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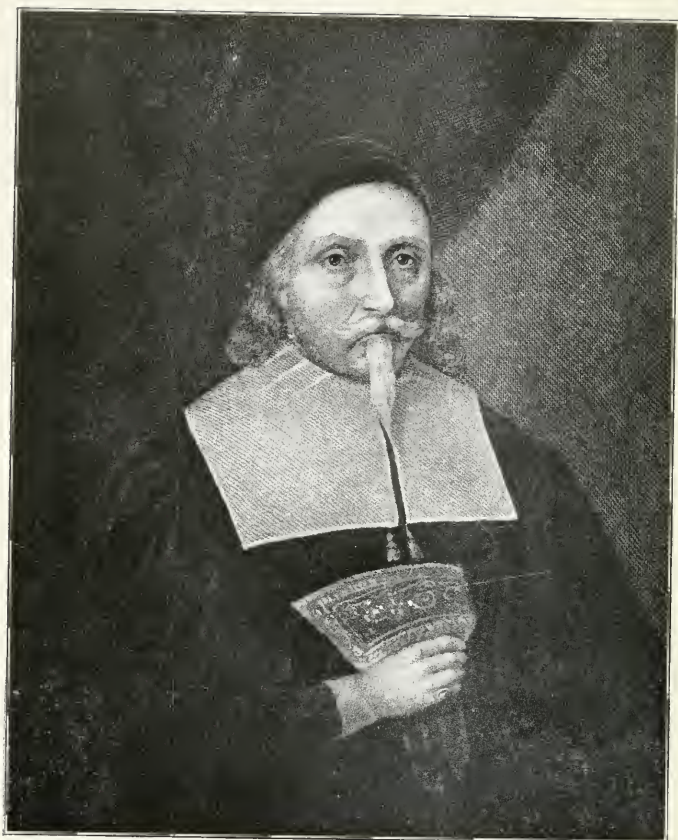


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Governor John Endicott was both revered and feared by the first settlers. He was honest in his judgment, stern in rebuke and a God-fearing man.

MEMORIES OF OLD SALEM

*DRAWN FROM THE LETTERS OF
A GREAT-GRANDMOTHER*

BY

MARY HARROD NORTHEND

Author of "Historic Homes of New England," etc.

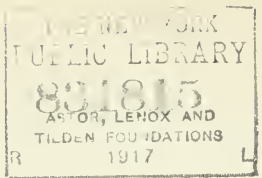


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Published, November, 1917

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I DEDICATE THIS BOOK
TO THE MEMORY OF
THE OLD MERCHANTS
THROUGH WHOSE VENTURES
SALEM HAS BECOME FAMOUS

FOREWORD

We of to-day, descendants of the merchants of Salem, realize what a power they were in the life of yesterday. Their enterprises seem marvelous even from the stand-point of the twentieth century. They were business men fully aware of the possibilities of trade with other lands—a fearless lot of men with steady brains and iron will.

Salem born myself, my own ancestors, sea captains and supercargoes, sailing from Newburyport, my life has been passed among scenes glowing for me with romance of history. It is a pleasure to revisit the days in which these men flourished, to study the habits and domestic life of that period. Walking through the streets where they once lived we realize as never before what they did to make our city famous. For that we hold them in reverence.

If I am able to tell you of their powers upon sea and land, show you what helpmates to the merchants were their stately wives, take you inside the houses and show you the wonderful furniture and

FOREWORD

decorations that have come from over the sea, I shall do what has been my heart's desire for many years.

I wish to thank my close friend, Mrs. Alice Leach, for her valuable assistance in revising my work. I also wish to extend my thanks to Captain George H. Allen, who, with his valuable assistance, has put me in touch with what he alone knows of Salem, at the time of her commercial prosperity; to the Essex Institute which has thrown open its doors that I might glean from its valuable material facts to be incorporated in my story; and to acknowledge the assistance received from the late Mrs. Silsbie's charming book, "A Half Century in Salem."

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GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S PICTURE

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It seems peculiarly fitting that a picture of a full rigged ship should hang over the McIntire mantel

MEMORIES OF OLD SALEM

I

GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S PICTURE



*A fence post
of the best co-
lonial type*

IT was during the reign of King James in England that the dissatisfaction among the Dissenters reached such a state of disquiet that many of the subjects, weary with controversy, decided, during the year 1617, that they would desert their motherland and found a home in some new country. There they would form a colony by themselves where, unmolested, they might have freedom of thought.

The chosen land was America. In 1620, through an agreement that was drawn up and approved by one Thomas Weston, representing the Virginian Company in London, suffi-

MEMORIES OF OLD SALEM

cient means were furnished to realize the plan. By agreement, all persons were for a period of seven years allowed to carry on their settlements in common. At the end of that period the houses and improved land should become the permanent property of the planters.

One hundred and two persons gave up their homes and set sail from Plymouth, England, in the *Mayflower*. This was on September 6, 1620. After a tempestuous voyage they reached Cape Cod on November 11 of the same year. These early settlers were followed by others, among whom came one Henry Kittredge, a rich nobleman, who had set sail in the good ship *Gabriel*, May 22, 1635. On the point of making harbor, the *Gabriel* was wrecked on the coast of Maine. Mr. Kittredge, with his family, managed to make land; then took passage to Boston, where he secured a barque and returned for his family and household goods.

After a short settlement in Ipswich he came to Salem, Massachusetts, attracted by the fish industry already carried on in that seaport. In the heart of the historic town he built for himself a new frame house of two stories, with its back roof sloping

GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S PICTURE

nearly to the ground. Love of adventure inherited from the emigrant ancestor developed in succeeding generations until, when commerce sent out her fleets upon the seas, his grandson, one John Kittredge, a man of means and a landowner in the old city, built for himself, in the shipyards that had been established here and there along the coast, many a ship that led the way to the rich ports of Europe and the East.

In the Salem of those days the great commercial thoroughfare was Derby Street, a bustling highway thronged with sailors and rattling wagons, coming and going with cargoes to inland towns. The sailing ships lay four deep, chafing at the busy piers, impatient for the loading and unloading of their various burdens.

Not as it is to-day was the harbor. It was then a scene of life and color, as the quaintly rigged ketches lumbered into port; and the heavily laden ships that had proudly left the port many months ago, bearing on their prow symbolic figureheads, rounded the point, and came slowly up the harbor, with their eager crews, home at last, after their long and perilous voyages.

MEMORIES OF OLD SALEM

Although these early navigators were exposed to many dangers, perils of which we of the present day can have little realization, when with no correct chart and with only the rudest instruments they plied their calling on the sea, there were among them, shipping before the mast, boys not yet out of their teens. Many of them were the sons of the prominent merchants, who thus became familiar with the mercantile interests of their house. Among them was the great-grandson of the emigrant John Kittredge, a likely lad of sixteen and the only son of the merchant of that name.

On the dusky wharves were gathered a motley group of buildings, including the counting-rooms where the merchant attended to his business, the warehouses filled with the varied stores, and the sail loft—for sail-making was a prominent industry, and the odor of the new canvas and tar intermingled with that of the satinwood piled up along the pier.

With the coming of the ships, the warehouses flung open their wide doors to admit the cargoes that were rapidly being unloaded by the "lumpers" who worked on the wharves. Teamsters and stage drivers, who had whiled away the tedious hours



Old Parson Barnard opened the door and passed over the threshold on the Sunday morning of Lesley's retreat

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GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S PICTURE

while waiting for the coming of the ships in the old tavern over the way, left their seat by the fireside and good naturedly jostled their way about the wharves, cracking their jokes and interchanging yarns with each other, as they loaded their respective goods.

With the fading away of their great industry, the cumbersome ships that had plied their way back and forth from port to port, meeting with many an exciting incident during their passage, lay idly rubbing their sides against the moss-grown wharves. With dingy sails folded, they lay, abandoned by their crews and awaiting the last journeys of their seafaring life.

In those days, the street was alive with sailors, who bowled along on their sea legs, the admiration of a crowd of street urchins, fascinated by the tales of sailor life and the wonderful devices tattooed upon hand and arm, and attracted by the many pennies carelessly thrown on every hand. Kit's Dancing Hall was filled to overflowing, a favorite resort of the jolly crew who here indulged in fun and frolic or quenched their thirst from the flowing bowl after their long and tedious journey.

MEMORIES OF OLD SALEM

There was a romantic interest woven around these days, when wild tales of shipwreck—magnified to meet demands—were recounted by the adventurous crew, seated around the fireside.

This life passed away, and the stately houses that lined the upper side of Derby Street once re-echoing with laughter became deserted. No longer did the merchants pace the Captain's Walk, scanning the sea with their telescopes that they might sight some incoming ship. A new industry replaced the old.

Social life turned to Chestnut Street, which came into existence in the early part of the nineteenth century. By the erection of stately houses and the laying out of a wide avenue, where formerly was grass and bog land, the planting of rows of trees on either side that would later form a leafy archway, a new section came into prominence. Here, away from the sea, situated midway between Broad and Essex Streets, retired from the bustle of business life, there was seemingly a different city. Here was a solid, settled life, embodied in the dignified, three-story houses facing each other on either side of the avenue. These houses stood generally close

GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S PICTURE

to the sidewalk, with only a tiny stretch of green between them and the colonial fence. Behind their stolid fronts were laid out delightful little gardens with box-bordered paths that led to pretty summer houses. These were the favorite resort of their owners during the summer heat, for, like their posy beds, retiring in their nature, they loved to hide themselves from public view.

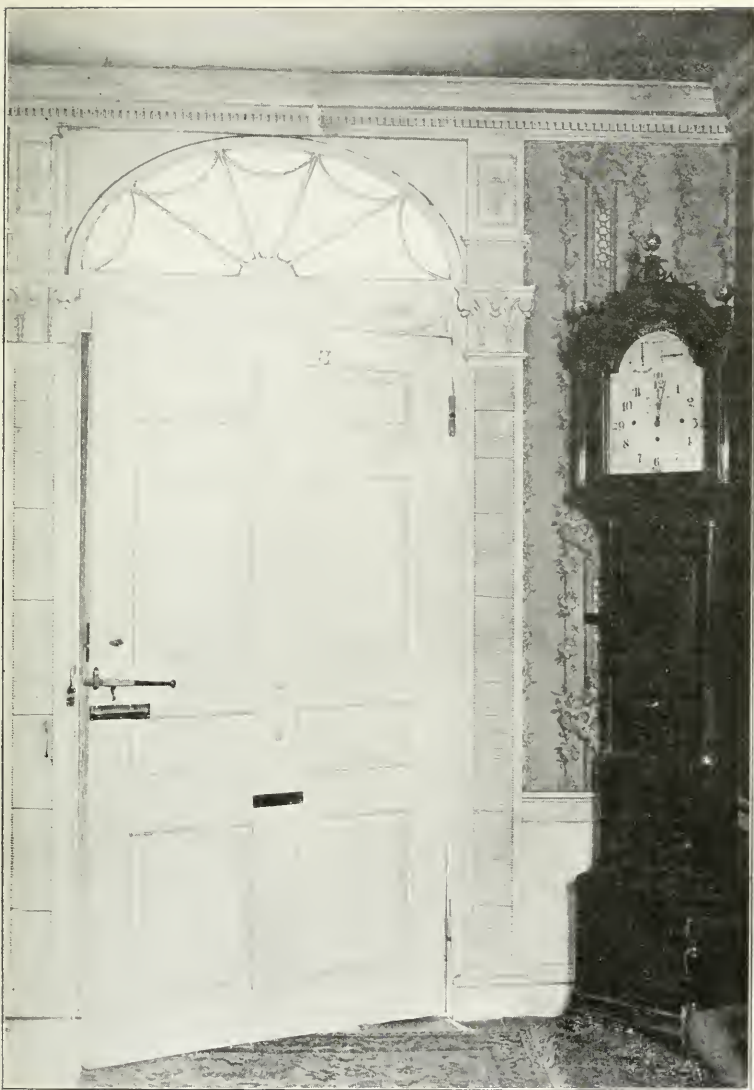
One of these houses was built by John Kittredge. A large square house built of brick it formed the corner of two streets. The grounds were defined by a paling fence ornately decorated with colonial urns and festoons, the fashion of the period. A square ornamental porch, rich in hand-tooled designs, broke the center of the solid front of the three-storied house. So beautiful was it and so pure in architectural design, that it has always attracted the attention of architects from far and wide. Into its finish Samuel McIntire, the woodcarver, put his best work, making it a lasting memorial of his genius.

Let us linger here in this typical home of Old Salem and open our hearts to some of its gentle memories. It was a cold wintry day in the middle

MEMORIES OF OLD SALEM

of January. The icy blasts swept howling down the street, venting their spite on the chimney tops and shrieking at the windows as they vainly endeavored to force their way inward. Fine flakes of snow were rapidly falling like prisms shaken from the sky, adding their mite to the great drifts that slowly but surely piled in front of the houses.

Forcing her way through the rapidly rising hillocks, Amy Kittridge came up the street. Warmly dressed in a coat of fur, she struggled bravely on through the drifts until she reached the entrance of her father's house. Then ran rapidly up the stone steps, turning a moment at the top to watch the crystals as they fell, making weird shapes of the branches of the trees that bent under their weight, showing tufts of brown through the white. Then, flinging open the door, she passed under the carved portal into the long, wide entry that ran the entire length of the house. It was one of those well-proportioned hallways such as we find in the houses of this type, and ended with a companion door at the farther end. This opened on the garden, which during the summer months was bright in coloring and sweet with the perfume of the old-time flowers,



Salem's carving is noted practically throughout America. Here is a fine specimen of McIntire's work

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GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S PICTURE

but now lay with its paths and hedges peacefully outlined by the glistening snow.

On either side of the hallway large square rooms opened through ornamental doorways, whose hand-tooled frames were the work of the great wood-carver. Wide open they stood, as if extending a hand of welcome to the casual guest. Removing her snow-laden coat, Amy passed over the threshold into the bright, cheery living room, gay with flowers, enlivened with the wood fire that crackled merrily on the hearth.

At one side of the fireplace sat her mother in the large Chippendale chair, busy with her knitting and stopping now and again to watch the merry flames as they sang and roared up the chimney breast. It was an attractive sight that met Amy's eye, for the ruddy glow of the wood fire lighted up the room and brought to view on the wall a charming picture of a colonial maiden who from her old-fashioned frame seemed to look down approvingly on her surroundings. The picture, a portrait of her great-grandmother, hung just opposite the fireplace, occupying the entire space between the two windows.

MEMORIES OF OLD SALEM

The room was lighted by many windows whose small panes had been replaced by modern large ones, in order to let more light and sunshine into the room. There was nothing modern in its furnishings, however, the furniture being types of old Hepplewhite, and Chippendale brought over in the holds of the ships of a former day. Around them clustered memories of the olden time when the family lived in a baronial castle in England. A wonderful gate-legged table was the central feature, offering on its polished top tempting piles of fascinating books. The long wall space was broken by a corner cupboard or buffet, designed with the house, which showed the old shell pattern and was painted white to match wainscot and cornice. The shelves were decorated with rows of wonderful old Chinese Lowestoft and of salt glaze, placed there soon after the building of the house. It was a rare old pattern monogrammed before great-grandmother's wedding day, with initials intertwined. Side by side were wonderful pieces of the real old blue Canton, thin at the edges and heavy to handle, while old English glass was scattered here and there as if carelessly dropped into place.

GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S PICTURE

An old-time landscape paper adorned the walls; it was the type that was found in many of the houses built at the beginning of the nineteenth century; it had been made to order and was brought home in the hold of Amy's great-grandfather's ship, the *Henry*. Into its selection went many a fond and happy thought of the bride-to-be. It was a Venetian scene, finished in tones of gray and in colors, and showed a panorama when hung. The old fireplace, one of McIntire's best, with hand-tooled capitals, filled the central space on the right side of the room. The mirror glass that decorated it had once graced *Cleopatra's Barge*, the first pleasure yacht ever built in our country; plain in finish and handsome in type, it was carefully treasured by the present owner who was a direct descendant of the Crowningshields. The gem of the whole room was the wonderful picture, done by Copley, of a fair young girl in her teens, her golden hair done pompadour, high on a shapely head. She was dressed in a soft gown of delicate blue, covered at the neck with shimmering lace that fell in graceful folds to the waist. She was just Amy's age and wonderfully like her in appearance.

MEMORIES OF OLD SALEM

It was a beautiful painting that attracted the attention of all, partly on account of the marvelous beauty of the subject, and then for the skill of the artist, who must have lingered tenderly over this work that he might the more perfectly bring forth with his brush the fresh young bloom in her cheeks and the roguish glance in her eyes that gave to the portrait its alluring charm.

Amy, glancing up at the picture, crossed the room and stood in front of it, wondering if great-grandmother was really looking down approvingly from her place inside the frame. Tossing back impatiently a stray lock of hair that fell over her eyes, she seated herself in an old chair at one side to study the features of this painting that had always fascinated her.

As she gazed on the fresh young face, so like her own, she fell to musing about the old days when great-grandmother was young, dreaming of love, loving perhaps—she wondered—in the manner of to-day. Could great-grandmother tell her? Amy felt a sudden impulse. She would dress in the very gown her great-grandmother had worn, and then, perhaps standing before the portrait, its rep-



Over this McIntire fireplace is shown a mirror that was used in the yacht Cleopatra, the first pleasure yacht in our country

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GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S PICTURE

lica, she could win its secrets. The costume she knew was in the depth of a great trunk under the eaves in the attic. She slipped lightly over the stairs, and turning the key of the trunk lifted reverently the beautiful old dress which had never been worn since the picture was painted.

She donned it quickly, fashioned her hair into a likeness of the original, gave it a touch of powder, and hurried down the stairs. It was really marvelous to see how closely the two—the portrait and the girl—resembled each other. Almost it seemed as if the colonial maiden had stepped out of her frame to meet the descendant.

Amy, fascinated by the wonderful likeness, failed to hear the light steps that crossed the room, and it was only when she glanced backward that she saw the one young man of all standing beside her. Her laugh rang out like rippling music as she saw his expression.

She bent quickly toward him and, as hand in hand they stood watching the fair face in the picture, she asked herself whether great-grandmother had known such love as they had. Surely so, for the picture had been painted just before the wedding

MEMORIES OF OLD SALEM

day as a gift to the lover who had come back from his long voyage across the sea.

The light and play of the sunshine as it shot through the lace curtain illumined the portrait in a magical manner. It appeared a living reality. The sweet face seemed actually to smile down at them from her place on the wall. To get a better light, Jack lifted one corner of the frame. The old cord, grown rotten with age, parted, and the picture came crashing down at their feet.

Fearing that it might have been ruined, they both sprang toward it to lift it from the floor. The frame, though not badly injured, had parted at the joints. As Jack lifted it, a little panel loosened, disclosing a filled cavity shaped to the curve of the frame. Therein lay hidden a package of letters, yellow with age. Amy remembered she had been told that her great-grandmother had written her memoirs but had never disclosed what she had done with them, and although long search had been made they had never been discovered.

With tender touch, Amy removed the papers from their hiding place and with reverence broke the seal. Here in her great-grandmother's hand-

GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S PICTURE

writing was the story of her heart—the story of a first love, of a lover who had died and had been mourned, years before her marriage to Amy's great-grandfather. All that Amy had known of this early romance was that when her great-grandmother was a beautiful girl of eighteen she had become engaged to a childhood friend, who was lost at sea just before the celebration of their wedding. Never had his name passed the young girl's lips, nor any word of the great sorrow that had stricken her life. It was not for years afterwards that she consented to listen to great-grandfather's pleas, though he had been her lover always.

Perhaps it was this sorrow that had imparted the sweet, sad look to the face, the far-away gaze to her eyes, the secret of which no one had been able to fathom. Here in this old home she had passed the latter days of her life, surrounded by memories of the past, and here in the room furnished with her wedding furniture Amy would open the love letters and from them there should come into her own young life the knowledge of the romance that had transformed the gay, brilliant young girl of yesterday into a stately colonial dame.

MEMORIES OF OLD SALEM

Amy Crowningshield had been the name of the great-grandmother. She had been a famous belle in her day, when her father, John Kittredge, was one of the many merchants who had built for himself a home on Derby Street, then the fashionable quarter of the town. Amy of to-day wore the necklace that had belonged to the Amy of the olden time. It had not been the gift of the husband but had been brought home by the lover from across the sea. The necklace had never been worn after the news of his death, but had been hidden away in a chest where Amy a few years ago had come upon it. She had worn it ever since. It was a wonderful string of old Sicilian amber beads, different from those shown at the present day; rich in coloring, artistic in cutting, they won the admiration of all. Almost it seemed as if she were sharing a part of the life of her ancestor, and often, when clasping it around her neck, her thoughts would wander to the hidden romance of yesterday. The chest in which the necklace had lain was an old oaken one, rich in deep carving, a sixteenth-century chest that had been brought over in the good ship *Gabriel* in 1635. Great-grandmother had chosen it as a dower

GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S PICTURE

chest, and in it were now stored away her hand-woven linen and rare old lace, awaiting the wedding day.

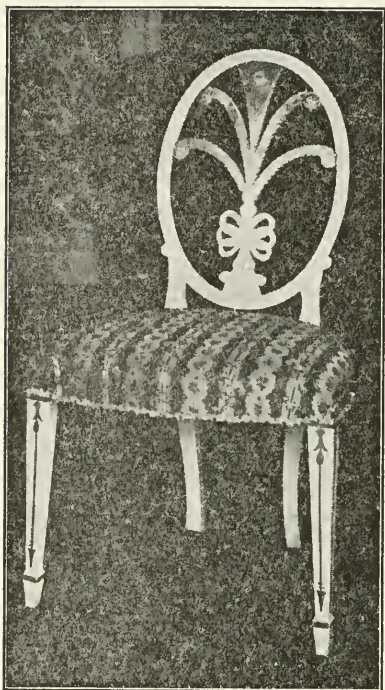
When her lover died, the key in the old trunk was turned. Until Amy found it and opened it, it had remained under the eaves, covered with dust and spider webs. Deep down in the chest were rare old camel's-hair shawls, brought home for the nuptial event, almost priceless in value and so fine and delicate in weave they could be passed through a wedding ring. There was the wedding dress with the needle still in it, rusted with age, just as it had been laid away when the crushing blow came.

Hiding her sorrows from the world, great-grandmother mingled with her friends, a gentle tenderness creeping into her life, a quiet reserve through which none could pierce, and a sympathy for others wrought out with her own sufferings.

Five years later in the stately home on Derby Street she was given in marriage to her childhood's friend, Jasper Crowningshield, who had been her lover always and had respected her sorrow tenderly. Never had a more beautiful couple stood together at the altar.

MEMORIES OF OLD SALEM

Close by her father's house, in a large brick mansion, for many years the happy couple lived, entertaining royally, till



A charming Hepplewhite chair that is treasured by the West family

commerce died upon the sea and they moved to live in the new mansion that had been built on Chestnut Street. Here great-grandfather died and when Amy was ten years old great-grandmother had passed away in the chamber that Amy and her lover had chosen as a place in which to read the story of her

life. They felt that, surrounded by her possessions, the past would be more vividly represented than if the letters were conned in any other part of the house. As they stood, Amy leaning on Jack's shoulder, watching the crackling blaze of the open

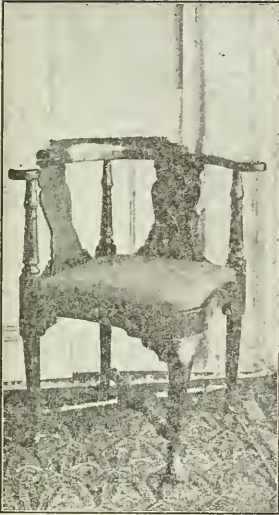
GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S PICTURE

fire as it flew merrily up the chimney breast, she felt that a sacred trust had been given to their care, a task that should be reverently undertaken, for in the reading the yellowing letters written in her great-grandmother's stiff copyplate script they were opening a sealed chapter of her life unknown to any.

DERBY STREET

II

DERBY STREET



*A round back chair
that is as comfortable as
it is ornamental*

THE sun was shining brightly into great-grandmother's room as they opened the door. Such a cheery room and closely connected with grandmother's life for she had lived there after great-grandmother passed away when Amy was a girl of ten. It was furnished with great-grandmother's furniture that great-grandfather had brought over in the holds of his ship when he was Captain of the *Helen*, having picked out every piece himself to furnish the new home. There were rare pieces of teakwood, such as were made in the early days; a table that occupied the center was the life-work of one entire family. It was beautifully carved with

DERBY STREET

dragon's heads or legs and all sorts of grotesque figures worked out in wonderful designs. Under this table in the center of the room was a large rug that had been chosen for the new house, a special pride of great-grandmother's.

Amy and Jack crossed the room to the beautiful McIntire fireplace where little grandmother used to sit and Amy chose her favorite chair, a Hepplewhite with Prince's Feather on the back and whose cushions were covered with a bit of her damask wedding dress. At one side was the pie crust table which used to hold her Bible and her knitting basket. Grandmother was always busy shaping little stockings for the children who had come into the home. It seemed to Amy almost as if she could see her as she sat dozing before the fire unconscious of the small people who were peeping through the door waiting to come in. They would knock and open the door to find her smiling up at them in her sweet grandmotherly way.

Great-grandfather died before Amy could remember but his favorite chair always stood on the opposite side of the fireplace. It was a Chipendale armchair of which he was very fond, a present



The sunlight flickers through the branches of the trees, lighting up the old porch and the Palladian window above it

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1900

DERBY STREET

from some foreign dignitary received during one of his many voyages.

Amy and Jack placed the manuscript on the table between them so that they might more readily decipher it. Breaking the seal they spread out the yellowed pages, eager to read the story of the days when Salem was young and her industries lay upon the seas. The handwriting was quaint, the spelling irregular, with certain forms of letters unfamiliar to our generation. It was dated two years before great-grandmother died and as Amy looked at it she recalled the times when she had found her seated at the old fashioned writing desk busy upon what she then supposed to be letters to friends.

I am feeling the infirmities of old age creep upon me, being now in my eighty-fourth year, and I realize that the time is not far distant when I shall be unable to write concerning my childhood days, memories of which are flooding my mind and I long to set them down for my great-grandchildren's sake. I realize that they will be interested in old Salem and glad to know about things that took place in the early days.

MEMORIES OF OLD SALEM

Whether the glamor of those days causes me to feel differently or not, I do not know; of this thing, however, I am sure, we were a very clannish race of people, for with the coming in of commerce the social distinctions were much more marked than those of to-day. It might be said that we were divided into two classes, the middle class people and the wealthy. The latter wore imported gowns of high colors, generally purple and scarlet. The gentlemen walked the streets clad in long cloaks; I remember hearing particularly of Judge Corwin, who always wore a red cloak and carried a gold-headed cane, a gentleman of the old school, but hot-headed.

Under these gay cloaks the gentlemen wore coats of different kinds, reaching to the knees, very stiff with their lining of buckram. They wore cocked hats and powdered wigs, with cues tied with a black ribbon. Instead of long trousers they wore knee breeches and silver buckles on their shoes. Even the boys as late as 1790 wore cocked hats; doubtless you will come upon some of them packed away in the old trunk in the attic. Like these were my husband's clothes that he wore up to the time of his death.

DERBY STREET

The ladies wore powdered wigs and patches. Many of their dresses and shawls had been brought over in the holds of the cumbersome ships that plied from port to port, and when dressed in all their finery they looked themselves like stately ships in full sail.

Liquor was in general use, imported by ship owners, pure in brands it was less harmful than that used to-day. It was almost a sacred duty among the merchants to resort to a public drinking house near by for a glass of punch or "eleven o'clock" as it was more commonly called. During their meeting they discussed their favorite topics, the success or failure of their ventures.

I was only eight years old when we moved into our new house, a large square brick mansion with white trimming, having at the front a semi-circular porch with Corinthian columns designed and hand-tooled by McIntire. The house stood just back from the sidewalk with a stretch of green grass between it and the wooden fence, which was topped with hand-tooled ornamentations of urns. Father's house with its stretch of yard showing an old fashioned garden was built directly across the street

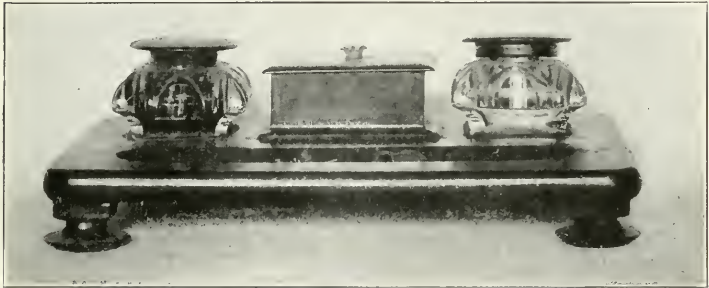
MEMORIES OF OLD SALEM

from the wharves where his counting-house was placed. The wharves in those days were lined with ship chandlers' and sail-makers' shops, warehouses, and counting rooms, the sail-makers sitting cross-legged like Turks, sewing the sails with thimbles fastened into the middle of their palm, while the odor of tar and canvas pervaded the premises. The old wharf and sail loft that fronted the street were favorite resorts of my childhood days and I was never so happy as when allowed to wander about on the old wharf fascinated in watching the loading and unloading of ships that had rounded the point and come lumbering into port to tie up against the slimy wharves. This and the watching of the ship carpenters and figurehead carvers as they hand-tooled the ornamentations of the house were my special delight. It was one of my greatest treats to be allowed to try my hand at carving with some useless tool that had been thrown aside by a hand carver.

I became so familiar with them that I learned from them many lessons concerning their life and all about the different figureheads they had carved to adorn the prows of the ships that were constantly



Ornate silver salt cellars owned in the Pickman family, whose name stands high in commercial history



Only the old quill pen is lacking to help build the picture of the shipmaster writing his invoices



Cup plates are to-day very valuable. They were used to set the cups in while the tea was cooled in the saucers

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DERBY STREET

coming in and out of the harbor. There was a great competition among these men, each one proud of his art, and feeling his work to be better than all the rest.

When tired I would go into the counting room and sit in a little chair by father's side, not daring to speak, for I had been taught that it was only on condition of silence that I could remain. It was here that I first met Harry Lee. His father's wharf joined ours and he had come into the counting room to see if he might be allowed as a special favor to join a group of boys who were bound for Salem Neck there to lie on the rocks at the furthest part and watch for the incoming sails. It must be remembered there was no telegraph or wireless in those days and unless spoken by some incoming ship nothing was heard of the venture from the time it left port until it returned often many months late. In those days, too, they had no nautical instruments like those of to-day by which to steer the vessel home, so that they were often driven out of their course and delayed for weeks or months. I remember so well how he looked, a lad of ten with bonnie blue eyes, and long yellow curls

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that fell in ringlets on his shoulder, a winsome lad and shy so that it was many months before we became firm friends.

Harry was born with a love of the sea, and was never so happy as when allowed to play on the wharves or watch for the incoming ships. Father was a firm friend of his family and was very glad I had found a playmate, partly because it protected him from the innumerable childish questions with which I plied him. Harry and I were constantly prowling up and down the wharves; we were great favorites with the old sea captains and the crews, many of whom were personal friends of the family. So familiar did I become with them that I called them all by name and was never tired of hearing the story of the sea-faring life that they were ready and eager to relate.

Like fairy tales, they seemed, as they came from the sailor's lips while we sat watching the bustle of loading and unloading that was going on unendingly. Nothing fascinated me so much as to be allowed to look at the marvelous figures of ships and other mementoes of most intricate pattern that had been tattooed into their arms and backs and shoul-

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ders. So proud were we of them that we begged to be allowed to have our arms ornamented in the same way, and when refused would walk off in a pet, only to return, fearful lest some wonderful event might have taken place without our seeing it. Those were the happiest days of our lives, and we learned fully as much as we did when attending the Dame's School, where we were both sent, partly to get us out of the way, and partly that some learning might be instilled into our small brains.

No wonder we were exclusive, for the merchants of those days were educated men who led in society. Grown rich through foreign trade these men had an abundance of means and were most hospitable, and yet, many of the families retained the sober restraints of Puritanism, so that Salem was one of the most agreeable cities of New England. There was one general interest shared by both men and women alike, and that was the industry of the sea. As the men met continuously in their counting rooms just across the way and talked shipping affairs, so the women met in social life, and exchanged stories concerning household treasures.

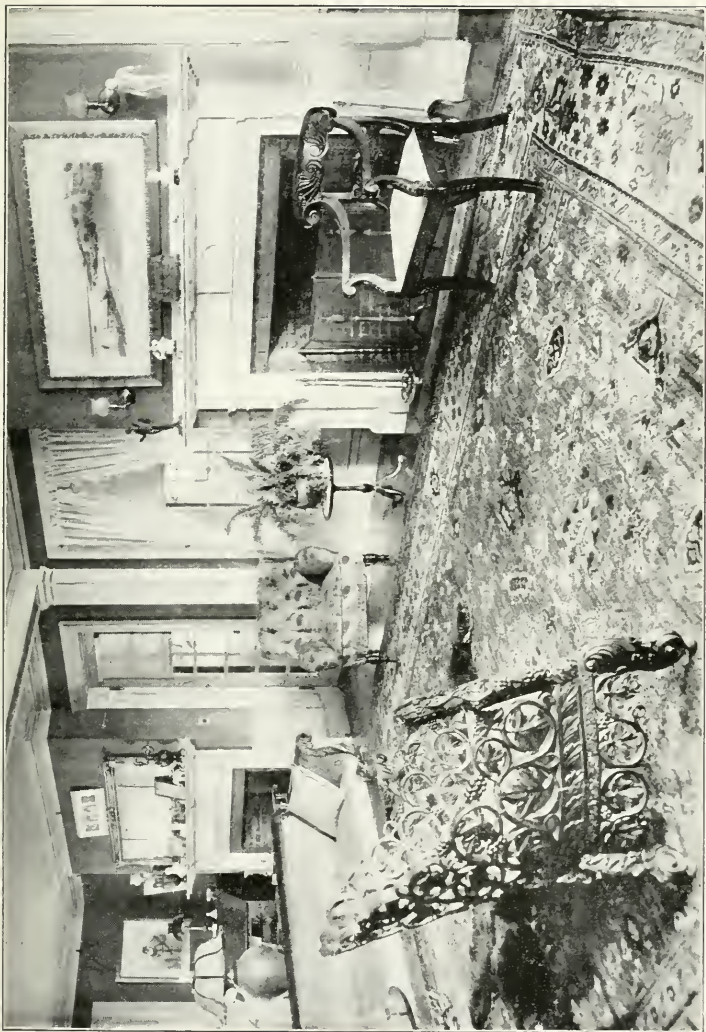
The outgoing of a ship or the incoming was of

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great interest to all, for many of the ships, not over two hundred and ninety-five tons, were commanded by youths who had risen from before the mast to be captains of the ship when yet in their teens. When a ship sailed from port the owner was there among the busy throng, advising with the captain and directing the disposal of their goods. There was need of great care and shrewd sense as the disposal of the cargo meant either good fortune or heavy loss.

Unlike the crews of to-day there were few foreigners, most of the sailors manning the ships being American born, sons of sea captains and ship owners who started as cabin boys to learn the trade. Beverly and Marblehead, and other near-by towns added their quota to the ship's crew. To be sure the pepper ships from the Mediterranean would sometimes bring back to port, natives from those foreign shores. Many of them married, settled in town and rose from "lumpers" to good positions on the ship. Some became citizens and fought for us in the War of 1812.

Derby Street was at this period the center of social life, the court end of the town, and we still



A unique chair that is prominent in an old Salem home. Often one family spent a whole lifetime carving a single piece of teakwood

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recognize the glory of its past in its dilapidated old age. It was not long ago, on my last walk by the old house that I felt a sadness creep over me, realizing that it was fast falling into decay and would soon be but a memory. It was then a longing seized me to write out the story of my early life that my great-grandchildren might not forget the days of Salem's commercial prosperity. The story of Salem's commerce reads like a bit of fiction, for her ships led the way from Cape Cod around the Cape of Good Hope; the Isle of France, India, and China and were the first to open the trade with St. Petersburg.

The *Minerva*, the first ship to circumnavigate the globe, was considered a marvel. She was owned by Clifford Crowningshield and Nathaniel West. The *Grand Turk* commanded by Eben West and owned by Elias Haskett Derby was the first New England ship to visit India, China and the Isle of France. She sailed from Salem, November 25, 1785, and returned in June, 1787, with a cargo of teas, silks, and nankeens. More tea was landed in Salem that year than in any year afterwards. Fifteen ships in Canton in 1789

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showed five that hailed from Salem, all but one of which belonged to Elias Haskett Derby.

It must be borne in mind that the vessels of those days rarely exceeded one hundred and fifty tons and were dangerous to sail in. Laden with their rich cargoes they might become the prey not only of wind and wave but of the Buccaneer English and French cruisers so that there is little wonder that the plucky little craft became famous. For charts of unexplored coast there were for many years only those drawn out by hand. There were insurance companies but no organized stock companies; and these offices were visited not only by the merchants and skippers but by anybody interested or not interested in shipping.

I remember so well going with Harry into one of these offices where on the desk was laid a printed insurance policy giving the name of the ship, the cargo, the destination, and so forth. As it was opened for every one to read we took it up, not able then to understand what it said, but we learned afterwards that any one who wished to risk a venture would sign his name with the amount he was willing to give. Later than this the names of the

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vessels were chalked on a board in the coffee house, the underwriters putting in chalk their names and what they were willing to risk.

There was an excitement in those days that affected even us little children and we learned more than our elders suspected, for Harry was a wonderfully bright lad, with his heart set on the sea, while I was a merchant's daughter.

The tide still ebbs and flows in the same famous harbor just as it did a century ago when commerce was at its height. But no longer are the staunch small ships of yesterday tied up along the wharves.

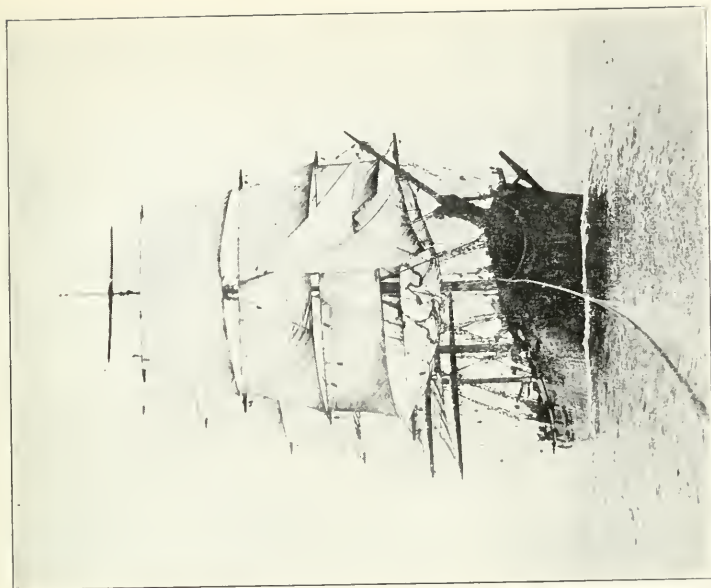
There were thrilling meetings and partings on the long black-wharves that ran along the water's edge on Derby Street, for, when a ship would return to port, no one knew what news it would bring—of good fortune or bad, of lost vessels found or of survivors rescued. Many a ship like the *Margaret* never returned from her voyage across the seas. I was never tired of watching the motley crowd that gathered on the wharf. There was a little bride who came down the steps from her colonial house to meet her young husband. Side by side they would walk along the wharf stopping at this

MEMORIES OF OLD SALEM

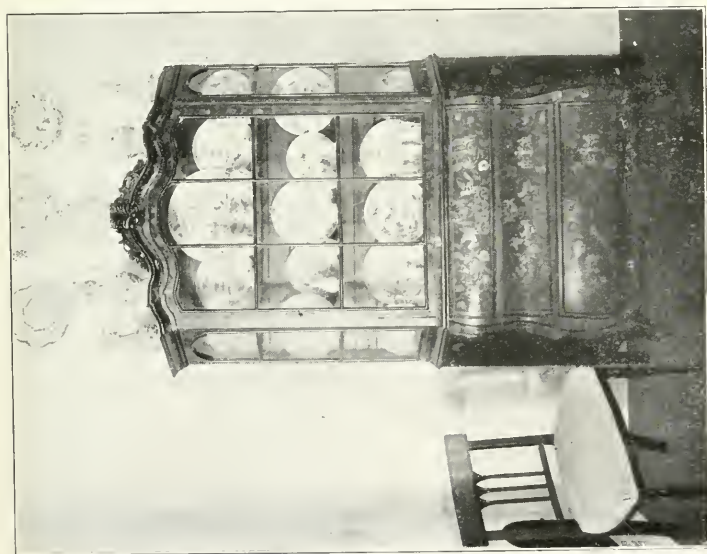
ship and that to inspect the treasures brought for their house plenishing.

Mystery and intense excitement seemed to fill the air and the wharves were the scenes of commotion. Fascinated we would stand for hours watching the cargoes brought up from the holds of the ships and disposed of, and the warehouses opening wide their capacious doors to admit the goods. Piled on the wharves were mysterious crates and boxes, some of which went to teamsters, for in those days there were no railroads to transport the goods. I well remember what a delight it was when one of my father's vessels arrived from Russia or Antwerp or the West Indies or some other land, bearing rich furs and strange wooden shoes, cocoanut and yams, Guava jellies and tamarinds.

From different ports came various importations. From Zanzibar and Arabia came gum copal, dates and Ivory; from Manila came sugar, and hemp, while Calcutta supplied wonderful India silks and camel's hair shawls, and China sent its contribution of tea. Intermingled with flat boxes of Guava Jelly were rocky dainties and furniture and china for the new home.



The Mindora, the last ship that sailed out of port, was a square-rigger commanded by Captain Charles Allen, Jr



From the Orient came the wonderful collection of china by one of Salem's merchant descendants

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China ware in those days was generally imported from England in crates and boxes from the East, much of it, like the Chinese Lowestoft having been monogrammed while in port; this and Canton were the two favorite importations although delft and many other kinds were brought as ventures. Everywhere and always present, adding its fragrance to the sea swept air, was the perfume of sandal wood.

It was a thrilling sight awakening in the hearts of every small boy a desire to follow the sea. Ship leave was given to many of the sailors who were glad to leave the cramped quarters of the ship for land, and Kit's Dancing Hall. Inside the large room was a good-natured jolly lot of men gathered awaiting the incoming ships, all through the streets the bustle and hum of life was heard, groups of sailors stood idly on the street corners chatting together apparently unconscious of the admiring glances of the urchins who stared in open-mouthed wonder at the strangely tattooed arms and wrists. Sailors' boarding houses were scattered here and there on side streets each house being a favorite resort for distinctive classes of sailors. Some of

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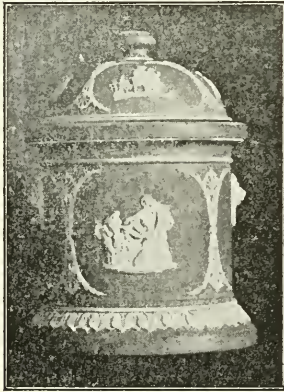
them were for colored people only, like the one that was run by old Barney, a good friend of ours, a darky who had been a steward on one of Captain Allen's ships, but whose sea going days were past, for he had retired and now furnished ship cooks and stewards for the voyage. There was no one who was better known or respected than was old Barney, and in those days when the color line was distinctly drawn and there were special seats for the blacks in every meeting house, he stood by himself well known and respected in the town, so much so that he would regularly stop at the residence of one of the noted judges for his glass of wine.

Shops that we haunted are now deserted or given over to every day merchandise. In the olden days they were filled with strange and unique importations from foreign shores. In one corner of a shop was shown a parrot pluming his green wings and filling the air with his scream of welcome to the would-be purchaser. In another corner was a jabbering monkey. But these have long since departed, and the old shop is now deserted or is filled with a new life in harmony with the present day industry.

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The old ship carvers were a rare set of men, jolly and good-natured, men who never grumbled nor found fault with their surroundings, they were noted for their discretion even under the most trying circumstances, accepting situations philosophically, no matter what they entailed.

Many were the trophies we brought home after one of our excursions to meet an incoming ship, for we were the personal friends of the old captains, and they never forgot to tuck away in their lockers some odd and interesting present for us.



A piece of classic Jasper ware designed by Wedgwood.

FIGUREHEADS

III

FIGUREHEADS



A splendid example of a Girandole

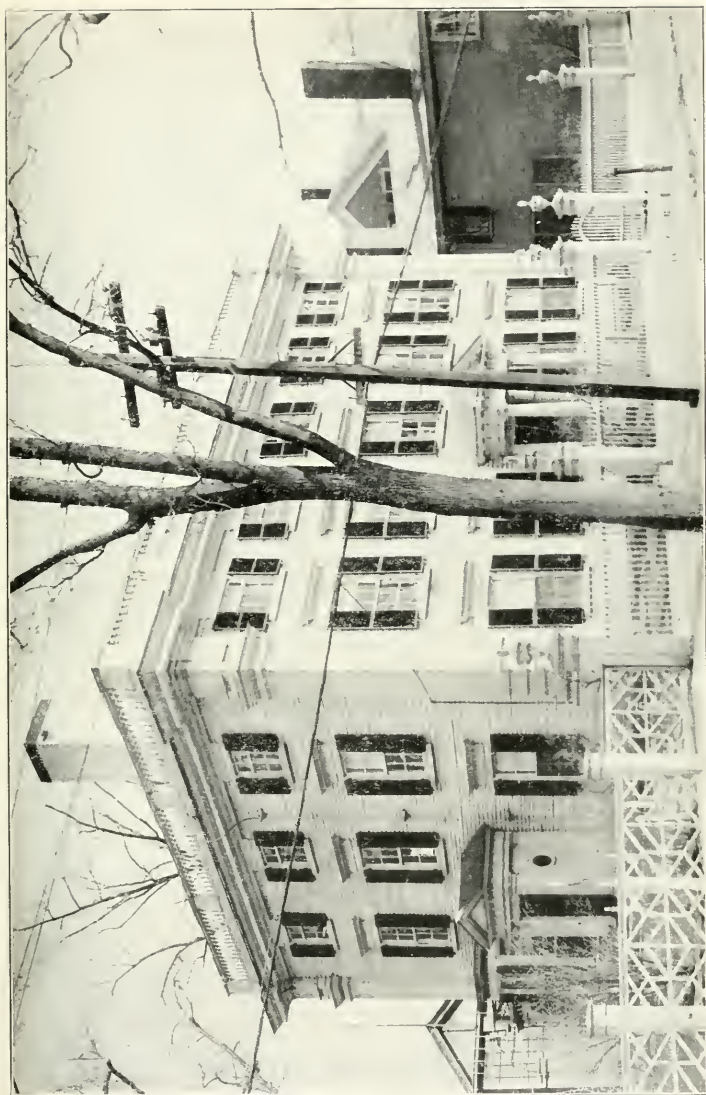
WITH the coming in of commerce there arose the need of many ships staunchly built to baffle with the wind and wave in crossing the broad Atlantic. There was a pleasant rivalry that came into existence between the merchants of that day, in the building of better ships. Most of these were ornamented by a figurehead which was placed as a distinguishing mark on the prow, the better to aid in their identification by a passing ship when on the high seas.

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The ship yards which were located in Salem since the earliest period of her history were of great interest to Harry and me, and we considered it a great treat when we were allowed to visit the yards and watch the builders constructing a ship or the figurehead carvers hand-tooling an ornamentation to be placed on some particular prow. These ship yards are now a thing of the past. Scarcely a vestige remains, but in those days ship-building was a prominent industry of the town.

Enos Briggs, one of the principal master builders, was a particular friend of ours. He came to Salem in 1790 and before he established his yard in South Salem he superintended the erection of the two ships at the head of Derby wharf. He built during his lifetime fifty-one vessels of eleven thousand five hundred tons, among them a brig, which, as a novelty, he launched sidewise from Derby wharf.

Many of these old ship masters were descendants of ancestors who had followed the same occupation and had gleaned valuable information from their experience. Among them was Retire Becket, who was of the fourth generation of shipwrights,



*Without any doubt there is no better example of the colonial houses built in Salem than the
Pierce-Nichols house*

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his early ancestor having been mentioned, as you will find, in the History of Salem in 1655. Of Becket's ships, the masterpiece was *Cleopatra's Barge*, which is described in history as a floating palace. It is said that the owner at first intended to name her "Concordia's Car," but fortunately he changed his mind. Her first voyage, destined also to be her last, was a continuous triumph, famous in the history of our shipping, for she visited the various ports of the Mediterranean shore, attracting, wherever she anchored, crowds of people, who boarded her to view the magnificence of her appointments.

It is well known that while she lay at Civita Vecchia, she was visited by Madame Mere, the mother of Napoleon, and the famous Pauline, Princess Borghese. While at this port a brooch was presented to Captain Crowningshield, containing a lock of Napoleon's hair which is still treasured in the family.

Captain George Crowningshield was a man of unlimited means and of ardent imagination. He had an unbounded admiration for Napoleon, and it was for his rescue he had planned the yacht. It

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was his hope to bring the fallen emperor to New England. This yacht, the first pleasure yacht in America, I remember well, for I was one of the invited guests to dine aboard after she returned from her voyage. It was after I married your grandfather, and I look back at it as one of the most memorable occasions of my life.

There was a fascination surrounding those old ships that you cannot realize and as I recall those early days, it comes over me with a power that I am unable to explain. Born as I was in a family whose love for the sea had been a part of their lives I naturally inherited a deep interest in everything connected with it. In this I was encouraged by Harry, who also was well-versed, not only in nautical terms, but in the secrets of the sea as divulged to him since his early childhood, by the ship masters with whom he was constantly in company.

I was very careful to say little of my happiness in these pursuits, realizing that if I talked too much on the subject I would be debarred from pleasures that were filling so large a part of my life. Fortunately for us, having been well brought up at home, neither of us meddled. That would have

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banished us from the ship yard, as we well knew. The ship builders and all the men in their employ welcomed our coming, for our eager interest in everything and our searching questions amused them and opened the way for many a yarn that would otherwise have been lost.

The most fascinating part of it all was the carving of the figureheads. In those days not a ship sailed from port without an ornamentation of some kind or other on its prow. This was not a new custom, the carvers told us, for it had been followed by men of all nations for thousands of years. As far back as the days of the early Egyptians they had decorated the prows of their pleasure crafts, galleys of war, and barges, with images of their favorite deities or with symbolic ornamentation.

The merchants of the day took for their models, their wives, their daughters, or often posed themselves, and it was wonderful to see what good likenesses were worked out. Harry, and I, too, served as models for two of the ships that left port, and I well remember our pride and satisfaction in our representations, mine a full length figure clothed in wavy garments, a crown of laurel on my head, while

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Harry's was worked out as a bust which adorned one of his father's ships. It was through our own



solicitation that the work was done, and, as our features were changed, our parents never dreamed they were likenesses of ourselves that adorned the ships. It was great fun, for the secrecy that surrounded our posing lent

a glamor or romance to it all, and I think the ship carvers enjoyed it fully as much as we did.

Today this figurehead stands on a headland overlooking the water where it once rode proudly on the prow of a ship

My parents entertained a great deal in the new house, and, as a special favor, I was sometimes allowed to make one of the party at the table. This

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was always a red letter day, for I knew the talk would turn naturally to shipping and its interests. Through these conversations I learned much that was valuable. One day the subject of figureheads came up and I remember my father turning to one of his guests and saying, "I wonder if you have noticed what a singular resemblance the figure-head of my ship *Juno* bears to my little daughter." I colored to the roots of my hair for it was the one I had especially posed for, and I was fearful lest, in my excitement, I should betray the fact. Fortunately somebody spoke of a cargo that was expected in, and the conversation wandered off to different ventures that were still upon the seas. Just as we had finished dinner the door opened suddenly and Harry came running in.

He had just spied one of the ships in the offing and had distinguished her identity by the ornamentation on her prow. There was a general bustle of excitement, for it was one of father's ships that had been long over due and which he had practically given up for lost. There was little time to give thought to me as a model, so aroused were they by the news of the incoming ship which was supposed

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to contain a very valuable cargo in her hold. All was excitement. Even the ship builders left their work, and the figurehead carvers gathered on the wharf in larger and smaller groups to watch the heavy ship as it rounded the point and came slowly up the harbor bearing its flag proudly on its mast. There was great rejoicing among the families whose sons had sailed on this cruise when they knew they had safely returned to port.

I ran out with the rest of the family to watch our ship making its way up the harbor, impatient for it to anchor at the wharf, for I well knew what store of goodies had been tucked away for me by the Captain and his mate, whose special favorite I was. Many were the stories to be told concerning this voyage. I remember the Captain telling about the superstition of the crew when the fearful gale that lashed the seas had loosened the insignia on her prow. "We nearly lost it," he assured my father, "and I don't know whether my men would have had courage enough to bring the ship back to port without it."

They had sighted the old *Beverly* on their way in, three days out from port. There was no mis-



The garden of the Figureheads is situated at Marblehead, designed by a descendant of Elias Haskett Derby

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taking that ship for she had carved on her stern a huge bean pot overflowing with its contents, all painted in realistic coloring. Underneath, in large letters, stood out the name of the ship *Beverly*. This ship, more than any other, brought forth good-natured comments from the Captain and his crew who declared they hoped the ship carried enough of their favorite food inside to last her back to port.

Perhaps one of the most elaborate of the ship's figureheads was the one that adorned the *Elias Haskett Derby*. It was a fine representation of the merchant prince, who was one of the most dignified men in town. As the order was to finish it in color the cost was greatly increased, as yellow paint had not come into vogue and gold leaf had to be used. This was the work of one of the most skilled woodcarvers, who told me secretly that it was one of the most expensive ornamentations that he had ever carved. The order had been to think nothing of expense, so that it should be done right. Instead of a full length this was a bust and for many years it rode the seas, a gleaming signal to the passing ship, until, loosened by the many gales that dashed against it, all unbeknown to the

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captain, it was detached and fell into the sea, where, at the bottom, it lies rotting away in the sand and sea weed.

We learned the favorite symbols that were used and those that aroused superstition among the crew. Among the latter any bird was considered of ill omen, so much so that few sailors would ship it if it was used for ornamentation. Later on, when the eagle became our national emblem, an exception was made for the use of this.

There was so much variety that we never tired of watching, wondering what the outcome would be, and while I was able to draw patterns, Harry, under the direction of a particularly agreeable workman got so he did very creditable carving. With a little help he was able to cut an original design that was used on his father's ship, the secret being kept for many years, in fact until after his death. Then fearing that it might be destroyed, I told the story of how it was carved from a design I had worked out on paper.

Like the "Glory of the Sea," which showed an angel with trumpet, many of them were most intricate in design. To be correctly worked out re-

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quired very delicate carving. This naturally took a longer time and was more expensive, and some of the figureheads cost several thousand dollars. The best carver of all was assigned these particular pieces and we would sit at work studying carefully the finishing touches, fearful lest the tool should slip and ruin all. I used to get so excited that I could scarcely breathe, watching the delicate hand tooling in and out of tiny places where it seemed impossible the finest instrument could be used without breakage.

In elaborate figures the parts were so arranged that they could be screwed together and unscrewed at will. In making a voyage, to protect them from harm the ship hove to a day out of port while the sailors removed them and packed them carefully away in the hold to be put back again as the ship neared foreign ports.

When one realizes how few of these figureheads there are still in existence he must regret that, with the passing of their use, the owners could have had so little expectation of the esteem in which they would be held in the future. Many of them were stored away in lofts, later to be cut up for firewood;

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others ended their existence rotting away on sandy beaches where in rough and stormy weather they would either wash out to sea or be covered deep in the drifting sand. A few still remain and you will find them here and there throughout New England, generally along the sea coast, but many of the most beautiful ones have passed out of existence.

You will wonder who was the most noted wood-carver. I should say that it was Joseph True, for his work, more than any of the others has been handed down. He was a particular friend of us both, and we were always welcome visitors with him. It was from him I learned many legends of the sea, many romantic tales which the quaint imagination of the old salts, had woven around the relics of the past. He used to say that it was only natural that sailors during the long and tiresome voyages around the Horn or the Cape of Good Hope should attach undue importance to the influence which they believed the figureheads exerted on good and bad luck. Indeed some of them went so far as to attribute superhuman qualities to the wooden man or woman that adorned the prow, and woe betide the

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voyage if the figurehead received damage in any way.

One of the sailors had told him a story of what once happened in the Indian Ocean when the Captain of a full-rigged ship threatened a mutinous crew with a punishment he probably would never dare have inflicted. Those were the days of pirates and the crew, determining to become pirates themselves, had fastened the Captain and first mate into the cabin, but, armed only with knives, they could make little resistance to the fire of muskets opened on them from the cabin windows. Attracting the crew by a well-planned ruse to the starboard side of the vessel, the Captain, carrying a pail of black paint, and a paint brush, rushed from his hiding place toward the bowsprit. Quickly the crew darted after him with eyes blazing and knives uplifted in the sunlight, when, stopping in horror, they saw that the Captain was about to give the beautiful white-draped figure of a woman that surmounted the prow a coat of black paint. Dropping on their knees they promised submission if only he would relinquish his fatal purpose.

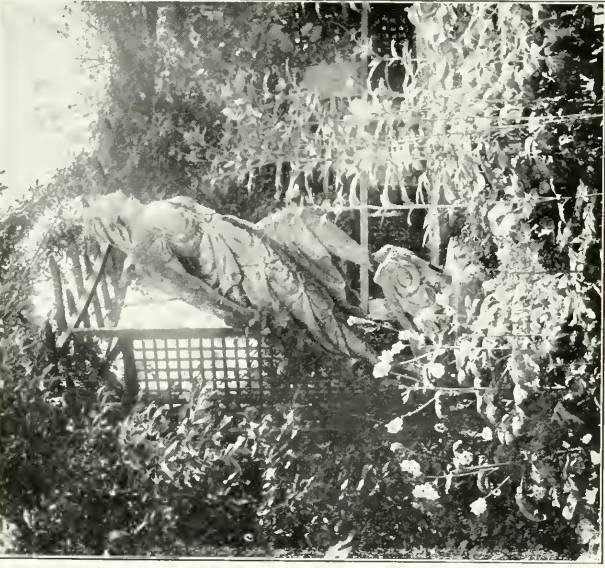
To such tales of the sea we listened, our blood

MEMORIES OF OLD SALEM

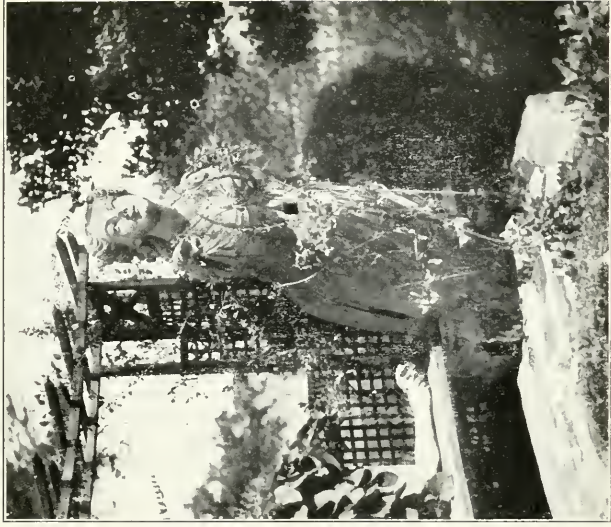
thrilling with excitement, till the old wood-carver, noting our disorder, would calm us by quiet talk. He showed us a bust of the Apostle Paul which he had been asked to make for the ship *St. Paul*, owned by one Stephen Phillips. This bust rode proudly on the prow for many years, when, for some unaccountable reason, probably because in need of repairs, it was removed just before the ship started for Manila. When the sailors discovered their loss they were very uneasy. John Hancock, the second mate, went as far as to say he refused to ship, giving as a reason his premonition that the vessel without its mascot would never return—which proved true. For many years I loved to look at this particular bust. It stood in front of an old shop, but it has recently been removed to other quarters.

Another of the old Salem figureheads that met its doom as kindling wood was that of Sir William Wallace, dressed in a full Highland costume. This figure was exhibited for a long time in front of a cigar store, but finally met its fate in the fire.

Female figures were never used on war ships and many of the large trading vessels wore as a dis-



One of the pleasant things seen in the late Robert Peabody garden at Marblehead is the figurehead, emblematic of the days when cumbersome ships plied from port to port bearing proudly on their prow a decorative insignia



Robert Peabody garden at Marblehead is the figurehead, emblematic of the days when cumbersome ships plied from port to port bearing proudly on their prow a decorative insignia

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tinguishing mark figures of generals, statesmen, and often of prominent citizens. Among the distinguished men George Washington stood first, a ship of his name bearing his figure in effigy. It was during Washington's term of office that a Liverpool vessel named for Cornwallis was surrendered to the general at the close of the Revolution. It was adorned by a figure of the English general dressed in a red vest and a buff coat, characteristic of the English representations.

We took great pleasure in watching the different ships come into port, entering the name as we recognized the insignia to see which one of us had the better memory. I am sorry to say I generally lost. There was such a variety it was almost impossible to distinguish them all. The Salem Witch, realistic in color, was a conspicuous figure on a ship of the name owned by Edward Kimball. There were Indian Chiefs and Princesses that looked quite war-like and imposing in their colored trappings; there were Scotch costumes and gay ball dresses, though these were usually painted in white. Every variety nameable, every size conceivable were executed by these men who toiled on the seas, and, in

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dull times, showed their skill on land by working out delicate and intricate designs for the mansions that were being built—just as they worked out designs for the interior of ships.

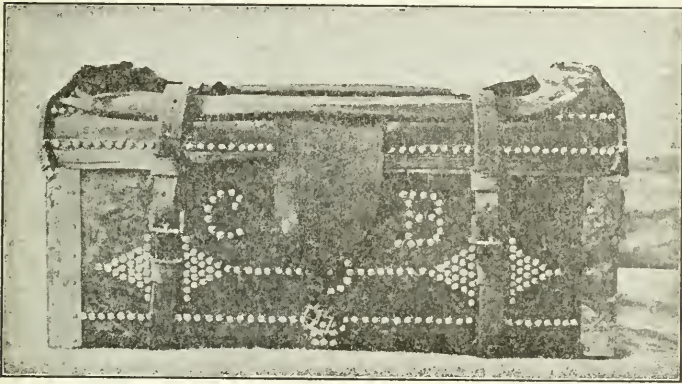
Hawthorne, steeped in the love of the sea, became interested in this special field of ornamentation and introduced the nautical ideas into one of his most charming short romances taking as a theme a wooden image that had once adorned one of the Salem vessels.

We never knew definitely whether fishing vessels took up this method of identification or not. Doubtless it was carried out in more or less elaboration, but not as frequently as in ships owned by merchants enriched by foreign trade who spared no expense in the working out of favorite ideas.

The glories of the sea are now past and gone, for the industry which once flourished so prominently in Salem has passed away, becoming as it were a lost art; a few makers of ships "fiddle heads" and "scroll work," still ply their trade, but the quaint symbolism of the old pieces is still recalled only in the reading of history and occasionally in the ornamentation of grounds.

FIGUREHEADS

Of the ship carvers who plied their calling on the deep waters too much cannot be said concerning their courage and their honesty. It must be borne in mind that battling with the mighty sea developed their characters while the responsibility of sailing the ship and the business of the careful dis-



An old stage trunk, battered and worn, with its ornamentation of brass-headed nails, now rests unused in the attic

posing and loading of cargoes made them reliable. They were a rare lot of men that once filled the old marine room where they gathered around the open fire and cracked jokes and told stories of the past. Now in the words of one of the old sea captains, they are "as scarce as hen's teeth." Few of them are left to recount the old days that spoke much for

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Salem's glory. The last ship, the *Mindora*, docked at Derby Wharf has now passed away and all evidence of the old time shipping has disappeared, for the old ships have been replaced by a far different model of sea-faring craft and progress has brought its changes notable in my day. Where once the clumsy ship lumbered across the sea, steamships with twentieth century improvements glide swiftly from port to port.

DAME'S SCHOOLS AND CENT SHOPS

IV

DAME'S SCHOOLS AND CENT SHOPS



*A bead bag, of colonial pattern,
reproduced in our own day*

THOSE were exciting days in the old city when ships were constantly coming and going and waves of excitement filled the air. It was all particularly true of Harry and me, who were perhaps more interested in sea-faring life than the other children of our set.

Our talk was always of the sea and of the sea-going crafts.

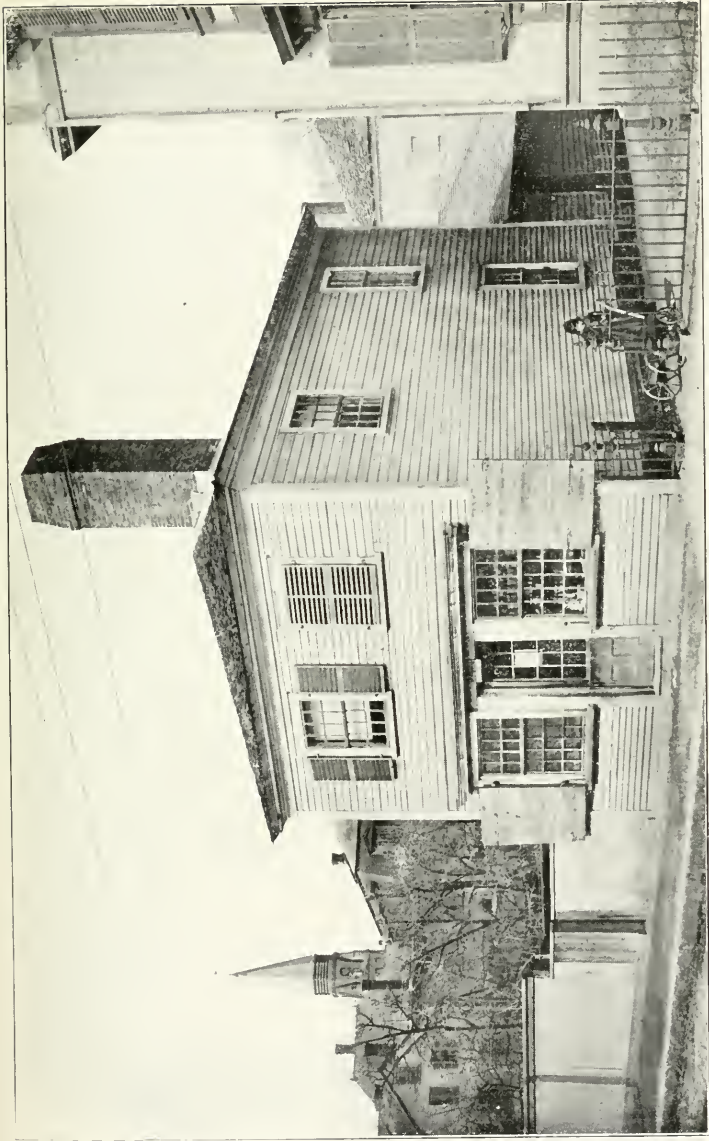
Long before the incoming ship rounded the point on her homeward way, her coming was made known by one or more boys of the town, who had kept watch on the farthest point for the first sight

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of a sail. They well knew a silver dollar would be their reward, termed by them, "A dollar for good news." It was then excitement spread and messengers were sent from the counting house to the parents and families whose sons and husbands were crews of the home-coming ships. When the ship first rounded the point, slowly making way up the harbor to port, an anxious, expectant group stood watching and waiting to hear good or ill news.

The flag, the emblem of our nation, told more plainly than words the good health of the crew. If dropped on the sail, then hearts beat quickly with anxiety, each one fearing lest he or she should be the one to hear the ill news, and to know that a loved one had gone out of life and was lying at the bottom of the sea. If, however, the flag proudly waved from the top mast of the ship a sigh of relief was audible, and there was rejoicing in the hearts of the waiting ones, for they knew that all was well.

Captain and crew would be gathered on the deck; they, too, would be watching and waiting, half fearful of bad news. Boats would put out from the



Never was a child so happy as when he went to the old cent shop to purchase for the family needs, spending his extra penny for a Black Jack, a Gibraltar, or a Jim Crow

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shore, manned by townsmen, anxious and eager to meet the incoming vessels and obtain first-hand word concerning cargoes and crew; then after a long waiting the great ship would draw up at the pier, coming to anchor, while captain and crew would look anxiously for the upturned faces of loved ones from whom they had been parted perchance more than a year. Husbands and wives then rushed into each other's arms with a hearty embrace; the little bride-to-be tripped down to greet her expectant lover weary with her long wait; the ship owners mingled with the busy throng to learn of the success of their venture.

Those were days we talked about with bated breath and looked forward to with eager, beating hearts. Lessons seemed long at the Dame's School and the hours dragged wearily on when we knew a ship was coming up the harbor. Not all the ships possessed the same interest for us children, as we were limited to two wharves, Mr. Lee's and father's, and as children were well brought up in those days we were taught not to intrude on other persons' territory, unless specially asked to do so. But, so interested were we in this industry

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which brought great wealth into our city, that we knew almost every ship by name. More than that, we were confident as to their cargo, often comparing notes to see if we were correct.

In our own ships constant surprises were always taking place. The captain, the mate, and the crew were all personal friends, and we were special favorites with them all. Down deep in the bottom of the chests was always that little present tucked away that had been bought at foreign ports especially to please us both. No matter what the present was, it always seemed better than the last, and our rooms were filled with belongings that had been brought over by our sea-faring friends.

This was before the tide had turned and the foreign trade had ebbed away, leaving the old wharves deserted or given over to other industries. The warehouses now stand empty and the lapping of the water against the moss-grown piers is not disturbed by incoming ships. The great houses of the old merchants, transformed into tenements with their many inhabitants, show a melancholy change that is very sad to me.

Jewelry was brought to me in abundance. Boxes

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and boxes were stored away in my upper bureau drawer, but the one thing I especially admired was a simple gold ring too large to be worn on my finger. It was from Captain Gardner, who called it, "a wishing ring that would bring all kinds of good luck." This ring opened into four sections to make a perfect globe.

Harry's present was an elegant suit of clothes, of the kind the nobility wore in India. It was trimmed with gold lace and was so elaborate that he never could be induced to put it on. You will find it just as it was brought to him, packed away in one of the three large trunks in the attic that have never been opened. After the trunks were filled I could not bear to see the contents, for they held my wedding clothes, presents from Harry, and ornaments for the new house that was never built. Press the spring in the panel between the two windows in my living-room and you will find a secret closet, inside which I have hidden the keys of the trunk and much of my jewelry.

The Chippendale chair that stands by the side of my fireplace was a present from Captain Benjamin Hodges. It is the largest piece of furniture

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that I ever received as a gift. The mate to it was brought home by your great-grandfather just after my marriage and, as you see, it is exactly like it even in every bit of its carving.

But I could not be allowed too much on the wharves. All the children of our set were sent to the Dame's School at a very early age, there to learn sewing, reading, writing and manners. Mother, feeling I was still a baby, had hated to part with me and begged father to let me study at home until I was nine years of age. I remember so well what a handsome woman she was, dressed always in the afternoon in a stiff silken gown that father had brought home to her from Spain. Over it she wore fine delicate laces, priceless in value. These, also, came home in the holds of the ships.

I was a very timid child and shrank from attending school with the rest. I doubt if I would have been sent as soon as I was, if it had not been for Harry. His mother and mine were old and intimate friends, spending the day with each other often. It was through her influence that father induced mother to send me to the Dame's School.

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Harry came for me every morning and walked home with me at noon. He often came so early that we had not breakfasted; so much at home was he in our family that he would lift the latch, walk into the room and wait patiently until I had finished my morning meal.

I am sorry to say we were great trials to our teacher, a gentlewoman of limited means who had opened the school as a way to retrieve her fortune. The schoolroom was upstairs in one of the chambers of the large house that had been her home for many years. It had been turned into a schoolroom and here the children of our set congregated to be taught by the prim dame.

I have still a sampler that I worked while at the Dame's School. It is faded with age and its alphabet in script is very hard to decipher. Like many of the early samplers, it was copied from an approved pattern, the teacher leading my fingers toward perfection. Half way down is a picture, showing water in three shades, holding fish, ducks and waterlilies. Three hills rise behind the water, each one bearing a tree in one of which a parrot

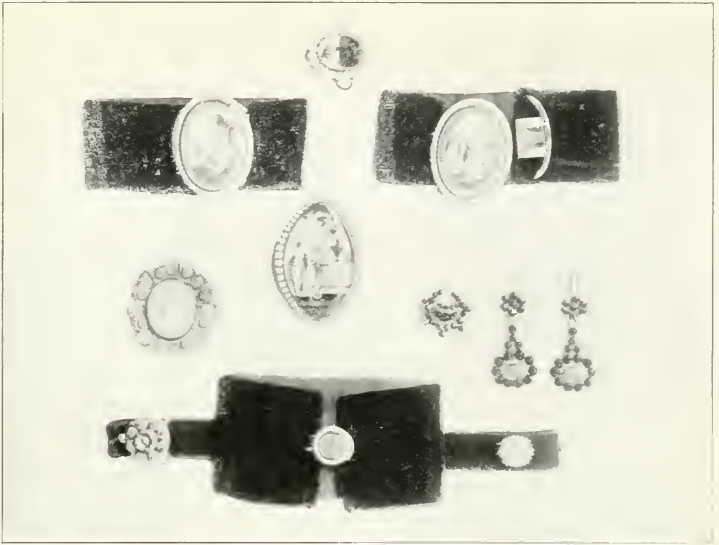
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rested happily. It was worked in simple cross stitch in various shades of silk and expressed my future hopes at the end.

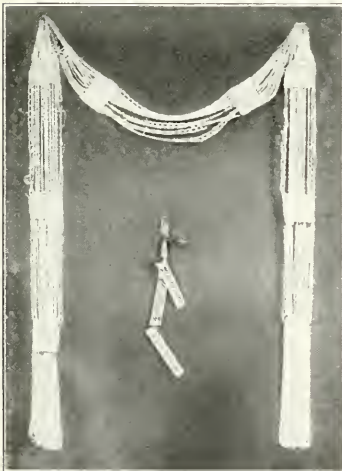
“Amy Kittridge is my name,
Salem is my dwelling place,
New England is my nashun,
And Christ is my salvation.”

I wrought this in the twelfth year of my age. These schools are now a thing of the past; their memories linger tenderly in the hearts of those who were fortunate enough to be able to receive invaluable lessons in good breeding through the instructions of the gentle dames. Those tall and dignified spinsters never forgot manners, and consequently never overlooked any breaches that were made by their scholars.

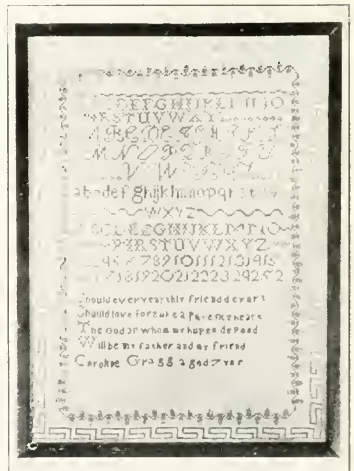
In a way these schools resembled those in the English homes, in that they were kept by gentlewomen, whose fortunes had diminished and who had no other way of earning a living. Many of them were intimates of the family and attended social affairs, never forgetting to hold before us the example that they taught at school. Not everybody was admitted as a pupil to one of these



The fair colonial dames were proud of their jewels. To-day we find them cherished in the homes of their descendants



The children made beaded watch chains and bags, of intricate pattern



Many of these samplers were done at the age of seven years, showing great skill in needlecraft

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schools; not a child but had to have his family history looked up before he could enter the door. Children whose parents or grandparents had always attended a school such as this were the first to be looked after and their application for admission were put in almost while in the cradle, so that when child grown they would be ahead on the waiting list. Once a pupil of this school, one's standing was established. It was like an introduction at court, and no matter what should happen in after life every pupil was stamped with the insignia of having been a pupil in one of these schools.

It must be remembered that there was not then, as today, progression in teaching. The pupils had it instilled into their minds that to be a gentleman was above everything else, and manners were most important. Any breach along these lines was treated with the utmost severity, and the pupil was made to feel her impropriety by sharp looks and a lecture that she did not readily forget. Doubtless many of these people who held the position of instructor were not up in the scientific methods of to-day and got their appointments through friends who wished to help them in their

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impoverished condition. The teachers were past middle life, many of them stiff, angular and prim.

The entrance to the schoolroom was not through the front door but by a side door that opened in the yard. We came up the side staircase and used the back stairs at recess. Religious exercises were the first event of the day, and a tap of the pencil on the desk brought the children to order. An air of good breeding pervaded the schoolroom, and every child was taught that manners were as important as lessons. We entered and behaved generally in the schoolroom in the most decorous manner, our high spirits finding vent in the school yard, where we romped to our hearts' content but were never allowed to quarrel. Harry and I managed to have seats close together, and often when the teacher was not looking we passed notes to each other, commenting on the arrival or the departure of some favorite ship.

It was through Harry's helpfulness that I was able to progress as rapidly as I did, for I was behindhand in many studies because of my slower progress at home. We spelled and read from our little reading books, sang our multiplication table

DAME'S SCHOOLS AND CENT SHOPS

to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," and studied arithmetic through the use of wooden beads strung on wire. Punishments were rare, but when they were necessary we were either sent into a closet or punished in some mild way, being forced to make amends possibly by writing our names or by doing a sum on the slate.

Classes consisted generally of but one pupil, as the books varied, mine being one that mother had used. We learned to read, spell and sew, after a fashion, but not as it is taught today in the modern schools. Courtesy was considered an accomplishment and we received instructions in the art just as we did in the three R's. Needlework was also considered the proper thing, and not a child was ever graduated from a school such as this who had not worked one sampler and more often two. Sewing was a fine art in those days, and we were taught to do it so delicately that the stitches were practically invisible. You will find samples of my work hidden away in the old trunk and also a sampler that was worked when Harry was only eleven years of age. It was the ability to sew that gave him occupation later during his long voyages. He took with

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him material and did beautiful work, some of which I kept.

New Year's was a great day of the year at the school. There was a bustle of excitement, and weeks beforehand certain scholars were chosen to visit the parents to obtain money as a gift for the teachers. It was carefully wrapped up and placed in an envelope bearing on the outside the address of the teacher, written in a childish hand by one of the pupils. The rest of us would gather close around to witness the proceedings. The envelope was handed to the teacher with great ceremony and was received in the same manner, being considered a surprise though, in reality, it was expected. Each of us received a gift. Among them were quaint little jointed wooden dolls with old-fashioned faces. You will find some of these packed away in a trunk with other gifts that were made to Harry and me.

There was one thing to be said in favor of these schools and that was what that we learned we remembered, for our lessons were not all from books. The old-fashioned manner of our teachers has been so impressed on my mind that I have never forgotten it, and the breeding of the girls of that day dif-

DAME'S SCHOOLS AND CENT SHOPS

ferred essentially from that of the present generation.

Another thing that fascinated me and that I never was tired of doing was to visit the penny shops—like the one kept by Hepzibah Pyncheon in “The House of the Seven Gables.” To my childish mind they contained treasures of the Orient. The copper cent, as big as half a dollar, seemed to us children to possess the compelling power of a fortune, and it was only after consideration worthy of it that it found its way always into the drawer behind the counter in one of these stores.

They were tended by gentlewomen; and there was about them an air of mystery that was fascinating. Standing on the shelves were calicoes and prints to be made up into dresses and aprons and so honest were these shopkeepers that they even pointed out flaws before selling, a practice not acted on today.

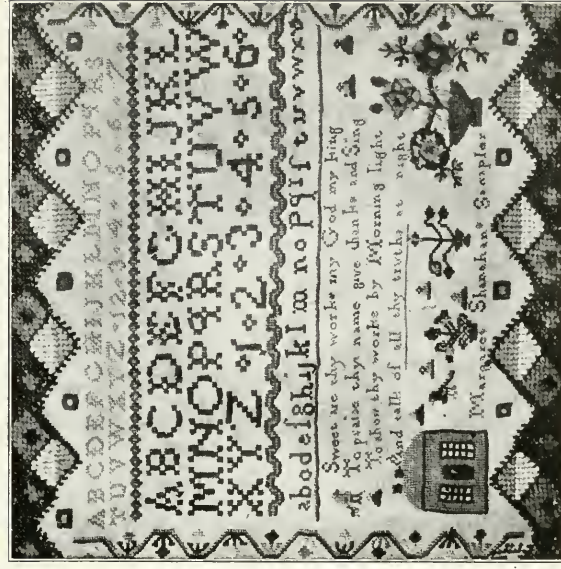
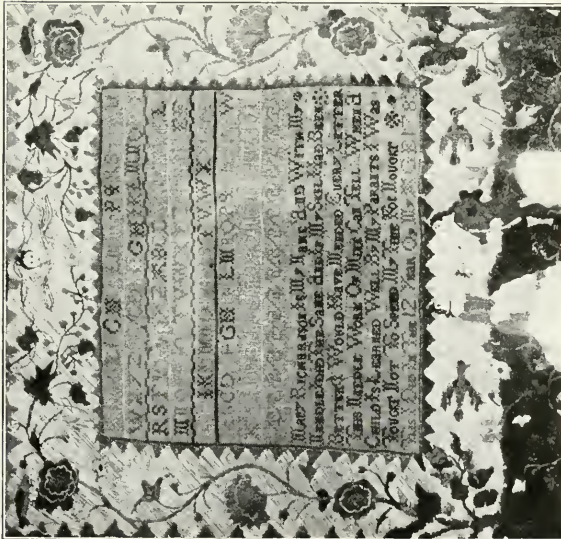
Little dolls, wooden jointed, and all sorts of penny purchases were intermingled under the glass case. One of the favorites was a sheet of white paper on which were dropped with great precision rows of white and pink peppermints. These could

MEMORIES OF OLD SALEM

be purchased for a penny and were always in demand by the children. Then there were the gingerbread Jim Crows, a triumph of art in our eyes and so tasty and appetizing that we never could get enough for our satisfaction.

Black Jacks and Salem Giblaltars came in later. Their fame has been widespread for many a year. There were no modern confections, for our great-grandfathers disapproved of them. Black Jack never had the fame of Giblaltars. The latter were so stony and flint hearted that they libeled the rock of that name. They might well be looked upon as the aristocrat of our Salem candies, and so popular did they become and so connected with recollections that it is said that the old sea captains took them on voyages to eat when they felt homesick.

Giblaltars were not all of one flavor. There were lemon and peppermint and checkerberry; the favorite of all those with the older people was the peppermint. I remember Mrs. Spencer, whose son came to Salem in 1822, starting the confection making a little later, driving about in a wagon from shop to shop, to carry supplies to wholesale customers.



The old time sampler is but the ancestor of the cross stitch in vogue to-day. Finished needlewomen taught at the Dame School were the children of the old ship masters. Time, patience and careful work are shewn in their work.

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The growth in the confection sale was not extensive at first, for they retailed at fourpence half a penny for seven. Wrapped in soft white paper they tempted not only the children but the older people and finally not a house did not include this confection as a necessary part of the serving at afternoon tea. Blackjacks were dark and sticky, tasting as if they had been burnt in the kettle, and the flavor was intentional, not accidental, which was a part of the mystery that surrounded its making.

Harry and I saved our pennies until we got a goodly store and then recklessly invested it all in the four things our hearts desired,—we preferring a feast to a dribble. The very last time that Harry went on his voyage, I bought two boxes of Gibral-tars for him to take with him. Since he passed away I have never tasted one and could not; they were too closely connected with our life together. The very sight of one in a store brings to mind the lad growing out of boyhood into manhood standing at the edge of the wharf bidding me a last farewell. In his hand was the box of these goodies, the last gift that I presented to him.

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These days are so full of memories! I wish I could tell you of them all but it would be impossible to describe them accurately. Everywhere on every hand were exhibited queer ventures brought back from foreign lands. Intermixed with these were little old shops presided over by the gentlewomen, who often invited the customer into the back shop for afternoon tea. There was a sweet peaceful atmosphere in the little shops, which were often only a little front room with three windows, one looking out on a pleasant side yard. Frequently a mother with placid face would be seated in a rocking chair looking out the window while her daughter supplied her customers with goods. Seemingly the mother would be too old to assist in the work but if Miss Eunice was called off on an errand, the old lady, with much alacrity, would measure off calico or count out buttons, asking, as she tied up the package, "And how is *your* mother, today, my dear?"

Indeed there was a homelike feeling in these tiny shops. They were so cozy, with their counters on three sides and an opening at one corner which admitted one to the mysterious case at the back against the wall. So attractive were these little

DAME'S SCHOOLS AND CENT SHOPS

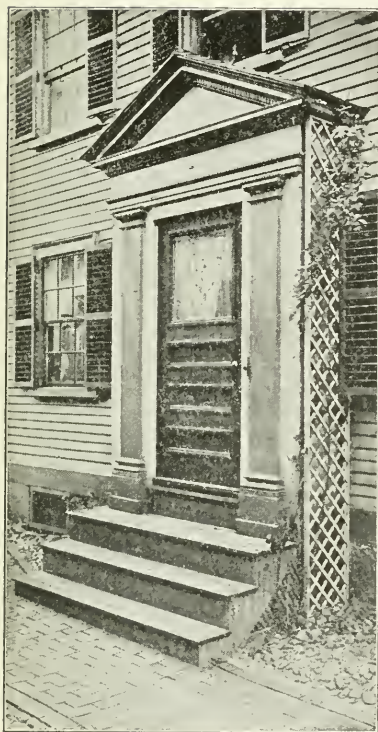
places that one often wondered if the shopkeepers kept store for the pleasure of meeting their friends. They had a quiet, determined way, these shopkeepers. Mother once asked if a deduction could be made on account of spots in the material only to be told that the price never changed and that they would rather she did not buy unless she was satisfied; no one obtained concessions from them.

Gone are these shops, memories only are left! In imagination I again enter, stepping up from the sidewalk and thumbing the latch to open the door. The sound of a bell attached to a wire on the top brings from the inner room, a bright faced little woman who stands behind the counter dressed in an old-fashioned calico with a small plaid shawl folded across her thin shoulders. She looks, as I gaze upon her, as if she had stepped out of the frame of a picture. The red curls pinned conspicuously over the scanty gray locks do not in the least mar the beauty of her face. There is a charm in the clear brow, the soft lustrous brown eyes, the finely chiseled nose, and sensitive mouth, bespeaking the loveliness of her girlhood.

SAILING BEFORE THE MAST

V

SAILING BEFORE THE MAST



Where can one find a quainter or more dignified example of Salem's noted porches?

over so many times—Harry and I, and we felt such a pity that it had to be; visiting frequently the

HOW little I dreamed as we stood on the wharves watching the parting and greeting of the crews as they started and returned on their long voyages that I should be called upon to go through the same anguish that I had seen depicted on the faces of the sad women turning away from their departing sweethearts and husbands.

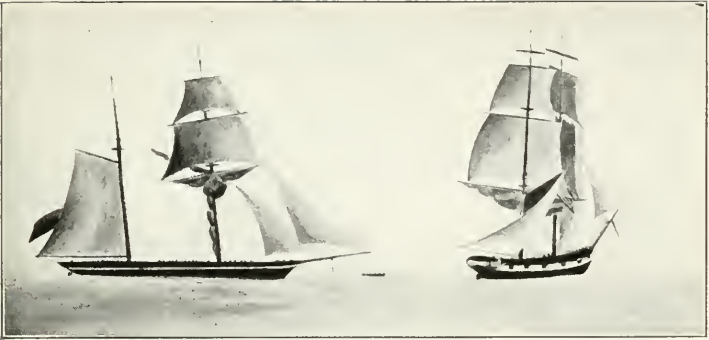
We had talked it

MEMORIES OF OLD SALEM

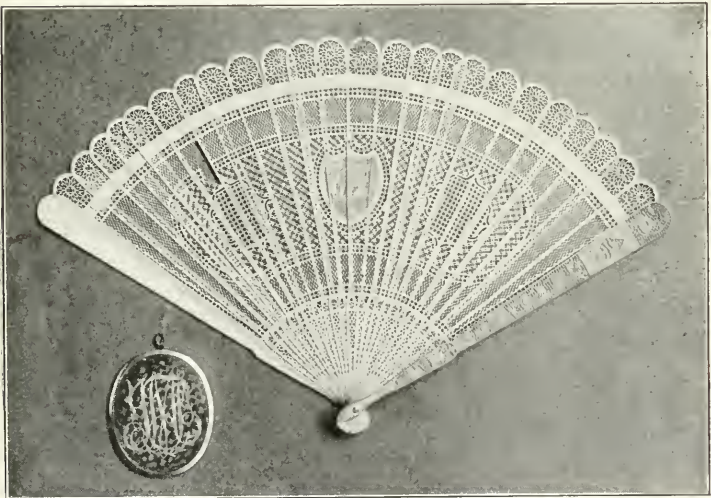
homes of those left behind, listening to letters that had been received through passing ships, until we almost felt that we were living in the same atmosphere that they did. Although there was social life among the ship owners' wives and families, we had never cared to mingle in it, being far more interested in the world outside—the ships, the shipping and crews.

I had been looked upon as a baby and I do not think either Mr. Lee or father had any idea how we knew the concerning ventures; that is, they did not know until one day as we came into the counting room and found them talking over a prospective journey we summoned up enough courage to air our views on the subject. It was a picture for an artist, the faces of the two men, who had until then given little thought to what we did.

I remember the look of blank amazement that came over my father's face as he looked at Mr. Lee and they both stood listening very intently to what we had to say. I overheard them saying afterwards that we were wise little people and knew almost as much about the business as they did after years spent poring over books in the counting room.



The old Privateers were stannch and well built and able to ride the tempestuous seas to which they were often exposed



The delicate lace fans with their carved ivory sticks swung leisurely backward and forward as the belle of yesterday flirted with the gallant of long ago

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SAILING BEFORE THE MAST

Harry was fifteen years old and I was one year younger, but so small that I was still looked upon as a mite of a girl, whose only interest they thought could be in childish things. I think father and Mr. Lee must have talked it over at home for, little by little, I felt that I was "getting grown up," and I often caught mother looking at me with a very serious face, much as if she were sorrowful that the youngest was no longer a child. Father gradually made me more his comrade; we had always been close companions, for I had been so interested in subjects that filled his mind. He encouraged my coming into the counting room, for he knew I never talked over his affairs outside.

From that day Harry and I felt, as we never had before, the freedom of the office. So much so that even if privacy was desired we were allowed to stay and listen. I did not realize then what it all meant, that our two fathers were planning Harry's future; that from their conversation with us had grown a purpose to make a merchant out of him.

In order to do this he must begin at the bottom and work up. The first step was to go to sea before the mast. He was no younger than many of the

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boys who had been sent on their first voyages. He was far better prepared than most as he had learned enough to understand what was expected of him. I do not see how I could have been so blind, but it never dawned on me that they had this in mind until about six months afterward.

One day I happened to go into the office, and sat down, unperceived, listening to a conversation between the two fathers. They were discussing the advisability of letting Harry go on the next voyage to Sumatra. My heart stopped beating, I almost fainted, but I was eager and anxious to know all about it, so I kept absolutely quiet and listened intently to their plans.

The captain was one of our most intimate friends, Captain Hodges, the greatest favorite with us of all the old sea captains. There was about him a mental reserve, strengthened in his many voyages by his enforced seclusion from the world which gave him time to think over his life's work that he might the better serve his masters. He was one of the happiest men we had ever met and never once during our many conversations with him had we heard one word of fault finding or grumbling.

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If Harry had to leave me I would have preferred he would have been under my old friend rather than with any one else, and I knew in my inmost heart that it was right he should go. As I listened to the plans I actually grew quite enthusiastic about them.

I don't think either of the men realized that I was in the office; I do not know that it would have made any difference and yet, possibly, they would have been more discreet. Mr. Lee told father he had always hoped that one of his sons would succeed him but he had never once singled out Harry until he realized how interested he was in commerce and how much he knew about foreign lands and ventures.

He even went further, giving his reasons why it was best Harry should take several voyages before he came into the counting room, to take up that part of the work. It would give their foreign customers more confidence in the firm as they would learn, through knowing the son, something of the kind of men with whom they were dealing. It would, too, familiarize Harry with different ports and he would learn through his own inquiries what cargo was best to bring home and why. There was of course

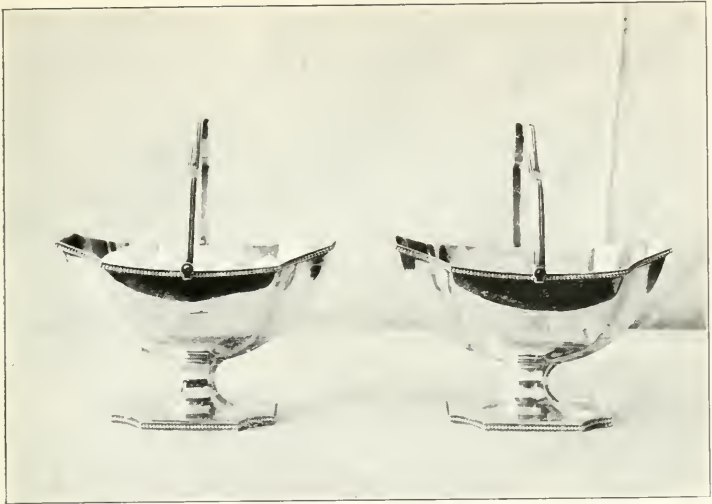
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a variety to choose from in every port, and a man in order to be successful must be able to study both markets. While in port he must visit among his customers, as in that way he would get valuable information that could never be procured otherwise.

At home it was his business to study the imports of merchants, and, in a quiet way, find out for himself whether or not they were making the most of their cargoes. Harry was a shrewd boy, and, though he had made much of my companionship, he had mingled freely with the other lads. He was older in many ways than most boys of his years, thoughtful beyond his age, and possessed good judgment.

An imperative call ended the consultation and I quietly walked out of the counting house and across the street to my own room. I was not ready to see Harry; I had first to think out what to say. I realized he knew nothing about the planning yet, but I knew beyond doubt that he would be ready to go. I must be strong enough not to stand in his way or make him feel unhappy over our parting.

It took time. It was my first sorrow and I felt it very deeply. We had been so much together, so



Spanish doubloons were melted that they might be shaped into these graceful sugar bowls, a memento of commercial days



A study of old Lowestoft is always of interest. There are landscapes, sprigs and often coats of arms shown

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interested in the same things. I wondered how life would seem without having him to go to at every turn. Finally I became reconciled, knowing that it was for his good. I decided to tell him just what I had heard so that we might have time to talk it over and plan out a bit before our elders took him into their confidence and gave him directions as to what to do.

I was a very sober girl, as I opened the side door and walked down into the old-fashioned garden where I knew Harry would be waiting for me in the summer house. Never had he seemed so necessary to me as now that I was about to lose him. He looked up with a merry twinkle in his eye as if he, too, had a secret to tell; when seeing my mouth set he came to me, putting his arms around my neck and begged me to tell him what was troubling me.

I drew him into the summer house and fell on his neck, crying as if my heart would break. Harry was greatly alarmed. He had never seen me cry before and he was sure something very serious had happened. In fact, he was so disturbed that I calmed myself, knowing it was wiser to speak than to just keep silence. We sat down on the little

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wooden seat just as we had sat for years, he with his arm around my neck, and I with mine thrown around his waist. I choked back the tears which Harry wiped away from my eyes with his handkerchief. Then he leaned over and kissed me so tenderly that I fell to weeping again.

“Harry,” I said, while the tears ran down my cheeks. He held me close to him while I poured out my story. It was not so much a surprise to him as I had expected. He had had it in his own mind for more than a year but had known how I would feel about it and he had dreaded to tell me lest I should be heartbroken.

“It is better, Amy dear,” he said, “that I should go. My heart is set on following the sea. If only you could go, too,” and he drew me closer to him, laying his cheek on mine. Then I knew it was as hard for him as it was for me. I think we were both glad that we could talk it over. There was plenty of time to accustom ourselves of the idea of the coming parting, for it was still four weeks before the ship was due.

Every spare minute we could find we spent together, talking, planning, thinking and wonder-

SAILING BEFORE THE MAST

ing. It seemed to me there was so much to say and so little time in which to say it that each day went flying by, bringing us one day nearer the separation. Two weeks had gone and Harry's father broke the news to him, dreading that he might not accede at once to the proposition. He little knew that he was thoroughly prepared for it and that we too had discussed every necessity long before.

Harry was manly. He told his father frankly what I had heard in the office and that I had spoken to him about it and that he was really most anxious to go. The good ship *Eliza* came into port on time. Captain Hodges, when he heard that Harry was to be his companion, was delighted. The time fairly flew until the ship was ready to start on its way. Those were busy days for both our families, for it was an important event when a son set sail on his first voyage to a foreign port. Harry and I spent much time studying the customs and manners of the countries he was planning to visit. We agreed between us that he should keep a log, sending it back as he spoke a passing vessel, while I, too, was to keep a diary, noting down the different ships, their ventures, and whether they were successful or not.

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Many little gifts which I had worked I folded into separate packages and gave them to Captain Hodges for Harry to receive at different times throughout the trip. Among them were several packages of Gibralters and Black Jacks.

One week after Harry's birthday he set sail. The wharf as usual was crowded with the friends and families of those departing. It was a beautiful day in the middle of June. The ship swung from her moorings out into the harbor, leaving us heart-sick behind. I promised I would not leave the wharf until the good ship rounded the point and I stood there, watching and waving, with eyes filled with tears until the last wave was sighted and they passed out to sea.

I do not know who was the more homesick, Harry or I. We had never been parted for a whole day since our childhood. Leaving the wharf with a broken heart, I went to my room and taking from a little bag around my neck a tiny ring which he gave me before he left, I placed it on my finger and sobbed as if my heart would break.

Days passed very rapidly. I devoted myself to my lessons and made such rapid progress, not only



Paintings of ships are always fitting reminders of the glory of the past

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SAILING BEFORE THE MAST

in my book but in my fancy work, that I felt repaid for my close attention. Every night I checked off on the map what seemed to me would be a good day's voyage. They were bound for the East Indies, to stop at the Isle of France on the way, to trade off their cargo and re-load with sugar and coffee. I well knew the trade was a venture that would depend for its profit upon whether or not there was a scarcity in the market, and I felt sure the trip would do much for Harry in after life.

Those were anxious days in our household, for it was the first time any member had ventured across the seas. There was danger that lurked in the offing for vessels and property were often seized with a serious loss to the owner. The first package received was sent from the Isle of France. It contained business letters sent to his father with full details of the trip, letters that proved to him that he had done right in sending his son to sea. My letter was in the form of a log, in which he told me many things he had never said before. Every line breathed of the love he bore me, and through it all ran plans for our future. He was working for me,

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to make me a home where I should be happy with him all my life.

One amusing incident he told me, asking me to keep it a secret from the rest of the family until his return. It seems they were only about ten days out when they were overtaken by a vessel bound for the same port. Harry previously had been warned by the captain to keep his own counsel and not disclose even to the crew the destination of the ship. Though they probably knew all about it, the less it was talked over the better he would stand with the owners and the officers as well.

“The captains dined together on the *Eliza* and it was curious to see how hard Captain Osgood tried to find out our destination. It was also amusing to see how well Captain Hodges, without offending him, headed him off. Good-bys were interchanged and the ships parted.

“I noticed how quickly the cargo was lightened, by throwing overboard anything unnecessary. The gallant ship minded her helm and we were able to reach port ahead of scheduled time. Fortunately we hit port when our cargo was needed there, and we were able to sell at a large advance, shipping in

SAILING BEFORE THE MAST

place a cargo of sugar, coffee and pepper, before continuing on to the East Indies, we leave tonight. Just as I was about to seal your letter, Captain Osgood in the ship *Union* appeared in sight. He was not very good natured when he found we had beaten him at his own game.”

Then followed tender messages that would cheer me through all the long days until his return.

At last a year and a half had passed since Harry first started and it was time for the ship to return. I fell to wondering if he had changed much since I saw him. I knew that I had grown, had improved in my ways, and had through my mother's teaching become quite a cook. In those days cooking was a fine art, and the New England housekeepers were unequaled in their knowledge of the culinary art.

I learned under mother's direction to make many fancy dishes as well as to cook meats and plain food, so that on his return from the trip I could surprise my lover with a dinner that had been cooked all by myself. I confess I was quite proud of this pledging of the family to secrecy that I might surprise Harry the first time he came to the house to dine.

Ten days had passed since the ship was due, but

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the owners were unconcerned. It often happened that trade winds and adverse circumstances might delay a ship for weeks and even months. Every day I managed to walk to the point and sit patiently on the rocks straining my eyes in hope that the ship would be sighted. Two weeks had passed when one day, just as I seated myself on my accustomed rock I noticed way off in the horizon a tiny speck. My heart leaped with joy. What if it was the *Eliza* coming back to port! Hours passed and I sat immovable, paying little attention to the chatter of the boys who were on the lookout for the incoming ship.

Before I could make out the name or decipher the figurehead she wore so proudly on her prow, the boys recognized her and screamed with delight: "The *Eliza!* the *Eliza,*" and started on a run to impart the good news to the owners who were patiently waiting in their counting rooms on shore.

Darkness came on apace, and I knew it would be impossible for the good ship *Eliza* to reach port that night. When I returned to the wharf I begged father and Mr. Lee to put off a boat and let me go to meet my lover. Little guessed they what it



Back of the old colonial house on Essex Street is a charming garden, tended by the mistress of the house. A feature is the green arbor over which wistaria has been trained

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meant to me and how anxious I was to be the first to greet him as he rounded the point.

I hardly slept all night. Harry told me afterward he walked the deck all night long, begging the captain to put him ashore, but Captain Hodges knew the rules of the ship and much as he loved Harry was forced to refuse. With the first ray of daylight I was down on the wharf, and realizing I had time I skirted the shore and stood out in bold relief on the rocks waving my scarf to the ship. Harry was the first to see me. I could just see him as he sprang to the side, and but for the captain's interference would have jumped overboard and swam ashore. He was well, that I knew. He had seen me, of that, too, I was sure, yet I stood waiting and watching the ship as she neared the shore on her homeward way. Signals that passed between us were shown more and more plainly. At last realizing that I had not time to wait longer, I started back reaching the wharf just as the old ship came lumbering up the harbor and into port.

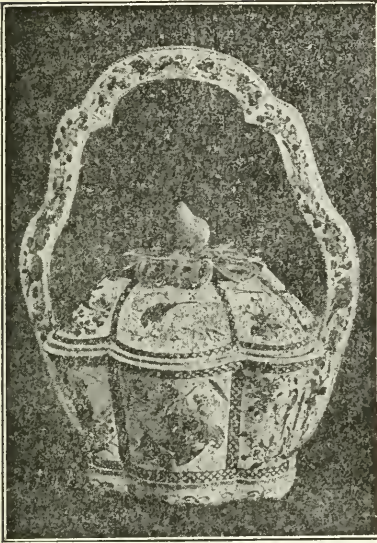
As a special favor father and Mr. Lee allowed me to accompany them aboard the ship. Harry was so changed I hardly knew him. He had grown

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so tall, so brown and so manly! But he was just the same Harry as of yore, and I stood proudly by him while they quickly went over the details of the voyage. I learned first hand that it had been a very successful one, clearing fifty thousand dollars in specie, a quite creditable sum for those days.

In addition to her cargo, there were household goods, china, and foreign fruits, designed for the owner and his friends. Harry I knew had brought me many things but I was willing to wait for them. I was content simply to be with him once more. As soon as we could be free we left the ship together, and then, going first to his home and then to mine to announce his arrival, we escaped from the family and took our way to the old summer house, where, seated on the wooden bench, we sat silent and motionless, happy in the consciousness that the long tedious journey was ended and that we were together once more. Harry brought me all sorts of beautiful things, among them wonderful pieces of furniture which he said should help out in the furnishing of our future home. With the consent of our parents our engagement was announced and it was arranged that after the next trip we should be

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The Salem merchants brought back from China many interesting bits of embroidery

married and Harry should be taken into his father's employ. Only too short were the days that intervened, each one of them crowded to the full with pleasure and enjoyment.

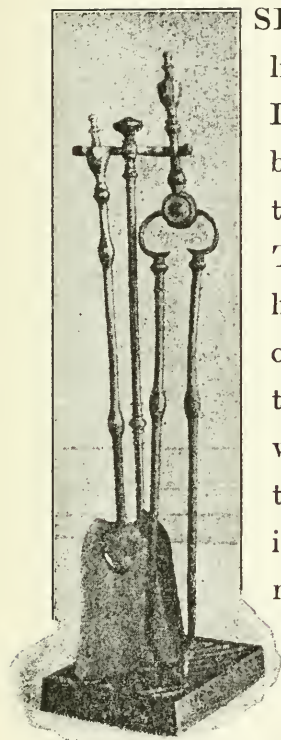
Then Harry started on his second voyage, alas, never to return! How little we realized it. It

was far harder to give him up than it had been before. We planned to be married soon after he came home again, and live with his father until our new house, which we had planned together, should be built. The ship sailed away with Harry as mate, and life fell into the old way, though this time loneliness was much harder to bear.

WHEN THE SHIP CAME BACK

VI

WHEN THE SHIP CAME BACK



Steeple top fireplace accessories which came into vogue about 1775

SINCE we had first come to live in my father's new house on Derby Street about eight years before, many large and pretentious houses had been erected. The court end of the town was here, near the counting rooms of the husbands. This made it the social center of the grandes who were most hospitable in their manner of living and lavish in their entertaining. Well might Longfellow have said, of the houses that they were,

“Built in old colonial day,
When men lived in a grander way,
With ampler hospitality.”

The principal houses were large square three story buildings built of brick or wood, surmounted by a cupola with a notch in the

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blind of the windows facing towards the harbor. It must be remembered that they were erected by the East India merchants who had accumulated a fortune in their ventures, and as money flowed more and more freely into the country the style of living became grander.

In the holds of almost every ship on its return to port were found packed away among the cargo wonderful pieces of furniture. These had been carefully collected with no thought of expense and suitably fitted the elegant homes. Wonderful china lined the shelves of the cupboards—so precious that it was the special care of the model housewife, who washed and wiped each piece herself.

It was an interesting picture when the dignified dame would don her white apron and seat herself at the head of the table and the colored maid would bring in on a tray a wooden tub filled with hot water, the soap in a dish and the towels for washing and wiping. All the linen was of exquisite texture and much of it of Russia crash that had been brought home for this purpose solely. Such linen, including tablecloths and napkins, cannot be found in the country today.



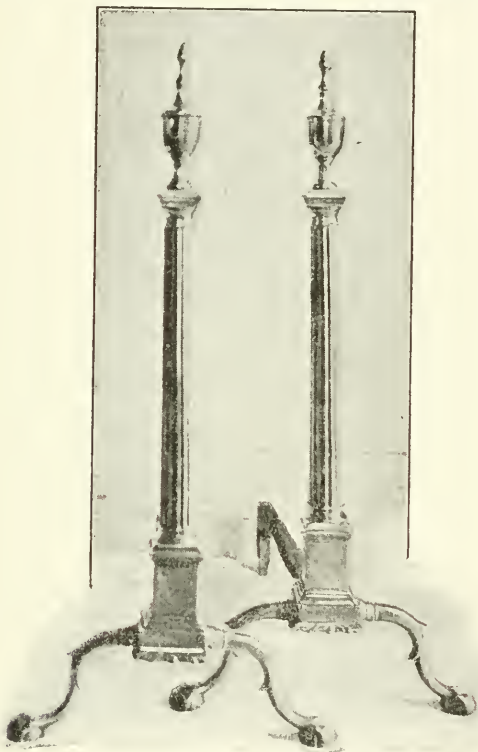
With the restoration of the House of Seven Gables, it has taken on a new life. It is surely worthy of the interest shown, not only by Salem people but by visiting guests

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Hospitality reigned among the community, and an air of gentle cordiality and good breeding predominated. They were social folk mingling freely



Steeple top andirons, with ball and claw feet, which are notable examples of those used in Old Salem's fireplaces

with each other and entertaining most liberally.

The mistress of the house was an accomplished housekeeper following the ways of her ancestors in

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looking well after the needs of the household. She was always a famous cook, doing certain parts of the cake making and preserving as well as making pies with her own hands. The old brick oven had not then passed out of existence and the flavor of the food cooked inside its walls has never been surpassed. Saturday was a busy day in every household, for it was set apart religiously as baking day.

Early in the morning a large wood fire was started in the old brick oven and when properly heated the embers were carefully removed, and the oven was ready to bear its burden. There were great pots of New England beans topped with a generous piece of pork, pies of all sorts and kinds, as well as great loaves of bread and pans upon pans of cakes and cookies to last throughout the coming week.

Stoves and water had not yet been introduced into the houses so that the lads of the family performed their morning tasks of carrying pails of water from the old well against the family wash day on the next Monday. With the coming of twilight Saturday night and house garnished and burnished some of the family laid aside their work to fit them-

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selves for the solemnity attending Sunday. They were a church going people, these old ancestors, and respected the Lord's Day.

In those days every house had hanging in its hall, at least two firebuckets. They were marked with the owner's name, and varied in color with the fire club to which they belonged. The movement was started March 1st, 1644, through an order that every inhabitant who lived in the town should be obliged to procure a ladder before the twenty-third day of the fourth month next, this under "paine and penaltie of five shillings for defect thereof." Feeling the need of more stock the fire apparatus was increased from time to time as the conviction became more widespread that a fire among the closely built wooden buildings would be a serious affair.

In March 1744, the old fireclub was inaugurated among the leading business men and professional men of the community. In order not to have too many included the number was limited to twenty-five. One of the orders read that each person should own two leather buckets in one of which should be placed a bag two yards in length and

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three quarters of a yard in breadth with the owner's name marked thereon.

Should there be an alarm of fire each member should seize his buckets and bag and proceed to the burning building and carry away as much as possible of the belongings. You have doubtless seen the old firebuckets that are up in the attic with your great grandfather's initials painted on them. Harry joined the fireclub just before he left on his last voyage. The buckets were to hang in the new home. Just before he left he brought them to me to keep until his return, together with many of the things he most prized. You will find them inside one of the trunks just where I put them when I heard of his death.

In those days no girl was considered marriagable unless she was an expert cook. That I should be no exception to the general rule mother had me come into the kitchen every Saturday afternoon to help her with the baking. Under her direction I learned many of the rules that had been brought over from England and religiously used at Thanksgiving ever since. As weeks passed on and I grew more experienced I was often left to carry out the



*Surely Bristol glass deserves
a place in the china closet*



*The old tea caddy had its
appointed place on the side-
board*



*Children played tea party in the old days much as they do
to-day. Some of their ware has been preserved*

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work alone; I had become so accustomed to the measuring and mixing that I was able to do it as well as my mother, that is, with the aid of old Chloe, our cook, who took a great pride in her young missus's work.

As soon as I left the school I was expected to take my place in the social set and to help in the entertainment of our guests. It was considered quite a knack to be able to preside properly at the head of a tea table or to be able to entertain in a dignified manner the guests who came and went.

The year after Harry left I spent much of my time making and marking my linen; for the latter using a strand of my hair, working it in cross stitch, taking up two threads and leaving two. The bedding was made of Russia linen which was then the fashion. Bolts that had been brought over in my father's ship and stored in the attic were now brought into use, and I fashioned them by the dozens, soon filling the dower chest to overflowing. This dower chest is a wonderfully carved old oaken one, that my first ancestor brought across the seas in the hold of the good ship *Gabriel*. It was given to me by my mother the day my engagement was

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announced. It had held her mother's wedding trousseau and her mother's before her so that it passed on to me, the baby, the youngest of the family.

So busy was I with my outfit that the chest was filled to overflowing in an incredibly short time and my attention was turned to dressmaking. Wonderful old muslin pattern dresses were brought from their hiding place and fashioned into suitable evening gowns. Rare old silks were taken from the chests and shaken from their original coverings to be made up by the dressmaker who stayed "week about" in the old merchant families. She was a good old soul, such an inveterate gossip that I felt my affairs would be known, but she plied her needle with the skill that is rarely excelled even today when the scientific means have made dressmaking more easy.

A year and three months had passed in which I had heard only once from my lover who had sailed across the seas. The letter sealed with his own private seal was taken by a passing ship. In it little was said concerning the voyage, so full was he of plans for our new life together. The voyage

WHEN THE SHIP CAME BACK

was tedious, he said, so anxious was he to reach home, promising that this should be his last voyage, yet therefore wishing to make the most of it that he could. It would by the closest calculation last a year and a half, the time limit being decided by wind and wave and delays at port, in shipping and unloading the cargoes.

He told me of his entertainment by the most prominent men at every port and the interest that he felt in the family life abroad. It gave him a glimpse of the style of the house furnishing, and of the manner of living that would be invaluable to him, and he had seen many strange people and countries I would be interested to hear about on his return. At each port he had tried to pick up some new article of furniture or some rare piece of china which he knew I would like, for his idea was to introduce into the furnishings of our home not the same types that were shown in all the large square houses but, instead, novelties such as are rarely brought over the seas. I grew so interested in wondering what he would bring that before I realized it Thanksgiving Day, the home gathering of our families, drew near.

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Preparations for this great event were commenced three weeks beforehand and I made pies of every variety and stored them away in an unused room in the upper part of the house. Mother followed the old family rule of making sixty mince pies at a time so that they would last the season through. Plum puddings of enormous sizes were made, filled with the richest of materials—so rich that they would melt in your mouth. Tied up in bags they were ready two weeks before the important day. They, too, were destined for a whole winter's use. Plum cakes made from great-grandmother's rule, melting in richness and black with fruit and molasses were mixed and baked to a turn. In fact everything that could be possibly done beforehand was attended to. Oh, indeed the period before Thanksgiving Day was the busiest one in every New England household.

It would be a large family gathering as my three older sisters would come home with their husbands and babies. My two brothers who lived miles away would come bringing their wives to meet father and mother, for two of them had been married since



Note the lines in this block front lowboy. It is considered one of the finest pieces treasured in the Nineteenth Century home

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their last home coming, and their brides had not yet been introduced into the family circle.

It was the day before Thanksgiving and it seemed to me that I had never before worked so hard in my life. The whole house had been cleaned from garret to cellar. Counterpanes that had been packed away were now brought to light, fresh hangings had been draped on all the fourposters, every bit of china was taken carefully from its place on the shelf, as carefully washed and wiped and then put back again. The silver was polished until it shone, while the napery for fear of yellowing had been taken from the linen chest, whitened, ironed and made ready for use.

In imagination I re-enter the old kitchen, large and spacious with its closet shelves filled with shining tins; for Chloe kept her cupboards immaculate, while mother, like all conscientious housekeepers, took her closets seriously, doing her duty by them as she did every other part of the house. The tables were spotless in their whiteness while the floor, newly scrubbed, was clean enough to eat off of. The large fireplace at one side of the old brick oven

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was filled with crackling logs whose merry song, as the flame danced up the chimney, gave an air of homeliness to it all. I loved the old kitchen.

Harry and I had spent many a happy hour there watching Chloe busy with her baking and surreptitiously appropriating some of the goodies from her store. Chloe quite aware of our depredations would smile gently to herself while she hummed the refrain of an old song that seemed a great comfort to her in her work. As I look back on that night before Thanksgiving I realize how much every part of the house was connected with memories of my boy lover.

I tried to be happy for I knew the family reunion was about to be celebrated, but many a tear that I bravely brushed away washed my cheeks, as I thought of the loved one on the deck of the staunch old ship thinking, perhaps, as I was, of the old days when we made ourselves nuisances in that "homey" old kitchen.

How little I knew that while his thoughts were with me he was raving in a high fever that he had contracted while ashore at one of the ports; that Captain Hodges without any thought of sleep was

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tenderly caring for him as he tossed to and fro moaning for me. The next day he died and while we were celebrating with merriment and rejoicing the expected return of the loved one, he was passing out of my life. I think I had a presentiment, for I could not interest myself in the gaiety, and it was with great self command I forced myself to go through the day smiling, chatting, and amusing the children who clung to me as if I were their dearest friend. Children always loved me—I suppose because I was so fond of them.

We all went to church in the morning, sitting in the old bare meeting house, shivering with cold while the parson droned through his long sermon. I thought he would never end and I never once took my eye from Mr. Lee's pew. In imagination I was watching Harry, as I had done ever since I could remember, for he was a proper boy in church and never squirmed and wriggled as I did, for which he was held up to me as an example by my family.

When the minister prayed for the loved ones on the deep I could not contain myself but leaned over to hide my face while the tears coursed down my

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cheeks. No notice was taken of it for I think my father who was my confidante realized what a hard day it was for me. After church there was the greeting with all the old friends, the crowding around the pew to meet the new sisters who had been added to the family since last Thanksgiving Day. Then there was the home coming.

After that dinner was served in the large, colonial dining room, the table being stretched to its utmost to accommodate all the guests. There were so many of us that the children had a table by themselves, and I asked to be allowed to look after them, feeling that it would be easier than to sit at my accustomed place thinking of the one who was absent from the feast.

The best linen tablecloth had been brought out for the occasion, as was the best china, silver and glass. Great turkeys flanked either side of the table for the oldest son sat at mother's side ready to assist in the carving.

Dishes filled with quivering cranberry sauce, vegetables of all sorts graced the board and all ate heartily of the goodies set before them. These were followed by the old plum pudding made from

WHEN THE SHIP CAME BACK

an ancestral recipe and brought in blazing to the table. According to a custom in our family, I do not know whether followed by other families or not, mother had placed at each one of our places a plate containing six kinds of pie. It was not expected that these were to be eaten at once, but were to be taken home with us as a treat to be enjoyed later when desired.

Cider flowed freely, as did the wine. Fruits, nuts, and raisins, with coffee, finished the feast. Father and I with two of the older boys started out for a long walk in order to show them the improvements made since they were last here. Tactfully I led them away from places that were haunts of Harry's and mine for I felt that I could not bear to visit them then. So we walked through the town chatting with this friend and that until the darkening shadows warned us it was time to return.

With no appetite for a formal supper light refreshments were passed and then we indulged in the usual Thanksgiving games, ending up with a Money-musk, which father and mother enjoyed as well as the rest of us. Then the children were tucked off to bed and while the rest of the family

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gathered around the large open fireplace to tell stories and talk over past events intermixing them with present day life, I stole off unobserved to my room, and holding Harry's picture in my hand spent the evening in spirit with him. I often wonder if at the time he sensed it for Captain Hodges told me afterwards that corresponding with that moment when I sat there he roused himself, sat up in bed and seemingly talked with me. Then he fell back and passed away.

The ship was not expected in port until June. We made all sorts of preparations against her coming, haunting the point for weeks before the ship was due, hoping she would come in ahead of time. Every ship that sailed from port about the time that Harry left brought news of a rough voyage and trade winds that would delay it after time. One of the old sea captains, Captain Allen, was a great friend of mine and I spent as much time as possible with him studying the course of the ship. He was a wonderful old man and he gave me clear and correct accounts of many voyages that had been taken over the same course.

He was perfectly familiar with the tonnage and



Home-like, inviting, and distinctively colonial is this fine old house, where the wistaria framing the door adds an interesting touch

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speed of each ship, possessing a fund of information that was fascinating. I learned more about the ships and shipping from him than I had during the whole of my life, all the more when some old comrade would come into the room and compare notes with him telling stories that seemed like fairy tales, so filled were they, with the aroma of foreign lands, where they had shipped and unshipped cargoes to be brought to home shores.

In the midst of all this came Election Day, which was the last Wednesday in May. It was the first that I ever attended without my lover but as two of my sister's children were visiting us who had never seen the proceedings attendant on the day it was allotted to me to take them. There were cake, candy and articles of refreshment for sale, which tempted the children; there were games in throwing, wrestling and jumping that delighted them; so much that I realized as never before what a fascination the day held for the children. Horse racing was indulged in at Danvers Plains, and as a great treat the children were taken to see it, although only older people generally attended it.

At home election cake was served to all coming

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guests and the day was given over to festivity and mirth. The following day father came into the house to tell me that the ship was rounding the point, but, and his voice fell, he did not know but that it brought bad news. He asked that I would not go on the wharf but stay quietly in the house, saying that he would put a boat out to find into whose house the sad news would come. It seemed an eternity when he came home again and told me it was Harry.

I cannot speak of the days that followed, for I walked about in a dazed condition, visiting the ship, listening to accounts of sickness and death, and opening the gifts that Harry had brought to me and with them a letter in which he showed me he had had a premonition of what might follow.

From that day on I never spoke his name. Everything that was sacred to him I locked up in the trunk which you will find in the attic, and feeling that I had my life to live alone I determined that my sadness should not intrude on others. So I went about mingling quietly with the family and intimate friends suppressing my grief with many little occupations. I avoided all things that

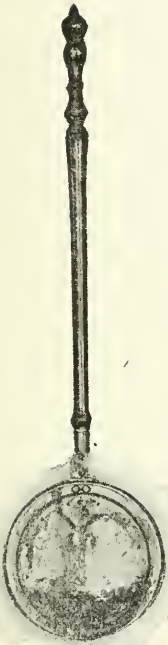
WHEN THE SHIP CAME BACK

touched upon my sorrow. To save questioning I donned a sober garb to my dear boy's memory—and so pursued my appointed way, with a closed chamber in my heart.

THE NEW HOME

VII

THE NEW HOME



An old brass warming pan

AND so five long years passed away. During that time I had mingled little in society, preferring to be by myself. A favorite haunt of mine was at the end of the point, where I would sit on the rocks for hours, scanning the horizon, awaiting the sighting of the incoming ships.

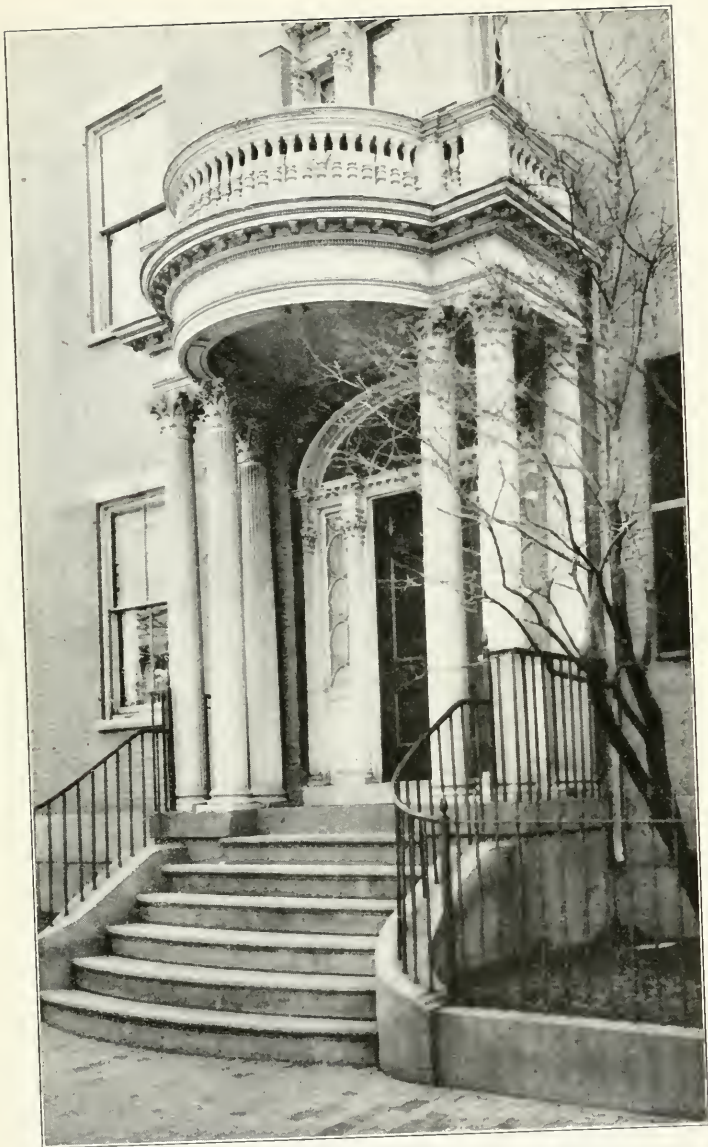
It was only the ships and the cargoes that held my interest in those sorrowful days. And yet much was going on around me. Mother was a lavish hostess and our house was the center of attraction. The constant visits of my sisters was an excuse for many tea parties, the fashionable way of entertaining in those days. There was wonderful china for the table, fine linen,

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and delicious cookery, for the New England housewife had not outgrown her kitchen, devoting much of her time to the care of the napery, china and cooking.

My interesting hours were when the ships came into port and tied up at the dock. I knew that diversion was to be found there for every sea captain was my friend, and they saved up many a good story which they knew would be of interest to me on their return. Captain Hodges of course was my best friend and we spent much time together during his short stay in port. Our talk was always of the loved one and his voyages on the old ship. I was never weary of hearing again and again the story of Harry's life on shipboard, the ports they had visited, and the dignitaries of the land who had been his hosts. In this way, too, I familiarized myself with the ventures, the port and the prospects so that I came to be more and more of a comrade to my father. Never was I so content as when, sitting by his side in the counting room, we discussed business affairs and he showed me from his books his profits and losses during the year.

It was unusual for him to do this. In those days



Nothing has ever surpassed the grace, delicacy and refinement of the porches built in the early nineteenth century. Dignified Corinthian columns support the entablature

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the women of the household were supposed to be interested only in their home and not in business affairs. This further widened the gulf between me and many of my friends who could not understand why I cared so little for society and preferred business in my father's counting room to frivolous gossip over the tea cup.

I was a great comfort to my father during that period and he learned to look upon me as if I had been a son. Casper Crowningshield, who had been an old time friend, and whose father lived close by, was a clerk in my father's counting room. We had been friends ever since we had attended the Dame's School and his tender sympathy shown me in my affliction had soothed many an unhappy hour. He had been Harry's dearest chum and was the only one among our circle with whom I talked over the old days.

He often joined us in our business talks showing a clear, cool head that was very helpful. We were together often and with his aid I was perfectly able to take my father's place during his infrequent visits to Boston, by way of the Post Stage. This was a conveyance that was very useful which passed

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through Salem on its journey to the city twice a week picking up and leaving travelers on the way. It was in 1768 that Benjamin Coats, landlord of the Ship Tavern on School Street, now Washing-



In this imposing square house dwelt one of Salem's noted merchants, George Peabody, whose vessels circumnavigated the globe

ton Street, Boston, gave notice that he had bought a new stage chaise to run between Salem and Boston, so that he would be able to carry and bring passengers, bundles and the like every day except Sunday.

Gradually Casper became my companion during

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many of my walks, and our talk was always of ships, shipping and the past. It was a great comfort to go over with him Harry's last days and to tell him things which I had never spoken of before. It seemed to bring my lover nearer and I felt happier to unburden my heart to some one rather than to keep my sorrow locked up within me. It was he who induced me to make my first visit to the *Grand Turk* that was built in 1791 at the head of Derby Wharf. I knew later that he felt that it would turn my mind from such continual dwelling on the past. It was so interesting a ship, the largest that had ever been built, that I visited it almost every day, sometimes alone, sometimes in Casper's company, all the more when I found details that I wished to ask him about.

The building of this particular ship was of special interest, as it was five hundred and sixty-four ton, and Enos Briggs had charge of the work. She measured one hundred and twenty-four feet in length, thirty-two feet across her beam, and so interested were Salem people in her that there was gathered at her launching a great concourse of people—one of the largest ever seen at any celebra-

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tion. It was while she was lying at Naugus Head, January 26, 1792, that I was invited by Elias Haskett Derby to accompany his two daughters on a visit to this particular ship which was then so surrounded with thick ice that we were forced to make the journey in a sleigh.

Casper often accompanied me when I visited the old sea captains and he had a marvelous way of drawing out the crew and inducing them to tell me many mysteries of the sea—some of which were enhanced by imagination. For instance, there was the legend of the mermaid, in whom many of them fully believed and who lured them to destruction. I remember well one story that impressed me very much about a mariner, who they claimed had been so beguiled by the mermaid's beauty that he jumped into the sea to sink down, down, lost forever.

It must be remembered that these old sailors were steeped in the mysteries that haunt the sea. Many were not native-born citizens, but often men who had always followed the sea in their fishing craft, or perchance they were foreigners lured to our country by wondrous tales of its wealth and



General Abbott, a personal friend of George Washington, lived on Federal Street. Among other fine pieces of furniture he owned an inlaid walnut high chest of drawers with shell ornamentation.

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prosperity. During their trips they had a chance to visit tropical lands that were very beautiful. Trading often amid the West Indian Archipelago, with its clusters of Islands that were eternally clothed in green growing vines of exquisite beauty, cedars and lofty palms—with bright-hued birds, flitting hither and thither, the vivid contrast between the stern New England coast and the land of the orange and the lime made a deep impression on their minds. Here the giant mahogany, the iron wood, and other trees stood majestically guarding the Isle, while beneath the waters darted back and forth the parrot fish, gray cavallos and mullet. In imagination I visited with them the plantations and fields of the coral where living plants and yellow and scarlet flowers of the sea had their home. These old Salem mariners, however, were practical in their ideas and they saw in the coral reefs a chance for a venture. They brought coral home for ballast and to burn as lime, long before limestone had been discovered in these parts.

I realized more fully than ever before what an education the knowledge of the different ventures

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had brought to me. Doubtless, few if any of the families, that lived in Salem homes familiarized themselves with the variety of the cargoes, the reason for choosing them, and the causes of their popularity, as they were brought from the holds of the ships and landed on the wharves. As I look back upon those days I feel a deep sorrow in my heart that so little advantage was taken of the chance to study brought about by shipping. There were lessons that could not be learned from books. The fresh stories of the customs and the habits of the natives in foreign lands made clearer than written history the life of these strange peoples.

One thing that interested me more than anything else was the making of Teakwood, pieces of which were often brought over among the treasures stored away in the holds. I doubt if any other of the daughters of the merchants could tell at a glance, as I could, the difference between native Teakwood and that made for sale, whether it was shown in the original color or dyed.

The natives had in their houses pieces of furniture that were plain in comparison with those offered for sale or used by royalty. Then, too, many

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of them were in the rich brown of the native wood and not stained the dark color that we find to-day. Casper first brought these points to my attention and then I, growing interested, visited every ship that came from India, questioning the captains and the crew so that I found out much that even my father was ignorant of. The finest specimens were obtained in India, though most of the furniture in this country was designed and made by the Japanese and Chinese—which accounts for the exquisite carving.

Whole families were often employed on a single piece, a special task being allotted to each member, who worked until his portion was completed. As every group of carvers interpreted patterns differently there was no end to the variety of designs and originality of treatment, quite inimitable under modern conditions. It is not difficult to distinguish between the old Chinese and Japanese carving as the Lotus flower and bunches of grapes are more likely to be found in Japanese work, while the Chinese have a tendency to introduce animals, serpents, and human figures.

Salem imported as much if not more than any

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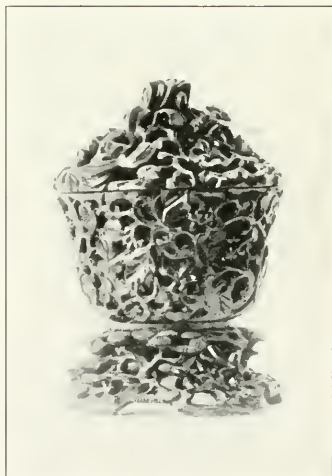
other sea-port town. One of the houses I visited contained such a great variety that I saw as never before what material could be combined with it. There were screens with wonderful silk embroidery inside, card cases of soap-stone mounted on Teak stands, chairs, and tables, each one of which took a lifetime to complete, and which are as perfect to-day as they were a century ago, when imported into Salem homes.

Gradually, so gradually I did not realize it, Casper Crowningsfield, filled an important part in my life. It came almost as a thunderbolt from a clear sky when he told me of the love he bore me and had borne me ever since, as a child, we had played together in the old-fashioned garden that had been laid out at the rear of my father's colonial house. At first I could not listen; marriage had not been in my mind; my heart was buried with my lover and I cared for nothing but my love for him.

Casper was patient. He realized the deep love that I had for Harry and he forebore to entreat me, waiting only for the time to come when he could "secure a place of his own in my heart"—as he said. It was a long struggle in my own mind, giving my



*Lowestoft rivals old blue Canton in the large square houses
that line Chestnut Street*



*Nothing can equal the exquisite carving shown on the pieces
of Teakwood that came over in the holds of the ships when
social life on Derby Street was at its height*

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life into his care, and it could not be until he made me realize that he was willing to take me with full knowledge and appreciation of my wounded heart and its closed chamber.

I almost felt that I was doing what Harry would have wished me to do, for I was very lonely, caring nothing for social events, and I needed some one to comfort me who would understand my past life, and would deal tenderly with the many melancholy thoughts that had entered my brain during the lonely long years that stretched between the old life and the new.

Father was delighted. He knew that I needed the loving sympathy that Casper could give me. He said he had watched it from the first and hoped I would be sensible enough to yield. With my consent, I made up my mind to do all that lay in my power to bring happiness into my lover's life. I would be faithful in my trust and I would exert myself to be a popular mistress in my new home. It was not a long engagement, Casper and I agreed in that, for once my mind was made up I found a longing in my heart for a home of my own, a place where I could exercise my house-wifely instincts

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and I determined that my hospitality should never be questioned. I pled with father to let me keep on with my work in his office and finally he acceded to my entreaties. Casper, knowing that my heart was bound up in that life, would not say nay, and he stood ready to shield me from the gossip that would naturally follow such a course as this, urging me to do what my heart desired.

We chose for our new home a large, square colonial house that stood midway between father's and Mr. Crowningshield's. It was next door to the Lees, so that I felt protected on every side by loving friends, all of whom approved of my action. I think it was Mrs. Lee who brought me to the final decision, for when I went to her for advice, I, who had been like a daughter in her home, was urged by her, to make a home of my own, as she felt that I would be happier than when alone nursing my sorrow. At my request, my wedding took place not in the church, but in my father's house, and I asked, as a favor, that I should be unattended, feeling in my heart, that the ceremony should be a quiet one. My wedding dress you have seen; it was, as you

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know, an embroidered white muslin that father had specially imported. Over it I wore a necklace of pearls given me by Casper, and around my neck I still wore, attached by a ribbon, a locket that had been Harry's last gift, containing pictures of himself and myself, taken just before his last voyage.

The night before our wedding I told Casper of my wish, agreeing if it displeased him to take it off, but he begged me not to do so. "Harry," he said, "has been a dear friend to us both and it would be his wish that our wedding should not separate the love we three bore one another." It was very unselfish of him, and it showed the true devotion of such a man as this.

When the ceremony was over we had determined to make our wedding party as informal as possible, and I mingled with the guests with a kindly word to each, just as I would at a home party. Then we left them and I entered my new home, which had been furnished by us both with many of the pieces that had been sent home by my lover to grace the home we had planned five years ago. Somehow it was comforting to mingle Harry's possessions

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with Casper's, and never once during our married life have we felt anything but the sacredness of mingling his love with ours.

The new rôle of mistress I assumed very readily, and as I accepted, at Casper's request, all of the invitations sent me, it was a constant round of tea parties and social events, dances and musicals. I was apparently the gayest of the gay, as I had resolved to be, and entered into the good times with a zest that made me a general favorite. This, I knew, pleased my husband, who was fearful lest I would not be willing to take my proper place in the social life of that day. Chloe, mother's old cook, had insisted on living with me. At first I refused, feeling that mother could not spare her, but as Chloe had a daughter old enough to take her place in the household, I consented. I knew I should feel more secure in my new position with her as my right-hand helper, and in this way I was not disappointed. Chloe was a wonderful cook and her fame was widespread. This assured me that no matter how many dinner parties were given everything would be correctly attended to, the sweeping and setting of the house in order, so that

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I might have more time to devote to the counting room.

I still retained my interest in shipping and I remember well in 1798, the third ship, *America*, that was bought in France at Bordeaux, by Benjamin Crowningshield for George Crowningshield and Sons, which included Casper and his father. She was a frigate of seven hundred tons, belonging originally to the French Navy, and was brought to New York and offered to the United States at a 6 per cent. loan after being apprised by the Government officials.

Later on when she arrived in Salem, in 1798, I saw her for the first time. She was too large to lie at any of the wharves and a pier had to be built some distance from the shore for her to lie against that she might be coppered. The pier was afterwards connected with the shore to form India Wharf. This ship's career with the family ended when she was sold in France as a privateer in 1802.

One of the most interesting things that I remember was the Essex County Enterprise that laid out the Turnpike connecting us with Boston. Of course there was a vigorous opposition on the one

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side and great enthusiasm on the other. Dr. Stearns, who was one of the most ardent advocates in favor of the road, went so far as to declare that when it was finished any person standing on Buffum's corner in Salem could look into Charlestown Square to watch proceedings. It was interesting to follow its progress. The village of huts that covered the high ground during its building became a resort for toddy and ten pins. It was finished October 27, 1803, at a cost of \$3,200.

We were among the first to pass over the new road, although Captain Richard Wheatland paid the first toll when, on July 12, 1803, on his way to Boston, he passed over it to take command of his ship to Calcutta.

This road, only twelve miles and a fraction long, brought the Metropolis very much nearer and we were enabled in the fall of 1803 to take an evening ride to Boston to attend a concert. The old toll gate Number One was situated near what is now called Great Pastures, and the largest sum taken in a year was in 1805, when there was collected five thousand, three hundred dollars. June, first, 1813, was a great day for travel, as one hundred and



The embrasured window with its twelve panes is of the Georgian type, showing folding shutters and window seat

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twenty stages crowded to overflowing watched the smoke of the conflict between the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon*. The old stage coach, the six o'clock stage from Portsmouth, was discontinued. It was a day of sorrow to us all, for it had been a connecting link that would be sorely missed. How well I remember those old stage-coach days, when Casper and I would get up in the morning to listen for the resounding crack of the whip, the clear, sharp click of well-shod hoofs, the clatter of wheels; then came the scramble for seats and all would whirl away up the road.

With the coming of our first born, Casper, I found little time to give to business. He came, bringing joy to us both, and providing a ray of sunshine in the home. This was two years after our marriage and before we moved into our new home on Chestnut Street. After the tide of commerce turned and the old wharves were left deserted five babies came to the home, each one bringing its blessing. One of them, the second born, I named Harry, while Amy was the baby.

We had realized, Casper and I, for some time that we should have to leave the house that had

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grown so very dear to us, for gradually one by one the merchants were seeking a new part of the city in which to found their homes. We were reluctant to follow the procession, and with the Lees, father's family and the Crowningshields, remained as long as possible. Dreary seemed the old wharves, once bustling with life and animation; like a dream seemed the past life and as it faded gradually through the passing of the ships we realized that a different life would come to our town, and that new interests would take the place of the old ones.

From father and the elder heads of the families business had departed. They had accumulated a fortune and were able to spend the rest of their lives in comfort. There was a concerted movement among the old friends that they should keep together and form another social nucleus.

With the love of the sea still fresh in their minds they chose a long wide avenue that led across the bridge to the adjoining town and one stately brick house was erected. Land difficulties, however, stopped the development and Chestnut Street, at the further end of the town, was chosen as the site for future homes. It was then bog land in places

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and apparently one of the most undesirable spots that could be picked out for the purpose. Derby Street passed out of existence as the social center and was occupied by a foreign element that cared little for the beautiful houses save as shelters. It is pitiful to think of their degradation as these good old places were deserted by their first inhabitants and their character changed.

BREAKING OLD TIES

VIII

BREAKING OLD TIES



The unique pediment over this doorway is now to be seen in the Essex Institute

IT IS pleasant to linger a while in our Derby Street house before leaving it forever to take up a new life surrounded by the same good friends on Chestnut Street. We were loath to part from the dear old home, Casper and I, while the children grieved deeply when told we must go. Before I go on with the happy days and memo-

ries—of this new home, I want to set down some

things about the life the group of merchants and their families lived, for we, who were interested in

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the events pertaining to the sea, were a clannish race and we set great store on our personal effects.

Elias Haskett Derby and his wife, Elizabeth Crowningshield, were two of our dearest friends. When I first invited him to dinner at our house he was living on Lynde Street, in the large square house built by your cousin, Honorable Benjamin Kittredge, in 1764. It is still standing and any one who visits the old house can see the wonderful fresco by Corne painted in the arched ceiling of the cupola representing the Derby Fleet.

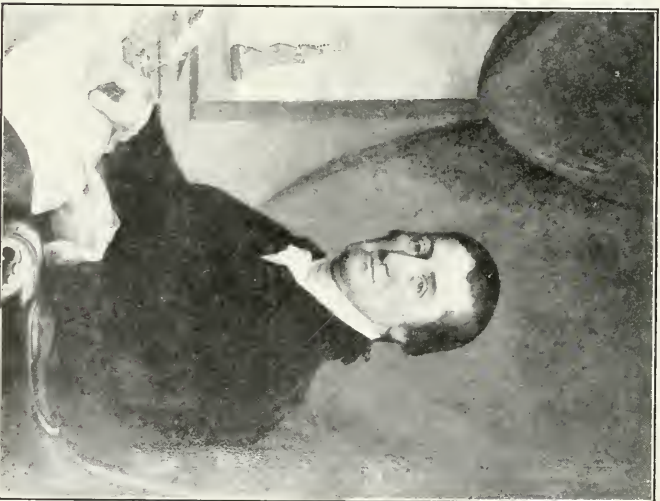
Mr. Derby was a charming man, caring little for show and fashion and devoted to his family. It was his custom to gather his children around him every Saturday afternoon at his home on his farm on Castle Hill. There they spent what he called the "happiest days of his life," returning in the late afternoon to his mansion on Lynde Street.

As his fortune increased, and his wife desired a fine home, so he, to gratify her, built a mansion in accord with his wealth. That was ten years before we left our first home. It was a magnificent building situated on what is now known as Derby Square, replacing a house owned previously by one Honor-

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Salem should be very proud of a man like John Bertram, who did so much for its betterment



Elias Haskett Derby, whose daring and venturesome spirit made him master of the Eastern trade

BREAKING OLD TIES

able Samuel D. Brown. When finished it cost \$80,000, and was three stories in height. This was in 1799. It might almost be called a McIntire house, for the woodcarver put into it some of his best work. Much of this is still in existence having been incorporated in the Cook-Oliver house on Federal Street when the old house was torn down.

The furnishings were of rare beauty and represented the best pieces of the period. On his table was exquisite silver, china, and glass that he had imported from foreign lands. He was very fond of flowers and a feature of the house was a conservatory filled with rare exotics. This was cared for by one Heussler, a scientific horticulturist, who came over from Germany, and through his artistic work added much to the beauty of Salem gardens.

Fond of books, too, he had collected one of the best libraries in the town. It contained choice and expensive volumes, many of them beautifully illustrated. A high wall extending from Essex Street to the South River surrounded the grounds and inside of it were laid out well-kept walks and terraces, on which were planted magnificent gardens, the lowest terrace of all over-looking the water.

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He did not live long to enjoy it, and when he died, he willed it to his eldest son who inherited a part of the million-dollar fortune, and entertained there lavishly for twelve years. Then, like many another merchant when the fall of commerce came, the ships departing from our harbor left him with crippled income and a house upon his hands too expensive for him to live in, so that for many years the house and garden were neglected. Finally the former was torn down and the grounds changed to a market place.

Elias Haskett Derby was probably one of the three largest merchant princes. He began his career so early that it was before the days of banks and he rarely purchased or sold on credit. The extent of his ventures is shown in the fact that from his one hundred and twenty-five voyages between 1785-1799 he realized a fortune. In evidence of this it is known that one of his ships carrying away a cargo which cost \$43,275 reached port after perilous adventures, sold his cargo and returned to Salem with a cargo of silks and wines that realized a net profit of \$100,000.

Our house was a resort for all the prominent mer-

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chants and their wives—who were frequent visitors. Their coming and going was so informal, you cannot wonder we thoroughly enjoyed our home and our guests during the twelve happy years of married life that we spent in this court end of the town.



The one-path garden is suggestive of yesterday. Down the gravel walk passed many a colonial dame and gallant

One more event in shipping life comes to me. The Declaration of War in 1812, found Salem with eight hundred men upon the high seas, imperiled by dangers on every side, yet in charge of precious cargoes. They realized that it was imperative to

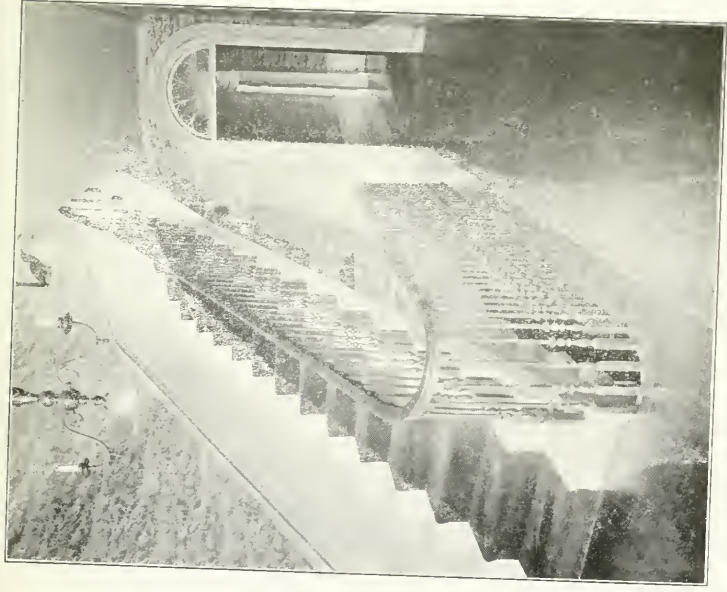
MEMORIES OF OLD SALEM

continue our trade with foreign lands. At that time cargoes of tea came to the wharves several times a week. It was of such rare quality that it attracted the attention of merchants from New York and Philadelphia who came here in order to purchase. Those were exciting days when India men coming up the harbor caused every one from the town to stand on tiptoe watching for the signals that were the greetings after a year from port.

There were curious stories of foreign lands, odd little ventures and unique presents brought back, all of which aided in glorifying that period of the town's existence. In 1897 Congress provided for the completion, manning and equipping of three of the six Frigates that were authorized for the defense of our trade against European interference. Since John Adams had been inaugurated President of the United States our commerce on the sea was daily interfered with by British and French ships, the former claiming the right to search for subjects among the crew on every vessel bearing our flag. Under the pretense that they believed us carrying contraband goods, the French



This type of architecture shows American builders at their best



The Chippendale balustrade is a notable example of the carving of that day

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BREAKING OLD TIES

also took possession of every ship. This forced our Government to prepare for defense.

The middle of July, 1798, was a memorable day and I remember well the excitement that prevailed in our end of the town. In the Salem Insurance Company a patriotic subscription was opened for the purpose of raising money for the use of the Government; to be applied to the building of vessels. The construction of a stout Frigate was then authorized.

Thus was the *Essex* designed and built through contributions from the loyal supporters, the largest being Elias Haskett Derby and William Gray, Jr., each of whom gave \$10,000. White oak timber for the ship was drawn all through the winter of 1798 and 1799, cut green from the best trees standing to be used in the construction. The launching, which took place five months and seventeen days after the keel was laid, was attended by the largest concourse of people I have ever seen.

Our house, which had been building for about a year, being now completed, we reluctantly prepared to move. Great changes had taken place in the old town since we first moved, in my eighth year,

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on to Derby Street. Commerce which had swept the seas had faded away, and the vessels lay deserted, chafing against the wharf. It was a pitiful sight and its desolation reconciled us to the change.

Chestnut Street was a wide avenue, later on shaded by trees, the first of which was brought from Topsfield and carefully planted by Squire Tucker, one of the dignitaries of the town. This example was followed by others until there were about eighty planted. These are still in existence and have transformed the wide avenue into one of the most beautiful of the residential streets of the town. The old houses were replaced by others equally beautiful, for the new houses embodied the wealth of merchants who were ambitious to make this part of the city dignified and attractive. Most of the houses were of brick interspersed with some of wood. Each one of them was ornamented with a porch differing in ornamentation and often in shape.

Under these porches many merchant princes passed and repassed in visiting their fellow townsmen. There was a rare sociability and fine hospitality in this particular part of the town.

BREAKING OLD TIES

How well I remember Squire Tucker, my husband's life-long friend, coming up the street to wish me a genial good morning, and, as he stopped at our door, making general remarks on the weather and the prospects of trade. This was the sunny end of life with many of these men for they had amassed their fortunes and were able to take time to enjoy life. Many a merry-making took place within these doors. These were not stiff formal affairs. The ladies came in the afternoon, bringing their sewing, and their husbands dropped in later on for a cup of tea—or something a little stronger that was always ready on the sideboard or in the china closet where it was convenient on demand. The young people discussed dances and frolics while the old people interested themselves in cards, politics or the latest patterns in sewing. A day was a day then, not like to-day beginning at eight o'clock in the morning. We were never in bed later than six in the morning in warm weather and half past seven in the winter, while ten was a late hour for retiring. There were noon dinners in those days, and life was pleasant and simple.

Behind the houses, gardens were generally laid

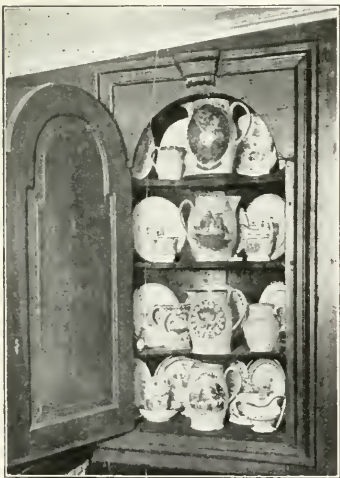
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out with a central walk ending in a summer house where our grand dames and grand sires discussed other days while viewing the opening of a bud or exchanging gossip; for our grand dames did gossip in those days over their tea cups, and nimble cake. Inside the box-bordered garden bloomed the flowers that our grandmothers loved; there were stately hollyhocks uncurling their silken petals, shaking out their wrinkles with a jaunty enticing air and looking patronizingly down on the frivolous blue bells as the latter shook their little heads in the passing breeze. There was an air of refinement together with a lack of formality in our dear old garden beds now rarely seen, except behind the same old houses where they grew when I first came to live on Chestnut Street years ago.

In the late afternoon came tea or supper as it was usually called. This was at six, and after it had been cleared away there were games and work, helped out with a dish of rosy apples. The room was lighted either by handsome plated lamps or by an astral. It was my duty, like all the housewives, to look well after the housekeeping. I was always ready to wash the glass, china and silver when



In brass bound mahogany boxes were carefully treasured a collection of bottles, wine glasses and trays to be used to hold old New England rum, brandy or gin



The old ship masters loved to portray their favorite ships on Liverpool pitchers



Wonderful satin and damask dresses were worn, the materials coming from foreign lands

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breakfast had ended, and to do the fine dusting or a bit of mending that had waited for my attention.

Men did not dread going out visiting, as some of them do nowadays. They enjoyed paying calls and were never in a hurry, for their busy days were ended. Parties were not announced, as to-day, with written invitation—or rather they *were* written, but delivered by the children on their way to and from the Dame's School. The rooms in the mansions were so large that they could accommodate a goodly number—from thirty to fifty often assembling. The hours were early, the guests coming at seven and leaving at nine; the conversation was always general. It was interrupted, if there was a large assembly, by the appearance of York Morris, later superseded by the Cassells, who handed large trays of pound cake, milk biscuit, tea and coffee to the assembled guests. Later on came whips, dainty creams, and light wines. There was no grouping of the assembly, but they sat socially in a circle chatting easily with each other. Ease and grace and good will were qualities common to almost all.

There was a stateliness, too, in the manner of

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these good folk that could well be copied by the present generation.

We brought all of our furniture into the new house to try to make it look as much as possible like the old one. Fortunately my husband had become interested in Teakwood so that we had enough to furnish the living room entire. The table was five feet in diameter, a marble top resting on a Teakwood frame, the carving of which must have required the labor of a whole family to accomplish. There were Teakwood card receivers with tortoise shell tops; there were paper weights of Teakwood holding a crystal; ash receivers of soap stone with carved Teakwood base, as well as chairs and small tables, each one of which was a priceless gem. We had so much furniture that I tried to carry out an idea of my own by having as far as possible the work of a different master in each room. Hepplewhite was used in the sitting room, Sheraton supplied the dining room furniture, and the library was all of Chippendale. Upstairs every chamber had a four-poster and no two of the same character.

Of nothing was I more fond than my cupboards, one in the living room, with the shell pattern carved

BREAKING OLD TIES

and the one with the plain arched top in the dining-room. In these as in my idea of furniture I tried to keep as far as possible to one design. We had many pieces of Chinese lowestoft. Some of them had sprigs of roses, others the armorial pattern. Of the latter I had two sets, one to go to my second boy, Harry, as it was brought home by my lover from over the seas for the home *we* had planned. This was monogrammed with our initials. It was never unpacked, until at the earnest request of my husband, I consented to have it displayed in our new house. Side by side with that is the armorial pattern which contains the monogram of my late husband and myself.

These were used for special tea drinkings only, and I always washed them myself in the little cedar washtub that you have seen me use so many times. In addition to these there were stocks of foreign sweetmeats side by side with ginger jars ornamented with a network of split bamboo and filled with amber colored ginger. In fact cut glass decanters formed a part of the setting, filled with Madeira and rum, for it was the custom in those days to offer liquor to friends.

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The cupboard in the dining-room contained Delft ware together with old Canton china, heavy to handle and thin at the edges. The central feature on the lower shelf was a wonderful old punch bowl that Harry had brought home on his first voyage. Fortunately for me I have taken great pride in my china and there has been rarely a piece broken during all these years.

We had been in our house only two years when my husband contracted a severe cold which settled into pneumonia, and he soon passed away. What I should have done if my son Casper had not married and brought his bride home I do not know. Ellen has been very kind to me ever since she came into the new home and has proved a most loving daughter-in-law. She helped me through the hard days that followed after Casper died, and it was she who induced me to keep my place in the family circle, never once allowing me to relinquish my place until after her little ones had made confusion too much for me.

Here, in my room, I have loved to stay, living with the past and recalling the many incidents that have been connected with my girlhood and my

BREAKING OLD TIES

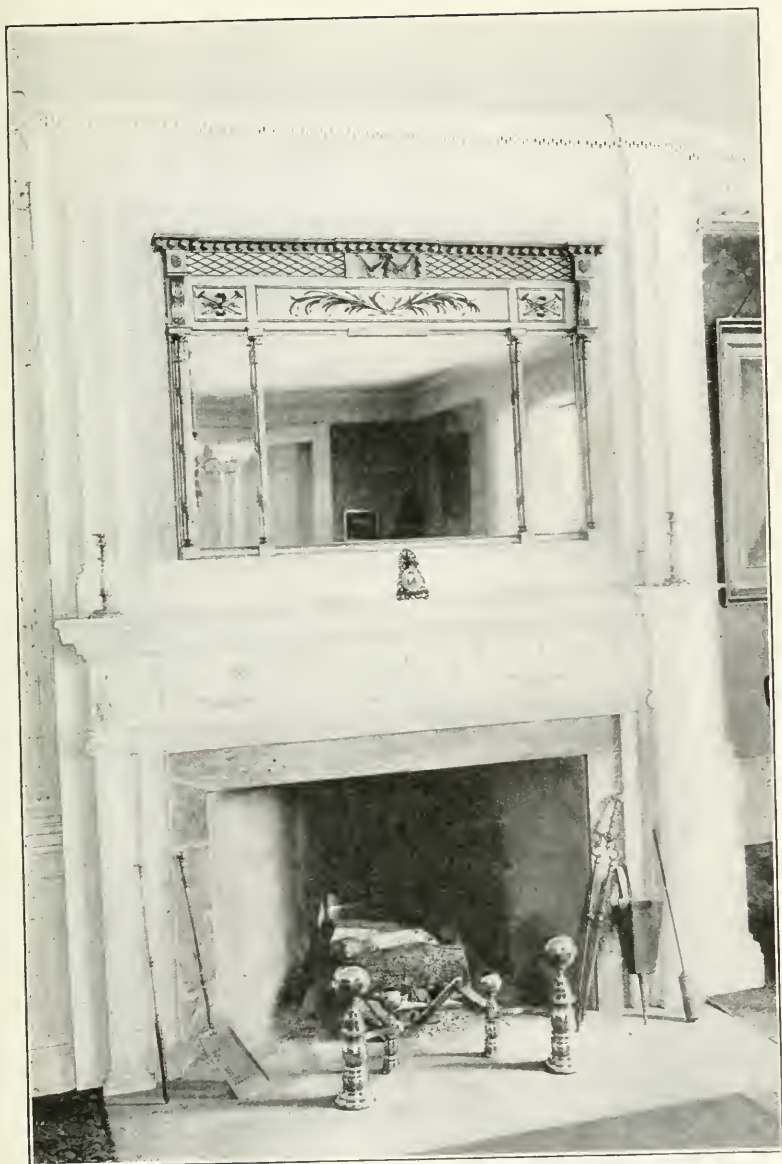
young married days. These are now so much matters of the past that I have felt a desire to hand them down to my grandchildren. There is so much that they should know concerning the days of Salem's commerce that I feel it my duty to show them as far as I can what life was when I was young.

While the majority of the merchants settled on Chestnut Street, many of them, like John Forrester, built houses of their own elsewhere. One of the most interesting of these homes is that of Captain Thomas Poynton, the frame of which was brought over on one of the ships coming from England as early as 1740. The wooden pineapple which you have probably noticed was also brought with the frame and it was placed over the front door. It was as it is now, a novelty, being so tall that it reached nearly to the middle of the sash in the window on the second story of the house, directly over the front door. This made it necessary as you will see to cut the blinds to accommodate the decoration. Mrs. Poynton was known as Aunt Poynton and I remember she was very proud of this pineapple, having it re-gilded every year so that

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it equaled in brightness the brass knocker beneath. I remember well when Captain Poynton died in England, where, being a loyalist, he fled during the Revolution.

We had very few amusements in those days other than our social life. One of the most interesting was in later days in the spring of 1844, when Colonel Leavitt gave an interesting private horse show at the Essex House stable, one that we all attended. The reason for holding it was the arrival on the bark *Eliza* of a pair of Arabian stallions that had been presented to him by the Sultan of Muscat through his old friend, Palmer Waters, who was Consul there. They were picked out as the finest specimens of the famous stock and were tended by Arab grooms wearing turbans, long robes, sandals and full native rig showing bare legs and speaking no word of English. It was necessary for the grooms to come over with the horses, for the animals understood commands only in Arabic and recognized, therefore, only the control of the groom. It was one of the most interesting sights I have ever seen, and the concourse from Chestnut Street that



McIntire might have done more beautiful work, but he certainly showed grace here in the ornamentation of this fireplace. The mirror was inserted at the time of the coming of the first bride

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went to see them enjoyed the exhibition exceedingly.

The feeling of Puritanism was still strong in the community and the ministers were particularly opposed to entertainments of any sort save those enjoyed in the house of prayer. The assembly hall which stood on Federal Street was used for public discussions, political meetings, parties, too largely attended to be given in a house.

The first one that I attended was held in 1789, a legerdemain performance given by one John Bremont of Dublin, the tickets being one shilling, six pence. To me it seemed marvelous, probably because I had never seen anything similar before and could not understand the mysteries that he displayed.

Ventriloquism drew a great company of Derby Street people in 1818, and horsemanship also was particularly fascinating; John Sharp of London in 1771 rode two horses with a foot on each, and, afterwards, a third was put in the center while they were all at full speed.

The first circus opened here in 1808 to be followed by others. They were denounced by the clergy as

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the work of the devil and we were warned not to attend. I am afraid we were very wicked because Casper and I went to everything that was advertised to be given and what is more we enjoyed it thoroughly.



The gate-legged table can be used for either dining room or living room and its polished surface brings out to advantage the articles resting upon it

Animals were sometimes brought over on the ships; among the first to be exhibited was an African lion brought over in 1795, to see which an admission of nine pence was charged. Two years later an elephant shown in the New Market house at twenty-five cents admission drew a large and curious crowd. In 1834 a wonderful circus was given.

BREAKING OLD TIES

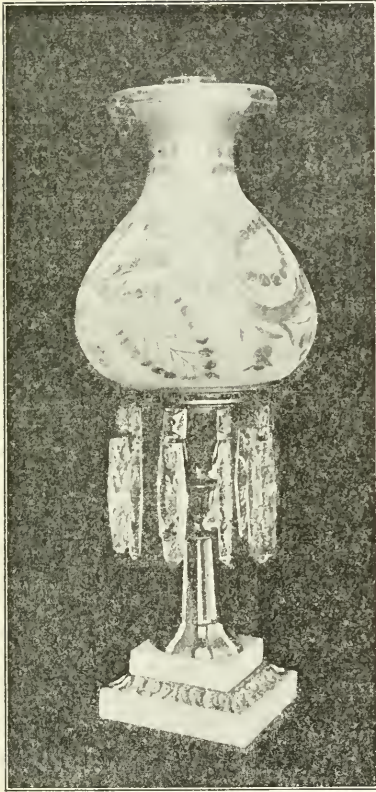
Sixty horses drew the twenty wagons in which were confined the wild beasts; a great India elephant ten feet high and ten thousand pounds in weight headed the procession carrying a band of musicians on its back. The exhibition was given between St. Peter's church and the jail.

With the many cares of the house and garden the social visits of the neighbors and the attending of an occasional entertainment our days passed very quietly. We were such quiet people and so devoted to our homes and to our children that we did not feel the need of many interests apart from them.

SOCIAL LIFE

IX

SOCIAL LIFE



To-day we find the astral lamp lighted with electricity, yet carrying us back to ancient days

WE were very fond of social life and many a gay party have I attended at the Assembly House which still stands on Federal Street. This was before the building of Hamilton Hall which is so linked with Salem's gaiety. The Assembly House, is, as you well know, one of the most beautiful of Salem's houses, showing at the front a broad square porch decorated with a hand-tooled grape

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vine which gracefully falls over the front and sides.

The most notable event next to the party given in 1784, to General Lafayette was the one which General Washington attended just after his election and inauguration as our first President. During his visit here, he stayed at the Ward house, visiting many of his old generals and comrades, including Colonel Timothy Pickering who had occupied five government positions under Washington's and John Adams' regime.

The rooms were never so beautifully decorated or furnished as then; we all sent our choicest possessions to be used for the occasion, including rugs, furniture, china, glass and silver. At the head of the receiving line was Mrs. Elias Haskett Derby, stately in her wonderful imported gown. The President arrived between seven and eight and was very much impressed with the entertainment; so much so that he wrote in his diary, "at least one hundred handsome young ladies were present." At the opening of the ball General Washington took for a partner a daughter of General Stephen Abbott, his old time friend, but as he was not a

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dancing man he asked to be excused and substituted his aid-de-camp, General Knox.

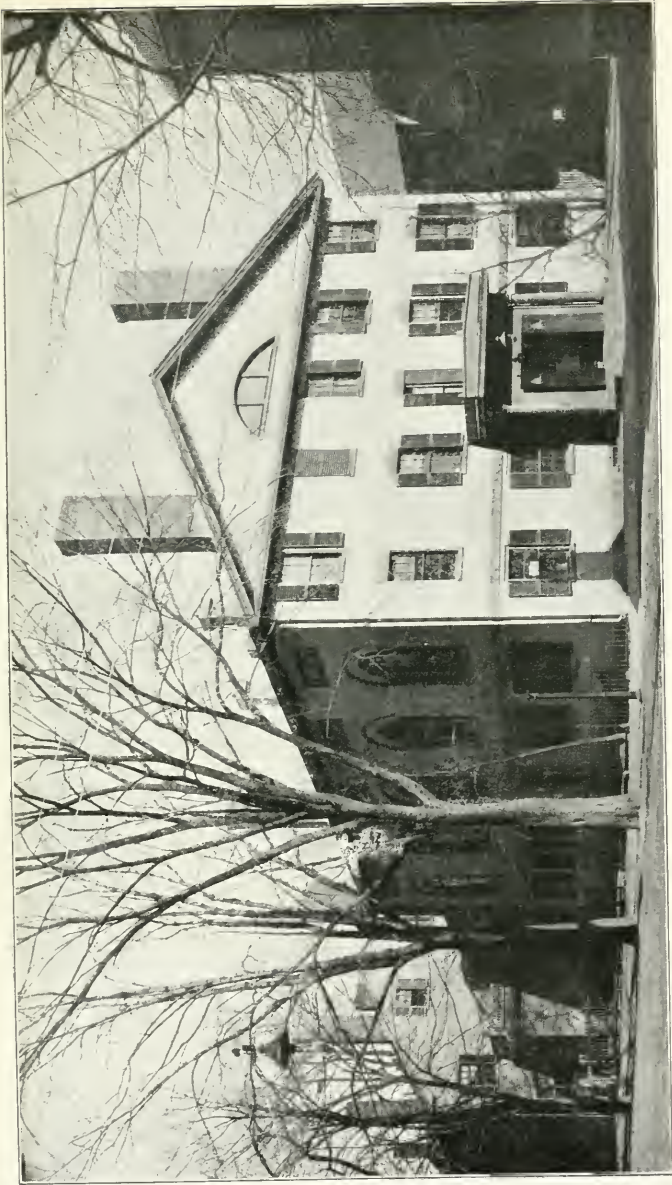
Hamilton Hall, which has been so connected with Salem's social life, was built after the Revolution by an association of wealthy Salem gentlemen at the cost of \$22,000 to be used for assemblies. When the hall was finished it was decided to name it in honor of General Alexander Hamilton, who was the guest of your kinsman, the Honorable Benjamin Pickman, at about this period. You must remember that there was plenty of wealth in the community and that the merchants built for their sons and daughters halls containing every convenience to make them a success. The first assembly took place on the Thursday after Christmas in 1805. Everything was carried out in an orderly decorous manner from the managers down to the maids in waiting.

The numbers were called at half past six and the dancing was conducted without special pomp or ceremony, the only decoration being the wonderful gowns worn by the ladies, who came dressed in satins and brocades, wearing their famous camel's hair shawls, priceless in value and many of them

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so delicate in texture that they could be drawn unharmed through a wedding ring.

Supper was called at ten, and the music was dismissed at twelve, for we kept early hours in those days. I remember that Mrs. Ward was present, whose father, Joshua Ward, had entertained President Washington in his house. The gentlemen invited the ladies, and many beaux came down from Boston for this occasion. You will find on the list of guests the names of Mr. R. S. Rogers, your kinsman, Dudley L. Kittredge, and Doctor Barstow, and also Captain Richard Derby. He was six feet six inches in height and one of the most charming men I ever met. During the war he was captured by a British Frigate, and when called on board the enemies' ship he was looked at with astonishment by the officers who asked if most of the men of our country resembled him. He answered that he was not remarkable for his height and was the shortest of six brothers. He was a stately old school gentleman with a Washingtonian gait. He wore a cocked hat and Sir Richard DeCoverly costume, which consisted of small clothes, silken hose and diamond buckles.



Hamilton Hall, a landmark of old Salem, where the parties were held

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The assembly opened with two contra dances partners for which were drawn; this added much to the excitement of the evening for the guests never knew who might be their partners, listening to the calling in order to take their places on the opposite

COTILLON PARTY,
At Hamilton Hall,
Thursday Evening, March 9, 1848.
ADMIT
Mr. Larkin Austin and *Ladies.*
MANAGERS
D. T. Smith. *H. A. Brown.*

In 1848 no person was allowed to attend a cotillon party without a special invitation

sides of the room. The style of dancing was far different from that of to-day. It was to jump high, cross the feet and avoid sliding; waltzes had not come into style but the Virginia Reels and Polkas were in vogue.

I wish you could have seen as I did, the dignity with which these assemblies, six during the season were carried on. There was the stately dame

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dressed in her wonderful brocade with tiny waist and possibly with slashed sleeves filled in with lace standing by the side of her daughter, and moving in all the panoply of head gear, train, furbelow and fan, through the bewildering intricacies of a contra dance or minuet. The merchants, sea captains and dignitaries with powdered hair, ruffled wrists and scarfs of lace made with them an eye filling picture, such as you do not find in the society of to-day.

The musicians were stationed in the balcony that was built in the center over the entrance door. They were negro fiddlers who played briskly at their old-fashioned tunes while they gazed admiringly at the costumes below. Then came supper which was served in the large room upstairs. The table was made of boards put across horses covered with cloths of heavy Russian linen that had, like the rugs, china, glass and silver, been lent by the ladies. The supper was not like the refreshments of to-day, but rather a hearty dinner, where roast turkey and duck, hot and cold tongue, ham, pies, tarts, cake and wine were served. Ice cream was a rarity in those days, not being generally introduced until later.

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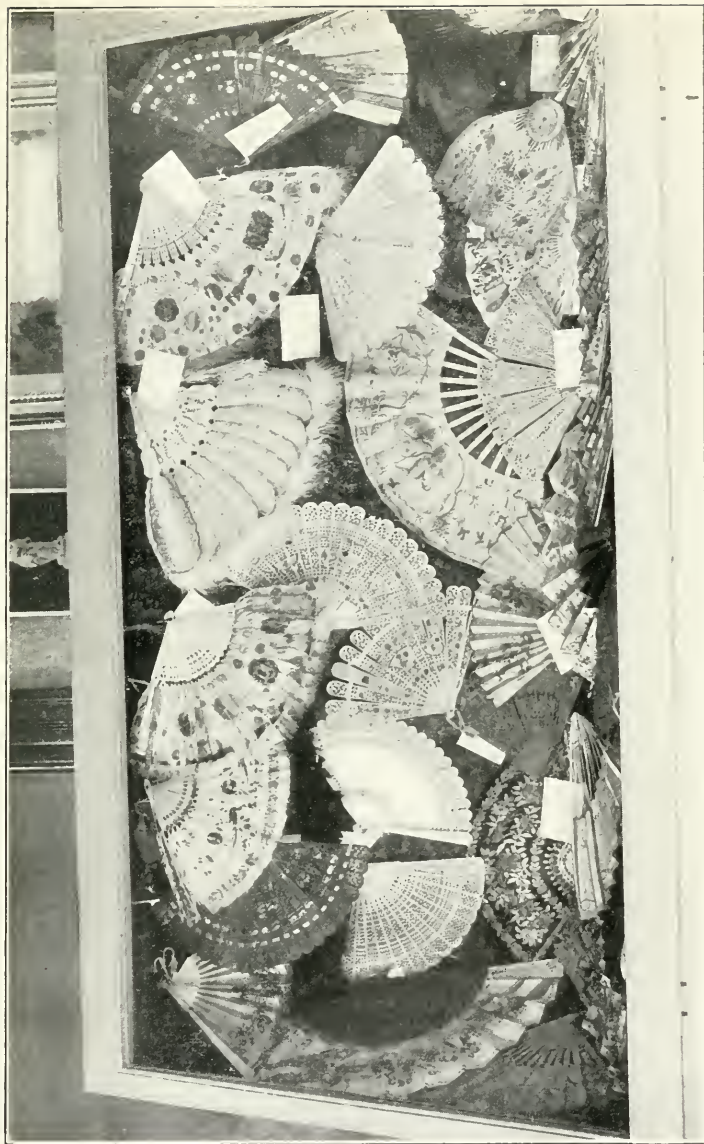
Some of the old school gentlemen were wonderful dancers. I well remember Mr. Dalton, who was considered the most dexterous dancer on the floor. He was able to thread the mazes of a co-tillion holding the cup of coffee that he was about to pass to one of the ladies, and without spilling a drop or losing a step of the dance.

Remond, the colored caterer, living in the lower part of the building, holding sway there for over a century, to be succeeded by the Cassells. I have come across one of Remond's advertisements inserted in the paper one hundred years ago, in which he stated that he would provide turtle soup, made from superior fat turtles weighing two hundred pounds, to be sold at fifty cents a quart. Remond was in his profession an aristocrat. He looked after the lighting and cleaning of the hall and provided the ladies maids, who took care of the camel's hair shawls worn by the matrons through all the assemblies. These were so valuable that they were carefully numbered so that there could be no danger of their being lost or confused with others. The young belles, however, of that day wore small hoods, or, in winter, caps of fur. These were made with

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a frill of lace about the face and finished with a coquettish bow that tied under the chin. Pumpkin hoods were frequently seen, while a silk calash was a fine protection for the elaborately puffed and curled heads of the ladies of that day. Many of the frocks that they wore to the parties, although made of rich stuff brought from over the seas, were very simple. There were India muslins of gossamer fineness and lustrous silks, while for the older people there were stiff brocaded crêpes of a tint to delight the eye, with occasionally a turban made of the stuff to match the dress. I remember a Salem lady who attended a ball wearing a crimson Merino gown with turban to match while another wore sad colored silk with an elaborately embroidered collar trimmed with lace and a white muslin turban.

Camel's hair shawls were not the only ones that were worn, although they were the most popular kind. It was considered in those days most elegant for a lady between the age of thirty and forty to wear, as a part of her street costume, a shawl of this kind, showing a white center finished with a sober border of palm leaves in dull blue and black.



Unless one views the fine workmanship of the fans owned by Salem belles one cannot realize the variety and the exquisite carrying that was shown

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These were worn thrown over the shoulder and draped over one arm according to the prevailing style. I have in my trunk several of these; two of them were given to me by royalty, and, as they were fashioned more elaborately because they had been specially ordered by the ruler, they are very superior.

There are some wonderful shawls locked up in the trunks you are to open after you have read these words. They were brought from India and are of crêpe, some of them a vivid scarlet worked in designs of black and gold. You will see how marvelous in texture they are. There are so many of them that one or more can be given to each one of the children as a legacy from their great-grandmother. Handle them carefully and hand them down so that the memory of my life shall linger in the minds of my great-grandchildren long after I have passed away.

You remember that when commerce was on the seas father's ships sailed to every known port. They brought home in their holds roll upon roll of rich stuff for gowns, together with these camel's hair shawls. Few, if any, were plain in coloring,

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but showed a combination of well-chosen colors. I remember so well, for instance, the wedding gown of Mary Leverett, who was married in 1719. It was worn by her daughter at a party that we gave in our Derby Street house and it was considered by experts to be one of the best examples of bride's gowns in existence. It was of yellow brocade and with it she wore a bonnet of pink shirred plush, while her husband's hat, made with a wide brim, was of the same material and color.

Dress determined station just as much in our country as it did in England and this led to the importation of many gowns. Some of the ladies sent orders to England for dress and bonnets so as to be sure that they had the London styles. In those days the shops were filled with rich stuffs that were brought over as ventures and there were no completed gowns for sale. Dressmakers went out by the day. In 1770 Elizabeth Saunders, a mantua maker of Boston, who often came down to cut and make my gowns, was considered one of the most fashionable of them all. This was after the strong feeling against wearing any gay clothing had passed away and the austere magistrates had

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stopped fining those who dressed beyond their means. So rigid was this rule, formerly, that in Salem, Massachusetts, Alice, wife of John Pickering was not only reprimanded but brought before the church for wearing a silk hood into the meeting house. When, however, they found she was worth two hundred pounds she was excused.

My mother was a fine needlewoman; there are examples of her skill still to be found in my trunks, among them veils of sheer lace worked with bands, from ten to twelve inches deep. She often told me that her mother wore them when the ministers of that day preached against them, the Reverend John Cotton going so far as to induce the women to abandon them at the afternoon service. These veils were worn as late as 1830. One of my friends fastened to the brim of her wedding bonnet of white satin a very handsome veil that fell in coquettish folds half way down her skirt.

Veils were not the only articles embroidered; there were elaborate designs wrought out on silken petticoats so exquisitely done that one can scarcely see the stitches. These petticoats stood out stiffly as they were lined with cotton and an interlining

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of cotton batting, the pattern narrowing at the waist-line. These were very fashionable and were worn under the open overskirt of that day.

As early as 1704 father wore a coat with stiffened skirts held in shape by introducing wire to make them stand out. The men of that day were as particular about their coats as the women were of their gowns, and I remember well what great pride father took to keep his coat tails from being wrinkled, crushed or creased.

We have always been noted for our beautiful women and it seems to me they were never so beautiful as between the years 1820 and 1825. They, like the girls of to-day, frolicked with the Harvard graduates, who often claimed them as partners at the assemblies. Many were the pleasant parties, sleigh rides, frolics and merry dancing. The sleigh rides were enjoyed by the older people as well as by the younger. Large sleighs would drive from door to door taking in the invited guests until between twenty and thirty had been collected. Our place of destination was generally some hotel not far distant where a supper was partaken of and a dance enjoyed.



Salem boasts a remarkable collection of old silver. Some of the pieces are exquisite in shape



This grapevine pattern of old Lowestoft is treasured in the Nichols family, whose home is the Pierce-Nichols house

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There was one incident I recall as I sit here living over the past that I think may be of interest to you. It was the coming of Lafayette in 1824, when Hamilton Hall was decorated by the ladies in preparation for a dinner that was to be given to the honored guests. Miss Eliza Endicott was at the head of the decorating force, for, among all the Salem belles, her taste was never rivaled. Through her advice, oak leaves and garlands were arranged around pictures and windows. That evening three hundred gentlemen were seated at the table and I wondered if any of them appreciated the efforts that had been made in improving the room by covering its plain, barren walls with that charming decoration.

As a community we were very fond of flowers and attended all the flower and fruit shows—of which there were sometimes fourteen in season—in order that we might find new varieties to put in the garden. Comparing these exhibitions with those of to-day I feel proud of what we accomplished for there were often twelve hundred dahlias and seventy-five varieties of roses shown. Much attention was paid to the culture of the dahlia and the

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rose, as well as of the geranium, of which sixty varieties were exhibited.

We had a beautiful garden at our Derby Street house and many of the plants were brought away by us and transplanted in our Chestnut Street garden. You will remember how carefully I have always tended a moss rose bush that grows near the summer house. It was brought over from the garden of our old home in England and had been slipped every year until we moved into this house. You have often wondered why I have rebuked you for carelessly cutting a blossom. It was because Harry set it out just before he sailed and it has been hard for me to allow any one to touch it since. I have always enjoyed the garden of this house and it has helped me to while away many a lonely day, when I felt I could not sit with the family and listen to the conversation. I must sit apart from the world at times, and think over the joys and sadness that have come into my life.

One thing I have neglected to speak to you about, and that is the literary atmosphere in which we lived. Our merchants, while busy in their ventures, still found time to interest themselves in other topics.

SOCIAL LIFE

A Literary Club was formed, of which your great-grandfather was a member. They held weekly meetings for discussions and social intercourse in connection with the social library which was located in a chamber of a brick schoolhouse in the middle of School Street. New volumes were constantly being added, and occasionally books were imported from England at a great cost. As politics were divided in the club, the majority being Tories, the meetings were suspended during the Revolution, and, I think, sadly missed by most of the gentlemen.

Different opinions in respect to Colonial interests were just as marked in Salem as elsewhere. Office holders were like all politicians, and realizing that it was for their interest to be on the King's side, they constituted the backbone of the loyal party. Still there was a considerable number who had little sympathy with the Royalists, and warm debates often ensued, some of which indeed became violent, leading to disagreements between friends that took years to heal.

Naturally your great grandfather sided with the Colonists and many a controversy was carried on with a bitterness that was only to be expected when

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one considers the time. In 1774 the enforcement of the Boston Post Bill broke the last cord that bound the colonists to the throne and kingdom. Your great-grandfather, whom the children will not remember, was a very dignified man, who had little to say, but, being very decided in his opinions, he offended many an old friend so that for a while social life was not as congenial as it had been theretofore.

Salem was deeply stirred by the events of the time. The merchants were divided but the majority of them were on the side of freedom. The clergy, too, in some instances, were ardent Tories siding with the lawyers and judges, who were loath to break from their loyalty to their mother land and hoped that the difficulties might be adjusted without recourse to arms. Those were very exciting days for party spirit ran high and instead of commercial ventures, the talk of the day in the social gathering now was concerned with the shadow of approaching events. The official acts of the town meetings which were held in the town house, a wooden building of two stories on the main street next west of the first church, were always on the patriotic side.



Chestnut Street, even in winter time, is a pleasant and inviting thoroughfare

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The enforcements of the King were steadily resisted. The attention that was given to the increase and reorganization of the militia showed plainly that we would not yield readily to arbitrary demands.

The news of the day was read from a Boston paper, which was a rare visitor and devoured with avidity. It was a small folio of ten by sixteen inches, but most families could not afford to pay for it. The starting of the *Gazette* was an important event in this quiet town. The owner who established it in 1768, one Samuel Hall, employed a messenger to ride down from Boston on horseback on the day before the publication with the latest news, this being the only means of communication with the events outside. Attempts were made two years later by the Tories to break down the *Gazette*, but this only served to increase the circulation. Colonel Timothy Pickering was a liberal contributor, giving a series of able articles in favor of the reorganizing of the militia. This influenced many of the citizens and did much to bring up the military movement.

Book stores had not come into existence, but

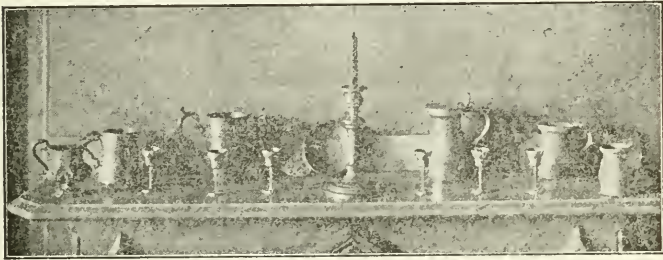
MEMORIES OF OLD SALEM

books were eagerly bought and sold by public vendues. I remember an auctioneer named Robert Bell who came on from Philadelphia and sold books at auction in Goodhues, King's Arm Tavern. There were a few books on sale at the printing office of the *Essex Gazette*; a few more at the store of the traders. Opposite what is now known as Mechanics Hall was established the first bookseller, Mascall Williams, in a one story gambrel roofed house of the architectural style of that period. It was known by the sign of the gilt Bible on Maine Street and was well patronized. Williams was afterwards made postmaster.

A body of men such as these naturally looked for much to be accomplished; they appealed to the pride and intelligence of Essex County; leading societies of the day at home and abroad were in correspondence. The rooms in the Essex Place were used for their quarterly meetings, the admittance fee being the golden eagle which had just then been put on the market. The membership of thirty at first soon enlarged by taking in honorary members, and the honorary membership included many distinguished scholars and writers. This society did a

SOCIAL LIFE

great deal of good. It collected many Indian relics and sought out in town all the old historical and family records and put the material in proper shape for preservation and future use. Pictures of dis-



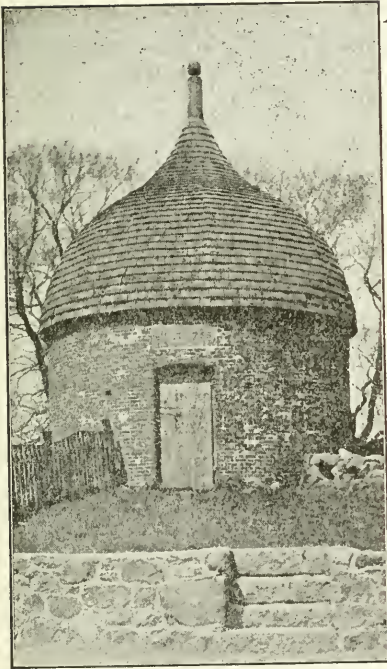
Our forbears drank from pewter mugs. In memory of the olden days we line them on our mantel shelf

tinguished men were carefully preserved, and are now in the Essex Institute, which was incorporated with the Essex Historical Society for the collection and preservation of material illustrating the civil and natural history of the county of Essex.

THE EARLY MILITIA

X

THE EARLY MILITIA



Not far from Salem stands this old powder house, a relic of by-gone days

they did many years ago, headed by the Boston Brigade Band. I experience again the pride I felt as I watched the scarlet coated men come

AS I sit musing at my window, reviewing the old days now passed and gone, there comes over me a realizing sense that it will not be long before I, too, will have joined the loved ones on the other side. As I look down over the tree tops and see the sunlight flickering through the branches, almost I see the soldiers parading as

MEMORIES OF OLD SALEM

marching up the street with military tread and banners waving. It was a delighted audience that gazed upon them, for the cadets were prominently connected with our various families and held a warm place in all our hearts.

The second corps of Cadets was organized July 10th, 1786, with Captain Stephen Abbott as commander. He was a personal friend of our family, living in the old house on Federal Street that is still standing. Many a delightful evening he has spent sitting with us before the open fire in the parlor. He was a most interesting conversationalist and we were never so happy as when he would tell us about his military life. Well might he have been proud for he served under Washington, and was made commander of the troops by order of the Federal Government.

The Civil War now raging in the South has brought back to my mind many events concerning Revolutionary days that I had long forgotten, and I felt a strong longing to picture to you those days when a military company stood, as it does to-day, for the honor of our country.

While the company was organized in 1786, it was

THE EARLY MILITIA

not until the following year that they paraded in their uniforms of scarlet and white, bearing aloft a crimson silk ensign with appropriate devices and mottoes. With one exception they have held to the tradition of their colors, once only changing it, then returning to the familiar scarlet and white. As evidence of this you will find uniforms of every period preserved carefully in their armory.

In the military part of our city's life I have always felt a deep interest, partly on account of so many of our intimate friends belonging to the varied organizations. Your great-grandfather was connected with the militia. He joined when he was only seventeen years of age, and at his death in 1824, he was buried with military honors. The great respect shown his memory by the company makes my heart warm now.

Ever since the time of our first settlement, the military movement has been strongly represented. Our ancestors, especially your emigrant ancestor, being among those who joined the first organization for defense. It was in 1630 that the first step was made in the appointment of Captain Underhill and Patrick, who were old English soldiers, as military

MEMORIES OF OLD SALEM

instructors. An assessment was levied for their maintenance, Salem's share being three pounds, for each veteran. This was a necessity on account of the frequent raids made by the Indians, which also necessitated simple fortifications and block houses for the protection of the colonists. The Puritan warriors of early Salem were loyal to their cause, and earnest in their work. That they might be ready for any emergency they held frequent drills. They did not, however, enter into any engagement against the Indians until 1636. It was during one of the parades of a Salem Company that—under the command of Captain John Endicott—England was defied by the cutting out of the cross of St. George from the colors. I loved to hear my great-grandfather tell the story. He always grew so excited that he would get up and pace back and forth fighting the whole thing over again. Naturally the incident raised a great commotion in the mother land, so much so, that suitable apologies were not only insisted upon but made.

Those were indeed thrilling days, the discipline of the colonial soldier was most strict; any man who disobeyed a superior officer was either placed in



The Salem of to-day recalls in its architecture the best traditions of the past

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THE EARLY MILITIA

the stocks or publicly whipped. Your great-grandfather remembered his father telling him concerning the military officers carrying arms when attending church, in fact, when going anywhere from home. It must have been an imposing sight in those early days to watch the stalwart Salem citizen heavily armed, marching up and down the sidewalk in front of the First Church during the long, tedious service. It was a marshal's duty to watch every approach during Sunday's morning service. And, at the departure of the congregation when the benediction had been pronounced, every man came marching out of church bearing on his shoulder a heavy match lock carrying a bullet of "fifteen to the pound."

I do not wish to forget Reverend Hugh Peters who officiated at the First Church. Doubtless during his pastorate he became imbued with the patriotism of the period, for later on in England he served as Chaplain in one of the distinguished regiments of the English Army. The first uniform infantry company was not of long duration, being formed in April, 1776, ten years earlier than the Corps of Cadets. This was under the command of

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Captain Joseph Sprague, and Joseph Hiller. They soon disbanded, however, refusing to be called to serve by sea and land. Their costume was most striking, being a short green coat with gold trimmings, underdress white with black gaiters, ruffles falling over the hand and a cap of black beaver with four ostrich feathers.

Salem's companies were always filled, for the young men were fond of military tactics. The names of the new officers do not appear as the records of the time were meager. Practical military preparations were accompanied, as was the wont of our early ancestors, by prayer. It might be said truly, that our forefathers were ever buckling on the sword even while bending the knee.

Soon after the Revolution when we were excited with the thought of having obtained our freedom, great attention was paid to the militia. It was then that the entire male population of the state that had attained a certain age were enrolled. This made them liable to be called out for service by the government in cases of emergency. Your great-grandfather always claimed that this was the period when the militia was at its height. The people had

THE EARLY MILITIA

passed through a trying experience that had awakened them to the necessity of forming companies so that they might be prepared for defense. Many of the soldiers were raw recruits who had never seen battle. The officers on the contrary were taken from the best men and most experienced. The spirit of enthusiasm ran high in Salem and men mustered to arms.

The "Manual of Arms" was not as to-day, the code of military affairs; rather did they obey orders issued to them by those in command. They have well been described as

"Hay-foot! Straw-foot"
That was what they said;
Hardly knew that "Eyes Right,"
Meant "Look straight ahead,"
Shambling, sheepish, clumsy,
Awkward every way;
How they made spectators laugh,
On training day.

"Very well! but after,
When the fighting came,
Was there room for laughter,
Was there cause for shame,
Grimmer grew the faces,
Firmer grew the tread,
As "Hay-foot! Straw-foot!"
Marched straight ahead."

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Unlike to-day there were no armories in which the men could be drilled, and it had to be done in open fields. A tract of land was set apart for this purpose and known as the Training Field. In 1685 the Salem common was appointed as the spot where people should shoot at a mark, while in 1713 it was given by the Commoners to Salem forever as a Training Field. A law was passed by which captains were required to train their companies once every month with the exception of two months in the year, July and August. To those unskilled in arms were given steady training, but not to exceed three days a week. A drummer was hired to inspire the militia, the first one appointed being as early as 1644. "At seven pounds yearly by a rate at harvest when corne is marchantable."

For the deposit of arms the town house was used, while in 1637, a powder house was "put out to Samuel Archer and William Allin to be finished by the last of eight mo." This being insufficient for the purpose, in 1776 a second was ordered located in the western part of the town, while in 1794 a third one on the Great Pastures was built. Fees were collected for the storing of powder.

THE EARLY MILITIA

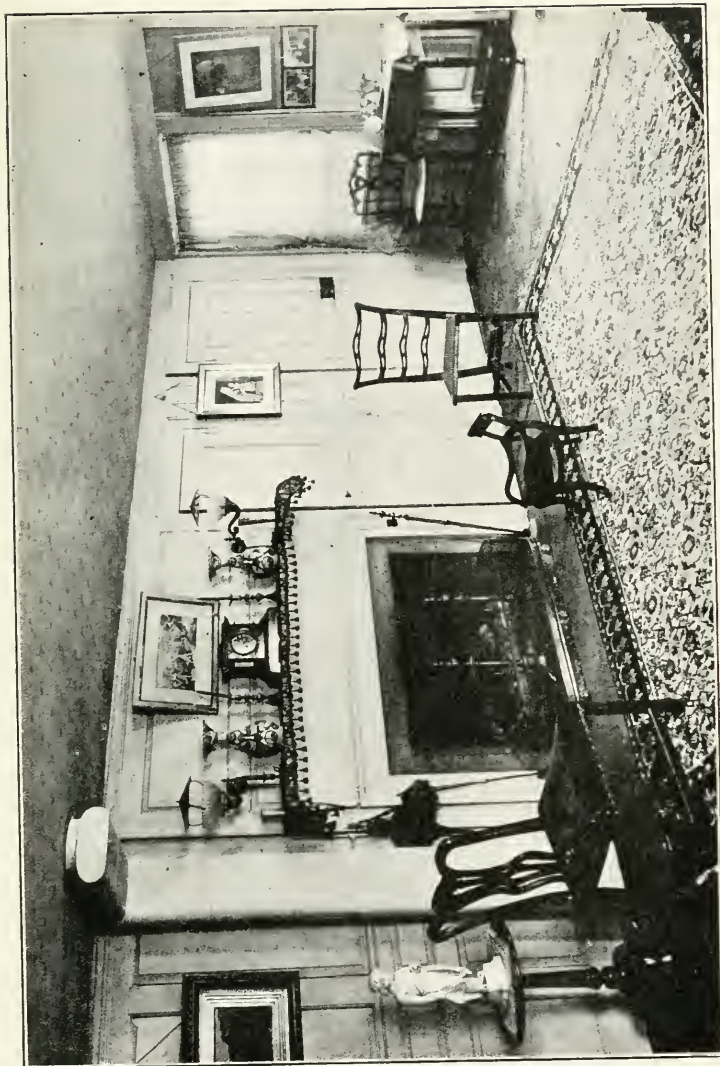
I remember four distinct divisions of troops that were organized, the Artillery, Grenadiers, Light Infantry and Riflemen—with a dash of cavalry that furnished a note of excitement as they paraded the streets. The first company I recall was formed of men unused to military orders, some of whom scarcely knew their right foot from their left. That they should not retard the progress of skilled ones, these men were placed in a company by themselves. They were known as “Floodwood Companies,” drilled without uniform, distinguished through wearing a tin badge with capitalized letters on the front of their hat. As they marched awkwardly down the street, they formed a prosaic patch, in a field of color, and were often nick-named “The umbrella or cornstock militia.”

Each company donned a distinctive uniform which showed the time of their formation, and each company was headed by its own banner, often presented by the ladies of the town, who worked it themselves. It was a brilliant sight on general Muster Day when the militia gathered from the adjoining towns and marched through our streets followed by a crowd of men, women and children, who

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made a gala day of it. You may be very sure every one of us were present, generally visiting some friend whose window overlooked the parade. On one occasion, unbending my dignity, I grew so enthusiastic that I forgot myself and cheered lustily as they passed by. I was frightened for I expected a severe reprimand from your great-grandfather, who, attracted by the sound, turned his head to see where it came from. It was not a soldierly thing for him to do but when he praised me afterwards I felt that underneath his stolid exterior was a real pride in my patriotism. I was an ardent patriot and if I had been a boy I should have carried arms.

You will find upstairs in the bottom of the trunk the first flag I ever made. It was after our independence and it was swung from our window each year until your great-grandfather died. In many of the towns it was the custom for the sweethearts and wives to make banners for the different companies. These were presented on Training Day, the prettiest girl in the town being chosen for this occasion. The militia were very fond of these banners, held them sacred, and displayed them conspicuously when visiting other towns.



Doubtless General Washington sat by the open fire in this room when he came to visit his old friend one General Stephen Abbott

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Training Day was one of the important events of the year and attended by people for miles around. You must remember that in those days a journey of long distance had to be made by stage and there were stops for relays along the road. This was the great event of the day, being attended with much pomp and ceremony. The stage drivers, important personages, handled their four-in-hand skillfully while the horn sang lustily to announce their arrival. The Boston Brass Band came down to Salem over the road in a stage coach. A large crowd turned out to cheer them in every town as they passed through. Training Day was twice a year, in May and again in the fall. It was looked forward to by both young and old, many of whom deemed it more interesting than Election Day or Thanksgiving. Everybody shared in the excitement it caused and people poured in from adjacent towns and farms to view the pageant. The tented field naturally drew a big and mixed assemblage of people who partook freely of punch and egg pop, while the venders found a ready sale for their gingerbread. Punch and Judy shows were there, the athlete showed off his skill in wrestling, and the

MEMORIES OF OLD SALEM

fateful wheel of fortune lured many a modest swain to test his favor with some fair maiden.

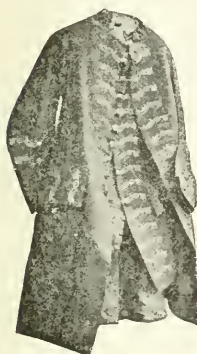
Mingling with it all was the nodding plume, the clashing sword and bayonet that aroused patriotism in the hearts of all. I can seemingly still hear the sound of the shrill fife and the rattle of the drum and feel my heart re-ignite to the ardor of those Revolutionary soldiers. How could I be anything but enthusiastic when my husband was one of the most ardent of the military officers and took me into his confidence, sharing with me the stories of military life. Few men felt as he did towards his wife. He knew that my knowledge was different from that of many of the mothers and wives of that day and he made me his comrade always.

I seem to see him again, dressed in his brilliant uniform of scarlet with his white plume nodding over his helmet. He used to come marching up the street waving to me as I sat waiting his arrival.

The uniforms of the varied companies differed greatly, both in design and color and a pleasant rivalry existed in our little circle, between the friends of the cadets and those who favored the light infan-

THE EARLY MILITIA

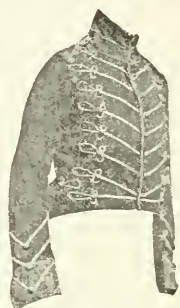
try. The latter first marched in uniform in 1805. On Independence Day your great grandfather presented them with a magnificent standard. That



An officer's coat

same year the Salem Juvenile Artillery also paraded through the town, making our city very gay.

The Salem Cadets wore during their march scarlet coats with white waistcoats that



Style of old-time uniform

opened far enough to show the ruffled shirt. These with the white breeches and stockings fastened at the knee with black garters, cocked hat and plumes, powdered hair in cue made an imposing spectacle as they came marching up the street, headed by the Boston Band.

The uniform of the Salem Light Infantry included handsome blue coats with scarlet facing, brass buttons and much gold lace. They also wore white waiscoats, breeches, the latter seamed with scarlet. On their heads were brass helmets with

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bright red horse hair falling at the right making a most striking effect.

Instrumental music in the early days was not looked upon with great favor. The broadening influence of intercourse through commerce on the seas opened an avenue through which our merchants and their crews learned much concerning music in foreign lands. There was need of inspiration in the way of a band to head the militia. This led to the organizing of a drum and fife corps. We read as early as 1657 that Joshua Rootes was to have a small sum yearly, "for beating the drum to the trayne band whenever they haue occation." In 1666 he was styled drum major.

The first military band in Essex County and with the exception of the Boston Band, in Massachusetts, was the Brigade Band. It was organized under the auspices of the Salem Light Infantry by whom it was not only equipped but instructed. When it first paraded the streets it caused quite an excitement. It was headed by a leader who had under him clarinet players and bass drums, and trumpets. John Hart was the favorite trumpeter. So enthusiastic was he that it is said of him, he

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played marches all day and jigs all night, being ready in the morning to rouse the soldiers to the strain of "Molly Put the Kettle On."

This new Brigade Band was organized in 1835 and formed entirely of temperance men. They were proficient in their art and exercised a good influence over the community. Prior to that time it had been the custom for six or eight musicians to attend the parade as music was considered a necessity. They were very much in demand and were denominated "martial music."

A few years after the close of the Revolutionary War the Salem Cadets had been headed by drummers and fifers. Snare drums only were used until about 1803 when several citizens clubbed together and purchased a bass drum for the use of the company.

In connection with the militia must be noted the old taverns, for they were such important places. At "The Bunch of Grapes" the Salem Cadets were organized, the first meeting being held December 1785, the tavern being then known as Captain Samuel Robinson's. It was located at the head of Central Street. It was here that Stephen Abbott

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was made Captain Commander, the officers not being commissioned until the following year. These hostelrys were many of them very interesting, being as they were the center of information. It was here that the principal men of the town gathered to await the arrival of the stage bringing the news from Boston.

In imagination you can enter one of these old Ordinaries, seat yourself by the side of the broad fireplace, warmed by the lively wood blaze, that crackled on the hearth, and meet distinguished strangers. Prominent lawyers, professional men and merchants were frequent guests, some of them traveling on horseback or curricles (a sort of chaise with only two wheels drawn by two horses abreast) while others arrived by the stage coach.

That was before my day, but I have visited them all. The Ship Tavern was one of the most interesting. It was situated on the northern corner of Church and Washington Streets and it reached the height of its popularity before the Revolution. Father used to say that it had been built by Governor John Endicott, but the truth of this I have never been able to find out.

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The keeper of this tavern was Jonathan Webb, a prominent citizen and a popular host. In addition to that there was the Kings Arms, occupied by Colonel Benjamin Brown, a noted and wealthy citizen. This was a colonial building with ample grounds at the time of his residence. After the Revolution the name became obnoxious and it was changed to the Sun Tavern, by which it was known for many years. Within the last half century it was torn down when "Billy Gray," as he was familiarly known, desired to purchase the site for the building of his new home. It was then that the house was vacated, the business being moved into Mr. Gray's old home, which singularly had been a residence in the olden times, of one of the members of the Brown family. This old tavern was one of the most unique, rough-cast on the outside, covered with rough plaster in which were imbedded pebbles and bits of glass, with sometimes odd figures to give it a more ornamental appearance. This tavern was frequently mentioned by John Adams, who dined here on the occasion of his ride to Salem in June, 1771. It was during his stay here that he

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dined at Judge Ropes, where your great-grandfather met him.

Those were the good old days. We lived what you may term an uneventful life, but we were perfectly satisfied and enjoyed intercourse with our friends far more than do those of to-day. We were dignified in our merry making doing little rollicking for we were New England housekeepers looking well after our households and our husbands were dignified courtly gentlemen of the old school.

THE OLD TIME LIGHTING

XI

THE OLD TIME LIGHTING



*A striking example of a sconce
with the eagle as decoration*

THE pleasantest part of the day was the gloaming, for after the day's work was done and before the lights were lit, we loved to sit musing either in the garden which your great-grandfather had laid out in the rear of the house or by the fireside in our living room. During the summer months it was our custom to saunter down the central path, stopping now and again, to watch the coming into bloom of some favorite

flower that we had planted. Then, sitting in the

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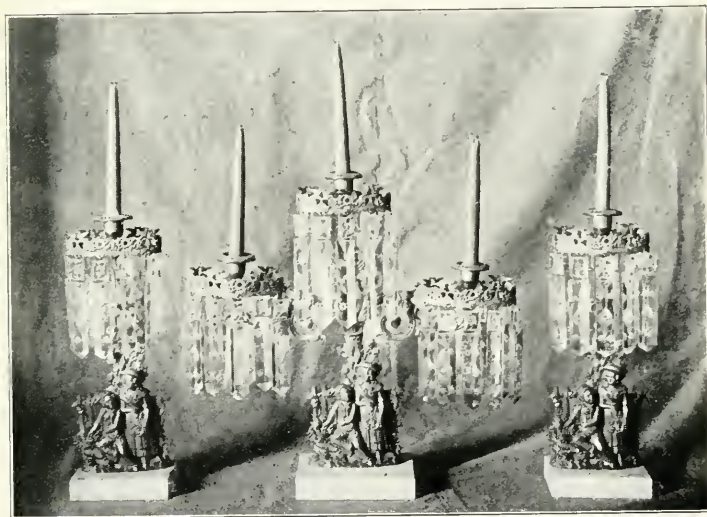
green arbor we would dream away the serene twilight hours. As the family circle widened and narrowed we continued the practice encouraging in the minds of our little ones a love for this twilight hour of quiet reflection.

Many of the things that I am telling you are practically unknown to you, my little ones, who with the coming in of gas will have little recollection of the lighting of our homes in the early days. That you may better understand the discomforts of your early ancestors, let me go back to your emigrant forefather, tell you of his life and show you why the folks retired early, rather than try their eyes by work done by candlewood or the pine knots that first lighted the colonists' homes.

In the early days when the houses were made of rough hewn logs, a few of the emigrants had candles but they were so expensive that they were saved for state occasions only. From the Indians the colonists learned to make pine torches out of dried limbs of pitch pine cut in convenient lengths and ending in knots. Candlewood, however, required much more preparation. Old logs of pitch pine that had been dried were used for this purpose; the heart



Sconces representing a lyre are found in the home of Mr. Nathan C. Osgood on Chestnut Street



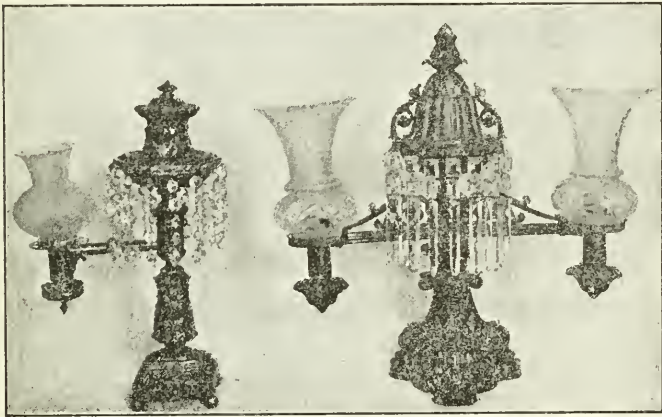
Paul and Virginia was a favorite ornamentation on the candelabra, which is a development of the candlestick

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wood or as it was generally known, "fat wood," being selected. This was cut into very thin strips about eight inches in length, tied into small bundles and stood in a dry place to season for use during the long winter evenings. Even now we find in the South, this same method of lighting being used,



Modernized are the mantel lamps of yesterday. What romantic tales they suggest

while in New England it was never in existence after the commencement of the eighteenth century.

There was no tallow to make candles of in New England, but an abundance of fish that afforded oil for lights, which came into use not long after our settlement. The oil consumed by our ancestors was mostly obtained from fish livers and it con-

MEMORIES OF OLD SALEM

tinued to be used for many years by their descendants. These lamps were large, made of tin, had a great wick and were commonly hung on one side of the fireplace.

You will find that whale and sea horse oil were among the staple commodities of the colony in 1642, used occasionally but not frequently by the wealthier people. Tallow candles were very little used for many years. You will read that Governor Winthrop sent to his son John in 1630 to bring him in an incoming ship some ordinary suet or tallow for the manufacture of such lights. These superseded the burning pine knots.

Candles were imported from England but brought prohibitive prices, while the manufacture at home was limited through lack of materials. Animals were too valuable to use for their fat. There were very few owned by the early colonists and they were carefully cared for and kept until fully grown before killing for food. Wild game was abundant and our forefathers used deer and bear suet mixed with the fat of sheep for candle purposes. Wicking was imported from England, the pith of rushes being used by many of the col-

THE OLD TIME LIGHTING

onists. They were not satisfactory, however, as they burned out quickly and gave a feeble light.

This led to the manufacture of bayberry candles which are made to-day. The children accompanied their mother to the hillsides to pick the bayberries that were boiled down for candle making. As years went by and sheep became more numerous, it was the custom of every practical housewife, at the close of the killing season, to prepare her year's supply of tallow dips. This, you must remember, was before the use of candle molds, at the time when candles were made by a dipping process.

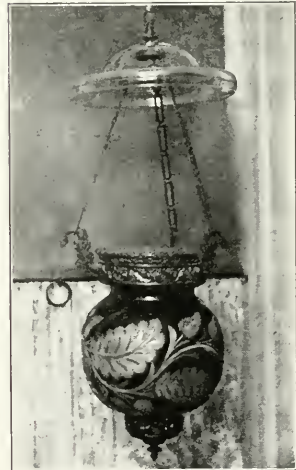
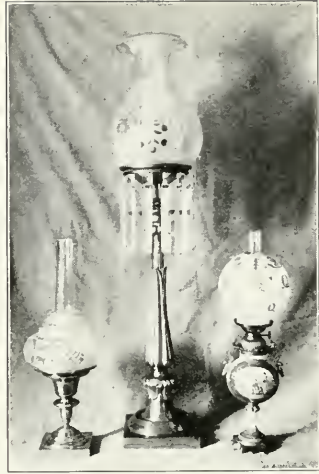
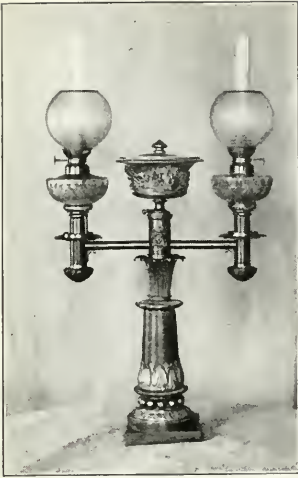
I have heard your great-great-grandfather tell about home made candles until I almost felt that I have seen them done. The wicks were made of roughly spun hemp, cut in suitable lengths braided or twisted strands being hung in groups of four or five from the candle rod. When ready they were carefully straightened, and dipped into a kettle of boiling water on which melted tallow floated. They were then placed on two long poles to cool while succeeding rods full of wicks were dipped. Often there would be two hundred candles in the process of making.

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By the time the first dipping was over they were ready for a second one. Thus the work went on without cessation, the candles gradually growing to their full size. The patient worker was taxed to the utmost not only to keep the fire burning, the tallow hot and wicks straight, but to guard against dipping them so deep as to touch the water or each other. And all this in addition to keeping the room in proper temperature for right cooling.

The tediousness of the process led the housewives of that day to welcome the coming in of candle-molds, for not only were time and labor saved, but the finished product was much better and burned longer than did the pointed dip. Sets of candle-molds were kept in every household. Occasionally to-day we find an old man who remembers the dipping process in which he was forced to take part in his youth. We had some of the old candles in the Derby Street house for it was the custom in candle dipping time to make enough to last through the entire winter.

As candlesticks were introduced into regular use in families they came to be an important part of the house furnishing.



An interesting group of old-time lamps

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Many of them were brought over by the colonists, and as they came from all parts of Europe we can appreciate what a variety of patterns were found among the colonial homes. Candlesticks were worked out in iron, tin, copper, pewter and beaten brass. Crystal ones came in at a later day. Mural sconces and mirror candelabras were doubtless the most expensive and the finest articles of that make that have descended to us. Many of these former are sold today for large sums of money, the highest priced ones being hand made. The candelabra most prized as you will realize, were those fitted with glass prisms. They were made in brass although a cheaper metal was sometimes used and gilded. These came in sets of three, the central one holding three candles, while the side lights held only one. As a general thing they represented special subjects, worked in at the base, such as Washington, Paul and Virginia, or some pastoral subjects. These, of course, were of later make, for we find some representing shepherd and shepherdess dressed in costume of the day that were made as late as 1820. That they were not a new invention is shown from the fact that both candles and cande-

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labras were used in ancient Rome; when they were spoken of as the "hand maid of the lamp."

Salem started in to manufacture these candles as early as 1774, for we find in a record that they were sold by John Appleton at that period; while in 1769 Miles Ward sold "dipt tallowed candles at four shillings, six pence, o. t. per pound by the box and four shillings, nine pence by the single pound."

While tin and iron were used for those crude in make, pewter was the material most commonly used for the candlesticks. The brass candlesticks as well as the silver were used to beautify our homes. Some of these as you well know, we have inherited and are shown today in our drawing room as well as in my living room. The brass ones were almost always hammered by hand, the silver ones more elaborate, often having three to six branches with sticks slender and tapering. You will find one of this character on my table, given to me by your great-grandfather. While mine is ornamented with rows of delicate beading, sometimes flowers and figures in repousse are found. Chippendale has left us an excellent example of candelabras, distinguished for

THE OLD TIME LIGHTING

grace and simplicity. During the Empire period prisms were much used. Your mother has a very handsome one showing a metal base and cut glass standard extending above the candle sockets.

I have heard my mother tell of the evening call of a youthful sweetheart whose time was limited by the length required to burn out a single candle. Early in the eighteenth century snuffers were invented and so useful did they prove that they soon became very popular. They stood generally on a table near the candlestick and were used to trim or snuff the wick when it grew tall and smoky. Most of these snuffers consisted of a tray with a box shaped pair of scissors resting on the top, but cones attached to the candle by a chain were also used.

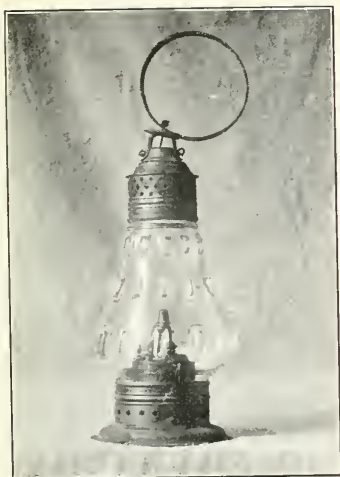
Occasionally we find a candle with a round glass frame to save it from dripping everywhere. Their popularity rested in a measure on the fact that all acknowledged (and they still do to-day) that there is no better lighting for a dinner table than good candle light. It sets off the feast and the guests at their best.

The Betty Lamp was one of the first that was practical. It was made of pewter, iron and some-

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times brass, and was circular, oval or triangular in form. Deep and shallow after being filled with tallow or grease a wick or twisted rag was inserted, the oil poured in and lighted by the means of flint and steel or with a live coal. Matches were at that time an unknown convenience. These lamps were a feeble substitute for a light, however, as they gave a glimmer only and emitted much smoke and odor.

Sometimes a chain and a hook was attached to the handle of the lamp so that it could be hung high enough to read from. Lanterns were very much used about this time as they had been practically since our country was settled. In the early days one was hung on a wooden peg by the side of the open fire ready at hand for instant use. Lanterns were not used to read by but were carried around the house and grounds. There were many different kinds, some being of tin, painted brown and fitted with either candles or fish oil as one preferred. Four kinds of lanterns were most prominently used, although my grandfather told me there are one hundred and fifty-eight styles and eighteen different ways of spelling the word.



An interesting hand lantern



Paul Revere lantern



Another old type of lantern



A graceful astral lamp

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There were those with a long bail known as the "hand lantern," the kind that hung on a nail to be taken to the barn after dark or to light the visiting neighbor home. There was the "ship lantern," hung at the poop or mast head used as a signal for other "ships that pass in the night," a dim affair but serving its purpose as well as the search light of today.

Your great-grandfather was interested in the different kinds and collected them. If you look in a large chest in one corner of the attic you will find a great many, each one of which, has attached to it a label telling its history. Some of these were used by distinguished citizens of Salem, many of whom knowing your ancestor's interest in lanterns, gave them to him to add to his collection.

He told me that he had followed the watchman many a night as he walked along the streets with his tin or horn lantern calling the hour and telling the good people "All's well." The most decorative of all styles is the hall lantern. We have one, as you know, hanging in our front hall. They were used to a great extent after the better houses were built in Salem.

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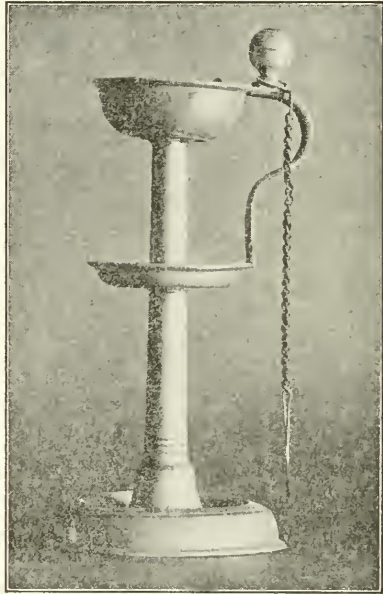
The ancient spelling was "Lanthorn" referring without doubt to the horn that was generally used in the panel. In 1772 a series of meetings was held concerning street lighting and a committee was appointed to secure from England three or four hundred lanterns to be used in the different towns. These were to be placed at stated intervals along the highway, the expense to be met by private subscription. They came over on a tea ship which was ship-wrecked off Cape Cod. There was great regret over the loss of the coveted lamps. They were rescued later, fitted with glass tops by a local craftsman and lighted for the first time in different cities on the second day of March, 1775, attracting a great deal of attention.

With the building of our large houses the great front hall became an important feature. On one side of the staircase there was suspended from the ceiling one or more lanterns, many of which were very elaborate. These were often designed like that in our front hall with richly colored cathedral glass panels set in frames of gilt or bronze. Candles were used in these at first, but after 1774, whale oil lamps of peculiar shape were inserted. These

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lamps were sometimes made of glass but more often of tin and copper, and had two burners to carry the wick. In addition to these mural sconces or prongs with three or four branches holding candles were placed beside the staircase. This style of lantern was used only among the better class. Your ancestor told me that, when visiting John Hancock, he saw one in his entry.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century a Frenchman named Argand invented the lamp and burner that still



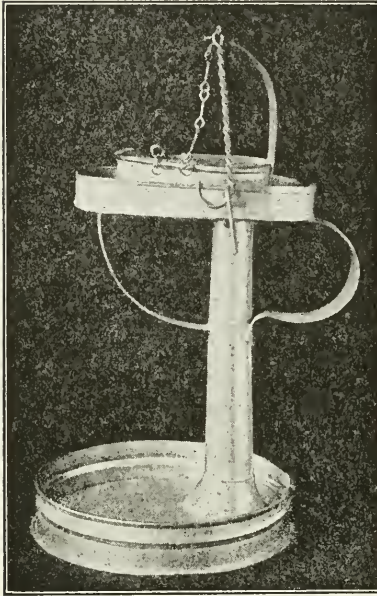
Our grandfathers used the old pewter candlestick to light them to bed

bears his name. He placed the flame between two air currents by the use of a hollow wick and a glass chimney, such as we are using today and it gave a strong clear light. When these were first made they were so expensive that they could be pur-

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chased only by the richer class. For the most part whale oil was used for burning.

Mantel lamps were stood on the shelves while the larger ones served for the living room and dining room table. We find them in all shapes and de-



*In former times the Betty Lamp
was a highly useful article*

signs, some of them having glass prisms. They are made of brass or bronze and, as you know, have glass globes on the outside. The one we use commonly on the living room table was a present from your grandfather and one of the first ever used in a Salem house.

When it was first lighted it attracted a great deal of attention among our friends. It was difficult for us to go back to the candles which we had for ordinary use.

Candles were our standbys and that accounts for

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the many candlesticks and candelabras that you find all over the house. In addition to that if you open the old chest containing lanterns you will find a great many interesting old lamps and candlesticks and each of them has its history fastened to it.

The historical memorandum was something that I urged your great-grandfather to do. He was so familiar with the history of the lamps that he deemed it a piece of foolishness to write it down, and he would not without much insistence and personal help, write up the facts. I have often thought how valuable they are today and will be in the years to come, for we older people are fast passing away and the present generation are ignorant of the old days and old ways.

I almost forgot to tell you about the crystal chandeliers like the one that we have in the living room. They came in about 1760 and were very fashionable. Few, however, of the old houses have them and I am hoping that you will realize how valuable they are and that, no matter what kind of lighting comes to you in the future, you will not part with the ones we have in the house.

I have wanted it to be carried down from father

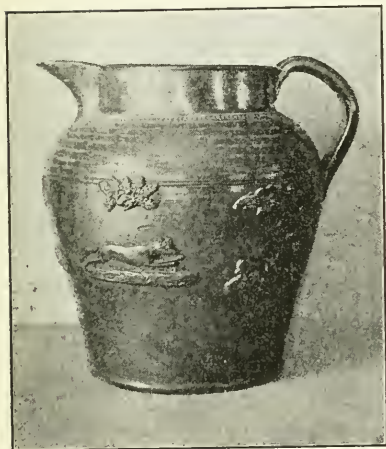
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to son, the oldest male descendant in our family inheriting it. It was one of the most expensive ventures and though out of fashion, can not fail to be ornamental. Each candlestick and each lamp has its own history and it is all most interesting.

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An interesting piece of Wedgwood pottery

THE incidents covered by the manuscript were so closely connected that it seemed only a natural sequence—the passing from the old house on Derby Street where the writer's young life had been spent to the new home on Chestnut

Street, built after commerce left the seas. The same intimate circle of friends had gathered here, thus founding a little community just as before. The social life continued uninterrupted by the addition of new friends and the court end of the town centered here.

The events which had been so graphically de-

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picted in the letters stood out so clearly that almost it seemed, as Amy and Jack conned the pages, that they too, were living in the old days, enjoying life just as their elders did half a century ago. So fascinated were they with the tales of old Salem days and ways that it was impossible to tear themselves away from the closely written pages until the last words had been read, though they were almost indecipherable, so dark had the room become.

With a sigh Amy let the letters, yellowed with age, fall from her hands and sat looking into the flames as they crackled up the chimney and glowed with pictures of the olden days. Here in this very room just as Amy was beside the open fire her ancestor had also sat re-living the days of her youth and calling back links from the past to be handed down to future generations. This was done so that the days of Salem's greatness should not be dimmed by time. Many of the facts Amy had heard while sitting by great-grandmother while others she had never known.

The room seemed re-peopled with the many old friends who had passed out of the life of Salem, yet in imagination they were there sitting around the



The charm of McIntire's handiwork is well brought out in the detail of the fireplace in the Cook-Oliver house

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little table sipping their tea while they discussed family events. They were a loyal band knowing each other from early childhood and sharing their joys and sorrows with a sympathy that was real.

The spirit of the past had so surrounded her that she almost felt the touch of the vanished hand and heard the voices now still. Suddenly a falling brand called the two young lovers back to present day thoughts. Gathering up the letters Amy placed them for safety in an upper bureau drawer. Then they agreed that they would, next day, search the secret closet, find the keys, and open the trunks that rested under the attic eaves.

They felt sure that the manuscript they had read was incomplete for it ended months before great-grandmother's death. A sudden illness had ended her life shortly after the last pages had been written. The old lady had not been well during the last few years and had little strength to battle with her final illness, which was only a week in duration. Amy remembered her great-grandmother well for she was ten years old when the old lady passed out of her life, and it was pleasant to recall the many happy hours the two had spent together looking

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over the treasures that had been stowed away in the old house.

In those days the old house was the home of great-grandmother, grandmother, and unmarried sons and daughters. Amy's home was in the house adjoining and she ran in and out making home of both places. She was a special pet of the old lady, enjoying her confidence more than any other member of the family, perhaps on account of her being her namesake and resembling her in feature and in disposition.

The last time Amy had talked with great-grandmother she had seemed more confidential than ever before. Taking her hand she sat for a long time in thought, then rose, went to the upper bureau drawer, took out a little white box tied with narrow white ribbon, lifted it tenderly to her lips, and handed it to her great-granddaughter. "Do not open it," she said, "until I have passed away. It is," she continued, in a trembling voice, "a gift I had planned to give you when older grown. It contains treasures that are very dear to me. Open it when you have learned to love with all your heart."

This had lain in a trunk together with many of

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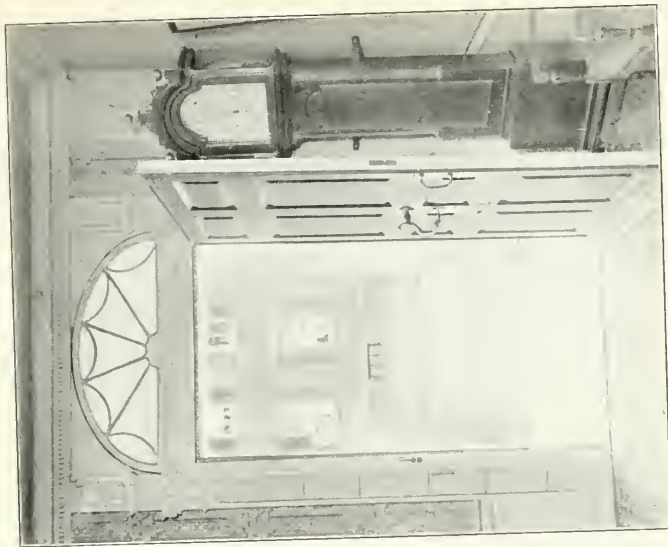
Amy's past keepsakes. It was now time to open it. With Jack by her side Amy took the tiny, delicately scented box from its tissue wrapper, untied the ribbon and removed the cover. Inside, on a little mat of crimson velvet, lay an exquisite locket with a golden chain, the former of turquoise and gold. Amy recalled the locket as the one that she had always seen on great-grandmother's neck until just before her death.

When she touched the spring the cover flew open and disclosed a fine miniature portrait of a young man who might well have been called "the handsomest lad in the town." His honest blue eyes looked up affectionately into theirs as he smiled at them from out of the frame. Little wonder that great-grandmother treasured his memory—this beautiful boy lover who was lost at sea. The portrait was done by a famous artist abroad as a wedding gift and showed Harry dressed in the costume of that day, his hair turned back, powdered, braided in a cue, and tied with wide black ribbon. It was given to great-grandmother by the captain of his ship. Opposite it in the case was a portrait of great-grandfather, a fac-simile of the one that hung

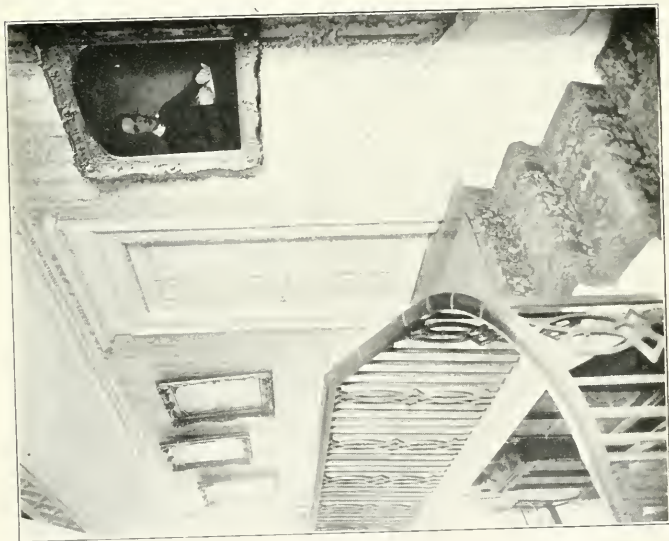
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on the wall of the drawing room downstairs. It was a fine, distinguished young gentleman of the olden times. Great-grandfather was a noted beau in his day and much admired by the fair sex. There, face to face, were the two that made up the heart life of great-grandmother—her “boy lover” and her husband.

The sound of the supper bell brought Amy and Jack back to nineteenth century life and they descended into the dining room, keeping their own counsel but impatient for the coming day. It was early in the morning when Jack came to the house. They ran quickly up to the room, walked over to the window, pressed the spring and there inside were the keys, each one distinctly labeled in great-grandmother's quaint handwriting. Two envelopes addressed to Amy were the only other contents of the closet. The first one contained implicit directions concerning the different things in the trunks, the second, sealed with her favorite crest, designated the things she wished given to the East India Marine Society of which Harry was a member. “I have marked,” great-grandmother wrote, “each gift, telling as far as possible its history.



The fine proportion and excellent spacing of this door and fan light shows perfection in its architectural detail



An interesting detail in the Pierce-Nichols house — a Chippendale balustrade

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This will be valuable as it will save the trouble of hunting up facts that might be difficult to obtain after I am gone."

Closing the secret closet door they went up to the attic and drew trunk number one from under the eaves. This contained the presents brought home by Harry for his bride-to-be. There was a yellow brocade that was to have been one of her party dresses; a rich white brocaded silk with flowers of delicate color that had been brought directly from England, a soft plum colored Chinese crêpe with simple embroidery. India muslins of gossamer fineness, stiff brocaded crêpes of a tint to delight the eye, most of which had never been lifted from the folds. Some of them were so stiff that they would stand alone and were of wonderful coloring in exquisite delicate shades. The handsomest of all was a light pink brocade in elaborate pattern. Inside its folds was laid a China shawl of beautiful embroidery and colors such as were rarely seen even in those days. With these treasures was the wedding dress just as it was finished to be worn on great-grandmother's wedding day. Inside was pinned a note asking Amy to wear it when she be-

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came a bride. "It will," the note added, "be a great pleasure to her, recalling the time it was intended to be worn by me." Folded up with it was a bridal veil of exquisite lace that would fall in folds almost to the waist. Embroidered veils were a fashion of that day. This was fastened to the rim of the white satin bonnet in such a way that it would fall in coquettish folds over the face.

The shawls in the collection were marvelous. They knew it had been the custom of ship owners to bring back camel's hair shawls, many of which were worn by the matrons at the Hamilton Hall parties. These are memories only save in the many households where they are carefully stored away in camphor trunks awaiting fashion's decree. In those days it was considered most elegant for ladies between the age of thirty and forty to wear as a part of her street costume a shawl of this kind having a white center with a sober border of palm leaves in dull blue and black. Jack took one of these from the trunk and folded it over Amy's shoulders, draping it over one arm according to the fashion of that day. It was a most beautiful example of great value, having been given to her lover by the Rajah

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himself. This one had been made expressly for royalty and showed a deeper border and more carefully working out of pattern than did the others.

In addition to the camel's hair shawls of which there were five, there were gorgeous ones brought over from India of crêpe in color, vivid scarlet and worked in designs of black and gold.

The jewelry, each piece packed in a separate box, was most valuable. There were ear rings of topaz, set with pearls, pearl necklaces of great value, shell combs, some of them so elaborately carved that it seemed almost wicked to wear them. None of the jewelry had Amy ever seen before. On each box was written the history of its contents.

The silken petticoats which were to be worn under wedding gowns or party dresses were lined with cotton with an interlining of batting, the pattern narrowing until it reached the waistline. They were very fashionable in her day and worn under the open over-skirt. Some of them had been brought home while others had been inherited by great-grandmother and were the only bits of dress not bought by the lover.

The second trunk contained goods that had been

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brought home during the period of commercial prosperity when the ships sailed to every known port and stored away in their holds rolls of rich stuff for gowns. Few of these were plain in coloring, the majority being a combination of well chosen colors. Unlike the dresses of today they showed a tiny waist and sometimes slashed sleeves filled in with lace. There were old-fashioned bonnets, one of pink shirred plush while another of gray silk had a wreath around it. About 1800, the time of their moving into the new house, the bonnets had high crowns and wide rims, wreaths being an accepted form of trimming. Jack told Amy a story he had heard from his mother of a worthy old gentleman who said, that his small house was quite commodious for him, but not large enough for his wife's new bonnet.

It must be borne in mind that these dresses were made by dressmakers who came to the house by the day and not by expensive designers, as was done later on.

The linen designed for the new home had been kept intact for great-grandmother had done most of the work herself. The tiny stitches, going by the



Elias Haskett Delby had these gate posts designed for his magnificent house that stood in the market place of to-day. Fortunately they have been preserved and are used at the Cook-Oliver house

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rule of taking up two threads and leaving two, had been conscientiously carried out so that it was a joy and satisfaction to examine it. There was enough stored away to be used in the new house after Amy's marriage. It seemed as if there was nothing wanting in the way of clothing for the approaching event.

The fourth trunk contained the things that were to be given to the museum. As great grandmother had said, "It was the wish of Harry that these things should be placed where the public could enjoy them, and that he had chosen the Salem Marine Society organized in 1766." This organization, she felt, would be appropriate as it would be a rendezvous for not only the ship merchant descendants, but for strangers all over the land. It was originated in March, eighteen ship masters constituting the society, the act of incorporation being received in 1772. The suggestion of the organization came from several old ship masters who during the time between voyages were accustomed to gather under the lee of the building then situated on Union Wharf.

It was designed for ship masters only who had

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navigated the seas to or beyond the Cape of Good Hope and later on known as the East India Marine Society, a name agreed upon at a meeting held at Captain Webb's Tavern on the eighteenth of September, 1799. The wonderful collection accumulated through the gifts of captains and members of the crew led to its being chosen as the proper place to give these relics of the past.

After Amy and Jack had closed the trunks they discovered a small hair cloth trunk with Amy's name on it. Lifting the lid they found it filled with boxes, each one of which was tied with a narrow ribbon. Pasted on the cover of the trunk was an envelope addressed to Amy. Inside was a note from great-grandmother. "My dearest Great-Grandchild," it ran; "This trunk I have just finished packing. It contains gifts that I want you to keep and wear."

One by one they took the packages from the trunk. The first box contained a necklace of pearls. It had been started when the dear old lady was only eight years of age through the gift of a wonderful pearl from one of the sea captains who had brought it home especially for her. She was

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so proud of the gift that at the end of every voyage the captain or some of the mates brought others to add to the string. Each one of them was associated with old friends of her youth, making it to her the most valuable piece of jewelry in the collection. The last ten pearls were a gift from Harry who had taken great pains in their choosing.

The second box contained an engagement gift of her lover, a diamond pin and a ring which she had never worn since her engagement to great-grandfather. The third box contained a necklace of gold beads that had descended from her English ancestor. They had been worn by the eldest daughter of every generation and when they were given to her by Harry a gift from his mother, she had worn them until his death, when they were placed in their own box awaiting their next owner.

Closing the trunk they descended the stairs and Amy turned the manuscript over to her mother and told her what she and Jack had done. In other trunks opened later on and not included in great-grandmother's request were beautiful silks and bric-a-brac as well as valuable jewelry each one apportioned to some member of the family.

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It was decided that the jewelry should be placed in a vault in the bank until Amy was married, while the silks, satins and brocades should be made into garments to be worn in the new home; it was great-grandmother's wish and they wanted to carry it out to the letter. The trunk designed for the East India Museum was sent by grandfather, each gift being marked with Harry Lee's name. It was a great pleasure to the family to feel they had carried out the wish and there were many things that were valuable for information.

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The new home stands to-day close by that owned by great-grandmother. Great care has been taken to furnish it as much as possible like that of the old Derby Street house. The old china brought over from Canton, stands to-day lining the shelves of the closets, while behind glass doors are shown wonderful sets of old Lowestoft that were designed for the little bride of long ago. Each piece has its own history, for it was great-grandmother's wish that her inheritance should descend to Amy rather than be divided among the family. There was enough left for them all. It must be remembered that it com-



The Palladian window in the Cook-Oliver house has been inserted at the landing on the front stairs

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prised inheritances from many different families, each one of which was connected with Salem's commercial days, so that Amy was the only one whose furnishings came from great-grandmother direct.

Not a piece is missing, for the mistress of the house follows out the custom of the early days by washing and wiping each one with her own hands.

Young voices now resound within the house and Amy and Jack love to gather the children around them in the twilight hour to tell them about the dear old lady who once owned the furniture, the china and the pictures that make their home so beautiful. Particularly are they interested in great-grandmother's portrait. This hangs opposite the fireplace in the living room and as she looks tenderly down on the new generation of children that has come to fill the home, Amy loves to remind the young ones of great-grandmother's place in old Salem and repeat to them the tales of the olden days that their ancestor used to tell.

THE END

