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INVITATION TO BOSTON

INVITATION

*A merry guide to her
past, present, and future
which Daniel Webster
among others places as
forever.*



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PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT

This is the first volume in the City-Guide Series, separate books on the principal cities of the United States. The purpose of these presentations is to reveal to those who dwell in each city its intimate history, interesting personalities, and unusual sights; and to help those who visit to see and to interpret a great deal in a brief period.

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I shall enter on no encomiums of Massachusetts, she needs none. There she is. Behold her and judge for yourself. There is her history; the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston and Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill, and there they will remain forever.

DANIEL WEBSTER, 1830

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УВАЖЛИ СЛУЖИМ
УТИ ЗАБРАТИ
ОБИ

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Foreword

“A CITY that is set on a hill cannot be hid,” the Bible says. Boston was set on three of them. Two are gone now, but the survivor is Beacon. No city with such a crown can be escaped!

You will find it exactly as everyone has told you it would be. Standoffish and hospitable. Quaint with antiquity, clever about investments, hopelessly entangled in its own traffic. It is erudite and dignified on some streets, raucous and bawdy on others. It is a big city and a small town.

Bostonians like it here. But perhaps it is only fair to warn the guest within the gates about the idiosyncrasies we feel are perfectly normal. You may not share the local fondness for them, but it would be generous of you to understand.

There is a bookishness about the place. There has been ever since 1640 when the first volume printed in English America was rushed from a Cambridge press to a public panting for *the Psalms in Metre, faithfully translated for the Use, Edification and Comfort of the Saints, in Public and Private, especially in New Englande*. Later tomes discussed days of doom, the last judgment, and infant damnation, though unbaptized babies were assured of “the easiest room in Hell.” One best seller was concerned with the necessity

and usefulness of affliction. Now do you understand? Or must you see the clogged streets first?

We like the charming little alleys and bypaths with such nice names—Creek Lane, Quaker Lane, Batterymarch, Pie Alley, Cornhill. We like Winter Street that crosses Washington and becomes Summer. And we walk in the middle of all of them, because they are just a hairbreadth wider than the sidewalks. You will hear that these are ancient cowpaths, and Dahl the cartoonist explains that the ancient cows were very narrow too. Anyway, "We cannot move the center of Boston. It was made by the Lord, and fixed for all time." From the center, duly established by the Deity, the little lanes have wheeled out willy-nilly, in testimony to the handiwork of man.

You can have more room on the Common. Purchase a bag of peanuts, however, from the vendor on the Charles Street side. It is necessary to feed the squirrels who may attack you if you don't! They are a fearsome city breed, molted and moth-eaten. But they love Boston too, and play about the aged trees with angry expressions on their pinched little faces, if you disagree with them.

You will hear birds singing in Boston, and sweet church bells pealing, yet this is the heart of one of the most densely populated areas in the nation—in a sixty-mile radius some four and a half million people live. In one square mile within the city limits, there will be seventeen thousand of them. But the pastoral charm of flowers blossoming and swans floating in the Garden pond is only a block away from business.

It is a prosperous, solvent, mild, and fairly orderly place. In 1819, two people did die "of drinking cold water" but in the same year, only one succumbed to drunkenness! This report is from the Board of Health, Lunacy and Charity—an efficient triumvirate. It built a workhouse for the "idle and

vicious poor" which obviously proved effective. Now Boston has any number of idle rich, and practically no one vicious at all.

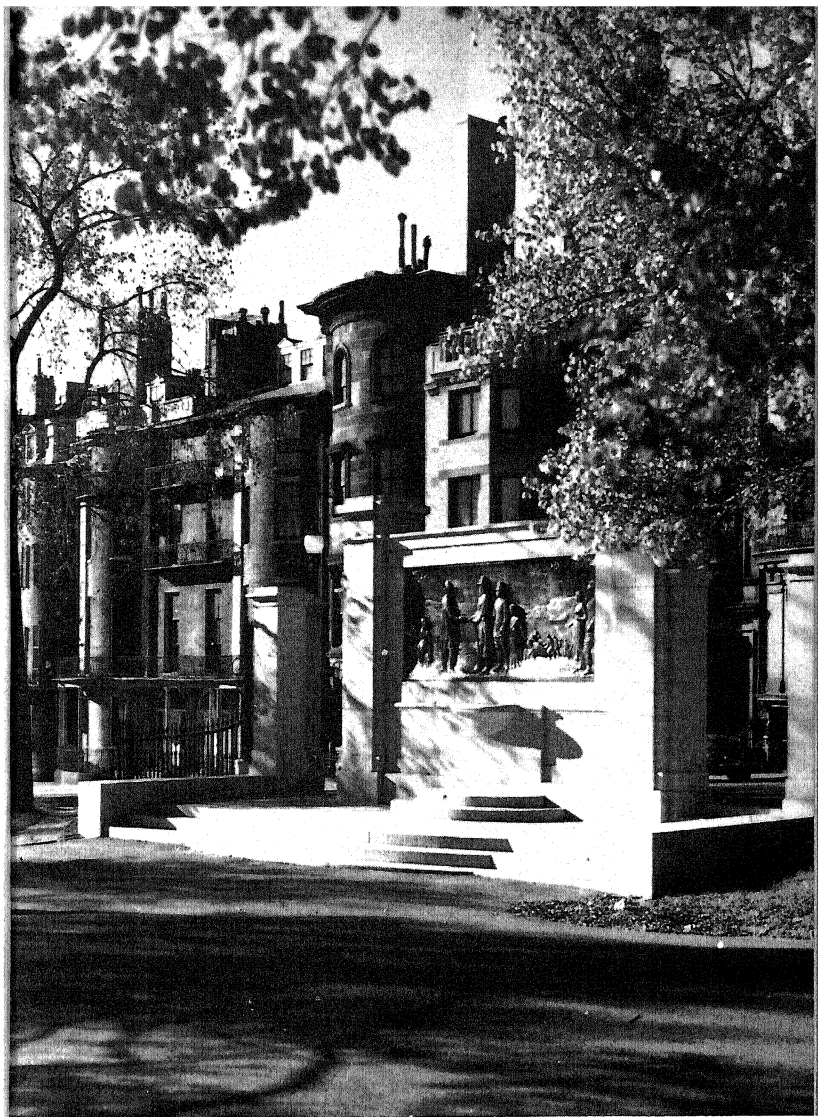
Natives find all these things highly satisfying. Basically we even like Boston weather. It permits ordinary conversation to be opened with refreshing originality borrowed of its caprice. And if it roasts, freezes, drenches, or dehydrates you, consider its amazing vitality before you pronounce judgment. Even the venerable *Boston Herald*, carried away by such engaging potentialities of our climate, once printed the enthusiastic weather report: "Boston and vicinity. Sunny today and tonight."

We hope it will be. We hope the sun never sets on your stay here, so you can enjoy all we treasure. Our favorite places are indicated in these pages, but how is it possible to encompass them in one visit? You will want to come again and again. The best thing, of course, is to be born here!

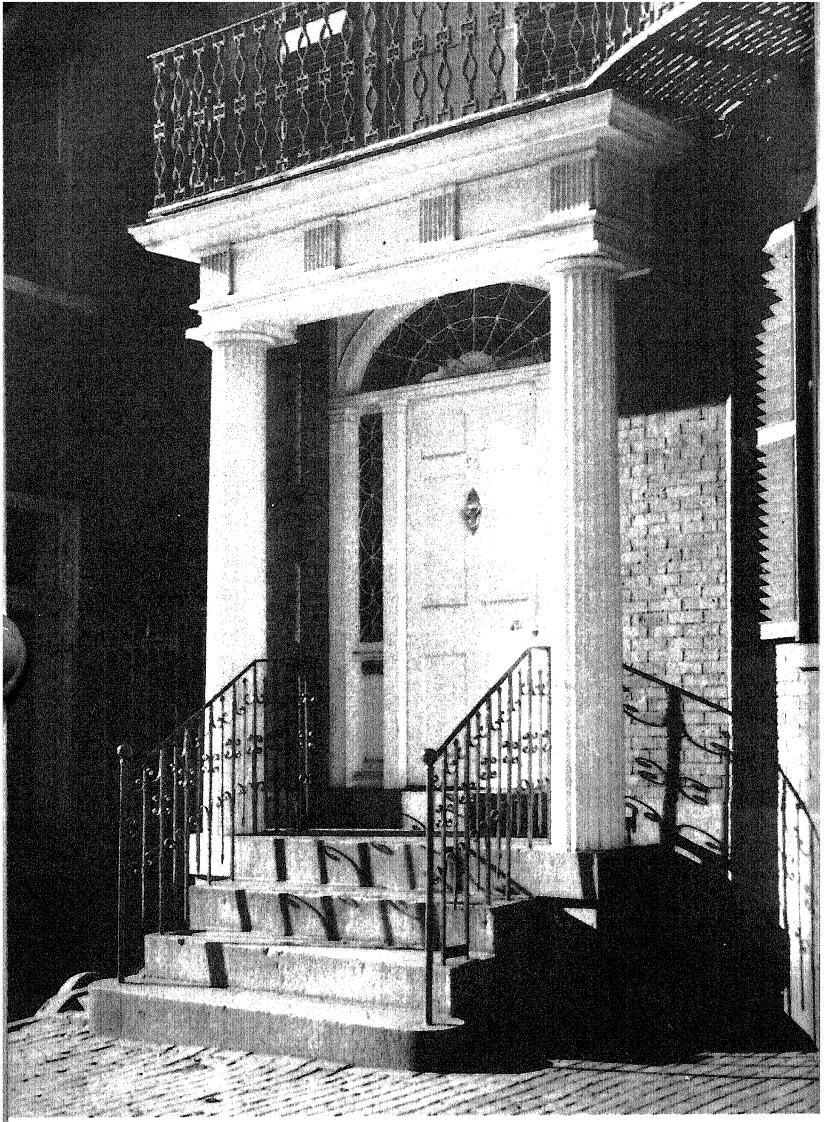
A. C. LYONS

February, 1947
Wakefield
Massachusetts

INVITATION TO BOSTON



1. Blaxton Greeted Winthrop on Boston Common



2. Contemporary Welcome to Beacon Street

I. *Begin on Boston Common*

*A*LL OF BOSTON'S SACRED COD ARE NOT HANGING VISIBLY in the Bulfinch State House. One is. It is the splendid symbolic fish opposite the speaker's desk in the House Chamber, as "emblem of the staple of commodities of the Colony and the Province," and target for all the pleasantries about it which Boston secretly cherishes.

But also there is the codfish aristocracy that Copley and Stuart portraits preserve, the equally revered land of the bean and the cod, the current fish receipts held in duly proper financial respect. There are all the silent burying grounds in the midst of traffic, sacred to history and to the undisputed fact that the history was made through daring, innovation, courage, and the consuming preoccupation with freedom—all venerated around here too.

There is Boston's holy devotion to the arts, to music, science, and education—each one a mighty obligation of conscience. And there are the sacrosanct fortunes so shrewdly invested that today's debt to yesterday may leave its expected legacy to tomorrow. Wealth has more duties than rights in Boston, because always there are the improvident to be cared for too.

Reverence for the past holds confidence in the future. How

could a city let down Winthrop, Hancock, Garrison, Longfellow, Emerson, Horace Mann? The shipmasters, State Street, Beacon Hill? The poets and preachers, educators and statesmen, financiers and heroes, warriors and peacemakers?

All the Sacred Cod together are an impressive catch. Wouldn't you like to see it? There is only one condition and that is inviolable. It is your enjoyment.

Boston's Flavor

Your introduction to Boston begins quite properly, as did that of the earliest settlers, on the Common. Do say Common. Commons, the plural, in this etymological stronghold, denotes the eating place of seventeenth-century Harvard students, and a poor diet they had. But that is a tidbit saved for another chapter, after your walk across the Common has whetted your appetite for Boston's historical nourishment. It is not flavorless, you know, but sharp and sometimes happily spicy—titillating to an appreciative palate.

You will find the city rather like an eminent and impressive Copley portrait of a distinguished dowager shooting dice—with an air, of course—but skillfully throwing sevens withal. She is a merry dowager with skeletons in her closet nudging so much enviable tradition that each gaily tempers and complements the other.

She characterizes a city with an active Watch and Ward Society and flourishing burlesque houses. One of the suburbs has the Society in Dedham for the Apprehension of Horse Thieves, and in another, the Suffolk Downs race track handles millions at its pari-mutuel windows in a season. Her native dishes are plain fare—beans, brown bread, Indian pudding, codfish cakes, apple pandowdy—but where else can you taste such lobster in such luxurious variations!

This is the thriftiest city in the country, with per capita savings and the number of banks that hold them outstripping those of the more extravagant regions that give Boston chills to contemplate. She solemnly feels the nation is living gloriously in sin off the taxes her frugal people must pay out of funds that should be endowing fine worthy institutions. But also it is one of the country's greatest sports and gambling centers.

There are the apocryphal stories about the good Bostonians who say, "Why should I travel? I am *here*." Or the lady who actually did get to California but described her trip as "by way of Dedham." Yet Boston ships under sail visited the farthest-flung ports of the world, and Donald McKay's beautiful clip-pers were created for the venturing minds of the Boston men who owned them and of those who sailed them.

The Liberty Tree stood on Washington Street at the foot of Boylston, and had its name from the first resistance, made at its base, to the odious Stamp Act, and from the flagstaff that went through its highest branches to signal the Sons of Liberty to assemble. In a fury the Tories cut it down in 1775, and where once it grew is a minor tenderloin rival to Scollay Square.

If Boston was the seat of Calvinism, driving out Quakers, jousting theologically with Baptists and Unitarians, viewing with fervent horror the papist trend of the Episcopalians, and literally burning a convent of the Roman Catholics, let it also be remembered that the early maps of the city plainly designated in its proper place, "Mount Whoredom."

Of course in 1684 Increase Mather said, "Mixt Dancing we affirm to be utterly unlawful and it cannot be tollerated in such a place as New England, without great sin." Mr. Mather's delightful ambiguity does suggest that New England was especially susceptible, but then again she had an

extra share of learned ministers to combat such tendencies.

The round mouth-filling address eventually was combated too. It stuck in the righteous throat of Judge Samuel Sewall who officiated at the witchcraft trials, but legislated Mount Whoredom off the record, and you cannot find it now except on maps in historical collections like those of the Bostonian Society—preserved, as are so many other Boston contradictions, behind walls that have stood in three centuries. Actually it was located about where the Bulfinch building of the Massachusetts General Hospital is now—the place that became more famous in 1846 when ether first was used successfully by Dr. W. T. G. Morton.

The Common

Later if you wish, you may visit the ether dome rising quaintly above Fruit Street and the modern hospital around it. But begin Boston on the Common. Not that you could miss it, set down as it is between the State House and the shopping district, and antedating both of them. Nor could the earliest settlers have missed it, since headed by John Winthrop they had sailed from Salem in the *Arbella*, as his diary had it, to “Mattachusetts, to find out a place for our sitting down.”

You may sit down on one of its convenient benches now, and think of that as you hear a concert at the Parkman bandstand, or watch a scrub baseball game on the playing field, or observe bucolic Bostonians stretched on the grass with the morning newspaper insulating the dew while they soak up sun and rest on the broad green acres, or see the old men philosophically playing checkers in the shade of ancient silent trees. The trees have their Latin names affixed, and most Boston schoolboys can translate them. Reserved for the Pub-

lic Garden are the eminently Bostonian "Please" signs requesting you to keep off the grass without being so obvious as to violate New England understatement. The Common is everyone's property. Be comfortable.

In 1630 it was William Blaxton's property. Blaxton, also recorded as the Reverend Mr. Blackstone, in the characteristic discrepancy of our hardy ancestors who seldom could spell, lived in a pleasant cottage on the highest hill of Trimount. That would be Beacon Hill, of course, so the distinguished address quite rightfully is steeped in antiquity.

Winthrop and his group were starting a settlement at Charlestown on the opposite side of the river. But John Endicott's company from Salem, preceding them there, had discovered only one spring, which disconcertingly could be reached only when the tide was out and Winthrop debated its adequacy. Mr. Blaxton, hearing of the impasse, sailed his shallop over to Charlestown, "and acquainted the Governor of an excellent spring . . . withal inviting and soliciting him thither."

So Boston was founded because of a spring, and you must not mind the excessive number of refreshment places of all degrees of strength now flourishing to the delight or dismay of visitors from dry states who think the city is either heaven or fast on the road to hell.

Early maps show Blaxton's house to have been on the slope of Beacon Hill toward the Common, about at Spruce and Beacon streets. Because unquestionably he moored his boat on the river which then came up to Charles Street—and still did many years later when the British took off that way for Lexington and Concord—his important spring presumably was in the immediate vicinity.

Certainly he would not have fancied carrying water all over Shawmutt, which means "living waters" and was the apt

Indian name for Boston. But many historians place the spring far up the hill in Louisburg Square, and that is nice to contemplate too. The Square so happily preserves Old Boston it is fitting that its fame runs back to Blaxton's thirst quencher in 1630. Edward Everett Hale liked to say that every resident of this decorous, privately owned square claimed to have the original spring in his cellar; but the houses are far too reserved to exhibit it, even if it were there today.

Besides, on the Beacon Street mall of the Common a fine plaque indicates that it stands exactly on the spot of the elusive and peripatetic spring. In any case, it tells the story of Winthrop's arrival, so do go to see it.

The sturdy ship *Arbella* is lying offshore. Mr. Blaxton and John Winthrop are touching hands because this happened long before the new country acquired the custom of shaking them, or wringing them. Reverend John Wilson, with a Bible in his arm, is standing next little Anne Pollard, the first white woman to set foot on Boston soil. The soil was so healthy she lived to be a hundred and five, and at eighty-nine was the authority for the site of Blaxton's house which she saw that day. It is regrettable that she did not settle the site of the spring as well.

Someone in Boston is certain to tell you Spring Lane had its name therefrom, but Spring Lane is away across the Common and down several streets, just north of the Old South Meetinghouse.

Probably there was a spring there too, Boston happily was full of them. But if Blaxton carried water that far to his cottage on the slope of the Hill, he was not the same smart trader who sold the entire peninsula, that was Boston's beginning, to Winthrop and the colonists for thirty pounds sterling. Remember what Manhattan sold for?

Blaxton augmented the thirty pounds by reserving for him-

self six good acres, including his rose garden, and he acquired neighbors and an undying place in history for having been at least five and maybe seven or eight years ahead of those credited with founding the town. Eventually he sold out completely and fled from his difficult Puritan fellows, saying rather forcefully that he had "left England because of his dislike of the Lord Bishops, and now he did not like the Lord Brethren." In the lovely valley of the Blackstone River, named for him, presumably he found peace in Rhode Island, and Boston, built at his invitation, flourished.

Winthrop's company had sailed with "all necessary men of handicrafts and others of good condition, wealth and quality to make a firm plantation" in the correct theory that it takes all kinds to make a new world. Soon houses had sprung up in the area of Tremont, Bromfield, Milk, and Hanover streets, and the settlement had been named Boston, after Boston, Lincolnshire, England, whence many of the colonists had come. Boston, England—derived from Saint Botolph's town—was little known until Boston, New England, became famous. It was from St. Botolph's Church that John Cotton fled to Massachusetts. The legend goes that the great beacon in that Lincolnshire church, a sign for sailors at sea, ceased to burn when Cotton left there "to become so great a light in the wilderness of the New Colony."

Apparently the wilderness was rather pleasant, however. Wood's map of 1634 says of Boston, "It being a neck, and bare of wood, they are not troubled with three great annoyances, of wolves, rattlesnakes and mosquitoes." By 1632 this was termed the fittest place for public meetings of any in the bay.

The colonists had met in General Court two years before and chosen Winthrop governor, with nine selectmen to help him. Selectmen still is a New England term in town govern-

ment. Now they are selected by the vote of their fellows, and woe to them if they fail the embattled farmers who find town meeting the heart of American democracy.

Boston, of course, was different from Roxbury, its neighbor across the marshes where the Back Bay is now. At Roxbury there was land aplenty stretching into virgin forests, and each settler who came over at his own expense was given fifty acres. Those who had put fifty pounds into the common stock of the company got two hundred acres, and those who brought servants were allowed fifty additional acres for each one.

With this system everything worked out well in Roxbury for providing a living. Settlers had marshland for salt hay. One acre of salt marsh was held equal to ten of woodland or two of pasture or cornland. There was a penalty for taking a rock out of a highway and leaving a hole in the road, but many were the stones that had to be cleared from the fields. Eventually these provided the lovely stone walls you see in such picturesque profusion in New England. When you view them, think of the backbreaking work that made fences of what once obstinately obstructed a plow.

Boston, however, was a comparatively small area of about seven hundred and fifty acres. So the governor and selectmen set aside the Common in 1634 as "a place for a traying field" and for "the feeding of cattell." By 1640 a town order reserved it as a field common to all living in the village. This was made ironclad by an item in the later city charter forbidding its sale or lease. Grateful Bostonians finally legislated that no highway or railroad, or paring of it for either, ever would alter its dimensions.

Indeed when a subway was built under the Common in 1896, though it was the first subway in America, there was struggle in the hearts of Boston men. Wordy debate and heated argument poised progress against tradition, and every-

one worried about the fine trees. The subway won because Boston, though she preserves her past jealously, never forgets that a timeless pioneer spirit created it. Some of the trees did have their roots destroyed and died soon afterward, but the construction was carefully done for the most part, and there were compensating chuckles when the excessively classic subway kiosks appeared. Philip Hale said with apt and quiet Boston wit, "The Public Library has littered on the Common."

"A Trayning Field"

British soldiers used the Common as a training field in pre-Revolutionary times until they were driven out. The parade ground beyond the Frog Pond was their camp in 1775. They set out from it for Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill and were quartered and entrenched there during the siege.

Gray granite St. Paul's Cathedral, the old Protestant cathedral with its high box pews, built in 1820, fronts the Common's Tremont Street mall. In it is the flag of the Fourth Foot Battalion of a Lincolnshire, England, regiment that encamped on the parade ground and fought at Lexington and Concord. Carried in other wars, when England was ally instead of enemy, the flag eventually was presented to this city in Boston, England, with the request that it be put in the Boston, Massachusetts, cathedral. It hangs there now beneath a baluster of the eighteenth-century staircase to John Cotton's pulpit.

But Oliver Wendell Holmes in 1859 was not yet so advanced in visioning the vagaries of history as to picture a British flag returning to the city in peace. Describing the 1630 aspect of the Common, he wrote of Blaxton as old Shawmut's

pioneer, "The parson on his brindled bull," and observed that 1774 had desecrated this pretty bucolic view, when

*... over all the open green,
Where grazed of late the harmless kine,
The cannon's deepening ruts are seen,
The war-horse stamps, the bayonets shine.*

Holmes wrought a fine patriotic bit of verse, but colonial regiments also assembled here to go against Louisburg and Quebec, and long after, Massachusetts regiments mustered on the same spot for the Civil War. To this day there is drilling here, but the cannon are decorative, the bayonets sheathed.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company parades on the Common before its annual drumhead election of officers. This is the oldest military organization in America—founded in 1638—and its armory is something to see on the top floor of Faneuil Hall.

A New York stranger, arriving in Boston just in time to find the old company marching to the Common, said patronizingly, "I knew this place was living in the past, but how often does the army of the Revolution go by?"

"As often," said a Bostonian who heard him, "as it is necessary to emphasize who thought up this country in the first place."

So you might see colorful uniforms on the Common during your visit.

"Feeding of Cattell"

As for the "cattell," if you have any and are a resident, you may pasture them between Tremont and Beacon streets. No one has recently, though the Boylston Professor at Harvard enjoys the right in perpetuity. In 1774 a hundred and

thirty-one cows were there, and John Hancock owned eight of them, more than anyone else in town. Later, when Lafayette was visiting Boston, it is said that Dolly Hancock had her servants milk every cow on the Common, to provide for the French officers' table.

The common pasture was a serious consideration. Again and again, town meeting recorded items like, "Mr. George Hamlin, Hayward, is directed by the Selectmen to acquaint such of the Inhabitants as have cows going on the Common, that unless they pay the said Hayward the sum assessed upon the owners of the Cows for the support of the Bulls, said Bulls will be sold and no others provided."

The usual fee seems to have been about a dollar a head from April to November, and no nonsense about paying up. Only three shillings were asked toward the support of the bulls if the cow did not "go at large" on the Common. But if an owner paid nothing at all, he was liable to a twelve-shilling fine.

The town was fair. If a bull became unruly or dangerous, he was slaughtered for food at the almshouse, and a new one was bought out of the efficient cow tax. All was orderly and sensible, and the Hayward drew five hundred dollars a year for weighing and verifying the hay—sold in the old Haymarket, of course—and caring for the town bull and collecting the tax.

The bylaw relative to bulls was gone over annually, well into the nineteenth century, and even Ralph Waldo Emerson as a boy tended the family cow on these same green lengths. He must have forgotten how he did it, for when he was grown up he was an awkward farmer. "The scholar shall not dig," he wrote, and once he described his struggles with a stubborn Concord heifer that he could not get into his barn. His serving maid "put her finger in the calf's mouth and

led her in directly," coaxing proving more efficacious than beating or even browbeating. Emerson humbly recorded, "I like people who can do things."

Even without such literary cowherds, Boston's preserving of the Common so carefully expresses concern for its citizens. But this is not to be construed as concern for anyone else, for the reputed local custom of referring to outsiders as strangers and foreigners is based on fact.

In 1786 great complaint was made about the hazardous condition of some chimneys in a house "said to belong to an Inhabitant of New York" and "praying that same may be abated as a nuisance." It is not clear immediately whether the chimneys or the inhabitant of New York constituted the nuisance, but one is free to speculate. An appointee long was maintained for the sole purpose of warning strangers to depart the town. In 1778 the job paid forty pounds sterling, which soon was increased to seventy because of the high price of provisions.

Apparently the raise spurred the incumbent to greater zeal because the good man diligently reported the performance of his office. There was Hannah Wales, alias Nightingale, whom he found "strolling about this Town and in no way to support herself." Back she was sent to Braintree. To give Boston its due, if a person were verified as homeless, the selectmen would vote a shelter in the workhouse. If subsequently an address was found for a stranger, immediately he was dispatched to it, with a bill to the home village, for what Boston had spent on his maintenance.

The selectmen kept tabs on everyone and mulled over the tabs with interest. Solemnly, in 1782, Mr. William Dawes, Senior, notified them that he had let a chamber in his house to "a virtuous woman who works for her living." On the other hand, in 1783, they were faced with the request that a

servant "now proved to be far gone with child" should be sent back to Medford. There seems to be no record of what the selectmen did with this case, except to disregard Ben Franklin's logical solution of an earlier problem of the same nature. He had the defendant proclaim to the magistrates that the bachelors who refused to marry should be punished, and that she should have a monument to herself in recognition of her contribution to the population!

The Long Path

Through all the tribulations of a town growing up, the Common remained serene, and now if you wish, like Holmes' Autocrat of the Breakfast Table and his Schoolmistress, you may walk its Long Path from the Central Burying Ground to Beacon Street.

The Long Path was a favorite spot for courting in the nineteenth century, as was the Milldam, where Beacon Street now stretches to the Back Bay. Once a deer park provided a pleasant pastoral scene beside the burying ground, and though it has vanished, all Boston still likes to stroll these paths on sunny days.

Revolutionary soldiers are buried in the iron-fenced plot at the Boylston Street side of the Common. Gilbert Stuart, the colonial portraitist is there too. He had a clever tongue as well as a skillful hand, and his wit was as sharp as the features of early Bostonians who sat for him. When he was studying with Benjamin West in London, Stuart was introduced to Doctor Johnson who shared the British view that colonials were either Indian or bumpkin. Johnson inquired of Stuart how he came by his good English, and the young painter promptly assured him, "Sir, I can better tell you where I did *not* learn it—it was not from your dictionary."

In Boston you will see the celebrated unfinished Stuart portrait of George Washington among many others that immortalize his talent. Even Sir Joshua Reynolds, when asked whom he considered the best portraitist in England, bowed to him. "There is a young American artist here named Gilbert Stuart, who is the best head painter in the world, not even excepting Sir Joshua Reynolds," was his accolade.

A lesser artist resting in the Central Burying Ground is delightful Jean Baptiste Julien, who created the *potage St. Julien* that made his inn as important as the fact that he called it "Julien's Restorator" in a happy attempt to anglicize his native French "restaurant." The Restorator stood at Milk and Congress streets, and its famous soup persisted long after its creator was buried under the quaint 1805 epitaph:

*In the hope of that immortal bliss
To rise and reign where Jesus is
His flesh in peaceful slumber lies
Till the last trump shall sound, arise!*

On the way up the Long Path you will pass near the spot where the Great Elm went down in the storm of 1876, after spreading convenient limbs for centuries for the hanging of heretics and the like. The old tree was presumed to be fully grown in 1722 and was probably a century old when Winthrop first saw it. When it fell to the storm, it was twenty-four feet in circumference and over seventy feet high, even though Doctor Holmes, who measured every tree on the Common and everywhere else he saw one big enough, was patronizing about it.

Still the elm was handsome and imposing, and inevitably legend grew with it. Maltoonas, sagamore of King Philip, is said to have been shot under it. Certainly Tories were hanged

from it in effigy. It was even called the Liberty Tree after its sister elm on Washington Street was pulled down. And a treasured book in my library—an occasional source for this one—is bound in a board made from its heart. The volume dates from 1889, so the Great Elm had done magnificent service since its centuries-old beginning.

At the foot of the little hill—crowned by the Soldiers and Sailors Monument since 1877—a tablet shows where the old elm's branches shadowed at least one of the duels in Boston. In 1727, a quarrel between Benjamin Woodbridge and Henry Phillips—who was related to Peter Faneuil by marriage—began at the Royal Exchange Tavern, way down on Exchange Street, and brought on the affair under the old tree. It also sent poor Woodbridge to an early grave in the Granary Burying Ground where you may see the unhappy victim's epitaph, discreet and understated: "A son of Honorable Dudley Woodbridge Esq'r—dec'd July ye 3rd in ye 20th year of his age."

Discipline and Delight

Besides duels, there were stocks on the Common once, a gallows—where four Quakers were hanged—and the pen for Sabbath-breakers. A ducking stool for immersing and cooling off wives given to "the evil practises of exorbitancy of the tongue in railing and scolding" was set up near the Frog Pond where little children splash gaily now in summer. In 1802 the selectmen would have had them arrested. They observed that great numbers of children and young men "have lately adopted the practice of going into Water on the Lord's Day, at the Wharves, the bottom of the Common and Mill Pond and other public places to the encouragement of idle habits and the offense of the seriously disposed part of the community." The selectmen fixed that. They pronounced such

persons transgressors against due observance of the Lord's Day and exacted a penalty of four dollars for every such offense.

The original Frog Pond was a horse or cow pond for the "cattell" to slake their thirst near where the Parkman bandstand is now. But since water originally lapped the Charles Street boundary, the boggy backwash made two or three good-sized pools in the common pasture. The surviving one you will stroll by was the scene of James Russell Lowell's "Ode to Water," written when the public water system was inaugurated in 1848. It was a big day for the little city, and besides the poets singing the occasion, the artists pictured it. One of the quaintest views showing the festivity of this momentous occasion still is preserved in the Harrison Gray Otis house, back of Beacon Hill.

Boston clung to town-sized community living perhaps longer than other cities in the nation. As late as 1851, the smokers' circle southwest of the Parkman bandstand was maintained for addicts of the weed. Smoking on the streets or elsewhere was an offense for which an arrest and fine added too extravagantly to the cost of the tobacco, so the smokers' circle was well patronized.

Monuments and leisurely paths will invite your lingering beneath the trees of the Common. Then walk on to the Robert Gould Shaw Memorial by Saint-Gaudens on the Beacon Street side near the Park Street corner. Your blood will tingle or boil, depending on whether you have learned to say the War Between the States or the Rebellion, to see this magnificent sculpture of young Colonel Shaw leading the Fifty-fourth Regiment of Massachusetts Infantry. The plaque commemorates troops as well as commander, for this was the first regiment of free colored men. Mayor Quincy called their battle at Fort Wagner, South Carolina, "the Bunker Hill of

the colored race," and there it is that their aristocratic white leader in an unknown grave, lies as he fell, beside the men who died with him.

The State House

Now you are on Beacon Street opposite the State House, begun in 1795 on what was the pasture of the fine old Hancock estate, so look across at the celebrated front designed by Charles Bulfinch, the first great American architect. The mansion, regrettably dismantled, stood in front of the west wing. On the fence you can read the tablet: "Here stood the residence of John Hancock, a prominent and patriotic Merchant of Boston, the first Signer of the Declaration of American Independence, and First Governor of Massachusetts, under the State Constitution."

Today everyone wishes the old house had been preserved for the governor's official residence. It was an imposing example of provincial architecture, reached through "a neat garden bordered with small trees," where Washington, Lafayette, d'Estaing, Samuel Adams, and so many of the great had been received. A fine ballroom, stable, coach house, gardens, orchards, and nurseries along Beacon to Joy Street, including the site of the State House itself, all contributed to its grandeur. Lord Percy lived in it for a while during the siege, and in surviving Percy it is a pity it fell prey to a city's growth. But the Bulfinch front of the State House is a worthy compensation.

The unmistakable red brick center section glowing between marble wings—added at a later date—is the part Bulfinch designed. As you look at it, recall Holmes' emphatic comment that "Boston State House is the hub of the solar system. You couldn't pry that out of a Boston man even if you had the

tire of all creation straightened out for a crowbar!" Antiquarians will argue whether he meant the Bulfinch State House or the Old State House. Relatively, they are so near that a hub of any universe would encompass both, and solemnly Boston feels it does.

Sam Adams delivered the dedication speech for the Bulfinch treasure, and Paul Revere as Grand Master of the Lodge of Masons laid the granite cornerstone which was drawn up the steep hill by fifteen white horses representing the fifteen states of the Union at the time. Later, Revere copped the great dome that rose above the cornerstone he had put down.

Until 1811 the peak of Beacon Hill, almost as high as the dome, stood behind it. The first beacon, put up about four years after Boston was founded, was an iron skillet on an iron crane atop a mast, to be lighted when the little community needed warning of danger. The British pulled it down, but it was restored. A storm blew it over in 1789, but Boston even had an answer to the elements. In 1790 the first independence monument in America, another Bulfinch design topped by an impressive gilded wooden eagle, watched where the beacon had been. Between 1811 and 1823 the peak itself was cut down to fill the Mill Pond—its choked and covered waters are Haymarket Square—and a replica of Bulfinch's monument, in stone, was placed on the park side of the State House. That one is there today.

You will want to go in the State House, especially the Bulfinch part with lovely Doric Hall. The executive department and the Senate Chamber are in this oldest, finest section, and in the Senate Chamber are two muskets from the battle of Lexington. These were given by Theodore Parker, grandson of Captain Parker who led the minutemen.

Look for the Hall of Flags, and the House Chamber where

the tangible Sacred Cod hangs in unbroken succession to the one that was in the Old State House until 1797. Memorable fish! It established the colony and fed it and nourished great fortunes, fattening to this day. Now Boston's fish pier accounts for a giant share of the city's business, and reminds us that when the rock-strewn fields of New England literally were hard scratching, landsmen turned to the sea and brought up new talents in their nets. Holmes wrote of them as:

*. . . the Lords of ocean's watery forms
Who plough the waves for bread.*

Shipbuilding, commerce, navigation, all proceeded directly from the development of the fisheries, and no one ever is going to forget the importance of the cod in Boston's founding and development. Think of that as you look at the wooden fish, and you will comprehend the local reverence for it.

The House Chamber, separate from the Senate Chamber, has a story to go with it too. In the early days of the colony all the legislature sat together, but as Governor Winthrop phrased it, "there fell out a great business upon a very small occasion."

A stray pig was the small occasion. It was brought to Captain Keayne, the founder of the Ancients and Honorables, who left funds by his will for the first Town House and the beginning of the first public library. Keayne was a crusty old character and likewise the poundkeeper. He gave notice through the town crier that a stray pig was in his custody. No one claimed the animal until after Keayne had killed a pig of his own, kept in the same sty. About a year later a poor woman named Sherman came to see the stray. When she could not identify it, she assumed that the slaughtered pig must have been the one she was seeking.

She sued the captain and lost. Then the captain sued her for defamation of character and won forty pounds. So Mrs. Sherman appealed to the General Court, and by that time the whole town was in on the affair, taking sides, whipping up implication that the poor (Mrs. Sherman) were being oppressed by the rich (Captain Keayne).

The General Court deliberated seven days before they voted. And the vote ranged on sides, like the populace. Keayne had a majority among the aristocratic assistants, but Mrs. Sherman had the deputy representatives. The vote for Captain Keayne was seven assistants or senators and eight deputies or representatives. For Mrs. Sherman there were only two assistants, but fifteen deputies upheld her cause and gave everyone from governor to lowliest indentured servant something to think about.

Clearly if the vote were viewed as that of a single body, she had a plurality of two, but if as a double body, she had won in the lower house and lost by veto of the upper one. All that gave Boston pause. The pause lasted a year, and then the legislature was separated for all time into two houses, each with a veto on the other. They have sat in separate chambers ever since, and Mrs. Sherman perhaps has an Elysian compensation for the loss of her porcine policy maker, which segregated Boston's lawmakers so that now they can wrangle among themselves more spaciouly.

Memorable statuary in the State House, military relics, records of all wars from the Indian to modern ones, battle flags, paintings, manuscripts which include the colony charter of 1628 and reports of witchcraft trials, and the state library which holds the original *History of Plimouth Plantation* by Governor William Bradford—all this will invite your lingering.

The first time the national standard was flown from the

State House was when Lafayette visited Boston in 1824. Twenty stars shone in the new flag for the twenty states that had made the general a grateful nation's guest. The balcony of the old George Ticknor mansion at the head of Park and Beacon streets (where law offices are now) was crammed with friends who watched the whole town crowding into the State House hall where Lafayette was receiving.

You can picture that gala day as you go down the steps again to Beacon Street. Or if you wish, you can think of yourself as a retiring Massachusetts governor. It is the custom for him to walk the same way in solitary splendor—though in this day, movie cameras and flash bulbs create their small confusion—ostensibly to oblivion, but usually to the United States Senate, or even, as did Calvin Coolidge, to the White House. Leverett Saltonstall trod the figurative footsteps of ancestral seventeenth-century Governor Leverett. Such reassuring immutability is valued by the city that has bred such sons for so long—"Solid men of Boston."

Beacon Street

Think of them as you stand on what Holmes called "The sunny street that holds the sifted few." Down Beacon Hill toward the river are some of the houses you doubtless have visioned finding here, gracious in the sun, quiet with the confidence of years. Numbers 39 and 40 Beacon Street, now the home of the Women's City Club, are believed to have been designed by Bulfinch when Nathan Appleton built them on land once owned by John Singleton Copley. Longfellow called on Fanny Appleton in one of them, and when they married, her father bought Craigie House in Cambridge for their wedding present.

Number 42 is the Somerset Club now, practically where

Copley's house was. Wendell Phillips was born near the Walnut Street corner. The historian, William Prescott, lived at Number 55, where Thackeray visited him.

Look the other way toward Park Street, and George Ticknor's house on the corner has the Athenaeum beyond it at 10½ Beacon on one side, and on the other the quaint old row of buildings marching down the hill to the Park Street Church. This is a center of religious headquarters and libraries. The Unitarian Association, Congregational House, Universalist Headquarters, and a Roman Catholic Information Center directed by the Paulist Fathers, all crowd each other in a city which always has taken religion seriously.

The Union Club, begun as a political group in the Civil War with Edward Everett as its president, occupies part of the old Abbott Lawrence house. Below it the one-time Josiah Quincy home at 4 Park Street houses a Boston publisher carrying on tradition in the shadow of the spot where Quincy—mayor of Boston five times and president of Harvard—created a share of tradition himself. A statesman and an erudite writer on historical subjects, he also was realistic enough to build the big Quincy Market you will see on your way to Faneuil Hall. Among other things, Quincy had the indomitable spirit of Bostonians who grow wiser and ever more vital and mellow with each passing day. Bred to a life of public service, he spent nearly ninety-two years relishing all the things he still had to do before he could think of dying.

An estimable brochure of the State Street Trust Company quotes the norm by which such men lived: "There is no period of a man's life in which he has a right to put himself on the shelf: there are but two persons who have the right to lay you aside—your doctor and the sexton." As you walk down Beacon Hill to Boston churches and burying grounds, the phrase takes on significance.

2. *Churches and Burying Grounds*

PERHAPS NO OTHER CITY IN THE COUNTRY WOULD COM-
placently direct visitors to churches and graveyards for
diversion. But both are historic and charming in Boston, and
with no evangelical intent she invites you to share her fond-
ness for them. And you will.

After you stroll down Park Street from the State House,
begin at the Tremont Street corner. This is celebrated Brim-
stone Corner, though it looks peaceful enough with the grace-
ful spire of Park Street Church rising above it. Some say the
gunpowder stored in its cellar during the War of 1812 sug-
gested the name. Others credit the fiery sermons of its early
ministers who practiced no oratorical reticence in upholding
the Trinity over the Unitarian wedge in the Puritan churches.

You will have to get used to Boston's liberal and righteous
attitude toward worshipping the same Deity in divers ways. In
any current newspaper, you will find Christian Scientists,
Roman and Anglican Catholics, Unitarians, Congregational-
ists, Methodists, and Presbyterians, Baptists, Lutherans, Naz-
arenes, the Swedenborgians, Vedantas, the Assembly of God,
and Rosicrucianists, all advertising the salvation you may par-
take of on a Sunday.

Most of them in earlier days would have been unwelcome. Quakers were driven unmercifully into the wilderness, and four of them were hanged for coming back. Dissenters and disturbers—Roger Williams and Anne Hutchinson among the better known—had to carry their convictions right out of an irate theocracy. But Huguenots found refuge here in the seventeenth century, and doubtless whirled in their graves toward the end of the eighteenth, when the first public Roman Catholic service was held in their old church. Even black Protestants attended from curiosity, and generously contributed toward the repair of the creed-changing house of a God who needed his omniscience to keep Boston worship in orderly categories.

Park Street Church

But look at Park Street Church now, built in 1809, a lovely example of local ecclesiastical architecture. The sails for the frigate *Constitution* were made on this spot, before the church was here, of course. They had to be ready for the forty engagements—including the glorious fight with the *Guerriere*—in which the grand old ship never suffered defeat. “America” first was sung here in 1832. Its author, the Reverend Samuel Francis Smith, was a Boston man born on Shaefe Street in the storied North End, which you will visit later.

William Lloyd Garrison was not yet twenty-four when he spoke from the Park Street rostrum in defiance of slavery. Georgia offered a reward for him living or dead, but he published his *Liberator* with the motto, “Our Country is the World—Our Countrymen are Mankind,” and he thundered throughout the Union his statement, “I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—and I will be heard.” He was. Perhaps his visits to the

house of a family friend, which was a station on the Underground Railway to Canada and freedom, induced some of his impassioned oratory. His companions on any night might have been Wendell Phillips and Theodore Parker and a pair of terrified fugitive Negro slaves. I heard so much about him that my early experience with *Uncle Tom's Cabin* always was confused with these other stories. Garrison as a central figure was much more interesting than a pale Little Eva.

The American Peace Society met at Brimstone Corner for years. Once it heard Charles Sumner's fine speech on "The War System of Nations." But during the Rebellion more fiery sermons emphasized the accuracy of the brimstone label, and by now everyone in Boston likes it and enjoys an opportunity to explain the name.

When a mortgage had to be met, the Park Street Church shrewdly rented its substreet area to a florist and an upholsterer until the rentals covered the debt. After the leases were terminated and a profit banked, the basement reverted to the pristine purpose of the upper floors. Precedent for such a realistic juxtaposition of spiritual and material had been established by the grogshop and post office once housed in the Old South Meetinghouse. In New England it is of more importance to pay one's bills than to fret about the fine points of how. A churchwarden's account of his stewardship requires first that it balance.

So today you may go to services in the old Park Street Church, secure in the knowledge that it owes no one except kindly Providence which has preserved it for well over a century. Because the church stands where the town granary in 1737 dispensed grain to the needy, the burying ground next to it bears the name of the old Granary. Burials were first made here in 1660, a few years after those in King's Chapel Ground, which is diagonally down the street.

Old Granary

Of course you will want to see all the burying grounds. They entomb the people who started this city and this nation, and such quiet deference to the past in the thick of a modern city's life stream is highly Bostonian too. The simple stones and ascetic disregard for magnificent sarcophagi, the subdued atmosphere, are indigenous as well.

We have a story characterizing one of our family a century ago. A daughter, at ninety-six, still tenderly remembers that "Father said 'No' in a low voice." The low voice held more emphasis in Boston and more efficacy than all the bombast which might try fruitlessly to outwit it. Even after hard-earned wealth was achieved—and most especially then—what Sam Adams termed a Christian Sparta rebuked pride with prudent curbs thereto. That is why you find Boston's great in modest resting places and why all the burying grounds in the city itself or in old Roxbury, Dorchester, Concord, Salem, and Cambridge are less imposing than they are distinguished. In the Revolution, even fortifications were anchored on a burying ground redoubt at Roxbury to defend the road to Boston's Dorchester Heights. The kernel of General Washington's landlocked victory over the British fleet in the harbor perhaps was contained in this strategy that the ancient dead themselves would have approved.

Burying grounds in Boston are revered for many reasons—antiquity, history, charm, old epitaphs, personalities. Don't miss them! When you walked the Long Path on the Common, you began at one of the later graveyards, not established until 1756. But now in old Granary, American history reposes around you while modern office buildings observe your pilgrimage and respectfully withdraw from paths where graves and memories are kept so green.

Chief Justice Samuel Sewall—diarist, moralizer, and judge

of witchcraft trials—lies here in the Hull tomb. With him is his wife Hannah and her father, John Hull, who gave her a dowry of her weight in pine-tree shillings. Her weight is of less importance than the fact that Hull was the mintmaster in 1652. He was allowed one shilling for every fifteen he made, and he made them for thirty years, so historic credence substantiates the agreeable story.

Appropriately in this ground, midway between the State House and the City Hall, lie early governors and the first mayor of Boston, John Phillips, who sired Wendell Phillips, "Prophet of Liberty, Champion of the Slave." Wendell died in 1884 and was buried for a time near his father at the right of the entrance. But later his body was removed to Milton.

The governors include Richard Bellingham, William Dummer, James Bowdoin, Increase Sumner, James Sullivan, Christopher Gore, John Hancock, and Sam Adams. The last two join Robert Treat Paine as signers of the Declaration of Independence who rest in this peaceful place behind the iron fence and stone-arched gate that make one wish for such a nice immortality too.

The Hancock grave is marked by a slender shaft on the side next the Park Street Church. Sam Adams' stone may be seen from the sidewalk, just beyond the gate. Go all the way through to the back of the cemetery and follow the little path to the right. At the end of it, Increase Sumner's monument bears but one of Granary's delightful epitaphs. He was three times governor yet even after such political travail, his tomb records:

In private life he was affectionate and mild.

In public life he was dignified and firm. Party feuds
were allayed by the correctness of his conduct.

He went down to the chambers of death in the full belief
that the grave is the pathway to future existence.

James Otis, Peter Faneuil, Paul Revere, and Benjamin Franklin's parents are neighbors here as they were in life. In one grave together, beyond Sam Adams, who is suspected of promoting the Boston Massacre singlehanded, lie its victims—Crispus Attucks the big Negro, Patrick Carr the Irishman, Caldwell, Maverick, and Samuel Gray.

Buried with them is Christopher Snyder—the boy killed a few days before by the nervous British—whose bust was dramatically displayed by Paul Revere in the window of his house on the first anniversary of the massacre. Paul backed the shadowy eerie likeness with an equally shadowy eerie figure and placed these stirring lines beneath:

*Snyder's pale ghost, fresh bleeding stands
And vengeance for his death, demands.*

It was the Revere idea to keep the Revolution going, and all about you in Boston is evidence that he succeeded.

Wander through the Granary paths and read the often curious inscriptions on the old slate stones. The Infants' Tomb is just off the main walk. The P. Funel table slab is at the back, beyond Paul Revere who is almost opposite Judge Sewall. In the middle of the yard stop long enough to see Benjamin Franklin's epitaph for his parents. It is so eloquent of the spirit which stiffened the spines of early New England and of America itself that it seems a message to all who will read:

Josiah Franklin

and

Abiah his wife

lie here interred.

They lived lovingly together in wedlock
fifty-five years.

Without any estate, or any gainful employment,
 by constant labor and industry,
 with God's blessing,
 they maintained a large family
 comfortably,
 and brought up thirteen children
 and seven grandchildren
 reputably.

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

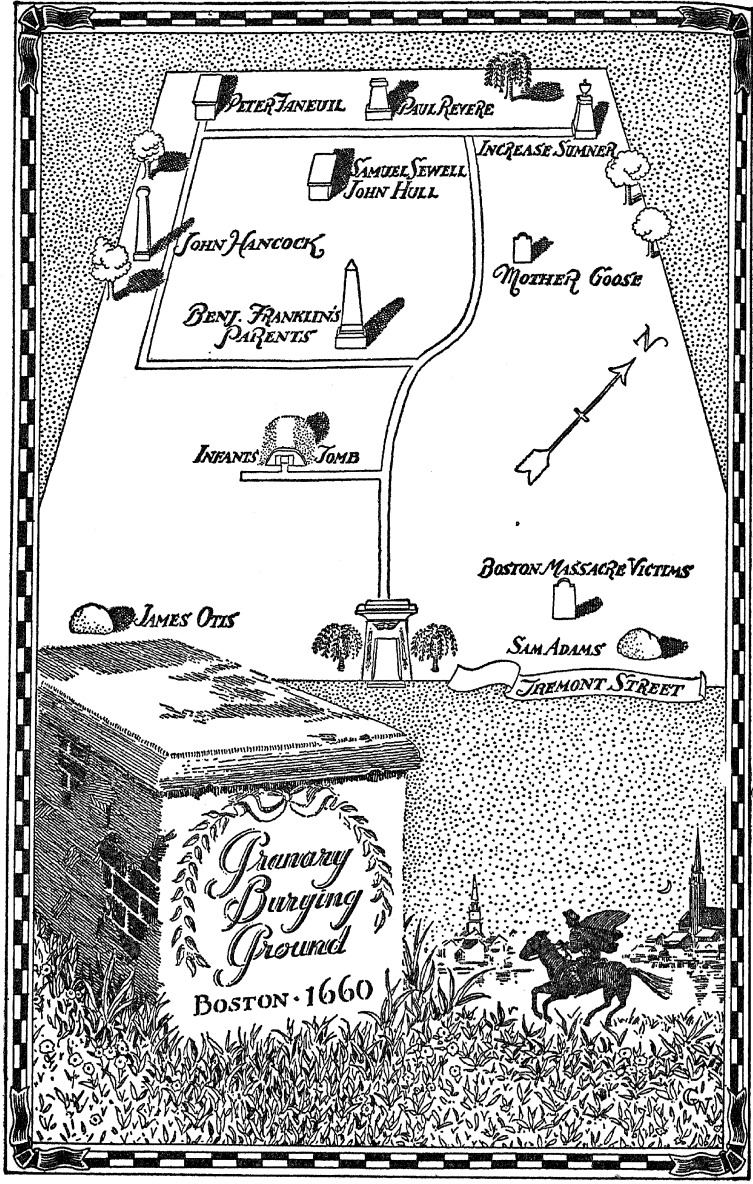
J. F. born 1655, died 1744 Aetat 89

A. F. born 1667, died 1752 — 85

Of course Boston loved a good funeral. Wine flowed by the gallon, rings and gloves were distributed to guests. One met old friends and exchanged new gossip, but at the early burials no prayer was offered for the deceased. It was not until 1685 that Judge Sewall's diary mentioned as an innovation that the minister prayed before the company went to the grave.

One funeral's expense account was recorded carefully:

5 doz and 3 payres of gloves	12. 0.0
3 Payres Womens Mourning gloves	1.16.0
6 Rings	6.12.0
1 Barril of Wine	9. 1.6
Pipes and tobacco	3.0
Box to put the bones of old Mr. Eliot and others in	6.0



PETER TANEUIL

PAUL REVERE

SAMUEL SEWELL
JOHN HULL

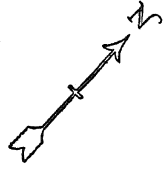
INCREASE SUMNER

JOHN HANCOCK

MOTHER GOOSE

BENJ. FRANKLIN'S
PARENTS

INFANTS' TOMB



BOSTON MASSACRE VICTIMS

JAMES OTIS

SAM ADAMS

TREMONT STREET

Primary
Burying
Ground

BOSTON · 1660



Finally the festivals attending interments got so out of hand that the General Court recommended a decrease in lavishness and specifically prohibited the wine. The social aspect of funerals declined. Gloves were given only to pallbearers, and New England thrift asserted itself more in key with the six-shilling box to put the bones in.

If you have heard that Mother Goose is buried in the center of old Granary next to Thomas Fleet, the son-in-law who published her verses, you may as well believe it and remain unmoved by an age-old controversy. One authority maintains Mother Goose was not even a Boston name. Another writer declares the rhymes were known before Boston was founded, and that they arose as a protest to Henry the Eighth's reformation. He makes a case full of political connotation for even "Little Jack Horner" and "The Three Blind Mice" as satirical pieces expressing what the people dared not say openly.

Still there are records of a certain Elizabeth born in Charlestown in 1665 to William and Ann Forster. She married Isaac Vergoose—first Vertigoose and then Goose—of an old family with property bordering West, Winter, Washington, and Tremont streets, all near the Granary. Her daughter married Thomas Fleet the printer in 1715 and went to live on Pudding Lane that now is Devonshire Street. Soon there was a fine grandson for old Mother Goose, who babbled rhymes to him so incessantly that Tom is said to have printed them as a kind of early mother-in-law joke—with a long-necked goose, its mouth wide open, on the title page.

So you may take whichever side you wish in this minor tempest of authorship. When you find the Mother Goose tombstone, recall Holmes' lines that add to the confusion. He wrote apropos vandalism: "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."

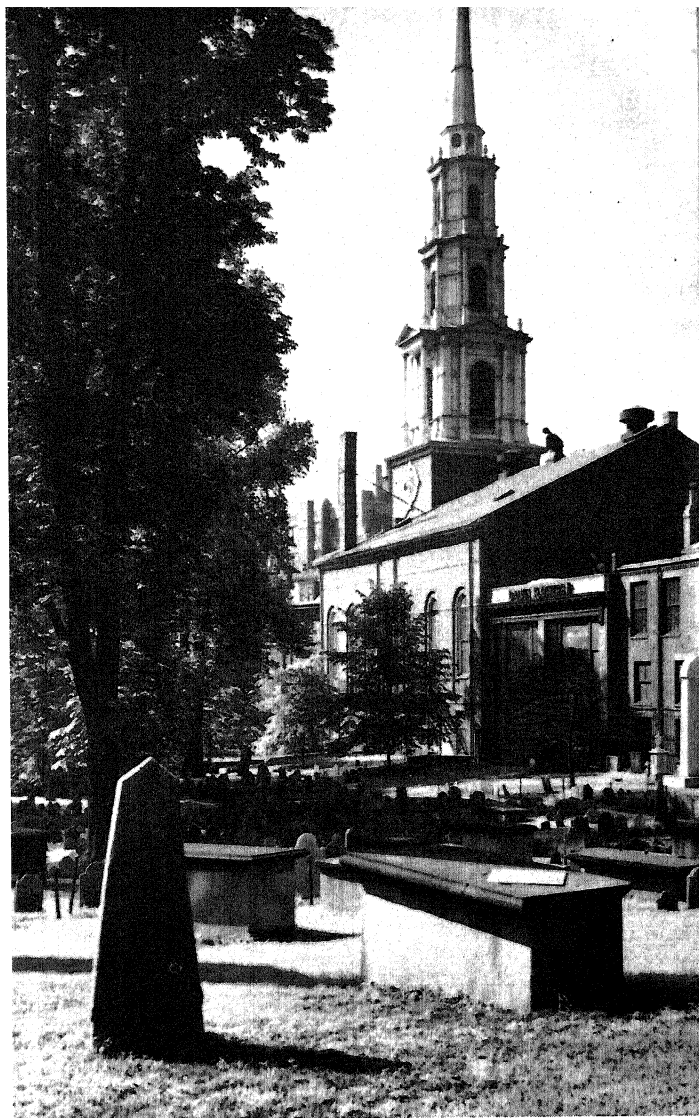
Holmes was neighbor to the Granary for eighteen years

and knew whereof he spoke. He lived opposite on Bosworth Street and identified his home in *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* as "the house at the left hand next the farther corner." That would be where the little street ends at the Province Steps leading to Province Street. The residence of the royal governors skirted Province Street until the Revolution terminated their tenancy. Hawthorne's *Legends of the Province House* was written about the fine old place, but now it has vanished, so go down Tremont Street and be as curious as is everyone else about the un-Bostonian building called Tremont Temple.

Once it was Tremont Theatre, and Charlotte Cushman appeared there in 1835. Fanny Kemble and even Charles Dickens knew its stage. Dickens knew the Tremont House too, the old hotel that stood on the corner opposite the theater. "It had more galleries," he wrote, "colonnades, piazzas, and passages than I can remember, or the reader would believe." It did. It was a massive place of granite with stone pillars. Tremont House entertained the most fashionable guests in town and was so rich, gay, and sparkling that Julia Ward Howe's father found it too luxurious for decent people and fled from it in horror.

The Parker House

Today on Tremont Street the equally celebrated Parker House is ready to welcome you with Dickens memories too, and with the famous Parker House dishes that suggest lunching there this very minute in one of the several fine dining rooms, as historic as they are charming. The Revere Room with murals of the patriot's life and times for a visitor's enchantment is about on the site of Edward Everett Hale's birthplace. The more formal main dining room with its crystal chandeliers casting light and shadow on the dark paneling



3. Granary Ground and the Park Street Church



4. King's Chapel Today, as in 1754

is on School Street where Holmes' grandfather, Oliver Wendell, lived. Each restaurant will serve you the well-known Parker House rolls that originated here.

The rolls, as notable as the Dickens suite with its treasures of his Boston visits, are but one of the inimitable New England delicacies you will enjoy here. The lobster stew vies in popularity with the thousands of pounds of Parker House schrod and memorable roast beef ordered annually. The full-sized cocktails—one called The Midnight Alarm appropriately is consumed in the Revere Room—deserve attention. Native Bostonians bestow it. You will too.

Longfellow liked to dine here, and James T. Fields and other local literary lights. They doubtless had the gourmets' charcoal-broiled tripe which has no culinary relation to the lowly pickled version. You may be sure that here clam chowder never will have tomatoes in it and that the fish cakes of cod, mashed with cubed potatoes will be firm and golden. The corned beef hash is a Boston stand-by, and the Saturday beans and brown bread will melt in your mouth lusciously and less expensively than the lobster dishes in all their splendor.

King's Chapel

After lunch you need have no qualms of conscience about having feasted so well. The early fashionable congregation of the dark stone church beyond the Parker House would have approved your appreciation of fine cooking and chuckled at the Calvinists who would have frowned. They frowned on the old church too, King's Chapel, which succeeded the first Episcopal church in Boston.

This building with its charming interior is the second on the site. The first was wooden and built in 1688 on this land which Governor Andros confiscated from the common burial

ground, since no Puritan would sell an inch of property for such an heretical purpose. At first the Church of England group had to worship in the Town House. Congregationalists felt so strongly about the almost-papist religion that all meetinghouses were closed to it in horror. Then Andros by official order secured the "little church of cedar," belonging to the Old South congregation, for the Sundays remaining before King's Chapel was ready.

To understand all this difference in Boston's manner of worship, it is helpful to distinguish between the gentler Pilgrims who settled Plymouth and their militant Puritan brethren who undertook to hew Boston out of William Blaxton's back yard. The names themselves are revealing. The Pilgrims left England to establish a church at variance with certain doctrines of the Church of England. Eleven years of pilgrimage in Leyden developed their comparative tolerance, for in the Netherlands any follower of Christ, Catholic or Protestant, was permitted his belief and customs. Appreciation of such sanctuary was fixed deep in the Pilgrim mind. A new liturgy was wanted and created, but freedom of worship was the motivating force of the journey to America.

On the other hand, the Puritans strove to purify their religion of the papist elements in the Church of England, but they tolerated no deviation from their own "pure" opinions. They secured freedom of worship for themselves, but had no intention of extending it to anyone else. They visualized a theocratic state under the New Testament such as the Jews had under the Old. There was no room for heretics and for them no vote. The idea of conflicting theologies in the same community was not considered "religious liberty" by a Puritan. He would have been sincere and emphatic in labeling it "religious license" and in combating it to the death.

But Andros was royal governor, and even an earnest Puri-

tan could no more than offer passive resistance. That was tried. It did not work. Andros went stubbornly on with all the pomp and ceremony the first Bostonians had crossed an ocean to escape.

There was Christmas Day for instance. As an outgrowth of an Act of Parliament in 1644 under the Cromwell government, the General Court of Boston in 1659 forbade celebration. There was to be no feasting, no holly or tinsel or carols anywhere on Trimount and especially not on Beacon Hill. Not even a holiday was permitted. The law was definite: "Whoso shall be found observing any such day as Christmas or the like . . . by forbearing of labor . . . shall pay for every offense five shillings as a fine."

Wondrous inconsistency! A person could not labor on the Lord's Day—indeed he was put in the stocks if he did—but Christmas was papist deviltry, and the Puritans decided the Lord himself had repudiated it. The Episcopal congregation hung up greens and lit candles. No wonder Andros had to commandeer in the name of the king a shelter for these diabolical diversions. So he did. A communion table and pulpit still are in use as testimony to his persistence. Yet he was overthrown and sent back to England before the first public service was held in 1689 in the little wooden church he had sponsored on the present site of King's Chapel.

The funeral of Lady Andros, who had died the year before, had to be in the dead of night from the Congregational Old South, though she was buried in what is now King's Chapel Ground. In his diary Sewall records that he went to the nocturnal service—a sorry little requiem with six mourning women before the coffin and Mr. Ratcliffe taking as his text, "Cry, all flesh is grass." Grimly the lady of the hated governor of the hated religion was borne to her tomb with no volley fired in final salute. But also no hostile demonstration ma-

terialized, so she rests in the peace of her midnight burial.

The King's Chapel you visit now is the second one, built in 1754 of dark stone with wooden columns. The squat square tower still lacking a steeple is the same one the royal governors viewed on Sunday. Before the Revolution the escutcheons of knights and baronets hung from its pillars, the ancient pulpit was draped in scarlet, and the governor's pew was a pageant of court dress and uniforms. There even was an organ, the first in the country. Thomas Brattle imported it in 1713 and willed it to the church in Brattle Square. If it was not acceptable there, it was to go to King's.

Brattle Square was Congregational and did not think an organ proper to the worship of God. King's was delighted and sent to England for someone to play it. Later Thomas Brattle's organ was sold and replaced by one said to be selected by Handel, a pleasant story, since the Handel and Haydn Society, the first oratorio society in America, was formed in Boston and often gave sacred concerts in King's. The organ used was the same one you see today with the crown and mitre on it, as they have been since 1756.

The 1768 Bible is in use too, but the communion plate given by George the Third was carried off by the minister, Dr. Caner, when he fled with the loyalists to Halifax. Earlier silver, a gift of William and Mary in 1694 "for ye use of their Majesties' chappell in New England," was distributed to other churches. A flagon and cup still are treasured by Christ Church in Cambridge.

The last Tory service of King's Chapel was on the Sunday before Evacuation Day, March 17, 1776. With the minister and half the congregation exiled, King's closed for a time and was known as the Stone Chapel, so that no one need utter the word king in the town.

Then the congregation of Old South, perhaps recalling the

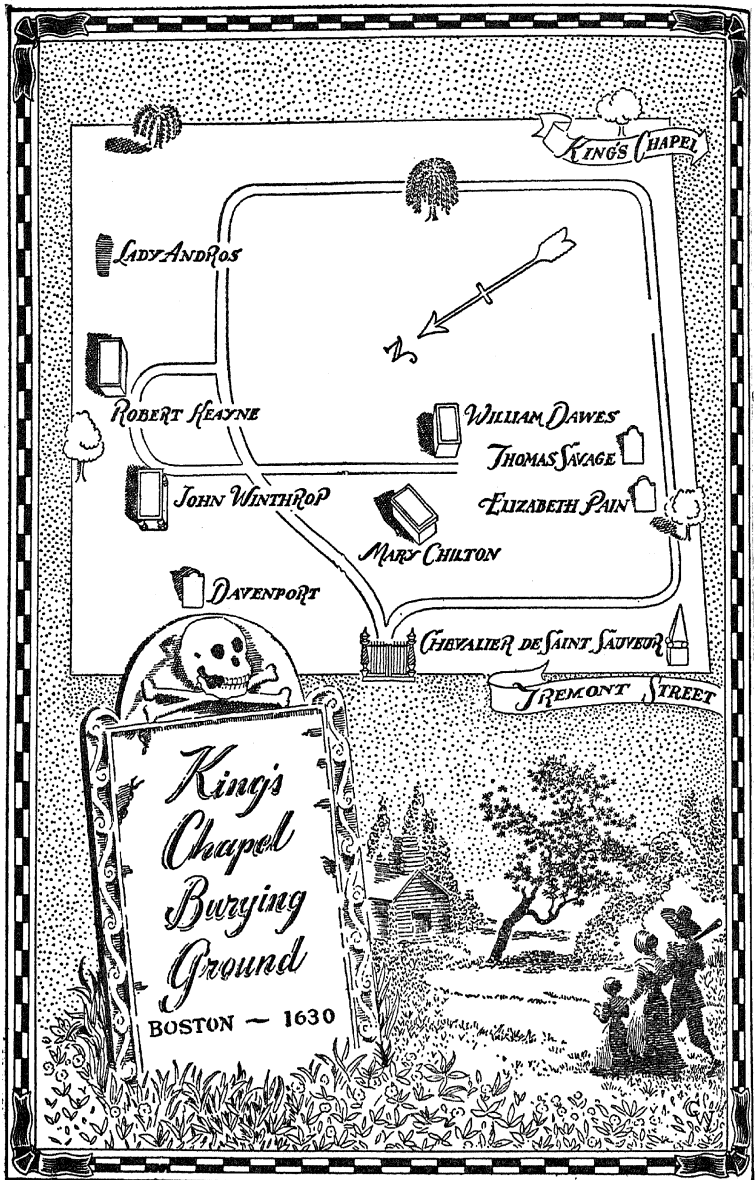
tactics of the long-dead Governor Andros, took King's over while their own meetinghouse was being repaired. It had been ravaged by the Episcopal British soldiers under Burgoyne during the siege of Boston, so the Congregationalists merely were exacting their due. But when the members of Old South at last left King's, religious inharmony completed its full, and for Boston, logical circle. The first Episcopal church in New England became the first Unitarian church in the new United States.

King's Chapel still is the official church of the governors of Massachusetts and still is militantly Unitarian, "the Boston religion," with a few traditional Episcopal symbols surviving for historical rather than liturgical reasons. You can go to services there on Sunday and in winter at midday too, and afterward see the tablets on the walls. Here worshiped Peter Faneuil, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Samuel Appleton, the Boston merchant whose plaque reads, "His charity expanded as his means increased . . . hand and heart were open to any righteous cause"—a typical characterization of the solid men of Boston who took affluence with responsibility.

Today King's Chapel has its old name again and recalls Holmes' lines from *A Rhymed Lesson*:

*The Chapel, last of sublunary things
That stirs our echoes with the name of Kings,
Whose bell, just glistening from the font and forge,
Rolled its proud requiem for the second George.*

It rolled a requiem for the power of George the Third in Boston too. Now the bell which Paul Revere made for the old tower in 1816 peals before each service and tolls above the oldest graveyard in the city, since King's Ground antedates the church by more than a century.



KING'S CHAPEL

LADY ANDROS

ROBERT HEAYNE

JOHN WINTHROP

DAVENPORT

WILLIAM DAWES

THOMAS SAVAGE

ELIZABETH PAIN

MARY CHILTON

CHEVALIER DE SAINT SAUVEUR

TREMONT STREET

King's
Chapel
Burying
Ground

BOSTON - 1630

King's Chapel Burying Ground

Walk through this quiet unobtrusive little churchyard. The first burial was made here in February, 1630, such a brief time after the settlement was born. It shelters three Governor Winthrops, the one who came at Blaxton's invitation to start the colony and his son and grandson, governors of Connecticut. Mary Chilton Winslow—tradition names her the first woman of the Mayflower Company to set foot on American soil—is buried near the final hard-earned resting place of Elizabeth Pain whom legend associates with Hester Prynne of *The Scarlet Letter*. A few tombstones away is John Davenport, who went forth to found New Haven but came back to King's for eternity.

Judge Oliver Wendell lies here, just across the street from where he lived, and in another tomb is William Dawes, who rode a different route from that of Paul Revere, but on the same night and errand. Since 1796 there have been few burials in this lovely spot which three centuries have not disturbed.

It very nearly was disturbed once when the Chevalier de Saint-Sauveur was killed by a Boston street mob. The French had come to help in the Revolution, but their Roman Catholic ceremonies were strange to a town raised on Pope Day merry-making with the gleeful burning of the pope's effigy for climax. But it was 1778, and the war was going badly. A French fleet bulwarking the port was a fine thing, so Boston sensibly kept religious prejudice to itself.

The little tragedy was domestic and understandable. Bread was scarce and the flour for making it. A French baker who was providing loaves for the fleet could not control the appetizing aroma from his ovens, and Boston crowded around, its mouth watering. Requests in English to buy the bread were not understood any more than the baker's explanation in

French that the bread was not for sale. Rioting broke out, French officers were summoned, and suddenly the young Saint-Sauveur, aide to Count d'Estaing, first chamberlain to the brother of the King of France, lay dead in a Boston street.

The town fathers did what they could, which was to disclaim all knowledge of the affair, while the French gallantly took the line that "the common enemy of the allies who hesitated at nothing" had shot the young man, and what else could you expect from the British? Meanwhile the body of Saint-Sauveur was still above ground, and where in this black Protestant town was the lad to have the final ceremony of his church in accordance with his noble heritage?

Boston solved that by having Governor Hancock diplomatically offer public obsequies—the General Court to attend in full panoply—but the French diplomatically declined and accepted instead the solemnity of candlelit last rites in secret and at night, with burial in King's Chapel. It is assumed that this was the first Roman Catholic mass celebrated in Boston, triumph of war's exigencies which inclined a grateful city to swallow its theology for the protection of French guns.

The General Court in 1778 ordered a suitable monumental stone to be placed for the chevalier, and that stone you may see in King's Ground today. Not raised until 1917, the memorial is evidence that Boston does execute her obligations, even if a hundred and thirty-nine years elapse between the will and the deed.

As you leave King's look opposite to the office buildings that straddle the site of Governor Bellingham's house. He lived there in 1641 when he married his second wife by performing the ceremony himself. He was a magistrate, and technically the wedding was legal, but what an uproar from those who begrudged him the saving of the fee!

Long afterward, Metcalf's apothecary shop stood there with

Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes' office above it. One of his prescriptions carried this note to my great-uncle who owned the store, "Mr. Lyons, I am sure you are grateful for the smallest favor, as I am grateful for the smallest fever."

History Close By

The Kimball building beside you is the site of the old Boston Museum, discreetly called the Lecture Hall to quiet Boston consciences which weighed the returns of heaven versus hell before entering a playhouse. Balls and assemblies were being permitted by the fifth generation, but even in 1750 the law did not allow theaters. After the Revolution, the efficacy of drama as moral instruction was duly debated and found admissible. Play-hungry Boston thronged the theater as it does today, but the Watch and Ward Society still enforces the proprieties.

Go back toward the Parker House now and turn down School Street. As you come to the City Hall with its statues of Benjamin Franklin and Josiah Quincy on the lawn, you will notice on the first fence post a tablet recording that the Boston Latin School was established here in 1635. Its alumni includes Cotton Mather, Sam Adams, Hancock, Franklin, Robert Treat Paine, Phillips Brooks, Edward Everett Hale, and Emerson—a distinguished roster reaching to the present day. Another tablet indicates where Latin School boys protested to the British General Frederick Haldimand "against the destruction of their coast." The general ordered good sledding conditions to be restored, but reported the incident to General Gage who observed that "it was impossible to beat the notion of liberty out of the people as it was rooted in them from their childhood."

Old Corner Bookstore

Anne Hutchinson lived at the corner of Washington and School streets before she was driven from the colony in 1638 for heresy, which was any religious view not shared by the local ministry. Tradition has it that she was related to John Dryden, which may account for her theological enthusiasms. She preached intellectual freedom against the authority of the local theocracy. A jealous clergy condemned her on eighty-two errors and banished her. Boston went its narrow way, while with her excommunicated followers she helped found a settlement in Rhode Island. At least two of her faithful became governors of the new state. Massachusetts gained nothing by driving away Anne Hutchinson except the Connecticut comment, "If a man was too bad to live in Massachusetts he was sent to Rhode Island, if too good, to Connecticut. The rest who merely were tolerable were allowed to remain."

Years later, the Old Corner Bookstore made Anne Hutchinson's address famous again. The building of 1712, a bookstore since 1828, still stands, though Old Corner does business now in the middle of the block on Bromfield Street. Once James T. Fields' green-curtained corner at the back of the store was Boston's most famous literary salon. It was termed the exchange of wit, the rialto of good things, the hub of the Hub. Any day Longfellow might be there, or Emerson, Hawthorne, Holmes. Harriet Beecher Stowe might order her carriage to the door; Ticknor and Fields were her publishers. Fields drew to this inner sanctum the Concord authors and the Cambridge authors and the individualists like Mrs. Stowe, Julia Ward Howe, and Whittier. Together they became the New England Authors, a literary constellation unequalled to this day.

Old South Meetinghouse

Opposite the Old Corner stands the Old South Meetinghouse, desecrated, like the parsonage that stood behind it, by the British during the Revolution. They tore down its fences and butternut trees and the pulpit and pews for firewood. "One beautiful carved pew was carried off and made a hog stye of." A bar was set up in the galleries and Burgoyne's Royal Light Dragoons carted in gravel and earth to make a riding school of the meetinghouse floor. In the stove where the pews were burned, most of the Reverend Thomas Prince's library fed the flames that warmed British backsides, horse and man.

In defense of the indefensible, let it be recorded that when Faneuil Hall proved too small, Old South, "Sanctuary of Freedom," was the place for the anti-British town meetings which "kindled the flame that fired the Revolution." In burning pews and books perhaps the redcoats were attempting retribution. The gesture was futile. The fires of independence burned so steadily that, even in England, Burke and Chatham warned of the significance of the Old South meetings. It had been said that Sam Adams "with the Town Meeting overthrew an Empire."

Many celebrated gatherings were held here. In 1768, James Otis led the protest against impressing Massachusetts men into the enemy navy. After the Boston massacre, citizens met to demand the withdrawal of British troops quartered on the town. Later, the antitax meetings led to the rip-roaring tea party, December 16, 1773, when:

*No! ne'er was mingled such a draught
In palace, hall, or arbor,
As freemen brewed and tyrants quaffed
That night in Boston harbor!*

Look at the Revolutionary relics it holds—some of the famous salt-water tea, for instance, a musket from the battle of Lexington, the christening cap and diary of General Joseph Warren, an informative model of Boston as it looked when ignited by all this patriotic fervor, and even the correspondence of George Washington to his dentist apropos the presidential dentures!

The old pews have vanished again, except for a few retained to show the box design common to Boston's early churches. Originally the floor pews were rented by the gentry, the gallery was for commoners, and the top gallery for slaves and free servants. Now chairs add to the seating capacity because the Old South still is a meetinghouse. In winter, extension courses are given here, and Boston's Ford Hall Forum gathers to consider currently vexing questions. The place is available for discussion today as it was when five thousand citizens resolved behind these same walls that Britain's tea never would be landed in Boston. Then war whoops of Indian-disguised patriots sounded at the threshold and resounded down Milk Street to Pearl, down Pearl to Griffin's Wharf where the tea ships were moored. There was emphasis behind a decision made at Old South!

A tablet in the church gives its history:

Old South

Church gathered 1669

First House built 1670

This House erected 1729

Desecrated by British Troops 1775-6

The First House was the "little house of cedar" where Governor Andros caused such a commotion. Judge Sewall worshiped there, and after the terror of the witchcraft trials

was over, he stood up in meeting and expressed his sorrow for anything he had had to do with them, which unfortunately was a great deal. The desecration by British troops sounds well on the tablet, but the church never was consecrated. When it was about to be disposed of to raise funds for a newer edifice in a fashionable location, Bostonians of all creeds proclaimed that action the desecration. A society was formed, and its devotion saved this fine historic shrine. It is open today to all for a fee, very small indeed for the privilege of visiting the storied past.

In the First House, Benjamin Franklin was baptized in 1706 when he was one day old. As you leave the present church look across to 17 Milk Street, the site of Franklin's birthplace. The house existed until destroyed in 1811 by one of Boston's fires. It was a tiny place for the start of such a great man. Big rough shingles on the sides and rear kept out the weather. The front was of rude clapboards, and the whole of it measured but twenty by thirty feet. Benjamin was the youngest son. No wonder he wrote such an epitaph for his parents in old Granary.

The Boston Transcript and H.T.P.

The building now standing at Number 17 was once the home of the *Boston Transcript*, discontinued after more than a century of publication. Perhaps its passing has fed the store of legends about it, but at least once a year America reads again the piece about the Boston butler who announced to his master, "Three reporters, sir, and one gentleman from the *Transcript*."

Its great critic of music and drama, the late H.T.P., was known as Hell-to-Pay-Parker to his public which included devoted readers, the fledglings whom he trained to eminence

in their profession, and the long-suffering compositor who alone could read H.T.P.'s handwriting. Crusty Parker suffered no typewriter in his office. Once he wrote a review, not of the play but of the society benefit audience which annoyed him. Perhaps that was the same night he rose in his opera cape, leaned on his gold-headed stick and, turning to the chattering playgoers behind him, shouted, "Will you please speak a little louder? They are making so much noise on the stage, I cannot hear a word you're saying."

It may be that working at the site of the birthplace of so individual a citizen as Benjamin Franklin infected H.T.P. with the local virus of "being a character." Boston turns this tag, invented by strangers and foreigners, happily to her own credit. Being a character is so much more distinguished than merely having one. The eminence of a Boston Character popularly is considered to embrace both.

3. *Rendezvous with Revolution*

A WALK TO THE TEA PARTY SITE WILL TAKE YOU THE patriots' way down Milk Street to Pearl, to busy Atlantic Avenue, where once the British tea ships rode at Griffin's Wharf. On the way you cross High Street with its vista of Fort Hill Square, originally the second peak of Boston's Trimount. From its summit the first fort of the colony guarded the harbor, but time has leveled the hill and filled in the harbor line, and even Griffin's Wharf has vanished. Only a bronze tablet can show you where "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."

It may be worth your time to take the long walk to see the tablet, if only to clarify the fact that Griffin's was the tea wharf, not the contemporary T-wharf which was built much later and farther out in the harbor. Contrary to the conviction of confused visitors, T-wharf was not named especially to baffle Boston's guests. It is t-shaped, and to natives its descriptive title seems logical.

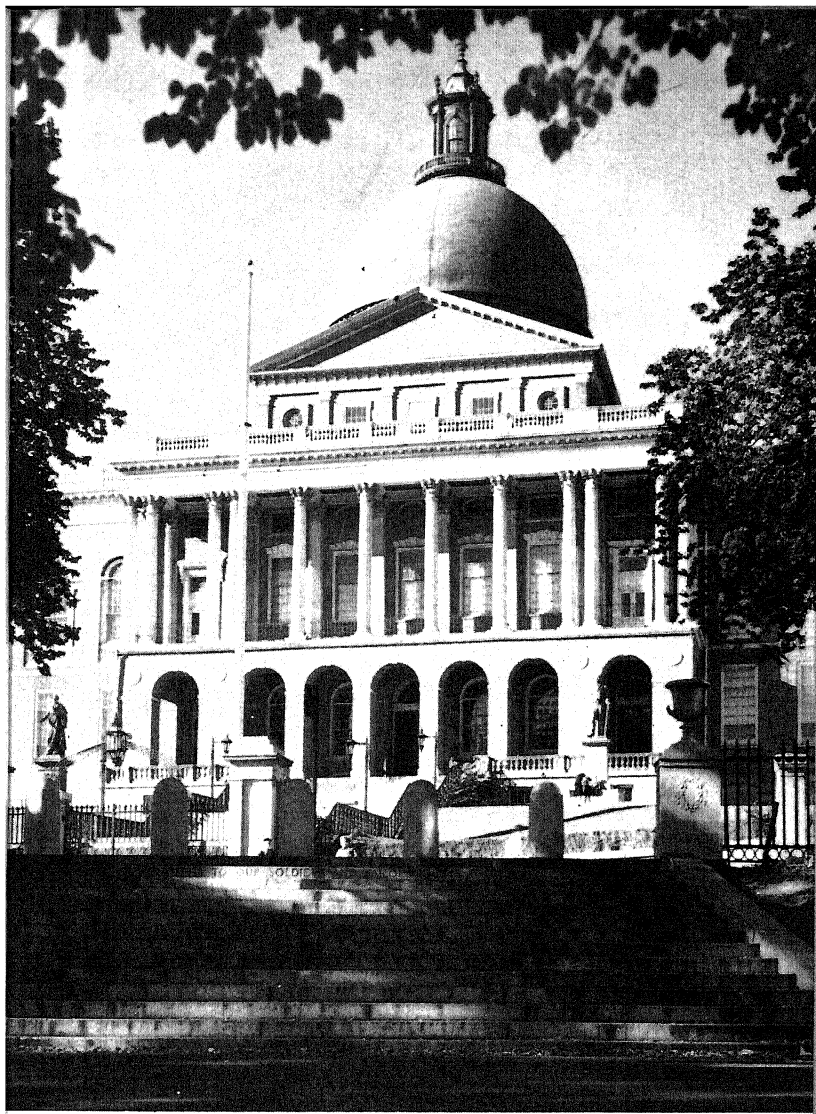
But if you prefer scenes of history to tablet reading, go directly from the Old South Meetinghouse to the Old State

House, memorable in tea party legend too. Straight down Washington at the head of State Street, is the fine old building where John Adams said "the Child independence was born." The Old State House watched the Boston Massacre at its door and saw British soldiers tried for the murder of the victims. Here Boston listened to the repeal of the Stamp Act. The Bostonian Society, whose headquarters are inside, can show you originals of those troublesome stamps—innocent-looking little scraps of paper that started a nation on its march to independence.

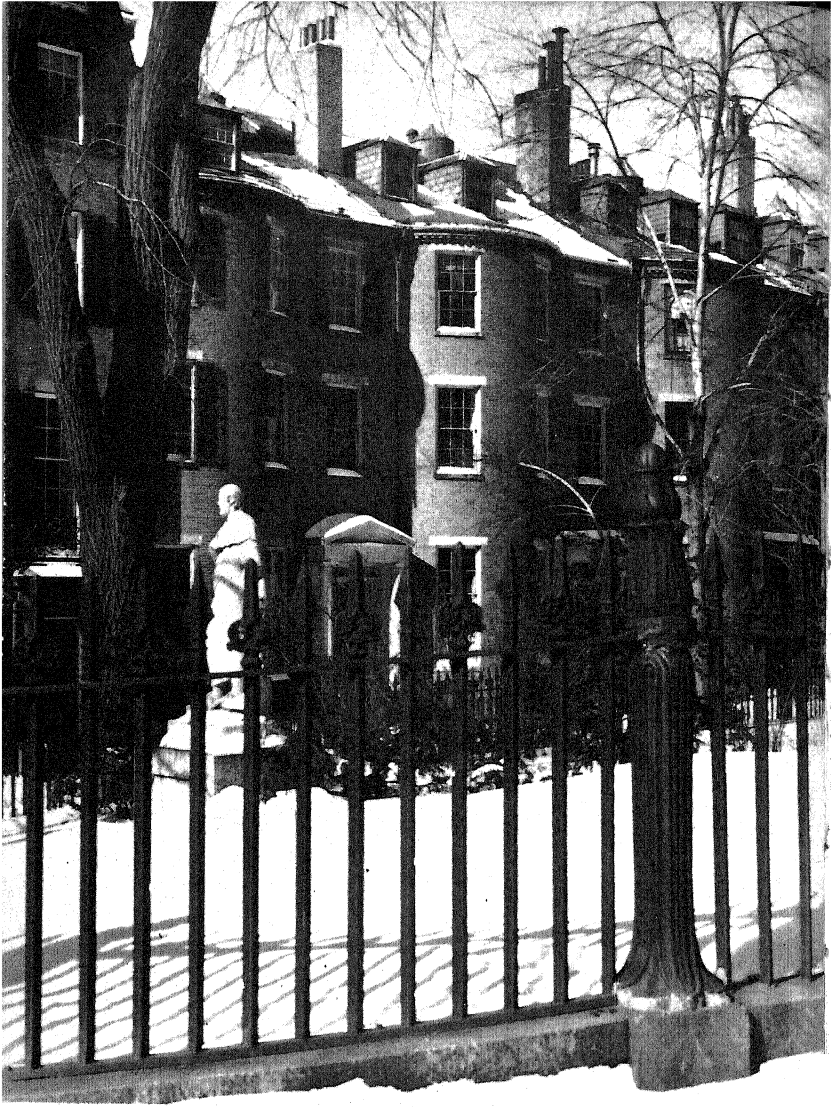
When the Stamp Act was repealed, Parliament voted others more irritating. Those were repealed too, all but that annoying threepenny one on tea, which George the Third retained to prove he could, and Boston rejected to prove he couldn't. The three hundred and forty-two chests that went overboard in three hours to emphasize a Boston principle made an enormous splash. In the safe of the Old State House are preserved a few precious tea leaves, found the next day in someone's shoe.

Of greater importance, a nation was preserved here as well. James Otis appeared in the Old State House against the Writs of Assistance. From its stone balcony was read the Declaration of Independence, so boldly signed by five of Boston's citizens. In the council hall, behind the balcony, signer John Hancock was inaugurated first governor of the new Commonwealth of Massachusetts. His resplendent crimson, beige, and blue inaugural suit is on view here—lively proof that male vanity is at least as old as the Republic!

The last cocked hat worn in Boston is in the Old State House too. It belonged to Major Thomas Melville, who had been among the "Indians" at the tea party, and who so long



5. The Bulfinch State House, 1795



6. Aristides, the Just, in Louisburg Square

outlived his fellows and this fashion in political headgear that Holmes wrote of him as "the last leaf on the tree in the spring."

A last leaf in the spring was Holmes' commentary on the ironic yet ageless predilection of mankind to regard yesterday's heroes curiously. As tomorrow's children will not sense what a torn jungle suit has won for them, early nineteenth-century Boston stopped to stare patronizingly at the old man wearing his Revolutionary hat so persistently, so proudly. But those who had owned cocked hats made nineteenth-century Boston possible. All the wonderful saga of their courage rises again when you see Melville's in the Old State House.

Fronting the spot where Boston had its beginnings, the Old State House once had dwelling houses around it, the church and public market place, the simple elements of a pioneer settlement. Market day was Thursday, the day of the minister's Thursday Lecture, timed to catch the shopping throngs. As early as 1648, June and October fairs were held in the market square, but not with much merrymaking. At the same site were grim reminders of Puritan punishments for transgressing the grim Puritan laws.

The pillory, stocks, and whipping post, macabre deterrents, stared Boston in the face. One whipping post was still there in the early eighteen hundreds with a pillory in active use until 1801. The cage for violators of the Sabbath was near this standard spot for burning heretical books. But all through the colonial, provincial, and Revolutionary periods this was the natural gathering place when crises threatened or materialized—as they usually did—with all Boston clamoring for action. The first meetinghouse, a mud-wall hut with a thatched roof, served minister and magistrate alike and on State Street an inscription records:

Site of the First Meetinghouse in Boston, built A.D. 1632. Preachers: John Wilson, John Eliot, John Cotton. Used before 1640 for town meetings and for sessions of the General Court of the Colony.

Town House

From 1640 the Second Meetinghouse a block away served the same purpose until the first Town House was built exactly where the Old State House stands today. The original "small, comely building" was begun in 1659 with three hundred pounds sterling left by the will of Captain Robert Keayne, first commander of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and donor too of books which were the nucleus for the first public library in this country. They were housed in the building he gave until it burned in 1711.

The second Town House was built on the same spot, of brick this time, with an open exchange on the street floor and bookshops all around, so a visitor to the city in 1719 was much impressed. "The Knowledge of Letters flourishes more here," he wrote, "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, Carolinas, Barbadoes and the Islands, none at all."

The once-rescued Keayne volumes perished in another fire in 1747, but the sturdy walls of the second Town House remained, and the lovely interior, renewed and restored around what thriftily was saved, was merged with the original. You may look out the great second-story balcony window as did the later royal governors of the province and the early governors of the Commonwealth, who stood where you may stand today.

Browse through the treasures of the Bostonian Society

housed here. Reaching into the past they furnish visual history of this nation's beginnings, from the 1630 Minot cradle—as old as the settlement—to the Marine Museum of ship models and whaling gear, which is worth a visit in itself.

Keys from the Court Street jail that held Quakers and the accused in the witchcraft madness nudge old sermons once solemnly read to pirates to put them in a receptive frame of mind for hanging. You even may look for the lady's galoshes of 1756, early testimony to erratic New England weather. Another ancient antidote for the climate is here too, the mugs that carried warming ale to Hancock and Adams as they hid from British soldiers. Be certain not to miss the most interesting staircase in all the city. The delight of architect, engineer, and decorator, it is built like an unfurled deck of cards. Hanging unsupported between floors, it may sway ever so gently when you are halfway up.

The Old State House may vibrate while you are there to the fast rush of modern trains beneath it, for with all its antiquity and charm it is a subway station! Merging the old and lovely with the functional is a Boston habit and perhaps a distinction. Neither obstructs the other, but each contributes to the character of a city that uses the past to illumine the present and cannily builds a future on both.

State Street

In this appreciative mood, walk a little way down State Street. The round paving that records the scene of the Boston Massacre opposite Exchange Street now is crossed by hurrying bankers. This is the financial heart of the city, sacred to the New England capital that threw railroads across the West and underwrote the building of an industrial empire. When the Royal Customs House stood on Exchange Street,

men and boys of Boston, throwing snowballs and taunting the British sentinel who guarded the king's receipts, brought on the gunshot that touched off the Revolution. In a manner of speaking, the gunshot secured free enterprise for the private capital that makes State Street a synonym for investment and income today.

Patrick Carr, one of the Massacre victims lived long enough to declare that the British had been goaded beyond endurance and that the people brought the massacre on themselves. Sam Adams, who was not above stirring up the whole thing to get the Revolution going, was furious at such testimony and pointed out that Carr was Irish and Roman Catholic, and thus his word could mean nothing.

In any case the Boston Massacre was worked for all it was worth to promote the impending war. Now on the monument in the Common, where every year a wreath and speeches mark the contribution of black and white, Catholic and Protestant, to the cause of freedom, history perpetuates its official attitude with this statement: "On that Night the Foundation of American Independence was laid."

The Boston Massacre, the Tea Party, Lexington and Concord, Bunker Hill, fiery meetings in Old South and Faneuil Hall, all aided and abetted a spirit which could be suppressed no longer. If the massacre had not happened on State Street, something similar would have flared elsewhere. The people were marching. No empire on earth could have stopped them.

Just below, at Kilby Street when it was Mackerel Lane, was the Bunch-of-Grapes, the Whig tavern in the town. In front of it, in fine Revolutionary ardor the lion and unicorn and suchlike Tory "trash" collected from all over the village were burned in high glee after the Declaration of Independence had been heard up the street. Ten years later when

there was peace again and General Rufus Putnam sought new fields to conquer, he organized in the same taproom the Ohio Company that went forth to Marietta to start the first permanent settlement of the eastern part of the Northwest Territory. His project became the state of Ohio. Ohioans please discount the legend of the Bostonian who said, "Ohio? Oh, yes, out west. But you won't mind if I tell you *we* pronounce it Idaho." Perhaps the story goes the other way. It does not matter. Boston enjoys pleasantries at her expense because she is so sure of herself.

The British Coffee House stood about opposite the Bunch-of-Grapes, as a rendezvous for redcoat officers quartered on the town, and it was the scene of many nasty fights. One of them struck down James Otis at the peak of his patriotic oratory. In an argument with John Robinson, a royal commissioner of customs, Otis had his head so thoroughly bashed that his brain was impaired. There is a pathetic 1776 record of the selectmen having a warrant to make inquiry into "the Case and Circumstances of James Otis, Esq. represented by his friends as a Person Non Compos Lunatick or Distracted." The great voice of the new America truly was a casualty of the Revolution though death came from a bolt of lightning that struck as he stood on his doorstep—a fine dramatic end for the man whose thunder defied the British Empire.

Before the Revolution, State Street was King Street. The name went with the lion and the unicorn, and though they came back for decoration, the new name remained. Once State Street stopped where Kilby Street was a path along the harbor. Then State merging with Long Wharf was "the great street leading to the sea."

Boston's fondness for making land where ocean tides nibbled its shores put solid ground out to the old Barricade's early defense line. Long Wharf was swallowed up by the

time and progress that surrounds your stroll down State Street now. But think of it as it was when royal governors made a festival of ceremonious landings, or picture the retreat of the departing loyalists and the king's troops who trod its length wearily on Evacuation Day.

The Evacuation of Boston

Boston still celebrates that memorable victory. At the same time, she commemorates the exciting strategy that fortified Dorchester Heights in the dead of night, so that the British awakened to Washington's guns and on Saint Patrick's day in the morning, 1776, took the better part of valor—a forced voyage out of Boston forever.

Remember your schoolbook history? The British had holed up in Boston after the battle of Lexington and Concord, and had come out only for Bunker Hill. Washington had taken command at Cambridge, but his army was "a mixed multitude under very little discipline," with only nine rounds of gunpowder per man. When Ethan Allen seized Fort Ticonderoga in the name of Jehovah and the Continental Congress, he furnished a welcome solution to the impasse.

Cannon were hauled through winter snows; magazines were stripped and sent to General Washington. On the night of March 4, teams, handcarts, ox-drawn wagons, and wheelbarrows transported potential disaster for Britain. Everyone with a spade or a strong shoulder caught the electrifying spirit of the strategy and crept to Dorchester Heights in the shrouding dark. Working silently, heroically, they fortified a commanding position above the British ships that sealed the harbor.

Rufus Putnam, a millwright, directed the building of the fortifications. His only experience in military engineering had been gained in the French and Indian War that secured Canada for England. He put it to use in securing America, and was so skillful that Washington asked Congress to make him a general. His Yankee ingenuity with fieldworks surprised veterans of old European conflicts and provided a nightmare at dawn for Earl Percy who found trained on him the guns that had sprung up in the dark.

Percy was ordered to attack the threatening heights, but a storm turned him back, and perhaps he was grateful. The Americans kept strengthening Putnam's fieldworks, and on March 9, Washington fortified a few more advantageous points. Then the British gave up. One old account describes their chagrin delicately: the heights were so formidable they "discomfitted the Military Nerves of Britain and necessitated a retreat from the capitol of Massachusetts." The discomfited military nerves hurried to pack their gear and to collect soldiers and a thousand Tory sympathizers into a hundred and seventy ships. The sailing must have been a thrilling sight.

Dorchester Heights provided Boston patriots with a grandstand seat for the spectacle of British power retreating before their defiance of it. The war which had begun here moved south. Boston was delivered, and she never forgets the day.

Parading, banqueting, and oratory relive the victory annually. Because Dorchester Heights is in South Boston, Gaelic enthusiasm now celebrates both Saint Patrick's Day and the vanquishing of the British, whose unwelcome residence in Ireland lasted so much longer than in Boston. It is a gala day and rightfully. Never since March 17, 1776, have hostile troops set foot in Boston!

Custom House and Faneuil Hall

Walking the line of the English retreat along State Street that envelopes Long Wharf—nautical supply houses still flourish on it—you come to the Custom House.

When its great granite front was built, vessels berthed almost at its steps, their slender prows and masts a seagoing forest swaying with the tides. Now the big tower rises from that earlier base, and you may go to the top to view Boston all around you. Hawthorne knew this neighborhood when he worked in a smaller building on Custom House Street, just a block long. That held his “darksome dungeon” where he was measurer of salt and coal, hating it.

Like Hawthorne, when you leave the Custom House, you can stroll to Faneuil Hall, built on made land at the head of the old town dock, still called Dock Square. You will take Commercial Street now and come out at Mayor Quincy’s long gray, granite Quincy Market. Perhaps you can picture the ships that once moved prettily at moorings here too. Dock Square, so far from wharves, seems oddly named until you know that so much of the modern city has been dredged from the ancient sea. This was early Boston’s shore line.

Old Bostonians say Funel Hall for Faneuil Hall. There are other peculiarly local pronunciations: S. S. Perce for S. S. Pierce, and Wooster for Worcester, Gloster for Gloucester, but Dorchester for Dorchester. Concord emphatically is accented on the first syllable. Harvard loses its r’s entirely, but “Hahvud Lawr” gains one of them. My father was given to cataloguing strangers and natives by their use of these words. Yet his grandson grew up in the middle west and comes home saying Fan-u-el Hall!

There is documentary evidence regarding Fan-u-el and Funel. It was not only the Rivoires who had to endure a

Yankee twisting of their name to Revere. The Faneuils suffered a similar American phonetic approximation, and it remained for the tomb in Granary Burying Ground to clinch things with "P. Funel 1742." Lucius Sargent's sprightly *Dealings with the Dead* tells you how the lettering got there: "The Faneuil arms, ere long, became unintelligible," and "the inquiry naturally arose, in popular phraseology, 'whereabouts was it, that Peter Faneuil was buried?' Some worthy old citizen, God bless him, who knew rather more than his neighbors, and was well aware that the arms would be but a dead letter to posterity, resolved to serve the public and remedy the defect. Up he goes to Granary Ground in the very spirit of Old Mortality and, with all his orthography in his ear, inscribed P. Funel upon the tablet."

Doubtless to a Frenchman, Funel is as difficult to hear as Fan-u-el. However you pronounce it, the fact is clear that Peter was the nephew of André Faneuil, who came to Boston from Rochelle, France, about 1686. André and his brothers Jean and Benjamin promptly set up a prosperous firm in the town, but Jean eventually returned to France, and Benjamin went forth to become one of the founders of New Rochelle, New York. There Benjamin fathered eleven children, and Peter, born in 1709, was the eldest.

Meanwhile André acquired a lovely place on Tremont Street, with seven acres set down in gardens where a grasshopper weathervane gleamed atop a summerhouse in the sun. Having no living children, he adopted Peter and his brother and sister, and brought them from New Rochelle to Boston. Peter, his uncle's favorite, inherited the house and gardens, a tidy fortune, and the warehouses near Merchants' Row. Then as "the topinest merchant in town," it was Peter who lived in a style befitting the owner of eight buildings in Cornhill and King Street "with many vessels and parts of vessels."

He had five Negro servants and fourteen hundred ounces of plate to impress his fellows. Samuel Drake wrote that "his cellar was bursting with good wine, arrack, beer, Cheshire and Gloucester cheeses—what wonder his decease was sudden!"

For regrettably he died at forty-two, this wealthy bachelor whose weekly worshipping in Old Trinity at Summer and Hawley streets set maiden hearts fluttering with a stimulating blend of guile and hope. Now he rests wifeless under the P. Funel stone.

The building he gave the town in 1740 was meant only for a market. The necessity for a good-sized hall urged him to add money for a second story. It was completed just before his death, and the first public gathering in it—except for a town meeting—was to eulogize its donor.

The original market building apparently was prompted by Peter Faneuil's taking sides in a local tempest. Seven years before, three markets had been set up in Boston. The one in Dock Square was smashed by a recalcitrant mob demonstrating their preference for the vendor system—a kind of early curb service—over market houses to which one had to go through the snow for the day's provisions.

Faneuil's gift was so bitterly debated in meeting that its acceptance went through by only seven votes. Accepted it was, however, and the first building designed by John Smibert, the architect and portraitist, was one hundred by forty feet, with sturdy brick walls and a beautiful hall spacious enough to hold a thousand people.

Boston and her fires! In 1761 flames licked Faneuil Hall nearly clean, but the town was growing used to holocaust, and the hall was rebuilt bigger and better. Thriftly, the original walls were used in the second version, financed with a lottery granted by the General Court. In 1805, the whole

building was enlarged with a third story, galleries, and great Doric columns from plans by Bulfinch. Then in 1898 all was done over with fireproof steel, iron, and stone, faithful to the Bulfinch design but with defiance of fires to come.

The celebrated Faneuil grasshopper on the weathervane is the original made in 1742 by the "cunning artificer" Shem Drowne, who was recorded for posterity in Hawthorne's *Drowne's Wooden Image*. Its eyes are black glass doorknobs with little metal disks for pupils, and sometimes they gleam in the moonlight, and always they show which way the wind is blowing in the square. They have viewed tempests and zephyrs and the currents of thought to match. Still they peer down from their lofty eminence, secure in the experience of having seen enough of the past not to fret about the future.

From 1763 on, the old hall, dedicated to the cause of liberty by luckless James Otis, ceaselessly has been the scene of momentous meetings. Never yet rented for a fee, Faneuil Hall can neither be sold nor leased, but it is opened whenever a sufficient number of embattled citizens request its use. The sufficient number frequently does, and the approbation of the ancients surrounds them as they gather for the public good. James Otis is one, of course, and Sam Adams, whose inspiration established here in 1772 the Boston Committee of Correspondence for the purpose of stating the rights of the colonists to England in particular and to anyone else in general who cared to view history in the making. George Bancroft, the historian, labeled the Adams move as one which "contained the whole Revolution."

In any case the independent spirit fostered at Faneuil Hall set the pattern for Boston's patriotic devotion to later causes. Wendell Phillips' first speech of the antislavery movement was from its platform; the Antislavery Vigilance Committee, formed here as early as 1842, was followed less than a decade

later by the meeting that tried to rescue Anthony Burns, a fugitive slave held at the old courthouse. The rescue failed, and Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and others of the antislavery group were arraigned for their efforts. No indictment was returned, naturally, so all of them went on to labor even more tirelessly in their devotion to freedom.

John Greenleaf Whittier, stirred by the excitement, wrote:

*No slave hunt in our borders—no pirate on our strand!
No fetters in the Bay State—no slave upon our land!*

and called to all the people:

*Let the sounds of traffic die:
Shut the millgate—leave the stall—
Fling the axe and hammer by—
Throng to Faneuil Hall!*

Today you will enjoy watching the market crowds still using the first-floor stalls, and you will want to climb the stairs to see the fine old hall with its portraits of Boston's famous on its walls. Peter Faneuil is there himself in a copy of the Smibert original now in the Massachusetts Historical Society collection. The Copleys and Stuarts are fine, but are copies too, replacing the originals which are in the Museum of Fine Arts for safekeeping.

Another flight of stairs leads to the armory of the memorable Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company with interesting relics of its founding in 1638 and its active membership today. Every first Monday in June the picturesque drumhead election of officers is held on Boston Common, and between times the old drum rests here high under the eaves.

Firearms, trophies, documents, military uniforms, all are on this fascinating top floor where windows curve curiously into the ceiling. When the governor of the Commonwealth is feted here at luncheon, ancient banners look down. One is the flag of the ill-fated royal governor Andros in 1686. Another is exactly like the flag from which Governor Endicott publicly cut out the Cross of St. George because it smacked of popery. (Hawthorne told the story in *Endicott and the Red Cross*, and Longfellow in *The New England Tragedies*.) Now hanging near it is the Ancients' own flag, the only regimental banner to fly over both north and south poles.

The Stairway of the Constitution leads to an exquisite little dome beneath the tower that holds the gilt grasshopper high over the square. And when you go down again to the busy market place, look up at its silhouette bright against the sky. It is as Bostonian as the old Corn Market which once was opposite.

In the Corn Market stood the Hancock Tavern, named for John Hancock when he was governor. His store for "English and India goods, also choice Newcastle coals and Irish butter, Cheap for Cash" once was near it. The Tories called Hancock a smuggler and said he agitated the Revolution for profit, but he was the same man who put his signature to "we pledge our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor" in the cause the Tories feared. And he wrote his name so boldly and so beautifully that he created a synonym in our language for signature. "George the Third can read that," he said, "without his glasses."

Durgin-Park's

Walking through the market district will make you hungry. If it is lunchtime, find the Durgin-Park's restaurant

on North Market Street, where it has fed Boston for a full century. It is called the Market Dining Room with no mistake. To reach it you will go through vegetable crates, plucked chickens, sides of beef, and the incredible clamor of the buying and selling of food. It is upstairs over a warehouse in as unattractive a spot as you will encounter. No one cares. People come here to eat, and they do—magnificently. If it is the season, you may have bear steak or venison. Calvin Coolidge liked Durgin-Park's salt fish. Perhaps you will prefer fried cod tongues or gargantuan steaks bought from the market below.

Everyone has eaten here—judges and senators, governors and marketmen, stage people, and the Roosevelts, Theodore and Franklin. The bare surroundings have nothing to do with the flavor of the New England boiled dinner served on red-checked tablecloths from plates which someone has said are of iron to withstand the straightforward no-nonsense service. Perhaps you will share a table with ten or fifteen others. It's all right. That is the custom, as revered as the taste of the Indian pudding, the apple pandowdy, or the chowder, lobster, tripe, beans, pies, and meats, all in the tradition of sensible nourishing food that is a Yankee rebuke to fancy sauces masking the pristine perfection of good cuts and good quality. Everyone at Durgin-Park's seems to have been there for decades—waitresses, customers, and the marketmen who sell the food to the restaurant and daily come to eat it. Not one of them would come again if even the noisy and visible dishwashing were changed!

Ye Olde Oyster House

Less rugged, but no less celebrated is Ye Olde Oyster House, a little way down Union Street and still doing busi-

ness at its 1826 stand. Look sharp for the little door on the narrow street. You will have to crowd in past the burnished mahogany oyster bar with Daniel Webster's ghost among the caps and homburgs, or in the evening among the caps and opera hats. Like all the gourmets clustered here, he savored the exquisite delight of oysters at their best—freshly opened, swallowed while their hearts still beat. The original white-washed stalls on the sawdust-covered first floor are Boston's truest picture of a nineteenth-century eating house. You may, if you like, go up the bare old stairs to the second floor and dine where Louis Philippe in 1797 eked out an existence giving French lessons to Boston until he was recalled to the throne of France. You will enjoy a meal of incomparable New England sea food with a plain delicious dessert.

The Oyster House lobster of a prodigious size will be as unique as the historic spot you are visiting. Hopestill Capen had a silk-importing store here with Benjamin Thompson as an apprentice. Then Thompson served England in the Revolution and never returned to Boston. But he had a brilliant career in Bavaria, where he was made Count Rumford of the Holy Roman Empire, and his daughter Sarah, as a New England countess, lived out her days in Concord, New Hampshire (once called Rumford and the source of her father's title), on a pension granted her when she visited his alien court.

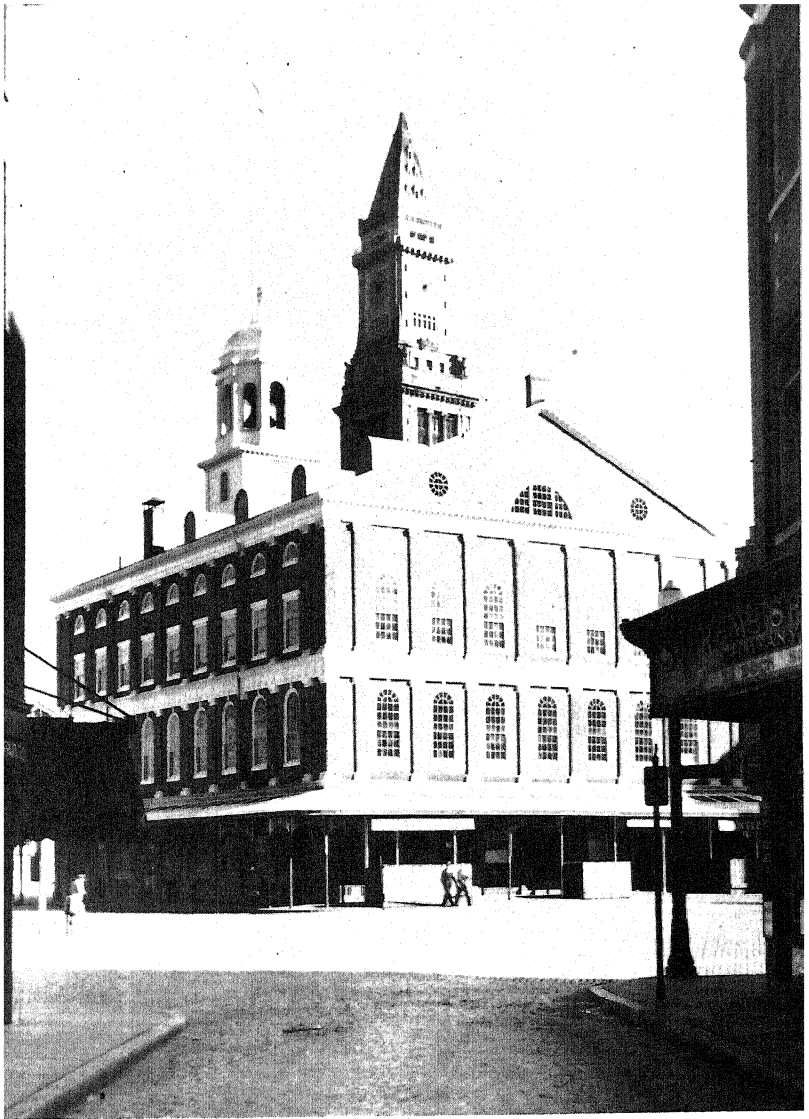
If your stay in Boston is lengthy, plan some day to go to Woburn where Thompson's old house stands as his grandfather built it in 1714. A Rumford stove is there, invented by this same Benjamin. He was a spectacular blend of scientist, soldier, and playboy who roamed far and handsomely from this place where you may have lunch now.

The Green Dragon Tavern

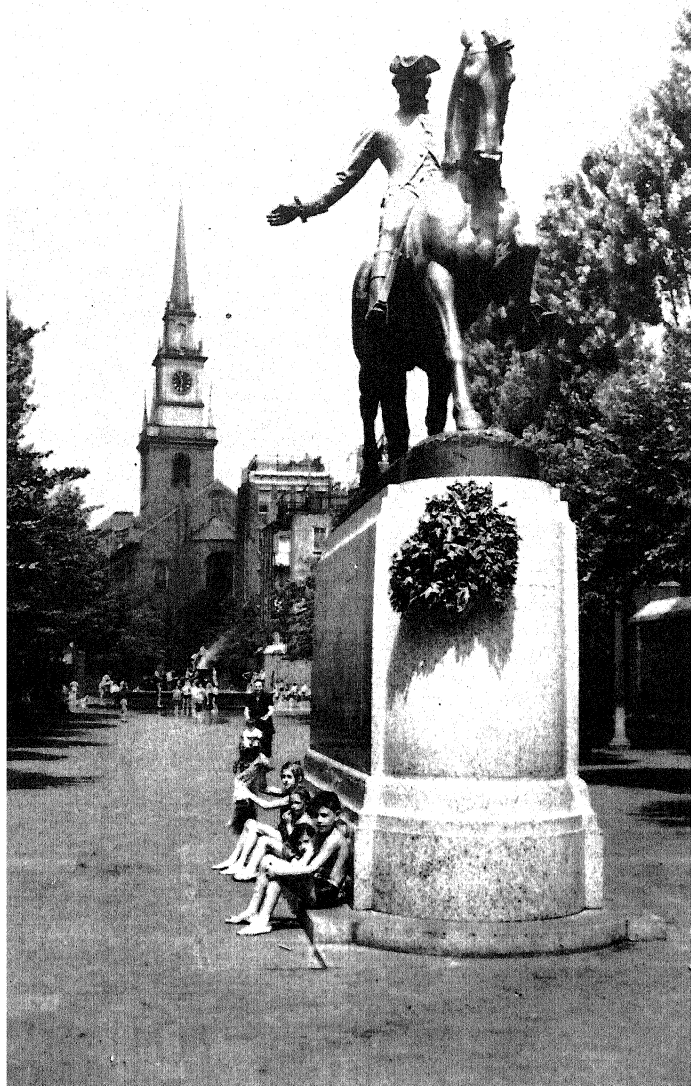
Just beyond the Oyster House toward Hanover Street, Benjamin Franklin lived as a boy. The Green Dragon Tavern was near by too for well over a century, including the crucial years when the night patrol of the Boston Mechanics met in it as a kind of early fifth column to keep an eye and finger on British conspiracy. The tea party was hatched in the Green Dragon, and many another anti redcoat plan. From just such meetings the patriot club known as the North End Corcus provided the word caucus for our political vocabulary.

Paul Revere went to the old tavern often, not only as a patriot member of its clubs, but as officer of the Free Masons who owned it. As early as 1733 the Masons had met at the Bunch-of-Grapes. Later they used a hall in the Green Dragon and organized the pioneer Saint Andrew's Lodge, and in 1769 the First Grand Lodge of the Province, with Joseph Warren as Grand Master. A meeting called for Saint Andrew's Day in 1773 was not held because too few members were present. The record reads, "N.B. Consignees of Tea took up the Brethren's time." The tea was of course the controversial brew in the harbor, and on tea party night another scheduled lodge meeting was not held either! Sam Adams, James Otis, Warren, and Revere met frequently to plan the overthrow of British rule in councils behind the sign of a green dragon curled on sheet copper, its tongue licking the winds that were fanned at this site.

The old building came down in 1828 when Green Dragon Lane was widened and the mill pond was filled in for a business area. But Paul Revere's house just a few blocks away still stands, and if you are lunching in his beloved North End you need not hurry the last tasty bit of apple pandowdy you probably are having for dessert. The old house has been there since the seventeenth century and still will be awaiting you.



7. Faneuil Hall, a Memorable Market House



8. Dallin's Revere and the "Old North Church"

4. *Heroes Acres*

AROUND THE CORNER FROM THE UNION OYSTER HOUSE is miniature Marshall's Lane, worth strolling a moment—it is just a moment long—to see the Boston Stone. Distances used to be measured from it, and Lexington was thirteen miles the Paul Revere way. Opposite the stone is the oldest brick building standing in Boston, with Boston's oldest shoe store in its corner. Look at the seventeenth-century building materials of the house. The tiny handmade bricks and big hand-hewn beams were fashioned so well they have survived three centuries. Once all the town looked like Marshall's Lane. Squat small buildings flush with the street opened their windows of little leaded panes to just such narrow paths, as friendly as they were incapable of foreseeing an era of trucks and automobiles which would be too large to navigate them.

When the first town crier lived in this house, built in 1660, he cried the hour and the weather along the lanes and was glad of the close protecting house walls on each side of him. There was a stern town watch too, busy from nine at night until five in the morning. After ten, he was directed to investigate lights burning at so ungodly an hour. If he heard noise or disorder, he was "wisely to demand the reason." If he discovered dancing or singing he was "to admonish them to cease." And above all, if young men and maidens "not of

known fidelity" were walking after ten o'clock, the watch was ordered to demand the cause, to observe them closely, command them to their lodgings, and if they refused, to secure them until morning.

Benjamin Franklin's brother-in-law lived in the old brick house on Marshall's Lane in 1737, and to visit him, Franklin himself would have walked down this same little street. Hancock owned the building later, and during the Revolution the continentals were paid here by his brother Ebenezer. Count d'Estaing had brought the money from the king of France, so at last Americans were reimbursed in this lane even to arrears.

Now, if you like, you can go straight down Hanover Street in front of you to Prince, where the houses opened their doors to the wounded streaming across the water from the battle of Bunker Hill. Before the millpond was filled, the Charlestown ferry anchored off this street. On the battle day even luckless Major Pitcairn was carried here to die of the bullets that Yankee marksmanship made fatal.

The Paul Revere House

Turning down Prince Street, you come to North Square, and on the North Street side, make an enchanting little journey into yesterday as you enter the house at Number 19. It will delight you not only as the home of the great patriot and great horseman Paul Revere, but because it is the oldest dwelling in Boston too. Revere lived here from 1770 to 1800, and most of the sixteen children of his first and second wives were born here, though everyone who sees the little house wonders how they fitted in. The place was nearly a century old when Revere bought it, but the very door he used on that April evening in 1775 will open for you.

This was the first house he ever owned. As the prospering son of Apollos Rivoire the Huguenot refugee, it seemed a veritable mansion to him when he had earned the money to buy it. Long before, Increase Mather as rector of old Old North had a house at the same place. The fire of 1676 caught it, and the present dwelling was built right after. Now its seventeenth-century walls and windows and wide, wide chimney have the authentic flavor of early Boston homes, snug against blizzards, complacent in the sun.

Inside you can see Paul Revere's bedroom, his pistols and flintlock, and his engraving of the Boston Massacre. Mrs. Revere's kettles and pans are here too, and Paul's grog cup and toddy warmer, which suggest that this versatile revolutionary knew as well how to celebrate a victory as to set it in motion.

For he was versatile. He engraved paper money for the provincial congress, made false teeth for his celebrated contemporary General Joseph Warren, who fell at Bunker Hill and whose skull later was identified by Revere as his dentist. He made gunpowder to blow the redcoats out of Boston and cast bells for King's Chapel. The great silversmith of colonial times, he also started the profitable copper mills that still bear his name.

The eve of the battle of Lexington and Concord was not the first time he had ridden on his country's business. Sam Adams' mass meetings in those days had come to be labeled The Body. Revere was its strong right arm and was appointed by the Committee of Safety for "outdoor work."

As early as December 17, 1773, he had carried to the Sons of Liberty in New York and Philadelphia news of the Boston Tea Party. The next May he was in the saddle again with a report on the odious Boston Port Bill and an appeal to make Boston's cause that of New York and Philadelphia too.

In September he carried the fiery Suffolk Resolves to the First Continental Congress, and in December, four months before the famous nineteenth of April, he was the Boston Committee of Safety's messenger to Portsmouth. The arsenal at Fort William and Mary quite correctly was believed to be in danger of the provincials. The British were about to reinforce it when Revere rode to warn the Sons of Liberty who made the attack ahead of schedule and secured the gunpowder stored there. It was returned to the redcoats with accuracy and emphasis in the battle of Bunker Hill!

On the eighteenth of April in '75, Paul Revere was ready again. "The fate of a nation was riding that night." His call to arms this time meant war, but an entire countryside answered with "the shot heard round the world."

A Famous Ride

Think of that as you linger a moment in his doorway. He had been warned of the British move, of course, for Boston patriots maintained a skilled intelligence service, and John Ballard, busily cleaning a horse in the British stables, did not fail to hear a groom of the royal governor say idly that there would be "hell to pay tomorrow."

Ballard ran to a friend who went straight to Revere who already had the news from two others and was about to execute his own share of history! His first assignment was to have lanterns shown in Christ Church to signal the British plan. He had been to Lexington and Concord two days before to tell the patriots to hide their gunpowder and to warn Hancock and Adams that the British might come a hunting.

Information on time and route was lacking, so on his way home he had spoken with his good friend William Conant in

Charlestown and planned a strategy. Conant was to have Deacon Larkin's swift horse ready. But Revere was to try to set the signal lanterns in the church steeple if he could not get back with the details of the British maneuver. The "one if by land" would signify that the enemy was going the long way over Roxbury Neck. The "two if by sea" indicated a crossing of the Charles to the Cambridge shore, shortening the route and timetable by several hours. Longfellow's poetic license notwithstanding, the lanterns were to warn the Charlestown patriots who would be watching, and not Revere who would be arranging for their display.

You know the rest. The British took off by boat from the end of the Common where Charles and Boylston streets are now. About ten o'clock, Joseph Warren asked Revere to set out immediately for Lexington via Charlestown since William Dawes already had gone by way of Roxbury Neck. To make certain of the signals, Revere got Robert Newman, who had British officers quartered in his very house, to display the lanterns. John Pulling, a vestryman of the church, went with Newman to stand watch while he climbed to the belfry and showed the double "glimmer and then a gleam of light." At about that moment, Revere probably was negotiating for the female petticoat contributed to clothe the "muffled oars" that rowed him silently under the threatening bow of *H.M.S. Somerset* guarding the river mouth. Before the enemy reached the Cambridge shore, Revere was on the waiting Larkin horse and off to spread the alarm.

Annually now on the nineteenth of April the ride is made again by two hardened cavalymen. One represents Revere and the other Dawes, who made the trip without the telling press-agentry of Longfellow. Helen F. More wrote about Dawes in lines as apt but more merry than those for Revere:

*'Tis all very well for children to hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere;
But why should my name be quite forgot
Who rode as boldly and well, God wot?
Why should I ask? The reason is clear;
My name was Dawes and his Revere.*

But there was glory enough for two that night and also excitement. Dawes had gone the long way, the hard way, past the Liberty Tree to Roxbury Neck, past the town gates at Dover Street, guarded by British sentinels. To outwit them, he went at a slow jogging gait with saddlebags flapping behind him and a great stupid hat on his head so that he looked for all the world like a country bumpkin on an innocent journey. But once the guard was behind him, Dawes spurred his good animal to patriot's pace and rode posthaste to Lexington and almost into oblivion. A British wag observed afterward that the best disguise that night and the next day was the outfit of a Continental messenger—so many of the appointed and self-appointed were scorching the roads with the alarm.

Of them all, however, Revere alone achieved the rhyming immortality of Longfellow's poem, but he symbolizes his fellows. Of course he was captured. But not before he had alarmed a whole county, and had succeeded in warning Hancock and Sam Adams. He never did get to Concord, but in Lexington he was joined by Dawes and by Doctor Prescott returning from a very late date. Of the three, only the courting Prescott made the finish line.

In trying to get away, Dawes was thrown by his horse. Revere was captured by a British hand on his rein, a British pistol menacing. When in the exigencies of shot and shell the redcoats finally let him go on foot, he set about rescuing John

Hancock's trunk of papers destined for the Continental Congress. Probably Hancock's celebrated finery was in the trunk as well. In any case it had to be moved from Buckman Tavern, and during the battle on Lexington Green, Revere was carrying one end of it and John Lowell, a distant relative of James Russell Lowell, the other. On their way to the Clark parsonage from which Hancock and Adams already had fled, they heard shots but kept on going and arrived just a little before the battle wounded were brought to the old house too.

All in all, Revere had had a busy night. He had done his part and still was doing it. This was no time to watch battles. He had a busy war too, but when it was all over, he settled down to peaceful pursuits which absorbed him to the day he died. There was his goldsmith shop listed in the 1789 Boston directory at 50 Cornhill, his foundry in the North End, and his 1801 copper rolling mill established at Canton where he made the copper sheathing for the new State House dome—the first rolled copper ever made in America. He coppered *Old Ironsides* as once he had made her sheaves and spikes and fixtures, raised his big family, and made his engravings famous as well.

Revere Genealogy

His bookplate is not the least of his engravings. Its curious rendition of a coat of arms bearing the bar sinister has puzzled his descendants and antiquarians ever since. Perhaps his father, Apollos Rivoire, crudely copied a Rivoire seal given him by his Uncle Simon who financed his journey to Boston. Knowing nothing of the heraldic connotation of dextra versus sinister, he may have traced the arms and inadvertently reversed the bar.

But General Joseph Warren Revere, Paul's grandson, misled by it as late as 1875, connected himself with the De Rivoires of Dauphiny, France, who had the same device except that the bar was dextra. It remained for Paul Cadman, the erudite researcher of the State Street Trust Company, in quest of one of the bank's fine little pieces on New England history, to unearth the fact that the aristocratic De Rivoire family of estates in Dauphiny and titles and connections at court, "is and has been for more than eleven centuries a militantly Catholic house without one record of a schismatic root," obviously not one to sire either Huguenot or artisan.

Other historians then suggested that the Boston Reveres might have belonged to that family, but bore the bar sinister in pride of exile for their variance from Catholic belief. This theory is challenged by Paul's own correspondence with a Huguenot cousin in France. The cousin answered that his first view of the coat of arms was in Paul's letter of inquiry about it.

Very likely, Uncle Simon started the whole confusion innocently. Led by the similarity of name to adopt the device as his own, he gave it to Apollos. Apollos passed it on to his prospering family to grace their hard-won new station in a hard-won new land. Theirs was a failing shared by so many of America's early families who were mainly middle-class folk unrecorded by Burke's *Peerage* or the *Almanac de Gotha*. Eventually their fortunes gave them the leisure and funds—as their wives and daughters gave them impetus—to search for ancestors.

This insatiable urge is a harmless but sometimes disconcerting diversion. In New England, genealogical experts thrive even more than in the deep South, but old records frequently preserve disappointing information. For instance, there is a list in Boston town records of 1776 of those inconsiderate citi-

zens who paid their fifty pounds sterling fine rather than be drafted into the Continental army, thus depriving their descendants of possible membership in the D.A.R.; and there is Governor Bradford's appallingly frank journal describing the naughty crimes he had to punish after the Mayflower Company got roofs over their heads and ideas that could not be mentioned in their parlors. Potential distress for ancestor hunters lies in the roster of Tory families who left Boston under the British flag for Halifax and St. John, and returned only when their abandoned country was secured.

North Square

In North Square you are among authentic scenes of the Revolution. The Old North Church stood between Garden Court and Moon streets, above Revere's house, until the British pulled it down for firewood during the siege. That was the old Old North Church where the Mathers presided as rectors—first Increase, then his son Cotton, then grandson Samuel. Paul Revere's father left this congregation for the New Brick on Hanover Street.

The New Brick also was known as the Cockerel Church from its big brass cock on the weathervane, and perhaps figuratively for its lusty crowing at the Old North congregation with whom it had quarreled. Paul was baptized at the Cockerel, and when Old North perished in war's flames, the merry offshoot adopted the worshipers of the destroyed church and hung its rescued bell below the saucy brass weathervane.

The bell cracked in understandable protest, but Paul Revere recast it, and his was the very first bell made in Boston. Tradition says it had a dreadful tone, more suited for calling people to fires than to worship. It still survives, though not

to peal, in a church in Cambridge where it remains an historical treasure if not a musical voice.

The Old North Church of Longfellow's poem was called Christ Church in Paul Revere's boyhood, when he rang its lovely English bells, though he worshiped at Congregational Cockerel. He received a fee for the ringing, of course, and knew its steeple well enough to choose it for the lanterns on the eve of the nineteenth of April. You can go to it now by Prince Street again. You pass little Garden Court Street on the way, winding from the corner of Prince, so imagine for a moment the big Hutchinson house that irate patriots destroyed.

Thomas Hutchinson, descendant of Anne, was a royal governor who loved his native Boston dearly and wrote the first volume of his *History of Massachusetts* here. But in 1765, an anti-Stamp Act mob sacked his mahogany parlor and the gardens reaching to Hanover Street. His tapestry-hung library was the scene of frightful destruction, and the manuscript of the second volume of his history was thrown in the gutter of Garden Court Street. It was rescued and published after all, but poor Governor Hutchinson, like his ancestress, fled to exile for his convictions.

Agnes Surriage

On the same street was Sir Harry Frankland's house, described as Mrs. Lechmere's residence in the story of *Lionel Lincoln* by J. Fenimore Cooper, who visited there. Lusty Sir Harry gave rise to stories too, when he met lovely Agnes Surriage scrubbing floors in a Marblehead inn. It was an exciting romance, or scandal, depending on whether one viewed Sir Harry's interest in her "education" as noble or distressing.

Edwin L. Bynner wrote a novel about her, and Holmes composed a tender sentimental ballad of

*The old, old story—fair, and young,
'And fond,—and not too wise,—
That matrons tell, with sharpened tongue,
To maids with downcast eyes.*

At the time every tongue in Boston wagged. Sir Harry was fourth in descent from Cromwell, and he had refused the governorship of Massachusetts to become collector of the port for George the Second. Because of the vicious chatter over his affair with Agnes he built a fine country place on five hundred acres in Hopkinton. There the two enjoyed fox hunting and lavish entertaining in disregard of Boston's censure.

The Garden Court Street house, where he lived but a year, had been built originally by the Clarks as a social spite at the Governor Hutchinson place next door. Both mansions were magnificent for frugal, early eighteenth-century Boston, and the Clark house put on an extra story as "intentional oversight" to look down on its prosperous neighbor. By the time Sir Harry bought it, he had been through a terrifying earthquake in Lisbon with his faithful Agnes, whom he had brought with him in pursuit of her education. The fear of God perhaps, plus gratitude to Agnes who saved his life, led him then to marry her after all. When they returned to Boston he bought the Clark house for her, and as Lady Agnes she enjoyed its "intentional oversight" in the triumph she had over the gossips.

A pew was listed to her in King's Chapel where Sir Harry long had been member and benefactor. She exchanged satisfying civilities with those who once had murmured critically behind their fans. There was a year of lovely parties on Garden Court Street before the couple went back to Lisbon, where Lady Agnes was feted as the wife of the consul general of England.

When Sir Harry died she came home to live at Hopkinton until the Revolution. Then her return to the Garden Court Street house was guarded by six soldiers, because with her were "seven trunks, all the beds and furniture to them, all the boxes and crates, a basket of chickens and a bag of corn; two barrels and a hamper, two horses, two chaises and all the articles in the chaises, excepting arms and ammunition, one small phaeton, some tongues, ham and veal, and sundry small bundles." Agnes seems eventually to have done all right by herself. What with hungry Tories streaming in and hungry rebels streaming out, and war on every horizon, the hams, chickens, tongues, and veal were very handy wages indeed of the sin that Boston had been talking about for years.

She watched the battle of Bunker Hill from the windows of the old mansion and helped bind up the wounded. Then she went to England where she died in 1782. Her house, like the Hutchinson place, survived but half a century more.

North End and "Old North Church"

With a bow to such rare sentiment in stern Boston, go down Prince Street again to Hanover and on to Salem Street by way of Prince or Tileston or North Bennet, all on your left going up Hanover. The North Grammar School, founded by Governor Hutchinson's father, was on North Bennet Street, and the North Writing School was on Tileston. Here in the North End where artisans lived, the free writing was more useful than the free grammar school. It was enough for apprentices in trade to learn to write their names on the bills they would present; they did not need to waste time in grammar schools which destined graduates for Harvard College and the law or the ministry. Paul Revere, an artisan, naturally went to the

North Writing and lost nothing from his trade studies without Greek verbs to distract him.

Whichever side street you take, you will come to Salem Street, miniature Italy, gay market babbling two languages, but once a fair green lane where prospering citizens dreamed of living. It is fun to walk Salem Street all the way from its oblique beginning on Hanover. Fruits and vegetables crowd the amazing bridal stores whose finery aids and abets suitors in glamorizing matrimony. Wherever you pick it up, good-natured laughter mingles with cross-tempered bargaining on this narrowest of Boston's cowpath streets going uphill to Christ Church.

Italian children will meet you halfway, reciting rhymed history in hope of tips. It is worth one to hear them. They are usually accurate too, and will escort you to the proper gate for entering the church that has walls two and a half feet thick, as they will tell you. It is open every day and for services on Sunday. This church houses the second Episcopal congregation in Boston. It is the oldest remaining church in the city, thirty years the senior of the present King's Chapel and six years older than the Old South Meetinghouse. The tablet on the tower is the one you expect to find in Boston. It reads: "The signal lanterns of Paul Revere displayed in the steeple of this Church, April 18, 1775, warned the country of the march of the British troops to Lexington and Concord."

Although Longfellow taught every schoolchild in America to call it the Old North Church, it really wasn't. But after the British destroyed the true Old North in 1776, the name popularly was transferred to Christ Church as the oldest in the North End. If you are seeking hours of service in the newspaper, however, remember Boston holds fast to pristine nomenclature. Look under Christ Church. Then go there and

be complacent in the knowledge that Robert Newman was its undisputed sexton in 1775 when:

*... he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch.*

Unfortunately the actual steeple where the lanterns were shown was blown down in 1804, but it was handsomely restored from designs by Bulfinch that duplicated the fine proportions of the original.

You can climb to the belfry yourself if you like to reach the height of heroes and do not mind the altitude. A hundred and forty-three narrow steps winding ever upward can be wearing and disconcerting too in the silent shadows cast by ancient windows. Perhaps you will go as far as the great braced home of the bells anyway. Framed on the wall halfway up is Paul Revere's signature on the roster of those who rang them. They are a notable peal of eight, brought from England, and the oldest in America. All are inscribed, some quaintly. One bears the notation: "We are the first ring of bells cast for the British Empire in North America, A.R. 1774." Another has written upon it, "Since generosity has opened our mouths, our tongues shall ring aloud its praise," and still lauds the subscription of five hundred and sixty pounds sterling that purchased the bells.

Their sweet tone will call you if you are in Boston on Sunday and would like to worship the God who preserved America in one of the scenes he chose for the events attending his purpose. The simple service and the courteous hospitality of the tiny tireless congregation which cherishes and maintains this beautiful historic edifice will charm you.

Afterward you can remember that these same bells rang the Repeal of the Stamp Act and Cornwallis' surrender when the Revolution ended in 1781. If you go all the way to the top, you will be rewarded with a magnificent view of Boston. The impressive Cyrus Dallin statue of Revere far below the tower stands in Paul Revere Mall, which you have to enter from Hanover Street. If you have time, look at it later for its wonderful arrested motion, for the memory of having seen him riding ceaselessly in bronze near his old home and the church that share his history, and for the mall itself that commemorates his friends and neighbors who secured America too.

Thoughtfully, benches have been placed in the tower for rest before the descent to the church itself where there is so much to see. It has the highest box pews in America—architectural gesture to the era when little charcoal-burning foot warmers joined worshipers in conspiracy against the temperature and lengthy sermons. You may sit in Paul Revere's son's pew and see his foot warmer today. Think of it as testimony to the religious fervor of our fathers who brought a hardy constitution to church along with a prayer book.

Old North has famous prayer books for you to see too, and the celebrated Vinegar Bible which George the Second presented in 1733. John Baskett's press printed it in 1717, rendering the twentieth chapter of St. Luke as the parable of the vinegar instead of the vineyard. After the next George was defeated, a new liturgy was written for the new country. Paper was pasted over reference to The Church of England, and The Protestant Episcopal Church of America written in. Prayers for the king were crossed out, and prayers for the president of the United States substituted. No one would ask God to bless Boston enemies!

In 1815 a free Sunday school, the first in the North, was

established with three hundred and sixty-five scholars. By 1824 over a thousand fledglings were said to have learned their catechism in the pattern set down for small fry ever since. The church at Roxbury by 1679 offered similar instruction, but Christ Church generally is credited with establishing the modern Sunday morning version without fee.

The communion plate given by George the Second still is preserved. The fine gallery clock has been ticking away centuries since 1726, and the exquisite candle chandeliers are three years older. The lonely little cherubim exiled in front of the organ were on their way to a Roman Catholic convent in Canada when a privateer captured a French ship during the French and Indian War and diverted them to Boston.

Governor Gage sat in pew number 62. From the steeple he watched the battle of Bunker Hill and the burning of Charlestown. Teddy Roosevelt sat in number 25 when he visited the newly restored church in 1912. The Bay Pew thanks forever the Honduras merchants who gave in 1727 the logwood for the original steeple, "long a guide to mariners at sea."

That steeple was standing when John Childs "flew" from it in 1757, not once but three times, the third time with pistols blazing! Such crowds gathered to see him that he was forbidden to fly any more in the town. The Massachusetts Society of Colonial Dames of America placed a tablet to his memory in the yard in 1923, the year of the first continuous flight across the continent.

Christ Church congregation was liberal, perhaps the reason Cotton Mather called them "a little sorry, scandalous drove." They had greens for Christmas and published an apologia about celebrating it. And they had an organ as early as 1736, when instrumental music was regarded by Boston Congregationalists as the special work of Beelzebub. In the early days when churches had no bells they summoned the flock by beat-

ing a drum. Men and women sat on opposite sides, and the tithingman made the rounds with his long pole. On one end it had a knob to rap the heads of men dozing through the hour-long sermon, at the other a tuft of feathers more gently nudged napping women.

When hymn time came, New England settlers, standing, faced the pastor and sang in unison each line as it was "deaconed off." A note of Old Hundred was timed with the beating of one's pulse. Even the pastors suffered. One of them wrote, "For a want of a standard in our singing, our tunes are left to the mercy of every unskilled throat to chop and alter, twist and change, according to their sufficiently diverse and no less odd, humours and fancies." At first not even a pitch-pipe was permitted. So God, like his earthly brethren, had his ears assaulted by the deplorable inharmony. Finally, when a pitch-pipe was allowed, it was passed from one worthy to another as surreptitiously as a bottle of spirits.

There was always fine music at Christ Church. No wonder Cotton Mather called it names. Still it survives, and for lo these centuries he has lain in Copp's Hill, almost within shadow of the church's sturdy tower.

There are burials in the vaults below the church too. A thousand are said to be in the thirty-seven tombs, but they are spacious tombs and probably could fit a thousand in. Major Pitcairn has been in one of them since the battle of Bunker Hill. His remains were supposed to have been sent home to Westminster Abbey, but the frightful truth is that the sexton was not at all sure who went forth in the box across the ocean. There are some who believe the hapless major never made the return trip to London. Christ Church does not believe he did. The marker on his tomb still is there.

Reverend Timothy Cutler, D.D., the Harvard man who was president of Yale in 1719, lies here, and Commodore

Nicholson who commanded *Old Ironsides*. Captain Malcolm, a member of the church who led the patriots in their resistance to the Revenue Acts was put down in Copp's Hill Burying Ground ten feet deep to be safe from British bullets.

Copp's Hill Burying Ground

You are now so near the other historic burials in Copp's Hill that you should visit them. Go down Hull Street, right in front of the church and once part of the Hull pasture. The mintmaster who gave his daughter's weight in shillings at her marriage owned this area. She gave the street to the town but asked that it bear her father's name forever. Boston is sensitive to such requests. The name will remain.

On Hull Street the Gallop house, built endwise to the sidewalk and opposite the burying ground, was General Gage's headquarters during the battle of Bunker Hill. The British had a battery on Copp's that day and used it to set Charlestown on fire. Copp's was the third of the three hills of Trimount, but cut away like Beacon and Fort Hill it is simply an embankment now. You may see from it the tip of Bunker Hill Monument and Charlestown on the opposite shore where the Navy Yard sprawls over Moulton's Point, beach head of the British that hot morning of the seventeenth of June, 1775.

Copp's Hill Burying Ground includes four original graveyards—the 1660 Old North, the Hull Street begun in 1707, the later New North, and the Charter Street Ground where first burials were not until 1819. In the largest and oldest part toward the harbor you will find the table tomb of the important and dour Mathers and the grave of Edmund Hartt who built *Old Ironsides*. You can look across to the Navy Yard where her masts still stand against the sky. Below Copp's on the water front to the right is Constitution Wharf where she

was built. Clever Shem Drowne, maker of wonderful weather-vanes—Faneuil Hall's grasshopper and the brass cock of Revere's Cockerel Church, among them—is in this ground too, and Nicholas Upsall who befriended the Quakers and kept the Red Lion up on North Street. Whittier in *The King's Missive* called him "Upsall gray with his length of Days." He was gray with ceaseless intercession for the persecuted Friends too, charity not appreciated by the fanatic magistrates. But slowly public opinion was turning, and Wenlock Christison, a Quaker, with Upsall helped the victory.

Christison under sentence of banishment strode boldly back to Boston and into the Town House itself, protesting the death penalty demanded of William Leddra, the last Quaker to die in Boston. "I am come here to warn you that ye shed no more innocent blood," Christison shouted. Promptly he was clapped into jail, but at least the judges were getting uneasy at so much bloodletting. At his trial they hedged until earnest old bigot Endicott pounded the table in anger at their weakness and announced he was disgusted enough to go back to England. "I thank God I am not afraid to give judgment," he roared at them, so Christison was condemned to hang too.

Meantime Charles the Second had come back to England's throne, and before Christison's sentence could be carried out, the royal letter that actually was "the king's missive," commanded Boston to stop flogging and hanging Quakers. Further, Charles ordered New England governors to release all Friends in prison and if there must be a trial to send them to England. With a royal decree threatening, Massachusetts released the prisoners, but she sent no one to England to tell on her. Quakers were fined now and then for a little while longer, but Christison's victory vindicated the earlier martyrs. A principle had been established. A heretic could live in Boston unmolested though not welcome. The Puritan idea of a

commonwealth of united believers with citizenship determined by church membership finally was abandoned, never restored. Christison, Upsall, and the Quakers who were hanged had not suffered in vain.

Not far from Upsall's grave in Copp's lies Captain Thomas Lake, killed by Indians in 1676. His headstone once held the melted lead from the bullets that felled him, though souvenir hunters pried it out. Another was pockmarked by the shells of British soldiers who used it for target practice during the siege. The inscription made a tempting bull's-eye, for it was the epitaph of Captain Malcolm.

A true Son of Liberty, a Friend to the Public,
An Enemy of Oppression, and One of the foremost
in opposing the Revenue Acts in America.

The young self-appointed guides who greet you in this neighborhood will recite one of Copp's quaintest epitaphs:

*Stop here my friend and cast an eye,
As you are now so once was I,
As I am now so you will be
Prepare for death and follow me.*

Most of the children add the footnote attributed to a visitor who demanded:

*To follow you I'm not content
Until I know which way you went.*

Robert Newman, who showed the lanterns for Revere, has a simple stone beside the fence at the far left. Near by is the seamen's tomb to record the good efforts of Father Taylor's

Bethel that was the sailors' church in North Square near Moon Street. Those who died with his counsel are here in Copp's Hill too.

Bunker Hill and Old Ironsides

Enjoy the old cemetery for the good people it memorializes, and then, because you have been looking across to Charlestown, perhaps you may want to go there next to see Bunker Hill. There are other historic treasures in Charlestown too, but the Navy Yard with *Old Ironsides* beckons first of all. As you feel her decks beneath you, think of her building by Hartt who sleeps now across the water from her mooring, and of Revere who made her copper hull, of the pennies of schoolchildren who restored the old ship, and of Oliver Wendell Holmes who saved her with almost his first verses:

*Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high.*

The fate he begged in preference to the planned scuttling stirred up the efforts that preserved her:

*Nail to her mast the holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!*

Safe in port after an undefeated career, she is thrilling to visit, an incredible contrast to the sea giants you may find in port beside her.

Beyond the Navy yard, the way the British themselves went, is Bunker Hill Monument on Breed's Hill where the

battle actually was fought. Bunker Hill is the next one north, but the great shaft is big enough to mark all the history it represents, and its proud peak rises from one corner of the hastily dug American redoubt that served so heroically on the battle day. Even if you do not find the tablet which legend has created, "Here the cowardly British advanced three times," you will see Colonel Prescott still exclaiming in bronze, "Don't fire till you see the whites of their eyes!"

There was sound reason behind the order. The provincials had to ration their precious powder, most of which had been stolen from the British at Fort William and Mary. It was a good order and rattled the redcoats immensely, for the cool Yankees held their fire until each shot would tell. The British did advance three times. Twice they were routed ignominiously. The third time, greatly reinforced, they took the hill, since the Americans' ammunition was exhausted. The colonials had to withdraw, but they left one third of the enemy dead among the tall grass.

General Joseph Warren was gone—a blow to the patriots. But Pitcairn was dead too, and hearing how the Americans had fought that day, General Washington said, "I am content. The liberties of the Country are safe!"

You know the details of the story. After Lexington and Concord the British were blockaded in Boston. Strengthened from England they were spoiling for a fight. The Americans planned the Bunker Hill fortifications in Cambridge and built them all through the night before the battle so that the men on *H.M.S. Lively* waked up the next morning to guns trained on their ship and all the British fleet besides.

General Gage in a conference at Province House insisted on the frontal attack that Clinton and Grant opposed. They were strategically right, but Gage stubbornly overruled them, and his historic mistake left a thousand and fifty-four British

casualties on the hill slopes as against four hundred and fifty of the Americans. It was a mixed-up day.

The British took the hill, but the Americans had established open warfare with England. What first appeared to be an American defeat eventually proved a victory. What seemed a British triumph was the beginning of England's downfall in the colonies. In later years the enemy troops sailing to the battle were described:

*With clash and glitter, trump and drum, in all its
bright array,
Behold the splendid sacrifice move slowly o'er the
bay.*

As you look at the towering monument remember that its cornerstone was laid by Lafayette who became our ally. Daniel Webster spoke at that ceremony and delivered the dedication address some eighteen years later. The hiatus in time was due to difficulty in raising funds. By 1830 the gentlemen of the Monument Association confessed that it was doubtful if the current generation ever would see it completed. Then New England ladies rallied round. A great fair was planned, *Godey's Lady's Book* gave it stirring publicity; and the delightful homely contributions poured in—jellies and quilts, crochets and knitteds, pickles and oddments. Quincy Hall was filled with them, enough to last seven days.

These good efforts netted some thirty thousand dollars for the Monument Association and made the gentlemen's faces very red. But the monument was finished this time, and General Warren could cease contemplating the *sic-transit-gloria* ironies of financing memorials. This finally is a fitting and beautiful one. It is built of Quincy granite carried on the first railroad in the country. A workman waving an American

flag set astride the last stone hoisted to complete the summit. If you feel like climbing some three hundred steps, more or less, up and down, you can see a fine panoramic view of Boston and the countryside stretching beyond Charlestown, or you can browse in the museum of battle memorabilia at the base and take an airplane some day to get the view with less exertion!

Also in Charlestown was the governor's Great House where Endicott had preceded Winthrop. The City Square-Town Hill section embraces this site. The old palisade fort that defended the settlement from the Indians was in this area, and John Harvard lived here. In the Phipps Street Burial Ground a monument stands to him though not above his real grave, since he was moved here from other ground, and as Holmes commented,

*In vain the delving antiquary tries
To find the tomb where generous Harvard lies.*

Now, however, a lovely playground in City Square, known as John Harvard Mall, marks the general location of his home and the church of his brief ministry. An anonymous donor, who felt quite correctly that too few Harvard men had been properly appreciative of the sites associated with the earliest of the school's benefactors, gave this to his memory.

There was another minister in Charlestown whose name was perpetuated too. He was the father of Samuel Morse, inventor of the electric telegraph. Samuel was born at 201 Main Street in the first house built after the British had burned the town on Bunker Hill day with fire set by their cannon from across the water on Copp's Hill.

Everything dovetails like this in Boston so frequently that it is almost impossible to stop sightseeing once one is started.

But perhaps it is dusk by now and you have decided to let tomorrow be another day. It will be a busy one! Boston has the Revolution behind her, and America is well established. Would you like to see how she set about prospering?

5. *Up the Hill and Down Again*

WITH THE REVOLUTION OVER, BOSTON ENTERED A prosperous period of peace. Once it was settled that the British Empire could not restrict the commerce of its erstwhile colonies, its erstwhile subjects set about reaping the hard-earned benefits of their rebellion, and a pleasant age indeed set in.

An unalphabetical directory of Boston in 1789 listed our well-known patriot hero simply—Paul Revere, Goldsmith, No. 50, Cornhill. His friends were John Hancock, Esq., Governor, Beacon Street, and Adams, Samuel, Honorable, Winter Street. Some prominent people were no longer mentioned since they had fled with the loyalists at the evacuation and had not yet returned. But Oliver Wendell was still here and all the little humble people who had been the rabble in arms.

Now they too had settled to their trades as taylor or cordwainer, mantuamaker and wharfinger, leather dresser, breeches maker, cooper, caulker, miller, hatter, printer, chandler, and coachmaker. Some were hairdressers—the town was vain of its appearance—others were dentists, apothecaries, and druggists. Now that one was not apt to be shot at there was sense in preserving health. Present were all who had skills to do

with ships, with new houses and furnishings, with food, drink, and books—this was Boston. And of all things there were represented the esoteric professions of “wine-broker and cork-cutter” and “keeping a slop-shop.” There were five of these, most of them on Fifth Street, which appears to have been the true slop-shop area, and the commodity was seamen’s clothing.

There were twenty-three physicians and surgeons now, and one of them was John Pope, “schoolmaster and surgeon, particularly a curer of cancers and malignant ulcers.” He lived on Vincent’s Lane, and presumably his medical secret died with him.

The prospering little town had cabinetmakers, watchmakers, and whitesmiths in addition to gold-, silver-, copper-, pewter-, iron-, and blacksmiths, and any number of bakers and furriers. A citizen who was both “musician and silk-dyer” augmented one trade with the receipts of the other and seemed bombastic indeed among the reticent who listed their occupations eloquently as Gentleman, Gentlewoman, or Widow.

People had begun to dress a bit more. The 1651 ordinance that forbade men wearing high leather boots or ladies donning silk hoods unless they were worth two hundred pounds had been relaxed. The early Puritan costume had permitted only an inexpensive bonnet with “no ornament but the face within.” Men were prohibited “excessive wearing of lace and other superfluities tending to the nourishing of pride and exhausting men’s estates.” Everyone had to dress in a manner limited by law according to his means. But now fine new sailing vessels were bringing in magnificent stuffs from foreign ports, and every woman was clever with her needle. A growing town was calling on its friends, and with entertaining in view, big houses were being built. Any number of them still stand to give you an idea of those lovely federal days when social life was gracious and decorous and as grand as it was reserved.

Gore Place

In the early eighteen hundreds Christopher Gore, afterward Governor Gore, was building, probably from Bulfinch designs, magnificent Gore Place in Waltham, just outside Boston. A large country estate, it was rescued from destruction by generous citizens who preserve it by private and popular subscription. Gore had been in the Revolution and served with Adams and Hancock in ratifying the constitution of the new nation. Congressman and senator and finally diplomat abroad, he came home to build this beautiful brick house that entertained Lafayette and Talleyrand, Daniel Webster, Adams, and Monroe. Statesmen and belles, intellects and fortunes, and quiet old friends passed through its handsome rooms as you may now. Lavish and lovely, the old mansion was ingenious too. The first shower bath in the country was improvised there, with a trapdoor in the ceiling above the governor's tub to permit a servant to douse the bather below. But the memorable treasure of Gore Place is the great Oval Room with even the fireplace mantel following the curving contour of its walls.

Harrison Gray Otis House

Christopher Gore's friend and fellow attorney was Harrison Gray Otis, who was to be mayor of Boston and United States senator too. Otis built his house in 1795 in town—convenient for you to see—and if you think of Gore strolling down Cambridge Street to visit Otis, you will recapture some of the color of the charming old town and enjoy all the more your own call at the distinguished house still ready to welcome you.

To reach the Harrison Gray Otis place, which is open daily for a small fee, walk from Bowdoin Square toward the river

front. At the corner of Cambridge and Lynde streets the massive red brick front will delight you. In 1795 the grounds stretched all the way to the Charles, and Bulfinch generally is credited with the beauty and immense dignity of this house too.

Originally it reached about forty feet farther into widened Cambridge Street, and the little door of its butler's pantry once led to a nicely stocked wine cellar beneath. When the house was moved back, the cellar vanished under modern traffic. The Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities, which acquired the Otis place, retained the relation of house and street in the terrace that leads to the imposing porch, with John Hancock's own brass knocker secured for posterity on the great front door.

Harrison Gray Otis would not be happy in the loss of that cellar. Gallons of punch in a great bowl always were kept on hand for himself and his guests. He had gout for forty years, but the Madeira never was rationed. His home was hospitable, and it welcomes you today as the town house of a prosperous and distinguished Bostonian when the eighteenth century was giving way to the nineteenth.

When acquired by the society in 1916, the magnificent Adamesque mantels and celebrated interior had fallen on the evil days of a lodginghouse with run-down shops forming an ugly excrescence on the patrician front. The patience and devotion of the restoration were rewarded by the discovery of the original fireplace in the dining room, the Palladian window on the landing, and enough clues in friezes and cornices to make possible the authentic restoration of the house to its former exquisite beauty.

Notice particularly the imposing proportions of the dining room with its celebrated mantel of pale green wood bearing a delicate white appliqué, fine as Wedgwood china. The great

doors are four in order to have a door opposite each window, though one is false and there only to preserve symmetry and grace. The furnishings of the dining room are lovely too—like those all over the house—early authentic pieces owned by the society. Look for the Appleton dining table and Paul Revere's own sideboard and the impressive period silver. Be sure to see in the "withdrawing room" the rocking-ship clock with its little vessel sailing forever the span of its pendulum's swing. It is but one of the famous Simon Willard clocks that are a delight to visitors in this house of treasures.

Go up the hanging staircase to the first upstairs drawing room in Boston and imagine the view from its windows when Beacon Hill pastures stretched before it and Harrison Gray Otis land reached down to the Charles at the side. Thomas Hutchinson, governor of Massachusetts from 1771 to 1774, once viewed himself in the mirror that now reflects the piano at which Beethoven is said to have composed *Eroica*. The bedrooms on this second floor have the great canopied beds with heavy hangings that kept out New England cold when fires died down and northeast storms hurled across the Mill-dam against the great shuttered windows. The shutter boxes, all handsomely restored, are interesting too. My grandmother's house in Salem had similar ones in which she used to hide fruitcakes from her children's searching sweet tooth! There is no record that Otis ever hid anything in his. He shared generously the riches of this house.

From its top floor enter now the adjacent Folk Museum of New England Antiquities. China, glass, military memorabilia, and costumes are here—everything from an eighteenth-century fiddler's seat to a fireplace taken from the house where the battle of Bunker Hill was planned and where later Oliver Wendell Holmes was born. All these things, gathered affectionately by a society tireless in living up to its avowed pur-

pose, recreate the modes and manners, life and customs of the countryside.

After the museum, walk back so you may descend the fine Otis staircase as you leave and picture the interior as it appears when the society meets here for tea. The beautiful rooms come brilliantly alive then, reliving the gracious hospitality for which they were designed, and the portraits on the walls look down in benign approval. The one of Harrison Gray Otis seems to smile a greeting. Although he built two other houses, he first enjoyed playing host in this one, and if later he did eat *pâté de foie gras* every morning for breakfast, he simply was indulging tastes established here.

As you go out, ask for a list of the society's other houses in New England. Perhaps you may be motoring through the towns where they are. There are at least a score more, including the near-by 1657 Cooper-Frost-Austin House at 21 Linnaean Street in Cambridge, open on Thursdays. If you are visiting Harvard on that day, you might add it to your sightseeing.

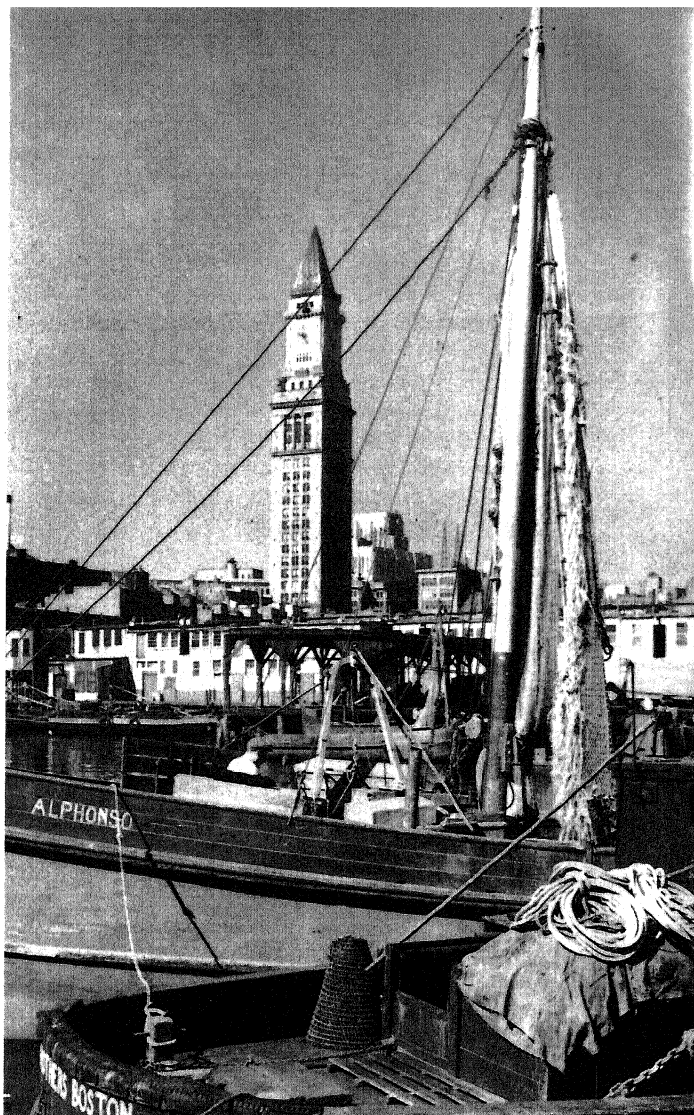
Do not let the location of the Harrison Gray Otis house on the far side—Boston irreverence calls it the backside—of Beacon Hill disturb you. This is the old West End and hallowed ground for all its surroundings. Opposite the Otis house, at Lynde and Cambridge streets, is the old West Church, now a branch of the library. During the siege a barracks was made of its predecessor. The British pulled down its steeple because signals had been hung there to acquaint the Continental army on the Cambridge shore with the plans of the redcoats. But later James Russell Lowell's father preached there, and Boston was too used to British nonsense to be bothered by the loss of a steeple in a good cause, so life was pleasant and prosperous in the neighborhood.

Boston and the War of 1812

Chronologically we are getting into the nineteenth century when the famous trod these old brick sidewalks and correctly called on ladies pouring tea from Revere services at fine mahogany tables in drawing rooms of estimable dignity. The talk would have turned to war again because Boston was critical of the disturbance of 1812.

Town meetings continued, and the town fathers still appointed surveyors of staves and hemp, cullers of dry fish, fence viewers, and the usual tithing men whose duty it was to see everyone paid up at church on Sunday. The hayward still was checking on the cows and the town bull. The hogreeve was restraining swine from roaming on the streets of this erstwhile village which was about to inquire into the wisdom of shifting to a city government with a mayor. But irate citizens were now demanding a special town meeting to determine what was to be done for the defense of the harbor. In no uncertain terms they indicated their anger with the selectmen who unreasonably failed to call the meeting which the citizens finally had—since they were aroused in sufficient numbers—and Faneuil Hall rang again to their clamor.

This trade war of 1812 was hampering local shipping, and fortunes were shrinking. Massachusetts was not so interested as she had been in the Revolution which also was a holy cause. Yet loyal and practical citizens did meet to question the selectmen's confidence in the wisdom of the president "during the present unhappy circumstance of our country." The understatement was typical. The British already had burned the White House! But nearly unanimously it was voted that the town, "notwithstanding its uniform disapprobation of the measures which led to this calamity," would build fortifications and finance a poor bargain. The solid men of Boston



9. Fisherman's Wharf and the Custom House



10. Swanboats on the Remaining Waters of Back Bay

rallied round even against their better business judgment and did not "despair of our country." In town meeting in Faneuil Hall they left a kind of message for us today. They were assured the country would yet surmount its evils and perils "and transmit to posterity, our Union and Liberties strengthened by a recollection of Errors and dangers and a disposition to learn Wisdom from misfortune." Perhaps rhetorically they were besting a bad bargain, but to their undying credit let it be remembered the bonds of these men built a navy.

True, privateers were money-makers, yet many a ship did go down and with it the fortune of her backer. But before there were any United States, Massachusetts men put up the money to make sure there would be. Before the Declaration of Independence was signed, they had pledged their lives and fortunes and fitted out ship after ship to sweep the enemy from the seas, empowered by a 1775 Massachusetts Law, commissioning them at no expense to the state for the defense of the colonies. Before the nation had a navy, Massachusetts shipmasters gave their bond as security for one, and the bond was ten thousand dollars for each vessel of a hundred tons or over that sailed to challenge the biggest fleet afloat. The enemy called these ships "fir-built frigates manned by outlaws," but with them for a navy, New England captains drove British shipping from the seas. Ship, sloop, schooner, brig, brigantine, privately armed and owned and manned, the privateers and letters of marque with those of the other colonies by 1777 constituted a fleet. One Salem captain captured a thousand enemy cannon himself and invented camouflage to do it. Others poured broadsides into brig-of-war and merchantman alike, and having invested in their country in one war as shareholders in her defense, they did it all over again in 1812 in the war for "free trade and sailors' rights." These old verses tell the story of those who

*Fought and sailed and took a prize
Even as it was their right,
Drank a glass and kissed a maid
Between the volleys of a fight.
Don't begrudge their lives of danger,
You are better off by far;
But, if war again comes—stranger,
Hitch your wagon to their star.*

Finally the privateers came home. England was defeated once more. Boston got back to business and at last had the leisure to enjoy the intellectual pursuits that would distinguish her in new ways.

Make your way up Beacon Hill, conservatory for some of the flowering of New England, and see why Boston homes became legendary. They are not flamboyant and pretentious you know, but calmly, confidently solid. The Hill is planted with them.

Louisburg Square

From Cambridge Street go up Joy Street to Pinckney and then turn down the hill to Louisburg Square. Be unimpressed by references to its being like London. It is Boston to the hilt. Privately owned, the little park is entirely the concern of its proprietors. They guard their treasures jealously, paying for their own paving and police protection. When the trees are trimmed, they share the firewood which is stacked neatly into twenty-two bundles, one for each of the twenty-two houses. Once Boston wanted a voting booth in Louisburg Square, but residents shrewdly made the charge so high that the city never suggested such a thing again. Aristides the Just and Columbus preside over the square as they have for nearly a century. Quiet little statues, Louisburg Square size, they are modestly

conscious of their distinguished address, since some historians locate Blaxton's spring here—the lure that started Boston.

Louisa May Alcott lived at Number 10. Her father died there, and the day of his funeral she died there too.

It is a fine thing to die in Boston. When you get to Copley Square with the handsome bulk of Trinity Church, you may stop to see the Saint-Gaudens statue of Phillips Brooks. All that is necessary to assure immortality for the great divine is recorded on it: "Preacher of the Word of God. Lover of Mankind. Born in Boston, A.D. 1835. Died in Boston, A.D. 1893." Everyone here knows that is enough to encompass this side of paradise and that death in Boston is merely a transition to life in an even more agreeable state, promised by the kindly Deity who lets us be born and brought up here as training for a greater Elysium.

At 20 Louisburg Square, Jenny Lind was married. At Number 4, William D. Howells lived while editing the *Atlantic Monthly*, still published within walking distance.

On Christmas Eve, Columbus and Aristides sometimes wear wreaths of snow as carolers sing all over the Hill, and there are candles in the windows and open house for friends. Christmas has been like this here for half a century, and the quiet elegance that rests on the square all year round reaches on that night the peak of Boston's peculiar charm.

Pinckney and Mt. Vernon Streets

Now that you are here between Mt. Vernon and Pinckney streets, you may turn either way and continue to walk among scenes of Boston's golden days. On Mt. Vernon at Number 53 is the General Theological Library, begun in 1860 as a non-sectarian institution with books on sociology, philosophy, archaeology, and religion and dedicated to "promoting re-

ligious and theological learning." At Number 57, Charles Francis Adams lived near Thomas Bailey Aldrich at Number 59.

At Number 83, William Ellery Channing could look from his windows on agreeable neighbors hurrying along the uneven brick sidewalks that are as Bostonian as the houses. Margaret Deland lived at Number 76 when she was writing *Philip and His Wife*. Anne Whitney, whose sculptures you see in Boston parks, was a Mt. Vernon Street resident, and Enoch Train who had to do with fast sailing clippers, and many a wealthy merchant who walked from this street across the Common to his countinghouse and back again to the hospitality of just such solid homes.

On Pinckney Street you are in equally eminent surroundings. Oliver Wendell Holmes lived at Number 164 for twelve years, and Aldrich at Number 84 wrote *The Story of a Bad Boy*. Before they moved to Louisburg Square, the Bronson Alcotts lived on Pinckney. But long ahead of any of them, these acres were till 1795 the pasture of the John Singleton Copley place and part of the garden of John Hancock.

Boston and Abolition

Hancock Street, the oldest on the Hill, was named for him in 1788. Joy Street is its next younger brother. If you walk this way look for the old African Church on Smith Court. Picture Wendell Phillips there, a mob menacing, and a guard of forty men doing their best to get him home in one piece after he had made a ringing address on the execution of John Brown.

Phillips was born on Beacon Hill, but at the time of the John Brown meeting he was living way down on Essex Street, and his guard was hard pressed to protect him. Among them

was Ralph Huntington White, a young patriot who later was to found a store which still bears his name. He was descended from Peregrine White, the first baby born on the *Mayflower*, in Plymouth harbor, and he took his heritage seriously. He locked arms with the others to make a solid phalanx, and somehow they got Phillips home safely to speak another time.

The Abolitionist movement for which Wendell Phillips worked so tirelessly finally bore the fruit he wished. His not too distant neighbor helped. She was Julia Ward Howe who wrote many things, but her "Battle Hymn of the Republic" thundered louder than any other. First appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly* and written to the popular tune of "John Brown's Body" the new words swept the union. To her belongs the glory shared by Garrison, Parker, Phillips, and even Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Julia Ward, who was born in New York, dearly loved Boston, and she loved it for what it still has today, "good preaching, good music and good society." When Samuel Gridley Howe married her, he brought her to the old Mt. Washington House in South Boston, where he founded and directed the Perkins Institution for the Blind. Doctor Howe's illustrious pupil was Laura Bridgman. She was deaf, dumb, and blind, and in teaching her to "see, speak, and hear" he gave hope to thousands similarly afflicted. His wife, in teaching a nation to see, speak, and hear its conscience, gave hope to the slaves for whom she wrote:

*Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath
are stored;*

You may find yourself humming her battle hymn when

you wander over the Hill, as Julia Ward Howe liked to do. Almost any street you choose will be pleasantly Bostonian and reward enough. But if you want to relate the homes to their obvious heritages, this is the record. On Charles Street, James T. Fields lived at Number 148. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who wrote a great deal for one changing his address so frequently, lived on Charles once too. On Chestnut Street, Francis Parkman the historian could look through the decades at Richard Henry Dana the poet, who lived at Number 43 near the house where Edwin Booth the actor stopped between tours. Higher up the Hill the architecture of Numbers 17, 15, and 13 charms everyone. Julia Ward Howe lived at Number 13 for a time. Everybody, it seems, moved about on the Hill, always taking their little green book bags with them and not getting too far away from walking distance of the Athenaeum.

Perhaps you will see a green book bag there. Boston school-boys still carry them as their grandfathers did to transport learning for more extensive perusal of it. This peculiarly local accessory, pulled tight by its drawstring that no word of the ancients might fall out, is as immutable as the houses on the Hill.

It never mattered, however, that people continually moved from one of the houses to another. City addresses could change with propriety in the prescribed distinguished area. The permanent roots in the soil that you associate with Boston are those of a family's country place. While taxes can be met, these remain immovable.

Land granted to the Mayflower Pilgrims as inducement to expand the settlement inland is intact today in some families. My brother-in-law's piece serves mainly as a source for trailing arbutus in spring, but while there are heirs the property will descend to them. My place has century-old elms I must keep leafed and hearty. Somehow it gets into the blood to

look for a lady's-slipper just where an ancestor's diary records its ancestor plant of a hundred years ago. Strangers view this tradition as mildly daft, but Abbott Lawrence Lowell justified it all. "Tradition," he said, "is what keeps people from making fools of themselves."

It does. Bostonians even create tradition from situations that might make fools of them. As you walk to Beacon Street where it skirts the Common you can enjoy a small laugh all by yourself at the way Boston once turned disappointment to distinction, and disadvantage to a source of pride.

Purple Windowpanes

Look along the street to Numbers 39 and 40 or 63 and 64 for the celebrated purple windowpanes exquisite in the sun. Actually they are of faulty glass, purchased abroad as first quality and unpacked expectantly in affluent houses on the Hill. But the sun! It turned the imperfect glass to a wondrous amethystine mauve. The soundly fleeced purchasers were not chagrined for long. They made purple glass so much more fashionable than the ordinary that everyone envied them. And all this happened so long ago that there is an additional source of pride in having the purple panes, since only old-comers could have owned them.

Now by artificial means decorators try to duplicate the delicate tones, but only the original spuriousness counts. Time must go into tradition making, time for the accumulation of the great and the small. The panes give to the Common and to passers-by a pleasing mauve-colored aura which doubtless neither of them merits nor lives up to, but which is mellow and complimentary withal. And seeing Boston through colored glasses is rather nice, since it is a big city with all of a big city's seaminess as well as beauty. Perhaps it is well to

have violet-tinted panes for viewing. But you will not need them in your walk to the Public Garden.

Boston in the eighteen hundreds was beautifying herself. Swift ships were bringing the treasures of the Orient and Europe to her homes. As to all coastal people, spontaneous cultural appreciation had come earlier than to their cousins far inland. An ocean washing a city's shores with each wave washes in new thought, new aspirations. Each incoming tide hints of what lies beyond it and goes out urging a search for new horizons, providing them.

Boston's ships brought back more than cargo. Boys going before the mast garnered an education that extended far beyond the sails that carried them to ports around an entire world. They came home men and brought magic stuffs for their ladies, books too, and customs of grace and beauty, furnishings and ideas, money and the maturity of mind that told them how to spend it importantly. Theirs were hard-earned fortunes, gambled against the tempest, risked in the inhospitable reaches of the doldrums, wrested from the elements, pirates, and the rocky treachery of the Horn.

Returning, such men found Boston's tiny peninsula too small to hold the multiple business their sails created. In the sea they knew so well they sought more land. Nineteenth-century Boston reclaimed the back bay from the ocean for her use.

The gain was effected with quiet beauty that will delight you now. Go down Beacon Street to see the Public Garden extending the Common with loveliness and grace.

6. *A Town Prospers*

STAND AT THE CORNER OF BEACON AND CHARLES STREETS and visualize the round marsh that once would have spread before you. Then it was indeed merely the back bay, a rather nice expanse of water completely covering the marsh at full tide, lapping prettily at the Common from the Charles River to the Neck and over to the shores of Roxbury, which was not annexed to Boston until 1868. One even could see Brookline's hills beyond, since then there was no Copley Square.

In the beginning the Neck, now Washington Street, was a mile long and all that kept Boston from being an island. For a hundred and fifty years it was the only carriage communication between the town and all the country round. At Dover Street it was fortified against the Indians, and in 1635 it was thick forest, and town meeting fretted that its wood was "disorderly cutt up and wasted."

Travelers got lost there in the early days. Bandits robbed the unwary. Flood tides swept over the Neck. And Winthrop wrote in his journal in 1639, "One of Roxbury sending to Boston his servant maid for a barber chirurgeon to draw his tooth, they lost their way during a violent snowstorm, and were not found until many days after, and then the maid was

found in one place and the man in another, both frozen to death.”

Between Dover Street and Roxbury even so late as the end of the eighteenth century there were but a dozen and a half buildings. After the tea party, General Gage closed the port, put British fortifications at the old town gates, and dug a moat that filled at high tide. The patriots derided all this as Gage's beaver dam. Dawes got by successfully the night before the Lexington battle, and once a cannon in a hearse, followed by mourners with gunpowder in their pockets, outwitted the guards too.

Officially, two days after Lexington and Concord, no one could cross the Neck either way without a pass. Loyalists from the country streamed in, rebels from the town streamed out, but the rebels had been required to give up all arms at Faneuil Hall and were permitted no provisions. In the manner of war the British sentries even took away gingerbread from little children, yet remarked sympathetically, “It is a distressing thing to see them, for half of 'em don't know where to go, and in all probability must starve.”

The American fortifications on one side and the British on the other had a no man's land of about eight hundred yards between, and many were the hair-curling comments exchanged between the two until the evacuation ended the siege. American marksmanship, already recognized as superlative, caused one British officer to write home that “the rebel army is not brave, I believe, but it is agreed on all hands that their artillery officers are at least equal to ours.”

A sharp little battle took place on the Neck, notable as the only one ever within the original limits of Boston. July 8, 1775, saw two hundred volunteers from the Massachusetts and Rhode Island forces attack the British advance guard here. They dragged their two cannon silently across the

marshy land and shot the regulars out of their guardhouse. Then the muskets rang. The regulars fled precipitately to their fortification in the rear, and the rebels burned down a few houses and went home—not losing a man.

Indians, joining the Americans, picked off British sentries with bow and arrow, and guerrilla warfare kept up on the Neck until Washington took command. The redcoats resented such unorthodox tactics. Petulantly an officer wrote home, “Never had the British army so ungenerous an enemy to oppose; they send their riflemen, five or six at a time, who conceal themselves behind trees, etc., till an opportunity presents itself of taking a shot at our advanced sentries.”

Then there were the “shirttail men” to contend with. They were the amazing southern riflemen who rushed to enlist the moment the news of Lexington and Bunker Hill reached them. Picturesque souls, dressed in white hunting shirts with round hats lettered Liberty or Death, they marched as much as six hundred miles overland in their buckskin breeches, moccasins, and leggings trimmed with porcupine quills and beads. Tall, sturdy, and terrifying, they carried tomahawks and hunting knives in addition to the rifles that they fired at a quick advance into targets seven inches wide, at two hundred and forty yards. They would not shoot game anywhere but in the head, such pride they took in their marksmanship! The British were scared to death of them and called them the most fatal widow and orphan makers in the world. When one actually was taken prisoner he was not shot but was taken to England to display as a curiosity.

Eventually it was the skill and daring of the men under Washington that fortified Dorchester Heights in what is now South Boston and drove the British out of town for the final evacuation. But even after the Revolution the Neck near the old fortifications was busy. Appropriately enough it had gal-

lows on it, and pirates were hanged "by the neck" as late as 1819.

Saltworks were established in the marshes of the Neck, and all the local Isaak Waltons used to fish from the area you can see across the Public Garden toward the teeming business of Copley Square. In winter, they chopped holes through the ice—the Charles River basin still freezes over on very cold mornings—to angle for smelts, that desirable New England delicacy. Duck lured hunters to the marshes in such numbers that the town of Roxbury prohibited gunning there in 1713, and once the romantic Sir Harry Franklands were shot at by mistake as they were crossing the old highway. By 1785, Roxbury had sentinels to stop the hunting on Sunday, but marksmen without redcoats for targets kept it up anyway.

Long after the British had been routed from the shores of the Common, long after their ill-fated Lexington and Concord expedition had rowed its way past the spot where you stand today, the rural aspect persisted. Sleighing was great sport here, fashionable as well as exhilarating, and everything from pungs to cozy two-seaters and big sleigh-party barges whisked over the snows in winter.

The round marsh shore first was used when ropewalks were set up along Charles Street toward Beacon. After they burned, the land was taken for the public need, and an earnest committee reported the desirability of keeping this place open "for free circulation of air from the West for the sake of the health of the citizens." The first filling in of the land was begun in 1814. Uriah Cotting, who did not live to see his project finished, started the Milldam there to provide water power for the Boston and Roxbury Mill Corporation. The Milldam in 1857 became the Beacon Street you see today.

The gristmills and machine shops, ironworks and ropewalks, all were built, but the water power of the dam was

disappointing, and many a penny was lost on the project. Presently the board of health decided the marshy flats were injurious, and they opposed the faction who considered free circulation of air from the west beneficial. State, city, private individuals, and various land claimants wrangled loudly, but Boston is like that. Despite controversy the filling in began in 1857. The Public Garden Act was passed in 1859, and from the hundred and eight acres or so owned by the Commonwealth, after gifts to various institutions and provisions for such lovely streets as Commonwealth Avenue, there was a handsome profit of more than four million dollars from the sale of the made land, besides the magnificent park of the Garden itself. Yankee ingenuity, Yankee shrewdness, combined with a Yankee love of beauty and respect for culture—the profits were directed to education.

The Public Garden

As you walk through the Garden, enjoy the posies nodding in the sun. In early spring, the tulips are first, then the pansies. When they are taken up, if you are a citizen and are strolling by, you may help yourself to the discards, since other plants are about to be set out. All summer long, this beauty spot grows lovelier week by week. From the big iron bridge on the main path, known as the Bridge of Size because its immense piers seem unnecessarily large for the little pond they span, it is pleasant to watch the leisurely floating of the swan boats on the quiet lagoon, with Boston's children, and adults too, in happy enjoyment.

These sternwheelers, as famous in New England as Mark Twain's packets on the Mississippi, are propelled bicycle-wise, their crass machinery gracefully concealed by the mammoth swan. The right to operate them in the pond was granted to

their designer, Robert Paget, in 1877. Very early each spring, Paget descendants still paint and ready them for their April appearance in the Garden, and all summer long they tread the tranquil waves which one makes for another as they cruise the only remaining waters of the Back Bay.

Live swans look up curiously as the boats go by. There is a naughty black one who scolds the cygnets. If you are lucky you may hear him. The fat ducks disputing the territory perhaps are descendants of some that the early Bostonians did not get when they hunted the shores that used to skirt the round marsh which you will walk across on your way to Copley Square. But look at the pond another moment. Imagine the flash of skates skimming its frozen surface. Perhaps you will come again to sail across the ice on your own power when the trees are bowed with snow, the great statues warming themselves under its ermine, the Public Garden a sparkling jewel in winter too.

Here as on the Common the trees are appropriately labeled in Latin and in English. Bostonian signs say simply "Please," and you understand the understatement and stay off the grass. Fountains and monuments and statues commemorate distinguished New Englanders, honoring subject and artist together—Wendell Phillips by Daniel Chester French, Edward Everett Hale by Bela Pratt, and Charles Sumner by Thomas Ball. The equestrian statue of Washington, also by Thomas Ball, looks across Arlington Street to the Ritz-Carlton Hotel. Why not go there now for luncheon in the dining room that faces the garden so restfully?

Back Bay Churches

Toward Boylston Street opposite the Arlington Street Church is the monument to William Ellery Channing, who

preached so eloquently at the Federal Street Church organized in 1727. There are other handsome churches near by—Emmanuel on Newbury and the First Church of Boston at Marlborough and Berkeley streets. This last is successor to the little 1632 building on State Street. Appropriately beside the church is the picturesque statue of John Winthrop, Boston's founder, complete with bible in hand and the charter of the colony. The stump of tree with the rope around it suggests the mooring of his boat as he stepped on Boston's shores to secure them for us all—forever.

Likewise the new Old South at Dartmouth and Boylston streets was built in 1875 as successor to the old Old South Meetinghouse you visited on Washington Street (in Chapter 2). Its exquisite tower unfortunately began to lean Pisa-fashion, and when it was a full yard out of line it was taken down in 1931 and rebuilt. Once again its shaft of native Roxbury stone points like the straight finger of conscience itself to the heavens above. The John Alden stone in this church records the death of John and Priscilla's oldest son, who was a member of the old Old South. A Paul Revere chalice is among its treasures too.

The First Baptist Church at Commonwealth and Clarendon succeeds the pioneer edifice in the North End that in 1680 was nailed up by order of the court because Baptist doctrines were inadmissible to magistrate ministers. The congregation, however, simply moved into the meetinghouse yard for worship in its own determined way. In early Boston, heresies were as lively as a cinema for entertainment.

The Deity himself must have been confused by the persistence of Bostonians following their own bent in honoring Him. You too will have to bear with the fact that this currently Baptist church originally was built for the Unitarians of Brattle Street. And long before the Unitarians, the Brattle

Street building in 1699 housed liberal Calvinists. The name Manifesto Church was earned when the members declared their principles in defiance of the protests of the older churches. John Hancock worshiped at Brattle Street, and when the church was rebuilt of brick he gave it a bell inscribed:

*I to the Church the living call
And to the grave summon all.*

During the Revolution, General Gage quartered the hated Twenty-ninth in it, and the night before the evacuation a Cambridge cannon hurled a twenty-four-pound shot at its tower. The cannon ball is alluded to by Holmes in his lines about the church in the *Rhymed Lesson*:

*. . . mindful of the hour
When Howe's artillery shook its half-built tower,
Wears on its bosom as a bride might do
The iron breastpin which the "Rebels" threw.*

A model of the church with the iron breastpin too is displayed at the Massachusetts Historical Society. Its stone quoins were placed inside the tower of the Commonwealth Avenue building which was later purchased by the Baptists.

Copley Square

Good clubs abound in this area, fine town houses and nice shops. As you walk along Boylston Street, looking in the windows, you arrive at Copley Square—pronounced Cop-ley as in cop-per—a delightful architectural section of the new city but appearing for all the world as though it had stood this way forever. Actually this district dates only from the filling

in of the Back Bay which made the Public Garden as a kind of special introduction to it.

The square is named for John Singleton Copley who was the colonial portraitist. You saw his Warren, Hancock, Sam, John, and John Quincy Adams at Faneuil Hall. The Museum of Fine Arts has the originals in the finest collection of Copley's American work known. You strolled through his pasture land when you walked about Beacon Hill at Mt. Vernon and Pinckney streets. And perhaps you wonder, as did colonial Boston, how he could have left all this for London.

Copley had been born in Boston, with the lyric artistic legacy of Irish parents, his father from Limerick, his mother from County Clare. With no formal instruction he mixed his own colors, and in his youth sent a painting to the Royal Academy where it was hung though he had not even signed it. Afterward in London he was made a Fellow of the Society of Artists of Great Britain and painted the daughters of George the Third. He lived in Leicester Square and was a neighbor of Sir Joshua Reynolds, but still he dearly loved his eleven good acres on Beacon Hill. "I am sure you would like England very much," he wrote to his wife from abroad, "it is a very paradise, but so I think is Boston Common." In 1775 she joined him in England. Copley died in Hanover Square, a fashionable portrait painter, "the American Van Dyke." Boston is proud of him and asks you to share her fondness.

You will when you reach his handsome memorial—Copley Square. At one side of it Trinity Church rises before you in French Romanesque magnificence. The main altar, comparatively new, is so lovely that even if you are not given to spontaneous prayer its beauty will evoke it.

The massive towers are a veritable monument to Phillips Brooks, Trinity's rector from its consecration in 1877 until he

was made Bishop of Massachusetts in 1891. King's Chapel was the first Episcopal church in Boston. Christ (Old North) Church was second. Trinity, founded in 1734 on Summer Street, was the third. Its second building was where Phillips Brooks began his great ministry and where he visioned this imposing basilica that was to grow from his aspirations and tireless devotion. The Saint-Gaudens statue of disputed sculptural merit is on the lawn, but the true memorial to Phillips Brooks is the church itself.

Styled in the great eleventh-century tradition that grew out of men's need to build strong walls against their enemies, the walls of Trinity, "with their windows high above the ground, with turrets and towers, with massive porch and doors, speak the same message in Copley Square; divine protection, spiritual safety, the Fortress of God."

Walk out into the appealing cloister that leads to the library and parish house. You will pass the delicate stone tracery of a window from St. Botolph's Church in Lincolnshire, where John Cotton was vicar before he fled to Massachusetts. Opposite is a tablet to Henry Hobson Richardson, Trinity's architect. You might like to purchase the guidebook to the riches of his designing and to those of his fellow artists. It gives a useful description of the pulpit, windows, paintings, and the exquisite altar with its background of seven bas-reliefs. One of them shows good Phillips Brooks telling a story to a cluster of children. The story is the beloved Christmas carol, "O Little Town of Bethlehem," that he composed.

Standing beneath the tower you can see the great cruciform plan of nave, chancel, and transepts. High above, murals share the shadows. If you ask the verger for field glasses, he will show you the way to the transept galleries for a closer view of the twelve John La Farge paintings in the lunettes

over the tower windows. La Farge directed the interior decoration of Trinity, and among its art treasures are the Burne-Jones windows executed in English glass by William Morris. The John La Farge windows are of opalescent American glass which he made himself, and his three-lancet composition far up in the west wall is the most cherished. Phillips Brooks said to him, "La Farge, put something there that will be an inspiration to me as I stand in the pulpit to preach." La Farge worked well. The window is like a jewel glowing in the vast quiet.

You will be reluctant to leave such grandeur, but the fine west porch will be a prelude for your walk across the square to the library.

The Boston Public Library

The striking Italian Renaissance architecture of the Boston Public Library commands the old-world charm of Copley Square. This is the oldest free municipal library supported by taxation in any city in all the world. "Free to all . . . built by the people and dedicated to the advancement of learning . . . The Commonwealth requires the education of the people as the safeguard of order and liberty"—these are words cut deep in its façade. They proclaim the same insatiable Yankee thirst for knowledge that set up Boston and Roxbury Latin Schools and made Harvard the first college in the nation. Even Blaxton had books with him when Winthrop met him on Boston Common, and the wilderness was still around them when the settlers set up a printing press. From the earliest days there were gentlemen's libraries in the big houses and well-thumbed volumes in the smallest. Boston's public school system flourished early, and not the least of its fruits was a growing reading public.

As soon as the wars were over, leisure permitted swords to be ploughshares and the pen to be mightier than either. As early as 1841 interest was stirring in plans to make books accessible to all. In 1847 a Boston committee met to discuss ways of supplementing the public schools with a public library, since without means to continue the pursuit of knowledge the school system merely awakened a taste for reading but furnished nothing to be read. Where was wisdom there? In 1848 the mayor was directed to seek appropriate legislation, and this action led to "the first statute ever passed authorizing the establishment and maintenance of a public library as a municipal institution supported by taxation." In a smaller way, Peterborough, New Hampshire, had a library in 1833 supported out of taxes as did the townspeople of Orange, Massachusetts, in 1846. But when the erstwhile mother country was considering the setting up of libraries and museums the Boston statute was referred to as a model though it was not until 1850 that England followed Boston's example.

Boston's first books for the public use were assembled in ill-lighted, ill-ventilated, ill-heated rooms in a house on Mason Street. There America's public library system began as an outgrowth of Boston's resolution to "provide for those who are desirous of reading a better class of books than the ephemeral literature of the day . . . by supplying an innocent and praiseworthy occupation [to] prevent a resort to those scenes of amusement that are prejudicial to the elevation of the mind." Poor light, heat, and ventilation notwithstanding, the Mason Street reading rooms flourished as the town fathers had predicted. The elevation of the mind required larger quarters on Boylston Street, and finally the beautiful building you see now was planned and finished to crown the efforts of a citizenry bent on learning.

At once a workshop and a treasure house, its reference

shelves soothe sophomore brows or contribute to rare book exhibits with equal grace. Its important Americana begins with *The Bay Psalm Book*, the very first to be printed in the English colonies of America, and does not stop with President John Adams' own library. *The Bay Psalm Book* is in the celebrated Prince Library of nineteen hundred volumes when it was received, notable for its items bearing on Boston and New England history prior to 1758, when its scholarly collector died. Reverend Thomas Prince was pastor of Old South, you will recall, and the original volumes of his library are those that escaped the British soldiers when they burned everything combustible to warm the shambles they made of the church during the Revolution. Both editions of John Eliot's Indian Bible, printed at Harvard's Indian College in the 1660s, are in the Prince collection, accessible for reference by Boston's citizens, Indian or otherwise, to this very day.

The Boston Public Library also includes the Bowditch Library of rare mathematical works given by the sons of Nathaniel Bowditch, Salem's great navigator; the George Ticknor library of Spanish and Portuguese books, collected when Ticknor lived on the corner of Park and Beacon streets; and the Barton Library of rare Shakespeareana, including five first folios, as well as the works of French, English, Italian, and Spanish seventeenth- and eighteenth-century dramatists. Here also are the Allen H. Brown music and dramatic libraries, the remarkable Galatea collection of books relating to the history of women—incunabula or the newest novels—worldly wit from the big Benjamin Franklin collection and today's headlines in the Todd Room of daily newspapers from every state in the union.

As the books tempt you to linger, so do the magnificent surroundings that house them. There is the great staircase, for instance, flanked with stone lions by Louis Saint-Gaudens,

brother of Augustus who did the Phillips Brooks statue at Trinity Church, and the Puvis de Chavannes murals of the muses with Good and Bad Tidings winging about the telegraph wires. Puvis de Chavannes, a master of French mural technique, did the paintings in France, and they were sent on rolled canvas to adorn walls he had never seen. Some people like them very much, others not at all, so you can form your own opinion as you walk up the stairway to Bates Hall, the reading room named for the library's first benefactor.

The Abbey frieze of the Quest of the Holy Grail is on the second floor in the delivery room, beautiful in itself, immortalized by the paintings of Edwin Austin Abbey. He has woven Tennyson's legend of Galahad skillfully with parts of the story of Perceval in a richly flowing narrative that carries you from the perfect knight's childhood to his achievement of the Grail. But Abbey's brush inscribed not light and shade alone, it recorded all the romance and color of Arthurian knighthood and the spiritual questing of mankind. The room is world famous because of his genius. You will not want to miss it.

Also in the delivery room is the Guildhall railing from Boston, England. Elder Brewster and others of the Pilgrim fathers stood on trial before it in 1607 for the religion which they came to these shores to preserve. In 1910 the Bostonian Society restored the ancient Guildhall itself as a memorial to the dauntless band who fled it.

Through the Venetian lobby you will find the children's room with low cases arranged so that even small fry can help themselves to learning. Just beyond, the teacher's reference room has John Adams' books chained in their places and Reverend Samuel Smith's autographed copy of "America" near "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" signed by Julia Ward Howe. The dramatic ceiling painting in this room is

John Elliott's provocative *The Triumph of Time*. Notice the quality of sculpture its gray tones impart to it, then go up the gray sandstone staircase to Sargent Hall for *The Triumph of Religion*.

This is the celebrated mural to which John Singer Sargent gave nearly thirty years. Recording the development of religious thought from paganism through Judaism to Christianity, it epitomizes the lifework of a great artist whose death in 1925 left one panel blank—forever. Give yourself time for full appreciation of the incomparable detail. Sargent created not only the paintings; the sculpture of Moses, the ceiling reliefs, the modeling used so brilliantly for decorative emphasis, even the little dolphins symbolic of Boston's association with the sea are his too. Brush and hand, heart and mind shaped the powerful impact of the whole conception and his realization of it. It is a fitting climax for the top floor of a library that houses in this rarefied atmosphere its special collections—the exhibition room and the treasure room with its most valued possessions.

Linger here, if you like, or go down to borrow a book in the open-shelf room and read it in the court. Or view the Joseph Sifrède Duplessis portrait of Franklin, the one reproduced more than any other likeness of him. Free lectures in winter and concerts in summer in the secluded courtyard will entertain you, as they augment books and paintings in fulfilling Boston's founding dedication: To the advancement of learning.

Libraries of Special Interest

There are many special libraries in town too. The Kirstein Memorial houses the business branch of the Boston Public Library, in the thick of commerce on City Hall Avenue. The Francis Thompson collection at Boston College in Chestnut

Hill is unsurpassed anywhere. The Massachusetts Military Historical Association at the Cadet Armory on Columbus Avenue is celebrated for military items. At the Massachusetts Historical Society on Boylston Street at the Fenway, rich Americana relating especially to New England includes Judge Sewall's Diary and Winthrop's Journal. Founded in 1791, this is the oldest historical society in America, and all its visitors ask to see its romantic Crossed Swords. Nathaniel Langdon Frothingham, a poet like almost everyone else in nineteenth-century Boston, wrote of them:

*Emblems no more of battle, but of peace;
And proof how loves can grow and wars can cease.*

But Thackeray's lines in *The Virginians* perhaps have made them more famous. "On the library wall of one of the most famous writers in America, there hang two swords," he wrote. He had seen them when he visited William Prescott on Beacon Street. The swords hung over the mantelpiece in Prescott's study, which was reached through a secret staircase opening from a bookcase. One had belonged to Colonel Prescott of the American army and the other to royalist Captain Linzee—descendants now write it Lindsay—of the British sloop *Falcon*, which was busy on the enemy side at Bunker Hill. The pretty footnote to history is that Colonel Prescott's grandson married Captain Linzee's granddaughter, in a lovely fortune of war, and Prescott the historian had them both as ancestors, even if Thackeray did place the story in the South.

Visiting doctors will find interest in the Massachusetts Medical Association Library at 8 Fenway. Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes' own medical collections are housed here in Holmes Hall, along with the famous Storer medical medals.

Lawyers will be drawn to the State Library at the State

House with its legal statutes, documents, and law books, as well as to the Social Law Library in the Court House. Clergymen may wish to browse at the General Theological Library on Mt. Vernon Street, or at Congregational House on Beacon with its Pratt collection in the Bible room that contains everything from Hebrew rolls to New England religious antiquities.

Two more libraries in the neighborhood are noteworthy. The New England Historic Genealogical Society at 9 Ashburton Place is open without fee to the multitude of visitors who seek a missing ancestor in its thousands of histories, biographies, and records, both American and English. All the inherent romance of family trees with roots in New England soil and branches spreading throughout the country is cherished in this most important genealogical collection in the nation.

The Athenaeum

The storied Boston Athenaeum at 10½ Beacon Street definitely is not to be presumed as "public." Founded in 1807, it has been the workshop of most of the giants of New England's golden age. Although only the stockholders and those to whom they grant courtesy cards may use it, visitors or scholars doing research are welcome. Boston could not bear to be inhospitable to anyone with an appreciation of her sometimes esoteric literary diversions. The Athenaeum really began in the little *Monthly Anthology* that Ralph Waldo Emerson's father edited as early as 1803. Daniel Webster was one of its contributors, and its enthusiasts included a band of such scholarly young men that they formed themselves into the Anthology Club. The library they collected was incorporated in 1807 as the Athenaeum for mutual intellectual pleasure.

Managed by trustees elected by the shareholders or pro-

prietors, it has set the pattern for most of America's literary societies and libraries ever since. When the Public Library was being established, the Athenaeum was approached to extend its privileges to all citizens on payment of fees by the city, but the plan was quite inadmissible to the shareholders. Perhaps it was just as well. The Public Library started a new trend, while the Athenaeum continued its secluded leisurely scholarship. The city is the better for having them both.

The North American Review had its origin in the Athenaeum group. A fine art collection became as notable as the books. The great Gilbert Stuart portraits of George and Martha Washington painted from life in 1796 at Philadelphia are the most famous. Stuart persuaded Washington to accept copies that he might keep the originals. Now these are deposited at the Museum of Fine Arts that everyone may enjoy them.

Much of George Washington's library is an Athenaeum treasure as well as the books given to King's Chapel by William and Mary in 1698. Somehow they escaped the Revolution, and when found again they were as good as new—suggesting that no one had sought their weighty theology in the interim. The bindings were exquisite and the uncut pages intact, and the Athenaeum was happy to have them. There is a merry little note about them by a King's Chapel historian: "It appears to be probable that nobody ever read them, and now it is quite certain, I should say, that nobody ever will."

A collection of books published in the South during the Civil War is at the Athenaeum too, as well as state papers, United States documents, and the Bemis Library of International Law. All these are housed in the quaint old building which fronts with great dignity on Beacon Street and in the rear—appropriately enough according to nonshareholders—looks across the tranquillity of Granary Burying Ground.

Proprietors of the Athenaeum still may have tea in its book-lined solitude while they think perhaps of the unseen distinguished company with whom they have shared the volumes and gracious privileges of membership in this the first of gentlemen's libraries. Daniel Webster would be one, and Charles Sumner, Francis Parkman, William Ellery Channing, and William Tudor among others. Tudor had an enormous fortune to spend on books, since his family used to ship ice to the West Indies. The ice was packed in sawdust so that the shrinkage was no more than ten per cent and the profit much, much higher. An exquisite model of one of the Tudor ships is in the marine collection in the old State House. It shows the beautiful vessel under full sail, racing the ice ships that skimmed the tropic seas.

Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes was an Athenaeum member. Share number 262 was issued to him in 1843. He held it until 1893 when Mr. Justice Holmes, his son, received it to hold until his death in 1935, thus completing nearly a century of proprietorship in gracious cultural living under the same name. Barrett Wendell phrased the Athenaeum influence nicely when he wrote, "Doctor Holmes, who began as a grave reader of medicine, ended as a riotously general reader of everything which could interest his humanely assimilative mind; his record indeed makes one half believe that without the Athenaeum we might never have had in its full luxuriance, that wonderful *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*." The Athenaeum has an interesting portrait of the autocrat dated 1858, the time of his writing of the delightful classic.

His son, the "Yankee from Olympus," like his father was a trustee of the library and availed himself of its postal method to use its books while he summered on the North Shore. Perhaps early Athenaeum influence was at work on that memorable day when Franklin D. Roosevelt asked him,

“Why do you read Plato?” Oliver Wendell Holmes, then in his nineties, answered, “To improve my mind.”

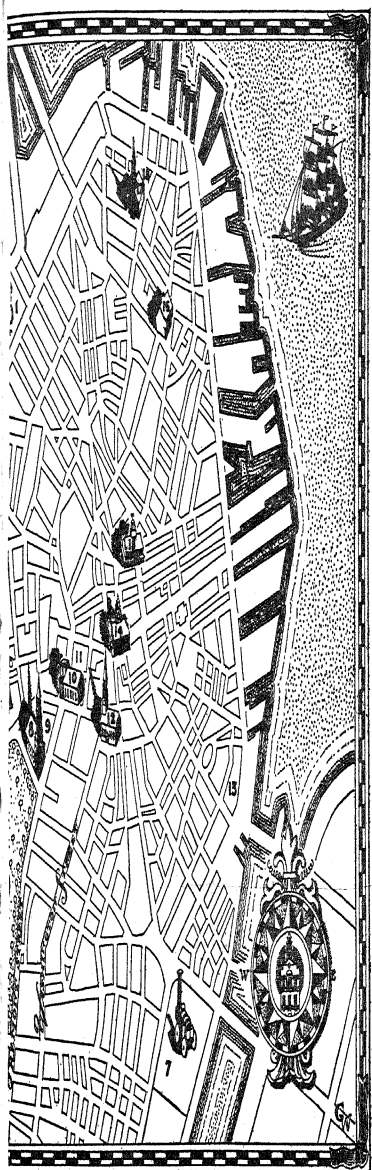
The eminently Bostonian dedication to improving one’s mind has fathered an important tradition in art and music as well as in literature. From the steps of the Public Library in Copley Square, you can see the Copley-Plaza Hotel on the old site of the Museum of Fine Arts. The hotel opened in 1912 with the *Boston Post* commenting: “Where soon convivial spirits will clink their glasses, once stood statues of Plato, Sappho, Alcibiades, and the immortal Pericles.”

If it is cocktail time you might drop in at the hotel now, to clink glasses to a Boston that moved the museum away only to give it a larger, lovelier setting for the treasures we will visit tomorrow.

7. *The New Athens*

BOSTON'S INDOOR DELIGHTS ARE HER MUSEUMS. YOU DO not have to save them for a rainy day, but they are especially diverting if the weather drives you inside. The most impressive is the great palace of the Museum of Fine Arts on Huntington Avenue extending to the Fenway. Comprised of a group of departments, each a distinguished museum in itself, it ranks with the finest in the world. It is open every day but Monday, and if you enter at the Huntington Avenue side you will stop in spontaneous appreciation of Cyrus Dallin's sculpture, *The Appeal to the Great Spirit*, on the forecourt lawn. The simple Indian on his pony, praying silently in universal ageless recognition of his Maker, is a Boston favorite. It is a pleasing introduction to the beauty that awaits you within.

The museum's wealth of early American portraits will attract you first, especially if you have a New England ancestor. The Copley collection and the Gilbert Stuarts are the most famous. Stuart's unfinished pictures of George and Martha Washington are sought more than others, but the Washington with his bright white charger at Dorchester Heights is a composition of grace and power, and you will remember it.

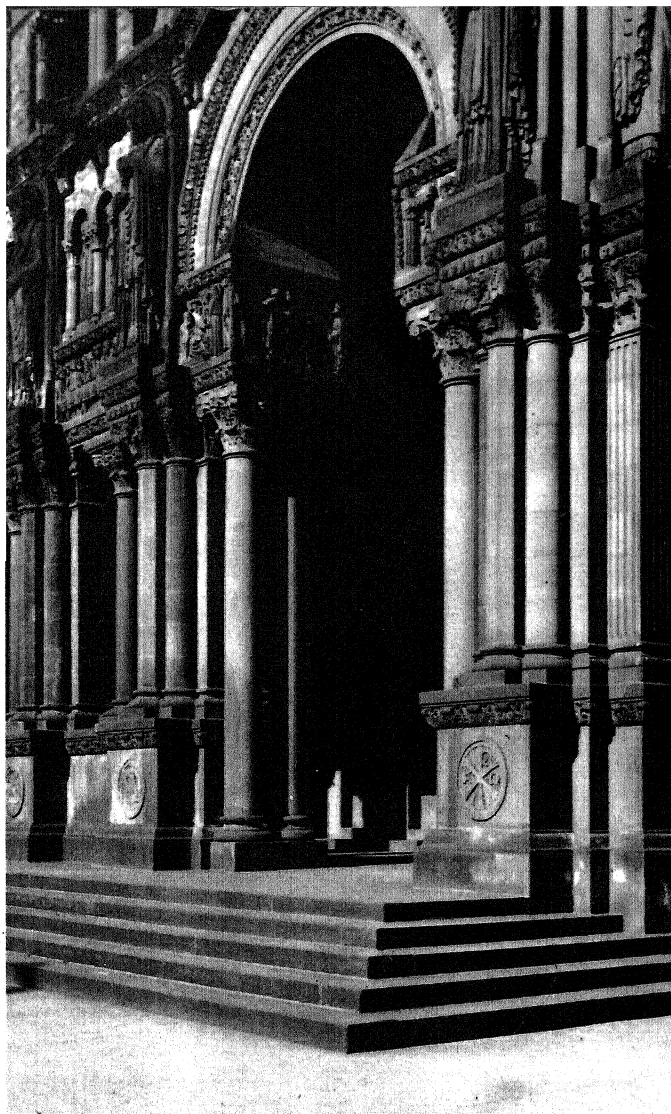


The delicate little Stuart portrait of Jean Lefebvre de Cheverus is valued locally. He became Boston's first Roman Catholic archbishop in 1808, and was a prelate so loved by all creeds that the town's capacity for surprising religious attitude was emphasized when William Ellery Channing, the great Unitarian, wrote: "Who among our religious teachers would solicit a comparison between himself and the devoted Cheverus? . . . This good man, bent on his errands of mercy, was seen in our streets under the most burning sun of summer, and the fiercest storms of winter, as if armed against the elements by the power of charity. . . . How can we shut our hearts against this proof of the power of the Catholic religion to form good and great men?"

There is much subtle Bostonian history preserved at the museum. Natives, the nicest ones, really are like George Apley, and any satire should be tempered with remembrance that personal skimping augmented legacies to the common good. Heritages here carry the duty of being lived up to. Let those who will revolt against theirs or deprecate them. Boston looks down her long nose and preserves her own sense of values. In your tour of the museum names of donors mark this devotion to the obligation accruing to great fortunes.

Admission is free. Neither building nor collections receive support from city or state. The museum is for your delight because of private subscription, bequests, gifts, and the kind of reasoning once expressed by the headmaster of Roxbury Latin School. In presenting the Fowler prize essay awards in 1946, when the school was three hundred and one years old, he said, "This is money, gentlemen, but you may convert it to something more valuable." Personal wealth converted to something more valuable has made Boston the richer for its great museum.

It houses the most celebrated collections of Asiatic art in



11. Trinity Church in Copley Square .



12. Harrison Gray Otis House on Cambridge Street.

the world, so that scholars from the Orient come here to study the culture of their own countries. There is a group of Old Kingdom Egyptian sculptures rivaled only by those of the Cairo museum itself. You can see the exquisite little ivory and gold Cretan snake goddess, sixteen centuries older than the Christian era, or the exhibit of the week, which is likely to be a controversial bit of modern art.

There is no way to encompass all the museum has to interest you. Go there and simply browse as long as you can. Have lunch in the tearoom if you like. Ask about free guidance through the galleries. Enjoy the Sargent decorations of the rotunda while you compare them with Sargent Hall, which you saw at the library. When you walk through the tapestry gallery toward the paintings, picture it as a setting for the winter concerts with music echoing softly in its grandeur.

The galleries of paintings will lead you through French, English, and Renaissance canvases to the appealing primitive madonna and Fra Angelico's tempera panel of the Virgin and Child, saints, and angels in a masterpiece eleven and a half inches high. These are a sweetly mystic prelude to the delicate Catalonian chapel with its twelfth-century fresco.

The great wing of decorative arts carries you to English Tudor or French Louis, but a Boston visitor finds the New England rooms more delightfully indigenous. The loveliest are from the Samuel McIntire house, Oak Hill, built in 1800 in Peabody for Captain Nathaniel West and Elizabeth Derby West, who soon divorced him. She willed the house to her daughters, specifying "It is my express will that in no case they transfer the said estate to their father Capt. Nathl. West or to any person he may employ to purchase the same." The daughters died, and West came into possession anyway, but after 1850 the Rogers family owned it for seventy-one years.

When at last Oak Hill was sold, the museum purchased three of its inimitable McIntire rooms and opened them in 1928 with much of the original furniture, so eloquent of the cultivated tastes that accompanied New England affluence.

Fine silver was a natural accessory in such homes, and the museum's silver galleries show beautiful examples. The superb craft of Paul Revere is generously represented. A teapot and sugar bowl of a Revere service is inscribed to Edmund Hartt for his building of the frigate *Boston*. You will remember he built *Old Ironsides* too. There is John Coney's domestic silver, wrought in Boston where he lived from 1655 to 1722. He was a contemporary of Jeremiah Dummer, whose ecclesiastical pieces are shown in the next case. Winslow's work is a little later, John Hull's and Sanderson's earlier, and the museum shows you all of them.

Among any of the collections you may see students sketching or studying, learning from the past. There is a museum school of drawing, painting, modeling, and designing, as well as an excellent art library. The sales desk at the Huntington Avenue entrance has brochures, pamphlets, and scholarly publications to tempt your book-collecting instinct and offers the most satisfying post cards to send home from Boston, each reproducing some treasure you have seen.

Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum

Leaving the Museum of Fine Arts by the Fenway side, you will be within a stone's throw of the renowned Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, Fenway Court. A Venetian palace built in Boston, it is filled with Renaissance splendor, testimony to the taste and intellect of its founder. Do not miss Fenway Court. There is no admission fee, and you can enjoy it on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, and on Sunday

afternoons except during August, or on a national holiday, when it is closed.

No matter what time of year you visit it, the magnificent court garden will be delightful with color and fragrance. In the afternoon, chamber music sounds from windows high above. Wherever you go in the splendid rooms, you may know that everything is exactly as it was when Mrs. Gardner lived here, for nothing has ever been rearranged.

Before an exquisite fifteenth-century head of Christ by Giorgione, fresh violets are placed each day just as when Mrs. Gardner herself arranged them. And half a greenhouse is planted to provide them all year round. In her little private chapel on the third floor, an Anglican mass is read every year on her birthday and on Christmas Day as she directed. And as she hoped too, her house, given for the education and enjoyment of the public, enchants thousands of visitors every year.

If John Singer Sargent could call today at Fenway Court, he would find everything as familiar as when he was entertained there. Mrs. Gardner was his great patroness, and his provocative portrait of her in the Gothic room is the way to picture her. The portrait rocked Boston society to its foundation in 1888 when it was hung. The plunging neckline of a gown sheathing a young and enviable figure, pearls wound round a lovely waistline, and (greatest sin) the suggestion of a halo in the shadows behind her auburn head, so proudly set, so serene and certain—all this was too much for this conservative stronghold, which promptly said so.

Mrs. Gardner was a New Yorker, a Stewart of the royal line of Stewarts, and Bostonians were ready to believe anything of such a heritage. Puritanism combined with the new Victorianism suspected all manner of things, and virtuous souls, inevitably having the most scandalous minds, pro-

claimed the portrait shocking. John Gardner liked the painting very much, but he decided that since Boston was so stiff-necked no one should see the portrait while his wife lived.

When she moved to the palace in 1902, he had been dead for four years, but she placed it where it is now, with a heavy curtain across the door of the room. No one went beyond that door until she died in her sybaritic home in 1924. A year later the curtain was opened, but when visitors at last viewed the famous picture, it seemed to them only a beautiful composition eminently proper, not naughty at all. The year 1925 was a long way in time and point of view from 1888. Beacon-hell-to-pay had lost its efficacy. Another generation, and the Sargent portrait is an accomplished, highly skillful rendering of a compliment to a great lady whose spirited character was also—to Boston's advantage—public-spirited as well.

Isabella Stewart Gardner was one of the city's colorful personalities. She moved in the Olympian circle that included Holmes and Lowell, Henry James, Whistler, Sargent, Saint-Gaudens, and Julia Ward Howe, symphony conductors, collectors, critics, and connoisseurs, a rarefied group that sparkled when she entered it. She enjoyed every minute of her life, and it was eighty-four years long.

Perhaps she had her most rewarding chuckle when approached for a routine donation to the Massachusetts Charitable Eye and Ear Infirmary. She said she was amazed, was there a charitable eye or ear in all of Boston? Her own eyes and ears were sharp enough. She knew the gossip about her patronage of Sargent, and she did not care. He sketched her as an old lady too. You may see that picture, if you wish, or Whistler's pastel of her in 1886, or the Zorn portrait. But the most revealing of all is this house she lived in.

Devote an entire afternoon to Fenway Court if you can, so you will not miss such treasures as Titian's *The Rape of*

Europa, painted for Philip II of Spain. Experts have come from all over the world to study it, and they value it at a million dollars, proclaiming it the most important picture in America. Then there is the exquisite thirteenth-century Giotto, the Presentation of Jesus in the Temple, the fine Botticellis, and Raphael's lovely Pieta. From Della Robbia plaques to an entire Veronese ceiling, from Van Dyke, Dürer, Vermeer, Rubens, Tintoretto to Fra Angelico, the paintings are so magnificent you will be enthralled. Yet all this originally was gathered, not to make a show place, but because the Gardners and their friends found daily life more pleasant when it was lived amid the grace and beauty of the centuries.

When Mrs. Gardner was planning Fenway Court to house the collection her Beacon Street home no longer could contain, with her husband she searched Europe and especially Venice for windows and columns, the great staircase and hooded fireplaces, the fountains, doors, grilles, and balustrades which would make a fabulous perfection of setting for the fabulous treasures that would occupy it. She found a gilded Spanish leather wall, Romanesque and Gothic stonework, sixteenth-century choir stalls for her chapel, a seventeenth-century petit point sofa, tapestries, and alabaster, and shipped them home to Boston. There is nothing quite like Fenway Court in this country, and because Mrs. Gardner found the storied past illumining her present she added the moderns of her day, Whistler, Zorn, La Farge, Monet, Degas, Delacroix, MacKnight. And she provided that other generations might hear the music she loved and enjoy the blossoming garden as guests in the home she cherished.

Other Famous Boston Buildings

After Fenway Court everything is anticlimax. But in many fields Boston has eminent museums dedicated to special in-

terests. The Natural History Museum—the Esplanade has been chosen as its new site—has a fine library which is a necessary adjunct to any Boston museum. We have already mentioned the library at the Massachusetts Historical Society. That has a little museum too. And because Boston is not a graveyard, as alleged by its detractors, there also is a good Institute of Modern Art that is tolerated if not cheered by the populace.

Now while you are uptown, why not go to Huntington Avenue and Falmouth Street to visit the Mother Church, the First Church of Christ, Scientist, which rises from an exquisite garden. Mary Baker Eddy, founder of Christian Science, is buried in Mt. Auburn Cemetery in Cambridge, but she is memorialized by this church which she endowed. Next to it is the Christian Science Publishing House, home of *The Christian Science Monitor*, with beautiful interiors and the famous Mapparium, where you may walk inside the globe to view the world around you. Stand on its crystal bridge and find your home state high above you. The concave stained-glass sections were made in England and fitted into enclosing bronze frames so each pane may be replaced if war or politics alter boundaries.

Horticultural Hall is nearby at Huntington and Massachusetts avenues. It is the headquarters of the largest society of its kind in the world, except for the Royal Horticultural Society in England. The library, open daily, and its publication, *Horticulture*, are as noteworthy as the great spring flower show held in Mechanics Building next door. Consult a newspaper to see if this lovely display is current during your visit. Smaller shows, sponsored by the society's garden clubs, are held in Horticultural Hall at other seasons. They are as thoroughly enjoyed by amateurs as by experts, and all Boston throngs to view them.

Music in Boston

In this area the culmination of Boston's proud musical history, the distinguished Boston Symphony Orchestra, is at home in Symphony Hall. As early as 1810 the country's first orchestra was formed in Boston. In 1815 the Handel and Haydn Society was founded, and Haydn's *Creation* given in King's Chapel. For years Julia Ward Howe and her son, who was a baritone, sang with the chorus. They used to practice together with Mrs. Howe accompanying, and on Sunday evenings they would hurry through supper to be on time for rehearsals.

John Sullivan Dwight, a friend of the Howes, was the music master of Brook Farm, that hapless Utopia that even Boston's most lofty minds could not make successful. Dwight was editor of its *Harbinger* with Charles A. Dana, and when Brook Farm ended, Dana went on to the *New York Sun*, while Dwight was miserable until he began his *Journal of Music* in 1852. Then he was Boston's authority on the subject for thirty years. Through his efforts the Harvard Musical Concerts came into being. And the Harvard Musical Association in 1852 was the moving force in the building of the Music Hall on Hamilton Place, now a theater.

In the same old hall with its great organ the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1881, with the benefaction of Major Henry L. Higginson and sixty players, began its career. As a student in Vienna, Higginson had dreamed of an important Boston orchestra. After he had made his fortune, he brought over the finest musicians of Europe to fulfill this ambition, and he found a succession of the best conductors to lead them—Henschel, Gericke, Nikisch, and Karl Muck. The orchestra flourished, as Higginson had known it would, and people stood all night to get tickets for the earlier concerts. To this day,

Boston respects the formula that makes orchestras great: "The composer to create, the conductor to interpret, the orchestra to perform, the public to enjoy." The city has all four in generous measure, and with Dr. Serge Koussevitzky directing since 1924, the traditional Friday afternoon audience, solemn in Boston hats, is a pilgrimage to genius unsurpassed in all America.

Koussevitzky's distinguished performances could not be limited to winter concerts on Friday afternoons and Saturday evenings, with a few more from October to May. His driving devotion sponsored the Berkshire Music Center, an educational venture, and the Summer Music Festival at Tanglewood in Lenox, with the full roster of Boston Symphony players filling the pines with incredible beauty.

Boston treasures her music all year round. After winter's final orchestral crescendo has died down in austere Symphony Hall, the straight rows of seats on the floor give way to chairs grouped informally about brightly painted tables. The tinkle of glasses lends overtone to lighter programs. Everyone sips and smokes to the tunes of eighty-five symphony players directed by Arthur Fiedler.

This is Boston's remarkable "Pops," and if you are here in May or June you will go and order ale or champagne or even Pops punch from a menu inserted among program notes. Over beer and Strauss you may say, "Old Vienna." After a little while, you will think, "How Bostonian," for all this has been going on since 1885.

No one knows whether the name of the concerts stemmed from the popping of corks or from the popular character of the music played. It does not matter. Boston has both Pops and Symphony—genteel pleasant forms of entertainment—and it is not going to argue about them.

Once in 1890 no liquor license was granted, and the con-

certs stopped, but during prohibition they went on with soft drinks. Boston never has had to fret about sobriety. The champagne is S. S. Pierce-sponsored and runs to ten dollars a bottle. Ten dollars a bottle in frugal Boston does not lead to overindulgence.

Music ranges from Offenbach to Gershwin. Sometimes a new composer has his debut. When schools take over the floor, alma mater songs echo from the stage along with Bizet or Brahms or even a satire on radio's singing commercials.

The first conductor of Pops was Nuendorf who later moved on to the Metropolitan. In his day they were Promenade Concerts, and the opening one coincided with Lillian Russell in *Polly, the Pet of the Regiment* at the old Boston Museum. In spite of such competition the Proms survived to become the Pops and to enjoy a new life under Fiedler's skillful programming.

When summer drives everyone out-of-doors the music goes too, with Fiedler still directing, but the scene is a huge shell on the shore of the Charles. The July Esplanade Concerts have begun, and the city diverts traffic that music may float softly on the summer night. The river itself is lovely with sailboats gliding in to hear a bit of Beethoven—perhaps to accelerate the romance the scene and music encourage—and on the sparkling Basin, where the dam holds the waters jealously from the sea, sometimes a moon bestows approval.

Walk from any of Boston's downtown hotels to the Hatch Memorial Shell, but be earlier than the program hour. Music lovers in sports clothes crowd the concerts—supported by public donation and private subscription—as enthusiastically as if they were in full dress with luxury tickets! A chair may be rented if you must, but sprawled on the grass with an oblivious couple on one side and on the other a serious listener looking down her nose at the couple, you will mellow

to the music and the city that knows its scores for entertainment and not for show.

The New England Conservatory of Music near Symphony Hall nourishes such easy appreciation. Since 1876 it has been one of the important music schools in the nation. Its faculty, fine library, organs, and concert halls have contributed to its reputation.

Boston has other music schools too, and almost daily concerts. Through the winter at the library, at the Museum of Fine Arts, and all year round at the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, music fills the air. There even is the Manuscript Club of the Boston Federation of Music Clubs, which plays only unpublished compositions.

The Boston Opera House is used now—except for big stage or musical comedy presentations—mainly for the annual visit of the Metropolitan Opera Company, though for many years Boston's own opera company sang here. When it was built, largely through the benefactions of Eben Jordan, 2nd, it had a school for the ballet and another for voice training.

The Peace Jubilees

Jordan's father had been a vigorous music lover before him, and the moving force in the giant Peace Jubilees held right after the Civil War. In 1869, fifty thousand persons came to hear ten thousand voices singing. The success of this project brought on another bigger version three years later, when there were twenty thousand voices—the choral clubs and choirs from miles around and a "bouquet of artists" from other states. Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore went abroad to engage the bands of England, Ireland, France, and Germany for this second jubilee. Johann Strauss was induced to desert the courts of Europe for Boston to play "On the Beautiful Blue

Danube" in this city which opened the performance with a solemn prayer by Phillips Brooks.

The immense building constructed for this brief spectacle held fifty thousand people a day from June 18 to July 5. Because Copley Square was an inconvenient location at the time, Gilmore had a horsecar line built to the site. President Grant came, and Mme. Minna Peschka-Leutner, "the Leipsig Nightingale." The Garde Republicaine Band from Paris played "John Brown's Body" under the illusion that it was the national anthem, and the Grenadier Guards Band of London sweltered in Boston's June, under their bearskin shakos. But Strauss was the lion of the day, and he set the city waltzing.

There were four organs requiring twelve men in relays to pump air as they accompanied the fifteen-hundred piece orchestra, and drumheads eight feet high. But what the ladies wanted more than music was a lock of Mr. Strauss' thick black curly hair. He gave it so generously a friend worried he would be bald. "Oh," Strauss told him, "I have a Newfoundland dog, you know—and his hair is the same color as mine." The first pressroom in America was set up at the Jubilee to send out stories by the new Western Union to all the nation's newspapers.

From it all, Strauss wrote "Boston Dreams" and "Coliseum Waltzes" and the whole city enjoyed this music madness, except perhaps John Sullivan Dwight who retired to Nahant "where the strident echoes of the affair wouldn't reach." It is surprising that the echoes did not reach to Nahant. In the great scene from *Il Trovatore*, Pat Gilmore led a full chorus and orchestra, plus organ, bands, bells, artillery, and a hundred Boston firemen clanging a hundred resounding anvils for the loudest "Anvil Chorus" ever recorded.

Tradition has it that the boom of a cannon signaled the downbeat to start voices and musicians in unison. Perhaps it did. These were stirring times. Yet over the coliseum hovered the echoes of the "Hymn of Peace" which Oliver Wendell Holmes had written for the Jubilee of '69. It was sung to Keller's "American Hymn" and was perhaps even more apt for this bigger second performance:

*Bid the full breath of the organ reply,
Let the loud tempest of voices reply, . . .
Swell the vast song till it mounts to the sky . . .*

Boston is quieter, but no less enthusiastic about her music now. At a concert on the Esplanade, however, you may remember those lines as some vast strain of song mounts to the starlit skies above you. Then when the program is ended and night settles down and you walk back to Beacon Street, which was once a milldam, across the Common with its nostalgic heritage, back to your modern hotel, you will hear the music of the centuries echoing about you.

8. *Cambridge Is Harvard and More*

*A*LL THE LIBRARIES AND MUSEUMS AND MUSIC, ALL Boston's predilection for intellectual diversions, quite naturally follow you across the river where Cambridge is beckoning. It is a separate city, yet associated in your mind with Boston, and rightfully. Both partake of local literary and educational tradition, and each shares with the other much to interest you.

Cambridge can be a whole day of pleasant browsing, or just an afternoon or only an hour on your way to Lexington and Concord. Bridges flung across the Charles invite motoring. The subway, beginning at Park Street, tunnels Beacon Hill and surprisingly comes up for air and a glimpse of the river and Back Bay before it burrows again into the heart of Cambridge, which is Harvard Square.

If you go this way remember Longfellow's lines:

*I stood on the bridge at midnight
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church tower.*

The subway crosses on the West Boston Bridge, now a sturdy span of steel and stone. Longfellow spoke of its predecessor where "the waters rushing among the wooden piers" created a nostalgia so inescapable that he added:

*A flood of thoughts came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears.*

In his day it was not at all uncommon to walk from Cambridge to Boston by the old bridge, although the Cambridge mud was thick and tenacious, and one scholarly traveler influenced by Dickens reported that "the soil clung to me like the women to Boz." There was a stage line to Boston too and later a horsecar, where Santayana saw students standing packed, their coat collars above their ears, their feet deep in the winter straw.

Seals even played in the Charles below the bridge. Once, James Russell Lowell, returning from a lecture in Boston, stopped to eavesdrop on two country characters watching them. One said, "Wal', now, do you 'spose them critters are common up this way? Be they, or *be* they?" "I dunno's they be," the other answered, "and I dunno *as* they be." Lowell enjoyed the New England rural dialect and never missed an opportunity to listen to it. Perhaps that is why he used it so skillfully afterward in *The Bigelow Papers*.

Massachusetts Institute of Technology

If you go to Cambridge by automobile you cannot miss the great white buildings of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Take Harvard Bridge for a closer view of this world-famous center for some of the great minds in science. Scene of much atom bomb development, it is an arsenal of army and

navy ideas and a ceaseless brain-grinding laboratory for industry, science, engineering, chemistry, steam and electrical research, architecture, and other extensions of its founder's aim "to start a school of applied science."

In 1861 there were those who thought William B. Rogers daft. Some said all a man needed to be a good engineer was a transit and a plumb line. But the Tech buildings you see now, dedicated in 1916, have the best engineering library in the country under their imposing dome, and if you go through the Institute on foot, its vastness will impress you, as it should. It is the finest technical institution in America.

Harvard University

If you enter Cambridge by the Anderson Memorial Bridge farther up-river, you will be near Harvard Stadium and the buildings of the Harvard School of Business Administration. The Newell Boathouse, given by the Harvard Club of New York, is on the river's edge. Perhaps a shell will row by as you look down-river to the opposite shore where the seven splendid Harvard houses for upperclassmen stand with towers sparkling in the sun. They bear names significant in the history of the colony and the college, Dunster, Winthrop, Eliot, Lowell, Leverett, Kirkland, and Adams, on the site of the old "Gold Coast" where wealthy students lived in a luxury that became legendary. In term, visitors are guests of house members. In vacation time, inquire at the janitors' offices for permission to go through.

As you drive over the Anderson Bridge—Larz Anderson gave it in memory of his father—you might enjoy knowing that it is about where Boston and Cambridge had their only link from 1662 until well after the eve of the nineteenth of

April in '75. Dawes shook the timbers of the old span, galloping with his alarm. Lord Percy followed the next day with troops to relieve the badly shattered Lexington column. He had passed Roxbury Latin School with his men singing "Yankee Doodle" as an insult. Among the schoolboys listening and resenting was one who knew the ancient feud of the Percies of Northumberland and the earls of Douglas, as it is told in the "Ballad of Chevy Chase." The boy laughed in the earl's face, taunting him with "how you will dance by and by, to Chevy Chase." Legend has it that the prophecy preyed on his mind so much that, in the defeat after Lexington, Percy remembered the colony boy's warning and kept worrying about it!

In those days, one went from Boston to Roxbury over the Neck and on through Brighton to Brookline, then called Muddy River, and across the Great Bridge to a causeway over a marsh. The causeway became Boylston Street in Cambridge, the main road to Harvard Square. Go there now and disregard all you have heard about the traditional Harvard manner and Harvard accent. You will appreciate for yourself the gracious surroundings that cannot help leaving their enviable mark on anyone exposed to them.

The square at the time of the settlement in 1630 was Watch House Hill, where the colonists maintained a guard to protect them from the wolves of the wilderness. Now the subway kiosk presides there and diverts the streams of traffic flowing from all directions. If you have come by subway, Harvard Yard will be at your elbow when you climb to the surface. The Yard is always open to visitors. Enter it by the Johnston Gate that bears twin tablets in proper introduction to the fulfillment of their message. One quotes the earliest printed account of the college, from *New England's First Fruits*, published in 1643:

After God had carried us safe to *New England*, and wee had builded our houses, provided necessaries for our livelihood, rear'd convenient places for Gods worship, and settled the Civill Government: One of the next things we longed for, and looked after was to advance *Learning* and perpetuate it to Posterity; dreading to leave an illiterate Ministry to the Churches, when our present Ministers shall lie in the Dust.

On the other is recorded measures taken to bear out this urgent ambition:

By the General Court of Massachusetts Bay; 28 October 1636: "The Court agreed to give 400£ towards a schoale or colledge, wherof 200£ to bee paid the next yeare, and 200£ when the worke is finished, and the next Court to appoint wheare and what building."

15 November 1637: "The colledg is ordered to bee at Newetowne."

2 May 1638: "Ordered, that Newetowne shall henceforward be called Cambrige."

13 March 1638/9: "Ordered, that the colledge agreed upon formerly to bee built at Cambridg shalbee called Harvard Colledge."

When the General Court appropriated the 400 pounds, it was the first time in history that people by their representatives ever gave their own money to found a place of education. The colony was hard-pressed at the time—Indians threatening around them, trouble with the English government, trouble among themselves. The year 1636 was thoroughly inauspicious for undertaking higher education through voluntary taxation. To their everlasting credit, the little group did, and posterity still is grateful.

So today we have Harvard, even if the Daniel Chester French statue of its first benefactor, whose name it honors, is an imaginary likeness, and even if but one of the books he willed the school survives in splendor. Actually John Harvard is buried in Charlestown and not Cambridge, and the only Harvard kin to attend the college was Lionel de Jersey Harvard who graduated in 1915 and died with the British Army in France.

John Harvard was the Puritan clergyman educated at Emmanuel College in Cambridge, England, who came out to the colonies in 1637. He died the very next year, and his generous will left all his books and half his fortune, about 395 pounds, to the school then being founded. So impressed were the colonists by his fine legacy that they gave his name to the college in gratitude.

About where Grays Hall now stands was the first building in America designed expressly for higher learning. One room, Grays 18, long the study of Professor Barrett Wendell, became in later times an incubator for creative writers. In 1642 the Old College was on the site, and the scene of Harvard's first commencement. On the ground floor of that building was the hall for prayers, meals, and general meetings. The kitchen, storerooms, and buttery provided a meager fare. Commons in the Old College meant a breakfast of bread and a mug of beer at the buttery hatch, a meal called morning bever. At eleven the scholars had dinner with the college silver at the high table. The silver, dating from 1637, still may be seen at the Fogg Museum, but it was better than the food it held, so students rushed hungrily to afternoon bever at five. Supper was at seven-thirty, then early to bed. The next day began at sunrise. Everyone had to be on time for analysis of the scriptures at six in the morning.

More than a hundred years after, Timothy Pickering,

A.B. 1763, told how things were even in the successor to the Old College. Then every scholar carried his own knife and fork into the dining room, and after eating wiped them on the tablecloth and carried them out again. "The standing dish was fresh beef baked, now and then a plain, hard, Indian meal pudding, and a baked plum pudding once a quarter. . . The scholars residing in the colleges provided their own breakfast in their chambers, and their tea in the afternoon. The southeast corner was occupied by the butler; of whom were to be purchased bread, butter, eggs and I suppose, some articles which are now called groceries."

Perhaps the subscriptions that provided for the school had something to do with the short rations. Early times were hard all around. One poor farmer who had promised a bushel and a half of corn toward the establishing of 1677 Harvard Hall was scalped by the Indians before he could pay up.

In James Russell Lowell's time, things were better, but even then Harvard boys augmented their diet by raids on local hen roosts. And it was understood that the canny student with a basket might bring in "apples, pears, grapes and melons from the region now known as Belmont" because commons, which then was in University Hall provided nothing beyond good plain fare.

When Old Harvard Hall burned in 1764, its library, the most extensive in the colonies, went up in flames that destroyed all of John Harvard's books but one. That one, however, was *Christian Warfare against the Devill, World and Flesh wherein is described their nature, the maner of their fight and meanes to obtaine victorie*, so Harvard took heart again and built up what is now the largest university library in the world.

Widener Library, just beyond Grays, was given in memory of Harry Elkins Widener, A.B. 1907, who went down on

the *Titanic*. The imposing building holds all his personal books, more than three thousand volumes, in addition to vast collections of the university itself. The Widener library room includes collectors' items from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century. The poetry room has the Amy Lowell poetry collection of prized editions, Keats and Kipling manuscripts, and such treasured association books as Swinburne's own copy of Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*, Keats' copy of Leigh Hunt's *Foliage*, John Gay's *Paradise Lost*, dated 1669—and much more.

The great Theater Collection reached its impressive proportions through a rivalry in collecting. Two Harvard men, Robert Gould Shaw and Evert Jansen Wendell, for years competed in gathering dramatic memorabilia. Both eventually gave the fruits of their lifelong search to Widener. The Shakespeareana, even to forgeries, includes an exquisite little model of the Globe Theatre as it was in 1599, but near it you can follow stage history of the past two generations.

Sometimes exhibits from the university archives share with the public the presidents' papers that begin with Dunster's in 1641. Innumerable bits of illumination on early student life are stored in yellowed pages. In 1665, for instance, "no scholar shall go out of his chamber without coate, gowne or cloake," and the faculty advised "modest and sober habit without strange ruffianlike or Newfangled fashions, without all lavish dresse or exesse of Apparrell whatsoever."

Even a century later no freshman could wear his hat in the Yard "unless it rains, hails or snows, provided he be on foot and have not both hands full." There was a time when it was forbidden to wear silk, and "a prescribed uniform coat of blue-gray with weskitt and breeches of same, or nankeen, olive or black" was designated. As late as Edward Everett's

tenure of 1846, "omission of necktie in the early darkness of morning prayers" incurred trouble for the offender.

Old records turn up the lore of Harvard. A 1662 deed of a perpetual annuity still provides the university with fifteen dollars a year. There is notation of the years when smallpox prevented commencement and a general diploma was awarded. With its millions of volumes, Harvard is a bibliophile's dream of Utopia, even without its many special libraries—those of the Houses, the Law School, and of all the departments in seventeen schools and research institutions that make this so vast a university.

From the steps of Widener you look out on Harvard Yard, a term cherished while other schools call such an area the campus. There is historical reason for the name, dating to 1639 records of the first building in the Colledge Yard and noting an expense for fencing, since the lot was known as Cow-Yard row. Massachusetts Hall, the oldest Harvard building, standing since 1720, is to the left toward the Johnston Gate. Since 1766 Harvard Hall has been opposite it. Far across the Yard is Holworthy, built from the profits of a lottery in 1812.

Between Harvard and Holworthy is Hollis, like Harvard a barracks during the Revolution and later the house where Emerson, A.B. 1821, and Thoreau, A.B. 1837, lived as students. Charles Townsend Copeland, '82, lived in Hollis too. From 1904 to 1932 his wit and wisdom drew pupils who became a new generation of literary lions. His quips fell everywhere. He termed women in the Yard for summer school, "the sexually unemployed."

Just back of Hollis is Holden Chapel, the third oldest Harvard building standing and used as a Revolutionary barracks too. It was built in 1744, mainly from funds given by the widow and daughter of a director of the Bank of England because they were interested in the True Religion in the new

country. Looking at Harvard, Hollis, and Holden you have an idea how the eighteenth-century college looked with a little quadrangle facing the road and the buildings clustering about it. During the Revolution, courts-martial were held in Holden, and in 1783 the Medical School had lectures there although the Holdens had planned it as a place of devotion.

Now the Memorial Church—in memory of Harvard men who died in the first World War—is the center of the university's religious life. Next to Holden and opposite Hollis is "new" Stoughton Hall, dating from 1805 and always proud that Oliver Wendell Holmes lived in room 31 and Edward Everett Hale in room 22. Stoughton was built in part from a lottery, and in the draw the college won its own first prize of \$10,000 on a ticket redeemed from a block unsold.

Beyond the Memorial Church is Sever by Richardson who did Trinity Church in Boston. University Hall, facing it across the Yard, was designed by Charles Bulfinch. And then there is all of Harvard outside the Yard.

Look first for a moment at Wadsworth House. It fronts on Massachusetts Avenue, and for a hundred and twenty-three years was the home of nine Harvard presidents. It was host to royal governors too and headquarters for George Washington who put them out of business. Built in 1727, its clapboards, in witness to its skillful construction, meet exactly without corner boards. Benjamin Wadsworth was the first president to live under its lovely gambrel roof until 1737, and Edward Everett from 1846 to 1849 was the last. But when George Washington left it for Craigie House, troops were quartered all around it, and the college itself moved to Concord.

Roxbury Latin School students enjoy making a point of that! Old Roxbury, though not founded until 1645, never

suspended classes, though Lord Percy marched past its door and Harvard went out to pasture! Roxbury Latin School is the oldest endowed school in continuous operation in America. It will tell you so, emphatically. It has a fine home in West Roxbury now, but its first house was a room with benches and tables "and a convenient seat for the school-master and a desk to put the dictionary on, and shelves to lay up books, and a woodfire with a sufficient chimney, and tuition four shillings per child, or half a cord of good merchantable wood." To keep it going, the parents of the first scholars, "bound and made liable not only their homes but their fields, orchards, gardens, out-houses and homesteads." They succeeded. The school is famous and flourishing and vain of its high standards.

A university and a preparatory school vying for seniority are perhaps more understandable when you know John Eliot had a hand in the early history of both. Roxbury still honors his name with a "John Eliot Scholar" chosen for proficiency in studies in each class each year. A more modern connection is the one concerning Roxbury's search for a trustee a few years ago. The name proposed was well thought of, but the trustees decided the man lacked the experience required. The candidate was turned down, and perhaps he is glad. He is James Conant, president of Harvard now.

The Indian College

At Harvard, John Eliot's Indian Bible was printed at the Indian College building itself when, after a while, there were not enough Indians to use it. In the Mohegan dialect, "the Massachusetts Indian language," which was that of most of the New England tribes, the printing began in 1659. Four years later an entire twelve-hundred-page Bible was finished,

the first to be printed in the colonies, and certainly the first to be in the Indian language. The Boston Public Library keeps its copy under lock and key, for it is rare as an Indian who has read it.

Harvard still is administered under the 1650 charter which definitely records among other things, its purpose—and don't let Dartmouth convince you otherwise—to educate "English and Indian youths of our country in knowledge and godlyness." But Harvard's Indian students did not do very well. It was not the fault of the early divines so much as the caging of free spirits in the "house of brick . . . which passeth under the name of Indian colledge." Perhaps also the Indians had a natural aversion to the experience indicated by an entry in President Dunster's record book of 1645: "For the diet and washing of the two Indians, 16 pounds."

No more than six or eight Indians ever availed themselves of the debatable wisdom of superimposing Virgil upon nature lore. Those who did developed tuberculosis, and apparently only one ever graduated. He was Caleb Cheeshahteumuck from Vineyard Haven, class of 1665, but the degree was too much for him. He died one year afterward. In *Anecdotes of the American Indians*, Alexander V. Blake noted that "Most of these young men died when they had made great proficiency in their studies, as if the languages wore out their hearts . . . a few passing from one extreme to another, burst their bonds at once, and as if mind and body panted together to be free, hastened back to the wilderness again, into its wigwams and swamps; where neither Homer nor Ovid was like to follow them."

John Eliot would have followed. The sincerity and devotion of the Apostle to the Indians was intense and worthy. King Philip said to him, "Why should I give up my thirty-seven gods for your one?" But he converted Chief Waban

and in 1646 founded the first Christian community of Indians. Five years later he moved them away from the English, "who exerted a pernicious influence upon them," and established Natick with Waban its chieftain and justice of the peace. Christian Waban did well. Roxbury town records report that when asked what he would do if a drunken Indian were brought to him, he said, "Tie um all up, and whip um plaintiff and whip um 'fendant and whip um witness."

George, who really was a drunken Indian, may have fallen into Waban's justice. He asked John Eliot, "Who made sack? Who made sack?" Though obviously he liked the firewater, he was inquiring into the origins of evil, since even Indians suffered next-day headaches for which native innocence could not account. George's fellow Indians scoffed at him for asking a "papoose" question. Presently he had an idea to vindicate himself. He killed a cow and sold it to Harvard as a moose, to prove all knowledge is relative.

*To Harvard College, that seat of knowledge
Hies Indian George one day,
A capital hoax on President Oakes
And the learned professors to play.
So by way of ruse, he sells them a moose,—
I leave you to fancy the row
When they sit at their meat, and discover the cheat
For lo! he had sent them a cow!*

It was John Eliot's observation that one season of hunting undid all his civilizing work among the Indians, so he tried to keep them at college until the teaching would sink in. Unfortunately, when it did, free woodland souls shriveled at the excessive burden. Yet Harvard is endowed to take care of Indians whether they like it or not. A Reverend Williams

of London left a sum in 1716 "to manage the Blessed Work of Converting the poor Indians," and to this day the interest is paid off to the Indian Church at Mashpee on Cape Cod as well as to an Indian mission society. A bequest from Boyle the English chemist paid for the scholarship of the Indian Larnel who was "an Acute Grammarian, an Extraordinary Latin Poet and a Good Greek one." He entered Harvard about 1712, and the Boyle bequest served also to bury him, for he likewise died before he was graduated.

In spite of their allergy to the classics, the Indians were grateful. In 1789 the great Chief of the Mohawks, Colonel Joseph Brant, gave to Harvard's library, "the Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England, with the Gospel of Mark, translated into the Mohawk language, and a Primer in the same language." The fact that he had translated them both himself seems a kind of latter-day courtesy to John Eliot who had had the same idea before him. Finally the Indian College was torn down, and reputedly the sale of its bricks helped pay for the cellar of old Stoughton Hall which was being built in 1698.

Harvard took up more vexing matters. In 1693 it was forbidding its "Commencers" to have "Plumb-Cake" in their rooms and announcing a twelve-shilling fine for violators. Half a century later the harassed gentlemen were frowning on the extravagance of scholars, their wearing gold or silver lace, "or brocades, silk nightgowns, etc. as tending to discourage persons from giving their children a college education." In fairness to eighteenth-century Harvard men, let it be noted that "silk nightgowns" probably referred to dressing gowns which always could be worn in the Yard.

However, what had begun as a divinity school by founders "dreading to leave an illiterate ministry to the churches" seemed to be turning into a font of learning for young men

about town. Early presidents may turn in their graves at the modern school. But perhaps not. They were progressive for their times, sound and realistic too. They may be immensely pleased with the magnificent university which has grown from the seedling they tended.

The Museums

See it all around you—the great buildings, the acres of art museums including the Fogg, the Germanic, the Semitic. Go to the University Museum not only for the glass flowers made by Leopold and Rudolph Blaschka and celebrated far beyond their primary purpose for botanical study, but to see Blaschka models too of jellyfish and exquisite sea anemones.

Louis Agassiz was the Harvard naturalist whose dream is realized in this museum. A Swiss zoologist and geologist, he came to Cambridge in 1846, and his unbounding enthusiasms became legendary. He stored his first precious specimens in a little shed on the banks of the Charles. Some he brought home, and once his wife opened a closet and found a snake in her shoe. She screamed in terror. Then he screamed too, "But where are the other five?"

Agassiz would have delighted in the big museum that now offers opportunity under one roof to study all kinds of life—plants, animals, and man. Its center section bears his name, Agassiz Hall, and honors with him his son Alexander, who had the same tireless devotion to study and research.

Still there is more of Harvard: the Farlow Herbarium with the largest fungus collection in the country, in case you like fungi, and Gray Herbarium and the Botanic Garden, bright with early New England flowers that nod at posies out of Virgil or Shakespeare. Near by is the Harvard College Observatory begun with Governor Winthrop's telescope in

1672. And there is the Harvard Forest at Petersham, the Blue Hill Meteorological Observatory at Milton, the Arnold Arboretum and Bussey Institute at Jamaica Plain, comprising the biggest tree museum in the country, the Medical and Dental Schools in Boston, and to cover the scope thoroughly the Harvard Astronomical Observatory in Bloemfontein, South Africa.

Undergraduate Clubs

The Harvard undergraduate clubs are famous too—the “final” clubs of much exclusiveness, and the “waiting” clubs whose members may accept or be accepted by a “final” club. There is no fraternity nonsense about the Harvard variety. They are unique, agreeably down-the-nose and be-damned-to-you!

The Hasty-Pudding-Institute of 1770 and the Porcellian are steeped in delightful tradition. The Porcellian was formed in 1791 for fun and to meet “at the same place, to dine upon the same kind of food, which was roast pig.” The Hasty Pudding, founded in 1795, merged with the Institute of 1770 in 1924, and had in its early days the gastronomical diversion of meeting on Saturday nights to consume a bowl of hasty pudding—happy change from commons. James Russell Lowell kept its minutes in verse as was required of all its secretaries, though the task was easier for him than for others. Perhaps you would enjoy an answer in verse to your natural inquiry of what hasty pudding is. Joel Barlow in the 1790s rhymed the recipe:

*In haste the boiling cauldron, o'er the blaze,
Receives and cooks the ready powder'd maize;
In haste 'tis served, and then in equal haste
With cooling milk, we make the sweet repast.*

*No carving to be done, no knife to grate
The tender ear, and wound the stony plate;
But the smooth spoon, just fitted to the lip,
And taught with art the yielding mass to clip,
By frequent journeys to the bowl well stored,
Performs the hasty honours of the board.*

Holmes Place

Far from the Hasty Pudding Club stands the Divinity School emphasizing that theology has been taught at Harvard since its inception. The Law School, with a library of momentous reputation, is the source of brain trusts, of legislative preeminence, and even of Supreme Court talents. Near it, Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes, the father of Mr. Justice Holmes, was born. Holmes Place still marks the site, though the old house has vanished. It had a historic heritage. General Artemus Ward made it his headquarters during the Revolution, and from its steps President Langdon of Harvard offered prayers for the troops passing by on their way to Bunker Hill. The strategy of the battle itself was planned in it, and here too the Committee of Safety met often. In *The Poet at the Breakfast Table*, Holmes wrote of this "old gambrel-roofed house" he loved so much. In its attic he composed "Old Ironsides," and his "Cambridge Churchyard" describes the burial ground just down the street. You may visit it today and see where President Dunster is buried across from his Harvard halls.

Holmes with a medical degree and a practice in Boston became, in 1847, Parkman Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the Medical School at Harvard, but, as he said, he also had a virulent case of "author's lead-poisoning." Between prescribing and lecturing he wrote poetry and prose, his

knowledge and wit producing both medical treatises and lasting poetry. His Harvard '29 reunions, which he never missed from 1851 to 1889, were marked by his annual class poem. For the sixtieth anniversary, he wrote, "After the Curfew," and described the aging celebrants as well "within range of the rifle-pits." Only two members besides Holmes were present—Samuel Francis Smith, author of "America," and Samuel May. Finally in 1895 the poet who had sung the farewells to Lowell and Whittier, Parkman and Longfellow, at last was silent with no one of his generation to write an ode on his passing.

Radcliffe College

Besides Tech and Harvard, poets and history, Cambridge includes Radcliffe College, facetiously called Harvard Annex, as in a way it is, since Harvard professors teach there and diplomas bear the seal of Harvard and the signature of its president. Long ago, Radcliffe's site was part of the village "yard for dry cattle." In 1879 the college was established because of a conviction that women should share the benefits of instruction from the university faculty. Seven Cambridge women helped to organize it, and one was Longfellow's daughter Alice, and another, Mrs. Louis Agassiz. Twenty-seven young ladies comprised the first classes. The Annex flourished. Since Lady Anne Mowlson—as Lady Radcliffe she was a peeress in her own right—had given one hundred pounds to Harvard in 1643 for its first scholarship, the new women's college was named for her.

The Washington Elm

Radcliffe's pleasant buildings begin opposite the site of the old elm under which Washington took command of the army

in the Revolution. It survived until 1924, testimony to the indomitable qualities New England imparts to those whose roots go deep into her soil. Centuries before the Revolution the elm had shaded Indian campfires, sheltered settlers, and witnessed the beginnings of Harvard. Perhaps its greatest day was when it welcomed Washington in the crisis.

He had been appointed commander in chief at the Second Continental Congress. John Adams had proposed that the patriot army blockading the British in Boston should be adopted as a continental army and suggested the gentleman from Virginia for its general. Washington, recognizing the allusion to himself, modestly left the meeting and was elected unanimously on the first ballot. When he was offered five hundred dollars a month for services, he said, "I beg leave to assure Congress that no pecuniary consideration could have tempted me to accept this arduous employment at the expense of my domestic ease and happiness. I do not wish to make any profit from it. I will keep an exact account of my expenses. Those, I doubt not, you will discharge, and that is all I desire."

Then he set out from Philadelphia to Boston. Intercepted by a messenger with news of Bunker Hill, he went to Cambridge and took command on July 3, 1775, the first central command of the first United States Army. In Cambridge, Washington lived at Wadsworth House and then at Craigie House on Brattle Street where Martha joined him. He worshiped at Christ Church which was built by Tories in 1760, and had little sympathy with Boston's baiting of King's Chapel Episcopalians. He was one himself and wished that patriots would distinguish between religious and political preferences and stop hounding Church of England members because the word England was in their liturgy.

Eventually provincial troops were quartered in Christ

Church in Cambridge—even as British soldiers occupied Boston meetinghouses—and the old organ pipes were melted down for bullets to exchange with enemy lead from similar sources.

The Dudley Stones

Now Christ Church is restored and lovely again, and beside it is the old burying ground you might like to visit. It dates from 1636, and by the fence you will see one of the curious old Dudley Stones. They were set up by Paul Dudley, who was a Chief Justice of Massachusetts and a Harvard man of the class of 1690. His father was Governor Joseph and his grandfather Governor Thomas Dudley, a founder of this city of Cambridge which he described glowingly to England. The Dudleys were an entertaining family. Thomas fathered Anne who married Governor Bradstreet, and she wrote the first book of poetry published in America. The date was 1650. Her descendants included Richard H. Dana and Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Anne wrote an epitaph for her father who lies now in Roxbury:

*Within this tomb a patriot lies,
That was both pious, just and wise,
To truth a shield, to right a wall,
To sectaries a whip and maul;
In manners pleasant and severe,
The good him loved, the bad did fear;
And when his time with years was spent
If some rejoiced, more did lament.*

Governor Belcher, who knew Governor Dudley's parsimony, wrote even more revealingly:



13. The Dudley Gate at Harvard University



14. Captain Parker Still Guards Lexington Green .

*Here lies Thomas Dudley, that trusty old stud
A bargain's a bargain and must be made good.*

Thomas Dudley was an exacting friend and a terrible enemy. He helped banish Roger Williams and Anne Hutchinson, and in his pocket when he died were these well-thumbed rhymes, perhaps his own preference for an epitaph:

*Let men of God in courts and churches watch
O'er such as do a toleration hatch
Lest that ill egg bring forth a cockatrice
To poison all with heresy and vice,
If men be left and otherwise combine,
My epitaph's, I dy'd no libertine.*

Yet when he founded Cambridge he described its felicity in a letter to England, noting there is "good water to drink until wine or beer can be made."

The Cambridge Dudley Stone reads "Boston, 8 miles, 1734." Before the seven bridges connected the two cities, eight miles across Brookline and the Neck were as conservative an estimate as eight minutes would be now. The Boston Stone you saw in Marshall's Lane marked the other end of the measure, and when mileage meant long travel and not just gasoline, great store was set by the milestones that guided a journey.

Craigie House, Longfellow's Home

From the old burying ground beside Christ Church, walk down Brattle Street. This was Tory Row before the evacuation of Boston, brilliant and beautiful, then tragic and terrified when the rabble got the upper hand and the royalists had to flee. Go past the Episcopal Theological School to Craigie

House at Number 105. Martha Washington entertained in its parlor. History, literature, and tender sentiment still linger in its grandeur.

Major John Vassall built the mansion in 1759, merging English memories with the American landscape. But he was such an outspoken Tory that the patriots drove him into exile and Congress confiscated the property in time for the Washingtons to enjoy it. After the Revolution, Doctor Andrew Craigie looked favorably on its handsome proportions. Craigie was a pharmacist in the field at Bunker Hill, but he rose to the eminence of apothecary-general before Yorktown. Washington cited him for service in the harrowing days at Valley Forge, and when he was twenty-five it was Lieutenant Colonel Craigie who beamed the belles of Philadelphia. An aristocratic Quaker family frowned on a marriage "out of meeting" with their daughter, so he came home mildly broken-hearted.

Perhaps his purchase of the old Vassall house helped him to forget. He entertained lavishly and seemed a desirable catch to pretty Betsy Shaw of Nantucket who had family interference with her true love too. She married Craigie in 1793 and had twelve servants to make the house even gayer than when British officers toasted a king in its brilliant rooms. Harvard commencement brought garden parties to the lawns. The Craigie coach-and-four, like Hancock's—nothing gaudy, but wholly magnificent—rolled down Brattle Street at Betsy's command. Then her old love wrote her, and Andrew Craigie saw the letter. Though he too had an old love, he was indignant about hers, and Cambridge tradition has it the marriage was unhappy from that day forward.

Still Betsy seemed to enjoy herself. Craigie capital was in the Ohio settlement. The coach went forth to open Craigie Bridge spanning the Charles where the dam is now. She had

the music room of the house redone in the neo-Greek fashion still so pleasing. Her home and its good cellar reached the peak of hospitality. And in 1819 Andrew Craigie died intestate, his involved financial empire tottering.

He had the Vassall tomb (it came with the purchase of the house) in Christ Churchyard for shelter. Betsy had her mansion and nothing to endow it, her seventy-five-volume set of Voltaire and neighbors who looked askance at her for reading it. She tossed her curls and took in lodgers. But this was Cambridge, and all the lodgers were distinguished. Edward Everett was one, Doctor Joseph Worcester another. On his *American Dictionary*, written at Craigie House, Holmes said the "literary men of this metropolis are by special statute, allowed to be sworn in place of the Bible." Now all was erudition in the music room, even if the Widow Craigie had to sell its great organ.

Then Longfellow came to Cambridge as Smith Professor of Modern Languages at Harvard. Craigie House appealed to him the moment he took a room in it. Betsy was aging now. In the attic she burned letters from her sweetheart that had escaped her husband's eye. A few more years and she rested in Mt. Auburn Cemetery. Longfellow married Fanny Appleton, and the old house became theirs.

Betsy had been dead for eight years, and Andrew Craigie for thirty when Longfellow happened to notice a yellowed fragile envelope on the cellar stairs, and a few days later another and then another, always on the same step, and always unaccounted for. Finally he went searching for the seemingly inexhaustible supply and found over a hundred more in a hiding place you may see today, at the base of the beam in the tread of the stairs above.

They were not love letters exactly. They were a pathetic little history in notes from Doctor Craigie's "unacknowl-

edged daughter," as New England furnishes euphemism for a stricter phrase. She had written them affectionately, dutifully, out of her lonely life before she joined the Protestant Sisterhood of the Moravian Nuns in Pennsylvania.

Andrew Craigie's Philadelphia Quaker love had borne the child in 1779. Longfellow found the letters in 1849, the very year Polly Allen, who wrote them, died at the age of seventy as Sister Polly of the Moravian Convent. Betsy Craigie never knew that her husband's fury over her own love letters was because he judged her by himself, as men are wont to do.

Longfellow lived at Craigie House until he died in 1882, and most of his literary work was done where you may visit any afternoon from May to October between three and five o'clock. If you are here in winter, telephone to find out which three days of the week the house will receive you.

You will enjoy the poet's study, once Washington's office. Longfellow's two desks are in it. He stood to write at one of them, the other, a portable tablet, he balanced on his knee. Portraits of the family and its friends look down in this room where he wrote his memorable poetry. Imagine it at the children's hour when his beloved little girls rushed down the stairs to clamber on his lap. Books are everywhere, naturally. In a New England scholar's house, they were considered the most important furnishing. And in the music room behind the study, Dickens was entertained, and Paderewski played.

In the dining room, two Stuart portraits of Mrs. Longfellow's Appleton ancestors look across to her daughters, Alice, Allegra, and Edith, all in one charming canvas. They loved this home when they romped through its sixteen rooms nearly a century ago. Today its graceful proportions and interior beauty are just as indicative of the advanced tastes of a comfortable Boston heritage.

Martha Washington's parlor still has Mrs. Craigie's set of twelve little chairs in it, beneath a Copley painting. In the hall, a bust of Washington stands on a base made from the old elm under which he took command of the army. The grandfather's clock on the stairs seems to tick out the rhythm of Longfellow's poem, and a chair from the spreading chestnut tree reminds you of the village blacksmith whose forge was down the street. In 1876 the chestnut tree was chopped down over the protests of the poet and other admirers of the landmark, but the children of Cambridge had this chair made of its wood for Longfellow's seventy-second birthday. They gave him a little book too, with their names in it, and in its cover is a carving of them watching the smithy at work. The same day Longfellow wrote a poem about their pleasant thought and had it printed to give to each small visitor who came to see him and sit in the chair.

In 1854 Longfellow resigned his professorship at Harvard, and after his wife died he went to Europe with his daughters. That was in 1868. An old friend of mine making her first steam voyage abroad was chaperoned to London by the poet. She was seventeen and already had sailed the ocean many times, but in her memoirs she tells of her delight in the purr of the engines which replaced the familiar creak and slap of canvas, and the fun she had with

*Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.*

Edith married Richard H. Dana, grandson of the poet, son of the writer of *Two Years Before the Mast*, and lived next door. As you leave Longfellow House, you will see Dana House beside it.

Lowell's Birthplace

These are imposing acres! If you go down Brattle Street to Elmwood Avenue, you come to the home of James Russell Lowell. Built in 1767—Lowell was born there in 1819—it was a hospital on Bunker Hill day, and once the home of Elbridge Gerry who signed the Declaration of Independence.

Lowell, rather more worldly than Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, or Thoreau, was the humanist of the New England group. His interest in the antislavery movement produced *The Bigelow Papers*. *The Vision of Sir Launfal* and *A Fable for Critics* established him in the literary scene. Then he was scholar, poet, critic, successor to Longfellow as Smith Professor at Harvard, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and general social figure, even minister to Spain and finally to London.

Whether or not he acquired the idea at Harvard, he is quoted as saying that education is "like stuffing chestnuts into a goose," but he enjoyed teaching along with a score of interests. In the fashion of New England writers of the period, Lowell could pitch hay in his Elmwood meadows, write a poem, or dream in the Cambridge sunshine. He picked up the Yankee dialect of the Concord farmer and matched the epigrammatic wit of his intellectual contemporaries. He dearly loved Cambridge or a walk to Boston to hear Emerson lecture, and he would not have wanted to be buried anywhere but in Mt. Auburn where he is surrounded by old friends.

Mt. Auburn Cemetery

Mt. Auburn Cemetery is not far from Elmwood. Started by the Massachusetts Horticultural Society as the first "garden cemetery" in this country, it is as famous for its beauty as for its distinguished dead.

Lowell and his father are buried there. Back of their grave is Longfellow's. Near it is Holmes'. Bowditch, the mathematician and author of *The New American Practical Navigator*, joins Edward Everett, William Ellery Channing, Phillips Brooks, Margaret Fuller, Charles Bulfinch, James T. Fields, and Mary Baker Eddy, all in this shrine of more illustrious burials than any other cemetery in New England except another Boston one.

And now if you have allowed time today, you will take Massachusetts Avenue from Harvard Square to Lexington and Concord. As you turn toward another historical adventure, perhaps Longfellow's lines will accompany you. This is an appropriate place to

. . . *listen to hear*
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
'And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

9. *Lexington and Concord*

THERE IS A DUAL PLEASURE IN GOING FROM CAMBRIDGE to Lexington and Concord. In following the historic highroad, you carry literary associations with you to the haunts of Emerson and Thoreau, Hawthorne and the Alcotts. With Holmes, Longfellow, and Lowell, whom you have just visited, and with Whittier and all the distinguished women writers from Margaret Fuller to Lucy Larcom, New England's golden age of letters was created. It was the more remarkable because so much genius flourished in the same brief period, in the same small and sacred area.

There were all the historians too—Prescott, Bancroft, Ticknor, Motley, Parkman. And the towering intellects—Daniel Webster, Channing, Brooks, Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, Garrison, the Danas. There was the Brook Farm group and Julia Ward Howe, and lesser lights and lecturers, and everyone who went to hear them.

These many personalities were aware of each other, even if Holmes who knew Alcott at Brook Farm would not have joined him, and even if it took James T. Fields to introduce Whittier to Mrs. Stowe. Hawthorne might visit Longfellow House, or Lowell might hear Emerson lecture, but each

group developed separately, so that the collective impact was even more astounding. Think of this as you travel this way where heroes also rode. Where else in America could you make such a journey?

Revere picked up the route of Dawes at Arlington. Though the two rode but half an hour apart and the British marched a few hours after, this same highway echoed to the momentous errands of all three.

Munroe Tavern

Just before you reach Lexington Square, you will come to the 1695 Munroe Tavern, the only place Percy and his relief column held off the Yankees long enough to get breath after the battles of Lexington and Concord. The retreating British seized sanctuary here on their return trip, but why don't you stop to see it now? It is a nice old tavern which belonged to the Munroes for seven generations. The last two members of the family willed it to the Lexington Historical Society.

The wide floor boards have been there for more than two and a half centuries. Percy trod them, and so did General Washington. From every corner, family mementos crowd a nation's history for your attention. The wedding bonnet of a Munroe bride—it cost seventy dollars new and was white on her wedding day, but she used it fourteen years and dyed it successively “to get the wear out of it”—is in the room where Percy made his headquarters. A Boston newspaper's account of Washington's death is opposite George the Third's signature on an army payroll of the men he defeated.

The taproom bears British bullet holes in its ceiling since the nineteenth of April in '75, while family portraits placidly view familiar things from the walls. The taproom was where

the British cared for their wounded. The wife and children of minuteman Munroe had fled in terror, the caretaker of the inn was bayoneted on its doorstep, yet Munroe Tavern became again a genial friendly place where patrons recounted the thrilling events of the battle day for eighty-five years after it.

In 1789 Washington dined upstairs at a table you still may see. Above the staircase, ancient leather firebuckets are preserved as earnestly. The calm New England sense of values is stamped on everything, a proper preparation for your drive straight ahead through Lexington Square to the village green. There Captain Parker ordered: "Stand your ground. Don't fire unless fired upon, but if they mean to have a war, let it begin here."

A shot rang out. The first shot of the Revolution. Tradition blames Pitcairn—his pistols are in the Hancock-Clarke house—although there is some evidence that he had ordered his men not to fire. In any case, after the disputed first one, shots came thick and fast, and wounded Jonathan Harrington dragged himself across the green to die on the steps of his own home, which still stands there.

Drive all the way around the green. The statue of the Minuteman is at the head. Then in succession are Buckman Tavern, the boulder marking the line of fire, the Harrington house, and finally the stone monument above the grave where Harrington lies with the six other Lexington men who died with him that morning.

Buckman Tavern is as prominent as it has been since about 1690. British bullet holes still mark it, and old prints of the battle show it standing witness. The minutemen mustering there drank its good rum to fortify them for their errand across the street. Those for whom the tankard was a final stirrup cup lie back of the old monument.

Hancock-Clarke House

After Buckman Tavern drive to Hancock Street on the right for a visit to the Hancock-Clarke house where John Hancock and Sam Adams were hiding when Revere brought them the news. Hancock's grandfather, Reverend John Hancock, built the house in 1698. Reverend Jonas Clarke lived there after him, and both clergymen lie in the 1690 burying ground near by.

In 1698 the little kitchen ell comprised the entire house. Thomas Hancock added the front in 1734 when he was planning his own mansion on Beacon Hill. He felt it was not right for his father's home to be so small when his was to be so magnificent. John Hancock inherited the Beacon Hill place from Thomas' widow Lydia, and eventually Dolly Quincy presided over it. But on the historic night, no one was certain of anything at all.

Picture Paul Revere's arrival at the Hancock-Clarke house door, and the scurrying that went on to save Hancock and Adams to fight another day. You can go in the room where they were sleeping when the alarm came, and can see Revolutionary relics all through the house.

The banner room carries on its walls the solemn greeting to Lafayette when he visited Lexington. By the fireplace, just where she used it, is Lydia Hancock's face mask that protected her complexion from the excessive heat of the flames. In Dolly Quincy's room are some of her dresses. Dolly was a guest on the battle eve, with Aunt Lydia still earnestly promoting the romance with John. Mementos of all of them are here and the drum that called the minutemen with so emphatic and determined a voice the drummer boy split its head in sounding the historic defiance. No one ever repaired

it. In time of war it rolls again, ghostly memory of those who answered its summons long ago.

Hancock and Adams were escaping before its beat sounded across the green. After the battle moved on to Concord, Dolly and Aunt Lydia followed them with the "very fine salmon which had been planned for that day's dinner." Doubtless Dolly and Lydia ate it alone. Adams and Hancock had to hide out in a swamp, and cold salmon goes very poorly when you are up to your knees in mud. But they were not found by the man-hunting British and once again escaped the Tory threat:

*Hancock and Adams if they're taken
Their heads shall hang
On the hill called Beacon.*

The escape was a good thing too. They were needed. After Lexington and Concord, Massachusetts disconcertingly had on her hands a personal war with the British Empire. Hancock and Adams successfully rallied the other colonies to the cause, and in the circumstances did for them as noble a service as for Massachusetts.

The Embattled Farmers

Meantime the battle raged from Lexington to Concord and back again all the day. Lord Percy on his white horse had to march twelve hundred men out of Boston, over the Neck to Roxbury and the Cambridge road, to relieve the hard-pressed British regulars as the embattled farmers rose to avenge their neighbors' deaths. There were eight killed at Lexington, seven from the town itself, and ten wounded. Rumor and excitement spread through the countryside. The

regulars were out. They had slaughtered the little band at Lexington!

Men for miles around grabbed their muskets and rushed to their nearest commanders. Their wives and children buried family silver or fled with it. From as far away as Dedham—it is said that no man “between the ages of 16 and 70” remained behind.

Massachusetts had an organized militia of at least fifteen thousand men. Minute companies existed in every town and military supplies were hidden for just such an emergency. A century before the Lexington battle, Middlesex County militiamen had organized for defense against Indians. Their descendants rose as mightily. Sons of Indian fighters did not fear English regulars. Clever ambush, skilled marksmanship, and canny use of a stone wall or a tree for shield could never be matched by a line of solemn soldiers drawn up in red coats to make an even better target.

This minuteman of the Revolution, who was he? George William Curtis at the centennial celebration of the Concord fight describes him as “. . . the old, the middle-aged and the young, . . . the rural citizen trained in the common school, the church, and the town meeting, who carried a bayonet that thought, and whose gun, loaded with a principle, brought down not a man but a system.”

Always the orators and sculptors found mighty inspiration in the heroic figure. But General Heath, the only provincial general in the field on April 19, considered him unwisely daring. He rebuked the Lexington company, “whose standing so near the road was but a too much braving of danger, as they were sure to meet with insult or injury which they could not repel.”

They had invited trouble. But they invited it willingly and courageously, fired by determination to prove they were

not born saddled any more than the British were born booted and spurred, ready to ride them. Still history wonders. If there had been no battle at Lexington, would there have been one at Concord? Probably. Concord was tired of tyranny too. But it was the Lexington news that roused the next town.

The men of Concord were incensed that British regulars had fired on their neighbors down the road. They came streaming from the fields, over the stone walls, out of the houses, to meet the enemy at Concord Bridge. And the shot fired there was the one heard round the world!

Hartwell Farm and Meriam's Corner

As you go from Lexington Green down the well-marked road to Concord, you will pass the spot where Revere and Dawes were captured and where Doctor Prescott jumped his horse over a stone wall near Hartwell Farm to escape and spread the alarm through Concord. Hartwell Farm is a charming old place, built in 1636, and now a pleasant spot for you to have lunch. You will see its sign which directs you off the main road and to the right.

As you linger over coffee, picture Prescott's escape while Revere was caught and Dawes fell off his horse. Ironically, Prescott's escape permitted him to serve on a privateer where the British captured him. He died in an English prison. Dawes lived out a full life as a grocer. Revere went on to develop his talents for forty years more.

After lunch go back to the main road. Now you are cutting across the line of the British march into Concord. About a mile from the town look sharp for Meriam's Corner where the old Bedford Road comes in. A boulder at the right records the minutemen's attack on the British as they marched back from their failure at the bridge. A tree overhangs the

little stone, but this is a place marked in history. From here to Boston the redcoats were harried from behind walls and trees in the famous running fight which had them beaten by the time they reached Lexington, where Percy's relief troops bound up their wounds in Munroe Tavern and helped them back to Charlestown.

Concord

As you ride into Concord—as comfortable a New England village as there is—literary allusions meet you halfway. In the manner of Emerson's "plain living and high thinking," the gracious little town wears its laurels simply. It will show you unpretentious, unchanging old houses. Concord keeps up its historic shrines and authors' homes. For centuries it has risen to civic or national need, but it lives placidly, quietly in between.

In 1635 Concord was the first settlement away from the sea. It prospered, raised sturdy sons, and became so well known for keen interest in the country's causes, that the Provincial Congress chose the original First Parish Church for its meetings. Hancock himself presided. The military stores the British sought on the nineteenth of April were hidden there in definite anticipation of hostilities. In the resulting battle most of the supplies were saved. Some had been plowed under in the furrows of a field, but the search for them touched off the war. Then Concord went off to fight it.

Once the country was secure, the little village started to earn its second honors. In 1835 Ralph Waldo Emerson came to live in the town of his ancestors. He was the magnet that drew other writers to it. You will see his big square house near the Concord Antiquarian Society but all around

the town are memories of his life there. Thoreau was a native, but soon the Alcotts and then Hawthorne augmented the distinguished Concord Group, and its distinguished reputation grew.

As you drive toward the town, you first pass the spot where Concord's blending of the practical and the imaginative produced the Concord grape. At Grapevine Cottage, Ephraim Bull deserted goldbeating for horticulture. To perfect the inimitable flavor in its deep blue jacket, he began with a wild grape and crossed, tended, planted, and tasted for years. If you are here in fall, order Concord grapes anywhere in Boston or near it. With them you can relish the local devotion for finishing anything that is started.

Next to Grapevine Cottage is Wayside where Louisa Alcott lived as a little girl. With Emerson's help, Amos Bronson Alcott brought his family here in 1845, but finances still were slim. Later, Nathaniel Hawthorne bought the place and added the tower as his study, so he could lock himself away from interruptions. He wrote *Tanglewood Tales* at the old desk, standing to work, even as Longfellow. Perhaps these men thought better on their feet. (In the Old Manse there is a standing desk where the Reverend Ezra Ripley did his sermons, but then one expects a clergyman to be ascetic, and neither Longfellow nor Hawthorne had the obligation to write in discomfort, though apparently they preferred it.) Wayside was the only house Hawthorne ever owned. He said of it, "I felt myself, for the first time in my life, at home." Not so long ago another writer lived at Wayside. She was Margaret Sidney, whose beloved *Five Little Peppers* and many other stories emanated from this house already rich in memories of authors.

Orchard House

Next door is Orchard House, to which the Alcotts moved from Wayside. Louisa began *Little Women* here, and May, who was the Amy of the story, drew her pretty sketches on the walls and even on her mother's breadboard. Today you may see them and the clothes the girls wore and the trappings of theatricals played with Elizabeth, who was Beth, and Anna, who was Meg. The place is full of reminders of the family's precarious existence, which was borne with such charming grace by Marmee. The fortitude of deep and lasting love permeates Orchard House where the kindly father depended on the Lord to provide.

Beside it is the ascetic building of the Concord Summer School of Philosophy and Literature that Bronson Alcott founded in 1879. The shades of American philosophers who met there doubtless still hover about this little shrine. Alcott's theories were high-sounding, but it was Louisa's writing that filled the larder. Her *Little Women* series started as an autobiography of the struggles and pleasures of the family. A philosopher, she once said, was a man up in a balloon with his family on the ground holding the ropes and trying to haul him down to earth.

Everyone enjoys Orchard House, so do not miss it. It is open every day but Monday for a long period each year. It is wise, however, to verify opening dates and visiting hours all along your sightseeing routes. In Concord most historic places open annually—in salute to the past—on the nineteenth of April. The Antiquarian House, Wright Tavern, and Orchard House at the present time, are closed on Mondays. In Lexington, the Hancock-Clarke house and Buckman Tavern are closed on Wednesday afternoons.

The Antiquarian House

Ride into town to the Antiquarian House now. It stands across from Emerson's house—the one where he lived from 1835 until his death—on land given by Emerson's descendants. In it are preserved furnishings and books of his study. Stop to see them as well as seventeenth- and eighteenth-century pieces gathered in Concord and the surrounding countryside.

About 1855, long before people in general were interested in collecting antiques, Cummings E. Davis, a Concord character had a squirrel-like instinct for gathering everything he could get his hands on. He was not a rich collector. He just liked a bargain, and he never minded doing a little favor which would net him perhaps an old mahogany chest or a ladder-back chair that no one seemed to want anymore. Many interesting items were given to him to get rid of them. Eventually he gathered all his finds in the old room he had in the courthouse, dressed up in a colonial costume—someone had given him that too—and lived on fees paid him for showing his treasures.

In 1886 the Concord Antiquarian Society was formed. Troubled lest the old man's now valuable collection might suffer damage, they took it over and Davis with it. Both were installed in the ancient Reuben Brown house which you can see as you go into Concord Square.

Reuben Brown was a minuteman, and on the battle day the redcoats set his house on fire. The fire was put out in time to save the old place, but perhaps the Concord Antiquarian Society never forgot the potential hazard. In 1930 they built a fine museum of sturdy brick and moved the collections into it. The museum, a simple colonial house, is designed so that each room carries you from one period to the next. Following

their sequence, you see how Concord tastes developed, as did those of the country. The house is small, as Concord is small. But it is exquisite, and since Davis disregarded show pieces and gathered only Concord items or relics that pleased his sense of the historic, the local quality of each exhibit provides a folk flavor rarely duplicated.

The Society's handbook will serve as a detailed guide to all the lovely things Davis collected. In the first room there is a piece of 1664 needlework by the daughter-in-law of Reverend Peter Bulkely. The fact that Bulkely, with Captain Simon Willard, ancestor to Willard the clockmaker, founded Concord town, makes this an appropriate beginning. The Reverend Bulkely also founded the line of which Ralph Waldo Emerson is eighth in descent, another instance of New England's interrelations so that the same names occur, like old friends, in widely differing spheres.

Look for the pine room, where even the ceiling is pine. And for the examples of artistic Yankee ingenuity that made what could not be bought. The toddy iron, in the eighteenth-century room, suggests how far from teetotalers our forebears were. Here is Hancock's tankard of generous size, and William Dawes' cellarette. This is cold country in wintertime, and central heating may mean a number of things. Even in summer, in the old days, rum was a necessary adjunct to haying or plowing or entertaining visitors. The Antiquarian House has some of the quaint rundlets that farmers starting out to Concord fields wore round their necks in the way of St. Bernards in the Alps. But Concord could afford no inebriation when crops had to be tended, so the heroic tosspots learned to down four or five before breakfast, and still go forth soberly to a day's work—with a ration for later on!

Concord had its first ordinary less than thirty years after

the village was cleared from the wilderness, and in this respect was not unusual. Old Roxbury records indicate that drinking before noon in the public houses was a common practice. Punch or toddy was preferred, wine, little used. A punch bowl of fine imported china was a common possession in families of substance. Usually it held a gallon, and its beverage, a customary treat for company, was a potential source of gout. No one cared. Spirits were offered at a social call, a trade, a birth, wedding, funeral, or church dedication. To refuse would have been insulting, and in view of the temperature hereabout, improvident too.

New England knew exactly what she was doing. The rum trade dovetailed with her days of greatest shipping and fortunes. If sometimes it was the triangle trade of New England rum for African negros, for southern molasses, for New England rum again—the percentages of profit mounting with each transaction—let it be remembered that Boston eventually and for all time repudiated the traffic in slaves and with its crusading helped to effect abolition.

In fact the Underground Railway ran through Concord. Thoreau helped many a fugitive escape, and John Brown was his friend. In the Antiquarian House you will see his signed picture on Thoreau's table.

Among other interesting things you will not want to miss are the looking glasses, including one broken by a British officer on the nineteenth of April and never mended. New England never mended anything that had a British bullet hole in it! Such an object was sacred and still is. One of the lanterns displayed the night of Revere's ride is here too. And a musket belonging to one of the two British soldiers who fell at the bridge, as well as a piece of the old bridge itself, and furniture made by Joseph Hosmer who fought there. Besides being an expert cabinetmaker, Hosmer is supposed to

have started the minutemen marching by shouting, "Will you let them burn the town down?"

The splendor of the Concord Antiquarian Society's McIntire room and Empire room lead you in sudden contrast to the monastic whitewashed simplicity of the Thoreau room with its meager furnishings from the Walden Pond hut where, as Louisa Alcott wrote,

*The wisdom of a just content
Made one small spot a continent.*

May Alcott's gentle paintings are in this house too, along with an imposing Canton tea set made for one of the founders of the Order of the Cincinnati when he was consul in China. And all these treasures have a history which can be traced to original owners, providing a priceless commentary on the development of taste in a single American community over a period of two hundred formative years.

Before you leave take a moment for the model of the fight at Concord Bridge. Notice the British in their serried ranks, and you will understand how easy it was to pick them off. And look for the provincials' leader, Major Buttrick, who gave the order, "Fire, fellow-soldiers, for God's sake, fire!"

Isaac Davis, commander of the Acton minutemen, was the first to fall. Abner Hosmer was next. This scene marks the moment when "the first order was given to the soldiers of the people to fire upon the soldiers of the king."

The Emerson House

On your way to the actual battle scene, look across to Emerson's pleasant white house shaded by the trees which he planted himself. (The house is open sometimes, so inquire at

the Antiquarian House if this is one of the days.) Emerson loved this old place with its peacefulness and its books, and a message written there is good to remember:

“If the single man plant himself indomitably on his instincts, and there abide, the huge world will come round to him. . . . Is it not the chief disgrace in this world not to be an unit;—not to be reckoned one character; not to yield that fruit which each man was created to bear? We will walk on our own feet; we will work with our own hands; we will speak our own minds.”

His transcendentalism, which began as individuality in religion, extended to the social problems of the world, and expressed itself in his writing. At Boston Latin School, at Harvard, conducting with his brother the Young Ladies' Seminary in Boston, and finally as minister of the Second Church there, he always was seeking a kind of personal truth. After resigning his pastorate, in dispute over doctrinal matters that disturbed his great independence of mind, he went to Europe and found a kindred soul in Carlyle. Returning to this country he found peace at Concord. Here his real and distinguished work burgeoned in the quiet calm of his home and at the Old Manse, his grandfather's house, where he wrote *Nature* and observed, “Cities give not the human senses room enough.”

He was not the extremist some of his Concord fellows were. He did not join Alcott's vegetarian, philosophical failure, Fruitlands. Margaret Fuller admired him, but said “he raised himself too early to the perpendicular and did not lie along the ground long enough.” But she was of the Brook Farm group, and Emerson would not have shared their experiments in living either. He sought his own way of life, and finding it, was sure, content, serene.

The Square and the Old Manse

You will sense all this as you go the way he walked to restful Concord Square. Reuben Brown's house is on your right, then the Concord Art Association. Opposite is the church that replaced the one where the Provincial Congress met. Next door is the Wright Tavern, built in 1747 and used as headquarters by Pitcairn on the battle day. The old church silver, sunk in the tavern's soap barrel, was never found by the British, but don't believe that it was Pitcairn in the taproom who stirred his brandy with his finger and said, "I hope I shall stir the damned Yankee blood so before night."

Pitcairn was too much of a gentleman for such a remark, so perhaps it was some young officer, or Colonel Smith, who had to send to General Gage for reinforcements and needed to bolster his ruined pride. In any case, by nightfall many brandies must have been indicated to drown the memories of the hapless day.

The Wright Tavern or the Colonial Inn on the square will serve you lunch, if you have waited this long. The Colonial Inn, built in 1770, is really three houses together. The Thoreaus lived in one. Thoreau's father's store was around the corner. Another was used as a storehouse during the Revolution, and the third was Deacon White's house and store, which was avoided by strangers on Sunday because the deacon was so strict about keeping the Sabbath.

In '75 the British went down Monument Street to the right, as you will go to the battleground. In the retreat, one of them put a shell in the House with the Bullet Hole, missing Elisha Jones who had poked his head out of the doorway, which you will pass on the right.

Just a bit farther on, you come to the Old Manse, home of the Reverend William Emerson. In the yard, on the battle

day, he gathered the children and wives of the neighbors for their protection, while his own wife from the study windows besought him to seek safety inside. But he was militant patriot as well as town minister, ready to defend his home, built but ten years before the Revolution began so near it. Then he went off to the war as a chaplain and died of camp fever far away.

His widow, in the manner of early New England spouses, male and female, did not mourn too long. While she was still attractive she married Reverend Ezra Ripley. He was a strict Sabbatarian and would have no profaning of the Lord's Day with labor, but he worked mightily in his fields and garden all week long. His high desk is still filled with long sermons, and one wonders where he found the time to write them.

Ralph Waldo Emerson often visited his step-grandfather Ripley's house, so you will see reminders of them both about you. Hawthorne lived here when he wrote *Mosses from an Old Manse*, and roamed these fields with his lovely bride, Sophia Peabody. Now literary associations of all three families make the place a shrine.

The old owl over the fireplace that Hawthorne mentioned was an Emerson and Ripley favorite. In a room opposite, Sarah Bradford Ripley, who had seven children and spoke five languages and could have graced a chair at Harvard, looks from her portrait upon a house filled with the books she loved. They are stacked to the very attic and in tongues up to and including Sanskrit!

In the Queen Anne dining room there is a native Concord piece by Hosmer, the local minuteman cabinetmaker. And Sophia Peabody Hawthorne's diamond writing on the windowpane marks her little daughter Una's height when the child stood on the window sill. The old study upstairs, where

Mrs. Emerson watched the battle, has more of Sophia's writing. "Men's accidents are God's purposes," with the date 1842, is delicately inscribed on the window looking to a country river that heard a war begin.

Hawthorne worked in this study at a curious little shelf desk. Emerson wrote *Nature* at another. But before you even enter the room the celebrated ninety-two-volume edition of Voltaire, shelved on its outer wall, will proclaim the scholarship and erudition implicit in the memories of this old house.

Even the attic is delightful, with its "prophets' chamber" where visiting clergymen stayed. The quaint bare rooms are simply furnished because the Emersons, Ripleys, and Hawthornes were rich only in the treasure of their intellects. Still there is a portrait by Gilbert Stuart on the stairs and fine French wallpaper in the hall, and gracious evidences of New England's flair for blending a lofty appreciation with simple acceptance of it. This house makes tangible all the solid quiet heritage which strangers tease New England about. Privately owned until 1939, the Old Manse now is held by the Trustees of Public Reservations, as is fitting it should be, so that its distinguished picture of New England patriotism, intellect, and family life may be shared with all who respect it.

Concord Bridge and Battleground

Now go to the battleground and look for the grave of the two British soldiers who lie in the land they tried to save for their king. The tomb is long. Tradition has it that these two were very tall—men reserved for the standing rear rank, behind the crouching middle rank, fronted by the kneeling first rank. That was Britain's "street-firing" formation, obstinately and madly used as defense against Yankee guerrilla tactics. So the two young men stretched their long lengths in the

dust, and as Concord stories have it, before the English were back in Boston they were buried, their graves smoothed over, and all vestige of their brief sacrifice obliterated. Later a nice tablet was erected for which James Russell Lowell wrote an inscription. Now English tourists come to see it, looking rather noncommittal, but pleased withal that the deceased were tall.

Much oratory has rolled across these acres. The granite shaft was dedicated in 1836. The bridge which replaces the old wooden one was built in 1875 when the Daniel Chester French statue of the Minuteman was unveiled. French lived in Concord too, and May Alcott was his teacher. Emerson's dramatic martial "Concord Hymn" furnished apt inscription for the 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.*

Davis and Hosmer fell here. Major Buttrick's order thundered over this river. At approximately the spot where the Americans made their stand is the statue with its waistcoat bulging with bullets, an unforgettable portrait of the men and their times. You will be moved by the face, "serious as one who sees all the doubt and danger from the first and yet goes quietly on" to the moment which "made conciliation impossible, and independence certain."

In 1874 an Act of the United States Congress gave ten cannon to Concord, that the sculptor might have suitable material for so symbolic a figure. Emerson was eloquent at the dedication. He said, "the thunderbolt falls on an inch of ground, but the light of it fills the horizon."

There was rather a plethora of speech-making that day, some of it prophetic. Curtis said, "Not such are our enemies today. They do not come proudly stepping to the drum-beat, with bayonets flashing in the morning sun." And he urged, ". . . stand fast, Son of Liberty as the minute-man stood at the old North Bridge! But should we or our descendants . . . betray in any way their cause, spring into life . . . take one more step, descend, and lead us, as God led you in saving America, to save the hopes of man!"

For many years an old Concord native used to be at the bridge every good day. He was a Melvin, of a family whose patriotism is Concord legend. The Melvin Memorial, by Daniel Chester French, to the three brothers who died in the Civil War is a sculpture in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery. Their names also appear on the Soldiers' Monument in the Square, dedicated on another nineteenth of April, commemorating the 1775 one and the 1861 one, and even the same day in 1669 when Concord men marched to overthrow tyrannical Governor Andros.

But old Howard Melvin at the bridge liked best to tell of 1775 when his great-grandfather helped to stop the redcoats. Louisa Alcott had been Howard's schoolteacher, and Thoreau in his journals mentions him as an antidote for Concord deacons. He knew everyone from all over the world who came to the memorable battleground, and he used to chuckle about Concord people who hadn't got up there yet.

Melvin told a wonderful story of eighteenth-century efficiency in war. It seems that a Concord farmer's horse and cart were stolen by the British, but before they had got beyond Lexington on the retreat, a minuteman stole an officer's charger. Auctioned off before nightfall, the proceeds repaid the farmer for his losses—rapid and satisfactory reparations included in a momentous day's work for history.

Concord Burying Grounds

After seeing the battleground, you might like to go down Monument Street to Liberty, beyond the Buttrick Farm, where there is a memorial to Major Buttrick. It was he who gave the command to fire to the men who had assembled at the spot marked by another tablet, just a little farther on. At Lowell Road, turn again to get back to Concord Square, and on the far side of it you will see the Old Hill Burying Ground where Major Buttrick lies.

William Emerson is buried here too, and John Jack the slave on whose headstone is written:

*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.
Tho' born in a land of slavery,
He was born free.
Tho' he lived in a land of liberty
He lived a slave.
Till by his honest, tho' stolen labors,
He acquired the source of slavery,
Which gave him his freedom,
Tho' not long before
Death the grand tyrant,
Gave him his final emancipation,
And set him on a footing with kings.
Tho' a slave to vice,
He practised those virtues
Without which, kings are but slaves.*

The other Concord cemetery which bids you tarry is Sleepy Hollow. It is down Bedford Street to the right, where you come to big iron gates. Take the left turn to the Melvin Memorial or the right one to the Hollow itself where Hawthorne and his Sophia dreamed of building a house on its beautiful ridge.

Now that is the Authors' Ridge. (You will have to leave your car at the bottom of it, and go on foot to the top.) And Hawthorne's grave is there. The Alcotts and Thoreau are near him, and beyond them all in death as in life is Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Memories of Thoreau

Thoreau seems everywhere in Concord, the many houses he lived in, the rivers, and all his beloved countryside. If you are a Thoreau enthusiast, Walden Pond is not too far away. Go down Main Street past the Thoreau-Alcott house, where the philosopher died after twelve years of consumption, and where he answered, when asked if he had made his peace with God, "I didn't know that we had ever quarrelled."

This house is not open to visitors, so from Main take Walden Street until at the top of a hill you cross Route 2. On the right-hand corner a footpath leads you to Thoreau's Cairn, made by pilgriming visitors who each left a stone upon it.

The site of his cabin is marked by stone posts, but Walden is immensely disappointing. Picnickers and bathers litter the place, and all furnishings of the cabin have been moved to the Antiquarian House. Under the trees beside the pond you may perhaps have a sense of Thoreau's surroundings. Yet not exactly as when he contemplated them from 1845 to 1847 and philosophized on nature's wondrous simplicities. *Walden*

was published afterward and was written from memories of the life he lived here.

The Wayside Inn

Having come this far on your literary journeying, why not go back by way of South Sudbury and have dinner at the Wayside Inn immortalized by Longfellow? Henry Ford purchased it and weary travelers find its hospitality as genial as when five generations of Howes played mine host here. The old ballroom conjures up scenes of stately decorous dancing. Ancient oaks and gardens, the taproom and furnishings upstairs and down preserve the flavor of a New England country inn intact since 1686.

It is yet another hostelry which can claim that "Washington slept here." But so did Longfellow and Lafayette, Ford and Edison. And so can you. As in most New England houses of the period, there will be a trundle bed tucked under your great four-poster. Perhaps your small son or daughter might like the fun of sleeping as colonial children did, sharing space that halved the cost to thrifty pocketbooks. And in the morning you could visit the schoolhouse scene of "Mary Had a Little Lamb," where little people still go to classes and little lambs are still excluded.

To reach this diverting spot go about seven miles from Concord to Wayland. Consult your map and watch for the sign directing you about five more miles to South Sudbury and the Wayside Inn. When you are ready to leave, a direct route takes you back to Boston quickly—very rapid transit to the present from the centuries you have visited.

Longfellow would have taken much longer by stage. In 1840 he wrote that the coach leaving Boston at three o'clock in the morning reached Sudbury Tavern for breakfast. Most

of the way was traveled in total darkness with not even a glimpse of one's companions. But travel was leisurely then. Once a good inn was reached, good company before the fire invited lingering and good conversation. That is how "Tales of a Wayside Inn" came to be told. Do you remember the description of this place which the poet gives in the "Prelude"?

*A region of repose it seems,
A place of slumber and of dreams,
Remote among the wooded hills!
For there no noisy railroad speeds,
Its torch-race scattering smoke and gleeds;
But noon and night, the panting teams
Stop under the great oaks, that throw
Tangles of light and shade below.*

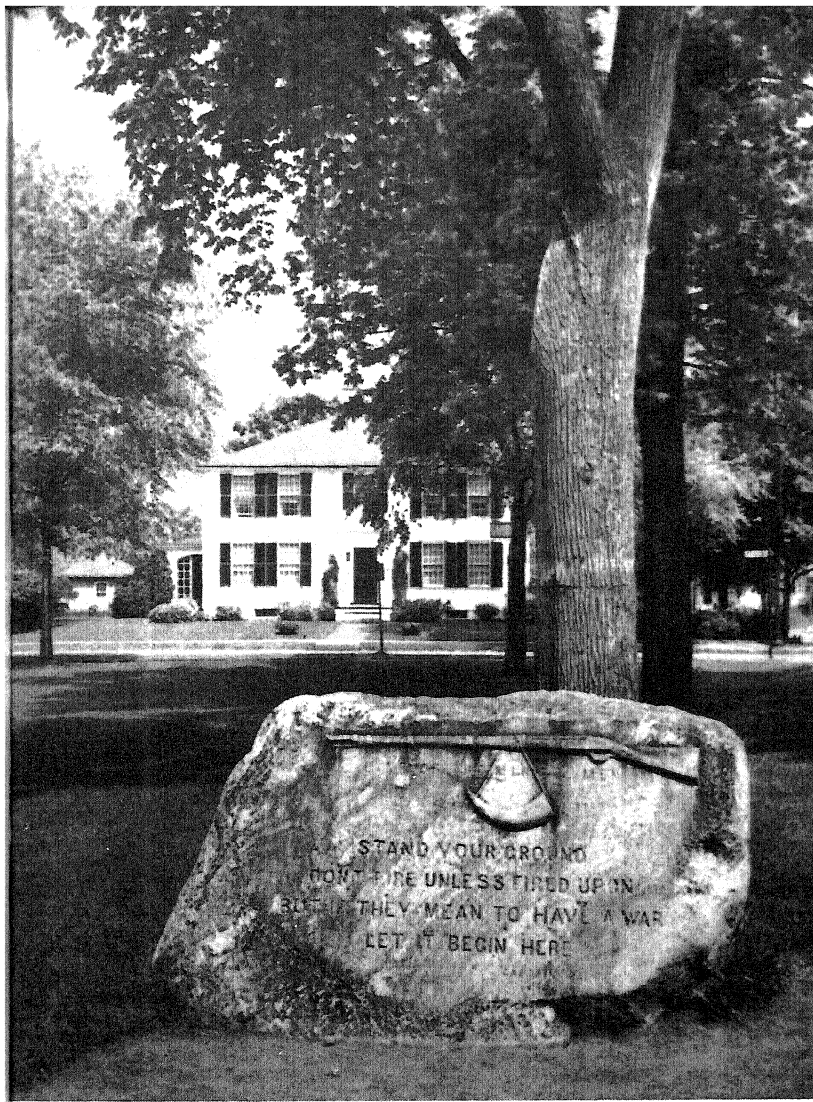
In a letter to a friend in England, Longfellow wrote: "*The Wayside Inn* has more foundation in fact than you may suppose. The town of Sudbury is about twenty miles from Cambridge. Some two hundred years ago, an English family by the name of Howe built there a country house, which has remained in the family down to the present time, the last of the race dying but two years ago. Losing their fortune, they became inn-keepers; and for a century the Red-Horse Inn has flourished, going down from father to son. The place is just as I have described it . . . all this will account for the Landlord's coat of arms, and his being a justice of the peace, and his being known as 'the Squire.' All the characters are real." They were, of course. The Musician was Boston's pet violinist, Ole Bull, who had come from Norway to stay at Lowell's Elmwood and captured Boston with his playing. The Poet was T. W. Parsons who translated Dante. The Spanish Jew was Israel Edrehi,

*. . . thoughtful and distressed;
Upon his memory thronged and pressed
The persecution of his race.*

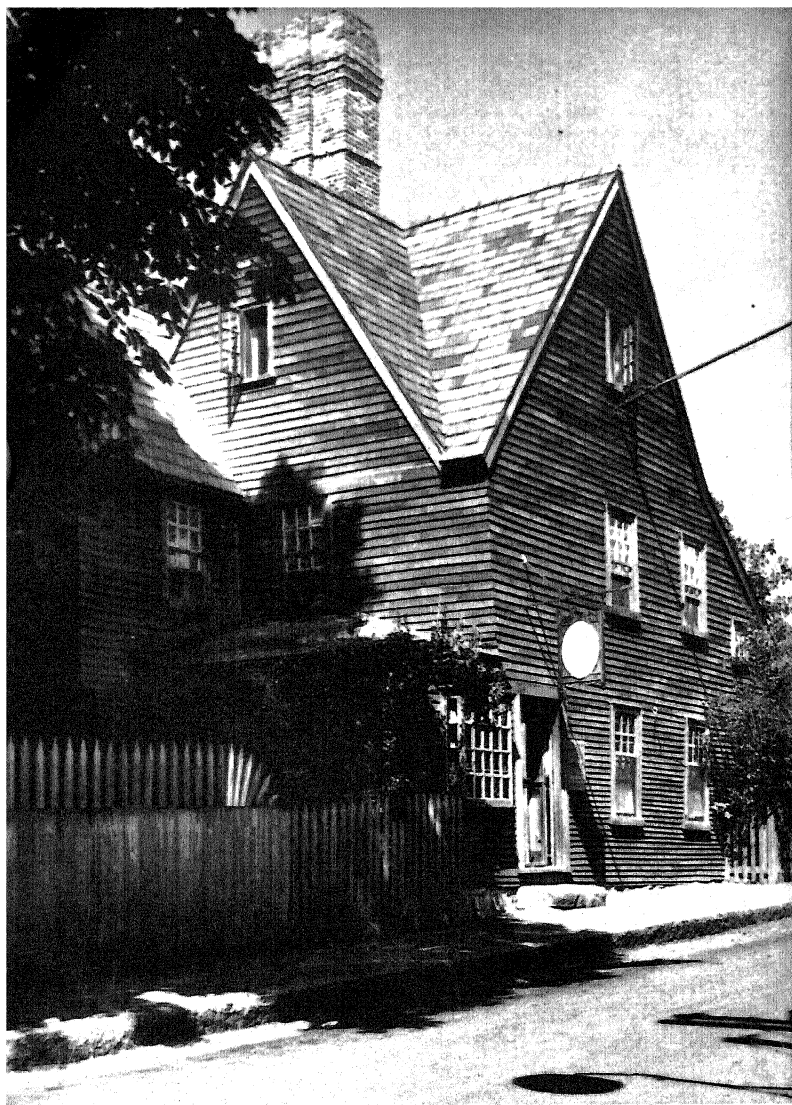
The Student was Henry Ware Wales who died young and left a notable library to Harvard. Luigi Monti, the Italian scholar, the Sicilian of the tales, was a great friend of Longfellow, and afterward married poet Parsons' sister. Parsons, Monti, and Professor Daniel Treadwell who was the Theologian are known to have spent many summers at the inn.

Assured of such authenticity you may look for and find the landlord's arms above the parlor fireplace, where Longfellow told you they were. The "Landlord's Tale" is the one about the ride of Paul Revere, and because the poet immortalized the hero and the occasion and this lovely old spot too, we can forgive him his inaccuracies. Perhaps in anticipation of your visit you will bring a copy of Longfellow with you. You could read the tales nowhere more suitably than by the inn fire or outside under the venerable oaks.

As you now see in Boston and vicinity, it is impossible (and not much fun) to separate history and literature, delicious food and delightful scenery, personalities and profundities. Longfellow and the Wayside, Lexington and Concord, Emerson, Thoreau, the Alcotts and Hawthorne, all borrow from and lend to each other. But wouldn't you like to know more of Hawthorne? Wouldn't you like to visit Salem and the House of the Seven Gables tomorrow?



15. Jonathan Harrington's House at Lexington



16. House of the Seven Gables at Salem

10. Salem Bewitches

PLAN A WHOLE DAY FOR SALEM. IT IS TOO ABSORBING, TOO diversified for a hurried trip. Driving is the best way so you can see the shoreline of garish Revere Beach, "salt Nahant and leather-scented Lynn," Swampscott, and even Marblehead, if you can go that far. The inland road is shorter but that way you miss much. Your map shows the various routes.

But make Salem your main stop for its curious history, handsome old houses, some of the most beautiful in America, and because this is Hawthorne's city. Before you start remember that the witches were *hanged* not burned. Salem gets very cross when one doesn't make this distinction.

Dahl the Boston cartoonist insists any city which built a railroad station like Salem's must have been bewitched. The trains run inside it with plenty of room for the trains but not very much for the people who for the most part await them outside. A tunnel looms up directly in front and once King Edward the Seventh as Prince of Wales was stuck there when the engineer of his train overshot the station. Gasping officials invaded the fog to assist the royal visitor to the upper air and back to the station, whose smoke-blackened castlelike turrets still suggest a fine place for burnings.

But also Salem has a Gallows' Hill—it is even Gallows Hill Park—to verify that the rope and not the match was the executioner's method with witches. It was the method for all except Giles Corey. He had the luckless distinction of being pressed to death while maintaining his refusal to answer the charges against him. This emphatic early third degree is described in Longfellow's *New England Tragedies*, but Corey need not tax your sympathies.

He was a vindictive old character who had quarreled with his wife Martha and appeared against her when she was caught up in the witchcraft examinations. After she was condemned he grieved at the wrong he had done her. When the magistrates arrested him, he stood with head bowed and would not say a word.

The law was plain, and he knew it. When a prisoner refused to answer the charges, it was ordered that he be taken "into a low, dark chamber, and there be laid on his back on the bare floor, naked, unless decency forbids: that there be placed upon his body as great a weight of iron as he could bear and more . . . till he died, or . . . till he answered." Giles Corey did not answer. Three days before his wife was hanged, he died, and a kindly posterity has believed that he endured the grim punishment as expiation for bearing false witness against her.

All this occurred in an era of superstition and firm conviction that one could sell out to the devil for powers one would get in return. There was not much amusement in a New England village in 1692. There was not much common sense either, and the little knowledge was the dangerous thing. Worse than the poor and the ignorant were the rich and learned ministers and judges who took their theology excessively with breakfast, dinner, and supper, and then to bed. What was beyond their self-assured intellectual superiority

was put down to witchcraft. They would not admit anything as not understood.

The familiar history began in what is now Danvers and then was Salem Village. The minister's daughter, Elizabeth Parris, with her playmates, was enthralled with stories told by her father's West Indian slaves. The children played mumbo-jumbo everywhere and quite properly should have been spanked. Instead, they were visited by all the neighboring ministers and the solemn village doctor. The vicious youngsters were prayed over and generally received so much attention that they began to enjoy an immense importance and so kept on gleefully. Finally they were asked who bewitched them, and they accused Sarah Good, Sarah Osburn, and Tituba the West Indian slave.

Like Giles Corey, Sarah Good's estranged husband did such a fine job of testifying against her that she was hanged. Sarah Osburn did not survive the rigors of the jail in Boston. But Tituba loved the idea that she might be a witch and informed gratuitously on everyone she could think of. She escaped hanging herself though she was sold back to slavery in orderly payment of her prison fees.

Rebecca Nurse, accused by Tituba, also was hanged. On her tombstone are Whittier's lines,

*O Christian Martyr! who for truth did die
When all about thee owned the hideous lie!*

But Rebecca was but one of many, many more. By 1692 the jails were so filled with the accused that, when Governor Phips arrived in May and found no Trial Court, he appointed one to hear the cases immediately and end them.

Today you can go into the house of Jonathan Corwin who was one of the judges. It was old in 1692 when, it is said,

some of the preliminary examinations were held there. It is on the corner of North and Essex streets and called the Witch House though Judge Corwin would leap in his grave that anything once belonging to him should go by such a name.

Nathaniel Saltonstall was another of the appointed judges as was stern Sewall of Boston and John Hathorne, ancestor of Nathaniel. Saltonstall resigned after the trial of Bridget Bishop, but his protest did no good, and all that mad summer the executions went on.

Cotton Mather was in his element. He rode out from Boston on his horse the day they hanged a fellow clergyman, George Burroughs. Reverend Mr. Burroughs seems to have done the right thing. He stood on the gallows reciting the Lord's Prayer and died proclaiming his innocence. But Mather was having no martyr challenge from the grave the local theocracy that kept him in office. He harangued the crowd roundly and pronounced poor Burroughs as deserving of the rope as the four hanged with him. At a later execution a Salem pastor also delivered an oration, but he spoke rather sadly. He said it was a pity to have to view "eight firebrands of hell hanging there."

Finally, Governor Phips' wife was accused, then others of character. The reaction set in, and high time! Nineteen already had taken the long road over the town bridge to Gallows' Hill. Phips opened the witchcraft jails in 1693 and ended the persecutions. But you can shiver at them to this day as you see records in the clerk's office of the Salem courthouse. There is Bridget Bishop's death warrant and the "witch pins" the accused were supposed to have stuck into their accusers. But as long ago as 1711 the General Court made restitution to descendants of the innocents. Some heirs received nearly six hundred pounds. A more enlightened age

was sorry for the error of an earlier one. So now Salem is a safe and delightful place to visit.

Pioneer Village

To do it properly, start at the Pioneer Village, the instructive reproduction on the harbor shore of the 1630 wilderness settlement. Such was Salem four years after Roger Conant and the Old Planters came in 1626 and two years after Endicott joined them. Turn off Lafayette Street to the well-marked road to Forest River Park and you will approach the village with its lovely view of the harbor that once held America's most storied ships.

In summer the park is full of children playing. Some of them may be swimming in modern unconcern a few yards from the reproduction of Winthrop's stately flagship, the *Arbella*. You enter the village (open daily until dusk) through the Ruck House where John Singleton Copley lived while he was painting Salem's fashionables. The house, mainly entrance office now, was moved from its 1651 setting and considerably restored, but those are original beams looking down on you as you start your trip back through centuries. Once you are inside the settlement you can go aboard the *Arbella* for a graphic picture of the journey of the little band who braved the broad Atlantic in just such a cockleshell. You will wonder how they ever made it.

Calvin Coolidge visited the village once. He remarked in character that it would be "wholesome to think more of these things. It would reduce complaint and increase contentment." He also loved to quote the four admonitions that built New England—eat it up, wear it out, make it do, and do without. You can sense the significance he attached to this example of the settlers' difficult lives here.

Somehow through the centuries such fortitude came to rebuke even creature comforts as almost immoral. My own uncle watching me saddle a horse for an innocuous October canter chided, "Walking is better exercise, and it is cheaper." Coolidge understood such things. At the Pioneer Village you will too. The log and mud huts are emphatic reminders of what it meant to sail from good homes across an ocean to a wilderness where one had to hew a shelter with bare hands.

Actually, the earliest inhabitants started out some years before this settlement at Naumkeag. They had tried a colony at Cape Ann but that was a bleak and barren spot, so they moved on to Salem. Then in 1628 the Dorchester Company was formed and with Endicott as leader sailed here too. The newcomers respected the rights of the Old Planters, and everything was harmonious except as usual for religious controversy.

Gardens were planted, functional ones. The colony must eat and stay healthy. You will see a sweet one in front of the governor's "fayre house," but observe that it blooms with medicinal and culinary plants whose flowering was secondary to flavor or efficacy.

Stocks and pillory fast were set up. Next came provisions for salt- and soap-making and facilities for drying fish. The saw pit and brickkiln, the forge, all the simple homely industries that built a house and kept a family going were the first concerns of the settlers. Salem built all this in 1630, but you can visualize much that is left out. The church, for instance, is not there, but you can picture it as the first Congregational Society in America built it in 1629. Roger Williams was its pastor, and early Salem liked his free views. He maintained the magistrates had no right to punish a man for worshiping as his conscience dictated. But Salem's approval was not enough. Boston ministers hounded Roger Williams

into the winter's snows and that is why he founded the city of Providence.

McIntire Houses

As you go from thatched houses to authentic timbered dwellings of the later seventeenth century and on to magnificently proportioned McIntire houses of Federal splendor, you experience a transition that only Salem can provide. You encompass not only centuries but the spirit and progress of the city itself marked in successive periods of taste by the houses its prospering people built.

The full flowering is on Washington Square or Federal Street or Chestnut. It has been said that Chestnut Street was the first intentionally beautiful street in this country. Laid out in 1796, its fence posts and porches march down both sides in confident dignity. You will be charmed by its gracious doorways and be mindful of their reticence. They never received anyone until the reception was sure to be valued. Once a delicate fluted fanlight witnessed the fine door swinging in welcome, you were at home in the great vaulted rooms of its house, and you could come again, often.

Salem's architecture reached its peak in houses built by Samuel McIntire, the wood carver. After the Revolution and well into the days of steam, Salem shipyards rang with activity. Wood carvers developed an art of their own as they decorated the masters' cabins or created striking figureheads to lean forward at the bows of adventuring merchantmen. When the ships came home with their exotic cargoes and wondrous profit, owners and masters raising fine houses called in the wood carvers to create for them the exquisite interiors that have made Salem's homes so celebrated.

McIntire, Salem-born in 1757, eventually extended his

talent to designing the houses that were to hold his wonderful doorways and mantels. He created delicate stairways with newel posts and balusters in designs based on the hawser-laid or cable-laid rope forms that had adorned the graceful ships which had taught him his skill. Many of his houses still are privately owned so that you can see only their handsome exteriors. His two best achievements in Salem, however, belong to the Essex Institute, and you may visit them if you are in Salem on the day they are open.

The Pingree house on Essex Street next door to the Institute itself is usually open daily except at noon, and the Peirce-Nichols house at 80 Federal Street on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons all year round, but confirm this by telephoning the Institute before you start out.

Built in 1804 with beautiful proportions and exquisite interior, the Pingree house will charm you with its effortless perfection. The Institute has furnished the house from its own fine collections so that it has the lived-in look of a Salem merchant's home in the time when family ships brought back the treasures of the world. Notice the mantels with their sheaves of wheat—a favorite McIntire motif—the vistas made by one doorway's framing another across a hall, and the substantial four-square confidence that expressed the owner's attitude to the world, while the delicate decoration revealed the cultivated tastes his wife and daughters and friends shared there over Lowestoft teacups and casual talk of the ports of the world.

The Peirce-Nichols house built in 1782, earlier than the Pingree house, is often regarded as the finer. The lovely fence still wears the urns McIntire carved for it. Inside, the east parlor is so beautiful that many consider the room his masterpiece. McIntire did not finish the interior for years, the parlor not until 1801. On every detail of the house he

lavished not only the skill of his hands but his characteristic Yankee pride of craftsmanship. Now it stands as a model of a people as well as of a man.

Wherever you go in Salem—especially on Chestnut, Federal, or Essex streets, or driving around the Common—you see inimitable porches and doorways. They date from the days when the first glimpse of the American flag was brought to far-flung ports by ships whose owners and masters dreamed of the great three-story mansions that awaited their return to Salem. Nothing ever has equaled those houses, in perfection or in number, in the Federal architecture of the nation. Their woodwork is lowly New England white pine transformed to classic beauty, paralleling the transformation of a pioneer stock into men who learned to raise and love such homes.

Ropes Mansion

Another house to visit, though not a McIntire, is a prosperous Salem home dating from 1719. It is the Ropes mansion at 318 Essex Street, usually open weekdays except Monday. With its pretty Salem garden and fine white fence it was left by Miss Mary and Miss Eliza Ropes to preserve "the homestead owned and occupied by Judge Nathaniel Ropes (1726-74) and his descendants for four generations."

Inside are all the things you have dreamed of finding in a Salem house. The famous double set of chinaware, the old glass, polished furniture, family portraits, little trinkets and mementos mark the heritage of centuries. Enjoy it all as the Misses Ropes hoped you would. They left it that the glory of an era might be known to generations coming after.

There are also very early Salem houses to be seen. They are the pure seventeenth-century contributors to the final

magnificence. They stand in time between Pioneer Village and McIntire perfection, and so many remain because Salem loves its legacies from an eminent past and will not desecrate one small chamfered edge of a half-timber.

The Pickering house at 18 Broad Street was built in 1660 and has been lived in by Pickering's ever since. Its peaks probably were added to that composite Salem dwelling Hawthorne described in *The House of the Seven Gables*. The Narbonne house at 71 Essex Street is seventeenth century too, with a little "cent shop" just like Hepzibah's. And anyone will direct you to Turner Street to find the House of the Seven Gables standing by the sea. Built in 1668 by Captain Turner, it was owned for a long time by the Ingersolls who were relatives of Hawthorne. A true Salemite still will call it the Turner-Ingersoll house and will not be wrong, because Hawthorne maintained to the end of his days that in the book he had no particular house in mind, but was describing all the gabled houses that filled the Salem he knew.

He did get the title at Turner Street. With the novel almost completed, he was visiting his cousins when Miss Susan Ingersoll remarked that the old house once had had seven gables. She took him to the attic where the construction proved her point, and he said, "House of the Seven Gables—that sounds well." In the preface he wrote that he was "laying out a street that infringes upon nobody's private rights and appropriating a lot of land which had no visible owner and building a house of materials long in use for constructing castles in the air." But posterity will not believe him!

Whether you do or not, you will love the wonderful old place for its associations and the picture it gives of early Salem. The secret stairway in the huge chimney, built per-

haps to hide any of the family who might be denounced as a witch, leads to a tiny pocket of a room under the gables. Is it Clifford's room? Romantic fancy insists on confirming details of Hawthorne's story. Your guide will point them out, and you are free to believe what you will. The judge very well could have died in the dining-room chair, and the shop could have been Hepzibah's.

You will be delighted to see the portraits of handsome Byronic Hawthorne himself and of beautiful Sophia Peabody as she was when he wooed her. You will love the parlor with all its fine furnishings. The old chair as inspiration for *The Tales of a Grandfather's Chair* is wholly credible, and you can visualize Miss Ingersoll's adopted son telling Hawthorne the story of Acadia that was retold to Longfellow who made *Evangeline* from it. Afterward you can walk out into a pretty garden and see more seventeenth-century houses moved here to make a colony preserving memories.

Before you leave Salem you will see how many of these gabled houses must have faced Hawthorne all over town. His less-known story of Peter Goldthwaite's house, reprinted in *Twice Told Tales*, was about one of those "many peaked wooden houses . . . with a beetle-browed second storey projecting over the foundation as if it frowned at the novelty around it." Salem was filled with them.

In the garden of the House of the Seven Gables stands another—Hathaway House. Built by Benjamin Hooper in 1683, and for years the Old Bakery on Washington Street, it was moved to this site and restored for you to see. Its sturdy timbers will shelter you if you stop overnight, as you may, to sleep under its gables. In summer you can have lunch or tea in the garden with the past all around you and the ageless sea in front. In the same group is an old Salem counting house with a surprising desk containing six secret drawers

planned to outwit bandits before there were banks. And all of this nods across in the sun to another ancient house moved here to keep these company.

Retire Becket and Salem Ships

The Retire Becket house was the home of the family that built Salem's finest ships from 1655 to 1887. Now it is filled with antiques. Perhaps you will have the thrill of finding here an old Lowestoft plate or an exquisite piece of cloisonné originally purchased halfway across the world.

The Becket Yards were most famous when the *America* was built there for war's exigencies and *Cleopatra's Barge* for peaceful cruising. The *America* was the fastest and most famous of Salem's privateers. In the war before her sailing, there had been more than a hundred and fifty of them taking more than four hundred enemy prizes.

She first went to sea in 1804, a Crowninshield in command, and she was in the merchant trade until the War of 1812. After she was refitted for fighting she never was outsailed. In five cruises she captured over a million dollars' worth of England's ships in testimony to Retire Becket's skill in building her swift hull. At sea she was a thrilling sight—her great canvas straining at her towering masts, her thirteen knots maintained hour after hour, her figurehead of an Indian endlessly chased by a little dog cleaving any wave the elements might send as challenge.

Cleopatra's Barge was as famous in her way as the *America*. The first American ship of note built just for pleasure, and no apology about it, she was launched in the fall of 1816 and was promptly icebound through a hard winter with her first triumphal voyage held off until spring. Sleek, fast, and beautiful, she was the earliest yacht to cross the Atlantic. Her

hundred and ninety tons cost George Crowninshield a hundred thousand dollars or more, a sum to reckon with in that time, considering the frugality of her home port. Perhaps her magnificence led to the rumor that she was to rescue Napoleon from St. Helena. No one really knows, but the British navy did watch her like a hawk, though she sailed innocently enough and just for fun, and in the fall came home to Salem, where on board her proud owner died.

Crowninshield Wharf, near Becket Street on the road to Salem Willows, is a coal company now, but when the *Chesapeake* was fighting the *Shannon* in 1813 the battle could be seen from Salem, and two of the victims were brought in here for their funerals. Once a Crowninshield unloaded an elephant at the spot. It was the first ever seen in the country and certainly the first to walk down Derby Street!

Derby Wharf has memories too, but looking at its grass-grown quiet you will have to imagine how once it was—Derby ships embarking for ports where no American sails ever had been before, captains not yet twenty starting out to make their fortunes in the East India trade, exotic stuffs being unloaded, parrots and monkeys screaming at these unaccustomed shores.

It was the *Grand Turk*, a ship owned by Elias Hasket Derby who married a Crowninshield, that opened the Cape of Good Hope trade in 1784. The *Grand Turk* built as a privateer had sixteen prizes to her credit before the Revolution ended. In 1785 the same ship sailed to open the China trade. By 1788 the Derby *Atlantic* first carried the American flag to Calcutta and Bombay.

Ten years later Captain Ropes brought the flag to Mocha. Someone else started the pepper trade with Sumatra and made a profit of seven hundred per cent on one cargo! These were exciting times with ships racing each other around the

world for the turning of a bargain and risking the elements that might claim profit and ship and all the crew too!

Salem Maritime National Historic Site

The Custom House and the homes of the shipping Crowninshields and Derbys make appropriate neighbors in Salem. They stand on Derby Street proudly at the head of the wharf. Where George Crowninshield's mansion once was, the 1819 Custom House looks next door to the Benjamin Crowninshield place, a McIntire design, and now a lovely ivy-wreathed Old Ladies' Home. In Salem even the almshouse manages to be by the great Bulfinch.

The Derby house was a wedding present from his father when Elias Hasket Derby married Elizabeth Crowninshield. Memorabilia of both families are merged in it to provide a delightful picture of how merchant princes enjoyed life in sight of their ships coming in. You may visit the Derby house because it is a part of the Salem Maritime National Historic Site. The Hawkes house beside it, with Derby and Central wharves, the Rum Shop, the Custom House, and a warehouse, all march in a little nostalgic row marking the seaport's former greatness. The group preserved by the National Park Service properly begins with Derby house, so go there first.

Derby House

Standing since 1762 this is the oldest brick house in Salem, but its unique staircase and fine paneling are very nearly in their original state. The exquisite tinting of the woodwork testifies that it is a renewed original. It is dark green, olive green, a restful blue, with each shade worth noticing since the more familiar white paint was not in use until after the

Revolution. Wander through the home's romantic past from an early Derby cradle, where likely Elias was rocked, to models of the ships he grew up to sail.

Look for the delicate candle chandelier in the dining room, for family portraits, for the "box stairs" that are best seen from below. The intricate balusters were made abroad and packed in the stair boxes to save cargo space, a thrifty forethought. In building later houses, Derby, the patron of McIntire, had no need of imported staircases, so this one is rare enough to catch your attention.

Upstairs, old trunks explain the derivation of the name. They are little round cases, veritably duplicating the shape of the trunk of a tree! There is a courting glass that a shy swain was wont to turn to his chosen one's eyes. It is said that if she smiled in it he was accepted, but if she "turned it down" he was included in the gesture. Perhaps a belle who looked in the glass wore the filmy India mull gown you may see here too. Sheer as chiffon, it is the expected dress fabric in a city that traded airily with ports across the globe.

Though most of the Derby house walls are tinted so beautifully, there is one room with a wallpaper to interest you. It is the matched-to-the-original sweep of "tea box paper" that Derby ships brought out of the Orient to grace the owner's home. The only other wallpaper known to affluent houses of the time would have been hand-blocked prints from France. Salem masters had the individuality to salute profitable tea trade and pretty tea chest wrappings simultaneously. They put so unusual a decoration on their walls with appropriate taste and realism.

All through the house you sense the lore of the sea. In the Derby *Quero*, Elias' brother John raced to London with news of the battle of Lexington. He left Salem four days after the ship that General Gage had sent out with his version

of the fight, but the fast Derby schooner of sixty-two tons made port two weeks ahead of Gage's messenger, so the colonists had their story in London first. Oddly enough Captain John Derby carried home from Paris the news of the peace in 1783. Derby men were never so happy as when a ship rolled under their feet or when they watched for the return of one to their shore.

Elias Hasket Derby later lived in another house in Salem, and it had a cupola on top with an opening in one of the windows for his spyglass to search down the harbor when a vessel was due. The house was taken down, but the cupola is in the garden of the Essex Institute to see when you go there. A McIntire eagle flew above, and a Felice Corné fresco of the Derby fleet sails endlessly around the dome.

Felice Corné came to Salem on the Derby ship *Mt. Vernon* that had cost less than forty-four thousand dollars and brought in a profit of over a hundred thousand just after Elias Hasket Derby died. Corné loved the ship and painted it many times. His marine studies are all over Salem and treasured by anyone who owns them. He even did the frescos for the big Hancock house in Boston, but his curious claim to fame is recorded in an old diary: "Mr. Corné is endeavoring to introduce the tomatos, love apples, pomme d'amour or his favorite Italian pomo d'oro. He finds it difficult to persuade us even to taste it."

Memories of Hawthorne

After all this visiting with ships and shipping families, you will be drawn to the Custom House near by, where fabulous cargo revenues poured in for decades. The classic beauty of the building shares interest with the fact that Hawthorne worked in it as surveyor of the port of Salem from 1846 to

1849. His office was on the lower floor, but the commerce of the wharves was dwindling and he looked out his window toward half-filled warehouses.

Stories rose in his mind. But do remember that he wrote fiction, and though the desk on which he wrote some of it was in this room, the Custom House, contrary to belief, does not preserve the embroidered scarlet A of Hester Prynne or Surveyor Pue's document. A Surveyor Pue lies in the old St. Peter's Burying Ground, but Hawthorne was forever using names which had a ring he liked. Pyncheon was a Salem name and Doctor Swinnerton was too. Hawthorne used them fictionally, but he was historically exact on the grim punishment of the scarlet letter. The Essex Institute records that such a penalty was used in Springfield, Massachusetts, as late as 1754, and the law remained in force there until 1785.

In Salem, Hawthorne is much more around you than in Concord. He came back to Salem and a job at the Custom House after his residence in the Old Manse, because he needed some steady employment. He did not like being surveyor of the Salem port any more than he had liked his customs duties in Boston, but his imagination carried on through the unhappy work, and when he left it in 1849 he turned out *The Scarlet Letter*, *The House of the Seven Gables*, and *The Blithedale Romance*, one after the other. Then his future was secure.

Hawthorne's birthplace is at 27 Union Street, a house built in the seventeenth century and not open to visitors. He was born there in 1804. Four years later his mother moved to the Herbert Street house, built about 1790, and this held the room referred to as "in this dismal chamber fame was won." Perhaps it was, but actually he lived all over Salem.

He was in the Mall Street house when he finished *The Scarlet Letter*. There James T. Fields, the publisher, found

him unhappy and despairing, hovering over a stove in a room above the parlor. Wise Sophia had urged her husband to write the book when he lost his custom house job. He worried about what they would live on, and she opened a drawer and showed him money she had eked out of his earnings for just such an emergency. She knew he lacked business sense but didn't care. She made up for it herself. So he wrote the book and then worried about that too. Fields finally pried the manuscript out of him, and it was an instant success, but if you drive by 14 Mall Street you can remember his struggles and enjoy *The Scarlet Letter* all over again.

Though you saw Hawthorne's grave in Sleepy Hollow, Salem is so much the scene of his most popular work that you cannot fail to think of him when you walk about here. The Grimshawe house on Charter Street, where he courted his bride, was written about in "Dolliver Romance" and in "Doctor Grimshawe's Secret." The porch of the Grimshawe house which "afforded a glimpse up and down the street through an oval window on each side" is in the outdoor museum of the Essex Institute. The dwelling itself now as then stands "cornered on a graveyard with which the house communicated by a backdoor."

The graveyard is still there too, the oldest one in Salem and known for centuries as the Burying Point or Charter Street Ground. The only known grave of a Mayflower Pilgrim, Richard More, is in it, and Cotton Mather's young brother, whose epitaph tells you he was "An Aged person that had seen but Nineteen Winters in the World." Perhaps even nineteen winters as a Mather could age one enormously.

Governor Bradstreet lies here and Judge Hathorne of the witchcraft madness, who was the author's ancestor. For a long time poor Nathaniel thought his bad luck came from a hex on the descendants of the stern old judge who helped

condemn so many innocents to death. Samuel McIntire is in Charter Ground too, and Doctor Swinnerton of the House of the Seven Gables, and as the city's tablet assures you, "others whose virtues, honors, courage and sagacity have nobly illustrated the History of Salem."

Still Hawthorne memories are not exhausted. "A Rill from the Town Pump" had its setting where the railroad tunnel now goes through. "Endicott and the Red Cross" is placed in Town House Square, where Essex crosses Washington Street. There it was that bigoted old Endicott cut from the flag of England the red cross of St. George because it smacked of popery and had no place in a Puritan community. "Main Street" is Essex. "The Toll-Gatherer's Day" happened at the Beverly Bridge.

All Salem was choice grist to Hawthorne's mill, and you can picture him walking about as you are now, the stories rising in his vivid imagination, history, setting, and characters, all sparked by the inspiration about him.

Around the Common

Go up to Washington Square now, that is Salem's Common, and enjoy a leisurely drive around the park to see the noble old houses fronting it. If it is lunch time, you could stop at the pleasant Hawthorne Hotel. Opposite is the imposing Andrew-Safford house with its distinctive side portico. Once this was the most luxurious house in Salem, and though it is privately owned and you cannot go inside, the beautiful exterior will crystallize for you the magnificent restraint of Salem's superlative architecture.

A little way beyond is the statue of Roger Conant who brought his band to settle here under the Sheffield patent that authorized their colonizing the north shore of Massachusetts

Bay. He is looking properly puritanical at the architectural splendor of Washington Square, remembering perhaps the little cedar wigwams that first sheltered his people. But these handsome houses look boldly back at him. They too were built as the result of risk and daring on the seas and by the descendants of his own friends.

Neither statue nor mansions, however, suggest the in-between period when the Common had cows and goats brought to it for the day's pasturage and returned at nightfall by the appointed cowherd. As on Boston Common, military drilling sent martial footsteps resounding, and it was Elias Hasket Derby who raised the fund to seed the Common for a proper lawn or training field.

By the early nineteenth century the area was fenced in, naturally, with McIntire carvings at its gates. One of them was the Wedgwoodlike profile of General Washington now in the Essex Institute. McIntire was present when Washington came to Salem, and while the general was listening to speeches and odes and encomiums, McIntire's pencil was busy making a preliminary sketch from life. The portrait is memorable in that sense as well as for recording the gala visit of which Washington wrote, "Between 7 and 8 o'clock went to assembly, where there was at least a hundred handsome and well-dressed ladies," who had, he added, much blacker hair than usually was seen in his native south. Apparently the general had a very nice time.

The assembly would have been held at Assembly Hall, still standing, and another McIntire delight. Lafayette was its guest before Washington. Then it became a private house, but to this day it makes Federal Street even lovelier. Samuel Chamberlain called this street "McIntire's true path of glory."

The handsome ballroom of Hamilton Hall is McIntire's too, and still furnishes a gracious setting for Salem debu-

taines making decorous bows in the room that once fêted Lafayette. Hamilton Hall was old when my mother was young, and her mother would permit her to attend no evening functions elsewhere. Doubtless my grandmother was reassured by the great dignity of the ballroom with its Palladian windows high to the starry skies. Even she could not have remembered Lafayette's visit in 1824 nor Alexander Hamilton's in 1800, after which the hall was built and named for him. The impressive windows still look out on Chestnut Street with the distinction they have had for generations, while a quaint little gift shop on the street floor carries on the nice neighborliness of Salem itself. It is run by a Salem lady who loves the old town as, it is hoped, you now do too.

Essex Institute

But still you have not seen Salem's museums, and they are crammed with romantic history, if you like conjuring up all the stories each small exhibit could tell you. The Institute on Essex Street is a treasure trove of Salem memorabilia from Endicott's sun dial to the dresses that graced McIntire stairways when first they were built. The Ward China Library is one of the institute's prized possessions. Did you know that General Ward led the Chinese in the Tai-Ping Rebellion and brought home to sedate Salem his lily-foot Chinese wife? The little bride's tiny sandals are here too and many personal mementos of a love that inspired Hergesheimer stories and a play for Katharine Cornell.

The Institute has a notable historical and genealogical library as well as fascinating logbooks and documents of the great shipping days. Its art gallery includes the Trumbull portrait of Alexander Hamilton, and Copley, Stuart, and Smibert portraits of early Salem families. Upstairs and down,

furnishings, costumes, silver, weapons, and even the famous "pineapple doorway" give visual reminder of the growth of Essex County.

You can go into the garden, which is an outdoor museum with another seventeenth-century colony preserved for your enjoyment. The John Ward house dating from 1684 and furnished in the period looks across an old well sweep to the Lye-Tapley cobbler's shop and Salem's first Quaker meeting-house built in 1688 by Thomas Maule, one of your friends from the House of the Seven Gables. In apt Salem manner all this is on historic ground too. Governor Bradstreet had a house here when he married his second wife. She was Winthrop's niece and a sister of George Downing who gave Downing Street in London the distinguished name it bears today.

The Peabody Museum

As you leave Essex Institute you will see quaint old East India Marine Hall a half a block away behind its great anchor dominating the sidewalk. The Salem East India Marine Society began in 1799 with its membership rigidly restricted to "persons who shall have navigated the seas near the Cape of Good Hope or Cape Horn, either as Masters or Commanders, or (being of the age of twenty-one years) as Factors or Supercargoes on any vessel belonging to Salem." Such an esoteric group found nothing unusual in these qualifications! The members sailed to the ends of the world and brought home the marine collections now combined with the natural history collections of the Essex Institute in the Peabody Museum.

Allow time for its treasures to absorb you, as they will. A sixteenth-century astrolabe, for instance, vies for attention with the ship model of the privateer *America* as Retire Becket

built her. The model of the *Constitution* given by Captain Isaac Hull after the battle with the *Guerrière* is so accurate that it was used to direct the rigging of *Old Ironsides* when she was restored.

Nathaniel Bowditch's manuscript and notes for his *Navigator* are there. And a quadrant he used. And a sextant. And a full circle. Bowditch was Salem-born too. He sailed to Manila on a Derby ship, the *Astrea II*, as supercargo when that fleet vessel opened the American trade with the Philippines in 1796. He was just twenty-three at the time. Today he still is standard authority on navigation, and seamen in two centuries have been grateful for his mathematical genius.

In the marine room the figureheads of vanished ships look out on sailors' scrimshaw work or Doctor Livingstone's sextant from his days in darkest Africa. There is an unbelievable fifteenth-century wood carving of heaven and the day of judgment that you view through a magnifying glass because some hundred figures are carved in a rosary bead not even two inches in diameter! The portraits, the exhibits of whaling gear, and merchantmen join with ethnological collections in fascinating proof that Salem was neighbor to the world. If you have sea water in your veins, you will spend an afternoon here. If you have not, at least you will sense the dangers and delights that kept Salem ships sailing as long as the harbor could accommodate them.

It was the clippers not steam that first ruined the port. The wharves and soundings were not adequate to berth the newer masters of the winds and waters. Then they too met masters in the steamships. The era ended. The glory faded.

A New Era

The wharves were idle and the seamen strolling them. Capital had no far ports to trade with in fabulous profit.

Derby Street was growing still. But Salem had ventured when others were afraid. Now she looked inland and saw mills spinning, men working. But she had only the sea that was failing her and no rivers to furnish water power. Then a retired sea captain whose eyes had been trained by distant horizons raised half a million dollars and built a mill to be run by coal, the new fuel, to provide steam.

Production in the steam cotton mills was in full swing by 1845 before the last of the great white-winged ships came home to die. Today the Pequot mills are immense and famous, and in deference to the Salem enterprise that built them, a little seventeenth-century house stands in the mill garden. You may visit Pequot House to see how a 1650 family spun and loomed its own wardrobe. Beside it you will see how Salem in sight of grass-grown Derby Wharf encompasses the centuries of her development.

A coal company on Crowninshield Wharf supplies all the adjacent area. Local manufacturers number a hundred different products. Emphasis has changed but the city flourishes. And she will welcome you, even if you come from only half as far away as the places her swift ships once visited.

Gloucester

Probably it is nightfall now, and you will speed back to Boston. Perhaps it is as well. If ever you got started on Marblehead with its ancient houses and history—the Spirit of '76 even is there—you would want to keep going to Gloucester with its art colony flourishing beside its fishing industry. Gloucester's fisherman's monument would certainly interest you for its fine composition and because a tender memorial service is held each year at its base for those who have perished at sea in the preceding twelvemonth.

Once fifteen vessels went down in one night, and the widows and orphans ran to many hundreds. Through the years well over a thousand Gloucester ships have been lost, each year a few more, and each year remembered by the poignant services when sorrowing wreaths ride the outgoing tide for every husband or father who has not returned.

You may have thought the Hollywood version of Kipling's *Captains Courageous* was all fiction. This grave incident is not, nor is the annual visit of the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Boston, who at daybreak blesses the fleet in a little church crowded by the fishermen, even as Christ blessed Saint Peter and Simon who let down their nets at his direction.

The Reef of Norman's Woe lies offshore, so if you aren't careful you may go home reciting "The Wreck of the Hesperus." Greater Boston sightseeing is inexhaustible, but human beings are not, so at some point you must simply stop for the day. Then tomorrow we can prowl Boston itself with leisurely appreciation.

II. *So Much More to Boston*

PERHAPS YOU WOULD LIKE A DAY OF RAMBLING ABOUT the city to enjoy its curious blend of old and new. You could walk across the Garden to Charles Street, for instance, and spend a morning in the diverting antique shops or go to the foot of Berkeley Street on the Esplanade and take a little boat up the river to view Boston and Harvard from the water.

You might like to temper your memory of prim, sedate Louisburg Square with Scollay. Scollay is an old square too, but it is old with a harridan air, not lovely and white-haired at all. Like Marseilles, Panama City, and Shanghai, it is known to sailors all over the world, a brash honky-tonk tenderloin and one of the most surprising things about Boston.

The hundred-year-old Howard Athenaeum in Scollay Square bears no resemblance whatsoever to the Boston Athenaeum on Beacon Street. Once a church, the Old Howard houses burlesque shows now while the Watch and Ward Society apparently confines its watching and warding to sophisticated stage presentations uptown. Cocktail lounges become saloons in Scollay. A tassel dancer is so popular that the square droops when she leaves it for even a short vacation. Yet only a block or so away is Cornhill, with old bookshops and rare stamps or buttons to invite collectors.

Scollay Square drowns in the daytime and only comes awake at night. Walking past its small doorways with the bars inside stretching into shadows you hear metallic music grating, and think this place should be called Front Street and have the tropical scenery to go with it. But when the doors are closed against winter, from the sidewalks you do not hear the square's strident voice, and you could pass on without being aware of the place.

Still you can have a slot-machine picture taken or test your skill in a rifle gallery. You can negotiate for a remarkable tattoo or explore the dubious delights of a penny arcade. And on a corner near such entertainments you can see at any time of year an indefatigable band and a preacher hopefully trying to convert the derelicts. On Howard Street itself, trod by many who left the Old Howard's stage for prominence elsewhere, there is a sign, Rescue Mission.

Near the Scollay Square subway entrance the first free writing school stood in 1684. From this site you can look across to Court Street which once was called Prison Lane, because the colonial jail was there. That is the jail Hawthorne describes in *The Scarlet Letter* and the one where victims of the witchcraft madness languished until they were tried and hanged in Salem. Captain Kidd is said to have been a guest toward the end of the seventeenth century, and long after, Shadrach the slave was rescued from the courthouse that stood on the same spot. Now Court Street is the place where one pays state income taxes, and farther down toward Washington you can see an old man carving the bowl of a meerschaum pipe, as he may have been doing for half a century.

But perhaps this is such a pleasant sunny day you would like to see Boston harbor. Myles Standish explored it first. He came up from Plymouth in 1621 to make friends with the local Indians. When his shallop was safe in Plymouth again,

he recorded the first information of the lovely waterway that was destined to have a great city grow by its rewarding tides.

You can take a boat to Nantasket for a cool breeze and a glimpse of the islands on your way out and of the skyline of the city on your way back. An all-day trip to Provincetown is pleasant too, or a moonlit sail down the harbor. There are stories enough for another book about the islands you will pass. Governor Winthrop's own island was leveled to enlarge the airport. Nix's Mate, however, remains—once it was twelve acres broad—and the mate of Captain Nix was put to death on it because he killed his master. He vowed he was wrongly accused and assured his hangman that his innocence would be proved because the island would wash away. It has for the most part, so perhaps the poor man was guiltless after all.

Castle Island had a fort on it from earliest times to protect the entrances to the town. It once was called Castle William, for William the Third, but the British evacuating Boston destroyed it, and when it was rebuilt its name was changed appropriately to Fort Independence. Now Castle Island is an enormous shipping terminal, though once it was so swampy that the ballast of ships from Africa to Greenland was used for fill.

In the King Philip War, the Praying Indians were lodged in harbor islands for their safety. Right now Deer Island shelters a house of correction, and once smallpox victims were shipped down the harbor to these islands for quarantine.

But you need only walk to T-wharf on Atlantic Avenue to get the sounds and sight and smell of the sea. Perhaps the tearoom in the old sail loft of the wharf will be open and from your table you can watch the ceaseless plying of craft on the water. From appetizer to dessert, ferries, freighters, fishermen, and liners come in and go out. Though you are land-

locked here, you can almost feel the dock sway against the waves that lap it.

Gourmet's Boston

Even inland people may enjoy the fish brought to these shores where the biggest fish pier in the world quick-freezes it to send through all the country. But since you are on the spot do not miss an opportunity for sea food fresh from the ocean and almost dripping salt water before it is whisked on the fire. Any Boston restaurant will have it for you, deliciously.

There are so many delights for the gourmet in town that it is difficult to single out any one place. But we have been to Durgin-Park's, Ye Olde Oyster House, and the Parker House, all famous for historic tradition as well as for their culinary excellence, so let us include Locke-Ober's which shares such laurels too.

You will find it in one of Boston's curious little alleys that still preserve ancient rights of way recorded when private houses and farms were not yet replaced by a city's business buildings. Winter Place, burrowing from Temple Place to Winter Street in the heart of the city, brings you to the unprepossessing door of a restaurant that since 1875 has ranked with Antoine's in New Orleans for fine cooking and famous patrons.

The men's cafe on the first floor has a heavy ornate mahogany bar—many another city by this time would have replaced it with chromium and fluorescent lighting—there since the eighties, big brass rail and all. No woman ever is allowed in the cafe to distract habitués from their lobster Savannah, three pounds big, or sweetbreads Eugenie. The only woman who tries is the neo-Reubens nude languishing on the wall

almost within reach of the massive old free-lunch dishes. These impressive vessels of German silver have silver pulleys to lift the heavy lids and if one were convivial enough, a carillon might be played on the different notes of each baroque bell-toned cover!

On the second floor, ladies are admitted to appalling golden oak rooms which are no proper setting for the delicacies to be enjoyed there. Probably Locke's does serve johnny-cake but no one would think of ordering it. The food is rich, luscious, and satisfying, and a continual rebuke to the baked-bean and salt-fish tradition. At Locke's curried shrimp, green turtle soup, anchovies Winter Place, filet mignon of beef Mirabeau, and incomparable lobster with a cellar to match make eating a ritual. At Locke's coffee is always perfect. Lucius Beebe would as soon give up his gold watch chain as miss a Boston visit to what originally was called Locke Ober's Winter Place Wine Rooms. Thomas Bailey Aldrich preceded Beebe as a devotee and old Henry Cabot Lodge. Statesmen, financiers, ambassadors, and the little retail merchants with immense fortunes join generations of Harvard men and gourmets from the world over in appreciation of its menu.

There is also a third floor of tiny private dining rooms. In the nineties, no Boston lady could be seen going in one of them. There is no record of why she should not, but it was the bird and the bottle era, and Mrs. Grundy set the invisible barrier at the foot of the little carpeted stairs. No girl of family dared cross it.

Now it does not matter, but if you plan to dine at Locke's, you should make a reservation. It is a small spot with a great reputation. The little alley on which it stands is worn by the footsteps of many who have hurried there before you.

Boston has pleasant outdoor restaurants too, and all manner of esoteric dining places which serve the racial dishes of

her teeming populace. You can visit Chinatown and use chopsticks or feast on smörgasbord or shish kebab, or have Russian borsch or Irish whisky. Every known variation of spaghetti is available, and at Jake Wirth's, another ancient bare shrine founded in 1868, you can have heavy German food with a seidel of dark.

Boston is the home of the Ward Eight cocktail, and who would refuse hot buttered rum when winter sets in and blasts of east wind in Harvard stadium turn your feet into twin blocks of ice? There are night clubs and supper rooms, but it is best to consult your hotel, since fashions vary in these matters even in Boston where only museums and graveyards remain immutable.

Shopping

Perhaps that is just as well since the shops that will lure you live by change. Boston has ample choice to tempt a shopping tour in three distinct districts—the big department stores on Washington Street, the more discriminating shops on Tremont, and the specialty shops that stretch along Boylston and Newbury streets.

Maybe the incongruous juxtapositions of the city appeal most to visitors. Natives take it for granted that Locke-Ober's is in an alley, burying grounds are next big business, and everywhere yesterday elbows tomorrow. On your shopping tour, for instance, you will find on Franklin Street, just a block from busy Washington Street, the exquisite little oratory of St. Thomas More. It is a Roman Catholic oasis of prayer set in a desert of commercial enterprise, and at any time of day or year Bostonians of all creeds drop in for a moment of quietude. You may see a dowager kneeling next the corner policeman, an office worker sharing a bench with an eminent judge. Black, white, Christian, Jew, affluent and

hungry pass through the always open door, very near the site of the first Roman Catholic cathedral, for which Protestant Bulfinch made the designs and President John Adams gave a hundred dollars.

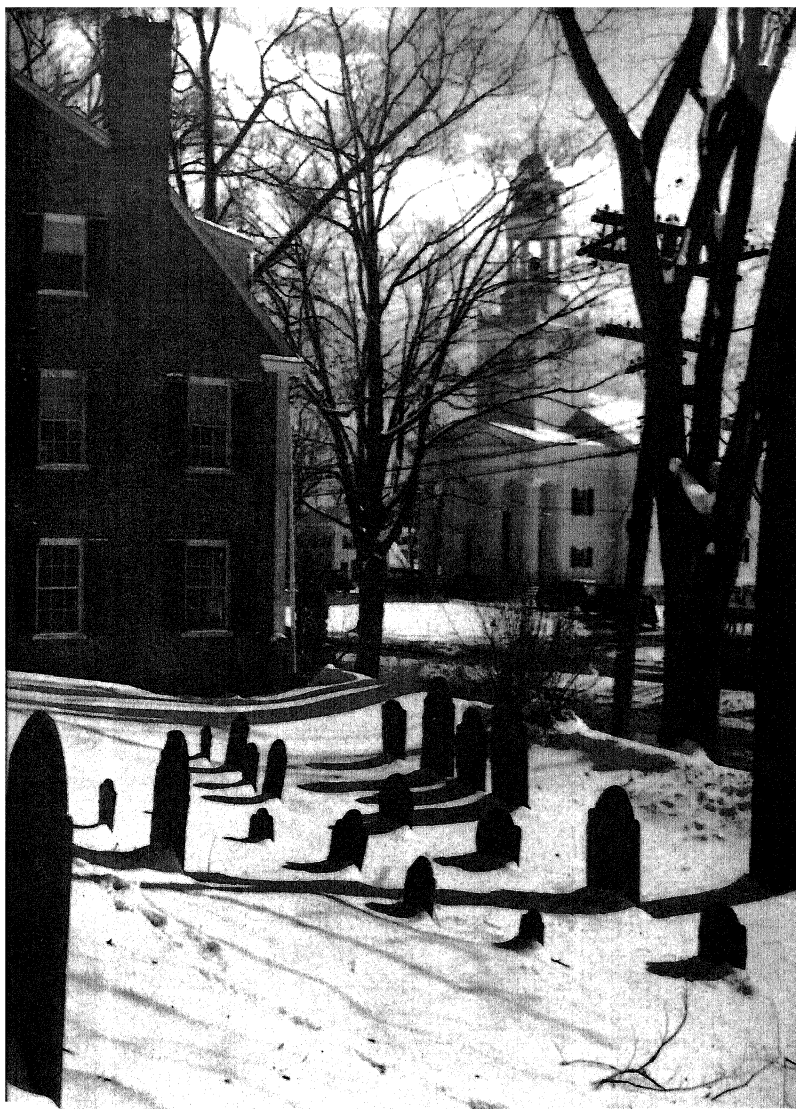
Wool and Cotton Industries

Visiting businessmen like to prowl the heart of the city too. They often have no alternative while their wives are shopping. Boston's commercial history is absorbing, and these are some of the highlights you might like to know.

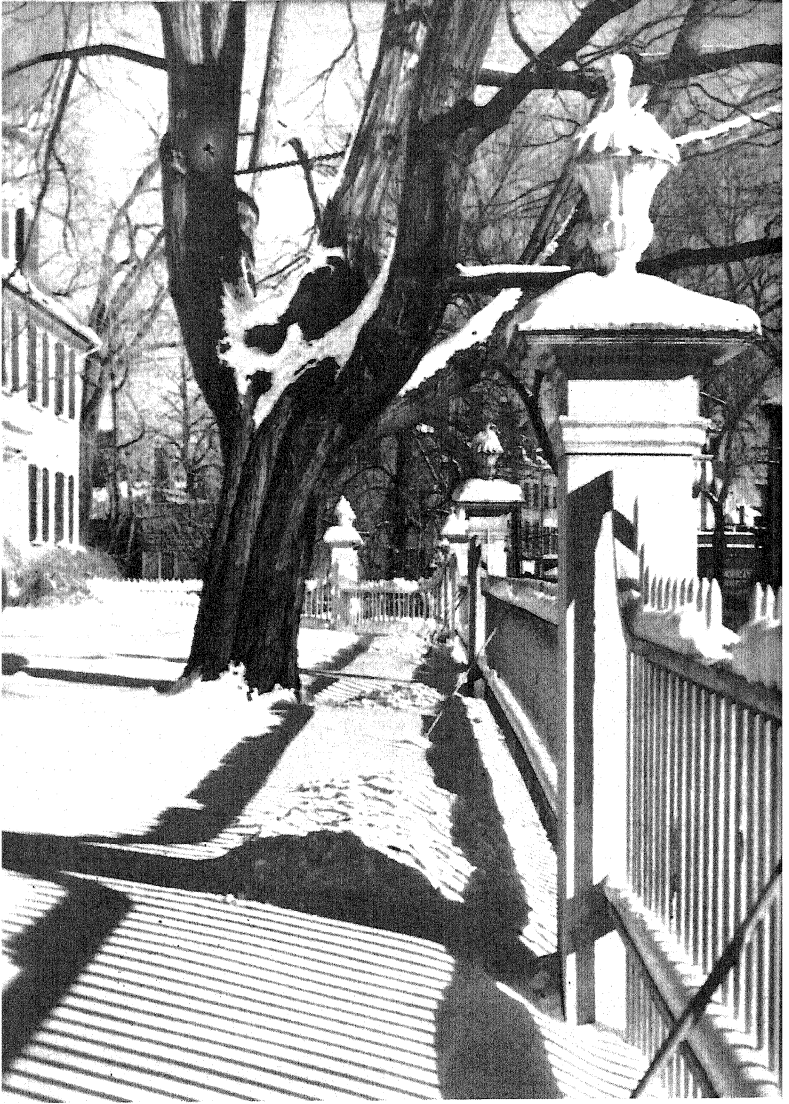
In the wholesale district toward the water front you can sniff coffee and leather and fruit. Far down Summer Street the scent is raw wool because this is the biggest wool market in the hemisphere. The total wool clip of the country and about a seventh of that of the world, changes hands in these few blocks. Boston buyers, counting sheep in the far-flung corners of the globe, contract for wool on the hoof, and it is very difficult to pull one small noil of it over their shrewd eyes.

In 1631 there were already three hundred sheep in Charlestown. When native stocks needed improving, Bostonian William Foster brought to America the first merinos, still the finest wool sheep. He gave them to his friend Craigie in Cambridge. Craigie did not know their value and ate them, so stock improvement was delayed for quite a while.

But Boston and its environs became the seat of wool manufacture too. Three of the Pilgrims were carders and combers. The first mill in the country for shrinking home-grown homespun was established about 1643 at Rowley, Massachusetts. The first woolen mill made flannels and fine broadcloths at Byfield in 1794. Its owner in true Yankee fashion charged admission to see the new phenomenon, a factory.



17. The Hill Burying Ground in Concord Square



18. The Ropes Mansion Recalls Salem Shipping

Today the largest woolen mill of all is at Lawrence, and New England is the largest consumer of wool. It even takes the clip of black sheep, but that brings ten to twenty per cent less than the snow-white kind, as perhaps is to be expected.

The cotton industry also began here. The reasons were obvious. Boston had capital and water power, pure river water for bleaching, a handy sea for shipping, and her troublesome humidity was just right for spinning rooms. Indeed, air conditioning developed when mills elsewhere tried to induce artificial humidification.

Samuel Slater in Rhode Island first made from memory the spinning machines a selfish English law forbade exporting. His backers paid the nine children who spun the first yarn thirty-three cents a week. But Francis C. Lowell of Boston inaugurated the progressive stage of the industry at Waltham in 1814. Lowell and his associates fathered American big business. They organized with the then unprecedented capital of three hundred thousand dollars and put spinning and weaving machines under one roof, the first complete factory in the world. Instead of children they hired young women, thereby launching the era of women's economic independence.

The family mills of southern New England, with fathers, mothers, and children working from dawn to dusk, raised a prejudice against factory work. To avoid such stigma and to attract higher-type workers from respectable Yankee farms, Lowell devised the eminently proper boardinghouse mill. Its inducements included chaperons, compulsory church attendance, and assurance that "the Company will not employ persons who smoke, be guilty of inebriety or any other impeachable conduct."

Soon the Waltham mills needed more water power than the Charles afforded. The founders went on to the Merrimac

River, built the cities of Lowell and Lawrence, and the boardinghouse mills became increasingly famous and profitable. They paid as high as two dollars a week and board, more than housework and as much as teaching school.

Dickens, who well knew the grim mill conditions in England, was so impressed by the Lowell girls' pianos and periodicals and talk of English poets while they changed bobbins that he wrote of them in his *American Notes*. Their own publication was the *Lowell Offering*. Lucy Larcom, who later collaborated with Whittier, had her early verse published in it when she was a mill girl herself. It was the first magazine edited by women, and in 1842 they patronizingly presented "compliments to the boys" of the *Yale Literary Review*.

The intellectual aspect of the mills declined eventually, and though Emerson said "cotton thread held the Union together," after the Civil War, the industry migrated south. New England still is the center for "fine goods" as her erstwhile cotton mills now weave a giant's share of modern rayon.

The Leather Market

Boston is the shoe and leather marketing center of the nation too. The biggest shoe machinery manufacture in the world has its offices in one of Boston's few skyscrapers, dominating the roofs and chimney pots of the old city. This is the United Shoe Machinery Corporation building on Federal Street, and it has a little shoe museum that might interest you.

Thomas Beard, the first recorded shoemaker of the colonies, brought his kit of tools here from London on the second trip of the *Mayflower*. (Of course she made a second trip. How else would all the claimants to a sail on the little vessel

have fitted in?) For two centuries footwear was made by much the same methods as were used in 1490 B.C. You will see that for yourself in the museum where a Chinese lily-foot slipper is near gigantic sixteenth-century Irish jackboots and well-preserved Egyptian and Roman sandals show the "turn" process.

Plain and sturdy, a 1675 child's shoe suggests that the footgear of early Bostonians was more detrimental to the streets than cobblestones could have been to such thick soles. In those days, children whittled pegs, father made the shoes, mother and sister bound the uppers, and all was done by hand. Then Elias Howe of Cambridge, in 1845, invented the sewing machine to lighten the work of his invalid wife, much as a husband buys a washing machine now. With that sewing machine the modern history of shoemaking began. It is the only basic industry ever completely revolutionized in America.

The shoe that marks this change is in the museum. Lyman Blake of Abington made it on his new sole-sewing machine for a patent application in 1860. Today as many as a hundred and fifty-four machines may be used, and Boston is headquarters for the supply.

Probably because of the rugged winters rubber footwear is also a first among Boston industries. Shuffling through slush and drifts set Yankee ingenuity to work. The dainty clogs that lifted a lady's foot above the mud were not much use when snow reached her knees. So in near-by Woburn the process of vulcanization was invented and overshoes made possible.

The Telephone

So many things have been invented or launched here. When you make a telephone call you can think of a garret at 109 Court Street where Alexander Graham Bell finally suc-

ceeded in transmitting the voice by electricity. Working far into the night with Thomas Watson, his faithful assistant, he developed improvements at 5 Exeter Place, and the first message clearly heard was "Mr. Watson, please come here. I want you." The Morse telegraph's first line was "What hath God wrought?" But Bell and Watson had labored long and were not speaking for posterity. Their little sentence unrehearsed, led the new invention into the world as simply as it serves you now.

By the fall of 1876, the two inventors were conversing from Boston to Cambridge. Scientists and unbelievers came from miles around to hear the telephone talk. A year later the first switchboard was in operation on Washington Street. It connected six lines, but the first telephone call around the world was not made until 1935.

Sportsman's Boston

On the lighter side, Boston had the first football team about the same time as the first telephone. There is a monument on the Common among heroes and statesmen noting, "On this field the Oneida Football Club of Boston, the first organized football club in the United States, played against all comers from 1862 to 1865. The Oneida goal was never crossed."

Now if it is fall there will be a big game to see at Harvard or at Boston College and perhaps professional football as well. In summer Boston has two baseball clubs, the Braves and the Red Sox. The place is full of fans, so reserve your tickets early. In winter the Bruins play hockey at the Boston Garden, which is not the Public Garden, but the arena over the North Station. Ice shows come there too, and the circus in the spring, and sometimes a horse show, boxing, or

wrestling matches, and track meets. This is a sports-loving city, and her natives never seem to get enough even through the four seasons of the year.

There are championship tennis matches at Longwood, golf at many country clubs, sailing at Marblehead—a yachting center since 1877—and swimming from any of the endless beaches north and south of the city itself. There even is a men-only beach at L Street where gentlemen rent a g-string for a few cents and where very hardy bathers chop through the ice to swim in winter. With snow, there is skiing in the mountains; with ice, curling at The Country Club in Brookline. (It is *The* Country Club, never requiring a lesser adjective to define it.) At one time or another, horse and dog racing tracks are convenient for gambling. Yet always there is the financial stronghold of State Street if you want to invest.

Where Boston Money Goes

Local banks suggest their sturdiness with solid impressive names. The Provident Institution for Savings. The Boston Five Cents Savings Bank. The Shawmut. The Suffolk Savings Bank for Seamen and Others. The Old Colony Trust Company. The ancient State Street Trust. Proclaiming their purpose, these with others are born of and dedicated to thrift and sound trading.

As early as 1792, Boston was talking of the “new” bank. The old one dated from 1784. John Hancock’s signature on the incorporation certificate of the new bank still is preserved by the State Street Trust Company, which eventually merged with it. On the site of the first exchange building where merchants and sea captains met to transact the business that made banks imperative, the State Street Trust has offices to interest a banker, antiquarian, or tourist. From its swinging signboard

to the compass set in the floor, it breathes Boston's shipping splendor. A lamp-shade fleet of privateers, merchantmen, and whalers sails above sperm-oil lamps that light your check writing. You dip for ink in pewter inkwells and find ship models over the tellers' windows.

Paintings and prints of old ships and old Boston line the colonial banking rooms. You will see a portrait of Donald McKay, the great clipper-ship builder whose yard was in East Boston. A model of his *Flying Cloud*, America's fastest ship under sail, and of *The Glory of the Seas*, which was McKay's last, anchor permanently in glass cases in this bank that furnishes its directors' rooms and president's offices with priceless antiques. The institution stands at State and Congress streets, if you would like to watch Boston temper business with memories of adventure and romance.

Do not mind what Emerson said about the "State Street prudence of buying by the acre to sell by the foot." Boston capital handled by wise Boston investors helped build a nation. Such capital threw railroads across the West and south into Mexico. It developed light and power facilities from Cape Breton to Puerto Rico and inland at the same time. It financed the copper industry, the telephone, and telegraph, and sailed to the tropics to build immense plantations for a fruit trade bigger than any in the world. And it made the city itself fourth in America in factories, fifth in wage earners, and among the leaders in wealth and power.

The biggest drydock on the Atlantic seaboard is at the army base in south Boston with an enormous wool-storage plant adjacent to its water front. With Gloucester, the fish pier handles annually over twenty million dollars' worth of fish. Wool, tea, fine coffee, cocoa, hides, and leathers are among the most sizable imports. Outgoing ships carry the vast product of thousands of industries packed into the area

of which Boston is shipping center. Woolens, worsted, food, books, paper, printing, machinery, footwear, clothing, textiles, and a passenger traffic in addition, sail down the historic harbor to the ends of the globe.

Yet old crafts flourish. Goldbeating is one, studios creating stained glass windows with ancient skill for the adornment of modern churches, another.

And over all, Daniel Webster's words on the Great Stone Face ring true: "Men hang out their signs indicative of their respective trades. Shoemakers hang a gigantic shoe, jewelers a monstrous watch, even the dentist hangs out a gold tooth; but up in the Franconia Mountains God Almighty has hung out a sign to show that in New England, He makes men."

Education in Boston

Boston feels that men can help to make themselves too, so she provides more than two hundred colleges, universities, art, music, and other specialized educational institutions besides fine public schools. There is even a technical school founded with Benjamin Franklin's bequest of a thousand pounds. He required in his will that the money be invested for a hundred years before it was used. A hundred and eight years after, Boston finance had extended the sum to four hundred and five thousand dollars, and the Franklin Union now flourishes.

Education is indeed mighty here. Over two hundred public libraries, a thousand churches, scores of newspapers, daily and weekly, in English and in foreign languages are standard. The Lowell Institute Lectures established in 1839 and the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1857—Van Wyck Brooks calls it "the magazine that was born mature"—are revered in this city that lets no one escape intellectual development!

But Boston is not evangelical. You can take her in big or little doses, as you will. To help, a suggestion of how you might plan your stay in town follows. If it captures any of your special interests, let it, with a New England conscience, be your guide.

12. *If You Have Little Time*

CAPTAIN EDWARD JOHNSON'S *The Wonder-working Providence of Zion's Saviour in New England*, 1654, noted solemnly concerning the early settlers, "The Lord Christ intends to achieve greater matters by this little handful than the world is aware of." The Lord had his way. The achievement is all around you. You could spend decades delving into it. But perhaps you have only a week in Boston or a week end. In that case do come again to see what you may have missed this time. Of course it is impossible to compress centuries into days, but the plan offered here will help you see much in a short time.

A great deal depends on whether or not you have your car with you. If you are driving, in spite of Boston's traffic you can cover a lot of ground in a hurry. But you will do just that—cover ground—with little opportunity to explore or to let Boston's delights sink into your mind. Strolling is more rewarding. The historic heart of the city from Beacon Hill to the North End easily is done on foot. A walk through the Common and the Public Garden is the pleasantest approach to Copley Square. Subways will take you to the museums or ball parks or to Cambridge; the elevated goes to Charlestown; a subway or race train to Suffolk Downs; a train to

Lexington, Concord, or Salem; a boat to Nantasket or Provincetown. Your hotel will have information on inexpensive planned bus tours with guides to point out the high spots.

First Day

If you like to browse in leisurely fashion by yourself, you could cover on the first day before noon, the Common, the State House, the upper end of Beacon and Park streets, as described in Chapter 1, as well as the Granary Burying Ground and King's Chapel with its burying ground too. Then you could have lunch at the Parker House and afterward go down School Street to the Old South Meetinghouse, where its little museum of Revolutionary relics furnishes illustrations for the story of the church in Chapter 2. Include as much of Chapter 3 as you feel like doing, or stop for cocktails in any of the hotels and plan dinner at Locke-Ober's on Winter Place. In wintertime you could go to a play in the evening, or in summer find notice in your newspaper of a summer theater that might be open near by.

Second Day

If you must cram a lot into a little visit, telescope a possible second day with the first, and from the Old South Meetinghouse keep going to the Old State House, Faneuil Hall, and the North End (Chapters 3 and 4). Ideally, a second day would include an hour or so at the Old State House and another hour for a walk down State Street to the Custom House and up to Faneuil Hall. Then it would be lunch time at either Durgin-Park's or Ye Olde Oyster House. You could have lunch at the first and dinner at the second, if you would like an entire afternoon for prowling the North End to see

Paul Revere's house, the Old North Church, and Copp's Hill Burying Ground. If you hurry, you could fit in Charlestown with *Old Ironsides* and Bunker Hill too.

Third Day

On the third day you could go to the Harrison Gray Otis house—remember it is closed on Sunday—and wander over Beacon Hill, the Public Garden, and Copley Square with Trinity Church and the Library—all of which would suggest getting up very early in the morning to see this much before lunch at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel or the Copley-Plaza. Of course you might get so entranced by the antique shops on Charles Street that noon would find you still at the foot of the Hill. If that happened, pleasant tearooms and the Lincolnshire Hotel await you there. Then you could go on to Copley Square, peeking in shop windows all the way along, and perhaps visit a museum or two in the afternoon. Your hotel or a telephone call to Symphony Hall will secure tickets for Pops if this is their season. In July your evening might include an Esplanade concert on the shore of the Charles, free as the soft night air.

Fourth Day

Perhaps you like to whisk through a museum and out again, but if you prefer to take your time, on the fourth day you could spend an entire morning and have lunch too at the Museum of Fine Arts—it is closed on Monday—and an afternoon at the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, Fenway Court. Fenway Court is closed Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, and all of August; but if your visit coincides with an open day, a concert echoing in the courtyard will add to your

enjoyment. This might be the evening to visit Chinatown, perhaps at the original Ruby Foo's. Have cocktails beforehand though—there are no spirits there—and it is gayest very late after the theater closes. Or you could try one of the Swedish restaurants or the Italian or Armenian for exotic foreign dishes, or the Vendome with old Boston decor and French cuisine. In winter on a Saturday evening you might feel elegantly drawn to symphony.

Fifth Day

On the fifth day you can see Cambridge in the morning and, if you are pressed, both Lexington and Concord in the afternoon. You will find interesting places for lunch all the way along your route. The Cock Horse in Cambridge is near the spot where the spreading chestnut tree inspired Longfellow to write "The Village Blacksmith." Beyond Lexington is historic Hartwell Farm and both the Wright Tavern and the Colonial Inn at Concord. Then you could have dinner at the Wayside Inn at Sudbury or come back to Boston to enjoy a roof-garden night spot, or supper-dancing at the Statler Hotel.

Sixth Day

A sixth day might find you at Salem and the North Shore with a lobster dinner planned at Marblehead or Gloucester, Manchester-by-the-Sea or the fashionable Casino in Magnolia, if you should take time to drive that far. There might even be a straw hat circuit play in the vicinity—the newspaper announces them—with some brilliant star who is enjoying a visit to New England too and playing to delighted audiences in a barn.

If you go to Salem on a bus tour and know you will return

to Boston at a definite hour that could be the evening to view Scollay Square and to wonder at a city that includes so many contrasts.

Sunday in Boston

With a possibility of seven days in Boston, one will turn out to be Sunday, and services in Christ Church—Paul Revere's Old North—or at the Park Street Church or King's Chapel will have historic as well as religious significance. Boston numbers so many creeds that any specific sectarian preference is sure to be satisfied. Your hotel will give you the hours of devotion for any one of them from the Mother Church of Christian Science to solemn High Mass in the Gothic Roman Catholic Cathedral of the Holy Cross.

There is no dancing on Sunday in Boston, so this will not be an evening of sophisticated diversion. But there might be a long leisurely dinner anywhere in town unless you are taking the whole day for the North or South shores. In the middle of summer, Sunday traffic is a problem except in the city, which is peacefully deserted. If you want to avoid our crowded highways, this is the day to explore the silent streets, the churches and graveyards, the Common, Public Garden, and the Museum of Fine Arts, or Fenway Court. The Arnold Arboretum is open for a stroll among its pastoral delights, and there is Franklin Park Zoo for the children or the Children's Museum in Jamaica Plain, both open on Sunday.

An Extra Day

Still you have not taken a boat to Provincetown, which requires a full day, but Sunday is not a good choice because of the crowds. Nor have you had time to shop for gifts and mementos, nor gone up the Charles River on a little boat, nor

sailed to Nantasket for a fine view of the harbor or even a glimpse of it from the East Boston ferry. But perhaps you would like another kind of itinerary scored for your particular interest.

For Music

If you love music, Boston is the home of one of America's finest orchestras. In winter from October into April there are concerts at Symphony Hall every Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, except when the orchestra is away on tour. May and June are Pops concert months in Symphony Hall. July finds the orchestra on the cool moonlit Esplanade. In August you must go to Tanglewood in Lenox for symphony. In September the orchestra is vacationing, and isn't that what you are doing too? All year round except in August there are musical afternoons at Fenway Court on Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday, and more concerts at various halls, schools of music, and sometimes at the library and the Museum of Fine Arts.

For Painting, Sculpture, Decoration

If your delight is painting, sculpture, or interior decoration, you will find Boston rich in all of them. The Museum of Fine Arts and Fenway Court head the list. There is the Institute of Modern Art holding its own among historical museums with their wealth of colonial portraiture. There are the ship paintings and ship models in the Old State House and at Salem, and a number of galleries, listed in the Sunday newspaper, showing contemporary work.

The many fine old houses open to the public are fascinating to amateur or professional decorators alike. There is the

Harrison Gray Otis house on Cambridge Street for the Federal period, the Christopher Gore Place at Waltham for dramatic luxury, the fine McIntire homes in Salem, and all the authentic seventeenth-century originals still standing there.

The Concord Antiquarian House and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts add period decor to give you ideas.

For Garden Enthusiasts

The garden lover should try to be here in May when cherry blossoms or lilacs or azaleas make the arboretum in Jamaica Plain so beautiful. Cars are not allowed—except by special permission—farther than the administration building, but a guide there will tell you where to see the loveliness that is best appreciated on foot anyway.

Spring on Beacon Street or Commonwealth Avenue is charming as only city places can be with bursting trees and magnolias on miniature lawns. Capricious New England weather finds them at their height any time from late April to late May, for who can tell what an early mild spell or lingering frost will do to puzzled buds? By somewhat stabilized June, the rose gardens of Franklin Park, just outside Boston or the Fenway, reach their peak.

If you motor to New England, June is mountain-laurel time in the Berkshires. Many visitors make pilgrimages just to see this handsome plant that in all the world grows wild only in America. All summer the Public Garden blooms in beauty and in any season at all, including frigid winter, Fenway Court is a hush of fragrant color.

The Horticultural Society on Huntington Avenue holds two great flower shows each year, spring and fall as it has for three-quarters of a century, not missing a year since the first one was held in a tent on Boston Common. Consult your

newspaper to find if either show coincides with your stay. There is also the Horticultural Society's library and agreeable staff, ever attentive to your inquiries, the Harvard Herbaria, and the famous glass flowers in Cambridge, and finally the quaint little garden in Salem's Pioneer Village, where nothing is grown but herbs.

Estate gardens are not open to the public except occasionally in the interest of some charity. In New England there is no regular garden week as in the South, but behind great hedges gardens bloom no less significantly for their reticence.

For Historians

If you are a historian—rabid antiquarian, or just someone reliving schoolbook history or remembering a New England ancestor—Boston is your paradise. There are the many shrines described in this book, and all the libraries and museums that extend this information a thousandfold. The Massachusetts Historical Society, the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities, the Bostonian Society, and the New England Historic Genealogical Society are all conveniently located in Boston. In Salem, the Essex Institute and the Peabody Museum beckon. In Lexington and Concord you can relate the Revolution to scenes of it still visible or you can turn any other page of colonial history and see its sources around you. Cradling a nation has been so revered in Boston that the entire area preserves attributes of its infancy, and scholar or amateur researcher can have a field day among graveyards and museums.

It even may amuse you to collect stories about Boston. There is one about an old friend of mine who would not allow screens at her windows. She lost her lady companion

who could not stand the mosquitoes. The dowager said screens strained the air. This same indomitable tipped with postage stamps which the unhappy companion had to dole out, a three-cent stamp if the service was good, a one-cent stamp if it was ordinary. My friend died, leaving millions of course to charity and good works, and her ancient Electric finally disappeared from Boston streets, which was a pity. There are many other old cars still running here, however, for Boston is the home of the Veteran Motor Car Club of America and at its meets the history of automobiling coughs and sputters graphically from the days of Duryea to streamlining.

For Businessmen

If you are a businessman, very likely you cannot escape a busman's holiday, and Boston is the place for you too. There is exciting mercantile history here and many of the Biggest and Most items mentioned in Chapter 11 will appeal to you. Have lunch at the Chamber of Commerce building on Federal Street, and afterward you can ask for any special information and be directed to any business sightseeing you might want to do.

For the Bookworms

The literary guest need not be told that this is Elysium. The favorite haunts of Emerson, Thoreau, Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, Hawthorne, and all the lesser lights are everywhere. Modern trends are not yet so firmly established but George Apley is on the paths you walk.

The libraries serve the modern writers as they did the older ones. You may go to the Athenaeum on Beacon Street, to the Public Library that cherishes esoteric items as a matter of course. Literary shrines and sources, publishers, and old

bookshops are here side by side. All you need to do is choose and then burrow to your heart's content.

Harvard and many other educational institutions offer further possibilities. If there is a Harvard man in the family, be prepared to give a whole day to Cambridge with an evening at the Somerset, where he has told you he used to be a beau at debutante parties. The Somerset traditionally is fashionable for cocktails, dinner, or supper, and generations of good society smile at your presence there.

Weather Permitting

In Boston it is wise and usually necessary to consult the weatherman before you plan a day. A warm sunny one is best for a trip down the harbor. Good brisk temperatures suggest a walking tour. Sometimes it is hot and sticky in town. Then you will want to drive along the North Shore by the ocean. If it rains, the museums, fine restaurants, theaters, or indoor sports can occupy you.

You will hear all sorts of things about Boston's weather. Most of them are true. Once it was suggested that if "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" a very young, very shorn lamb should be tied at the corner of Tremont and Boylston streets that divine mercy caring for it might also fall upon Bostonians negotiating the crossing in the teeth of a gale. If you do not like the temperature the classic advice is to wait a minute. It will change. Remember this on a humid ninety-degree August day when suddenly the smell of coffee is carried to you from warehouses far down toward the harbor. It is borne by the great east wind, whipping up from the sea, the wind that is Boston's solace in summer and her despair in winter.

An edge of north put with it and the nor'easters come

howling out of the Atlantic to coat the fishing fleet with ice. Natives set their faces toward marrow-piercing blasts and recall Whittier's *Snowbound* as an optimistic euphemism. Next day, the Common is a white wonderland sparkling in the sun. Ski trains roll out of North Station. The snow is fun to play in, harrowing to shovel, disagreeable in one's shoes, and withal the "poor man's fertilizer" that enriches the ground gratuitously for another year.

Just when the snow gets unbearable, the tender touch of spring takes back the frozen earth and icy trees. Bostonians sprawl lazily on the Common and find it hard to go back to work after a pastoral lunch hour. Then summer hurries in, unfairly, and even as in James Russell Lowell's time,

*Our Spring gets everything in tune
And gives one leap from April into June.*

June is usually very nice, as Lowell observed,

*June is the pearl of our New England year . . .
Long she lies in wait,
Makes many a feint, peeps forth, draws coyly back,
Then, from some southern ambush in the sky,
With one great gush of blossoms storms the world.*

When summer gets too hot, Boston looks longingly to fall. Emerson in *Nature* described "that pure October weather which we distinguish by the name of the Indian Summer." Days are perfect then. The nights grow cooler. Mornings begin to have a tang you discover is exhilarating. The magnificent New England autumn with a harvest moon and trees alive with color comes in again. Very soon, the first white frost lightly dusting the roof tops vanishes as the sun rises—

delicate announcement of the coming of the last of our four irresistible seasons.

If a Bostonian tells you he dislikes any one of them do not believe him. He would not live anywhere else in the world. He knows that for every season there are special delights here, and you will find that out too.

Fun in Boston

Many visitors simply forget the solid stuff the city is made of and just have fun. Fun in Boston? Of course. Everything does shut up tight at one A.M., but Boston homes are so pleasant that one A.M. seems a late enough hour to be away from them.

It has been said that a true Bostonian frets anyway while he is enjoying himself. But if you are not so inhibited do the town handsomely. Take an affluent purse with you and go to the current sports events, the good restaurants, and the theaters that either are trying out something before Broadway sees it or showing a return engagement of a play already famous, unless it is the season for summer theaters, which are gay and informal and in a category all their own. Even the one A.M. curfew of the supper clubs need not stop you if you are clever enough to discover the late places that flourish in discreet Boston surreptitiousness any night at all.

The main thing is to enjoy whichever of the city's multiple attributes attract you. Selecting for yourself from among its many diversions is the best. A native dislikes being dictatorial about what to see and why. Boston prefers that you follow your own bent among the pleasures she offers to countless preferences. Then you will love her and you will come again soon. That is the nicest compliment you could pay to her and to all her Sacred Cod.

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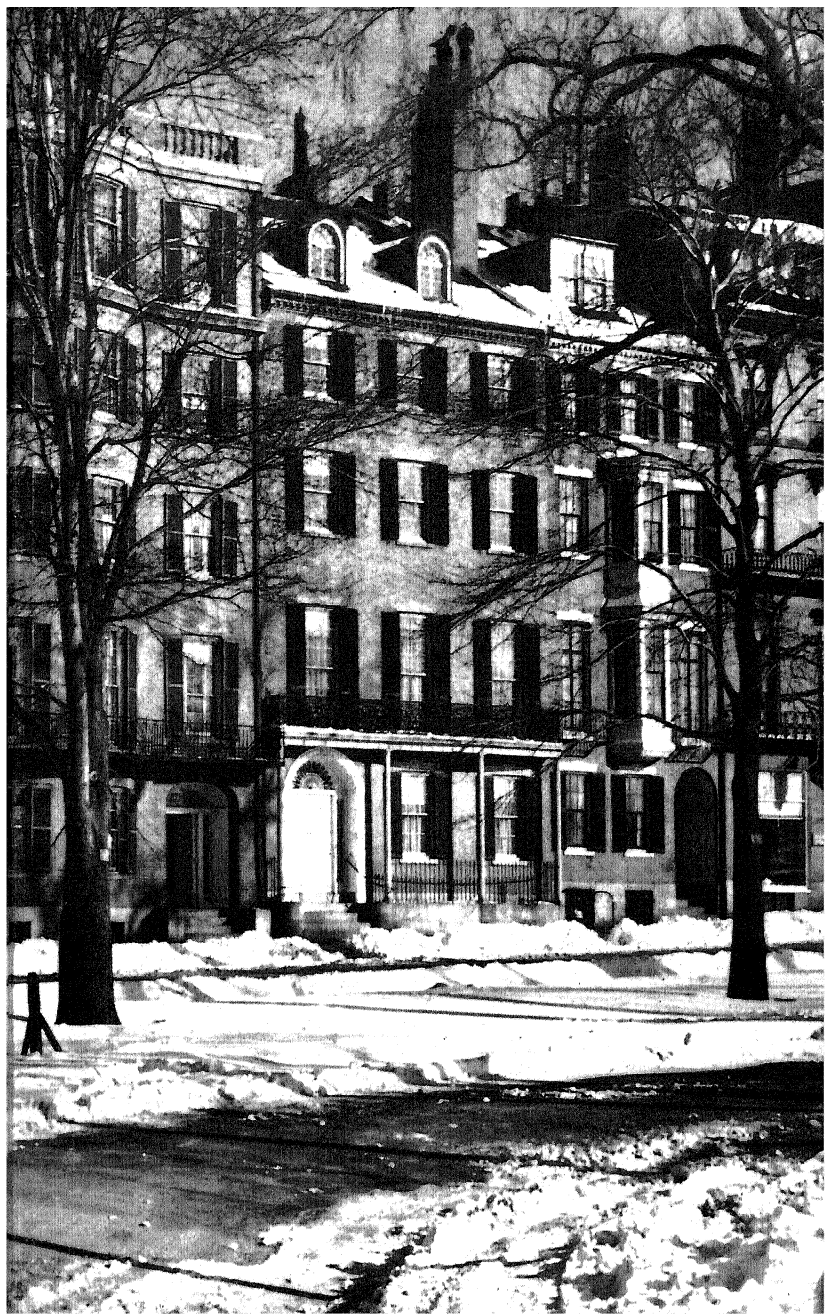
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