effect of that discipline whose object is to put at the disposal of the one who commands the strength and



BRITISH ENSIGN.

courage of the thousands whom he leads. Some of the regiments have won distinguished honor on the battlefields of Europe, in the same wars in which the colonies had poured

out their blood on this side of the Atlantic in hearty and generous support of the British crown. Their veteran officers are men who have seen service in Europe and America; and their younger officers, like Lord Rawdon and Lord Harris, bear names afterward distinguished in the chronicles of British warfare. . . . Above their lines waves the great British ensign, to which the colonies have always looked as the emblem of their country; and with them is the "King's name," which even yet is a tower of strength in the land. As nearly as we can estimate, they numbered about four thousand men.'



A Revolutionary Musket

"Here on the crest of the hill, within the intrenchments, 'a different scene presents itself.' At the redoubt and upon its flanks are the troops of Massachusetts; at the rail-fence, those of Connecticut and New Hampshire, with a few men of Massachusetts. How many there were was never actually determined. Washington, who was so soon after with the army, when many of the circumstances were investigated, was of the opinion that at no time were more than fifteen hundred men actually engaged on the American side. 'As we look down the line, there are symptoms everywhere of determination . . . A few colored men are in the ranks, who do good service; but it is a gathering almost exclusively of the yeomanry of New England, men of English race and blood. There are no uniforms to please the eye; but as the cowl does not make the monk, so the uniform does not make the soldier. . . . No flag waves above their heads; for they are this day without a country, and they fight that they may have one. . . . The equipments and arms are of all descriptions; but those who carry them know their use, and all, more or less skilled as marksmen, mean in their

stern economy of powder, which is their worst deficiency, that every shot shall tell. There is little discipline; but it is not an unwarlike population, and among the men are scattered those who do not look for the first time on the battlefield, and with all is that sense of responsibility and duty which to some extent takes its place, that proud self-consciousness that animates those who know that their own right hands must work their own deliverance. Poorly officered in some respects, for haste and bad management have put many important posts into inefficient hands, there are also with them officers who from experience and ability might be well counted as leaders on any field.

“At the rail-fence, and on the extreme left, is Stark, distinguished afterwards by the battle of Bennington. . . . Knowlton is there also, . . . whose resolute conduct of this day deserves the same eulogy which it received from Washington when, a year later, he fell gloriously fighting on Harlem Heights at the head of his regiment, — that “it would have been an honor to any country.” General Putnam, an officer of tried courage and of energetic character, has come to share in the danger of the assault, now that it is evidently approaching, and is everywhere along this portion of the line, inspiring, encouraging, and sustaining the men. All these, like Pomeroy, are veteran soldiers, who had served in the wars with France and her savage allies; and it is a sundering of old ties to see the British flag upon the other side. At the redoubt, sustained by Warren, stands the commander of the expedition which has fortified Breed’s Hill. He has himself served in the Provincial forces of Massachusetts under the British flag, and that so bravely that he has been offered a commission in the regular army, but has preferred the life of a farmer and magistrate in Middlesex. His large and extensive influence he has given to the patriotic cause, and he has been recognized from the first as one of the men qualified to command. Powerful in person, with an easy humor which has cheered and inspired with confidence all who are

around him, he waits, with a calmness and courage that will not fail him in the most desperate moment, the issue.'

"As the British advanced, the orders of Prescott were renewed along the entire American line, not to fire till the enemy were within ten or twelve rods, and then to wait for the word.

"Pigot's forces moved slowly forward, being impeded by their heavy knapsacks, and by the fences which divided the fields heavy with grass; and firing as they advanced, but with



BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

(From Painting by Trumbull, now at Yale College, New Haven Conn.)

little damage, for their aim was too high. As they came within gunshot the men in the redoubt could not entirely restrain their impatience, and some fired. Prescott sharply rebuked them, and appealed to their confidence in him, while several of his officers, springing upon the parapet, kicked up the guns which rested upon it. When the enemy had come within ten or twelve rods of the eastern point, the voice of Prescott gave the word for which every ear was listening. A

stream of fire broke from his line. By its terrible carnage the advance was at once checked. The attacking line hotly returned the fire, but did not rush on. Then in a few minutes, wavering and staggering under the repeated shots from the redoubt, Pigot gave the order to his men to fall back.

“Howe, in the meantime, after unsuccessfully striving with his light infantry to turn the extreme left, advanced with the grenadiers directly in front of the rail-fence, annoyed by the artillery at the gap which was at this moment directed by Putnam, and did its best service of the battle. When within eighty or one hundred yards, he deployed his forces into line. Some of the men behind the rail-fence, like those at the redoubt, in their eagerness now fired before orders, whereupon the officers threatened to cut down the first man who repeated the action. When the order was at length given, the fire was delivered with telling effect. The attacking force, broken and disarranged, recoiled before it, while many of the British officers fell under the well-directed aim of the American marksmen. As they saw their enemy turn, some of the men sprang over the rail-fence to pursue, but were restrained by the officers.

“About fifteen minutes intervened before the second assault, and they were minutes of enthusiastic joy in the American lines. At the redoubt, Prescott, certain of a speedy second attack, while commending his men for their courage and soldierly work, warned them again to wait for his order before firing. Putnam hastened from the lines to forward re-enforcements, and to arrange, if possible, a new line of defence at Bunker Hill. But there all was confusion, the men who had reached that point being entirely disorganized.

“Now the town of Charlestown was set on fire, adding to the horror of the bloody field. This was done at the request of Howe, whose men were assailed by the sharpshooters posted along the edges of the town. He also expected, as was afterward said, that his assaulting columns would be covered by the smoke of the fire. It, however, drifted in the other direction,

The flames were kindled by hot shot fired from the cannon on Copp's Hill by Burgoyne, and by brands set by sailors landed from the Somerset.

“At the second advance the enemy's fire was more effective. But as they came within the distance prescribed, the fire of the Provincials, directed simultaneously along the whole length of the line, from redoubt, breastwork, and rail-fence, was more destructive than before. Bravely meeting the first shock, they pressed on firing as they advanced, but the American fire continued so rapid that they could not hold their ground. Their officers, themselves among the worst sufferers, were seen frantically urging them forward, but in vain. They were swept back in great confusion. Howe, opposite the rail-fence, was in the fiercest and the thickest. Left almost alone, as his officers were struck down about him, he was borne along by the current of the defeat. This time the repulse was terrific. In front of the redoubt, ‘the ground was covered by the killed and wounded, many of them within a few yards,’ said Prescott; while at the rail-fence, Stark stated, the dead lay as ‘thick as sheep in a fold.’ To stay the British rout was for the moment impossible, since several of the companies had lost all their officers, and for a little while it seemed as if they could not rally. ‘Had there been a reserve of fresh troops now to advance to the support of the American works (which there might have been had it been possible to organize the scattered detachments which had already reached Bunker Hill), or even proper re-enforcements, the conflict would have ended by a victory so complete that perhaps it would have been accepted as putting an end to the British power in America.’

“Before the third assault some re-enforcements reached the rail-fence, but none came to the redoubt. No word of discouragement, however, escaped brave Prescott. ‘Calm and resolute, cheerful still in outward demeanor, he moves around his lines, assuring his men, ‘If we can drive them back again, they cannot rally;’ and, inspired by their confidence in him, they answer

enthusiastically, 'We are ready.' No supplies of powder have been received, and there are not in his whole command fifty bayonets. . . . No man has over three rounds of ammunition, and many only two; and when a few artillery cartridges are discovered, the powder in them is distributed with the injunction that not a kernel should be wasted."

Of the third and final assault I quoted direct General Devens's graphic and clear account. "Discipline in perhaps half an hour has done its work among the British troops; and no longer self-confident, but realizing the terrible work before them, the men are throwing off knapsacks for a final desperate assault. Some have remonstrated, but Sir William is a stern soldier. . . . He feels that his own reputation and that of the soldiers he commands is ruined forever if they sustain defeat at the hands of a band of half-armed rustics. From the other side of the river [on Copp's Hill] General Clinton has seen the discomfiture, and bringing some re-enforcements, comes to aid him in rallying his men. Howe has seen, too, what Clinton has also observed, the error of the former disposition of his force, and that the weak part of the American line is between the breastwork and the rail-fence. Toward this, and against the redoubt and breastwork, he now arranges his next attack. Cannon are brought to bear so as to rake the inside of the breastwork, and making a demonstration only against the rail-fence that may check the movement against the flank of his troops, he divides them into three columns. The two at the left are commanded respectively by Clinton and Pigot, while the right he leads in person. They are to assault together, Clinton upon the left, at the southeastern angle, and Pigot on the eastern front of the redoubt; while Howe's own force is to carry the breastwork, and striking between it and the rail-fence, bar the way of retreat.

"Against this formidable army no other preparation could be made by Prescott than to place at the angles of his redoubt the few bayonets at his disposal, and to direct that no man

should fire till the enemy were within twenty yards. The fire of the British artillery, now rendered effective, sweeps the inside of the breastwork, and no longer tenable, its defenders crowd within the redoubt. Again the voice of Prescott is heard, as the attacking columns approach and are now only twenty yards distant, giving the order to fire. So telling and deadly is the discharge that the front ranks are almost prostrated by it. But as the fire slackens, the British columns, which have wavered for an instant, move steadily on without returning it. Almost simultaneously, upon the three points which are exposed to the assault, the enemy reach the little earthwork which so much brave blood has been spent to hold and to gain; and while they are now so near that its sides cover them, its commander, determined to maintain it to the last extremity, orders those of his men who have no bayonets to retire to the rear, and fire upon the enemy as they mount the parapet. Those who first ascend are shot down as they scale the works, among them Pitcairn. . . . In a few moments, however, the redoubt is half filled by the storming columns; and although a fierce conflict ensues it is too unequal for hope, and shows only the courage which animates the men who, without bayonets, use the butts of their muskets in the fierce effort to stay the now successful assault. As the enemy are closing about the redoubt, if the force is to be extricated from capture, the word to retreat must be given, and reluctantly the brave lips, which have spoken only the words of cheer and encouragement, utter it at last. Already some are so involved that they hew their way through the enemy to join Prescott, and he himself is again and again struck at by the bayonet, of which his clothes give full proof afterward, but defends himself with his sword, the use of which he understands. As our forces leave the redoubt by the entrance on the northern side, they come between the two columns which have turned the breastwork and the southeast angle of the redoubt. These are, however, too much exhausted to use the bayonets effectually, and all are

so mingled together that for a few moments the British cannot fire; but as our own men extricate themselves, the British re-form, and deliver a heavy fire upon them as they retreat.

“‘In the meantime the attack has been renewed upon the rail-fence, but its defenders know well that if they would save their countrymen at the redoubt they must hold it resolutely for a few minutes longer, and they defend it nobly, resisting every attempt to turn the flank. They see soon that Prescott has left the hill, that the intrenchments are in the hands of the enemy at last; and their own work gallantly done, they retreat in better order than could have been expected of troops who had so little organization, and who looked for the first time on a battlefield. Upon the crest of Bunker Hill, General Putnam, with the confused forces already there, gallantly struggles to organize a line and make a new stand; but without success. Our forces recross the Neck and occupy Ploughed Hill [afterward Benedict Hill, now levelled, at the right of Broadway just above the railroad bridge], but there is no disposition on the part of the British to pursue; for the terrible slaughter too well attests the price at which the nominal victory has been obtained.’

“As the Provincials retreated over Charlestown Neck, the enemy cannonaded them from the crest of Bunker Hill. It was about five o'clock when the British took possession of both hills ‘with a parade of triumph.’ Later in the evening, re-enforcements having come over from Boston, they began the building of a line of breastworks on the northern side of Bunker Hill, which was ultimately developed into a strong fortress. General Howe spent the night on the battle-ground with his troops, who lay on their arms. The Provincials, occupying Winter Hill, back of Ploughed Hill, and Prospect Hill, also at once began the building of defences on these heights, and lay on their arms that night. Prescott hastened to Cambridge, and officially reporting the issue of the battle, received the thanks of General Ward. Indignant at the non-arrival of

support when victory was in his grasp, he offered to return at once and retake the hill, or perish in the attempt, if three regiments of fifteen hundred men, equipped with ammunition and bayonets, were put under his command. But Ward declined, deciding that the condition of the army would not warrant so bold a step.

“Which side suffered the greater loss? The British. According to Gage’s account, who figured as low as possible, their loss in killed and wounded was ten hundred and fifty-four. The Provincials set it as high as fifteen hundred, of which twelve hundred were either killed or mortally wounded. A large proportion of the killed were officers. The American loss, as reported by the Committee of Safety, was four hundred and forty-nine in killed and wounded. The larger part of the casualties were in the redoubt, or after the beginning of the retreat. The commanders on both sides escaped unhurt, although both exposed themselves fearlessly, and were where the conflict was hottest. Howe’s ‘silk stockings, draggled with the crimson stain of the grass wet with the blood of his men, attested that he had kept the promise made to them on the beach, that he should ask no man to go farther than he was prepared to lead.’

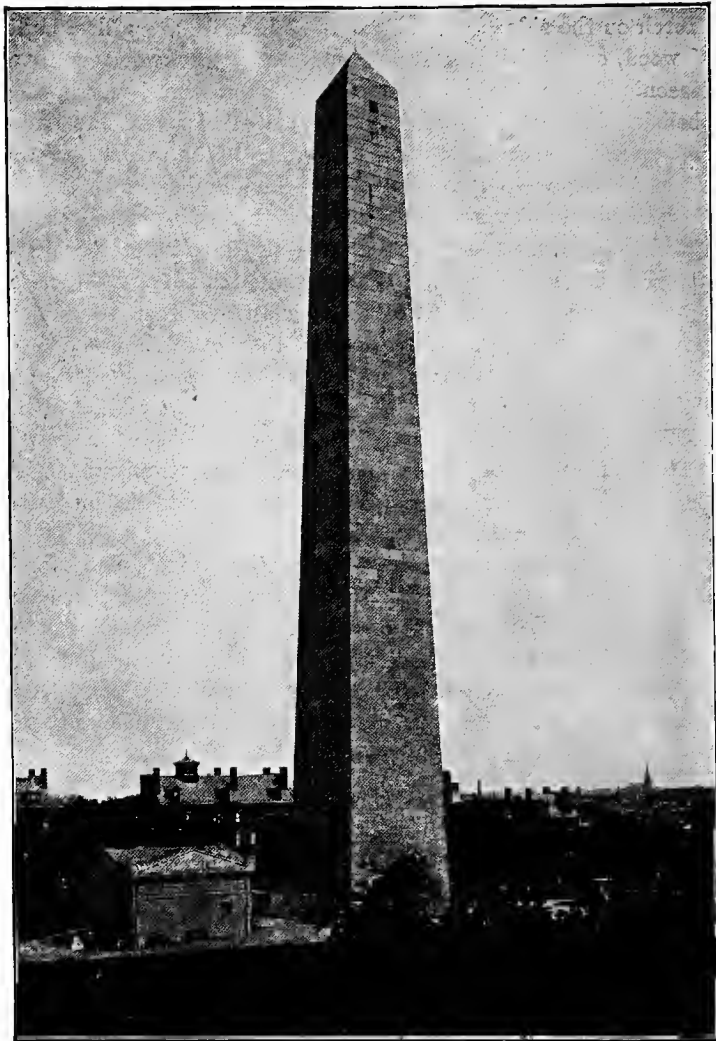
“Warren was last seen by the side of Prescott, among the last to leave the redoubt. With ‘sword in hand’ he was endeavoring to rally the retreating men when he fell. He was shot by a British officer, who, recognizing him, wrested a musket from a soldier’s hands, and fired at his back. He was struck in the head, and mechanically clapping his hand to the wound, dropped dead. The retreating Provincials and their pursuers passed over his body, and it was not recognized till the day after the battle. He was first buried on the battleground. After the evacuation of Boston, in March, 1776, ‘the rosemary and cassia adorned and discovered his hallowed grave,’ and his remains were removed to Boston. The spot where he fell was about sixty yards from the redoubt, outside

of the monument grounds, now covered by the Methodist church on the side street. Here in 1794 a Tuscan pillar, built of wood, on a brick pedestal, was erected to his memory by a Masonic Lodge, the model of which is preserved within the obelisk. His death created widespread sorrow, and the eulogies upon him were many and heartfelt. 'The general grief,' says Frothingham, 'attests the hold which he had on the affections of his countrymen.' He was but thirty-five years of age, his birthday anniversary coming only six days before the battle. He has been described as 'in person, mind, and manners equally accomplished.' The marble statue of him, which we may see, with various memorials of the battle, in the lodge here at the base of the obelisk, is called an excellent likeness. This was done by Henry Dexter, a native artist, and placed in 1857.

"The accounts of the battle created great astonishment in England. Gage was recalled, and Howe was made his successor, taking command in October."

We now climbed the two hundred and ninety-five stone steps winding up the cone of the monument to the spacious observatory at the top, from the windows of which Percy looked out upon a magnificent view of the country round about, the harbor, and the bay. Then, before descending, he jotted down in his now almost filled note-book an outline history of the obelisk which I gave, at his request, as follows:—

Begun in 1825, completed in 1842. Corner-stone laid by the Marquis de Lafayette, under the direction of the Massachusetts Grand Lodge of Masons; the orator of the occasion, Daniel Webster. Last stone of the apex raised on July 23, 1842, one Edward Carnes, jr., riding upon it to the top, and waving an American flag, amid the firing of cannon and other rejoicings. Dedicated Seventeenth of June, 1843, Daniel Webster again the orator, before a vast assemblage, including President John Tyler and his cabinet, and a handful of survivors of the battle. Built of courses of granite, the stone taken from a quarry in Quincy, from which to the shipping-point the first railway in the country was laid. Designed in outward form and proportions from a model in wood by the sculptor



BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

Horatio Greenough, constructed under the superintendence of Solomon Willard, architect. Size and height: at the base thirty feet square, rising to the apex two hundred and twenty feet. Cost met by popular subscription; the completion of the fund, in 1840, after the work had stood unfinished for nearly twenty years, being largely due to efforts of patriotic women of Massachusetts.

As we turned to leave the Monument Grounds, Percy asked about landmarks of the early settlement of Charlestown, reminding me that on this pilgrimage we were to visit Puritan sites as well as landmarks of the Revolution. Accordingly I led him back to City Square, by way of Winthrop Square, the latter the "traying-field" of Colonial days, against the fence of which we noticed memorial tablets bearing the names of Provincials who fell at Bunker Hill.

In City Square we were in the centre of the plantation which Thomas Graves, the engineer, laid out in 1629 along the base of the hill rising back of the buildings on the south side. The "Great House," which Graves built for the chief men of Winthrop's company before their arrival, stood in the square, opposite the middle of the Waverley House. This was not only the first government building of the Massachusetts Colony where the governor and the court of assistants sat, but it also served as the first place of worship after the formation of the First Church, under a spreading oak. Later, in 1638, it became a tavern, and so continued for a century and more. It is supposed to have remained till the burning of the town in 1775. Near it the first or the second meeting-house was placed, the site now covered by the Public Library building. This square was the first Market Place, and here for years stood the stocks and the whipping-post.

Near the Main-street opening stood the dwelling of John Harvard, founder of Harvard College, his lot extending up the hill-slope. Harvard came to Charlestown, a young Puritan minister, in 1637, and was "sometime minister of God's word" here. He died of consumption in 1638, and was buried per-

haps on the hill-side near his home, or perhaps on "Burial Hill" beyond, where the monument to his memory stands. He left by his will one-half of his estate, or nearly eight hundred pounds, as an endowment of the college, together with his library; and this bequest gave the infant institution its start: so the General Court bestowed his name upon it. His dwelling was occupied after his death by the minister of the town. It was standing so late as 1697, as we find by a mention of it in Samuel Sewall's "Diary;" and it may have been in existence when Burgoyne fired the town. A little way farther up on Main Street, near Henley Street, was the homestead of Increase Nowell, first signer of the Charlestown Church Covenant (1632), a member of the court of assistants, and the first magistrate of Charlestown. The palisaded house of Thomas Walford, whom the pioneer settlers found comfortably "planted" here when they came, is said to have stood near the west side of the square, at about the opening of Main Street. On the hill-top was built the first fort, in 1629.

We now strolled up Main Street to the old burying-ground on "Burial Hill," dating from 1640 and perhaps earlier, in which are numerous memorials of early settlers, with the Harvard monument. We reached it by Phipps Street, a narrow way at the left from the thoroughfare. Swinging open the iron gate, Percy remarked the picturesqueness of the place in its unbeautiful setting of workshops and tenements. The knoll which it occupies was once lapped by the waters of a bay in the Charles-river bank, long since filled in. The Harvard monument, a solid granite obelisk, fifteen feet high, without a base, crowns the highest point. Solomon Willard, the builder of the Bunker-hill Monument, was its architect; and the stone came from the Bunker-hill Quarry in Quincy. Time and the elements have nearly obliterated the inscriptions. Of the principal one, however, that on the western face, in Latin, we had a copy. Translated, it reads: —

That one who merits so much from our literary men should no longer be without a monument, however humble, the graduates of the University of Cambridge, New England, have erected this stone, nearly two hundred years after his death, in pious and perpetual remembrance of John Harvard.

The inscription on the other side gives the date of the erection of the monument, Sept. 26, 1828, and the information that it was placed by graduates of the university in honor of its founder, who "died at Charlestown on the twenty-sixth day of September, A.D. 1638," although, as a matter of fact, he died on the twenty-fourth of September.

Our Charlestown pilgrimage ended here. Instead, however, of returning direct to Boston, I had planned to extend the trip to Cambridge by way of Somerville, and so finish the round of the landmarks of the Revolution in this region.

We therefore boarded an electric car passing through Main Street, bound for West Somerville by way of Highland Avenue.



HARVARD MONUMENT.



XIX.

CAMBRIDGE.

The American lines during the siege of Boston, — “Ploughed Hill,” “Ten Hills,” Winter-hill Fort, the Citadel, French’s Redoubt, the right wing. — Hoisting the first flags. — Quarters of Burgoyne’s captured army. — General Lee’s headquarters. — The Old Powder-House. — Cambridge Common. — The Washington Elm. — Washington in Camp. — A little tour about the University City. — Puritan landmarks. — The Colleges. — “Tory Row.” — Historic houses. — Tracings of the Norsemen.

THE ride was up to and across Charlestown Neck, into Broadway, which passes over Winter Hill; by the point on the right, as Broadway is entered, where was Ploughed Hill; through East Somerville at the left; along the base of Prospect Hill, which Putnam so speedily fortified after Bunker Hill; over Central Hill, a spur of Prospect Hill, where was “French’s Redoubt,” connected by breastworks with the Prospect-hill fortifications; along Highland Avenue to Davis Square. And thence we walked through Elm Street, at the right, to the quaint Old Powder-House, upon which Gage’s soldiers made that successful raid of September, 1774, followed by the “Powder-Alarm,” and the quick gathering of the men of Middlesex with arms on Cambridge Common.

As we passed the Ploughed Hill neighborhood, we talked of the nature and importance of the fortifications which appeared here when the Siege of Boston was well forward. This was the advanced post, within range of the British guns on Bunker Hill, which was taken by Washington’s orders on Aug. 26, to invite

an attack, but which the enemy declined. It was fortified, under a heavy fire, by General Jonathan Sullivan of New Hampshire, with a fatigue party of twelve hundred men and a strong guard of riflemen; the work, like that at Breed's Hill two months before, being begun in the night-time, and well under way when the enemy's batteries opened early in the morning. The picket-line was pushed out till it confronted the enemy's pickets within speaking distance. The post became the scene of much sharpshooting, chiefly by Colonel Daniel Morgan's celebrated Virginia riflemen, a corps of fighting backwoodsmen, bringing their own long rifles, who had arrived in camp at Cambridge early in August. "Tall, athletic fellows," says Samuel A. Drake, "they seemed to despise fatigue as they welcomed danger. They marched in Indian file, silent, stealthy." Their picturesque uniform consisted of a round hat; a white or brown hunting-shirt, ornamented with a fringe; a belt of wampum, out of which stuck a knife or tomahawk; leggings and moccasins ornamented, in Indian fashion, with beads and brightly dyed porcupine-quills.

Sullivan also erected redoubts farther up the Mystic River side on "Ten Hills Farm," originally Governor Winthrop's farm, to protect the main works from attack from the river. Some slight traces of the Ten-hills works yet remain. The Winter-hill fort beyond occupied the summit of that hill, with breastworks extending from it; while the long valley between the fort and the works on Central and Prospect Hills was guarded by two or three redoubts. Ploughed Hill in later years became Mount Benedict, from the Ursuline Convent built there by the Jesuits in 1826, which a mob mostly from Boston destroyed during an August night in 1834, an act which was deplored by the citizens of both places, who denounced it in public meetings and in formal resolves.

Coming to Prospect Hill, now also in part levelled and reduced, I told of the defences here, begun by Putnam, the "Citadel," said to have been the most formidable work of the

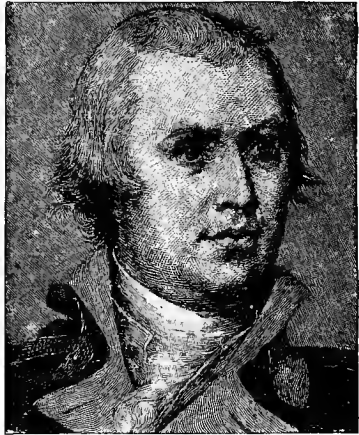
American lines, which covered the road from Charlestown to Cambridge, with its outworks extending on one hand to the line of intrenchments crossing Central Hill and the valley to Winter Hill, and on the other hand reaching toward the Cambridge lines. Along the intrenchments, from the "Citadel" to the Winter-hill fort, a chain of sentinels extended; and sentinels were constantly posted on the road between Charlestown and Cambridge.

These works were later continued to Cobble Hill, now levelled, where the Fitchburg and old Lowell railroads cross, and to Phipp's Farm, or Lechmere Point, East Cambridge, where "Putnam's strong fort" was built, near the present County Court House. An interior line of defences, consisting of detached works, extended from the present Union Square at the foot of Prospect Hill, over Dana Hill in Cambridge, and across to the Charles-river bank at the point where the Riverside Press now stands. Of the right wing of the advance lines, the extreme left began south of the Charles, with defences on the Brookline side at Sewall's Point, now in Cottage Farms, thrown up by Prescott just after Bunker Hill. The centre of this wing was at Roxbury, guarding the one land way out of Boston. Here works were thrown across the "Neck;" redoubts were built, defending the roads to Dorchester and to Muddy River, now Brookline; and Roxbury upper and lower forts, the upper crowning the lines now marked by a public park, were erected by Knox. The British outer defences consisted of the works on Bunker Hill; the redoubt on Copp's Hill; a mortar battery on the slope of Beacon Hill, where is now Louisburg Square, commanding Cambridge; a redoubt on the summit of this hill; a redoubt on Fox's Hill, now levelled, within the Public Garden territory, which commanded the passes of the Neck; and strong fortifications on the Neck. The inner line of redoubts and earthworks extended over Beacon Hill, and across the Common, to the shores of the bay, now filled in.

Percy heard with especial interest that the Union flag of

the thirteen Confederated Colonies was first displayed on Prospect Hill. Before that, — a month and a day after Bunker Hill, — Putnam's Connecticut flag, with its motto, "An Appeal to Heaven," was raised, and with such shouts and huzzaing that the British force on the Charlestown heights hastened to arms, expecting an attack. The occasion of this demonstration was the reading of the Declaration of the Continental Congress, setting forth the causes of the United Colonies taking up arms. The Union flag, the banner of thirteen stripes, was first run up on New Year's Day, 1776, with a salute of thirteen guns, and more huzzaing, in celebration of the creation of the first Continental army.

Nearly two years later, long after the active scene of the Revolution had been shifted to other colonies, the double row of barracks which spread over the long summit of Prospect Hill were utilized as quarters for the English portion of Burgoyne's troops taken at



GENERAL NATHANAEL GREENE.

Saratoga, the Hessians being quartered on Winter Hill. They were here from November, 1777, to the following summer. Brigadier-general Nathanael Greene was stationed on this hill after Washington came, and the army was brigaded. He assumed command late in July under General Charles Lee, commanding the left wing of the army, General Putnam being assigned to the command of the central division at Cambridge, with Washington the chief, and General Ward to the right wing at Roxbury.

On Central Hill we passed a public park at the right of the avenue, in which, as the car sped by, we caught a glimpse of a miniature fort. This marks "French's Redoubt." The great guns here were in service during the Civil War, and were given for this monument by Congress. A little farther on, Sycamore Street, opening from the right of the avenue, and extending to Winter Hill, is in part along the line of the old breastworks. Part way down is still standing the house in which General Lee established his headquarters. In front of it was one of the strongest redoubts of the line.

The Old Powder-House was the next historic feature. We found it the centre piece of an attractive public park, — a queer tower of rough stone, some sixty feet in circumference, its walls from two to three feet thick, rising about thirty feet into a conical roof. Inside were once three lofts supported by heavy beams of oak, but now the interior is bare. The inscription which Percy read upon the bronze tablet set in the structure runs as follows: —

THIS OLD MILL

built by John Mallet on a site purchased in 1703-4, was deeded in 1747 to the Province of The Massachusetts Bay in New England, and for many years was used as a public

POWDER HOUSE.

On September 1, 1774, General Gage seized the 250 half-barrels of gunpowder stored within it, and thereby provoked the great assembly of the following day, on

CAMBRIDGE COMMON,

the first occasion on which our patriotic forefathers met in arms to oppose the

tyranny of King George III. In 1775 it

became the magazine of the American army besieging Boston.

"Antiquarians," I added, "fix the date of the tower at about 1710. The Mallets, John, and Andrew his son, were successful millers; and Mallet's Mill ground, says Drake, for many an old farmstead of Middlesex, Hampshire, and Essex. It stood originally at the meeting of three important country roads."

Returning through Elm Street, and crossing Davis Square, we came by a short walk to Massachusetts Avenue in Cambridge, where we took another electric car, Boston bound, by which we rode to Cambridge Common and the University grounds.

On Cambridge Common, Percy was in the heart of the American camp. We left the car by Austin Hall (the Harvard Law School), in the front ground of which stood the Hastings house, headquarters of General Artemas Ward, to which we referred on our Bunker-hill pilgrimage.

On the opposite side of the avenue, Percy caught sight of a tablet against the Common fence. This he saw marks the site of the oak beneath which took place that exciting election of 1639, about which we heard in our Colonial Boston pilgrimage, when Winthrop defeated Harry Vane for governor. The tree now growing here, the tablet also records, is a scion of the historic Washington Elm, in the road on the farther side of the Common.

As we crossed over, Percy was drawn to the huge guns by the Soldiers' Monument, about which children were gayly sporting. "These tell a story of brilliant achievement," I observed, while he inspected them. "They were part of the ordnance captured by Ethan Allen at Crown Point in 1775, which gallant Harry Knox, the young Boston bookseller who became the successful general and near friend of Washington, went out for in



OLD POWDER-HOUSE.

November, and brought across country in season for use in the Siege of Boston. It was a famous exploit, accomplished in remarkable time considering the means for transportation available in that day, and the condition of the country. Four days after reaching Ticonderoga by a quick march, he started back with fifty-five cannon, mortars, and howitzers, a quantity of flints, and a lot of lead, loaded upon forty-two stout sleds, and drawn by eighty yoke of oxen. The haul was along rough roads, 'over frozen lakes, and almost impassable snows.' The unique procession came by way of Kinderhook, in New York, Great Barrington, and Springfield, Mass., at the latter place fresh oxen being provided. It reached camp a few weeks before the time fixed for taking possession of Dorchester Heights (March 3, 1776), and the guns were utilized at various points along the seven miles of American redoubts in the final operations by the besieging army. Two of these here are British guns, with the broad arrow-mark of England; the other is a French gun, taken, it has been conjectured, at Quebec in 1745."

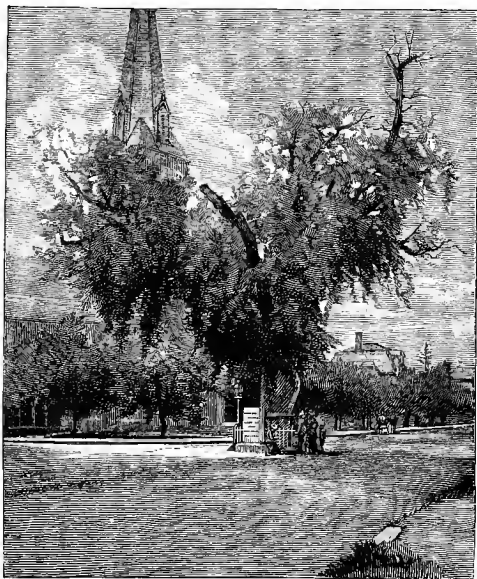
The Washington Elm we found a worn and broken veteran, its limbs shorn and shattered by its weight of years. Against the withered trunk stands the familiar tablet placed nearly a third of a century ago, with this simple inscription prepared by the poet Longfellow: —

UNDER THIS TREE
WASHINGTON
FIRST TOOK COMMAND
OF THE
AMERICAN ARMY JULY 3D, 1775.

Percy imagined the scene here presented as I recalled the story of the simple ceremony. Washington had reached the camp on the previous day, Sunday, at two o'clock in the afternoon, entering from Watertown, where he had been received by the Provincial Congress, under escort of a cavalcade and a troop of light horse. He had made the journey from Philadel-

phia on horseback in eleven days, accompanied by General Charles Lee, who had been commissioned third officer of the army when he was made chief. On the morning of the 3d, a multitude of men, women, and children had assembled on and about the Common, many coming long distances in all sorts and conditions of vehicles, to see the commander. At nine o'clock, mount-

ing his fine horse at the headquarters first secured for him,—the old President's house on the college grounds where President Langdon then dwelt,—he rode slowly to this spot, while the army was drawn up in line across the Common. With him were General Lee, General Artemas Ward perhaps, who had been commissioned



THE "WASHINGTON ELM," CAMBRIDGE.

second officer, and a numerous suite. Reaching the tree, he "wheeled his horse, drew his sword as commander-in-chief" of the forces of the United Colonies, as the army here had now become through its adoption by the Continental Congress, and the ceremony was over. Then with his officers he immediately made a tour of the various posts occupied by the troops. His dress was a blue coat with buff-colored facings, rich epaulets, buff underdress, and a black cockade in his hat.



GENERAL WASHINGTON.
(From Painting by John Faed.)

We now spent a pleasant hour in the tour of the university city, with its interesting mingling of historic and literary landmarks.

We first looked over Radcliffe College, almost under the shade of the historic elm; this famous institution for women has developed from the "Harvard Annex," intimately associated with the university, but distinct from it. Then we visited Christ Church, back on Garden Street, dating from 1761. Here the Royalist families mostly worshipped. After the army came, it was for some time used as barracks by the Connecticut troops, when the organ-pipes were melted for bullets. Upon the last Sunday of 1775, when a special service was held within it, Washington and the military family at headquarters attended. Beneath the floor is the family tomb of Colonel Henry Vassall, with its ten coffins, one of them holding the dust of the old family slave, "Darby Vassall," who lived to be nearly a hundred. We strolled about the ancient burying-ground between this church and the First Parish meeting-house, where we found Puritan, Patriot, and Tory graves, tombs, and monuments. Here lies the dust of the college presidents, Dunster, Chauncy, and Willard; of the early Cambridge ministers, Thomas Shepard, whose presence here determined the seating of the college in Cambridge, Jonathan Mitchell, Urian Oakes, Nathaniel Gookin, Nathaniel Appleton; of Daniel Gookin, soldier, magistrate, associate of John Eliot in work among the Indians; of Stephen Daye, who set up in Cambridge the first printing-press in America, upon which was printed the Bay Psalm Book and Eliot's Indian Bible. We saw the monument of another Vassall family, with its worn armorial bearings, over the tomb of Royalists; and not far removed, the shaft to the memory of Patriots killed on Lexington-Concord day. From the latter Percy copied in his note-book the inscription shown on the following page. Menotomy, I explained, was for a long period a part of Cambridge; then it became West Cambridge, and then Arlington.

TO THE MEMORY OF
JOHN HICKS, WILLIAM MARCY, MOSES RICHARDSON,
BURIED HERE.

JASON RUSSELL, JABEZ WYMAN, JASON WINSHIP,
BURIED IN MENOTOMY.

MEN OF CAMBRIDGE,

Who fell in defence of the liberty of the people,
April 19, 1775.

"Oh! What a glorious morning is this!"

In old streets south of Harvard Square, within the quarter in which "the Newe Towne" was laid out in 1630, we found Puritan sites. On Dunster Street a tablet marks the site of the house of Deputy Governor Thomas Dudley, called the "founder of Cambridge." Near by is the site of the first meeting-house of 1632. Nearer Harvard Square, by Boylston Street, the site of Simon Bradstreet's house of 1631. On Holyoke Street, the site of the first schoolhouse, 1648.

Next we wandered over the college grounds, across the beautiful quadrangle, and in and out of the university buildings beyond the College Yard. Where now are fifty or more structures, occupying a territory of nearly eighty-three acres in Cambridge and several acres within the limits of Boston, there were but four when the Revolution came. Immediately after Lexington and Concord all of these were given up for barracks, and the president's house for officers' quarters; while the few students and the college work were moved to Concord. When the president's house was designated by the Provincial Congress for Washington's use, a single room was reserved for President Langdon's occupancy. Percy pronounced this old mansion-house, on the edge of the college grounds, close to the public thoroughfare, with its gambrel roof, dormer windows, and entrance porch, the most picturesque of all the college structures. It has stood here since 1726, when it was built for President Benjamin Wadsworth, from whom it is called the "Wadsworth house;" and it was the official dwelling of the college presidents from that time for a century. Boylston



HARVARD COLLEGE CAMPUS.

Hall, near by, covers, as the inscription upon its side informs, the site of the homestead first of Thomas Hooker, first minister of New Towne, and afterward of the ministers Shepard and Mitchell. The house of the first president of the college, Henry Dunster, in which Daye's printing-press was also set up, stood (it has been determined through the careful research of a recognized historical authority), not where it was long supposed to have stood, outside the college grounds, but within them, near the beautiful west or main gate, on ground now covered by Massachusetts Hall, the oldest existing college-building, erected by the Province in 1720.

Percy was fascinated by the sitting statue of John Harvard in academic costume, on the Green by Memorial Hall, the work of Daniel C. French, whose Minute-man at Concord, he had so much admired. That it is an ideal, not a portrait, statue of the Puritan scholar, for nothing is known of Harvard's personality, did not detract from its impressiveness, Percy thought. The simplicity of its inscription, — "John Harvard, Founder, 1638," — with the seals of Harvard and of Emmanuel College, from which Harvard graduated, was in accord with the artist's work.

We stepped into the tower-entrance to Memorial Hall, where in the lofty transept Percy thrilled as his eye ran over the long roll of honor, — the names, inscribed on marble tablets, of Harvard graduates who fell in the Civil War, whose monument this building is. Then we entered the gallery of Memorial Hall proper, and looked down upon a mass of students at commons. Along its walls were displayed the rare collection of portraits by Copley, Stuart, and other early American painters, belonging to the college, and busts of worthies associated with its history, while on the illuminated windows were inspiring images of scholars, poets, and heroes. Fortunately for us it happened that Sanders Theatre, on the east side of the tower, was open, so that Percy had a glance into this rich auditorium, where the crowning exercises of Commencement Day are held.

The several museums together constituting the great University Museum next engaged our attention; and our stay was longest in this quarter, for there was much to see. Beginning with the Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology (George Peabody's gift to Harvard), we went the rounds of all, — the Semitic Museum, the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy (Louis Agassiz's monument), the Botanical Museum (established by Dr. Asa Gray, the eminent botanist), and the Mineralogical Museum.

Our walk finished with a stroll up stately Brattle Street, the old Watertown Road, by which Washington entered the town. Here was then "Tory Row," a succession of mansion-houses of Royalist gentry, — the Brattles, the Vassalls, Jonathan Sewall (attorney-general of the Province), Judge Joseph Lee, Lieutenant-governor Oliver, who became refugees with the outbreak of the Revolution. Nearly opposite the fine stone buildings of St. John's (Episcopal) Theological School, on the corner of Hawthorne Street, we saw one of the few remaining of these Tory mansions. This was a Vassall house, the home of that Colonel Henry Vassall whose tomb lies beneath Christ Church. Although an early eighteenth century house, being modernized, it showed few of the marks of age. It was once owned by the royal governor, Jonathan Belcher. "This Vassall," I explained, "escaped proscription, for he died six years before the Revolution; but his widow, Penelope, sister of Isaac Royall, 2d, Royalist, of Medford, whose mansion-house there yet stands a treasured relic, was occupying the place when the outbreak came. The widow fled in great haste. The house became a military hospital, while the barns and outbuildings, then extensive, were used for forage for the army. It was here, by the way," I added, "in a front chamber of the second floor, that Dr. Benjamin Church, the former trusted Boston Patriot leader, was confined upon his arrest for treason based upon his intercepted correspondence with the enemy, — the first case of defection which was experienced by the American cause.

Church was tried in the Watertown meeting-house, where the Provincial Congress sat, was subsequently imprisoned in a Connecticut town by order of the Continental Congress, and at length, being permitted to leave the country, was lost at sea in a brigantine bound for Martinique."

Just above, on the opposite side of the street facing the "Longfellow Garden," a public park overlooking the river and

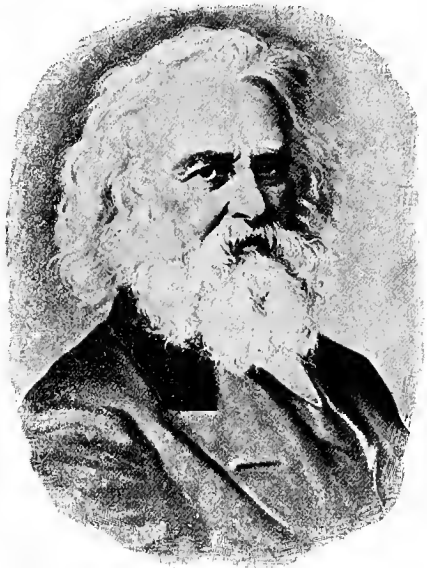


LONGFELLOW'S HOUSE.

the marshes, we came upon the Longfellow house, the Mecca of Americans, home of the poet from early manhood through his mature life, and Washington's headquarters, to which the commander-in-chief moved his military family from the old Wadsworth house a few days after his arrival in camp, and where he lived for eight months, till after the British were driven from Boston, and he departed for New York. "It has had many distinguished occupants," I gossiped as we stood before the place admiring its dignified beauty. "Before Washington moved

in, the hardy regiment of Colonel John Glover, of whom we heard in Marblehead, occupied its stately rooms. It was the richest of the Vassall houses, built about 1759 by Colonel John Vassall, who became one of the most active of Loyalist leaders and upholders of the king's cause. He sometime occupied as his town house the Faneuil mansion in Boston. Both properties were confiscated.

"After the war this house came into the possession of Nathaniel Tracy, a Newburyport ship-owner, who was distinguished as the runner of one of the largest fleets of privateers during the Revolution. He was succeeded by Thomas Russell, a Boston merchant. Then came Dr. Andrew Craigie, who was apothecary general to the Continental army. For him was named Craigie's Bridge, between East Cambridge and



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Boston. He lived long in the mansion, till his death; and the house years after bore his name. One of his guests here was Talleyrand in 1795. After the death of Dr. Craigie his widow continued to reside here, and the house became a boarding-place of college professors and others. During this period, at various times, Edward Everett, Jared Sparks, and Joseph Worcester, the lexicographer, had lodging here. Longfellow came first as a

lodger when a young professor. It became his permanent home in 1843, after the widow's death, when the estate was purchased for him by his father-in-law, the Boston merchant, Nathan Appleton." Having a note to the present occupant, I was able to obtain for Percy a look over the interior of the house. He was shown the poet's study, which had been Washington's office, — the large front room at the right of the entrance-hall, — the poet's library, directly behind, which was the general business room of headquarters; on the opposite side of the hall, the drawing-room, where Madam Washington held her receptions to the little society of camp; beyond this the ample dining-room, in which distinguished visitors to camp, military and civilian, were entertained in stately fashion; and upstairs, on the second floor, Washington's sleeping-room, the southeast chamber.

Farther up the street, by a turn into Elmwood Avenue, we reached the last of Tory Row, but more distinguished as the birthplace of James Russell Lowell. This rare old house, well back from the roadway, with its approach under arching elms which gave it its name of Elmwood, and its background of pine grove, charmed Percy quite as much as the statelier Longfellow house. Its history, too, as I hurriedly sketched it, also greatly interested him. "When of Tory Row," I recalled, "it was the country seat of Thomas Oliver, last of the royal lieutenant-governors, whom the men of Middlesex, drawn to Cambridge Common by the 'Powder Alarm' of September, 1774, forced to resign his commission. Summoned to the door, and presented with the form of resignation to which his signature was demanded, he wrote upon it, 'My house at Cambridge being surrounded by four thousand people, in compliance with their commands I sign my name, Thomas Oliver.' Soon after he took flight to Boston. After Bunker Hill the mansion was utilized as a hospital, and the Provincials who died here were buried in the field opposite. In 1793 the early patriot leader, Eldridge Gerry, whose career we reviewed in Marblehead, pur-

chased the estate; and it was his country seat till his death in 1813. Four years after it passed to the Rev. Charles Lowell, then minister of the West Church in Boston, who bought it of Governor Gerry's widow. James Russell Lowell was the youngest son of the minister, born in 1819. This was his life-long home; and his grave in Mount Auburn, near those of his



ELMWOOD, LOWELL'S HOME.

friends, Longfellow, Motley, and Holmes, is almost in sight of it. The mansion is usually said to have been built in 1760, but Drake places it at a date some years earlier."

From Mount Auburn Street, nearly opposite the side of Elmwood, we turned into a lane which leads down toward the winding river through the section where, according to the late Professor Eben S. Horsford, the settlement in "Vineland" by



STATUE OF LEIF ERIKSON.

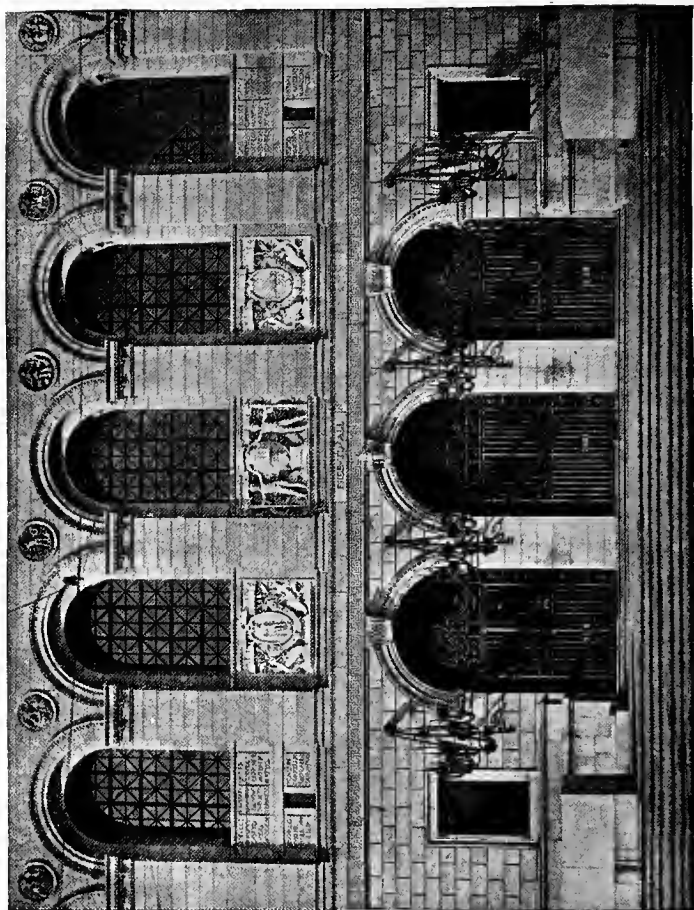
Thorfinn Karlsefin, the Norseman, was begun near a thousand years ago, or about A. D. 1003. Here Professor Horsford discovered the low stone walls of a hut in construction, having the characteristics of Icelandic stone-built houses of that time; evidences of the stone-laid sea-paths leading to the river, joined there by another, which apparently led from a dwelling; and at a point behind one of the buildings of the Cambridge Hospital, near the river's edge, traces of the house which Leif Erikson built. So satisfied was Professor Horsford of the accuracy of these traces, that he caused the site to be fenced, and the tablet set upon it from which Percy copied this inscription: —

ON THIS SPOT
IN THE YEAR 1000
LEIF ERIKSON
BUILT HIS HOUSE IN VINELAND.

Back on Mount Auburn Street we took an electric car for the return trip to Boston.

The way lay by the river-side for some distance; then around to and across Harvard Square; along historic Massachusetts Avenue, which extends from the Green in Lexington to Dorchester in Boston, close by the birthplace of Edward Everett; past the College Yard in pleasant review; by the ornate City Hall, the gift of a generous citizen to his native place; within a stone's throw of the site of General Israel Putnam's later headquarters of 1775-1776, on Inman Street at the side of City Hall; through old Cambridgeport, which at the time of the Revolution was open farming country; over Harvard Bridge, affording wide up and down river views; into the modern Back-bay quarter of Boston, where was the open bay which the British crossed when on to Lexington and Concord; within near view of the airy statue of Leif Erikson, first sighting our continent, upon its high pedestal enriched with Norse reliefs, the fine work of Miss Anne Whitney, whose more prosaic statue of Samuel Adams we had seen in older Boston; and by a turn from Massachusetts Avenue through a cross thoroughfare to the "Subway" and the heart of the city.

We left the car at the Public Library, and made a hurried tour of this beautiful building, with its rich stores of literary and historical treasures, Percy tarrying first in the vestibule before the picturesque bronze figure of Sir Harry Vane, which adorns it. Then crossing over to Commonwealth Avenue, we strolled up the central parkway beneath the trees, taking note of its statues, — of William Lloyd Garrison, of General John Glover, the hero of Marblehead, and of Alexander Hamilton; walked through the Public Garden along the path curving around Ball's effective equestrian statue of Washington; and



FRONT FAÇADE, BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

over the Common in close proximity to the sites of the British works and camp during the Siege, the situation of which, however, can only be imagined, for the territory enclosed has been so repeatedly made over that the features of the Common of Revolutionary times are quite obliterated.

Percy's vacation had now ended; and early the next day I parted with the fine fellow at the station, where he boarded the train which was to speed him to his Western home. He had enjoyed every moment of his visit, and was taking back with him such an intimate knowledge of the beginnings of his country (acquired in a most delightful manner, he was good enough to say as he took my hand in his warm grasp) that his pride in America, always strong, had wonderfully increased. We had by no means exhausted the landmarks of old New England in these Massachusetts pilgrimages, I told him; and he promised to come East again, when we might extend our journeyings into other historic parts.



COLONNADE OF COURT, BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

INDEX.

- Abbatinewat**, Indian Sachem, 11; declares himself a King James's man, 11.
- Abbot Hall**, Marblehead, 200.
- Abbotsford**, resemblance of Daniel Webster's mansion to, 105.
- Abigail**, the ship, brings Gov. Endicott, 112.
- Aborn Street**, Salem, 133.
- Acadians**, The, expedition against, 59, 101.
- Acton**, 271, 361, 368.
- Acton minute-men**, 368.
- Adams, John**, 192, 203, 284, 303, 316.
- Adams, John Quincy**, 20.
- Adams, Samuel**, tablet to memory of, 229; tomb of, 237, 239; statue of, in Boston, 246, 447; 251, 254; at Lexington, 270, 271, 272, 279, 333, 334, 339, 350, 351, 355, 356, 357; on the Boston Massacre, 298, 299, 300, 301, 304; on the Boston Tea Party, 311, 313, 315; order for arrest of, 318; withdraws to the country, 321; 322; homes of, 325; 327; statue of, in Lexington, 358; proscribed by Gen. Gage, 402.
- Adams Square**, Boston, 245, 246, 247.
- Addington, Isaac**, secretary of Massachusetts, tomb of, 236.
- Agassiz, Louis**, 441.
- Agawam**, 115.
- Alarm List Companies**, 333, 361.
- Alcott, A. Bronson**, grave of, 378; homes of, 379, 381, 382.
- Alcott, Elizabeth Sewall**, grave of, 378.
- Alcott, Louisa M.**, grave of, 378; where "Little Women" was written, 381.
- Alcott family**, 377, 378, 379.
- Alden, John**, 33, 59; settles at Duxbury, 70; 86; no trace of grave of, 94; site of house of, 94; tradition of courtship and marriage of, 94-98; his wedding the third in the Colony, 97, 101; offices held by, 98; last surviving signer of the Compact, 98; death of, 98; 228.
- Alden, John**, 2d, 228; accused of witchcraft, 229; tablet to memory of, 229.
- Alden, Rev. John**, 59.
- Alden, Jonathan**, 98; grave of, 94.
- Alden, Priscilla**, 87, 94-98, 97, 101, 228. *See* Alden, John.
- Alden, Sarah**. *See* Standish, Alexander.
- Alden, Rev. Dr. Timothy**, his "Alden's Epitaphs" quoted, 95, 97.
- Alden family**, relics of, in Pilgrim Hall, 60; burial place of, 91; graves of, 94.
- Alden farm**, Duxbury, 98, 229.
- Alden house**, Duxbury, 98, 99.
- Alden Street**, Boston, 228.
- Allen, Rev. James**, site of house of, 239.
- Allerton, Fear (Brewster)**, 71, 90.
- Allerton, Isaac**, 47; Point Allerton named for, 14, 69; settles at Kingston, 69; site of farm of, 71; 90; in Marblehead, 209.
- Allerton, John**, 36.
- Allerton, Mary**, afterwards Cushman, 47, 71.
- American Academy of Arts and Sciences**, Boston, Rumford Medal awarded by 143.
- American Army**, gathers at Cambridge Camp, 401, 402; detachment of, to occupy Bunker Hill, 403; "parade" of, on Cambridge Common, 403; prayer by President Langdon before the start, 403; night-march to Charlestown, 403; divisions of, and where posted, 405.
- American lines during the Siege of Boston**, 428, 430; interior line of defence, 430; 434.
- American Notes (Hawthorne)**, 155.
- Ames, Joseph**, 135.
- Ancient and Honorable Artillery**, 221.
- Andover Street**, Peabody, 172.
- Andros, Lady Anne**, funeral of, 236, 237; tomb of, 236.
- Andros, Sir Edmund**, 48, 82, 226, 233, 234; revolution against, 235; 236; house of, 246; 264.
- Anne, the ship**, 30; passengers of, lie in unknown graves, 40; 48, 50; first neat cattle brought over in, 95; 97.
- Anne of Denmark**, "Cape Anne" named in honor of, 115.
- Anti-Tea Leagues**, 304.
- Antinomian Controversy**, 230.
- Appeal of Boston**, The, 1772, 305.
- Appleton, John**, shop of, in Salem, 138, 139.

- Appleton, Julia (Webster), grave of, 110.
 Appleton, Nathan, 444.
 Appleton, Rev. Nathaniel, early minister of Cambridge, grave of, 437.
 Aptborg, Rev. East, rector of Christ Church, Cambridge, afterward vicar of Croydon, England, 79.
 Arabic inscriptions on Standish's sword, 60.
 Arabs, from Palestine, visit Plymouth in 1881, 60.
 Arbella, the flag-ship, Winthrop arrives in, 114; 209.
 Arbella, Lady, grave of, not known, 153, 154; 216.
 Arlington, 163, 200, 271, 332, 333, 340, 392; landmarks of the British Retreat, 393-397; monuments, 396, 398; 437.
 Arlington Heights, 392.
 Arms, Royal, carried to Nova Scotia, now in Pilgrim Hall, 62; 321, 325.
 Aquidneck, now Newport, 231.
 Ashburton, Lord, portrait of, 105.
 Asiatic Building, Salem, 129.
 Aspinwall, William, 231; site of house of, 232.
 Associated Loyalists of Marshfield, The, 105; chief place of meeting of, 105.
 Atkinson Street, Boston, 293.
 Atlantic Avenue, Boston, 316.
 Atlantic Cable, French, landing place of, 29, 98, 99.
 Attucks, Crispus, 295, 297.
 Auchmuty, Robert, 303.
 Austerfield, Yorkshire, England, 49.
 Austin Hall (Harvard Law School), 433.
- Back Bay**, Boston, 447.
 Back Bay Quarter, Boston, 220, 257, 339, 449.
 Back Street, Marblehead, 198.
 Bainbridge, Commodore William, 158, 162.
 Baker's Island, lighthouses on, 112, 115; 205.
 Baldwin, Maj. Loammi, 384.
 Balfour, Capt., of the Queen's Guards, 104.
 Ball, Thomas, sculptor, 447.
 Bancroft, George, his history of United States quoted, 18, 71.
 Baptists, early, in Boston, 256; their first meeting-house, 257.
 Bar Harbor, 1.
 Barnard, Rev. John, of Marblehead, 191.
 Barnard, Rev. Thomas, minister of the First church, Salem, 139, 145.
 Barnard, Rev. Thomas, Jr., minister of the North church, Salem, 145, 146.
- Barnstable, settled 1639, 27.
 Barr, James, 146.
 Barrett, Col. James, 269, 270, 333, 360, 361, 368; the "plundering expedition" to his farm, and story of, 368-370, 371; house of, 371; grave of, 374, 375.
 Barrett, Mrs., wife of Col. James Barrett, 371.
 Barrett, Capt. Nathan, 369; his house, 370.
 Barrett's Mill, Concord, 371.
 "Barricado," The, Boston, 235, 278.
 Barron, Commodore James, 162.
 Barry, Rev. John S., his history of Massachusetts quoted, 75, 76.
 Bass River Head, settlement at, 123, 124; Cape Ann side, first name of, 124; afterward called Beverly, 124.
 Bassett, Elizabeth. *See* White.
 Bassett, William, 102.
 Battle Ground, Concord, 364.
 Battle of Lexington, story of, 345-348; painting of, 359.
 Battle monument, Concord, 364; inscription on, 365; 366, 368.
 Battle monument, Lexington, 343; inscription on, 344; 345.
 "Battlelawn," 369.
 Bay Psalm Book, printed in Cambridge, 437.
 Bayard, Thomas F., United States minister to England, efforts of, to secure the Bradford Manuscript, 80.
 Bayley's Corner, Duxbury, 91.
 Beacon fire used by Pilgrims to signal the Mayflower, 26.
 Beacon Hill, Boston, 7, 215, 218, 240, 241, 289; British fortifications on, 430.
 Beacon Street, Boston, 239-241, 325, 328.
 Beadle's, Samuel, Tavern, Salem, site of, 132, 133.
 Beadle's, Thomas, Tavern, Salem, site of, 132.
 Beaver, The, tea-ship, 312, 315.
 Bedford minute-men, 384.
 Bedford road, Lexington, 342, 343.
 Belcher, Andrew, 224.
 Belcher, Jonathan, royal governor, 224; house of, Cambridge, 441.
 Bellingham, Gov. Richard, 225; tomb of, 237; house of, 241; 243.
 Benedict Hill (earlier Ploughed Hill), 421, 429.
 Bentley, Josiah, 335.
 Bernard, Sir Francis, royal governor, 286, 287, 289, 291, 292, 297.
 Berry Tavern, Danvers, 181.
 Bertram Elm, Salem, 149.

- Betsy, The, "Flood" Ireson's ship, 211.
- Beverly, 112; incorporation of, 121; formerly part of Salem, 121; 123; separated in 1668, 124; first called Cape Ann side, 124; 161, 211.
- Beverly Bridge, 124.
- Beverly Centre, 123
- Beverly Farms, 123.
- Billerica, 351.
- Billerica minnte-men, 382.
- Billings, Hammatt, sculptor, 32, 64.
- Billingsgate Point, Wellfleet, 36.
- Billington Sea, 51, 64, 66.
- Bishop, Bridget, first public victim of the witchcraft delusion, 128, 132; death warrant of, 135.
- Bishop, Edward, site of estate of, 132.
- Bishop, Townsend, 176.
- Bishop of London, Bradford Manuscript in library of, 76.
- Bishop of Oxford publishes the History of the Episcopal Church in America, 80.
- Black Horse Tavern. *See* Wetherby's.
- Blackler, Capt. William, 204.
- Blackstone. *See* Blaxton.
- Blackstone Street, Boston, 253.
- Blaxton, Rev. William, his cottage and garden, 7, 240; invites Puritans to settle on his peninsula, 9; first European settler in Boston, 215, 217, 225.
- Blanchard, Luther, sifer in the Concord Fight, 368.
- Bliss, Rev. Daniel, tomb of, 375.
- Bliss, Daniel 2d, 376.
- Bliss, Phebe. *See* Emerson.
- Blue Fish River, 70; named by Pilgrims, 99.
- Bluff, The, Concord road, British rallying point, 385.
- Boston, The frigate, 192.
- Boston Bay, 16, 119.
- Boston Common, 154, 225, 239, 241, 243, 270, 271, 272, 279, 291, 292, 317, 325, 328, 339, 340, 389; British works on, 430, 449.
- Boston Harbor, map of, 6, 8, 9; 15, 69, 287.
- Boston Latin School, 233, 251.
- Boston Light, 14.
- Boston Massacre, The, 237, 239, 247, 257, 258, 281; story of, 292-298; funeral of the victims, 303; graves of, 303; trial of Capt. Preston, 303; trial of the British soldiers, 304; 323.
- Boston Neck, 218, 270-272, 288, 321, 390; American works on, 430; British works on, 430.
- Boston Port Bill, 193; Gen. Gage's toast, 251; 283, 317-319.
- Boston Prison, 134.
- Boston road, Concord, 371, 372, 376.
- Boston road, Lexington, 337, 342, 386.
- Boston road, Salem, 150.
- Boston school-boys, Master Carter's famous remark, 390; the boys follow Lord Percy's detachment, 390; their after adventures, 390, 391.
- Boston Selectmen, 291, 300, 322.
- Boston Stone, 252, 253.
- Boston Street, Salem, 133, 150, 163.
- Boston Tea-Party, 201, 254, 283; story of, 304-317.
- Bostonian Society, Boston, 281.
- Botanical Museum, Harvard University, 441.
- Botherick, "Mother," captures British soldiers, 395.
- Boulder marking Provincial line, Lexington Green, 343.
- Bourne, 27.
- Bowdoin, James, tomb of, 237.
- Bowman, Thaddeus, 341.
- Boylston Hall, Harvard University, 438.
- Boylston Street, Boston, 285.
- Boylston Street, Cambridge, 438.
- Bradford, Alice, 49.
- Bradford, Alice (Southworth), 49, 50.
- Bradford, David, death of, 69.
- Bradford, Maj. John, house of, 76; principal founder of Kingston, 76; death of, 76; last to possess the Bradford Manuscript, 76, 78, 79; 81; bequeathed to, by his father, 82.
- Bradford, Joseph, grave of, 49; site of house of, 80.
- Bradford, Samuel, 79.
- Bradford, William, father of the governor, 49.
- Bradford, William, governor of Plymouth Colony, 24; his History of Plymouth mentioned, 35, 78; quoted, 46, 47, 62, 69, 97; death of wife of, 38; burial place of, 40; plot of Leyden Street H^h handwriting of, 42; 43, 44; grave of, and inscriptions, 45, 49; 47, 50, 54, 57, 58, 59; chair of, 67; farm of, at Kingston, 68, 69, 76, 80, 81; his Manuscripts given to Rev. Thomas Prince, 77; Plymouth History not included in, 77; 79; disappearance and recovery of his Letter-book, 80; tablet on site of house of, 81; 86, 90, 99, 117.
- Bradford, Maj. William, son of the governor, grave of, 49; house of, 69, 81; 76; deputy governor of Plymouth Colony, 78; 79; tablet marking site of house of, 81; offices held by, and sketch of, 82; reference to Bradford Manuscript in will of, 82; his account of death of Wamsutta, 82.
- Bradford descendants preserve the site of the Gov. Bradford house, 81.

- Bradford farms, Kingston, 76.
- Bradford Letter-book, disappearance of, 80; discovery of, in Halifax in 1793, 80; secured by Massachusetts Historical Society, 80.
- Bradford Manuscript in possession of Maj. John Bradford, 76; in Boston until the Revolution, 76; in Fulham Library, 76; in Massachusetts State Library, 77, 323; not included in lot given to Rev. Thomas Prince, 77; loaned to Samuel Sewall, 77; comes into possession of Rev. Thomas Prince, and is deposited in his New England Library, 77, 78; notes on fly-leaves of, 78, 79; time of disappearance not known, 79; theories regarding its disappearance, 79, 80, 323; reproduced by Mass. Historical Society after its discovery, 80; allusion to, by Bishop of Oxford in his History of the Episcopal Church in America leads to discovery of, 80; J. W. Thornton the first to discover this allusion, 80; efforts of Senator Hoar and Minister Bayard lead to recovery of, by Massachusetts, 80; courtesy of the English government, 80; referred to in will of Maj. William Bradford, 82.
- Bradford road, Kingston, 81.
- Bradfords, The, graves of, 49; identified with Kingston, 69, 76.
- Bradstreet, Simon, governor of Massachusetts, grave of, 153, 154; site of house of, Salem, 160; 234, 235, 256; site of house of, Cambridge, 438.
- Brant Rock, 104.
- Brasier Inn, Boston, 247.
- Brattle Square, Boston, 246, 293.
- Brattle Street, Boston, 244, 247, 292.
- Brattle Street, Cambridge, 441.
- Breastworks across the College Yard, Cambridge, 401.
- Breed's Hill, where the Battle of Bunker Hill was fought, 4, 215, 404; Fortification of, 404, 406, 407, 408, 410; 415, 429.
- Breed's Island, Boston, 214.
- Breed's Pasture, 404.
- Breton, Sir William, 214.
- Brewster named for Elder Brewster, 27.
- Brewster, Fear, second wife of Isaac Alerton, 71, 90.
- Brewster, Jonathan, settles at Duxbury, 70, 90; moves to Connecticut, 91.
- Brewster, Love, 90.
- Brewster, Margaret, 226, 244.
- Brewster, Melzar, 92.
- Brewster, Patience, first wife of Gov. Thomas Prence, 90.
- Brewster, Elder William, 14; town of Brewster named for, 27; his chair, 58, 59; book printed by, in 1617, 67, his autograph, 67; settles at Duxbury, 70, 71;
- Eagle's Nest, the home of, 86, 90; sketch of, 90; library of, 90; burial place of, 91; 92; supposed grave of, 94; 99.
- Brewsters, the, in Boston Harbor, 8, 14.
- Bridge Street, Salem, 133, 144.
- Bridgewater, 56.
- Bridle road, the old, Concord, 370.
- Briggs, Rev. Dr. George W., 53.
- Bright, Rev. Francis, 214, 216.
- British defences during the siege of Boston, 275, 430.
- British Field-pieces at Lexington, 386, 387.
- British loss on the Concord-Lexington Retreat, 398.
- British main guard, 281, 292, 294, 297.
- British regiments, Twenty-ninth and Fourteenth, 292, 293, 297, 300.
- British Retreat, Concord-Lexington, 4, 202, 357, 359, 370, 371, 379, 403.
- British soldiers, unknown, grave of, Concord, 364.
- British troops use Old South Meeting-house for a riding-school, 80; quartered at Marshfield, 104; at Danvers, 172, 173; in Boston, 289, 291; their quarters, 292; march to Lexington, 339; embark for C arlestown, 409.
- British war-ships, 398, 402; around Charlestown, 404; in the Battle of Bunker Hill, 407, 409, 413.
- "Britishers," 293.
- Broad Street, Salem, 148.
- Broadway, Winter Hill, 421, 428.
- Broke, Sir Philip Bowes Vere, Captain of the frigate Shannon, 195.
- Bromfield Street, Boston, 219.
- Brookline, 225; American defences in, 430.
- Brooks, Rev. Charles T., 211, 212.
- Brooks, Maj. John, 383; his company, 385, 403, 405, 408.
- Brooksby, first name of Peabody, 169.
- Brown, Reuben, Concord, house and shop of, 1775, 376.
- Brown, Dr. Wilfred G., investigates the Standish graves, 92.
- Browne Block, Salem, 129.
- Bruce, Capt., of a tea-ship, 313.
- Buckman Tavern, Lexington, 339, 342, 348, 357, 358.
- Bulfinch, Charles, architect, 67, 250, 328.
- "Bulfinch Front" (State House, Boston), 325-327.
- Bulkeley, Rev. Peter, first minister of Concord, house of, 372.
- Bull, Ephraim, originator of the Concord grape, 382.
- Bunker Hill, 22, 202, 321, 323, 331, 398, 400; fortifying of, proposed, 401, 402; march

- to, of Prescott's detachment, 403; Prescott reads his orders on, 403; decision to fortify Breed's Hill, 403; 404, 408, 410, 417, 418; fortified by the British, 421, 428, 430, 431.
- Bunker Hill, battle of, 105, 267, 274, 275, 278, 354, 391; story of, 413-421; losses in, 422; names of Provincials who fell, 425; 428, 430, 431, 444. *See* Breed's Hill.
- "Bunker Hill Day," 352.
- Bunker Hill Monument, 405, 406; history of, 423.
- Bunker Hill Quarry, 426.
- Bunch of Grapes Tavern, Boston, 322.
- Burgoyne, Gen. John, 251, 267; arrival of, at Boston, 401; at the Copp's Hill battery, 418; 426; his captured army quartered on Prospect and Winter Hills, 431.
- Burial Hill, Charlestown, 426.
- Burial Hill, Plymouth, 38, 42, 43; fort on the place of worship until 1638, 44, 71; first homes of Myles Standish and John Alden on slope of, 87, 95.
- Burnet, William, royal governor, 136.
- Burrough, Rev. John, hanged for witchcraft, 152, 184, 188.
- Burying Hill, Marblehead, 204, 208, 209.
- Burying Hill, Marshfield, the Daniel Webster tomb in, 108; monuments and tombs of early settlers in, 108.
- Burying Point, Salem, 153.
- Bute (John Stuart), Lord, 285, 288.
- Buttrick, Deacon Jonathan, grave of, 375.
- Buttrick, Maj. John, in the Concord fight, 364, 368, 369; grave of, 374, 375.
- Buzzard's Bay, first named Gosnold's Hope, 18.
- Byles, Rev. Mather, Jr., 273.
- Bynner, Edwin Lassiter, 207.
- Cable House**, Marshfield, 99.
- Cabot, Joseph, 149.
- Cabot, Sebastian, probability of his seeing Cape Cod, 19.
- Cadets, Boston, 318.
- Cadets, Salem, 137.
- "Cage, The," 219.
- Caldwell, James, 296, 297.
- Cambridge, 4, 15, 53, 79, 217, 269, 271, 292, 320, 321, 339, 352, 354, 390, 391, 396, 398, 399, 401, 403, 405, 408, 412, 421, 427, 428.
- Cambridge Camp, 1775, 352, 354, 365, 391, 399, 401, 403, 408, 412, 421, 429, 433; Washington at, 434.
- Cambridge Common, 321, 390, 401, 403, 428, 432, 433, 435, 444.
- Cambridge minute-men, 398; monument to men killed 19th of April, 437.
- Cambridge road, from Charlestown, 335, 430.
- Cambridge Street, Salem, 148.
- Cambridgeport, 447.
- Campbell, Commodore Hugh F., 162.
- Cannon, historic, on Cambridge Common, 433, 434.
- Cape Ann, 3, 6, 14, 111, 113, 114; called Tragabigzanda by Capt. John Smith, 115; name changed to, by Prince Charles, 115; fishing stations at, 116, 119, 120; patent for, in Library of Essex Institute, 118; incorporated as a fishing plantation in 1639, 121; becomes Gloucester in 1642, 121, 126, 127.
- Cape Ann Colony, 119.
- Cape Ann Side, first name of Beverly, 124.
- Cape Cod, 3, 5, 8; Leif Erikson, the first discoverer of, 14; called Kjalerness by Viking Thorvald, 15; named by Bartholomew Gosnold, 18; visited by Europeans before the 17th Century, 18, 19; name changed to Cape James by Prince Charles, 19; various names given to, 19; 22, 25, 26, 27, 36, 62, 63, 111, 114, 211.
- Cape Cod Bay, 19.
- Cape Cod Cliffs, 50.
- Cape Cod sketches (Thoreau) mentioned, 18.
- Capen, Hopestill, shop of, in Boston, 139, 252.
- Captain's Hill, Duxbury, 29, 70, 84, 85, 91.
- Careswell, Governor Winslow's estate, 70, 99, 101, 102; embraced in the Webster estate, 105.
- Careswell Street, Marshfield, 99.
- Carnes, Edward, Jr., 423.
- Carpenter, Alice, afterward Southworth and Bradford, 50.
- Carpenter, Mary, 50.
- Carr, Colonel of British regiment, 298.
- Carr, Patrick, 296, 297.
- Carrier, Martha, hanged for witchcraft, 188.
- Carter, Master of town school, Boston, 389, 390.
- Carver, John, Governor of Plymouth Colony, 35, 38; death of, and of his wife, 39; 47, 51, 57; chair of, 59.
- Cary Public Library, Lexington, 359.
- Castle, The, and Castle Island, Boston Harbor, 10, 232, 235, 270, 280, 287, 288, 300, 302, 303, 305, 309, 310, 313, 314, 321.
- Cat Island. *See* Lowell's Island.
- Cattle, division of, 1627, 54, 55.
- Caucus, origin of the term, 254; North End, South End, Middle District Causes, 254.
- Center Street, Danvers, 177, 178.
- Central Hill, Somerville, 428, 429; intrenchments on, 430; 432.
- Central Street, Peabody, 172.

- Central Street, Salem, 126, 132.
 Century Hill, Boston, 239.
 Cerberus, British warship, 404.
 Champlain, Samuel de, voyages of, 19.
 Charity, the ship, 118.
 Charles, Prince, 19, 71, 115.
 Charles River, named by Capt. John Smith, 13; 15, 215-217, 271, 272, 338, 407, 409, 426, 430.
 Charles River Bank, 430.
 Charles River Bridge, 404.
 Charles Street, Boston, 241.
 Charlestown, 3, 7, 12; part of Higginson's Company at 1629, 126; 213, 214, 217, 237, 252, 257, 269, 270-272, 317, 320, 335, 340, 370, 393, 398, 405, 412; burned during the Battle of Bunker Hill, 417; Puritan landmarks in, 425, 426; 427, 430.
 Charlestown Common, 335, 398.
 Charlestown Ferry, 404.
 Charlestown Navy Yard, 195, 404.
 Charlestown Neck, 335, 391, 398, 399, 403, 405, 409, 421, 428.
 Charlestown road, from Cambridge, 403.
 Charter Street, Boston, 262, 263, 277, 278.
 Charter Street, Salem, 153.
 Charter Street Burying-ground, 153, 198.
 Chatham, 62.
 Chauncy, Rev. Charles, settles at Kingston, 69; president of Harvard College, 60; grave of, 437.
 Chelmsford minute-mén, 382.
 Chelsea, 7, 215, 405.
 Cherry Hill, Marshfield, Webster's last address at, 110.
 Chesapeake, the frigate, 195.
 Chestnut Street, Salem, 148, 159.
 Child, Lydia Maria, 261.
 Chilton, Mary, afterward Winslow, 33, 70; tomb of, 236.
 Choate, Judge Geo. F., portrait of, 135.
 Choate, Rufus, portraits of, 135, 169.
 Christ Church, Boston, 259; sketch of, 265; tombs beneath, 273; 274.
 Christ Church, Cambridge, 79, 437, 441.
 Chubb's Island, 112.
 Church, Col. Benjamin, the Indian fighter, 75.
 Church, Dr. Benjamin, 254; house in which he was confined upon his arrest, 441; trial of, 442.
 Church Street, Salem, 128, 129, 132, 133.
 Church of the Pilgrimage, Plymouth, 44.
 Citadel, on Prospect Hill, Somerville, 429, 430.
 City Hall, Cambridge, 447.
 City Hall, Gloucester, 122.
 City Hall, Salem, 138.
 City Square, Charlestown, 214, 425.
 Clark, Dorothy (Gray), 48.
 Clark, John, mate of the Mayflower, Clark's Island named for, 37; grave of, 48.
 Clark, Nathaniel, secretary of Plymouth Colony under Andros, 48; grave of, 48.
 Clark, Thomas, erroneously called the mate of the Mayflower, 48.
 Clarke, Rev. Jonas, 270, 333, 336, 343, 344; his "Narrative of Facts," of the 19th of April, 346; 351, 354, 355; sons and daughters of, 356.
 Clarke, Richard & Sons, tea consignees, 1773, 306-308; 311.
 Clark-Frankland house, Boston, 260, 261.
 Clark's Island, first landing-place in Plymouth of Pilgrims, 26, 29, 30, 32, 34, 48.
 Clay Pounds, Truro, 26.
 Clinton, Gen., Sir Henry, 267, 321, 326; arrival of, at Boston, 401; plan of, for attack upon Breed's Hill, 409; re-enforces Gen. Howe, 419.
 Cobble Hill, Somerville, 430.
 Coddington, William, 231.
 Cohasset, 6.
 Cold Harbor, Truro, 26.
 Cole's Hill, Plymouth, first burials of Pilgrims at, 39; sowed with grain to deceive Indians, 40; first remains found on, in 1735, 41; others in 1855, 41; 50, 56.
 College Yard, Harvard University, 438, 447.
 Collins, Judge Benajah, 174.
 Collins house, Danvers, 172; sketch of, 174; 181.
 Colonial Boston, 213, 245, 274, 433.
 Commissioners of Customs, 289.
 Committees of Correspondence, 251, 270, 305, 306, 309, 313, 319.
 Committees of Safety, 269, 271, 302, 333, 339, 360, 398, 400, 401, 403, 408, 422.
 Committee of Supplies, 333, 334, 340.
 "Common House," in Plymouth, site of, 39; identified in 1801, 42; begun on Christmas Day, 1620, 42; first religious services on shore held in, 42.
 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, 257, 447.
 Compact, The, signed in the cabin of the Mayflower, 39, 55, 63, 98.
 Conant, Gov. Roger, at Cape Ann, 14; his plantation, 117; beginning of his Colony, 119; manages affairs of the Dorchester Company, 119, 120; deposed by arrival of Endicott, 120; friction between, 120; offices held by, 120; a leader in the incorporation of Beverly, 121; death of, 121; grave unknown, 121; 123, 124, 125; site of house of, 129.

- Conan's Island, now Governor's Island, Boston Harbor, named for Roger Conant, 14.
- Concert Hall, Boston, 294.
- Concert Hall, Salem, 137.
- Concord, 53, 72, 73, 104, 136, 144, 157, 268-274, 320, 321, 332, 333, 336, 337, 340, 342, 346, 348, 357, 360, 393, 403, 447.
- Concord Antiquarian Society, 376.
- Concord Common, 371; surrounding buildings in 1775, 372; 373.
- Concord Fight, 4, 73, 104, 144, 362-365; story of, 366-369; 370, 371, 376, 384.
- Concord grape, The, birthplace of, 382.
- Concord road, The, 334, 337, 343.
- Concord School of Philosophy, 379.
- Concord Turnpike, 379.
- Congress Street, Boston, 293.
- Constitution, the frigate, sketch of her history, 194; 195; where she was built, 278.
- Continental army, 148, 351, 383, 384, 392; celebration of its creation, 431.
- Continental Congress, 72, 136, 321, 401, 402, 431, 435, 442.
- Convoy, capture of, 395.
- Cook, Caleb, 74, 76.
- Cook, Francis, settles at Kingston, 69; homestead of, 74.
- Coolidge Point, Beverly shore, 116.
- Cooper, Rachel, 397.
- Cooper's Tavern, Menotomy, 395-397.
- Copley, John Singleton, painter, 311; portraits by, 440.
- Copley Square, Boston, 229, 232.
- Coppin, Robert, mate of the Mayflower, 36.
- Copp's Hill, Boston, 218, 259, 262, 274, 275, 278, 407, 408; battery on, 409, 413, 418, 419, 430.
- Copp's Hill Burying-ground, Boston, 259, 274; description of, 275, 276; 352.
- Corey, Giles, pressed to death for witchcraft, 130, 133, 154, 229.
- Corey, Martha, hanged for witchcraft, 133.
- Corey, Mary, first wife of Giles Corey, grave of, 154.
- Corn Market, early Boston, 247.
- Cornhill, Boston, 245, 246, 293, 320.
- Corwin, George, site of house of, 132; a descendant of John Winthrop, 132; 135.
- Corwin, Judge Jonathan, 130, 132; home of, 144; 179.
- Cotton, Rev. John, 224, 229, 231; tomb of, 236; estate of, 241; house of, 242.
- Cotton, Seahorn, 242.
- Cotton's Hill, Boston, 241.
- Council Chamber, Old State House, Boston, 280, 281, 283, 286, 287, 297-300; 307, 310, 321, 322, 325.
- Court House, Plymouth, 44, 54, 55, 62.
- Court House, Salem, 126; site of first, 129; witchcraft trials held in, 129; witchcraft documents in present building, 134, 135; site of second, 136; site of third, 137, 138.
- Court House Lane, Salem, 132.
- Court Street, Boston, 224, 228, 243, 246, 317.
- Court Street, Plymouth, 53, 63, 68.
- Court of Assistants, 217, 225.
- Cowell, Capt. Richard, 192.
- "Cradle of Liberty." See Fauenil Hall.
- Craddock's house, Marblehead, 200.
- Craigie, Dr. Andrew, 443.
- Craigie's Bridge, over Charles River, 404, 443.
- Crane River, Danversport, 188.
- Creek Lane, Boston, 253.
- Crescent Avenue, Duxbury, 85.
- Crowninshield, Benjamin W., offices held by, 158; house of, 158.
- Crowninshield, George, site of house of, 158.
- Cushman, Mary, grave of, 47, 71.
- Cushman, Robert, grave of, 46; called the Colony's right hand, 117.
- Cushman, Elder Thomas, grave of, 46, 71; his spring at Kingston, 71, 73.
- Cushman Street, Plymouth, 63.
- Custom House, Marblehead, 201.
- Custom House, Salem, 157; Hawthorne's connection with, 157, 158.
- Cut, The, Gloucester, 123.
- Cut River and Canal, Marshfield, 99, 104.
- Cut Road. See Western Avenue, Gloucester.
- Cuttyhunk, Island of, called Elizabeth Island by Gosnold, 18.
- Daille, Rev. Peter, 237.
- Dalrymple, Col. of British regiment, 292, 298-302, 304, 305.
- Dana, Richard, 288.
- Dana Hill, Cambridge, 430.
- Danforth, Thomas, deputy governor, 128.
- Dangerfield, first name of Truro, 26.
- Daniels Street, Salem, 126.
- Danvers, 124, 128, 163, 164, 169, 172, 174, 181, 188, 240.
- Danvers companies April 19, 1775, their rendezvous, 164; 181; men of, killed on the British Retreat, 394.
- Danvers Square, 172, 180, 181, 187.
- Danversport, 188.
- Darby Fort, 190.

- Dartmouth, The, tea-ship, 309-313, 315, 317.
 Davenport, Rev. John, 228, 241.
 Davis, Capt. Isaac, death of, 368; 369.
 Davis, Thomas, 44.
 Davis Square, Somerville, 428, 433.
 Dawes, William, 272; at Lexington, 334, 336; on the road to Concord, 337.
 Daye, Stephen, grave of, 437.
 Daye's printing-press, first in America, 437, 440.
 Decatur, Commodore Stephen, 162.
 Declaration of Independence, proclamation of, in Boston, 321.
 Dedham, 270.
 D'Estaing, Charles Hector, Count, 253.
 Desire, the ship, 210.
 Denison, Abner, 1.
 Denison, Percy, his desire to see historic spots in New England, 1, 2; plans an itinerary, 3, 4; starts from Boston, 5.
 Derby, Richard, 146.
 Derby Street, Salem, 157, 158.
 Derby Wharf, Salem, 145.
 Dermer, Capt. Thomas, brings home Squanto, 10.
 Dennis, 27.
 Devens, Gen. Charles, 410, 412, 413, 419.
 Devens, Richard, 271-273, 334, 337.
 Devereux, 190.
 Devereux's Hill, 147.
 Dexter, Henry, sculptor, 423.
 Dike Rock, Salem, 124.
 Dimond, Mary, afterward "Moll Pitcher," 206.
 Dock Square, Boston, 247, 294.
 Doolittle, Amos, 365.
 Dorchester, 11, 130, 216, 217, 317; American defences in, 430; 447.
 Dorchester company, 118, 119; Roger Conant manages affairs of, 119; 120.
 Dorchester, England, 118, 119.
 Dorchester Heights, 11, 71, 402, 434.
 Doten, Edward, 35.
 Dover Cliffs, Gay Head, so named by Gosnold, 18.
 Dover Street, Boston, 288, 321.
 Downing, Emanuel, site of home of, 160; 170.
 Downing, Sir George, 170; sketch of, 170, 171.
 Downing farm, The, Peabody, 170.
 Drake, Samuel G., 37, 57, 58, 274, 429, 432.
 Drew, James, 73.
 Drew, Major Seth, sketch of, 73.
 Drew, Dr. T. Bradford, 80.
 Drown, Deacon Shem, 324.
 Dudley, Gov. Thomas, 217, 237; site of house of, 438.
 Dummer, Jeremiah, 224.
 Dummer, William, 224, 237.
 Dungeons, The, 190.
 Dunster, Rev. Henry, first president of Harvard College, 225; grave of, 437; house of, in Cambridge, 440.
 Dunster Street, Cambridge, 438.
 Duxbury, Pilgrims settle at, 69; 84-110; origin of name of, 70; 229.
 Duxbury Bay, 91.
 Duxbury Beach, 29, 99.
 Duxbury Burying-ground, famous persons buried in, 91; identified as the first, 91; 92.
 Dyar, Mary, Quaker, hanged on Boston Common, 243.
 Eagle Island, off Beverly Shore, 112.
 Eagle's Nest, Duxbury, farm of Elder Brewster, 86.
 East Boston, 401.
 East Cambridge, 404, 405, 443.
 East India Marine Society, Salem, 161.
 East India Tea Company, 305, 306, 309.
 East Lexington, 340, 392.
 East Somerville, 428.
 Eastern Harbor, 25.
 Eastham settled in 1646, 26, 27.
 Edes, Thomas, 261.
 Edes & Gill's printing-shop, Boston, 317.
 Egg Rock Light, 112.
 Eleanor, The, tea-ship, 312, 315.
 Eliot, Rev. Andrew 262.
 Eliot, Rev. John, 263.
 Eliot, Rev. John, Apostle to the Indians, 437.
 Eliot's Indian Bible, copy of, in Pilgrim Hall, 61; first printed in Cambridge, 437.
 Election Rock, Clark's Island, Plymouth, 35.
 Elm Street, Boston, 246, 247.
 Elm Street, Danvers, 180.
 Elm Street, Salem, 125, 126.
 Elm Street, Somerville, 428, 433.
 Elmwood, Cambridge, 321, 444, 445.
 Elmwood Avenue, Cambridge, 444.
 Elizabeth Island, name given to Cuttyhunk by Gosnold, 18.
 Ellis, Rev. George E., 330.
 Ellridge, John, 199.
 Emerson Lydia (Jackson), 52, 379.
 Emerson, Phebe (Bliss), 363.
 Emerson, Ralph Waldo, his marriage in Plymouth, 52, 53; 360, 363, 366; grave of, 377, 378; home of, 379.

- Emerson family, graves of, 378.
- Emerson, Rev. William, 360; his "Narrative," April 19, 1775, 361, 363, 368, 371; home of, 363; tomb of, 374, 375.
- Endicott, Gov. John, 112, 115, 119, 120, 124; possible landing-place of, 124; site of house of, 125; 126, 127, 172, 188, 190, 191, 214, 225, 240; house of, in Boston, 242.
- Endicott, John, 2d, 240.
- Endicott, Judge William C., home of, 148; 149; birthplace of, 158.
- Endicott family, 177.
- Endicott Pear Tree, 172.
- Endicott Street, Peabody, 172.
- Endymion, the frigate, 195.
- English, Mary, indicted for witchcraft, 134; flees to New York, 134; death of, 134.
- English, Philip, indicted for witchcraft, 134; site of home of, 134; flees to New York, 134.
- English, Thomas, 36.
- Erik the Red, 14.
- Erikson, Leif, 14; attempts to found Vineland, 15; 26; site of house of, Cambridge, 446; statue of, 447.
- Essex, the frigate, 162.
- Essex County, 73, 139.
- Essex County Natural History Society, 161.
- Essex Historical Society, 161.
- Essex House, Salem, 124.
- Essex Institute, Salem, 118, 128, 136; portraits in, 138; 139, 144; Hawthorne's desk in, 157; 160, 161.
- Essex regiment, 1775, 398.
- Essex Street, Marblehead, 197.
- Essex Street, Salem, 125, 126, 127, 129, 132, 133, 134, 136, 137, 138, 143, 144, 147, 148, 153, 159, 163.
- Estabrook, Rev. Benjamin, grave of, 351.
- Eustis, Dr. William, monument to, 351; sketch of, 352; 353.
- Evacuation of Boston, 4, 72, 80, 104, 140.
- Everett, Edward, 109, 169, 345, 354, 443.
- Exchange Street, Boston, 293, 294.
- Falcon, The, British war-ship, 122, 123, 404, 409.
- Faneuil, Andrew, 241.
- Faneuil, Benjamin, jr., tea consignee, 1773, 306.
- Faneuil, Peter, tomb of, 237; 239, 241; commemoration of, in Faneuil Hall, 251.
- Faneuil Hall, Boston, 219, 226, 237, 245, 247; history and sketch of, 248, 251; a play-house during the Siege, 251; 279, 292, 298, 299, 304, 308; anti-tea meetings in, 309; 310, 319, 320, 324.
- Faneuil Hall Square, Boston, 247.
- Faneuil mansion-house, Boston, 443.
- Faraday, Michael, 143.
- Farms, The, early name of Peabody, 169.
- Farragut, Admiral Davis G., 162.
- Faunce, Elder Thomas, declaration of, regarding Forefathers' Rock, 30, 31; grave of, 45; town clerk of Plymouth forty years, 45.
- Federal Street, Salem, 127, 128, 133, 134, 137.
- Felt, John, 145, 146.
- Ferry of 1636 between Duxbury and Plymouth, 80.
- First Church, Boston, 219, 220, 225, 228, 229, 236, 239, 241; formed in Charlestown, 425.
- First Church, Plymouth, burned in 1892, 44; 45; stones commemorating ministers of, 46; Thomas Cushman, ruling elder of, 47, 71; relics of, in Pilgrim Hall, 60, 61.
- First Church, Salem, 128, 131; tablet on, 136, 139; old First, 145.
- First Encounter, first name of Wellfleet, 36.
- First Episcopal Church in Boston, 227, 233.
- First Market Place, Boston, 220.
- First Market Place, Charlestown, 425.
- First meeting-house, Boston, site of, 219.
- First meeting-house, Marblehead, site of, 208.
- First minister's house, Boston, site of, 219.
- First Parish Church, Lexington, 339, 351.
- First Parish meeting-house, Cambridge, 437.
- First schoolhouse, Boston, 233.
- First schoolhouse, Cambridge, site of, 438.
- First Unitarian Church in Boston, 331.
- Fish-curing at Gloucester, 122.
- Fisherman's Field, Gloucester, first planters settle at, 117.
- Fishing-stage, Cape Ann, 121.
- Fishing-stage, Marblehead, 209.
- Fiske Hill, Lexington, 385, 386.
- Fitch's Tavern, Bedford, 384.
- Flat House Dock, Kingston, 80.
- Flatiron, The, Marblehead, 201.
- Fleet Street, Boston, 262, 278.
- Foot of the Rocks, Arlington, 392, 393.
- Forefathers' Day, 32.
- Forefathers' Rock, Plymouth, 28; history of, 30-33; canopy over, 31, 39, 41; 34, 38, 45, 47, 50, 55, 63, 64.
- Forest Park, Plymouth, 64.

- Forest River, 189, 190.
 Forest Street, Danvers, 178.
 Fort, the first in Charlestown, site of, 426.
 Fort at Plymouth, site of, 28, 44; King Philip's head exposed on, 46, 76.
 Fort Conant, Gloucester, 116.
 Fort Hill, Boston, 218, 234, 235, 270, 278, 286, 287, 315.
 Fort Hill Square, Boston, 286.
 Fort Independence, Castle Island, Boston Harbor, 10, 235.
 Fort Lee, Salem Neck, 162.
 Fort Pickering, Salem Neck, named for Timothy Pickering, 162.
 Fort Sewall, Marblehead, 195; sketch of, 205, 207.
 Fort Winthrop, Governor's Island, Boston Harbor, 14.
 Fortifications, beginning of, at opening of the Revolution, 401.
 Fortune, The ship, passengers of, lie in unknown graves, 40; 61, 101, 102.
 Fortune, The, tea-ship, 317.
 Foster, Rev. Edmund, 385.
 Foster, Gen. Gideon, 164, 169.
 Foster Street, Boston, 263.
 Founder of Cambridge (Thomas Dudley), 438.
 Fountain Inn, Marblehead, 206.
 Four Sisters, The ship, 112.
 Fox's Hill, Boston, British redoubt on, 430.
 Frankland, Sir Henry, 207; mansion-house of, in Boston, 259.
 Franklin, Benjamin, 138; birthplace of, 226; statue of, 233; tomb of his parents and monument to, 237; 276.
 Franklin, Josiah, 238; house of, at the Blue Ball, 253.
 Franklin Avenue, Boston, 317.
 Franklin Monument, Granary Burying-ground, Boston, 238.
 Franklin Place, Marblehead, 206.
 Freeman, Rev. James, 331.
 French, Daniel C., sculptor, 365, 440.
 French's Redoubt, 428, 432.
 Fresh Water Cove village, 123.
 Front Street, Marblehead, 201.
 Front Street, Salem, 129.
 Frothingham, Richard, 268, 274, 291, 317.
 Fulham, England, Bradford's MS. History of Plymouth in, 57, 76, 78, 79, 80.
 Fuller, Samuel, first physician of Plymouth Colony, settles at Kingston, 69; homestead of, 74; 216.
Gage, Gen. Thomas, 104, 136, 141, 147, 172, 173, 181, 251, 254, 267, 269, 270, 271, 272, 275; arrival of, in Boston, 318; 319, 321, 333, 335, 340, 346, 347, 397; "cooped up" in Boston, 401; issues his proclamation declaring martial law, 402; 407; observe works on Breed's Hill, 408; his plan for the attack on, 409; 422; recalled to England, 423; 428, 432.
 Gager, William, 216.
 Gale's Point, Manchester, 115.
 Galloupe family, 275.
 Gallows, The, on Boston Neck, 288.
 Gallows Hill, Salem, 129, 133, 148, 150, 151, 163, 172, 176.
 Garden Court, Boston, 260.
 Garden Street, Cambridge, 437.
 Gardner, Joseph, 160.
 Garrison, William Lloyd, statue of, 447.
 Gay, Frederick L., 220.
 Gay Head, called Dover Cliffs by Gosnold, 18.
 Gedney, Judge Bartholomew, 130, 132.
 Gedney's, Widow, Ship Tavern, Salem, 132.
 General Court, 217, 224, 225, 232, 248, 250, 255; refuses to rescind its "Circular Letter," 1768, 291; 292, 307, 354, 373, 426.
 George, The ship, 112.
 Gerry, Elbridge, 191, 199; birthplace of, 202; sketch of, 202, 203; mansion-house of, in Cambridge, 204, 444; 271; at "Wetherby's," April 18, 1775, 340.
 "Gerrymander, The," history of, 203, 204.
 Gerry's Island, Marblehead, 206.
 Glasgow, The, British war-ship, 404; in Battle of Bunker Hill, 409.
 Gloucester, 111, 114; fishing-plantation becomes a town by name of, 121; origin of name, 121; 122, 123.
 Gloucester Harbor, 116.
 Glover, Gen. John, 191, 193; house of, 201; 202; tomb of, 208; statue of, Boston, 209, 447; quartered in the Col. John Vassall house, Cambridge, 443.
 Glover, Jonathan, house of, 191; 201, 202.
 Glover Street, Marblehead, 201.
 Goldfinch, Captain, 293.
 Goldsmith, Captain, of Quaker ship, 243.
 Goodell, Abner C., house of, 133.
 Gookin, Daniel, grave of, 437.
 Gookin, Rev. Nathaniel, early minister of Cambridge, grave of, 437.
 Gooseherries, The, 112.
 Gore, Gov. Christopher, tomb of, 237.
 Gorges, Sir Ferdinando, 8, 14, 61.
 Gorges, John, 214.
 Gorges, Robert, 8, 214.
 Gorges patent, 214, 215.
 Gorton, Samuel, 100.
 Gosnold, Bartholomew, Cape Cod named by, 18; Buzzard's Bay named by, 18; date of his landing, 19.

- Gould, Thomas R., sculptor, 358.
 Governor's Green (Winthrop's), Boston, 220, 225, 229, 232.
 Governor's Island, Boston Harbor, 14.
 Governor's Plain (Endicott's), Danvers, 172.
 Government House, The, 325.
 Granary Burying-ground, Boston, 237, 303, 331.
 Grand Banks, 22.
 Grant Elm, Lexington Green, 343.
 Graves, Admiral Samnel, 402, 407.
 Graves, Thomas, 214, 425.
 Gray, Dr. Asa, 441.
 Gray, Edward, grave of, 48; settles at Kingston, 69.
 Gray, Samuel, 295, 297.
 Great Fields, The, Concord, 369, 382.
 Great House, The, 214, 215, 217; site of, 425.
 Great Tavern, The, Arlington, 393.
 Green, Rev. Joseph, 180, 181.
 Green Bay Harbor, afterward Marshfield, 70, 99, 108, 110.
 Green Dragon Tavern, Boston, history and sketch of, 253-255; 263, 306.
 Green Harbor River, 99.
 Green Lane, The, Boston, 264.
 Greene, Gen. Nathanael, 431.
 Greenough, Horatio, sculptor, 245, 425.
 Grenville, Lord George, 287, 288.
 Griffin, The ship, 231.
 Griffin's Wharf, Boston, 310, 312; site of, marked, 316.
 Gun Rock, Lexington, 387.
 Groton, 271.
 Gunpowder, experiments in, by Count Rumford, 140.
 Gurnet, The, 16, 29, 37, 99.
 Gurnet Nose, twin lighthouses on, 29.
- Halfway Rock**, 112, 205.
 Hall, Capt., master of the tea-ship Dartmouth, 310, 311.
 Hallowell, Benjamin, 402.
 Hall's Corner, Duxbury, 85, 91.
 Hamilton, Alexander, statue of, 447.
 Hancock, Ebenezer, house of, 253.
 Hancock, John, 56; tomb of, 237; monument to, 238; 247, 253, 254, 263, 270, 271, 272, 278, 279, 289, 300, 306, 310, 318, 321; mansion-house of, 325-327; at Lexington, 333, 334, 336, 339, 350, 351, 355, 356, 357; statue of, 358; proscribed by Gen. Gage, 402.
 Hancock, Rev. John, 333, 343; tomb of, 351; 354; sons and daughters of, 355.
 Hancock, Madam (wife of Rev. John Hancock), 356.
 Hancock, Madam Lydia (widow of Thomas Hancock), 336, 350.
 Hancock, Thomas, 326, 336, 355, 356.
 Hancock mansion-house, Boston, 289, 336.
 Hancock Row, Boston, 253.
 Hancock Street, Lexington, 342.
 Hancock-Clarke house, Lexington, 354, 355; sketch of, 356.
 Hancock Tavern, Boston, 247.
 Hancock's coach, 350, 351.
 Hancock's sloop Liberty, her seizure 1768, 278, 279, 289.
 Hancock's wharf, Boston, 298.
 Hanover Street, Boston, 219, 246, 252, 253, 256, 260, 262, 263.
 Hanson Street, Salem, 150.
 Hardin Hill, Duxbury, 91.
 Hardy's Hill on Concord road, 384.
 Harmony Grove, Salem, 165.
 Harrington, Caleb, 342.
 Harrington, Jonathan, home of, 342; death of, at Lexington, 342, 348.
 Harrington, Jonathan, fifer boy of Capt. Parker's company, 392; home of, 392.
 Harris, Capt. John, 192.
 Harris, Lord, British officer, 414.
 Harvard, John, 189; homestead of, 425; grave of, unknown, 425; monument to, 426; his bequest to the college, 426; statue of, 440.
 Harvard Annex (Radcliffe College), 437.
 Harvard Bridge, 447.
 Harvard College or University, 58, 69, 138, 139, 148, 170; first site selected for, 189; 190, 225, 233, 239, 250, 304, 345, 401, 403, 425; John Harvard's bequest to, 426; the Wadsworth house, 435, 438; graves of early presidents, 437; the college grounds, 438; the buildings, 438; used as barracks, 438.
 Harvard Law School, 403, 433.
 Harvard Square, Cambridge, 438, 447.
 Harwich, 48.
 Hastings house, Cambridge, site of, 403, 433.
 Hathorn Hill, Danvers, 180.
 Hathorne, grandfather of Nathaniel Hawthorne, 155.
 Hathorne, John, "witchcraft" judge, 130; grave of, 154; 155, 178, 180.
 Haverhill, 130.
 Hawley Street, Boston, 225.
 Hawthorne, Nathaniel, birthplace of, 148, 154, 155; other homes of, in Salem: on Herbert Street, 155, on Chestnut Street, 148, 159, on Mall Street, 159; surveyor of customs, 157; his desk in Essex Insti-

- stute, 157; 158, 180, 363; his homes in Concord: in the old Manse, 364, in The Wayside, 156, 157, 381, 382; grave of, 377.
- Hawthorne, Sophia Amelia (Peabody), 154, 364.
- Hawthornes, The, 154, 155.
- Haynes, Gov. John, 231.
- Hayward, James, encounter of, with a British soldier, 386.
- Healey, George M. P., painter, 105, 249.
- Heath, Gen. William, 270; takes direction of Provincials on British Retreat, 397, 398; establishes first military headquarters, 399; holds first council of war, 399.
- Hemans, Felicia Dorothea, 34; original copy of her hymn in Pilgrim Hall, 61.
- Henley Street, Charlestown, 426.
- Henshaw, Samuel, 300.
- Herbert Street, Salem, 155, 157.
- Hesperus, wreck of, 116.
- Hewes, Capt., his contest with the people of New Plymouth, 119, 120.
- Hibbens, Anna, hanged for witchcraft on Boston Common, 225.
- Hibbens, William, 225.
- "High Street, The," Boston, 220, 246.
- Higginson, Rev. Francis, arrival of, 112, 113, 126; his Journal quoted, 113, 126; first minister sent out by the Mass. Bay Company, 113; possible landing place of, 124; first "teacher" of the first Church at Salem, 126; Charlestown begun by part of his company 1629, 126; site of house of, 129; 154, 190, 210, 214.
- Higginson, Rev. John, 128; tomb of, 154.
- Highland Avenue, Somerville, 427, 428.
- Highland Light, Truro, 26.
- Hillside Chapel, Concord, 379.
- Hoar, E. Rockwood, grave of, 378.
- Hoar, Senator George F., efforts of, to secure the Bradford MS., 80.
- Hoar, Samuel, grave of, 378.
- Hobart Street, Danvers, 178.
- Holmes, Oliver Wendell, 41; his summer home, 123; 194, 206, 238, 328; birthplace of, 403; grave of, 445.
- Holten, Benjamin, 177.
- Holten, Judge Samuel, 177, 183.
- Holten Cemetery, 177.
- Holten house, 177, 184.
- Holten Street, Danvers, 177, 180.
- Holyoke Street, Cambridge, 438.
- Hood, Commodore Samuel, 291.
- Hooker, Rev. Thomas, 231; site of home-stand of, 440.
- Hooper, "King," Robert, 172, 174.
- Hopkins, Stephen, 35; settles at Kingston, 69.
- Horsford, Prof. Eben N., 15, 26, 445, 446.
- Hosmer, Abner, killed in the Concord fight, 368.
- Hosmer, Joseph, in the Concord Fight, 366.
- Hospital Point, Salem Neck, 162.
- Houdon, Jean Antoine, sculptor, 266.
- House Island, off Manchester, 112.
- Howard Street, Salem, 133.
- Howe, Gen. Sir William, 140, 142, 321; arrival of, at Boston, 401; commands British at Breed's Hill, 409, 410; address of, to his troops, 412; 413, 417, 418, 419, 421, 422; succeeds Gage, 423.
- Howland, Consider, 53.
- Howland, Elizabeth (Tilley) 47, 101.
- Howland, John, 35; grave of, 47, 48; 53; settles at Kingston, 69; homestead of, 74; his marriage second in Colony, 101.
- Hubbard, Rev. William, his history of New England quoted, 153.
- Hubbard's, Deacon, pew, 323.
- Hudson, Charles, historian of Lexington, 341.
- Huiginn, Rev. E. J. V., investigates Standish graves, 92.
- Hull, John, the "mint-master," 237, 242, 274.
- Hull Street, Boston, 274, 275.
- Humphrey, John, 190.
- Hunt, Capt., the kidnapper, 10.
- Hunt, William M., painter, 135.
- Hunt house, Concord, 370.
- Huske, John, 288.
- Hutchinson, Anne, site of house of, 230; 231, 243.
- Hutchinson, Elisha, tea consignee, 1773, 306, 308.
- Hutchinson, Capt. Israel, 164, 184.
- Hutchinson, Thomas, senior, 261; tomb of, 276.
- Hutchinson, Thomas, his history of Massachusetts mentioned, 40, 79; sacking of his mansion-house in Boston, 79, 260, 287; 232, 247, 251; sketch of his mansion-house, 261; his country seat at Milton, 262, 321; 276, 285, 286, 287, 297-302, 304, 305, 307, 309, 310, 311, 318.
- Hutchinson, Thomas, jr., tea consignee, 1773, 306, 308.
- Hutchinson, William, 231.
- Independence, the brig, 73.
- Indian, King Philip killed by, 75; one of his hands given to, 75.
- Indian relics in Pilgrim Hall, 56, 57.
- Indians enticed on board Capt. Hunt's ship, 1614, 10; fight of Pilgrims with, at Wellfleet, 26; Edward Winslow a hostage to, 100.

- Ingersoll, Deacon Nathaniel, site of his house, Salem Village, 178; 179.
 Inman Street, Cambridge, 447.
 Ipswich Bay, 114.
 Ireson, "Flood," true story of, 210, 211.
 Island Creek, Kingston Bay, 70.
- Jack**, John, slave, grave of, and epitaph, 375, 376.
 Jackson, Charles, 53.
 Jackson, Lydia. *See* Emerson.
 Jackson, President Andrew, visit of, to Marblehead, 200.
 Jacobs, George, hanged for witchcraft, 188.
 Jacobs farm, Salem, 188.
 Jeffries, Dr. John, 109.
 Jellyfish, called "yellow flowers," seen in the waters of Cape Ann by Francis Higginson, 1629, 114.
 Jewell, The ship, 115.
 Johnson, Col. Edward, 182.
 Johnson, Isaac, 153, 216.
 Jones, Capt. of the Mayflower, Jones River named for, 68.
 Jones, Capt. Elisha, house of, 369.
 Jones, Madam (widow of Rev. Thomas Jones), her interrupted dinner-party on the 19th of April 1775, 350; 351.
 Jones, Margaret, hanged for witchcraft on Boston Common, 225.
 Jones, Rev. Thomas, 350.
 Jones River, named for the captain of the Mayflower, 33, 68; 69, 70, 76.
 Jones's Tavern, Concord, site of, 372.
 Joy Street, Boston, 326.
 Judson tomb, Burial Hill, Plymouth, 46.
 Juniper Point, Salem Neck, 161.
 Jury, Trial by, 1623, 55.
- Karlsefin**, the Norseman, 446.
 Keayne, Capt. Robert, 221, 222, 224.
 Kettle's Cove, off Manchester, 116.
 Kidd, Capt. William, 245.
 Kilby Street, Boston, 286, 322.
 "King George's Whipping-Post," 173.
 King Philip's War, 45, 46; reminiscences of, 74; 80; reputed cause of, 82; 101.
 King Street, Boston, 235, 243, 260, 270, 288, 409.
 King's Chapel, Boston, 233; sketch of, 328.
 King's Chapel Burying-ground, Boston, 229, 236, 237, 238, 241.
 "King's Missive, The," story of, 242-245; 258.
 Kingston, 3, 33, 34, 48, 49, 68-83; named for George I., 70; 104, 209, 323.
- Kingston Bay, 70.
 Kingston Landing, 73, 76, 81.
 Kingston Street, Boston, 219.
 Kjalarness, name given to Cape Cod by Viking Thorvald, 15.
 Knox, Gen. Henry, 295, 430; brilliant achievement of, in 1775, 433.
 Knowlton, Col. Thomas, at the Battle of Bunker Hill, 410, 415.
 Kossuth, Louis, the Hungarian patriot, visit of, to South Danvers (Peabody), 164.
 Krossness of the Northmen, Point Allerton, so called, 14; meaning of, 16.
- Lafayette**, the Marquis de, at Salem, 159; at Marblehead, 200; 423.
 Langdon, Rev. Samuel, President of Harvard College, prayer of, before the start for Bunker Hill, 403; home in the Wadsworth house, 435.
 Larcom, Lucy, 181.
 Larkin, Deacon, of Charlestown, 335.
 Lathrop, Rev. John, 273.
 Lawrence, Capt. James, of the frigate Chesapeake, his death, 195.
 Laurie, Capt., of the British at Concord Bridge, 368, 369, 370.
 League and Covenant, The, 319.
 Lechmere's Point, East Cambridge, 340, 405, 430.
 Lee, Gen. Charles, commands left wing of the American army, 431; headquarters of, 432; 435.
 Lee, Jeremiah, 191; mansion-house of, Marblehead, 199; at "Wetherby's," Menotomy, April 18, 1775, 340.
 Lee, Jesse, grave of, 277.
 Lee, Capt. John, 192.
 Lee, Judge Joseph, 441.
 Lee, Madam (widow of Jeremiah Lee), 200.
 Leslie, Col., his retreat at North Bridge, Salem, story of, 144-147; 321.
 Lexington, 4, 73, 104, 144, 163, 164, 174, 181, 184, 200, 268, 272, 273, 321, 332, 360-363, 371; the British Retreat through, 386-392; 400, 401, 410, 437, 438, 449.
 Lexington-Concord Day, 104, 163, 174, 181, 184, 200, 400, 401, 410, 437, 438.
 Lexington burying-ground, old, 339, 345; historic graves and monuments in, 351.
 Lexington Green, or Common, 163, 332, 334, 336, 337; on the "battle-day," 341; 342, 343, 345, 348, 351, 357, 385, 386; Washington at, 1789, 389; 390, 392, 447.
 Lexington Historical Society, 355.
 Lexington minute-men, 385.
 Lexington Street, Concord, 379.
 Lexington's Pre-Revolutionary Pledge, 358.

- Leverett, Gov. John, 224; tomb of, 236.
 Leverett, Elder Thomas, 224, 231.
 Leyden Street, first street in Plymouth, named in 1802, 39; plot of, in Gov. Bradford's handwriting, 42; 50, 69.
 Liberty, Hancock's sloop, seizure of, 1768, 278, 279; 289.
 "Liberty Hall" (beneath the Liberty Tree), 285, 307.
 Liberty-pole, Concord, 361, 372; Plymouth, 32.
 Liberty Square, Boston, 219.
 Liberty Street, Concord, 366, 369.
 Liberty Street, Salem, 153.
 Liberty Tree, The, Boston, 285; effigies hung on, 285, 286, 287, 289; 288, 306-308.
 Lincoln, 352, 360, 361, 368, 384.
 Lion's Whelp, The ship, 112.
 Little Harbor, Marblehead, 205, 206.
 Little James, The ship, passengers of, lie in unknown graves, 40.
 Lively, The, British warship, 404, 407; in Battle of Bunker Hill, 409.
 Lobster Cove, off Manchester, 116.
 Long Acre, Boston, 389.
 Long Bridge, Cambridge, 390.
 Long Bridge, Dnxbury, 99.
 Long Point, Provincetown, probable first landing-place of the Pilgrims, 19, 20, 24.
 Long Wharf, Boston, 291, 309, 318, 320, 409.
 Long Wharf now Derby Wharf, Salem, 145.
 Longfellow, Henry W., 12, 59, 73, 101, 116; home of, 442; grave of, 445.
 Longfellow Garden, Cambridge, 442.
 Longfellow house, Cambridge, 442; history and sketch of, 442-444.
 Longfellow, Stephen, 73, 95.
 Longfellow, Zilpah (Wadsworth), 73.
 Lord, Judge Otis P., portrait of, 135.
 Lotteries, authorized by General Court, 250.
 Louisburg Square, Boston, 430.
 Lovell, James, 251.
 Lovell, John, dedication of first Faneuil Hall, 251.
 Lowell, Rev. Charles, 445.
 Lowell, —, clerk of Hancock at Lexington, 339, 348.
 Lowell, James Russell, 204, 321; Elmwood, home of, 444; grave of, 445.
 Lowell Street, Concord, 392.
 Lowell Street, Peabody, 170.
 Lowell's Island, Salem Harbor, 112, 205.
 Loyalists, The, 104, 145, 320.
 Lucy, Charles, painter, 58.
 Lyford, Rev. John, banished from Plymouth, 119; invited to join the Cape Ann Colony, 119; goes to Virginia, 121.
 Lynde, Chief Justice Benjamin, site of house of, 153; grave of, 153.
 Lynde, Chief Justice Benjamin, Jr., site of house of, 153; grave of, 153; 303.
 Lynde Block, Salem, 153.
 Lynde Street, Salem, 130, 144, 145.
 Lynn, 112.
 Lyon, The ship, 216, 218.
MacMonnies, Frederick, sculptor, 232.
 Madison, President James, 158, 354.
 Magnolia, 116, 123.
 Main Street, Charlestown, 335, 398, 405, 426, 427.
 Main Street, Concord, 372, 381.
 Main Street, Peabody, 164.
 Main Street, Plymouth, 44, 50, 52, 53.
 Malcom, Daniel, 275.
 Malden Bridge, over Mystic River, 405.
 Mall Street, Salem, 159.
 Mallet, Andrew, 432.
 Mallet, John, 432.
 Mallet's Mill (Old Powder House), 432.
 Manchester-by-the-Sea, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 123.
 Manchester Bay, 113, 114, 209.
 Mandamus Councillors, 319, 321, 402.
 Manly, Commodore John, 191, 202.
 Manning, Richard, 155.
 Manning family, 155.
 Manomet, Plymouth, 29, 34; headland, 36.
 Marble-Harbour, early name for Marblehead, 210.
 Marblehead, 112, 137, 144, 145, 147, 161, 188, 189-212, 231; made port of entry, 318; 398, 443, 444.
 Marblehead boy, The, 196.
 Marblehead Common, 200.
 Marblehead dialect, 196.
 Marblehead fishing-industry, 195.
 Marblehead Harbor, 161, 205.
 Marblehead Neck, lighthouse on, 112; 193, 195, 205.
 Marine regiment, The, of Marblehead, 193.
 Marriott, Rev. John, 351.
 Mark, negro slave, hanged in chains, 335.
 Market Place, Boston, 219.
 Market Place, Charlestown, 424.
 Mars, State ship, 73.
 Marshall Lane, Boston, 139, 252.
 Marshfield, 3, 68, 70; a part of Duxbury till 1641, 70, 71; 72, 82; origin of name

- of, 71; 99-110; Peregrine White's farm at, 102; a centre of Toryism, 105; 270.
- Mary and John, the ship, 11, 216.
- Masconoma, the Sagamore chief, welcomes the Puritans, 115.
- Massachusetts Avenue, 336, 390, 399, 433, 447.
- Massachusetts Bay, 5, 8, 24, 26, 116, 121.
- Massachusetts Bay Colony and Company, 69, 70, 100, 101, 113, 116, 117, 118, 120, 122, 209, 214, 217, 425.
- Massachusetts Hall, Harvard University, 440.
- Massachusetts Historical Society, 76; publishes Bradford's Letter-book, and History, 80.
- Massachusetts Indians, 9, 82.
- Massachusetts Path, 70, 81.
- Massachusetts State Asylum for the Insane, 180.
- Massachusetts State Building at the Columbian Exposition, 327.
- Massasoit, Indian chief, welcomes the Pilgrims, 50; treaty with, 51, 74, 100; King Philip, son of, 74; son of Philip last of the race of, 75; Wamsutta, son of, 82; doctored by Edward Winslow, 100.
- Mather, Rev. Cotton, 19, 127, 129, 152, 154, 222, 235, 263, 264.
- Mather, Rev. Increase, house of, 259; 262.
- Mather, Nathaniel, grave of, 154.
- Mather, Rev. Richard, 259.
- Mather, Rev. Samuel, 259, 260.
- Mathers, The, tomb of, 277.
- Mattapan, 217.
- Maverick, Moses, 209.
- Maverick, Samuel, 7, 9, 215, 296, 297.
- Mayflower, The ship, in Provincetown Harbor, 19, 20; signing of the Compact in the cabin of, 20, 55, 63; 21, 24, 26, 29, 31, 32; Jones River named for captain of, 33, 68; 36, 38, 39, 40, 42, 47, 48, 59, 63; names of the passengers in, 64; 69, 70, 71, 88, 98, 112, 215.
- Maynes Block, Salem, 129.
- Meal Market, early, Boston, 247.
- Medford, 12, 335, 395, 405, 441.
- Medford minute-men, 382.
- Medford road, 335.
- Meeting-house, Duxbury, first, site of, 94.
- Meeting-house, Gloucester, historic cannon-ball in, 122, 123.
- Meeting-house of 1775, Lexington, 341, 342, 386.
- Meeting-house, 1775, "Menotomy" (Arlington), 396.
- Meeting-house and fortress, Plymouth, 43, 46; first one erected in 1638, 44.
- Meeting-house, Salem, first, erected 1634, 127; site of, and tablet, 128; frame of, in Essex Institute, 128; site of second structure, 128; scene of witchcraft tragedies, 128.
- Memorial Church, Plymouth, 44.
- Memorial Hall, Harvard University, 440.
- Memorial Hall, Lexington, 357; monuments and relics in, 358, 359.
- Memorial tablet on Cole's Hill, Plymouth, 39.
- Men of Middlesex on Cambridge Common, 1774, 321, 428, 432; force Lieut.-Gov. Oliver's commission at his doorstep, 444.
- Menotomy, 163, 164, 200, 271, 272, 333, 336, 340, 390, 392; men of, killed on British Retreat, 394; 395; grave of, and monument to, 396; 397, 437.
- Menotomy Plain, 397.
- Merchant Adventurers, The, in London, 36, 69, 117; discontinuance of their assistance to the Pilgrims, 118.
- Merriam's Corner, Concord, 382; fight at, on British Retreat, 383; tablet at, 384; 385.
- Metacomo, Indian name of King Philip, 82.
- Middle Street, Plymouth, 39, 50.
- Middleborough, 27.
- Milk Island, off Rockport, 114.
- Milk Row, Somerville, 340, 398.
- Milk Street, Boston, 219, 225, 229, 253, 315.
- Mill Creek, Boston, 253.
- Mill Street, Salem, 145.
- Miller, Gen. James, house of, Salem, 153; hero of Lundy's Lane, 159; his motto, 159.
- Milliken, Miss, sweetheart of Dr. Samuel Prescott, 337.
- Milmore, Martin, sculptor, 358.
- Milton, 262, 311, 321.
- Mineralogical Museum, Harvard University, 441.
- Minot, Capt., 361.
- Minot, Dr., 373.
- Minot's Light, Boston Bay, 16, 17.
- Minute-Man, statue of, Concord, 365, 366, 368, 369, 440.
- Minute-Man, statue of, Lexington, 358.
- Minute-men, in the Lexington-Concord affair, 333, 336, 341, 353, 361, 368, 370, 382, 384, 385, 393, 396.
- Mishawum, Indian name for Charlestown, 7.
- Miseries, The, Islands, Salem Harbor, 112, 115, 205.
- Mitchell, Maj., 338.
- Mitchell, Rev. Jonathan, early minister of Cambridge, grave of, 437; site of home-stead of, 440.

- "Mohawks, The," 315, 316; members of, 317.
- Molineux, William, 300, 307, 317.
- "Moll Pitcher" house, Marblehead, 206.
- Monroe, President James, his visit to Salem, 158; visit to Marblehead, 200; 250.
- Montague, Admiral George, 305, 316.
- Mossom, Rev. David, 199.
- Monument Avenue, Charlestown, 405.
- Monument Grounds, Charlestown, 405, 425.
- Monument Street, Concord, 362, 366, 370, 371.
- Moon Street, Boston, 260, 262.
- Morgan, Col. Daniel, his riflemen, 429.
- Morton, Perez, 331.
- Motley, Thomas, grave of, 445.
- Moulton, "Mother," her exploit in Concord, 373.
- Moulton's Hill, Charlestown, 407.
- Moulton's Point, Charlestown, 404, 407, 409.
- Mount Auburn, Cambridge, 445.
- Mount Auburn Street, Cambridge, 445, 447.
- Mount Benedict, Somerville, 421, 429.
- Mount Wollaston (Merry Mount), Quincy, 7, 231, 232.
- Mourt, George, his Relation quoted, 35, 37, 58.
- Muddy River, early name of Brookline, 225, 430.
- Mugford, Capt. James, his gallant deed, 191; 195; his monument, 197; houses associated with, 197; his grave in Charter-street hurrying-ground, Salem, 198.
- Mugford Street, Marblehead, 198.
- Mullins, Priscilla. *See* Alden.
- Mullins, William, 95; death of, 97.
- Munroe, Lieut. Nathan, 342.
- Munroe, Ensign Robert, 348.
- Munroe, Sergeant William, 334, 336, 339, 341, 343, 351.
- Munroe Hill, Lexington, 387.
- Munroe's Tavern, Lexington, Lord Percy's headquarters, April 19, 1775, 386-388; Washington at, in 1789, 389; 391.
- Murray, James, 292.
- Murray's Barracks, Boston, 292, 293, 295.
- Museum of American Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University, 165, 441.
- Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, Harvard University, 441.
- Mustering-field, Concord, 1775, 366, 369.
- Mystic Bridge, at the Weirs, West Medford, 336.
- Mystic River, 11, 12, 13, 215, 320, 407, 410, 429.
- Mystic Street, Arlington, 396.
- Nabby, The ship, 155.
- Nahant, 112, 214.
- Nanepashemet, Indian chief, 11, 12; Squaw-Sachem, widow of, 11.
- Nantasket, 11, 119.
- National Monument, Plymouth, 51, 63, 64, 65.
- Natural History Society, Essex County, 161.
- Naugus Head, Marblehead, 161, 190.
- Naumkeag, Indian name for Salem, 111, 112, 113, 121; Roger Conant and his Colony at, 120; meaning of change of name, 127.
- Nauset Beach, 62.
- Navy Yard, Charlestown, 195, 404.
- Neal, Daniel, his description of Boston quoted, 222.
- Neat cattle, first in the colony, 95, 100.
- New Bedford, 64.
- New England named by Capt. John Smith, 19.
- Newe Towne, The, first name for Cambridge, 217, 438, 440.
- Newman, Robert, 267, 268.
- Newton, Thomas, 130.
- Newburyport, 138.
- New England Guards, 195.
- New England Historic, Genealogical Society, Boston, 58.
- New North Church, Boston, 263.
- New Plymouth, 10, 62, 82.
- Newell, Timothy, 322.
- Nichols Street, Danvers, 184.
- Nieriken, A. May (Alcott), grave of, 378.
- Noddle's Island, East Boston, 214, 257; skirmish on, 1775, 401.
- Norman's Road, Gloucester, 123.
- Norman's Woe, 116, 123.
- Norris, Rev. Edward, early minister, Salem, 128.
- Norse vessels, 15; landmarks, 446.
- Norsemen, traditions of, 9, 18; explorations of, 14.
- North Battery, Boston, 278.
- North Bridge, Concord, 360, 361, 362, 365, 368, 369, 371, 382.
- North Bridge, Salem, 139, 144, 147, 148, 321.
- North Bridge Lane, Concord, 370.
- North Church, Boston, site of, 259; 268, 271, 273.
- North Church, Marblehead, 204.
- North Church, Salem, site of, 144, 145, 146; 148.
- North End, Boston, 79, 139, 219, 246; landmarks at, 256, 280; 264, 287.
- North End Caucus, 254, 263, 306.

- North End Park, Boston, 278.
 "North Enders," 294.
 North River, Salem, 125, 126, 127, 160, 161, 169.
 North Square, Boston, 257, 259, 262, 268, 272, 273.
 North Street, Boston, 257, 258, 262.
 North Street, Plymouth, 39, 50, 52, 54.
 North Street, Salem, 143, 144, 145.
 North Truro, 26.
 Norton, Rev. John, 225, 229.
 Norton, Madam (widow of Rev. John Norton), 229.
 Norumbega Tower, Weston, 15.
 Nowell, Increase, homestead of, 426.
 Noyes, Nicholas, "witchcraft" minister of Salem, 131; site of house of, 132.
 Nurse, Francis, 176, 177.
 Nurse, Rebecca, hanged for witchcraft, 174; monument to, 175.
 Nurse family, 176.
 Nurse farm, Danvers, 174.
- Oak**, historic, Cambridge Common, 433.
 Oak Knoll, Danvers, 181-184; 186.
 Oakes, Rev. Urian, early minister of Cambridge, grave of, 437.
 Oakum Bay, Marblehead, 210.
 Old Belfry, Lexington, 342.
 Old Boston, England, 217, 224, 231.
 Old Brick Meeting-house, Boston, 294.
 Old burying-grounds, Boston. *See* Copp's Hill, Granary, and King's Chapel Burying-grounds.
 Old burying-ground, Cambridge, 437, 438.
 Old Corner Bookstore, Boston, 230.
 Old fishermen's houses, Marblehead, 196.
 Old hillside burying-ground, Concord, 374.
 "Old Ironsides." *See* Constitution, the frigate.
 Old North Church, Boston. *See* North Church.
 Old North Church, Marblehead. *See* North Church.
 Old North Church, Salem. *See* North Church.
 Old Manse, Concord, 363; sketch of, 364; 369.
 Old men of Menotomy, their exploit, April 19, 1775, 395.
 Old Mill Road, Concord, 371.
 Old Planters, 8, 9, 120, 124, 125, 127, 129.
 Old Powder House, Somerville, 320, 428; sketch and history of, 432.
 Old Salem road, 189.
 Old South Church, Copley Square, Boston, memorial tablets on, 229.
- Old South Lectures to Young People, 323.
 Old South Meeting-house, Boston, 77; the Prince Library in steeple chamber of, 78, 79; used for riding-school during the Siege of Boston, 80, 322, 323; 220; called the "Sanctuary of Freedom," 226, 323; 227, 228, 229, 230, 236, 241, 244, 299; anti-tea meetings in, 310, 311, 313, 314, 330.
 Old State House, Boston, 219; history and sketch of, 223; 225, 278, 280, 281, 292, 319, 321, 322. *See* Town House.
 Old Training-Field, Danvers, 177.
 Oldham, John, banished from Plymouth, 119; invited to join the Cape Ann Colony, 119; 214.
 Oliver, Andrew, 153; stamp distributor, 1765, 285; demonstration against his house in Boston, 287; his oath at the Liberty Tree, 288; 302; made lieut.-governor, 305; 321.
 Oliver, Judge Andrew, site of house of, Salem, 153.
 Oliver, Lieut.-gov. Thomas, 321; his house in Cambridge, 441, 444; his resignation forced by the men of Middlesex, 444.
 Orange Street, Salem, 159.
 Orchard Farm (Gov. Endicott's), Danvers, 172, 177, 188.
 Orchard House, Concord, 379, 381, 382.
 Orleans, 27.
 Orne, Azor, 191, 199; house of, 202; 206; at "Wetherby's" April 18, 1775, 340.
 Orne Street, Marblehead, 206.
 Otis James, dedicates the "Cradle of Liberty," Boston, 250; 283; his argument against Writs of Assistance, 1761, 284; 285.
 Oxenbridge, Rev. John, early minister of Boston, 241.
- Page**, Capt. Jeremiah, 164, 181, 184.
 Page, Madam, 181.
 Page house, Danvers, 181.
 Paine, Robert Treat, tomb of, 237; 303.
 "Painters' Arms," 252.
 Pamet River, Truro, 26.
 Park Square, Boston, 339.
 Parker, Edgar, painter, 58.
 Parker, Capt. John, of the Lexington company, 336, 341, 343, 347, 348; monument to, 351, 352; sketch of, 352; 358, 385, 386, 392.
 Parker, Rev. Theodore, 343, 352.
 Parkman, Francis, his "Montcalm and Wolfe" quoted, 101, 102.
 Parris, Elizabeth, 182.
 Parris, Rev. Samuel, the "witchcraft" minister of Salem Village, 178-181.
 Parris house, Salem Village, site of 178, 179.

- Parsonage, the old, Lexington, 342, 348, 354-357, 363.
- Parsons, Capt. Lawrence, of the British detachment at Barrett's farm, 368.
- Partridge, Rev. Ralph, first minister of Duxbury, grave of, 94; site of house of, 94.
- Pavilion Beach, Gloucester, 116.
- Paxton, Charles, mandamus councillor, 289, 402.
- Peabody, 163, 394.
- Peabody, Francis, 174.
- Peabody, George, 161, 164; his noble gifts, 165; sketch of his career, 165-169; portrait of, 168; 169, 181, 441.
- Peabody, Joseph, mansion-house of, 160, 161.
- Peabody, Dr. Nathaniel, house of, 154.
- Peabody, Sophia Amelia. *See* Hawthorne.
- Peabody Academy of Science, Salem, 138, 153, 160, 161, 165.
- Peabody Institute, Danvers, 165, 181.
- Peabody Institute, Peabody, 164, 165.
- Peabody Museum of American Archaeology and Ethnology, Harvard University, 165, 441.
- Peabody Square, Peabody, 170.
- Peabodys, The, 154.
- Peach's Point, Marblehead, 205, 209.
- Pearce, Capt. William, of the Lyon, 216, 218.
- Pearl Street, Boston, 293, 316.
- Peirce, Prof. Benjamin, birthplace of, 148.
- Pelham, Herbert, first treasurer of Harvard College, 58.
- Pemberton, Samuel, 300.
- Pemberton Square, Boston, 241.
- Penny Ferry, Malden, 405.
- Percy, Lord Hugh, 270-272; at Lexington, 386; headquarters in Munroe's Tavern, 386, 387; outward march from Boston, 389-391; leads the Retreat from Lexington, 391; 392.
- Percy Road, Lexington, 387.
- Perry, Commodore Oliver H., 158.
- Peters, Rev. Hugh, early minister of Salem, 128, 190, 231.
- Philip, King, 46, 61, 62, 74, 75, 76, 82. *See* King Philip's War.
- Phillipe, Louis, in Boston, 247.
- Phillips, William, 300.
- Phillips, Rev. George, 216.
- Phillips, Henry. *See* Woodbridge-Phillips duel, 239.
- Phips, Sir William, royal governor, 130, 263; sketch of his career, 263-265.
- Phipp's Farm, East Cambridge, 340, 430.
- Phipps Street, Charlestown, 426.
- Pickering, John, house of, in Salem, 148.
- Pickering, Col. Timothy, 146, 147; birthplace of, 148; home of, 148; offices held by, 148; Fort Pickering, Salem Neck, named for, 162; 398.
- Pierce, John, 61.
- Pigot, Gen. Sir Robert, second in command of British at Bunker Hill, 413, 416, 417, 419.
- Pilgrim leaders, their first exploring expedition, 26.
- Pilgrim Hall, Plymouth, 32, 52; memorials in museum of, 55-63; 67, 74, 76, 91.
- Pillory, 135, 219.
- Pine Street, Danvers, 174.
- Pine Tree Flag, 191.
- Pine Tree Shillings, 242.
- Pitcairn, Maj. John, 273, 274; at Lexington, 340; 345-347; his captured pistols, 359; 370; in Concord, 371-373; unhorsed on British Retreat, 385; death of, in Battle of Bunker Hill, 420.
- Pitcher, Mary ("Moll"), 206.
- Pitcher, Robert, 206.
- Pitts, John, of the Boston Tea-Party, 316.
- Pleasant Street, Lexington, 392.
- Pleasant Street, Marblehead, 197.
- Plummer Hall, Salem, 160, 188.
- Ploughed Hill, Somerville, 421; advance post of the American fortifications, 428; fortified by Gen. Jonathan Sullivan, 429.
- Plymouth, 3, 7, 11, 12, 14, 16, 25, 26, 27; 28-67; 68, 70, 71, 72, 73, 76, 78, 80, 82, 86, 87, 94, 95, 97, 101, 118, 119, 120.
- Plymouth Bay, 106.
- Plymouth Colony, 7, 9, 12, 14, 27, 48, 78, 81, 100, 101, 117, 118, 119, 209, 216, 228, 236.
- Plymouth County Convention, 72.
- Plymouth Rock. *See* Forefathers' Rock.
- Point Allerton, Hull, 5; origin of name, 14; Norse tradition regarding, 14, 16; 214.
- Pokanoket, Alexander. *See* Wamsutta.
- Pomeroy, Gen. Seth, at Battle of Bunker Hill, 411, 412, 415.
- Pope, Hannah, 186.
- Portmont, Philemon, 233.
- Porter's River, Danversport, 188.
- Porter's Tavern, Cambridge, 398, 399.
- Powder Alarm, 1774, 320, 428, 444.
- Powder Point, Duxbury, 99.
- Pownall, Thomas, royal governor, 62.
- Pratt, Anna Bronson (Alcott), 381.
- Pre-Revolutionary Period, 281-331.
- Prence, Patience (Brewster), 90.
- Prence, Thomas, governor of Plymouth Colony, letter of King Philip to, 62; settles at Duxbury, 70; 90.

- Prescott, Dr. Samuel, 337; alarms Concord 19th of April, 1775, 360.
- Prescott, Col. William, at the Battle of Bunker Hill, 403-408, 410, 412, 415-422, 430; sketch of, 403; statue of, 405.
- Prescott, William H., birthplace of, 161.
- Prescott schoolhouse, Salem, 133.
- Preston, Capt., 294, 295, 297, 298; trial of, 303.
- Pride's Crossing, Beverly, 123.
- Prince, Rev. Thomas, 77; his associations with the Bradford MS., 77, 78, 79; death of, 79; his library in the Old South Meeting-house, Boston, bequeathed by him, 79; 80; tomb of, 237, 323.
- Prince Street, Boston, 257, 259.
- Prison, first in Boston, site of, 245.
- Prison Lane, Boston, 243, 246.
- Prison Lane, Salem, 133.
- Procter, John, hanged for witchcraft, 170, 171, 172, 185, 188.
- Procter, William, 171.
- Procter farm, The, Peabody, 170.
- Procter's Corner, Peabody, 170.
- Prospect Hill, Somerville, 391, 389, 399, 401, 405; fortified, 421, 429; 423; Union flag first displayed on, 430; 431.
- Province Court, Boston, 325.
- Province House, Boston, 271, 287, 319; sketch of, 324, 325.
- Province lands, Provincetown, 23.
- Province Street, Boston, 325.
- Provincetown, 3, 5, 16, 18, 19-25; 26, 32, 35, 36, 39, 40, 42, 55, 59, 63, 100.
- Provincetown Harbor, 33.
- Provincial Boston, 245, 247, 248-280.
- Provincial Congresses, at Salem, Concord, and Watertown, 72, 136, 147, 202, 203, 255, 267, 272, 320, 333, 339, 363, 374, 397, 401, 402, 411, 434, 442.
- Provincial Council, 283, 286, 287, 291, 298-301, 309, 310, 318, 319.
- Provincial troops, night march to Charlestown, 403.
- Provincial loss on the British Retreat, 398.
- Public Garden, Boston, 447.
- Public Library, Boston, 79, 232, 234, 303, 323, 447.
- Public Library Building, Charlestown, 425.
- Public Library, Salem, 148, 149, 150, 159.
- Puling, Capt. John, 268.
- Punkatasset Hill, Concord, 370.
- Purchase Street, Boston, 325.
- Puritans, earliest homes of, 111; subject to superstition, 150.
- Putnam, Capt., son of Gen. Israel Putnam, 391.
- Putnam, Ann, one of the "afflicted children," 180, 186.
- Putnam, Col. David, 184-187.
- Putnam, Col. Enoch, 183, 184.
- Putnam, Gen. Israel, 184; birthplace of, 185, 186; 359, 391, 401; made major-general, 401; at the Battle of Bunker Hill, 403, 427; 428, 431; headquarters in Cambridge, 447.
- Putnam, James, 183, 184.
- Putnam, Deacon James, or Colonel Jesse, house, 184.
- Putnam, Jethro, 183;
- Putnam, Jethro 2d, 184.
- Putnam, John, 180; homestead of, 183.
- Putnam, Capt. John, 183, 184.
- Putnam, Joseph, 185.
- Putnam, Nathan, 184.
- Putnam, Nathaniel, 185.
- Putnam, Perley, 184.
- Putnam, Susan, 187.
- Putnam, Thomas, 185.
- Putnam, Sergeant Thomas, 180, 186.
- Putnam, William, house of, 184.
- Putnam burying-ground, Danvers, 180, 187.
- Putnam family, 184.
- Putnam's Connecticut Flag, 431.
- Putnam's "strong fort," 430.
- Pynchon, William, 217.
- Quadrangle, The, Harvard University, 438.
- Quakers, the early, in Boston, 226, 230; 242, 243; first meeting-house of, 244; 245, 256, 257, 258.
- Queen Victoria, portrait of, her gift to George Peabody, 166.
- Queen Street, Boston, 302, 303, 389.
- Queen's Guards, The, 104.
- Quincy, 7, 10.
- Quincy, Dorothy, 336, 350.
- Quincy, Josiah, 303.
- Quincy, Josiah, President of Harvard College, 345.
- Quinsey, Edmund, 231, 242.
- Quinsey, Judith, 242.
- Race Point, Provincetown, 19, 25, 26.
- Radeliffe College, Cambridge, 437.
- "Rail Fence," The, breastwork, on Breed's Hill, 410, 411, 414, 415, 417, 418, 419, 421.
- Ram's Island, off Manchester, 112.
- Randolph, Edward, 227, 234, 235.
- Rasieres, Isaak, his description of Plymouth in 1627, 43, 44, 46.
- Rawdon, Francis Lord, British officer in Battle of Bunker Hill, 414.

- Rawson, Edward, colonial secretary, tomb of, 237.
- Read, Nathan, estate of, in Salem, 160; house of, in Danversport, 188.
- Reading minute-men, 382.
- Red Lighthouse, Plymouth, 34.
- Red Lyon Inn, Boston, 258.
- Redoubt, The, on Breed's Hill, description of, 407; 409, 410, 411, 414, 415, 417-420.
- Reed, Colonel James, his New Hampshire regiment, 405, 408, 410.
- Regulating Acts of 1774, 283, 317, 319.
- Religious persecution, 100.
- Revenue Acts of 1767. *See* Townshend Revenue Acts.
- Revere, Paul, tomb of, 237; 255; houses of, 257, 263, 273; his illuminated pictures of the "Massacre," 257, 258; 270, 271; his "Midnight Ride," 272, 273, 334-336; 317, 321; his first ride to Lexington, 333; on the road to Concord, 337; his capture, 338; 339, 340, 348, 350, 351, 357, 376.
- Revere Place, Boston, 263.
- Revere's signal lanterns, 259; story of, 267-273; 376.
- Revolution of 1689 against Andros, 234.
- Revolutionary soldiers' monument in Peabody, 163, 165.
- Rice, Rev. William B., 179, 180.
- Richards, Maj. John, "witchcraft" judge, 130.
- Richardson, Thomas, 335.
- Richmond Street, Boston, 258.
- Ridge, The, Concord, 369, 370, 372, 379, 382.
- Ripley, Rev. Ezra, his home in the Old Manse, Concord, 363; 364.
- Robinson, Lieut.-col. John, in the Concord Fight, 364, 368.
- Robinson, Rev. John, 83.
- Robinson, William, 243.
- Rock Hill, Medford, 12.
- Rockport, 114.
- Rocky Nook, Kingston, 74.
- Rogers, John, sculptor, birthplace of, 132.
- Rolfe, Col. Benjamin, 140.
- Rumney, the British frigate, 279, 289.
- Rose, the British frigate, 299.
- Rotch, Francis, owner of the tea-ship Dartmouth, 309-315.
- Rouse's Hummock, Duxbury Beach, 29.
- Rowe, John, owner of a tea-ship, 311.
- Roxbury, 71, 73, 217, 269, 331, 335; Lord Percy marches through, to tune of "Yankee Doodle," 390; 397, 401, 405; redoubts in, 430; upper and lower forts, 430; 431.
- Royal Custom House, Boston, 293, 294, 303, 314, 315.
- Royal Exchange Laue, Boston, 293, 294.
- Royal Exchange Tavern, Boston, 239.
- Royalists. *See* Loyalists.
- Royall, Isaac, 2d, 441.
- Ruck Street, Salem, 136.
- Rufe's Chasm, Magnolia, 123.
- Rumford, Count (Benjamin Thompson), shop-boy in Salem, 138; statue of, in Munich, 138; sketch of career of, 139-143; a member of the Royal Society, 140; knighted Sir Benjamin Thompson by George III., 141; becomes the foremost citizen of Munich, 141; his title of Count, 141, 142; admitted to the academies of Munich and Manheim, 142; inventor of The Rumford Roaster, 143; death of, 143; founder of the Royal Institute of Great Britain, 143; institutes the Rumford medal, 143; 166, 252, 384.
- Rumford Professorship, Harvard University, 138.
- Rural Society, Duxbury, 92.
- Russell, Benjamin, editor *Columbian Centinel*, 203, 390; one of the boys who followed Lord Percy's troops, 390; reminiscences of, 390.
- Russell, Jason, caught with others in ambush by British flankers and killed, 394; site of house of, 395; grave of, 396; monuments to, 397, 438.
- Russell, Thomas, 443.
- Sagamore, John, 214.**
- Sagamore, Tahattawanx, 372.
- St. Botolph Church, Old Boston, England, 224, 231.
- St. Gaudens, Augustus, sculptor, 328.
- St. John's Theological School, Cambridge, 441.
- St. Michael's Church, Marblehead, 198.
- St. Peter's Street, Salem, 133.
- Salem, 3; Naumkeag, Indian name of, 111; 112, 114, 115, 118, 119, 121, 124; landmarks of, and "witchcraft" in, 125-162; meaning of name of, 127; first meeting-house in, 1624, 127, 128; Washington at, 132, 137; noted for its historical portraits, 138; 210, 211, 213, 214, 215, 216, 242, 243, 270, 321, 384, 398.
- Salem Athenæum, 160, 161.
- Salem Cadets, 137.
- Salem Common, 159.
- Salem Farms, early name of Peabody, 133.
- Salem Harbor, 124, 161, 189, 190.
- Salem jail of "witchcraft times," 133.
- Salem Neck, 126, 134, 161, 162.
- Salem Street, Boston, 256, 257, 259, 263, 284, 267.
- Salem Village, now Danvers, 128, 163, 169, 172, 176, 181, 225, 229.
- Saltonstall, Nathaniel, "witchcraft" judge, 130.

- Saltonstall, Richard, 216.
 Salutation Inn, Boston, site of, 263.
 "Sam Adams's regiments," 304.
 Samoset, Indian chief, 50, 57, 58.
 Sampson, Capt. Simeon, of the Provincial navy, 72, 73.
 "Sanctuary of Freedom," The. *See* Old South Meeting-house.
 Sanders Theatre, Harvard University, 440.
 Sandham, Henry, painter, 359.
 Sandwich, 27.
 Saquish Head, Plymouth, 29, 37.
 Sargent, Henry, painter, 57.
 Sargent, Peter, "witchcraft" judge, 130.
 Saugus, 275.
 Savage, James, 148.
 Savin Hill, Dorchester, 11.
 Scarlet Letter, The (Hawthorne), 158.
 School Street, Boston, 229, 230, 232.
 Schoolhouse, first, in Boston, 233.
 Scituate, 69.
 Scollay Square, Boston, 228, 239, 242, 245, 294, 389.
 Sconce, The, Boston, 278.
 Scottow, Joshua, 229.
 "Sea Kings of Marblehead," 192, 200.
 Seamen's Monument, Burying Hill, Marblehead, 208.
 Second Church, Boston, 259.
 Second Episcopal Church in Boston, 265.
 Semitic Museum, Harvard University, 441.
 Sergeant, Peter, 324.
 Sewall, Jonathan, 303, 402, 441.
 Sewall, Judge Samuel, of Boston, 77, 78, 130, 227, 229; tomb of, 237; 242, 426.
 Sewall, Judge Samuel, of Marblehead, 206.
 Sewall's Point (Cottage Farms), 430.
 Shank Painter Swamp, Provincetown, 24.
 Shannon, the frigate, "duel" between Chesapeake and, 195.
 Shattuck, Samuel, 243.
 Shaw, Chief Justice Lemuel, portrait of, 135.
 Shawmut, Indian name of Boston, 7, 8, 215, 217, 225.
 Sheafe Street, Boston, 267.
 Shepard, Rev. Thomas, early minister of Cambridge, grave of, 437; site of home-
 stead of, 440.
 Sheriff of Suffolk, 311.
 Ship Tavern, The, or "Widow Gedney's,"
 Salem, site of, 132.
 Shirley, William, royal governor, 62, 101,
 236.
 Shurtleff, Dr. Nathaniel B., 255.
 Shute, Samuel, royal governor, 324.
 Siege of Boston, 4, 56, 71, 80, 109, 140, 251,
 259, 268, 274, 275, 322, 325, 326, 399, 428, 434.
 Singing Beach, Manchester, 113, 116.
 Skelton, Rev. Samuel, early minister of
 Salem, 129, 188.
 Skelton's Neck, 188.
 Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, Concord, 377.
 Smith, Capt. John, his voyage in 1614, 6, 9,
 10; 7, 12; Charles River named by, 13;
 his map, 19, 115; New England named
 by, 19; his chart of Massachusetts coast
 in 1614, 71; islands off Cape Ann named
 by, 114, 115; a prisoner of the Turks,
 115.
 Smith, Lt.-col., commander of the British
 troops at Lexington and Concord, 272,
 274, 339, 340, 347, 372, 385, 392, 406.
 Snider, Christopher, 258.
 Snowhill Street, Boston, 275.
 Soldiers' Monument, Cambridge, 433.
 Somerset, British war-ship, wreck of, 22,
 63; 270, 272, 404; in the Battle of Bunker
 Hill, 409; 418.
 Somerset Street, Boston, 240.
 Somerville, 320, 335, 398, 427.
 Sons of Liberty, 201; origin of the term,
 254; 276, 285, 288, 289.
 South Battery, Boston, 278.
 South Bridge, Concord, 372.
 South Bridge, Salem, 145.
 South Danvers (Peabody), 161, 394.
 South End Cancus, 254
 South Mill, Boston, 253.
 South River, Marshfield, 102.
 South River, Salem, 125, 126, 129.
 Southworth, Alice. *See* Bradford.
 Southworth, Edward, 50.
 Sparks, Jared, 443.
 Sparrow-hawk, the ship, in Pilgrim Hall,
 62.
 Sprague, Ralph, 214.
 Sprague, Richard, 214.
 Sprague, Robert, 214.
 Spring Lane, Boston, 225, 229.
 Spy, Massachusetts (newspaper), 252.
 Spy Pond, Arlington, 395.
 Squanto. *See* Tisquantum.
 Squantum Head, Quincy, 11.
 Squaw Sachem, 372.
 Stage Head and Fort, Gloucester, 116, 117,
 120.
 Stamp Act, 1768, 79, 136, 251, 254; sacking
 of Hutchinson's house, 260, 261; 281;

- features of, 285; outbreaks against, 260, 286-288; celebration of appeal of, 288; 289.
- Standish, Alexander, house of, 86, 87, 97.
- Standish, Barbara, second wife of Myles Standish, 97; arrives in the Ann, 97.
- Standish, Charles, 93.
- Standish, Charles 2d, 93, 94.
- Standish, John, 93.
- Standish, Josiah, 92.
- Standish, Lora, 60, 91; grave of, 92, 93, 94.
- Standish, Mary, 91; grave of, 93, 94.
- Standish, Myles, his expedition of exploration and trade up from Plymouth in 1621, 7; account of, 9-13; 14, 24, 35, 38; burial-place, 40, 91, 92, 93, 94; 54; will of, 55, 91; 57, 59; memorials of, in Pilgrim Hall, 60, 61; settles at Duxbury, 70; 82, 84, 85; his Duxbury domain, 86, 87; his earlier home in Plymouth, 87; sketch of, 87-89; his ancestry, 88; 90; courtship of, 95; defends the fishing-stage of the Plymouth men at Gloucester, 119, 120.
- Standish, Rose, 60, 61, 95; death of, 97.
- Standish, Sarah (Alden), 97.
- Standish family, 70, 86.
- Standish Monument, Duxbury, 29; history of, 85, 93, 94; 89.
- Standish Street, Duxbury, 90, 91.
- Standish's Spring, Duxbury, 87.
- Stark, Col. John, his New Hampshire men, 405, 408, 410, 415, 418.
- State House, Boston, 218, 219, 250, 325, 326, 327; "Hub of the Solar System," 328; 352.
- State Library, State House, 77.
- State Street, Boston, 219, 220, 239, 278.
- Stevenson, John, 225.
- Stevenson, Marmaduke, Quaker, hanged on Boston Common, 243.
- Stevenson, Mary, 225.
- Steward, Commodore, commander of the Essex, frigate, 162.
- Stocks, Public, 135, 219.
- Storehouse, Concord, sacked by British soldiers, 372.
- Story, Dr. Elisha, 201.
- Story, Judge Joseph, portrait of, 105; house of, in Salem, 159; Lafayette entertained by, 159; birthplace of, Marblehead, 201, 345.
- Story, William, 287.
- Story, William W., sculptor, birthplace of, 159; 405.
- Stoughton, William, deputy governor, chief justice of the "witchcraft" court, 130.
- Stoughton Hall, Harvard University, 250.
- Straitsmouth Island, off Rockport, 114.
- Stuart, Gilbert, painter, 204; portraits by, 105, 440.
- Subway, The, Boston, 447.
- Sudbury, 271.
- Sudbury minute-men, 384.
- Sudbury Street, Boston, 228.
- Sudbury Street, Concord, 372.
- Suffolk Resolves, 1774, 321.
- Sullivan, Gov. James, tomb of, 237.
- Sullivan, Gen. Jonathan, 73, 429.
- Summer Street, Boston, 219.
- Summer Street, Danvers, 181.
- Summer, Gov. Increase, tomb of, 237.
- Surriage, Agnes, 207.
- Swampscott, 112.
- Sycamore Street, Somerville 432.
- Tailer, Rebecca, 246.
- Tailer, Lieut.-gov. William, 246.
- Talbot, The ship, 112, 113, 114, 147, 215.
- Talleyrand in Boston, 247.
- Tea consignees, 1773, Boston, at Clark's warehouse, 307, 310.
- Tea-ships, The, 1773, 309-313, 315, 317.
- Tea-tax, 1773, 136, 304.
- Telegraph Hill, Marshfield, 102.
- Ten Hills Farm (Gov. Winthrop's), 429; redoubts on, 429.
- Tendos, The frigate, 195.
- Thanksgiving Day appointed for death of King Philip, 76; by the Puritans, 113; first in Massachusetts, 218.
- Thatcher's Island, off Rockport, 114, 205.
- Thomas, Isaiah, 252.
- Thomas, Capt. John, 103, 104.
- Thomas, Gen. John, estate of, 71; sketch of, 72; at Roxbury Fort, 401; commands right wing of the American army, 405.
- Thomas, Nathaniel Ray, estate of, 104; Loyalist leader in Marshfield, 104; British quartered in house of, 104.
- Thomas, William, early settler in Marshfield, 99, 104.
- Thomas family, Marshfield, Webster's intimacy with, 103.
- Thomas's Hill, Kingston, 71.
- Thompson, Benjamin. *See* Rumford, Count.
- Thompson's Island, 10, 14.
- Thomson, David, 10; on Thompsen's Island in 1624, 14.
- Thoreau, Henry D., his Cape Cod sketches quoted, 18, 22, 24, 25; grave of, in Concord, 377; last home of, 381.
- Thoreau Street, Concord, 381.
- Thornton, John Wingate, 80, 118.
- Thorvald, Viking, 14, 15, 16.

- Tilley, Edward, 85.
 Tilley, Elizabeth. *See* Howland.
 Tilley, John, 35, 47.
 Timmins, factor of a tea-ship, 311.
 Tinker's Island, off Marblehead, 112.
 Tisquantum, or Squanto, kidnapped by Hunt in 1614, 10; ally of the Pilgrims, 10, 11; 13.
 Tories. *See* Loyalists.
 "Tory Row," Cambridge, 441, 444.
 Town Brook, Plymouth, 50, 64, 66.
 Town Crier, 307.
 Town Dock, Boston, 247.
 Town Hall, Marblehead, 191, 193, 201.
 Town House, Boston, 219-222, 224, 227, 234, 260, 292, 331. *See* Old State House.
 Town House, Lexington, 357.
 Town House, Plymouth, 44.
 Town House Square, Salem, 126, 127, 138, 145, 153, 163.
 Town Square, Plymouth, 32, 44.
 Town and Court House, Concord, 1775, 361, 372; saved by "Mother" Moulton, 73.
 Town and Court House, Salem, 129, 136; meetings of first Provincial Congress in, 136; 137.
 "Townners," 293, 295.
 Townshend Revenue Acts, of 1767, 281; features of, 289; 304.
 Tracey, Stephen, 81.
 Tracy, Nathaniel, 443.
 Tragabigzanda, name given to Cape Ann by Captain John Smith, 115.
 Training-field, Concord, 360, 371.
 Trayning-field, Charlestown, 425.
 Treamountain, or Treamount, 217, 218, 241.
 Tremont Street, Boston, 219, 239, 240, 241, 328, 389.
 Treaty, first with Indians, 51, 63.
 Trevore, William, 10.
 Trevore, Isle of (Thompson's Island), 10.
 Trial, The ship, 215.
 Truro, 24, 25; Dangerfield, first name of, 26.
 Tucker, Commodore Samuel, 192, 202.
 Turks' Heads, The Three (Straitmouth, Thatcher's, and Milk islands), so named by Capt. John Smith, 114; 115.
 Tyler, President John, at Bunker Hill Monument dedication, 423.
 Union Flag, The first, displayed, 430.
 Union Soldier, statue of, Lexington, 359.
 Union Square, Somerville, 430.
 Union Street, Boston, 252, 253.
 Union Street, Salem, 155.
 Unitarian Church, First, Salem, 128.
 United Colonies, 431, 435.
 United Provinces, 56.
 University museum, Harvard University, 441.
 Upham, Rev. Charles W., his Salem Witchcraft mentioned, 129, 133, 150, 151.
 Upsall, Nicholas, 258; story of, 259; grave of, 259; 277.
 Ursuline Convent, destruction of, 429.
 Vane, Sir Harry, 231; sketch of, 232; house of, 242; 433; statue of, 447.
 Vassall, "Darby," slave, 437.
 Vassall, Col. Henry, 437; house of, 441; sketch of, 441.
 Vassall, Col. John, 443; house of, 354, 443.
 Vassall, Penelope, 441.
 Vassall family, tombs of and monument to, 437, 441.
 Vineland, the Norse settlement, 15, 445.
 Vinton, Frederick P., 135.
 Vose mansion-house, Milton, 321.
 Wadsworth, Rev. Benjamin, president of Harvard College, 438.
 Wadsworth, Capt. Peleg, sketch of, 73; 104.
 Wadsworth, Zilpah, afterward Longfellow, mother of the poet, 73.
 Wadsworth Burying ground, Danvers, 181.
 Wadsworth house, Cambridge, 435, 438, 442.
 Walcot, Jonathan, 179.
 Walcot, Mary, 179.
 Walford, Thomas, 7, 214; site of his palisaded house, Charlestown, 426.
 Walker, Rev. Timothy, 140.
 Walton, Rev. William, 206.
 Wamsutta, or Alexander Pokanoket, Indian chief, at Maj. Bradford's house, 81; son of Massasoit, 82; sketch of, 82; death of, 82.
 Wappacowet, Indian chief, 372.
 Ward, Gen. Artemas, 73; 401; headquarters in Cambridge, 402; 403, 408, 421, 422, 431, 433, 435.
 Ward, Joshua, house, Salem, Washington lodges at, 132, 137, 138.
 Warren, Dr. John C., 41.
 Warren, Gen. Joseph, 202, 254, 255, 268, 270, 271, 272, 279, 300, 317, 318, 321, 323; funeral of, 331; tomb of, 331; 333, 351, 353, 354; at the British Retreat, 397; in the skirmish on Noddle's Island, 401; at Bunker Hill, 412; death of, 415; 422; monument to, 423; statue of, 423.
 Warren, Mary, 171.

- Warren, Richard, 35.
 Warren-Otis house, Plymouth, 52.
 Warren Street, Lexington, 387.
 Warren Street, Salem, 148.
 Washington, George, in Salem, 1789, 132, 137; portrait of, 138; 148; bust of, 266; in Boston, 322; at Lexington, 389; 414, 415, 431, 433; takes command at Cambridge, 434, 435; 437; equestrian statue of, 441; in the Vassall house, 442, 444.
 Washington, Madam, 444.
 Washington Elm, Cambridge, 433, 434.
 Washington relics, Lexington, 359.
 Washington Square, Marblehead, 200.
 Washington Square, Salem, 159.
 Washington Street, Boston, 220, 246, 285, 320, 322, 323, 324, 390.
 Washington Street, Marblehead, 198, 199, 201, 205.
 Washington Street, Peabody, 165.
 Washington Street, Salem, 125-130; 132, 133, 134, 136, 137.
 Watch, The, to guard the tea-ships, 310, 312.
 Watch House, Plymouth, 45.
 Watch House, Salem Village, 179.
 Watch House Hill, Danvers, 179.
 Water Street, Boston, 293.
 Water Street, Plymouth, 28, 50.
 Water's River, Danversport, 188.
 Watertown, 15; Provincial Congress at, 72; 216, 217, 401, 434.
 Watertown Meetinghouse, 442.
 Watertown road, 441.
 Watson, Abraham, 271, 334, 337.
 Watson, Col. George, 52.
 Watson family, 35.
 Watson's Hill, Plymouth, 50.
 Wayside, The, Concord, home of Hawthorne, 156, 157, 381, 382.
 Webster, Charles, grave of, 110.
 Webster, Daniel, his Marshfield estate, 68, 70, 99, 105; the mansion-house, 102, 103; the farm, 103, 105, 106-108, 110; portraits of, 105; tomb of, with inscription and epitaph, 108; death of, 109; funeral of, 109, 110; last address at Cherry Hill, 110; welcome home, 110; historical painting in Faneuil Hall, 249; 253, 345, 423.
 Webster, Maj. Edward, grave of, 110.
 Webster, Fletcher, 109; grave of, 110.
 Webster, Grace, grave of, 110.
 Webster, Julia. *See* Appleton.
 Webster, Peter Harvey, 109.
 Weir, Robert W., 58.
 Wellfleet, 25; fight of Pilgrims with Indians at, 26; 27, 36.
 Wellfleet Harbor, 36.
 Wellington, Benjamin, first armed man taken in the Revolution, 392.
 West Cambridge, 437.
 West Church, Boston, 445.
 West Gate, Harvard University, 440.
 West Medford, 336.
 West Somerville, 427.
 West Street, Boston, 154.
 Western Avenue, Gloucester, 116, 123.
 Westford, 364, 365, 368.
 Weston, 15.
 Wetherby's Black Horse Tavern, Menotomy (Arlington), incident at April 19, 200; 271, 333, 334, 340; site of, 397.
 Weymouth, 7, 46.
 Whale, The ship, 215.
 Wheelwright, Rev. John, 231, 233.
 Whipping-post, 135, 219.
 Whipple, Edwin P., 180.
 Whipple's Hill, Danvers, 180.
 White, Elizabeth (Bassett), 102.
 White, Rev. John, 117, 119, 120, 121.
 White, Peregrine, first white child born in New England, 20, 59; his cradle, 58; 61, 101; sketch of, 102; site of house of, 102.
 White, Susanna. *See* Winslow.
 White, William, 59, 101.
 White, Angel, the ship, 209.
 White family, relics of, in Pilgrim Hall, 60, 61.
 Whitney, Anne, sculptor, 247, 447.
 Whittimore, Samuel, 395; remarkable experience of, in the British Retreat, 396; home of, 398.
 Whittier, John G., 175, 181, 182, 210, 211, 212, 242, 258.
 Willard, Abijah, 408.
 Willard, John, 188.
 Willard, Josiah, 237.
 Willard, Samuel, president of Harvard College, 437.
 Willard, Solomon, architect, 423, 426.
 Williams, customs inspector, 289.
 Williams, Rev. Roger, early minister of Salem, 128; "witch house" in Salem built and occupied by, in 1635-36, 144; founder of Rhode Island, 144.
 Williams's Lane, Salem, 144.
 Willie, Thomas, settles at Kingston, 69.
 Willows, The, Salem, 161, 162.
 Wilson, Rev. John, first minister of Boston, 217, 228, 231.
 Wilson, Capt. Jonathan, 384.
 Wing Lane, Boston, 246.

- Winnisimmet, 7, 215.
- Winship, Jason, of the "old men of Menotomy," 397; monument to, in Cambridge, 438.
- Winslow, Edward, governor of Plymouth Colony, 9, 35, 38, 53, 56, 58, 59; settles at Marshfield, 70; names his estate Carewell, 70; 90; sketch of his career, 99-101; his ancestry, 99, 100; birthplace of, 100; first neat cattle brought over by, 100; a hostage to the Indians, 100; first bridegroom in the colony, 100, 101; 117, 118, 119.
- Winslow, Edward, great grandson of Gov. Edward, 52, 53.
- Winslow, Elizabeth, first wife of Gov. Edward, 101.
- Winslow, Gilbert, settles in Marshfield, 70.
- Winslow, Dr. Isaac, 105, 110.
- Winslow, Isaac W., 110.
- Winslow, John, settles in Marshfield, 70.
- Winslow, Gen. John, 58, 61, 62, 72; gives the order for the banishment of the Acadians, 101; sketch of, 102.
- Winslow, John, tea consignee, 1773, 306.
- Winslow, Maj. Josiah, first native-born governor of Plymouth Colony, 58, 101; 82; offices held by, 101; tomb of, 110.
- Winslow, Kenelon, settles in Marshfield, 70.
- Winslow, Penelope (Pelham), 58.
- Winslow, Susanna (White), 101.
- Winslow family, 105; tombs of, in Marshfield, 108, 110; tomb in Boston, 236.
- Winslow mansion-house, Plymouth, 379.
- Winslows, The, portraits and relics of, in Pilgrim Hall, 58, 60.
- Winter Island, Salem Neck, 162.
- Winter Hill, Somerville, 398, 401; fortifications on, 421, 429, 430; 431, 432.
- Winter Hill road (Broadway), 335.
- Winter Place, Boston, 325.
- Winter Street, Boston, 325.
- Winter Street, Salem, 159.
- Winthrop, Henry, 147, 148.
- Winthrop, Gov. John, 4, 9, 11; arrival of, 114; 115; his first landing-place, 124; 126, 132, 148, 153, 170, 209, 215, 216, 217; sites of his houses in Boston, 219, 220, 229, 230; 231, 232; tomb of, 236; 237, 241; statue of, 245; his Ten Hills farm, 429; 433.
- Winthrop, Gen. Wait Still, "witchcraft judge," 130.
- Winthrop Square, Charlestown, 425.
- Winthrop's company, 213, 215, 425.
- Winthrop's fleet, 217.
- Witchcraft, Salem, documents and relics, 128, 135; witch pins, 135; landmarks of the delusion in Salem, 128-132, 135, 143-152; in Salem Village (Danvers), 174-180; 181, 225; in Boston, 225, 227, 229.
- Witch house, so called, Salem, 141, 143; home of Judge Corwin, 144; house of Roger Williams, 144; oldest house in Salem, 144.
- Wittuwamet, Indian chief, 46.
- Woburn, 139.
- Wohurn Precinct (Burlington), 339, 350, 351.
- Woburn minute-men, 384.
- Woodbridge-Phillips duel, Boston Common, 1728, 239.
- Woodbury, John, "old planter," site of house of, 129.
- Worcester, Joseph, 443.
- Wormstead, Capt. Robert, 192.
- Worthlake, George, 277.
- Wright's Tavern, Concord, 274, 372; the tradition about Pitcairn's threat, 373.
- Writs of assistance, 1761, 281; Otis's argument against, 284; 289.
- Wyman, Amos, 351.
- Wyman, Jabez, of the "old men of Menotomy," 397; monument to, in Cambridge, 438.
- Wyman, of Woburn, the "man on the white horse," 393.
- Yarmouth, 27.

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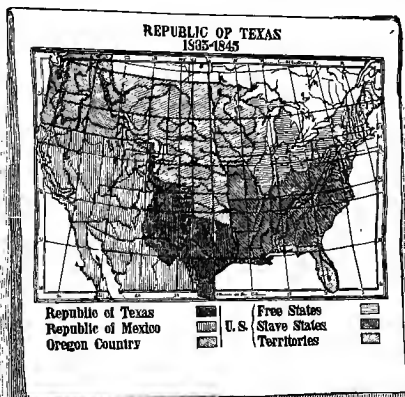
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