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COLONIAL AND REVOLUTIONARY
LANDMARKS 
 OF BOSTON

AN ILLUSTRATED LECTURE BY

HENRY G. PEABODY



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COLONIAL AND REVOLUTIONARY LANDMARKS OF BOSTON

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THERE is one city which strongly appeals to the affections and patriotism of every American, namely Boston. Other cities may exceed her in population, in wealth, in manufacturing, or in commerce; but we can never forget that Puritan Boston was the birthplace of American Independence. Her streets are narrow and crooked, but they wind among scenes of historic interest, which recall vividly the great drama here enacted by the heroes of the Revolution.

Within the area known as "Greater Boston" the combined forces of the thirteen colonies first acted in unison as one nation. Here the Minute-Men of Lexington, of Concord, and of Bunker Hill met the confident grenadiers of Old England with blows so sudden and powerful as to disconcert even the veterans of King George's army.

Although Boston has become modernized to a great extent, many relics of the old, historic town still remain intact. Shall we not, then, walk through her winding streets and look upon some of these ancient landmarks.

1 For a starting point let us rendezvous at old North Square. This was to "Historic Boston" what Copley Square is to the city of the present day. In the early years the centre of the fashionable quarter, it has gradually become cosmopolitan in its character, until today its population is faithfully represented by the characteristic group before us. Sandwiched in between the lofty walls of the modern buildings on either side, we see one of the very few examples remaining in the city of houses built with the projecting second story. During the stirring times preceding the Revolution, this house was the home of Paul Revere, and, on the first anniversary of the Boston Massacre, in its windows were displayed illuminated pictures of that dreadful scene, drawn by Revere's own hand.

2 Inseparably connected with the name of Paul Revere and his midnight ride, is the belfry tower of the old North Church, near at hand on Copp's Hill. This is the oldest church building in the city, erected in 1723. The tablet on the tower informs the visitor that "The signal lanterns of Paul Revere, displayed from the steeple of this church April 18, 1775, warned the country of the march of the British troops to Lexington and Concord." As we look up at this interesting relic we can, in imagination, follow the old sexton, Robert Newman, as he climbed the tower to flash the signals on which the fate of a nation depended. We can see him pausing a moment to look down on the darkened roofs, the ghostly image of the frigate "Somerset," and, at his feet, the quiet churchyard,

3 "Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went,
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, 'All is well!'"

This was the second burial place established in Boston. Within its walls are the tombs of the Mathers, of Mrs. Mary Baker, a sister of Paul Revere, of Edmund Hartt, the builder of the frigate "Constitution," and many others bearing historic names. During the siege of Boston, while the enclosure was occupied as a British garrison, the soldiers used the gravestones for targets, and the monument before us, erected to the memory of Captain Daniel Malcom, still plainly shows the bullet marks of this sacrilegious sport.

4 Before leaving this historic spot shall we not enter the portals of the old North Church and view its most interesting interior. Most of the ancient fixtures remain intact, unchanged by the hand of time. This was the second Episcopal church established in Boston. In the centre of the chancel, above the altar, is a painting representing the Last Supper, underneath which are four panels bearing the Ten Commandments, the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer. On the right is a marble bust of Washington, which is especially interesting as being the first monument ever erected to his memory.

5 As we turn to leave this ancient temple we face the original antique organ case, although a more modern instrument has replaced the former mechanism. The clock below the rail has ticked off the seconds for a century and a half. The carved images in the organ loft are of equal age, captured from a French vessel on the high seas by an English privateer, as they were being carried to adorn a Canadian convent. In the tower above is a chime of eight bells, whose mellow tones ring out as sweetly as they did when they were first brought from England in 1774.

6 Wending our way toward the business section of the city, we presently reach Faneuil Hall Square, and see before us the "Cradle of Liberty." It was erected and given to the town by Peter Faneuil, on condition that it should be legally authorized and maintained. The people in accepting the building voted that it should be called Faneuil Hall "forever." Extensive alterations and additions have since been made. From the time when the spirited speeches here uttered first roused the patriotism of the Colonies, these walls have resounded with the eloquence of some of our greatest orators on occasions of public importance. No money is ever received for the use of the hall, but it is always at the disposal of the people under certain regulations.

7 Let us ascend the stairway and enter its sacred precincts. At the rear of the platform is the great painting by Healy, representing Webster, addressing the United States Senate on the memorable occasion of his reply to Hayne. The group of portraits on the left represent Peter Faneuil, the founder of the hall, in the centre, with Samuel Adams above and Governor Andrew below. On the right, Washington stands in the centre, with John Hancock above and Henry Wilson underneath. On this platform, in 1837, Wendell Phillips made his first anti-slavery speech.

8 Passing through old Dock Square a few steps brings us into Adams Square, where we face the bronze statue of Samuel Adams. He stands with folded arms as he stood before Governor Hutchinson, his council, and the military authorities of the Province, on the day following the Boston Massacre, demanding, on behalf of the multitude assembled in the Old South Meeting-House, the removal of the British troops from the town. "A multitude highly incensed," he had said, "now waits the result of this application. The voice of ten thousand freemen demands that both regiments be forthwith removed. Fail not, then, at your peril, to comply with this requisition! On you alone rests the responsibility of this 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."

9 At last Hutchinson yielded and consented that the two regiments stationed in the city should be removed to the "Castle" in the harbor. When Lord North heard of the affair he gave them the name by which they have frequently been called since, the "Sam Adams regiments." Shortly after leaving Adams Square we tread the historic ground of State Street, the King Street of Colonial days. At the head of the street stands the Old State House, above which tower lofty modern

buildings on either hand. In no other American city can such a contrast as this be found. But our thoughts are centered on the distant building, the most interesting structure of its period in the country. Let us approach nearer and examine it more closely.

10 Could we have stood upon that balcony on that fateful March evening in 1770, we should have looked down upon the tragedy enacted where we stand, when the detachment of British soldiers fired the shots which caused the Boston Massacre. Could we have stood there on the following afternoon and looked in at those second story windows, we should have seen in the council chamber Samuel Adams, as he made his successful demand upon the royal governor. Could we have stood here a few years later we should have heard the Declaration of Independence read from this same balcony, and witnessed the tearing down of the lion and unicorn, which, together with every vestige and sign of royalty that could be found, were burned in the street below. One hundred years later these figures were replaced and the building was restored to its Colonial appearance.

11 Closely associated with the events which we have just recalled in connection with the Old State House, is the Old South Meeting-House, the "Sanctuary of Freedom," which we next approach. Here were held the two memorable meetings of 1773. The first was on November 29, when 5000 citizens here assembled, resolved that the three cargoes of tea from England, one of which had just arrived, should not be landed. Three weeks later, the limit for the discharge of the cargo having expired, 7000 people here again assembled to demand from Governor Hutchinson a clearance pass for the ships to return to England with the tea. The meeting waited patiently during the darkening hours of the short winter afternoon while the owner of one of the ships traveled out to Milton Hill to make a last plea to the governor. When the final refusal of Hutchinson was reported, Samuel Adams, the moderator of the meeting, rose and quietly said: "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country." It was a concerted signal. Instantly the famous warwhoop was heard and a band disguised as Mohawks rushed by the doors followed by the crowd. They hurried to Griffin's wharf, where lay the tea ships, and without molesting any other property, ripped open the chests of tea and threw their contents into the cold waters of the harbor. The actors in this stirring scene were not irresponsible rowdies. The next morning the wives of some of Boston's most substantial citizens found tea in their husbands' shoes. Then came the act of vandalism in 1775, when, during the siege, the pews and pulpit were removed and destroyed, and, by Burgoyne's order, the place transformed into a riding school for British troops. After

the close of the Revolution it was restored to its original condition, and for 100 years was regularly used for religious services. It now contains a museum of interesting historical relics.

12 Nearly opposite the "Old South," at the corner of Washington and School Streets, stands the oldest brick building in the city, erected in 1712 for an apothecary shop, to which use it was devoted for more than 100 years. Since 1828, however, until recently, it has been the "Old Corner Bookstore." On the site of this historic building, nearly 100 years before its erection, lived Anne Hutchinson, one of the most remarkable women of her time. Her religious teachings were considered dangerous to the Puritan community and she was tried and condemned to leave the Colony. It is difficult in this day of religious toleration to understand why the advocacy of heretical opinions should have so disturbed the little town, but we must remember that church and state were one in the Colony of Massachusetts, and religious heresy came very close to political treason. Neither liberty of speech nor liberty of opinion could be allowed.

13 Her most bitter enemy and most vindictive persecutor was Governor Winthrop, whose statue is now before us. At the conclusion of her trial, when sentence of banishment had been pronounced, she desired to know wherefore she was banished, to which Winthrop replied, "Say no more; the Court knows wherefore, and is satisfied." As a man, however, the inflexible character of the magistrate was superseded by a generous nature, for it is related that when on one occasion he detected a thief at his woodpile, he addressed him as follows: "Friend, it is a very cold season and I doubt not you are poorly provided with wood; you are welcome to supply yourself at my pile until the winter is over." The statue represents the Puritan Governor stepping upon the shore of the new world, with the Colony charter in his right hand, and in his left the Scriptures.

14 Passing up Tremont Street we stand in front of King's Chapel, another picturesque relic of Colonial days. This was the first Episcopal church established in Boston. When the city was evacuated by the British, the loyalist rector became one of the numerous company whose hasty departure gave rise to the expression "gone to Halifax" and he carried with him the register, plate and vestments of his church. Subsequently King's Chapel became the first Unitarian church in the United States. The burying ground adjoining was the first laid out in the city, and its monuments bear many distinguished names, among others that of Governor Winthrop.

15 Picturesque as is the exterior of this old sanctuary, standing within the quiet churchyard amid the noise and bustle of the city's streets, its

interior is much more interesting. With the exception of new upholstery it remains exactly as it appeared 150 years ago, with its antique pulpit, highbacked pews, and double row of Corinthian columns supporting the groined ceiling overhead. The richly stained windows of the chancel diffuse a soft and subdued light upon the panels, busts and mural tablets. Its interior was left uninjured during the siege, probably because it was regularly attended by the British officers, and represented the Church of England.

16 From whatever direction we approach the city of Boston, north, south, east or west, the most conspicuous landmark and central object in the view is the gilded dome of the State House on Beacon Hill. Its corner stone was laid by Paul Revere, as Grand Master of the Freemasons, in 1795. The address was made by Governor Samuel Adams, who expressed the hope that within its walls "liberty and the rights of man should be forever advocated and supported." Extensive additions have since been made, and the partial reconstruction of the main building, on its original lines but in more enduring materials, has now been completed. Ascending the lofty flight of broad stone steps which lead over the terraces between the statues of Daniel Webster and Horace Mann, and passing between the columns in Doric Hall, we find ourselves in the beautiful, new Memorial Hall.

17 Occupying the four corners of the room are alcoves containing the torn and tattered banners brought home by Massachusetts regiments from southern battlefields. The large painting in the gallery, on the left, represents the returning soldiers ascending the State House steps to deliver the precious relics to John A. Andrew, the "War Governor" of Massachusetts, who originally presented them to the regiments when they were starting for the front. This apartment, designed especially for this purpose in the reconstructed building, is of magnificent proportions and, with its walls and circular colonnade of polished Sienna marble, forms a worthy receptacle for the treasured mementoes.

18 Just beyond the State House is the site of the old Hancock Mansion, the home of Governor John Hancock, and, all things considered, the finest private residence in Boston during the Colonial period. Its grounds included a large portion of Beacon Hill, and the site of the present State House was Hancock's pasture. This mansion was used as headquarters by General Clinton while he remained in Boston. It also served as a hospital for the wounded from Bunker Hill. Although the grounds were somewhat mutilated by the British soldiers about the time of the battle of Lexington, the house itself, with its furnishings and pictures, had received no injury, and was in excellent preservation as late as the beginning of our Civil War. Strong efforts were made

at that time to secure the house as a museum for the collection of Revolutionary relics. This action failing, the building was unfortunately pulled down, to be replaced by a modern brownstone front, and with it disappeared the only then existing monument to the memory of John Hancock. It was a beautiful specimen of Colonial architecture, and has furnished a model for many structures of later years, the most notable of which was the building erected at the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago to represent the old Bay State.

19 From the State House steps extends the Common, a stretch of green turf and noble elms comprising fifty acres. No other city in America has such a park, in the very midst of its business district. Rising majestically above the tree tops we see the graceful spire of the Park Street Church, for many years the highest object seen on approaching the city. From the extreme fervor of the orthodox doctrines formerly expounded within its walls, the site of this church has long been known as "Brimstone Corner." Close to the further wall of Park Street Church, within the enclosure known as the Granary Burial-Ground, a plain shaft of Tennessee marble, erected a few years ago, marks the resting place of John Hancock. A few steps distant, near the iron fence on the Tremont Street side, a rough granite boulder with a bronze tablet stands by the grave of Samuel Adams. Thus in death, as in life, these two patriots, who were the leading spirits of the Revolution, are still together. The tall spire above throws its solemn shadow across the resting place of each, and on Memorial Day the grandchildren of men who were themselves unborn at the time these graves were new, strew them with flowers as sweet as grew in Hancock's garden in those days so long ago.

20 Proceeding a little further along the Tremont Street Mall, the first walk laid out across the Common, we reach the monument erected to commemorate the Boston Massacre. The bronze figure in front of the shaft is typical of Revolution breaking the chains, while the bas-relief on the base represents the scene of the massacre, with the outline of the Old State House in the background. On one corner of the plate are inscribed the words of Webster: "From that moment we may date the severance of the British empire," while on the opposite corner is engraved John Adams' remark: "On that night the foundation of American Independence was laid." On the upper portion of the shaft are carved the names of the victims of the massacre, headed by that of Crispus Attucks.

21 Within an enclosure not far from the Attuck's monument stood for many years the Old Elm, which was the most interesting historical feature of the Common before its destruction by a winter's gale in 1876.

A tablet on the spot speaks of the elm as follows: "This tree has been standing here for an unknown period. It is believed to have existed before the settlement of Boston, being full grown in 1722. Exhibited marks of old age in 1792, and was nearly destroyed by a storm in 1832." Historians surmise that from one of the branches of this ancient tree was suspended the rope with which Ann Hibbens was hanged for witchcraft in 1656. We know that three Quakers were also executed on the Common, possibly from the limbs of this same tree.

22 The Old Elm stood near the borders of the Frog Pond, where the boys of 150 years ago sailed their boats in summer and skated on its frozen surface in winter, just as their great grandchildren do today. The story of the interview which the plucky Boston boys held with General Gage, when the British soldiers broke the ice on their skating pond, is too well known to need repetition. No wonder the astonished but admiring general exclaimed: "Good Heavens! the very children draw in a love of liberty with the air they breathe."

23 From the further shore of the Frog Pond rises a hill where stood a British fortification at the time of the siege. On its summit has been erected the Army and Navy Monument, at a cost of \$75,000, from designs by Martin Millmore. At the corners of the monument stand four figures representing Peace, History, the Soldier, and the Sailor. It bears the following inscription, composed by President Eliot of Harvard University: "To the men of Boston who died for their country on land and sea, in the war which kept the Union whole, destroyed slavery, and maintained the Constitution, the grateful city has built this monument, that their example may speak to coming generations." Descending the hill and crossing the Parade Ground, we reach the western limit of "Historic Boston."

24 Where the steady stream of travel now pours its constant current through Charles Street, the ebbing and flowing tide of the river Charles formerly rippled against a sandy beach, and from the spot where we now stand the British troops embarked to cross its waters on the march to Lexington and Concord. But from the waters of the former bay a new city has arisen, with broad avenues, sumptuous residences, and stately public buildings. Shall we not cross the Public Garden before us and view some of the modern temples of art and learning which characterize this "Athens of America." But ere we step from the ancient to the modern, let us for a moment consider some of the changes which 250 years have wrought, not only in outward appearances, but in the freedom of individual thought and action which now characterizes the community. In the distance, as we look across this beautiful park, our eyes rest upon the massive Florentine tower of the First Baptist Church.

25 This society, which here has its home on the most aristocratic avenue in the city, is the direct descendant of the First Baptist Society, the doors of whose meeting-house on Salem Street, when completed in 1680, were nailed up by order of the Governor and Council of the Colony. The law decreed banishment to Baptists, and inflicted fines, whippings, and imprisonment on those who persisted in the attempt to remain. But even as the dawn of enlightenment and liberality succeeded the age of religious intolerance to which we have just referred, so has the modern splendor and magnificence we are about to look upon been reclaimed from the swamps and flats which formerly composed this district.

26 The Public Garden through which we are passing is worthy of more than a casual glance. Its charming lake, over whose placid surface glide the graceful swan-boats, is a continual source of delight to the children. Its floral profusion is freely spread before rich and poor alike, and is the common property of all. No vandal hands are ever laid upon these treasures, even the children realizing that it is theirs to see and admire, but not to touch. Looking across the lake, through the leafy vista of the overhanging foliage, we see the distant spire of the Arlington Street Church. Built in 1861, it was one of the earliest structures erected in "Modern Boston," and is the new home of the famous old Federal Street Church.

27 To that sanctuary adjourned from the Old State House the convention which met to ratify the Constitution in 1778, as we are told in the following lines:

"The Vention did in Boston meet,
But State House could not hold 'em;
So then they went to Federal Street,
And there the truth was told 'em."

An amusing incident is related in connection with the weathervane of the old church, presented by John Hancock. Colonel Erving meeting the pastor one day called his attention to the fact that the vane did not move, but remained fixed in one position. The good and honest parson immediately called on the mechanic who had put up the vane to remedy the trouble. After a difficult climb to the top it was found that the trouble was not with the vane, but with the wind, which had remained due east for a fortnight. So it seems that the noted east winds of Boston are not a modern feature by any means.

28 Near the Arlington Street side of the Public Garden stands a red marble and granite monument, erected to commemorate the discovery that "the inhaling of ether causes insensibility to pain, first proved to the world at the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, in October,

1846." The shaft is surmounted by two figures illustrative of the story of the good Samaritan, while under the Gothic arches on the four sides of the base are appropriate bas-reliefs.

29 As we approach the Commonwealth Avenue gate of the Public Garden, we pass Thomas Ball's equestrian statue of Washington, the finest specimen of monumental sculpture in the city. It represents the Father of his Country in the prime of life, with commanding attitude and dignified expression. The figure of the horse is exceptionally fine, the arching neck and spirited action bearing witness to the sculptor's skill. Its extreme height is thirty-eight feet above the ground and it is surrounded by a mass of bedded plants, arranged in symmetrical shapes, and displayed in brilliant combinations of color.

30 Few cities enjoy the privilege of having, right in the midst of their crowded thoroughfares and teeming hives of industry and trade, such an oasis of verdure, free alike to all classes, as this Public Garden of Boston, with its rare tropical plants and flowers, its cool fountains and shady arbors. From early Spring till Autumn late, it is an everchanging kaleidoscope of the floral emblems of the varying seasons. In the distance extends the Common, with its canopy of spreading elms, and, crowning all, is the gilded dome of the State House on Beacon Hill.

31 We have now reached the edge of Copley Square, the pride of modern Boston and unequalled in any city in the country. First and foremost among the stately structures surrounding it stands imposing Trinity, the masterpiece of Richardson, and for years the church of the lamented Phillips Brooks. It is French Romanesque in design, and is the finest church edifice in Boston. Its massive central tower, rising to a height of 211 feet, is supported by four great piers at the corners, which rest upon foundations of stone saved from the ruins of the old church in Summer Street, destroyed in the great fire of 1872.

32 The adjoining chapel, with its external stairway and the open cloister connecting it to the church, forms one of the most picturesque features of the exterior design. The cloister contains some ornamental stonework from the old church of Saint Botolph, in Boston, England. The unfinished condition of the front of the church toward Copley Square long marred the otherwise harmonious relations of the separate portions. But the pointed towers on either side of the front elevation have been added, and the entrance porch is an accomplished reality, so that the edifice now rises, complete in all its grand proportions, a fitting climax to the stately structures of Copley Square.

33 Let us enter its portals and view the interior. The semicircular chancel is lighted by richly stained memorial windows, between which are gilded panels bearing the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and other texts

pertaining to the Episcopal service. In the centre is a brass lectern, at the left of which stands a beautiful marble font, while the pulpit is supported from one of the massive corner piers. In the great tower above the chancel are the colossal mural frescoes by John La Farge, on the left Saint Peter, on the right Saint Paul, with groups of angels surmounted by a motto overhead.

34 A more recent addition to Boston's public buildings is the new home of the Public Library. Its exterior is of monumental design in Italian Renaissance, and entirely fills one side of Copley Square. Extending across the front of the building, underneath the cornice, is a frieze bearing the following inscription: "The Public Library of the City of Boston, built by the people, and dedicated to the advancement of learning."

35 The main entrance consists of three arched openings, each closed by heavy wrought iron gates. Above the arches are the sculptured seals by Augustus St. Gaudens, of the City and Commonwealth on either side, and the Library in the centre. As the iron gates swing open underneath the motto, "Free to all," and we pass in under the helmet-crowned head of the Roman Minerva on the keystone of the central arch, we find ourselves in the Entrance Hall.

36 This has a high, vaulted ceiling of rich mosaic work in colored marble, and bears the names of Boston's eminent men representing the various professions of letters, science, art and law. The white marble floor is inlaid with brass figure work representing the signs of the zodiac, the seal of the Library, and the names of the men most prominently connected with its early history. Passing under the triumphal arch before us, we begin the ascent of the Grand Staircase, of Sienna marble, the most magnificent feature of this palatial interior.

37 On the landing at either side of the ascending steps repose two lions, designed by Louis St. Gaudens, and carved from single blocks of Sienna marble as a memorial to the officers and men of two Massachusetts regiments who fell in the Civil War. On the panelled marble wall before us are three paintings by Chavannes. In the left hand panel, Virgil, typifying Pastoral Poetry, stands by a sylvan stream. In the panel on the right we have an illustration of Epic poetry in the seated form of the blind Homer, the standing figures on either side representing the Iliad and the Odyssey. In the centre panel, devoted to Dramatic Poetry, Aeschylus reclines upon the rocks, invoking Melpomene's aid in the conception of his tragedy of "Prometheus Bound." In the distance we see a vision of the unhappy man, subject to the repeated attacks of the soaring eagle, while the Oceanides, circling around the rock, endeavor by sweet song to allay his ceaseless agony.

38 Continuing our ascent of the Grand Staircase, we reach the corridor on the second story, flanked on the outer side by a balustrade supporting a colonnade of polished marble. The inner wall of the corridor is adorned with the large mural painting by Chavannes, entitled, "The Muses welcoming the Genius of Enlightenment." Floating in the air above a grassy foreground are the nine Muses, their graceful figures outlined against the dark blue sea beyond, and apparently moving with outstretched arms toward the Genius, resting on a cloud above the central door. On either side of this doorway are seated figures, the one on the left representing Study, that on the right, Contemplation. Passing through the corridor to the left, underneath the Muses, we reach the celebrated paintings by Mr. John S. Sargent.

39 The mural decoration at the end of the corridor consists of a frieze surmounted by a lunette. Sargent's "Frieze of Prophets" is too well known to require a detailed description, photographic reproductions having been circulated in every town and village throughout the land. The lunette above illustrates the victory of Monotheism over Polytheism. In the centre the Jews, twelve in number, from the Twelve Tribes of Israel, naked and despairing, are crouching in captivity beneath the golden yoke of the Egyptian and the Assyrian. The central figure is raising its arms in supplication to the God of Israel, and behind the yoke are the uplifted arms of other suppliants. To the left stands Pharaoh, the cruel Egyptian king, lifting a scourge in his right hand, and with his left grasping the hair of his captives. Behind him the Egyptian Sphinx, with magnificent wings of black and gold, tramples a heap of slain on which are perched two white vultures. On the right is the Assyrian king, the knotted muscles of his arms denoting the vastness of his power. With his left hand he presses down the golden yoke, while the sword in his right hand is drawn back for a crushing blow. Behind him lies another heap of slain, over which crouches the Assyrian lion, and upon which two ravens, corresponding to the Egyptian vultures, are just alighting. Beyond is an Assyrian god, with the body of a man and the head of a vulture. But Jehovah has heard the despairing cry of His chosen people. On either side of the crimson wings of the cherubim, which veil His face, His mighty arms are stretched out to restrain the blows of the despots. His lightest touch suffices to stay the slender, effeminate arm of Pharaoh, but He represses the sturdy arm of the Assyrian monarch with a grasp of infinite power. An appropriate text for this picture story may be found in the 106th Psalm: "Nevertheless He regarded their affliction when He heard their cry: And He remembered for them His covenant."

40 Opposite the northern end of the Public Library rises the lofty campanile of the "New Old South," which, for a time, threatened to rival Pisa's leaning tower. But although the foundations have settled sufficiently to throw the tower considerably out of the perpendicular, the movement has apparently ceased. One by one the various denominations have forsaken their old, historic sites, and followed the flight of wealth and fashion into the aristocratic quarter, until the Old North and King's Chapel are about the only church societies left which continue to inhabit their original houses of the colonial period. But, beautiful as is the modern home of this ancient congregation, it lacks the interest and associations which cluster around its abandoned temple, within which was "kindled the flame that fired the Revolution."

41 Leaving Copley Square, a few steps brings us to Commonwealth Avenue, one of the most magnificent thoroughfares in America, and bordered with palatial buildings from the Public Garden to the Back Bay Fens. Standing in the centre of Commonwealth Avenue, near its intersection with the Fens, is the bronze statue of Lief Ericsson, the Norse discoverer of America. The inscription reads "Lief, the Discoverer, son of Erik, who sailed from Iceland and landed on this continent in the year 1000." As we look upon the figure of this bold explorer, who is supposed to have sailed up the winding ways of the river Charles, past this spot, 900 years ago, our thoughts revert to the ancient city of Norumbega, erected by his followers long before Columbus sailed from sunny Spain.

42 During the early exploration of New England this famous city was vainly sought by Champlain and Smith, but although seen and described by Allefonce in 1543, and again twenty-six years later by David Ingram, an English sailor, its existence came to be looked upon as a myth. The late Prof. Horsford of Cambridge, after much research, found the supposed site of this legendary city, and brought to light many relics which he associated with descriptions given in the Norse Sagas. A few miles up the river Charles, in the town of Weston, he has erected this tower of stone, a lasting monument to the memory of these Vikings from the far distant northland.

43 Within a stone's throw of the tranquil Charles, on the Cambridge shore, stands an old Colonial mansion. Previous to the Revolution it was the home of Thomas Oliver, the last of the Royal Lieutenant-Governors, who was forced to resign his office by the men of Middlesex. The mansion then became the home of Elbridge Gerry, who resided here while Governor, and later as Vice President under Madison. Upon the death of this well-known politician and originator of the "Gerrymander" the place was purchased by the Rev. Charles

Lowell, father of the poet, and became known as "Elmwood." As the home of James Russell Lowell, who was born, lived and died beneath the shade of these spreading elms, this old relic of Colonial days will be especially remembered by future generations.

- 44 Passing in toward the centre of the town, the literary pilgrim to the shrine of classic Cambridge will find another antique dwelling, whose ponderous brass knocker has probably announced a greater number of famous visitors than any other in New England. Known in our day and generation as the home of Longfellow, the house will be chiefly remembered from its associations with Washington, who made his headquarters here while in command of the American forces around Boston. The right-hand corner room on the second story was occupied by the commander-in-chief as his sleeping apartment. To this room, in 1837, came Longfellow, a young professor in Harvard College, and here, while a lodger with Mrs. Craigie, he wrote the "Psalm of Life." The associations of Washington, which clustered around its walls, doubtless inspired the lines:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time."

- 45 A short distance from the home of Longfellow we reach Cambridge Common, near the end of which stands an ancient elm in solitary state. From the care taken to preserve its crippled branches, and to sustain the few remaining limbs of its former extensive spread, it is evidently considered a precious relic. And well it may be, for, in passing in front of the granite tablet at its base, we read that—"Under this tree Washington first took command of the American army July 3, 1775." For nearly a century and a half this venerable tree has remained a connecting link between the present and the past. Its daily presence in the midst of the crowded street compels the hurrying passer-by to reflect on the lesson taught by its swaying branches, a lesson which will be lost to the generations that shall come after the elm has ceased to be.

- 46 Crossing the Common we stand at the gate of Harvard University, the first monument to the shrine of learning among our early institutions. Within six years of the settlement of Boston an appropriation of 400 pounds by the General Court, supplemented two years later by a bequest of double the amount from the estate of the Rev. John Harvard, placed the infant college on a firm foundation. Passing through these portals we enter the College Yard, surrounded by ancient halls and invested with historic associations. The building just inside the

gateway is the venerable Massachusetts Hall, which afforded shelter to the American army during the Revolution. It is the oldest of the University buildings now standing in its original condition.

47 Not far from Cambridge, on the road to Medford, stands the most remarkable antique ruin to be found in Massachusetts. In venerable appearance and substantial form it can only be rivalled by the Old Stone Mill at Newport. Like that famous ruin, this was also a wind-mill of the early settlers. But its most interesting historical associations are connected with the war of the Revolution, when it was used as a magazine for storing the powder of the Continental army. On September 1st, 1774, a detachment of troops from Boston seized and carried away the powder the magazine contained. The news of the seizure rapidly spread, and the following morning several thousand men of Middlesex assembled under arms on Cambridge Common. Had a similar warning been previously given, there is no doubt that Cambridge Common, instead of Lexington Green, would have witnessed the opening of hostilities.

48 Driving westward, out upon the old Worcester turnpike, in a sequestered nook among the hills of Sudbury, we approach another ancient structure, whose gambrel roof has sheltered the weary traveler for more than 200 years. This is Longfellow's Wayside Inn.

"A region of repose it seems,
A place of slumber and of dreams,
Remote among the wooded hills."

49 Passing underneath the arching branches of a grove of ancient oaks, we come upon the house itself, a landmark of the olden time, entirely forsaken by the modern stream of travel. After nearly forty years of silent solitude, broken only by occasional visitors, the old tavern has once more been opened. It has been furnished with rare antique furniture, and once again, in fancy, if not reality,

"Half effaced by rain and shine
The Red Horse prances on the sign."

50 Entering the house we are shown the room once occupied by Lafayette, and Washington is also said to have rested here. What a pity the original furnishings should have been scattered and demolished. It has been refurnished, however, to conform as nearly as possible to its Colonial appearance, and the furnishings, while not the same, are genuine antiques. But, aside from the authentic historical associations connected with this typical tavern of long ago, the imaginary presence of the familiar characters in Longfellow's Prelude impress us strongly.

51 The deserted hall, with its wooden bar and ancient fixtures, recalls the scene, when, according to the poet, the landlord and his guests

assembled around the blazing fire and listened

"To the Musician, as he stood,
Illumined by that fire of wood."

When the music ceased the landlord, beset by a clamor for a long promised story, began his tale of "The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere."

52 The poet's story is familiar to us all. As the Lexington bells were striking the hour of one Revere reined in his panting steed at the gateway of the house before us, the parsonage of Rev. Jonas Clark. In the lower room at the left of the entrance the patriot leaders, Hancock and Adams, were quietly sleeping. They were just about to start for Philadelphia to attend the meetings of the First Continental Congress and their capture was one of the objects sought by the British troops. If they were captured their doom was certain. As Revere began to shout the guard at the door requested him not to make so much noise, for fear of waking the inmates. "Noise?" said he, "you'll have noise enough before long! The regulars are out!" The inmates were aroused, lights appeared at the windows, and Hancock, recognizing the voice of his friend, bade him enter. Revere then delivered the message of warning sent by Warren.

53 Another and fairer guest, the beautiful Dorothy Quincy, was also sheltered on that eventful night under the roof of parson Clark. She was the affianced bride of Hancock, and the reigning beauty of her time. We may easily imagine that a smile from those lips was a sufficient recompense to the gallant Revere for the danger he had incurred and the peril he had braved. In later years, as mistress of the Hancock Mansion, she entertained with lavish hospitality, and numbered among her guests many men of rank, including the Marquis de Lafayette. In 1824, when Lafayette revisited Boston, amid the immense throng which greeted him with heartfelt homage, he perceived his hostess of forty years before seated on a balcony. Stopping his carriage he rose to his feet, and, placing his hand upon his heart, made her a graceful salutation. In the evening of her life, although for the second time a widow, she seemed lightly touched by the hand of time, and retained all the vivacity and sprightliness of her early years.

54 After a brief pause at Lexington, the impatient Revere continued to urge his foaming steed along the Concord road. And what was the result of his midnight cry to "Up and arm!" Before the break of day the peaceful inhabitants, roused from their sleep by beat of drum and clang of bell, hurriedly grasped their flint-locks and gathered in squads to protect their homes. In front of John Buckman's Tavern, where Captain John Parker and his Minute-Men assembled, has been erected this idealized figure of Captain Parker, by the sculptor

Henry H. Kitson, facing the British line of march. From the Buckman Tavern, the Minute-Men marched to the historic Green, where, drawn up in line, they waited the advance of the British regulars.

55 And here, where lies this granite boulder placed to commemorate the scene, the armed forces of England and America first met face to face. Silent and determined stood the line of Minute-Men. "Stand your ground; dont fire unless fired upon, but if they mean to have a war let it begin here!" were the words of Captain Parker. At that moment the fate of our country hung trembling in the wavering balance. Suddenly an accidental flash in the pan of a musket held by an excited Minute-Man drew a volley from the British regulars. Eight patriot hearts here ceased to beat. Thus began the war of the Revolution. The house seen beyond the Common, which still retains its Revolutionary appearance, was the Harrington homestead.

56 At one of its windows stood the wife of Jonathan Harrington, looking out upon this dreadful scene. She saw her husband fall, then rise, and with ebbing strength turn toward his home and try to reach her side. Then the remnant of that tiny band of patriots, who had returned an unavailing fire, saw the column of British regulars reform their ranks, and, cheering for their victory, march on to Concord. But the victory which the rising sun that morning looked upon was to be turned into an ignominious defeat, and the last rays of the setting sun, as it sank behind the western hills, were to fall upon the panic-stricken redcoats, flying with decimated ranks in wild confusion.

57 But, before this skirmish commenced on Lexington Green, the inhabitants of Concord had been roused from their slumbers, and the officers and prominent citizens had gathered at the old Wright Tavern for consultation. This old landmark has suffered but little in the lapse of time, and now presents almost the identical appearance it did on that fateful April morning, when Major Pitcairn entered, and, as he stirred his glass of brandy, made his oft-quoted remark about stirring the rebels blood. As the British regulars were seen coming up the road, their scarlet uniforms and polished bayonets gleaming in the early morning sun, their superiority of numbers decided Colonel Barrett to withdraw his men until he could muster a larger force.

58 The scene now changes to the old North Bridge, on the hill beyond which the Americans were gathered. Stationed here, they saw the redcoats cross the bridge and proceed to the house of Colonel Barrett, to capture and destroy the military supplies there stored. But Colonel Barrett had improved his opportunity, during the five hours between the first alarm and the arrival of the British, to remove and conceal the stores, so the search proved fruitless. Meanwhile the Min-

ute-Men had been arriving in numbers at the rendezvous on Punkatasset Hill, from whence they could look down upon the movements of the British soldiers, whose hostile acts portended a general destruction. "It was then resolved to march into the town to defend their homes, or die in the attempt."

59 The British forces at the bridge, seeing them approach, fired a volley into the patriot ranks, which was returned by the Minute-Men with deadly effect. On the spot then occupied by the regulars has been erected a granite monument, on the face of which we read: "Here, on the nineteenth 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 that Revolution which gave Independence to these United States. In gratitude to God, and in the love of freedom, this monument was erected in the year 1836." Through the leafy vista, beyond the bridge, we see in the distance the bronze figure of the Minute-Man, on the spot where stood the Provincials.

60 "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."

These lines by Ralph Waldo Emerson are inscribed on the pedestal of this bronze statue, designed by Mr. D. C. French of Concord, to represent the Minute-Man as he stood on this spot in 1775. The sculptor has succeeded admirably in his purpose. The attitude of the youthful soldier is full of life and action, while the costume, the flintlock musket and old-fashioned plow are details that were faithfully copied from the originals themselves.

61 The old bridge was long since destroyed, the highway being abandoned, but through the liberality of a wealthy citizen it has been reproduced on the same spot and in the same outline as it presented on the day of the Concord fight. The engagement lasted but a few minutes, when the British returned to the village, and soon after began their memorable retreat to Boston. But in the meantime the news had spread with amazing rapidity, and all the roads leading to Concord were thronged with Minute-Men hurrying to the scene of action. Incensed at the reports of the aggressive acts of the British, and stirred to their souls by the slaughter of their countrymen, they pursued and fired upon the invaders with deadly effect "from behind each fence and farmyard wall." Franklin has described the rout in humorous fashion. He wrote to a friend that the "British troops made a most vigorous retreat, twenty miles in three hours—scarce to be paralleled

in history—and the feeble Americans, who pelted them all the way, could scarce keep up with them.” The undisciplined, poorly-equipped Yankee farmers had outwitted and outfought the veterans of England, fully equipped with all the munitions of war. They had saved their arms, ammunition and provisions, and had covered themselves with a glory that will never fade.

62 Within a stone’s throw of the battle-ground at the bridge is situated the Old Manse, where lived the Rev. William Emerson, the patriotic minister, whose stirring words that morning inspired with ardor the patriot forces. From its dormer window his wife, the grandmother of Ralph Waldo Emerson, looked out upon his parishioners drawn up in battle array beyond the river, saw them cross this Rubicon, and listened to the rattle of musketry which proclaimed the beginning of the long struggle for Independence. But, aside from its connection with these historic scenes, the Old Manse has become doubly interesting from its associations with the genius of Emerson and the inspiration of Hawthorne. Many of Emerson’s best poems were written while a dweller here, and Hawthorne has described his study in “Mosses from an Old Manse,” written while he lived within these walls.

63 About a mile from the centre of the village, close by the side of the road over which the British retreated to Lexington, stands “Wayside,” the home of Hawthorne’s later years. Although standing here in 1775, the house has since received many changes and additions, the most notable of which is the square tower built by Hawthorne on top of the house, in defiance of all architectural rules, for a study. From this lofty sanctum a single window in the rear looks out upon a dense forest of trees, most of which were planted by the philosopher Alcott, who lived here for several years and who later made his home in the adjoining house on the left. Above the window in Hawthorne’s study is the one word, “Olympus,” and on either side are painted the following mottoes: “There is no joy but calm;” “All care abandon ye that enter here.” There is a certain analogy between the house, cut off by intervening trees and shrubbery from the passing throng in front, and the unobtrusive character and retiring disposition of its master’s life.

64 Adjoining the home of Hawthorne on the west is the “Orchard House,” for many years the home of the philosopher Alcott and of his talented daughter Louisa May. It has been known, far and wide, as the home of “Little Women.” Strictly speaking, however, the familiar characters of “Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy” were drawn from the home life of the four Alcott girls while they resided in the Hawthorne house. After leaving “Wayside,” in 1848, ten years elapsed before the Alcott family returned to Concord. In July, 1858, they

moved into the "Orchard House," but the family circle had in the meantime been broken by the death of Elizabeth, the third daughter. In the grounds of the "Orchard House," just outside this view to the left, was the Concord School of Philosophy, founded by Mr. Allcott, and of which Dr. William T. Harris was long the controlling spirit. The latter purchased the "Orchard House," after the removal of the Alcotts, and resided there until his appointment by President Harrison as United States Commissioner of Education at Washington. The School of Philosophy was a small, unpretentious, unpainted wooden shack, and was the hottest place in Concord on a hot day.

65 Of these philosophical meetings, in the "good old summer time," Louisa May Allcott, who had a keen sense of humor, as well as a caustic pen, has given us such delightful descriptions and nonsense rhymes as the following :

"Philosophers sit in their sylvan hall
And talk of the duties of man,
Of Chaos and Cosmos, Hegel and Kant,
With the Oversoul well in the van;
All on their hobbies they amble away,
And a terrible dust they make;
Disciples devout both gaze and adore,
As daily they listen and bake."

The "Orchard House," after the removal of Dr. Harris, stood vacant for several years, and the grounds became sadly neglected. Finally, however, the property was purchased by the Concord Woman's Club, which has repaired and refurnished the house, installed therein some of the old Allcott furniture, and will hereafter maintain this beautiful, elm-shaded home as a fitting memorial to Louisa May Allcott.

66 But the Mecca of all literary pilgrims to this shrine of the Muses is the home of Ralph Waldo Emerson, partly concealed from the gaze of the passing throng by a grove of trees. A plain, square house, its exterior would not of itself attract more than a casual glance, but within its hospitable doors met the talented circle of Concord's gifted writers, whose influence has extended around the world. Thoreau, the "hermit naturalist," was here a daily visitor, and in the large parlor were held the earliest "Conversations" of the philosopher Alcott. Although Concord will always be chiefly renowned from her associations with the stirring events of that fateful day, and the first decisive stand here taken against the forces of a tyrant king, there are many who lovingly cherish the memories of her "Golden Age of Letters."

67 As we journey back in the footsteps of the retreating British to Charlestown, our eyes rest upon an object dear to the heart of every American. It is the granite shaft, 220 feet in height, which marks the

spot where was fought the battle of Bunker Hill. The corner-stone was laid by Lafayette, and on that occasion, the fiftieth anniversary of the battle, Daniel Webster here addressed the venerable survivors. With what emotions must the favored few, who were permitted to realize the effects of the work their hands had wrought, have listened to the stirring words recalling the scene of which they were the heroes. On each recurring seventeenth of June Charlestown celebrates the anniversary of this greatest event of her history—an American defeat that was not a defeat; an English victory that was not a victory. For the confident and exultant British here learned to their cost that the Yankees could fight. An English officer wrote home as follows: “You good people of old England will find out that some other mode must be adopted than gaining every little hill at the expense of 1000 Englishmen.” And our own General Greene wrote to his friends: “I wish we could sell them another hill at the same price.”

68 Directly in front of the monument stands the bronze statue of Colonel Prescott, where he is supposed to have stood at the opening of the battle. It represents him as looking eagerly forward toward the advancing British, his right hand grasping the sword to be raised as a signal for action, and his left extended backward to repress his soldiers, as he uttered the warning words: “Dont fire until you can see the whites of their eyes!”

69 And now, as we enter the little building which forms the entrance to the monument, our eyes rest upon the marble statue of Joseph Warren, whose ardent young life was the greatest loss the Americans suffered in this battle. But Warren did not die in vain. His memory lingers yet, an inspiration for all time. As Webster says: “This monument may moulder away; the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to a level with the sea, but thy memory shall not fail!”

70 On the 120th anniversary of the memorable day of Bunker Hill we again see an army here assembled, surpassing in numbers the combined forces of that day in 1775. But this is an army of peace, assembled to honor the hallowed memories of all the noble heroes who here gave their lives for freedom. In the procession, which on this 120th anniversary wound about the enclosure where stands the monument, rode a detachment of our soldiers side by side with a platoon of British cavalry, the English standard fluttering by the side of the Stars and Stripes, while above the banners perched the white dove of peace and friendship. Old Mother England has forgotten the past, and now smiles upon her eldest daughter with pride and affection. Long may these harmonious relations continue between the two great English-speaking nations of the earth!

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