

*The Proceedings of the Cambridge Historical Society, Volume 25, 1938-1939*

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# PROCEEDINGS

OF

The Cambridge Historical Society

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-THIRD MEETING  
**THIRTY-THIRD ANNUAL MEETING**

THE THIRTY-THIRD ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY was held at the Craigie House, 105 Brattle Street, on January 25, 1938. There were nearly ninety members and guests present. The meeting was called to order by the President shortly after eight o'clock. The minutes of the Special Meeting of the Society, held at Christ Church on December 16, 1937, were read and, there being no objection, were approved.

The Treasurer presented his annual report; and Frank Gaylord Cook, Esq., presented his report as Auditor. Both reports were received and ordered placed on file.

The Secretary presented the report of the Council and of the Secretary, which was upon motion received and ordered filed.

The Secretary then read the report of the Nominating Committee, as follows:

*President* --- ROBERT WALCOTT

*Vice-Presidents* --- JOSEPH H. BEALE, FRANK GAYLORD COOK, LOIS LILLEY HOWE

*Secretary* --- ELDON R. JAMES

*Treasurer* --- GEORGE A. MACOMBER

*Curator* --- WALTER B. BRIGGS

*Editor* --- DAVID T. POTTINGER

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*Council:* the above and

SAMUEL A. ELIOT,                    C. LESLIE GLENN

ROGER GILMAN, ,                    ELIZABETH B. PIPER,

MRS. CHARLES P. VOSBURGH

The President called for further nominations. There being none, it was voted that the nominations be closed and that the Secretary be directed to cast one ballot for those nominated by the Committee. The ballot having been cast by the Secretary, all those nominated by the Nominating Committee were elected to serve during the year.

Dr. Eliot moved that a vote of appreciation be given to the retiring Treasurer, Willard Hatch Sprague, for his distinguished services. The motion was unanimously adopted.

The President called the attention of the Society to the fact that the publication of the Proceedings of the Society was now up to date, those for the years 1936 and 1937 having been distributed to the members of the Society on the day of the Annual Meeting. He congratulated the Editor, Mr. Pottinger, upon his accomplishment. The statement of the President was received with much applause.

The President reported that an agreement had been made for the sale of 9 Pollen Street for the sum of \$15,000 cash, less \$600 real estate commission, the transfer to take place on or before February 1, 1938. This being approximately the one hundredth anniversary of the coming of Longfellow to the Craigie House, the President introduced Mr. HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW DANA, the grandson of the poet, who read a most interesting account of Longfellow at the Craigie House.<sup>1</sup> Passages from unpublished Longfellow journals and letters written in the house formed a considerable part of this important paper.

<sup>1</sup>. See post, pp. 19-60.

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At the conclusion, the thanks of the Society were voted to Mr. Dana for his interesting and important paper, and also to Mr. Dana, Mrs. Charles Hopkinson, and the Longfellow Trustees for their kindness in permitting the meeting to be held at the Craigie House. The meeting then adjourned.

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## ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOURTH MEETING

THE SOCIETY met for its Spring Meeting at the residence of Mrs. Wallace M. Scudder, 164 Brattle Street, on Tuesday, April 26, 1938.

In the absence of the President, Vice-president Frank Gaylord Cook presided. The meeting was called to order at 8:15 o'clock.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The Secretary presented the following recommendation of the Council; and upon motion made and seconded it was

VOTED: That the action of the President, Robert Walcott, in signing, sealing, acknowledging, and delivering for and in behalf of the Cambridge Historical Society a quitclaim deed conveying premises located at 9 Follen Street, Cambridge, to Margaret F. Schroeder and others on April n, 1938, be and the same is ratified, confirmed, and approved.

Upon motion made and seconded it was

VOTED: That until further action of this Society no investment of the funds of this Society be made except in deposits in Massachusetts savings banks or in securities legal for Massachusetts savings banks.

Upon motion it was

VOTED: That until the next Annual Meeting, the President, the Treasurer, and Mr. Philip P. Sharpies be the Investment Committee.

Mr. Briggs presented the invitation of the Lexington Historical Society requesting that the Cambridge Historical Society be the guest of the Lexington Historical Society on Wednesday, June 8, from 5:30 to 8 P.M. The invitation was accepted with thanks, and the Secretary was directed to communicate the acceptance to the

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Lexington Historical Society and also to consult with it as to the program.

Mrs. Vosburgh reported that she had kept for the Society a number of interesting articles formerly in the Bowen house, which might be used to fill a Bowen Memorial case when the Society secured a permanent home. These articles had been deposited with the Curator; a list of them was given to the Secretary.

Mr. Briggs reported the gift from the Historical Society of Watertown of a volume issued by that Society containing the records of the court of Nathaniel Harris, a Justice of the Peace. The Secretary was directed to send the thanks of this Society to the Watertown Historical Society.

The Vice-President then introduced Professor JOSEPH H. BEALE, who spoke on the origin of the New England town.<sup>1</sup> After Professor Beale's address, which was listened to with great interest and attention, there were remarks by members of the Society, in which interesting side-lights upon the New England town were developed.

After expressing the thanks of the Society to Mrs. Scudder for her generous hospitality, and to Professor Beale for his paper, the Society adjourned for refreshments.

<sup>1</sup> See *post*, pp. 61-64.

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## ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIFTH MEETING

UPON THE INVITATION OF THE LEXINGTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY, the Cambridge Historical Society met with the Lexington Historical Society at the Gary Memorial Building in Lexington on June 8, 1938, at four o'clock P.M.

The meeting was called to order by Mr. W. R. Greeley, President of the Lexington Historical Society, at 4:15 P.M.

After a witty and interesting address Mr. Greeley introduced Rev. SAMUEL A. ELIOT, who spoke on "Our Common Concern for the Preservation of Historical Sites, Scenes, and Buildings."<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Greeley then introduced Mr. EDWIN B. WORTHEN of the Lexington Historical Society, who gave a very interesting talk on the subject of cooperation between schools and local historical societies.<sup>2</sup>

President Walcott was then introduced by Mr. Greeley and spoke briefly of the relations between the two communities, Lexington and Cambridge.

The meeting, which was largely attended, then adjourned for refreshments provided by the Lexington Historical Society.

<sup>1</sup> See *post*, pp. 65-69.

<sup>2</sup> See *post*, pp. 70-74.

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# ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SIXTH MEETING

THE SOCIETY met for its Autumn Meeting with Mrs. Harlow Shapley, at the Harvard Observatory, in Building D, the Library, on October 25, 1938.

The meeting was called to order by the President at 8:25 P.M. About seventy-five members and guests were present.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The vote recommended by the Council, as it appeared upon the notice for this meeting, sent to all the members of the Society, was read by the Secretary, who moved its adoption. The motion was seconded. Mrs. Burr requested that her letter to the President, a copy of which had been sent to the Secretary, be read, which was accordingly done.

The President was asked for a statement. After reading Miss Bowen's will, the President made a statement, in substance, as follows:

The President called attention to the situation arising from the sale by the Society of the house No. 9 Follen Street, Cambridge, devised to the Society by the seventh article of the will of the late Maria Bowen, and stated that he construed the action taken at the special meeting of the Society held November 13, 1937, with regard to the legacy under Article Eighth of said will to be that the Society intended to decline said legacy if the real estate should be sold before said legacy should be received, and he further stated that no part of said legacy had as yet been paid or tendered to the Society.

Mr. Cook then called for a reading of the vote of November 13, 1937, which was done.

The President asked if the Society was ready to vote. There being no objection, the President put the question as follows:

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That, whereas the Society has sold the house at No. 9 Follen St., Cambridge, devised to it by Article Seventh of the will of the late Maria Bowen, in order to carry out the intent of the vote passed at the special meeting of the Society held on November 13, 1937, in reference to the legacy under Article Eighth of the will of said Maria Bowen, the Society hereby renounces and declines to accept the legacy under Article Eighth of said will, and that the President be authorized to execute in the name of the Society any instruments which he shall deem necessary to effect the intent of this vote.

The President asked for a show of hands and declared the motion carried.

The President then introduced Miss ELIZABETH L. BOND, who read a delightful and interesting paper on the Observatory of Harvard College and its early founders, Miss Bond's grandfather, William Cranch Bond, and her father, George Phillips Bond.<sup>1</sup>

After votes of thanks to Miss Bond and to Mrs. Shapley, the meeting adjourned to the residence of the Director of the Observatory, Professor Harlow Shapley, who is now on his way home from South Africa, and Mrs. Shapley, for refreshments.

<sup>1</sup> See *post*, pp. 75-85.

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# ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SEVENTH MEETING

## THIRTY-FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING

THE THIRTY-FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY was held at the residence of the Rev. and Mrs. C. Leslie Glenn, 1 Garden Street, on January 24, 1939. There were about sixty-five members and guests present.

The meeting was called to order by President Walcott at eight o'clock. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The Treasurer presented his Annual Report; and Mr. John T. G. Nichols, the Auditor, presented his Report. They were ordered received and placed on file.

It was voted to continue the Investment Committee, consisting of the President, the Treasurer, and Mr. Philip P. Sharpies, until the next Annual Meeting.

The Secretary presented the Report of the Secretary and of the Council for the year 1938, which was received and ordered filed.

The Chairman of the Nominating Committee presented the report of that Committee, as follows:

The Nominating Committee of the Cambridge Historical Society, after consultation and deliberation, is unanimous in believing that the Society is especially fortunate in its present officers and council, and therefore recommends that they be re-elected for the ensuing year, as follows:

*President* --- ROBERT WALCOTT

*Vice-Presidents* --- JOSEPH H. BEALE, FRANK GAYLORD COOK, LOIS LILLEY HOWE

*Secretary* --- ELDON R. JAMES

*Treasurer* --- GEORGE A. MACOMBER

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*Curator* --- WALTER B. BRIGGS

*Editor* --- DAVID T. POTTINGER

*Council:* the above and

SAMUEL A. ELIOT      ELIZABETH B. PIPER

ROGER GILMAN      MRS. CHARLES P. VOSBURGH

C. LESLIE GLENN

For the Committee:  
Glover M. Allen, *Chairman*

The Secretary read the recommendations of the Council as to the amendment of the By-laws, which had been sent with the notice of this meeting to each member of the Society.

It was moved that the words "an Editor" be added after the words "a Treasurer" in Article VIII of the By-laws, so that Article VIII, when amended, will read as follows:

#### VIII. OFFICERS

The officers of the Corporation shall be a Council of thirteen members, having the powers of directors, elected by the Society, and a President, three Vice-Presidents, a Secretary, with the power of Clerk, a Treasurer, an Editor, and a Curator, elected out of the Council by the Society.

The amendment was adopted unanimously.

It was moved that a new article, to be known as Article XII, be inserted after Article XI, as follows:

#### XII. DUTY OF EDITOR

The Editor shall have charge, under the direction of the Council, of the preparation for the press of the Society's Proceedings and of their printing, publication, and distribution, as well as of the printing and distribution of other pamphlets and books issued by the Society for general circulation.

The amendment was unanimously adopted.

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It was moved that the Articles of the By-laws after Article XII be renumbered, and that a new Article XX be substituted for the present Article XIX, as follows:

#### XX. DISPOSITION OF PROPERTY UPON DISSOLUTION

Upon dissolution of the Society, the books, manuscripts, collections, the vested and other funds of the Society, and such other property as it may have, shall be transferred to such institution or institutions doing similar work as may seem best to the members of the Society.

The new Article XX in substitution for Article XIX was unanimously adopted.

The President spoke of the Greater Boston Community Fund. Mrs. Wright moved, the motion being seconded, that the Society out of its corporate funds make a contribution to the Community Fund in memory of Miss Maria Bowen, the amount to be left to the Council.

The motion was carried.

The President then introduced Mrs. JAMES L. MOORE, who read a delightful paper on the Fayerweather House and its owners.<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Moore exhibited various portraits of persons connected with

the Fayerweather House, tidies made by her grandmother while living in the house, and a painting showing the house and its grounds, made in 1840.

After votes of thanks to Mrs. Moore and to Mr. and Mrs. Glenn for their hospitality, the meeting adjourned.

<sup>1</sup> See *post*, pp. 86-94.

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## ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-EIGHTH MEETING

THE SPRING MEETING of the Cambridge Historical Society was held at the residence of Mrs. Claes J. Enebuske, 55 Garden Street, on Tuesday, April 25, 1939. The Society were the guests of Miss Lois Lilley Howe and Mrs. Enebuske. There were about fifty members and guests present.

The meeting was called to order at 8:15 o'clock.

The President announced that the Garden Party would be held on Tuesday afternoon, June 13, 1939, at the residence of Mrs. Henry D. Tudor, 22 Larch Road, at four o'clock.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The Curator reported a number of interesting gifts, including portraits of Charles Eliot Norton and his family and photographs of Norton's Woods.

Miss Howe then introduced Mrs. SARAH FOLSOM ENEBUSKE, who read an interesting and delightful paper on Charles Folsom and the McKeanes, her grandparents.<sup>1</sup> A number of interesting objects associated with Mr. Charles Folsom, particularly a silver pitcher given him by Admiral Farragut, were exhibited.

After a vote of thanks to Mrs. Enebuske and Miss Howe, the meeting adjourned for refreshments.

<sup>1</sup> See *post*, pp. 97-112.

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## ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-NINTH MEETING

THE GARDEN PARTY AND JUNE MEETING of the Cambridge Historical Society were held on Tuesday, June 13, 1939, at the residence of Mrs. Henry D. Tudor, 22 Larch Road.

The meeting was called to order by the President shortly after 4 o'clock. There were about seventy members and guests present.

The President referred to the presence of a number of members of the Lexington Historical Society, and introduced two former Presidents of that Society, Mr. Greeley and Mr. Webster.

Dr. SAMUEL A. ELIOT then conducted an examination into Cambridge history after the manner of "Information, Please!"<sup>1</sup> The questions were interesting and amusing, and some of them received correct answers.

After this delightful and entertaining exercise, and after voting the thanks of the Society to Mrs. Tudor and to Dr. Eliot, the meeting adjourned for an inspection of the charming garden and for refreshments.

<sup>1</sup>. See *post*, pp. 113-121.

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## ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTIETH MEETING

THE SOCIETY met for its Autumn Meeting on October 31, 1939 at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George P. Baker, Jr., 10 Coolidge Hill Road, the meeting having been postponed one week because of a conflict with the Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration of the Cambridge Social Dramatic Club, which was held on October 24, 1939.

Notwithstanding the heavy downpour of rain, there were about forty members and guests present.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The President appointed the following as a Committee to nominate officers for the Society to serve during the next year and to report at the January meeting, 1940: Mr. Allyn Forbes, Chairman, Mr. Edward Ingraham, and Mr. Nathan Heard.

Miss LOIS LILLEY HOWE was introduced by the President. Miss Howe read a delightful account of the life of her father, Doctor Estes Howe, a Cambridge citizen.<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Briggs reported as the delegate of the Society to the recent meeting of the Bay State Historical League, held at Concord on October 21st.

As Curator, Mr. Briggs reported that he had received a number of interesting gifts, one from Miss Sarah Norton, consisting of manuscripts concerning the Misses Ashburner, one of which contained an unpublished introduction by William Dean Howells.

After votes of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Baker and to Miss Howe, the meeting adjourned for refreshments.

<sup>1</sup>. See *post*, pp. 122-141.

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## CHRONICLES OF THE CRAIGIE HOUSE

# THE COMING OF LONGFELLOW

## By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW DANA

ONE PLEASANT AFTERNOON in the month of May, 1837, a young Harvard professor, a newcomer to Cambridge, sets out in search of a secluded place to live.

Turning his back on the red brick buildings of the college and the thickly settled houses of the village, he makes his way westward along the winding curves of Brattle Street. There he finds a series of yellow and white Colonial houses, at that time still well separated from each other by wide stretches of green fields and trees and gardens. He is at once enchanted with these old houses and their pleasant surroundings.

About half a mile from the college along this curving road, he comes to a point where, looking across the meadows to the south, he can catch a glimpse of the River Charles, flooded by the high tide this May afternoon and glistening in the sunlight.

Opposite this spot and set well back to the north of the highway stands one of the most impressive of the old Cambridge houses. Pausing at the gateway, the newcomer looks across a green lawn between rows of elm trees and sees the yellow facade of the stately mansion, ornamented by four white pilasters with Ionic capitals. The quiet dignity and generous proportions of this house suggest the spacious Colonial days in which it was built by Major John Vassall, a British Tory. Later it was used by Washington as his Headquarters during the first ten months of the American Revolution. Still later it was bought and enlarged by the first Apothecary General of the United States, Andrew Craigie, who added a large ell at the back of the house and the two piazzas with

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their rows of white columns which the stranger can see at each side of the house.

Behind the house to the left is to be seen the barn or stables and to the right the garden and the gardener's house. Farther off on a hill in the background can be seen Mr. Craigie's summer-house beside a spring from which drinking water is brought through an aqueduct of hollow logs to the main house. Beyond a grove of trees to the west is a little lake, with an island in the middle of it, on which classic statues have been placed. Near the lake is an icehouse. Near the garden on the other side of the mansion is a greenhouse. The good citizens of the town have marveled to see how Mr. Craigie was able to keep ice in his ice-house throughout the heat of Cambridge summers and keep flowers in the greenhouse throughout the cold of Cambridge winters.[1]

Mr. Craigie has died some eighteen years earlier, but his widow, the brilliant but eccentric Mrs. Craigie, clad in her slate colored dress and her white turban, continues to rule over the Craigie House, or "Castle Craigie" as some of the villagers like to call it. To pay off the debts left by her husband at his death, she has been obliged to occupy rooms at the back of the house and rent the front upstairs rooms to various lodgers." One of these, a law student, is still occupying the southeastern upper chamber, though he is soon going to leave Cambridge.

The Harvard professor, who has come to have a look at this student's room, passes through the gate and, making his way along the gravel path, approaches the old house, which is bathed in the

warm afternoon sunshine, while the shadows of the elm trees slowly pass across it in solemn procession. Ascending the

terraces in front of the house by flights of steps and coming to the large white front door, the visitor knocks with the heavy brass knocker, and, when the door is opened, asks to be shown up to the student's room.

Of this first visit to the Craigie House, the professor later gives us the following account:

The first time I was in the Craigie House was on a beautiful summer afternoon in the year 1837. I came to see Mr. McLean, a law-student, who occupied the south-eastern chamber. The window-blinds were closed, but through them came a pleasant breeze and I could see the waters of the Charles gleaming in the meadows.[3]

From the first the young professor has been delighted with the whole surroundings of the Craigie House. He sets his heart on getting rooms there, if possible that large front corner room with its two windows to the south and two windows to the east, where he had visited the law student, and also a large vacant chamber behind it to use as a bedroom. In these rooms he hopes to find a quiet haven of refuge, where he can pursue undisturbed his studies in modern European literatures and find a congenial atmosphere in which to write poetry of his own.

Accordingly he makes bold to present himself before the austere and somewhat terrifying Widow Craigie. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Craigie is a highly cultivated lady, herself fond of European literature, and has read one of the professor's books. Lying beside her is No. 1, in its marbled wrappers, of the sketch book he has written, in which he has described his travels in her beloved France. She does not realize, however, that the author of this book is standing before her and mistakes this young-looking

stranger for a Harvard undergraduate. After long experience with Harvard students as lodgers, like many another good lady in Cambridge, she has decided not to let any more students have rooms in the Craigie House. Therefore, when he asks if he may engage rooms there, she says: "Young man, I do not take students"; to which he replies: "But I am not a student, I am Professor Longfellow." [4]

Of this strange encounter, Mr. Longfellow gives us the following account in his Notebook on the Craigie House (pp. 17-18):

At first Mrs. Craigie refused to let me have the rooms; I remember how she looked as she stood, in her white turban, with her hands crossed behind her, snapping her gray eyes. She said she had resolved to take no more students into the house: but her manner changed when I told her who I was. She said she had read *Outre-Mer*, of which one number was lying on the side-board. She then took me all over the house and showed me every room in it, saying as we went into each,

that I could not have that one. But she finally consented to my taking the rooms mentioned above, on condition that the door leading into the back entry should be locked on the outside.[4]

The young professor, while waiting till he can move into these more comfortable quarters, has temporarily taken a room in the boarding house of Mrs. Stearns on Professors' Row just across the Delta from the Harvard Yard.[5] There he has roomed just above his friend, Cornelius Conway Felton, the genial and congenial Professor of Greek, and a delightful companionship has grown up between these professors of ancient and modern languages, that makes Longfellow on that account reluctant to leave.

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Yet he longs to get away from the congestion of boarding-house life so near the college and move to the greater seclusion that the more isolated Craigie House will give him.

It is accordingly with enthusiasm that on May 25, 1837, he writes to his father in Portland:

I have found two large and beautiful rooms in the Craigie House, and thither I go at the close of this term. I shall be sorry to leave Mrs. Stearns on many accounts; but I cannot endure boarding houses. In the Craigie rooms, I shall be entirely my own master, and have my meals by myself at my own hours. So I form to myself a vision of independence.

At about this same time Professor Longfellow writes to his friend, George Washington Greene, on May 21, 1837:

In Cambridge all is peace. Spring has come; bringing birds and blossoms. ... I take long, solitary walks, through the green fields and woodlands of this fair neighborhood. Yesterday I was at Mount Auburn, and saw my own grave dug; that is, my own tomb. I assure you, I looked quietly down into it without one feeling of dread. It is a beautiful spot, this Mount Auburn.

There in his quiet lot at the top of Indian Ridge lies buried his young wife, Mary, who died while they were in Europe. Now that he has come to Cambridge and is looking for a house in which to live, he goes to visit her tomb and see the spot where he in turn will be buried.

Three months later, when the college year is over, the rooms at Mrs. Craigie's are at last available to Mr. Longfellow. As he writes in his Notebook on the Craigie House (p. 17):

McLean left Cambridge in August and I took possession of his room, making use of it as a Library and having the adjoining chamber for my bed-room.

In writing to his father on August 23, 1837, he says:

I have already commenced moving. Carpets are taken up; - books taken down; and things turned topsy-turvy. The new rooms are above all praise - only they do want painting.

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### THE PROFESSOR'S ROOMS

From the summer of 1837, the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign, Longfellow's stay at the Craigie House continues for fortyfive years, down to his own death in the winter of 1882. At first he occupies only these two upper rooms on the eastern side. After three years, he adds a third room to his suite. Then after another three years, with his marriage, he comes to occupy half the house. And finally the entire Craigie House comes into his possession.

For the first three years, then, all the rest of the house except his two rooms is occupied by other persons. Beyond the carefully locked back door of his rear chamber, there is a landing approached by another staircase. Opening from that landing is the north-western chamber, occupied by Mrs. Craigie, with her dressing room beyond. In the ell, at the back of the house, lives a married couple: Mrs. Craigie's farmer, whom Mr. Longfellow describes as "a meek little man," and the farmer's domineering wife, the colossal Miriam, who supplies Mr. Longfellow's meals and looks after his rooms and to whom he refers as "Miriam the Giantess."

On August 23, 1837, he writes to his father:

I have made arrangements for my breakfasts and dinners with Miriam, the giantess, of whom Mrs. Craigie says "Take her by and large, she is a good *crittur*." At the sound of a bell, she is to bring me my breakfast; - at the sound of the same bell, later in the day - namely at five o'clock - my dinner.

The Giantess likes to lord it not merely over her meek little husband but also over the young professor. She admonishes him loquaciously for his shortcomings, but has no hesitation in overcharging him for the food she brings him. Mr. Longfellow, in his Notebook on the Craigie House (pp. 18-19), gives us the following somewhat scathing picture of this Miriam:

She was a giantess, & very pious in words: and when she brought in my breakfast, frequently stopped to exhort me.

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The exorbitant rate at which she charged my board was rather at variance with her preaching. Her name was Miriam & Felton used to call her "Miriam the *profit-ess*." [6]

### THE POETESS

As the young professor looks out of his eastern windows each morning toward the college, the nearest house that he can see on the same side of the street is one, painted white with green blinds, at the corner of Mason Street. There lives the middle-aged poetess, Susanna Hill, whom Mr. Longfellow calls "one of the notabilities of Cambridge." [7] She likes to come and sit on the island in the little lake and compose poetry. [8] In a poem "On Mrs. Craigie's Mansion," Susanna Hill describes how she used to play as a child upon the "velvet covered lawn" of the Craigie House where her two sisters had lived. She reviews the pageant of historic figures -- Washington, Everett, Sparks, and the others who had lived there -- ending with this graceful tribute to the newcomer to the Craigie House, the young professor who is then known chiefly for his prose sketch-book of travels and legends beyond the sea:

Here later on the stream of time,

Dwells he whose classic care,

Transplanted

to

his

native

clime

Sweet

flowers

from

*Outre*

*mer.*<sup>9</sup>

Each day, on his way to his college lectures, the young professor passes the house where this admiring poetess lives, separated from the street by a low wall, along the top of which is a row of lilac bushes. From there he makes his way along Mason Street to the Washington Elm near the Cambridge Common, from which he gets a distant prospect of Harvard College. He makes a rough sketch of this view in his notebook, showing one of the trees and the fence of the Common in the foreground, and in the background the various college buildings of that day: to the left Stoughton and Hollis; in the center, Harvard Hall with its bell tower; and to the right Dane Hall, which was then used for the Law School, and the First Parish Church where, a few months before Longfellow's arrival, had been celebrated the Two Hundredth Anniversary of Harvard College.[10]

Professor Longfellow is lecturing on Goethe's *Faust* and before long on Dante's *Divine Comedy* and has supervision of all the recitations in German, Italian, Spanish, and French languages. Returning home to his comfortable corner room in the Craigie House, he lists neatly in a large notebook the names of his students. There we can read the name of Thoreau, a Senior Sophister from Concord, who even before Longfellow came to Cambridge had copied into his notebook some thirteen pages of extracts from bits of Longfellow's prose and verse.[11] There, also, we find the name of a Junior Sophister, James Russell Lowell, a brilliant follower of Longfellow's footsteps in the study of Romance Languages. There, too, is the name of a Sophomore, Edward Everett Hale, who has given us a delightful account of Professor Longfellow's informal classroom gatherings.[12] Finally, we find that

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Professor Longfellow has included in the list of his students another Sophomore, Samuel Longfellow, his own younger brother, who has given us the following description of a visit to the Craigie House:

The writer of this remembers very well visiting Mrs. Craigie, in his early college days, to beg some autograph letters of Revolutionary personages, of which she had a store. She sat in her south-eastern parlor, in white muslin turban and gray silk gown, with the sun shining among her window-plants and singing-birds; and as often as he took his leave she said, "Be good; I want you to be good." There was an awful whisper in Cambridge circles that she read Voltaire in the original.[13]

Apparently for the Cambridge of that day there is something intrinsically wicked in the French language itself. Of course the young author of *Outre-Mer*, who is teaching French at the University, has no such prejudices. With the knowledge of French and the love of literature which he and Mrs. Craigie have in common, there might be an agreeable friendly companionship between them, were it not for some mysterious sadness in her past which seems to cast a shadow across her life and keep her always somewhat cold and aloof.

### **THE LETTER TO HIS SISTER**

While Mrs. Craigie, then, sits in her sunny parlor on the ground floor, Professor Longfellow sits apart in the room directly overhead, his equally sunny upstairs study. After he has been in the Craigie House for nearly a month and his habits there have become somewhat established, he gives to his younger sister in Portland the following lively account of his way of life at Mrs. Craigie's:

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Cambridge September 21. 1837

My dear little Annie, dear,

In my new abode I dwell like an Italian Prince in his villa. A flight of stone steps, with flower-pots on each hand, conducts you to the door, and then you pass up a vast stair-case and knock at the left hand door. You enter, and the first thing, that meets your admiring gaze is the author of *OutreMer* reclining on a sofa, in a striped calamanco morning gown: - slippers, red. It is morning; say, eight o'clock. The sun shining brightly in at one long window. In answer to the bell which was rung a few minutes before - enter a fat woman, bearing a tray, with tea and toast, and a plate of waffles. - This is breakfast. After breakfast begins the Massacre of the Innocents - namely, the flies. Bloody work. Thousands fall beneath the blows of a red silk handkerchief, used like a sling. Their poor souls depart to Beelzebub King of flies. - Thus did the Emperor Domitian amuse himself in days gone by. Thus do I in September '37.

After this, a walk in the great gardens - appertaining to the domain. Then the day goes about its business, till five o'clock, when the same fat woman appears again, bearing in dinner.

Slowly and solemnly the dinner disappears; I sitting near the window, so as to behold all who pass to and fro from Mount Auburn, which is much frequented at this hour.

In the evening - visits till nine.

At nine - return home. Vast entry lighted. Read till twelve. Lights put out. Author sleeps.

### **THE APPLETONS**

Later in the same letter, Henry Longfellow bursts into lines written as though they were verses beginning:

The Appletons have returned.

No other news to tell you.

This looks like poetry.

But it isn't....

He had met the Appleton family in Switzerland a year before and taken a great fancy to them, especially to the youngest daughter, Fanny. Only a fortnight after his letter to his sister announcing so casually the return of the Appletons to Boston, he

composes his first poem written in the Craigie House. Filled with a softly romantic sentiment of golden leaves and autumn afternoons, he entitles it "Flowers," wrapping it in a folded paper, and addressing it:[14]

Miss Fanny E. Appleton

With many thanks and a few flowers.

H.W.L.

Of the writing of these verses he later gives the following account:

### **Flowers.**

I wrote this poem on the 3rd of October 1837; to send to Fanny with a bouquet of Autumnal flowers. I still remember the great delight I took in its composition; and the bright sunshine that streamed in at the southern windows, as I walked to and fro, pausing ever and anon to note down my thoughts. The poem will always have a charm for me from these associations. It will always carry me back to that golden, beautiful Autumn of Fanny's return from Europe. Whenever I read it I live over again that season of love and restlessness, of hope and fear.[15]

Eagerly, during that first October in Cambridge, the young professor, when he can get away from his college duties, walks across the bridge over the Charles River into Boston, carrying flowers or manuscript poems or books of German poetry, to the imposing Appleton house at 39 Beacon Street, with its curved

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front facing south on Boston Common. There, in the bright parlor, with the October sunlight streaming in through the pale purple tinted window-panes of the bow window, he and Miss Fanny Appleton sit together chatting and reading and translating books of poetry, much as they had when he had first met her in Switzerland the year before. She was then only sixteen years old, little more than half his age. It is thought that she is still too young; it is better for her to wait before making up her mind; and so the visits of the young professor for the time being are not encouraged.[16]

When these visits are ended and winter comes on, Mr. Longfellow writes on December 10, 1837, to Fanny's older sister, Mary Appleton, who is more nearly his own age. He takes her into his confidence, telling her wistfully of how he misses those happy hours "in the bright parlor." "Shall I sit there no more," he asks, "and read in pleasant books? Are those bright Autumnal mornings gone forever? -"

On that same day, December 10, 1837, he writes to his father, railing against "The Little-Pedlington community of Boston"[17] and adding:

Boston is only a great village. The tyranny of public opinion there surpasses all belief.

During that first December, Professor Longfellow is conscious of the provincialism and snobbishness of Boston, in comparison with the cosmopolitan cities he has known in Europe. It is not merely his personal experience of being treated like an outsider by Bostonians, but the indifference and scorn shown by Beacon Street toward the Anti-Slavery movement and Abolitionists, which causes this outburst of his against Boston.

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### **THE WIDOW IN HER CASTLE**

With the approach of winter, comes the departure from the Craigie House of the last of those transient guests, whom Mr. Longfellow used to refer to as "Birds of Passage." In his Notebook on the Craigie House (p. 18) he writes:

Young Habersham of Savannah, a friend of Mrs. Craigie's, occupied, at that time, the other front chamber. He was a skilful performer on the flute. Like other piping birds, he took wing for the rice fields of the South, when the cold weather came; and I remained alone with the widow in her Castle.

As the widow is still rather silent and forbidding, the young professor's first winter in Castle Craigie is somewhat lonely and desolate. He writes in his Notebook on the Craigie House (pp. 19-20):

The Winter was rather a solitary one, & the house very still. I used to hear Mrs. Craigie go down to breakfast at nine or ten in the morning and go up to bed again at eleven at night. During the day she seldom left her parlor where she sat reading the magazines and newspapers, or occasionally a volume of Voltaire. She read also the English Annuals of which she had a large collection. Occasionally the sound of voices announced a visitor, and she sometimes enlivened the long evenings by a half-forgotten air upon an old piano-forte.[18]

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### **THE VOICES OF THE NIGHT**

Directly over the parlor from which come the sounds of Mrs. Craigie's vague music is Mr. Longfellow's study, where he tries to make himself as comfortable as he can during that dreary winter. He ensconces himself at his little writing table in the cozy nest between the two corner windows, from which he can look at the wintry world outside. A year or so earlier he described those persons in Germany who lived "perched up in their Owl-Towers." [19] Now, on January 6, 1838, he writes to his friend, George Washington Greene, from the Craigie House saying:

I have an Owl-Tower of my own.

From his window there, he sees the January snow covering the meadows that stretch towards the frozen Charles River and watches the sun setting early through the bare branches of the trees at Mount Auburn. When it is too dark to read any longer by the window and night comes on, he sits in the gloaming, listening to the sound of the old clock which, like the heart beats of the Craigie House itself, seems to be measuring with its slow "tick, tock; tick, tock" the silent passing of the centuries.

On February 27, 1838, his thirty-first birthday, he copies into his Journal the lines called "Evening Shadows" which he had written over a year ago in Europe at the time of his first wife's death. Once more the day seems to have died and he listens to "the soul-like voice of night." In the darkness, before the evening lamps are lighted, he sits watching the shadows from the firelight dancing on the walls like phantoms. "The forms of the departed" seem to gather around him in the dark and he imagines that he can hear "the footsteps of angels." [20]

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On another occasion he sits at this corner window in his "Owl Tower" and composes his poem, "The Light of Stars." As he writes later:

The moon, a little strip of silver, was just setting behind the groves of Mount Auburn, and the planet Mars blazing in the south-east. There was a singular light in the sky; and the air cool and still. [21]

From "the star of the unconquerable will" he learns to be resolute and calm and self-possessed, and gazes out into the darkness till there is no light left but "the cold light of stars."

With the coming of Mr. Longfellow's first Spring at the Craigie House, he sits after dark by the open window in this same corner. On May 17, 1838, he writes in his Journal:

At night, the whole air full of fragrance from the fresh cherry-blossoms. Warm till midnight.

Again he writes:

It is no longer day. Through the trees rises the red moon, and the stars are scarcely seen. In the vast shadow of the earth, the coolness and the dews descend. I sit at the open window to enjoy them; and hear only the chirp of crickets and the voice of the summer wind. Like black hulks, the shadows of the great trees ride at anchor on the billowy sea of grass. I cannot see the red and blue flowers, but I know that they are there. Far away in the meadow gleams the silver Charles. The tramp of horses' hoofs sounds from the wooden bridge. Then all is still, save the continuous wind of the summer night, sounding like a far-off waterfall, or the roaring sea. The village clock strikes; and I feel that I am not alone. [22]

At a later time, sitting at his chamber window late on one of the balmiest nights of the year, he composes his "Hymn to the Night." His spirit drinks repose from "the cool cisterns of the midnight air" as he feels a calm majestic presence and listens to "the trailing garments of the night." [23]

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Thus, at night, with the odor of flowers and the fragrance of white and purple lilacs about the Craigie House floating in through the open windows, Longfellow sits gazing out into the dark and listening to the breathing of the night air, gathering life and strength and peace and weaving Psalms of Life and Death out of the Voices of the Night.

### THE PSALM OF LIFE

There are voices of day as well as voices of the night that Longfellow listens to at that same open window as he sits there on Spring mornings during that first year at the Craigie House.

On May 20, 1838, he writes in his Journal:

How glorious these Spring mornings are! I sit by an open window, and inhale the pure morning air, and feel how delightful it is to live! Peach, pear, and cherry trees are all in blossom together in the garden.

Next month, on June 2, 1838, he writes to his father:

Nothing can well surpass the beauty of Cambridge at this season. Every tree is heavy with blossoms and the whole air laden with perfume. My residence here in the old Craigie House is a paradise.

Finally on July 26, 1838, it is under similar circumstances, sitting in that upper room with the living warmth of sunlight streaming in through the open windows, that Longfellow writes a *Psalm of Life*. As he explains later in his *Gleanings* (p. 13):

This poem was written on a bright Summer morning, at a small table in the corner of my chamber, between the windows.

In the exuberance of this mood, the "mournful numbers," the "empty dream," give place to what is real and what is earnest; the "dead past" yields to the "living present"; the voices of the night are replaced by the voices of day; and the thoughts of death give way to a psalm of life.

Again he writes:

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I sit here at my pleasant chamber window in the Craigie House, and enjoy the balmy air of this bright Summer morning, and watch the motions of the golden oriole, that sits on its swinging

nest on the outermost pendulous branch of yonder elm. The broad meadows and the steel-blue river remind me of the meadows of Unterseen and the river Aar; and beyond them rise magnificent snow-white clouds, piled up like Alps. Thus the shades of Washington and William Tell seem to walk together on these Elysian Fields; for it was this house, where I now sit and write, that in days long gone, the great Patriot made his headquarters."

He goes on with the following burst of enthusiasm:

Nothing can be more lovely than these Summer mornings; nor than the southern window at which I sit and write, in this old mansion.

To this he adds a warm tribute to what he calls:

Leafy, blossoming, beautiful Cambridge.

With the coming, then, of that first Spring at the Craigie House, as the snow and ice has melted and given place to sunshine and flowers, so within the heart of the young scholar the streams of poetry seem to be running again and flowers of verse breaking into blossom. For more than ten years before his coming to Cambridge, from the age of nineteen to thirty, all through the impressionable twenties, usually the most fruitful years of a poet's life, Professor Longfellow had devoted himself so conscientiously to the studying and teaching of modern languages, that apart from translations of foreign poetry connected with those studies, he has hardly published any verses under his own name. Now, after these ten years of silence, with his coming to the Craigie House, begins that long stream of verse that continues almost unbroken through the remaining forty-five years there down to the moment of his death.

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### **THE END OF THE FIRST YEAR**

On August 6, 1838, as his first year at Mrs. Craigie's is drawing to a close, he writes to his friend Greene in Europe, summing up what his way of life has been during that year as follows:

*Interesting items of intelligence, chiefly if not wholly, about myself.* I live in a great house, which looks like an Italian villa: have two large rooms opening into each other. They were once Gen. Washington's chambers. I breakfast at seven on tea and toast: and dine at five or six, generally in Boston. In the evening I walk on the Common with Hillard or alone; then go back to Cambridge on foot, drinking at every pump on the way - six in number. If not very late, I sit an hour with Felton or Sparks. If late, go to bed. For nearly two years I have not studied at night; - save now and then at intervals. Most of the time am alone - smoke a good deal. Wear a broad-brimmed black hat - black frock-coat boots - trousers with straps - black cane. Molest no one. Dine out frequently. In winter go much into Boston society.

Evidently his earlier prejudice against "the Little-Pedlington community of Boston" and the Boston ladies has now diminished. To complete this picture of the stylish young Harvard professor setting out from the Craigie House to take Boston fashionable society by storm, we must recall his tightly fitted Parisian trousers which the local tailors wish to borrow as a model of fashion,[25] his "Endymion waistcoat" of many colors,[26] and the "one dozen light-colored gloves" which he has ordered from Paris.[27] It is said: "Even Mrs. Craigie thought he had too gay a look." [28] It may well have been the Widow Craigie who used the remark that Longfellow quotes in his prose romance: "She says you have a rakish look because you carry a cane and your hair curls. Your gloves, also, are a shade too light for a strictly virtuous man." [29]

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No wonder some of the young ladies of Cambridge, when they see this dashing figure making his way toward Boston in all his fine array, remember the phrase that Edward Everett had used of him, and call him the "Flashing Sickle." [30]

In Boston, the young professor likes to attend the balls at Papanti's and watch the slender young ladies in white crinolines, swaying to the music of the dancing, like fragile lilies bending to the breeze.

At the end of the whirl of this social season, alarmed at his own extravagance, he passes through what his friend Felton calls his "fit of retrospective economy" and momentarily entertains the idea of leaving Mrs. Craigie's and taking a less expensive room in one of the Harvard dormitories the following term. He finds, however, all the rooms for college officers in Holworthy already occupied and the only vacant rooms in other halls reserved for students of Theology and Law. Professor Felton writes him on August 10, 1838:

You might easily get rooms at Divinity Hall or at Dane Hall - but I fear you are too ungodly for the one and too lawless for the other.

Accordingly Mr. Longfellow abandons the idea of change and all too gladly holds on to his suite of rooms in Castle Craigie.

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### **AUNT SALLY LOWELL**

At the end of Mr. Longfellow's first year at the Craigie House, while he is away on his Summer vacation in Maine, a new lodger has come in his absence to share the Craigie House with him and Mrs. Craigie. This is Miss Sarah Champney Lowell, the charming old aunt of James Russell Lowell, who is still studying Romance Languages with Professor Longfellow. In his Notebook on the Craigie House (p. 21), Longfellow writes:

On returning home at the close of the vacation in the Summer of 1838 I found that a new inmate had taken possession of the vacant portion of the house. This was Miss Sally Lowell, a lady already under the eaves of seventy but with the figure and vivacity of a girl of seventeen. She was full of the romance of youth and endowed with a most lively imagination & great powers of

conversation. She was also remarkable for the neatness of her attire and the taste with which she furnished & decorated her rooms. She was sister of the clergyman; aunt of the poet. She was in a high degree aristocratic & pride of birth and family was one of her ruling passions. She was extremely affable & lady-like.

On August 28, 1838, he writes to his father:

Aunt Sally Lowell is quietly in possession of about 2/3rds of the house. Some malicious person has told her that I was so much offended with her coming to the house, as to be on the point of leaving - in fact that I was going to leave. Funny folks - these Cambridge folks.

Far from objecting to the presence of Miss Lowell, he seems to have greatly relished her companionship and a week later, on September 3, 1838, he writes in his Journal:

Made proposals to Aunt Sally - to board me. So we shall live together a while. Good old lady! Things appear more home-like. To go down to breakfast into a warm parlor is Christian. To go to dinner, not less so. No more solitary meals, then, with "*Silence*" written over my door, as in Monkish Refectories.

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After another week, on September 11, 1838, he writes to his father again:

I have made a new arrangement about my board -- living with Miss Lowell in close communion. She is only seventytwo, and a good deal like a fly, brisk and buzzy. She is an excellent old lady; and everything is in the most genteel style. We breakfast at 8 and dine at 3; and I feel much more comfortable, than when I had to shoot my dinner on the wing, as it were. The arrangement is a mutual blessing - a mutual life-insurance company.

This mutual admiration society between old Aunt Sally and the young professor does not exist to the same extent between Aunt Sally and Mrs. Craigie, and often the two old ladies argue together. Very different from Miss Lowell's charitable nature and soft manners are the Widow Craigie's sharp prejudices and her angular way of expressing her opinion. Mr. Longfellow, in his Notebook on the Craigie House (p. 13), gives us this amusing incident of the methods of arguing used by Mrs. Craigie: "She had a great hatred for the Jews: and when Miss Lowell said to her, 'Why, Mrs. Craigie, our Saviour was a Jew,' - she answered 'I can't help it Ma'am.'"

Longfellow clearly sympathizes with Miss Lowell; and between the young professor and Aunt Sally there is a harmony of kindred natures, which not merely makes them boon companions during

the year and a half that she stays at the Craigie House, but makes her, even after she has left, his most devoted and faithful admirer to the end of her days.

October is Mr. Longfellow's favorite month and on October 1st of this year, 1838, he writes in his Journal:

Oh what glorious, glorious moonlight nights! I never beheld even in Italy aught more passing fair! The river in the meadow in front of my house spreads out to a silver lake; and the black shadows lie upon the grass like engravings in a book. Autumn is here; and has written his rubric on the illuminated leaves of the forest![31]

### THE YEAR 1839

The following year, 1839, is one of the most joyful and fruitful in the life of Longfellow.

In February he takes a trip to Washington, where he meets President Van Buren and listens to the debate of Clay and Calhoun on Abolition and is, as he says, "greatly moved." Yet the town of Cambridge, Massachusetts, has by this time become his favorite abode and on his return there he writes to his brother Stephen on March 5, 1839: "My Washington visit was exceedingly pleasant; - one of the pleasantest you can imagine. Yet I feel very glad to get back again, liking this neighborhood better than any other."

A few days later on March 11, 1839, he confirms this choice, by writing to Sam Ward in New York:

After all, Sam, Cambridge delighteth my heart exceedingly.

He even reproaches himself for being almost too happily situated in Cambridge and a week later, on March 18, 1839, he writes to his father:

I *like* it very well; and *am* very well, and very happy, and have nothing in particular to annoy me. The season is opening beautifully and everything smiles.

He goes on to say:

I am quite too comfortable in this *château* of a Craigie House. My domestic arrangements are very complete. Breakfast at seven in my own room; dinner at three, with Miss Lowell; tea at

seven, with the same; a very remarkable old lady, with a heart full of goodness and some little peculiarities which do not trouble me. It is an excellent arrangement for my comfort.

The next month, on April 7, 1839, he again writes to his father:

We already sit with open windows, though we have not yet given up fires. I never knew such a Spring in America. It is quite Italian; and makes one almost believe with Mr. Amos, that the Millenium is coming.

With the Autumn of this same year Longfellow's delight in Cambridge extends from the Craigie House to include other Cambridge localities. In his Journal for September 19, 1839, he writes:

At evening, bathed in the river — a magnificent bath, the sunset seeming to mingle with the water.

Three weeks later, he writes:

Thursday. Oct. 3. A glorious day. Could not stay, stay at home.[32] Went alone to Fresh Pond. What a lovely lake it is! with the forests hanging round it. Like a mirror with a garland of oak-leaves. Took a boat and floated away, rocked in dreams.

Two days later, we read in his Journal:

Saturday. Oct. 5. Wrote a new Psalm of Life — in a new metre. It is the "Village Blacksmith."

This poem, of course, is suggested by the Cambridge blacksmith, Dexter Pratt, whose smithy on the further side of Brattle Street about half way between the Craigie House and the Village of Cambridge, Mr. Longfellow passes so often. Indeed, a little later, Longfellow himself draws a pen and ink sketch, which is reproduced here, showing this picturesque Cambridge blacksmith-shop with the spreading chestnut tree in front of it. In the character of the blacksmith, he undoubtedly has in mind also his own great-great-grandfather, Stephen Longfellow, a blacksmith at Byfield Parish in Newbury over a hundred years earlier, of whose work in iron the Longfellow family have proudly preserved a pair of iron smoking tongs and other reminders. When "The Village Black-

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smith" is about to be published a year later, Mr. Longfellow writes on October 25, 1840, to his father:

There will be a kind of Ballad on a Blacksmith in the next Knickerbocker, which you may consider, if you please, as a song in praise of your ancestor in Newbury.

In November, 1839, there comes to the Craigie House a wandering Flemish painter. As Mr. Longfellow sees his strange greenish countenance and listens to his Flemish accent, he seems to see the antique gables and hear the drowsy carillons of Flanders. Of this eccentric painter Longfellow writes to his father on November 10, 1839:

He is the ugliest man alive; but has great skill in painting. He took my face, for friendship's sake, in crayons: exceedingly like. He has since used it as a decoy-duck in Boston, and has his hands full so striking do they find my likeness. His name is Franquinet; a magnificent specimen of the Philosophic Vagabond.

This crayon portrait, showing Longfellow in 1839, with hair quite long, with a pleasant smile and a merry twinkle in the eyes, is reproduced here for the first time. On the last day of this year, December 31, 1839, his jovial New York friend, Sam Ward, sends a picture of himself by Franquinet which Longfellow from then on has always before him in his study.

It is during this exultant year, 1839, that Longfellow publishes his most important prose romance, *Hyperion*, and his first important collection of poems, *Voices of the Night*. In both of these he has emerged from a romantic melancholy into a more wholesome and cheerful state of mind. Of his *Hyperion* he says: "My mind was morbid. I have betrayed it all in the book; and how a man is to come out of it; not by shooting himself like Werther; but in a better way." He adds that his book might almost have been called "Heart's Ease, or the Cure of a Morbid Mind."<sup>[33]</sup> Similarly of the *Voices of the Night*, his friend Sam Ward writes: "The Psalm of Life was composed as an exorcism against all bad

spirits, Blue devils & others — It was sung to cheer on the unhappy and not to chime in with their wailing."<sup>[34]</sup> In both Longfellow has shown the lesson of "suffering without complaining" and has learned "to labor and to wait."<sup>[35]</sup>

In that memorable year 1839, Longfellow devoted the Spring to finishing and publishing *Hyperion* and the Autumn to finishing and publishing *Voices of the Night*. This is what he has in mind

when on December 31st he ends his Journal for 1839 by bidding that year farewell and saying that he has:

Sung thy Spring in Prose and thy Autumn in Song.

#### **MISS LOWELL'S DEPARTURE**

Toward the beginning of the following year, 1840, Miss Lowell is forced by straitened circumstances to give up her rooms in the Craigie House and to move into a little one-story cottage near by.[36] The southwest front chamber that she leaves vacant at Mrs. Craigie's house is taken over by Mr. Longfellow, so that he now has at his own disposal an enlarged suite of three connecting rooms and a hallway, as well as the use of a kitchen. His newly acquired front chamber he converts into a dining room and from now on he is able to entertain his friends there for regular meals. A week after Miss Lowell's departure he writes in his Journal:

Saturday. March 7. Felton dined with me, on fried oysters, porter and Hock. This is pleasant; — a fine suite of rooms in the old castle here, — a good servant — a table of my own to sit down at — and the face of a friend opposite.

On the following day he writes to his father:

I have made a good arrangement here with Mrs. Craigie. I take another chamber and a kitchen of her; — one of Miss Lowell's servants remains, and I thus have everything comfortable — dine in my own room, as well as breakfast — and in fine, am the most independent man in town. I, therefore, promise myself a delightful Summer.

In his contented mood he seems to take each change for a change to the better — first glad to move from the confusion of a boarding house to the seclusion and solitude of the Craigie House; then in turn glad to have the companionship of Miss Lowell at meals; and now, after her departure, glad again of his independence.

Meanwhile poor Aunt Sally in her humble cottage clings to the memory of the happy eighteen months when she and the young professor were sharing meals together in the spacious rooms of the Craigie House. In her tiny parlor she places a portrait of him to remember him by and

this picture, which she calls "Hyperion," becomes the "cherished object of her affection." [37] While the young lady that Longfellow loves in Boston seems so indifferent to him, his friends like to tease him about the devotion of this faithful and faded old lady in Cambridge. One of his friends writes of Aunt Sally's jealousy when Mr. Longfellow goes to have supper with some other elderly lady and adds:

I really believe she thinks and hopes to descend to posterity with Mr Longfellow, just as Bettina has with Goethe, and probably imagines that future generations will visit her small cottage and gaze upon it with feelings of reverence as having belonged to the friend of Longfellow. [38]

### THE FIRE

On April 15, 1840, a fire breaks out which burns up the Craigie barn and the gardener's house and threatens to destroy the Craigie House itself. Of this, Mr. Longfellow gives a graphic account in the following letter:

My dear Father, Cambridge, April 19, 1840

Since I last wrote you, we have been very near being burnt alive here in the Craigie house. About ten o'clock on Wednes-

day evening Mr. Rölker was sitting with me; when we heard an alarm of fire; but as the bell did not ring we went on with our conversation for five minutes or more. When finally Rolker grew uneasy, and looking out of the window said the fire must be very near. It was nothing more nor less than the Gardener's house on one side, and the barn on the other. Being both very old and dry they burst into a sheet of flame at once. Mrs. Craigie had not gone to bed. I knocked at her door, and told her what the matter was. She was quite calm and self-possessed notwithstanding an Irishwoman, who had penetrated into the house and set up a kind of funereal wail in the entry, which was responded to by the two Irish servants, upstairs in their night-caps. I then went out; and she locked all the outer doors, so as to protect the furniture from the exertions of indiscreet friends; a wise precaution, as the event proved; for not a thing was touched and no mud nor water brought into the house.

The fire burned magnificently; to the utter destruction of out-houses and the isolated gardener's cottage. No great damage was done; *though* there were fifteen engines present. Fortunately there was not a breath of wind and the flames and sparks and smoke rose up perpendicularly to a great height. Had there been a West wind, the spot where I sit writing, would now be some twenty feet up in the open air, without roof or floor. We could not have saved the house.

The scene was very splendid. The bright moon — the stars, and the red fire, and the crowd, made a fine show for those who were insured or indifferent. In the midst of all, I saw slowly riding under the elms on the green in front of the house, a figure on horse-back. It seemed like the ghost of Washington, directing the battle.

All the ladies in town (except Mary and Mrs. G.) were on the spot; as spectators and condolers; — and conspicuous among many, Aunt Sally, in thin shoes and a sky-blue cloak, with nothing on her head but a muslin cap. It was a curious scene. Judge Fay, buttoned up to his chin in a brown surtout, — growling, and muttering now and then "It is all owing to the d-----d democracy!" — and Judge Story, gesticulating, shouting, and tramping this way and that; — mouth wide open, and the fire gleaming on his gold-spectacles; and ejaculating "We shall all have our houses burned down about our ears; and it is all because you won't hang the rascals, when you catch them!"

There is of course no doubt as to the origin of the fire. The only question is, *who* did the deed. As yet no suspicion has fixed itself upon any one; though it points to the late occupant of the garden house, who has lately been ejected; because he would not pay his rent.

Yours very truly

Henry W. Longfellow

In the *Daily Evening Transcript* for the next day appears the following announcement:

Mrs. Craigie offers her grateful acknowledgements to the Fire departments of Cambridge, Boston, Brighton, Charlestown, Malden, Medford, Watertown, & West Cambridge, & to the citizens

of Cambridge & other towns, generally, for their successful exertions in saving her Mansion House from destruction by fire, last evening.

The Widow Craigie is grateful to all fifteen fire stations in general; but she feels a particular gratitude to the firemen from Engine House No. 1 in Brattle Square, who succeeded in rescuing one of her servants, a colored girl, from the burning gardener's house. To express her appreciation of this feat, she presents them with a large painting representing Joan of Arc, not being burnt at the stake to be sure, but looking through lurid fire and smoke at the Siege of Orleans. She has the picture mounted in a gilt frame with an inscription saying that this has been given in recognition of their past courtesies and as an inspiration to the courage and heroism of the Cambridge firemen in the future.[39]

#### **THE ENLARGED SUITE**

Soon, however, the Craigie House regains its placid calm and in his Journal for May 18, 1840, Longfellow writes:

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A cool, delicious night. The air embalmed with blossoms. The moon blazing red, among the clouds, like a balefire on the summit of a dark hill. Sat by the open window till midnight, weaving fond, foolish dreams of one who is far away, and not dreaming of me.

His devotion to the town of Cambridge continues and, on returning home from a visit to Portland, he writes in his Journal:

Tuesday. May. 26. Once more in delightful Cambridge; — with blossoms, sunshine and singing birds all around me.

Two days later, May 28, 1840, he writes a letter to his friend Greene in Europe in which he draws a plan of the three rooms which he now has at his disposal and says:

The situation is delightful, having fields, and trees, and flowers all about it. I will now draw you a plan of the interior; and if you will do the like in yr next letter, you will do me a pleasure you little dream of, but which I dream of in drawing this.

[Mr. Longfellow here draws a plan of his rooms][40]

There you have a faithful picture of my whereabouts — all chambers. Where you see the black +, I am now sitting, facing Felton who has just come in and sits in the easy chair by the window.

Tracing our way on this plan drawn by Mr. Longfellow, we can in imagination ascend the broad front staircase to a large landing where there is a table in front of the window and a sofa at the side. Passing through the door to the right, we enter the room which had been Miss Lowell's but which he has recently acquired and is using as a dining room. There are two windows facing the south and two western ones looking out upon the sunset. We see the large dining table in the center of the room, with smaller tables between the windows, a sofa in the corner of the room, and a stove by the fireplace wall. Turning back to the landing and crossing to the other side, we enter the door into Longfellow's study. In the center of the room is a large round table

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with arm chairs at each end and a hanging lamp overhead. Against the entrance wall is a large mahogany bookcase in three parts, surmounted with a bust of Shakespeare. Another bookcase stands between the two front windows, and smaller bookcases on each side of the stove. Between the two eastern windows stands a sweet-toned piano-forte. In the southeast corner of the room, we can see the Owl-Tower. There stands the little round table where Longfellow is writing facing the window, and the easy chair opposite where Felton is sitting. To the left of the fireplace end of the room is a closet filled with still more books, while to the right we can pass through a small anteroom into Longfellow's large bedroom in the northeast corner of the house.

On June 22, 1840, Longfellow writes in his Journal:

Sit by my window, in the warm ambrosial night.

From this window he looks out at the "stately elms" and "the leaves that gild the elm-tree's nodding crest" to where the "winding river flows" and "the freighted clouds at anchor lie" and once more learns

The melting tenderness of night.[41]

He sees the Charles River, winding in silence through the meadows, till it is hidden by the shadowy woodlands. For four years, now, he has seen its waters stealing onward, watching its gliding current, till "the beauty of its stillness" has overflowed him, like a tide.[42]

### **HIS MOTHER'S VISIT TO CAMBRIDGE**

Toward the end of this beautiful month of June, Longfellow's mother comes to visit Cambridge, staying at the house of his sister, Mary Greenleaf, on the other side of Brattle Street somewhat

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nearer Harvard Square, From Cambridge she writes to her husband in Portland on June 26, 1840:

Here I am in the midst of trees & fruit & flowers. . . . Henry, who appears to be very well . . . dined with us; it is delightful to see him, he appears so cheerful & happy.

In a later letter to her husband on July 3, 1840, she gives us the following picture of her visit to the Craigie House:

Made a very pleasant call on Henry, who was standing at the front door in his rich morning gown to receive us. His gracious airy rooms and fine cherries were very refreshing.

In the same letter, Longfellow's mother describes her calls both upon Aunt Sally Lowell and upon Mrs. Craigie:

Miss Lowell has a likeness of H. which I thought quite good, therefore I could praise it; Mary told me beforehand that I must do so, at all events. Miss L. seems to prize it highly, "to be sure she should know his countenance, she sat opposite to him at table a year & a half." She is herself quite a curiosity.

In the evening we walked to call on Mrs. Craigie, found her quite ladylike & much younger than I expected. She is suffering with a severe "rose cold" which she always has at this season.[43]

### **THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ELMS**

In the following year, on March 31, 1841, Longfellow writes to his father with the same enthusiasm for the coming of Spring in Cambridge that he expressed during his first months here four years earlier:

We have such a celestial, delightfully pleasant day, that I am enjoying it by the open window. The blue river runs in front, and the wind roars loud in the trees, and it is all Springlike.

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The stately elms in front of the Craigie House, however, have already been attacked by an affliction, which threatens to destroy them completely. Of this Mr. Longfellow writes to his father from time to time as follows:

We have here a plague, which troubles us more than War, Pestilence, or Famine: namely Canker-worms, which devour the largest trees. — (I mean the leaves.) The fine elms round the Craigie house were entirely stripped last year, and the worms came swinging down on long threads, into all the windows. This year I am putting everything in operation to prevent their climbing. I have Lynch'd all the trees — that is tarred them, renewing it every night, and inspecting in the morning, to see that no rascally bug has escaped his impending doom. I hope next Summer to be able to sit in the shade, without being covered with creeping things, and brought daily like Martin Luther before a Diet of Worms.[44]

All his efforts, however, seem of no avail and he writes later:

*Tarring* the trees did not succeed with the canker-worms. On the ten magnificent elms which stand in front of my window, not one leaf is to be seen. All is as bare as in Winter. We shall try again in Autumn. They are talking seriously here of forming a Society for the suppression of Canker Worms; and making a regular crusade against them.[45]

Apparently Mrs. Craigie believes in Rousseau's philosophy of leaving nature to take its own course and does not want anything to be done either to the trees or to the canker-worms; since she feels it is only man's interference that spoils the essential goodness of nature. Mr. Longfellow writes:

The Spring is in full blossom around us; and that pest, the canker-worm, has begun its devastations, to my great dismay. I wish Mrs. Craigie would take care of her trees. It does not belong to me to defray the expenses, of keeping her grounds in order. She says; "Oh, Sir, it's because the world is so wicked! If people were more virtuous there would be no canker-worms!" — There, there's a specimen of her reason-

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ing on the subject. Her head is full of such notions. Either she or I must be a great sinner (or both) to be visited annually by such a plague. My opinion, is that tar, would be a better remedy than virtue.[46]

Of Mrs. Craigie's declining years, Mr. Longfellow writes later on, in his Notebook on the Craigie House, as follows:

She was eccentric to the last: rose late in the morning and sat up late at night. Her dress was a turban and usually a slate-colored gown. When at all excited, she had a habit of standing erect, with her hands behind her, and snapping her gray eyes. In matters of religion she was a free-thinker. Voltaire was one of her favorite authors. She used to say that she saw God in Nature, and wanted no mediator to come between him and her. She had a passion for flowers: and cats; and in general for all things living. When the canker-worms came spinning down from the elm-trees, she would sit by the open window & let them crawl over her white turban. She refused to have the trees protected against them & said, "Why, Sir, they have as good a right to live as we: they are our fellow worms." [47]

#### **MRS. CRAIGIE'S DEATH**

By this time, Mrs. Craigie herself is ill, but with the same nature philosophy that she has applied to the elms — and, one is tempted to add, with the same obstinacy — she refuses to allow anything to be done in the case of her illness to stop what she calls "the course of nature." On March 28, 1841, Mr. Longfellow writes to his father:

Mrs. Craigie...in all probability will not live long. Some days she is confined to her bed; then again rallies. She will have neither Doctor nor Nurse; —and has nobody to attend her but her cook, who is lame. She says her system is *not adapted to medicine*, and that it always makes her worse; and she is determined to die as she has lived, — pretty much in her own way, without regard to the opinions of others.

On April 29, 1841, Mrs. Craigie makes her "Last Will and Testament." 48 To Mr. Craigie's niece, Mrs. Elizabeth Haven, she leaves her late husband's miniature, which, Mr. Longfellow says, "Mrs. Craigie seemed to cherish more than she had done the original. A dull heavy face with powdered hair." 49 Her own miniature she leaves to her own cousin, the Hon. Lemuel Shaw of Boston.50 Her two cabinets containing collections of

shells, "if they should be deemed worthy of acceptance," she bequeaths to Harvard College.[51]

Shortly before her death, Mr. Longfellow sees her burning some letters that she had hidden in the attic, and in his Notebook on the Craigie House (pp. 11-12) he gives the following account of the secret romance of her youth which had saddened all her later days:

In her youth she had been celebrated for her beauty, and tradition preserves a romantic love-tale of those days. She was the daughter of a clergyman of Nantucket and was engaged to a young man, who went away in search of fortune. During his absence, being on a visit to her friends in Beverly, Mr. Craigie appeared on the stage in a coach-and-four. He was old, but rich: and won her hand but not her heart. Soon after her marriage she received a letter from her lover informing her that by the death of a relative, he had become the heir to a considerable estate and should soon return. His disappointment proved his ruin. A few days before her death, she burned a large quantity of papers which she had stored away in an upper chamber, and among them the letters of her lover.[52]

Long afterwards, Mr. Longfellow comes upon another batch of letters, which Mr. Andrew Craigie long before had hidden away from his wife's penetrating eyes in a secret compartment over the cellar stairs. These prove to be letters of much devotion written to Mr. Craigie from a young ward, possibly an unacknowledged daughter of his.[53]

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, when he hears of these two sets of concealed letters, exclaims to Mr. Longfellow:

What a household! Mrs. Craigie hiding her letters in the attic and Mr. Craigie hiding his letters in the cellar![54]

For more than a month, Mrs. Craigie lingers on, suffering intense pain with great fortitude. In the northwest chamber, in the bed under the great gold ring attached to the ceiling, she lies dying — old and haggard — all that is left of the once beautiful Elizabeth Shaw. As she lies there, it seems to her that she can hear the dilapidated woodwork of the old house gradually disintegrating and

crumbling into dust. Meanwhile, outside the house are slowly perishing the dear old dusty, musty, worm-eaten, moth-eaten Cambridge elms.[55]

From her sick bed she can turn her withered features toward the western windows and see dimly beyond them the yellowed leaves of the withering elms.[56] Stoically she watches the fading

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and faded splendor of her own beauty and of all that had surrounded her life when she was first brought as a bride to the Craigie House nearly fifty years earlier.

On May 2, 1841, Mr. Longfellow writes to his father:

Mrs. Craigie has grown worse and worse. She is now lying at the point of death; and I should not be surprized at any moment to hear she was dead. She is very calm and untroubled. The last time I saw her, she said in rather a gay manner; — "You will never be married again, for you see how ugly an old woman looks in bed." This is very characteristic.[57]

Four days later, on May 6, 1841, Mrs. Craigie's sad life comes to an end.

In a letter written to his father on May 9, 1841, Mr. Longfellow says:

During the last week we have had rather a mournful time here. Mrs. Craigie's death makes the house gloomy; and renders the future rather uncertain. Her disease was supposed to be some complaint of the heart; but an examination after death discovered cancer in the breast, which was the cause of her death. She must have suffered great pain; but she died calmly.

Her funeral is on May 7, 1841, the day after her death. She is buried, not with the remains of her husband in the Vassall Tomb in the Old Burying Ground near Harvard Square, but in a lot that she has chosen for herself on Cedar Avenue in a beautiful part of the new Mount Auburn Cemetery. There, in the shade of a group of trees, stands her simple and dignified monument, a round Greek altar, with a carved festoon of drapery under the entablature, and on top of the altar, a fire of sculptured flames

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ascending.[58] There is nothing to indicate her name or the dates of her birth and death. There is no cross, no religious inscription. On this classic altar, typical of her philosophical mind, are carved these words of her beloved Voltaire:[59]

AS FLAME ASCENDS

THE VITAL PRINCIPLE ASPIRES

TO GOD

After her death Mrs. Craigie's books and furniture are sold at auction in the Craigie House. The sale catalogue of her books contains some five hundred items including many French Classics.[60] Among her books is an edition of Voltaire in seventy-five volumes which Mr. Longfellow buys,[61] and her little copy of Longfellow's *Outre-Mer*, which had been lying on her sideboard when the young professor had first come to the Craigie House.

The sale of Mrs. Craigie's furniture is even more of an undertaking than the sale of her books. The eight parlor chairs of French design, Mr. Longfellow buys and keeps in the Craigie House.[62] There is great noise and hubbub as the rest of the furniture is moved away.

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Finally Mr. Longfellow writes:

Cambridge May 31. 1841.

My dear Father,

For the last week this house has been a scene of confusion and desolation such as I hope never to see again. The sale of Mrs. Craigie's furniture began on Tuesday and continued two days, and the delivery after the sale, and cleaning the house continued till Saturday. But at length all is quiet again.[63]

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## APPENDIX

### LINES ON MRS. CRAIGIE'S MANSION

**BY SUSANNA HILL**

[From *The National Magazine*, January, 1839. See footnote No. 9 above. Since only two numbers of this periodical were published and it is now very rare and difficult to find, it seems worth

while to reprint these verses on the Craigie House here, together with the following introductory remarks made by the editor at that time.]

The following copy of verses is from the pen of a lady, who has not publicly entered the lists as a competitor for fame, or the poet's wreath. She writes for the amusement and delight of a private circle, who know her worth and are proud of her genius, and it is through the instrumentality of one of these that the first number of our Magazine is enriched with so exquisite a gem.

The lines refer to the beautiful estate of Mrs. Craigie, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in the immediate vicinity of Harvard University, which was occupied by General Washington, when his head-quarters were at Cambridge, early in the Revolutionary war. By a singular coincidence, it was subsequently the residence of Jared Sparks, the celebrated biographer of Washington, — and, later still, that of the present distinguished Chief Magistrate of Massachusetts, Edward Everett. At present, Professor Longfellow, so deservedly celebrated in the literature of our country, is an inmate of the mansion, over which the venerable matron, already named, continues to preside, with the genuine hospitality of the olden time.

Sweet spot! thou'rt hallowed in my view,

For from life's freshest morn

The springs of hope and mem'ry too,

Their richest founts have drawn.

Upon thy velvet covered lawn,

In infant glee I played,

And oft, in girlhood's early dawn,

In sweeter sadness strayed.

For here the pride of womanhood,

Found its first aliment,

And dreams of hope, half understood,

And waking visions blent.

Whilst to the eye of young romance

Came forth the shad'wy past,

He with the olive-circled lance,

And trumpet's thrilling blast.[64]

In fancy floating on the breeze

That stirred thy tiny lake,

While martial bands beneath thy trees

The silence seemed to break.

Here Fame for him a chaplet wreathed,

Preserved on his'try's page,

Here to his annalist bequeathed

The laurels of our age.[65]

Hither for learned leisure too

The poet-statesman came,

From hence the inspiration drew,

That touched his lips with flame.[66]

Upon the past, the varied past,

What mingled mem'ries wait,

What lights and shadows overcast

Yon hospitable gate.

Here dwelt the blest, the sainted pair,

Twin brides! how brief the date

Since lovely in your lives ye were,

Nor could death separate.

United in affection's glow,

And in maternal love,

How soon from Paradise below,

Ye passed to one above.[67]

Here later on the stream of time,

Dwells he whose classic care,

Transplanted to his native clime

Sweet flowers from *Outre mer*. [68]

And here still lives the best of friends

"The lady of the land,"  
With each and all her image blends  
Its welcome kind and bland.[69]  
Sweet spot! still fresh and undecayed,  
  
Thy beauties cannot wane,  
  
The future in the past portrayed,  
  
May yet new honors gain.  
  
To coming years, and other days,  
  
Still may thy name go down,  
  
And other minstrels sing in lays,  
  
More worthy its renown.

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1. See the "Perspective Representation of Mr. Craigie's House" reproduced here. This was drawn by William A. Warner in 1815, as part of his thesis in mathematics at Harvard College, and is still preserved in the Harvard College Library. To the left of the house can be seen the summer house on the hill where now stands the Harvard Observatory. To the right is indicated the site of the gardener's house, now occupied by the garden. A fuller account of Andrew Craigie will be given in a paper now being prepared by H. W. L. Dana and Dr. Frederick Haven Pratt (a descendant of Mr. Craigie's sister).
  2. Among Mrs. Craigie's lodgers were three men who later became Presidents of Harvard College: Josiah Quincy, Edward Everett, and Jared Sparks. A fuller account of Mrs. Craigie and her lodgers will be given in a later paper.
  3. Nathaniel Collins McLean of Cincinnati, Ohio, an A.B. of Augusta College, Kentucky, and a student at the Harvard Law School, was living at Mrs. Craigie's according to the Harvard Catalogue for the academic year of 1836-1837. He did not die until 1905. Mr. Longfellow, who apparently did not know him very well and came primarily to have a look at his room in the Craigie House, inadvertently spelled his name "McLane." Mr. Longfellow's account of his visit to him is found on p. 17 of a leather-bound manuscript notebook on the Craigie House. Other quotations in this

article, indicated as from the "Notebook on the Craigie House," are taken from this same unpublished manuscript. 4. This dialogue has been quoted in slightly different versions by various persons who heard Mr. Longfellow relate it. Among these are his daughter, Alice M. Longfellow (manuscript notes on the Craigie House, p. 35), whose account is followed here, and his friend, George William Curtis, who elaborates the story in *Homes of American Authors*, New York, 1853, p. 268, and who, in turn, has been followed by later writers. 5. This was the Foxcroft House on the corner of Kirkland Street and Oxford Street; it was moved in 1902 to make room for the New Lecture Hall. Mrs. Stearns was the wife of Asahel Stearns, who had been a Professor of Law at Harvard 1817-1829. 6. Felton was, of course, alluding to the Biblical figure of Miriam the Prophetess, mentioned in Exodus 15: 20. In Paul Revere Frothingham's *Edward Everett*, Boston, 1925, pp. 76 and 478, by mistake the term "Miriam the Profitess" is applied to Mrs. Craigie rather than to her servant, and the Craigie House is spoken of as "Miriam Craigie's boarding-house." 7. Susanna Hill (1799-1869) was the daughter of Dr. Aaron Hill. She later married a paymaster in the Navy, John P. Todd. Some of her letters and details about her can be found in "Some Letters from Tory Row," edited by Mary Isabella Gozzaldi, *Proceedings of the Cambridge Historical Society* for 1914, pp. 5-37. 8. Mr. Longfellow has written the caption "Miss Hill on Craigie Island" under the picture of a sentimental lady seated on a bench under an arbor on an island. This is to be found in his Journal for 1840 and is reproduced herewith. 9. Her verses were published anonymously in *The National Magazine and Republican Review*, Washington, D. C., January, 1839, Vol. 1, No. 1, pp. 71-72. They were copied in full by Mr. Longfellow in his Notebook on the Craigie House, pp. 41-44. They are given in an Appendix at the end of this article. 10. This rough sketch which is reproduced here is drawn by Longfellow on one of the blank pages of his Journal for 1837 and is labeled "Cambridge." It is interesting to compare it with the engraving made from the same point of view a few months earlier by G. G. Smith and entitled "Harvard University with a procession of the Alumni from the Church to the Pavillion, September 8, 1836." 11. Thoreau manuscript of 23 pages, dated "1835," offered for sale at the Book Auction for German Refugees, New York City, December 8, 1938. 12. See Edward Everett Hale's letter of February 5, 1881, printed in George Lowell Austin, *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*, Boston, 1883, pp. 219-221, where it is said that Longfellow's classroom "had the aspect of a friendly gathering in a private house, in which the study of German was the amusement of the occasion." 13. Samuel Longfellow, *Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*, Boston, 1899, Vol. 1, p. 273. 14. Some three months later, Miss Fanny Appleton sent a bouquet of flowers to an older poet, Richard Henry Dana (1st), living near her on Beacon Hill. He wrote her a letter of thanks on January 16, 1838, which makes it clear that it is to this which he refers in his poem "On Receiving Flowers During Illness, From a Lady." *Poems and Prose Writings* by Richard Henry Dana, New York, 1850, Vol. I, pp. 135-136. A little later Miss Appleton encouraged a young poet who was one of Professor Longfellow's students, James Russell Lowell, by praising some of his earliest verses. See Lowell's letter to Longfellow, August 14, 1845, in which he says that Miss Fanny Appleton "was the first stranger that ever said a kind word to me about my poems." Herself the possessor of a sensitive literary style, she seems to have felt a natural sympathetic interest in poets young or old. 15. See Longfellow's notebook entitled "Manuscript Gleanings and Literary Scrapbook," pp. 27-28. In this

notebook Mr. Longfellow gives an account of the writing of each poem in the *Voices of the Night*. This manuscript notebook he wrote at the request of his wife and, adding the title "Book of Vanity," presented it to her with the inscription "To Fanny the Beloved. October 6, 1846." 16. Miss Appleton from the first looked upon Professor Longfellow as a much older man. Before she had seen him, when she heard that he had arrived at Interlaken, she had written in her diary for July 20, 1836: "Hope the venerable gentleman won't pop in upon us, though I did like his *Outre-Mer*." A few days later, after Professor Longfellow had been presented to her, she wrote on July 31st that he was "a young man after all." Her father, however, still thought that she was too young to marry the Harvard professor. 17. Referring to the satire "Little Pedlington and the Pedlingtonians" which had just then been written by the English writer John Poole.

18. George William Curtis, hearing of this from Mr. Longfellow, could not resist the temptation of elaborating on this "half forgotten air" as follows:

"As at twilight the Poet sat musing in his darkening room - hearing the 'footsteps of angels' sounding, melodious and low, through all the other 'voices of the night,' he seemed to catch snatches of mournful music thrilling the deep silence with sorrow, and, listening more intently he heard distinctly the harpsichord in the old lady's parlor, and knew that she was sitting, turbaned and wrinkled, where she had sat in the glowing triumph of youth, and with wandering fingers was drawing in feeble and uncertain cadence from the keys, tunes she had once dashed from them in all the fulness of harmony."

"The young poet sat lost in the luxury of reverie, and hearing with intoxicating sadness the ghosts of tunes long since forgotten, which the turbaned and trembling widow of Andrew Craigie played upon the harpsichord."

From the chapter on "Henry W. Longfellow" in *Homes of American Authors*, New York. 1853, pp. 271 and 286.

19. See *Hyperion*, Book II, Chapter III: "Owl-Towers." 20. These verses, when they were originally written in Heidelberg on December 27, 1835, had no title. When Mr. Longfellow copied them in his Journal for February 27, 1838, he called them "Evening Shadows." Later he referred to them as "The Shadows of Twilight." When they were published in *Knickerbocker* for May, 1839, they were called "Voices of the Night: A Third Psalm of Life." Finally, when they were published in December, 1839, in *Voices of the Night*, they were called "Footsteps of Angels." See the article by H. W. L. Dana, "The Genesis of *Voices of the Night*," now in preparation. 21. See Longfellow's account of his writing "The Light of Stars" given in his "Manuscript Gleanings," p. 21. 22. Manuscript on sheets of green paper; later, with a few changes, used as an introduction to Book III of *Hyperion*. 23. See Longfellow's account of his writing "Hymn to the Night" given in his "Manuscript Gleanings," p. II. 24. This and the following two quotations are from manuscript sheets; later, without the specific references to the Craigie House or to Washington's Headquarters, they were used as an introduction of Book IV of

*Hyperion*. 25. See letter of George S. Hillard to Longfellow, May 23, 1837. 26. See Sam Ward's letter to Longfellow, June 20, 1840. 27. See Longfellow's letter to Thomas Gold Appleton, January 23, 1837. 28. Samuel Longfellow, *Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*, Boston, 1899, Vol. I, p. 256. 29

*Hyperion*, Book II, Chapter III, where Longfellow puts this remark, which may well have been originally that of old Mrs. Craigie, into the mouth of old Frau Himmelauen.

Some of the Harvard students, also, twitted him on the bright colors of his clothes and the chronicles of the Hasty Pudding Club contained these verses:

Just twig the Professor dressed out in his best,

Yellow kids and buff gaiters, green breeches, blue vest;

With hat on one whisker and an air that says go it!

Look here! the great North American poet.

See *Putnam's Monthly*, November, 1907, p. 167. 30. Edward Everett, who, in 1833, gave the Phi Beta Kappa Oration at Harvard just after Mr. Longfellow had given the Phi Beta Kappa Poem, said that his subject also was education and that he found himself but "a follower in the field where the flashing sickle had already passed." This was remembered, and when Longfellow came to live in Cambridge later, some of the young ladies used to call him "the Flashing Sickle." 31. Compare with this the entries for Longfellow's Journal on October 1, 1846: "I record with delight the name of October, 'season of mists and mellow fruitfulness, close-bosom friend of the maturing sun.'" October 1, 1847: "So - here is the lovely month of October. A few scarlet and yellow leaves herald his coming." October I, 1848: "Welcome, O brown October! Like a monk with a drinking-horn; - like a pilgrim in russet! - Welcome, O beloved sun of the Year - 'thou Joseph, with coat of many colors!' A soft warm day; and the maple leaves changing to the brightest gold and crimson." October 1, 1849: "I always write the name of October with a special pleasure. There is a secret charm about it not to be defined. It is full of memories - it is full of dusky splendors - it is full of glorious poetry." Etc. 32. A reference to Longfellow's song beginning "Stay, stay at home," which was apparently already written in 1839, although it was not published until 1878. 33. See Longfellow letter to Greene, January 2, 1840. 34. See Sam Ward letter to Longfellow, August 13, 1841. 35. See *Hyperion*, Book IV, Chapter II, and "A Psalm of Life." 36. Longfellow letter to his mother, February 27, 1840: "Miss Lowell is moving to-day. I am very sorry for her. She has lost seven thousand dollars by her nephew's failure. She is quite heroic about it now; but when there is no longer any glory attached to this heroism, and she finds herself alone in her *cottage* (*half* a one-story house) I think she will suffer very much." Longfellow letter to his father March 8, 1840: "She says: 'This is the first stain on the escutcheon of the Lowells!'" 37. See

letter of Sarah Champney Lowell to Miss Frances Appleton, May 14, 1843. 38. See letter of Charles C. Perkins to Henry R. Cleveland, December 4, 1842. 39. This picture was for years carefully cherished by the Cambridge firemen in their station at Brattle Square. In 1910, however, it was badly damaged by the bursting of a water main which flooded the cellar of the Engine House where the picture had been placed temporarily. Hearing of this, Mr. Richard Henry Dana (3rd), then President of the Cambridge Historical Society, had the painting restored and the frame repaired, and had an account of the picture printed, dated November, 1910. Finally, in 1927, this picture, which had been presented in honor of the Cambridge firemen's triumph over fire, was itself destroyed by fire.<sup>40</sup> Mr. Longfellow's plan of his three rooms and the arrangement of the furniture in them is reproduced herewith. 41. Longfellow's verses beginning "The sun is bright, — the air is clear." These verses were originally introduced into the first draft of "The Student of Alcalá" in 1840, where they are sent by Victorian with a bouquet of flowers to Preciosa and suggest the possibility that Mr. Longfellow may at one time have intended to send them similarly to Miss Appleton. The verses were published later under the title "It is Not Always May" in *The Ladies Companion*, January, 1841, p. 118. 42. Longfellow's poem "To the River Charles" written October 24, 1841. 43. This seems to have been characteristic of Mrs. Craigie and, some years after her death, Mr. Longfellow in his Journal for June 27, 1849, speaks of "Mrs. Craigie with her 'Rose-cold' and her sneezing." 44. Longfellow's letter to his father, April 7, 1839. 45. Longfellow's letter to his father, June 16, 1839. 46. Longfellow's letter to his father, May 16, 1840. 47.

Longfellow's Notebook on the Craigie House, p. 12. See also p. 20. James Russell Lowell, who used to visit his aunt, Miss Sally Lowell, at the Craigie House, gives an account of Mrs. Craigie's "refusing to molest the canker-worms that annually disleaved her elms, because we were all vermicular alike. She had been a famous beauty once, but the canker years had left her leafless, too; and I used to wonder, as I saw her sitting always alone at her accustomed window, whether she were ever visited by the reproachful shade of him who died broken-hearted for her in her radiant youth." "Cambridge Thirty Years Ago" in *Fireside Travels*, Boston, 1864, p. 73.

Still another version of Mrs. Craigie's remark about the canker-worms is given by Thomas Wentworth Higginson in the following poem:

#### **DAME CRAIGIE**

In childish Cambridge days, now long ago,

When pacing schoolward in the morning hours,

I passed the stately homes of Tory Row

And paused to see Dame Craigie tend her flowers.

Framed in elm-tree boughs before her door

The old escutcheon of our town was seen,—

Canker-worms *pendant*, yellowing leaves in *or*, Schoolboy *regardant*, on a field grass-green.

Dame Craigie, with Spinoza in her hand,

Was once heard murmuring to the insect crew,

"I will not harm you, little restless band!

For what are mortal men but worms like you?"

The trees are gone: Dame Craigie too is gone,

Her tongue long silent, and her turban furled;

Yet 'neath her roof thought's silkworms still spun on,

Whose sumptuous fabric clothed a barren world.

These lines were read at a Longfellow Memorial Reading in Cambridge on February 27, 1888, and were published in *The Afternoon Landscape*, New York, 1889, pp. 44-45. They were reprinted in *The Writings of Thomas Wentworth Higginson*, Boston, 1900, Vol. VI, pp. 355-356.

48. Elizabeth Craigie's Will is preserved in the Probate Court in East Cambridge: No. 29928. 49. Longfellow's Notebook on the Craigie House, p. 9. Andrew Craigie's miniature, probably painted by the Irish miniaturist, Walter Robertson, is now owned by Mrs. Haven's great-grandson, Edmund Bayfield Billiard, and has been deposited by him at the American Antiquarian Society in Worcester, Mass. 50. Mrs. Craigie's miniature is now owned by Lemuel Shaw's great-granddaughter, Mrs. E. Barton Chapin of Andover, Mass., and is reproduced here with her permission. A copy of it hangs in the parlor of the Craigie House. 51. See Harvard College: Corporation Records, Vol. VIII, pp. 139-140: May 29, 1841, Meeting of the President and Fellows: "The President further informed the Board the above mentioned beautiful and valuable collection of Shells and two mahogany cabinets had been received by Professor Webster and deposited in the Mineralogical cabinet of the College — Whereupon — Voted — That this

Board receive with great respect and gratitude this evidence of the good will of the late Mrs. Craigie towards the University." 52. A fuller account of Mrs. Craigie's early romance will be given in a later article by H. W. L. Dana. 53. A fuller account of this daughter of Mr. Craigie's and some extracts from her letters will be given in a later article by Dr. F. H. Pratt and H. W. L. Dana. 54. Miss A. M. Longfellow's manuscript notes on the history of the Craigie House. 55. George William Curtis, not satisfied with the story of the decaying elms, adds this further detail: "A noble linden-tree in the garden, faded as she faded, and languished into decay after her death." *Homes of American Authors*, New York, 1853, p. 286.

56. Theo. Francis Rodenbaugh, *Autumn Leaves from Family Trees*, New York, 1892, p. 83, implies that the following verses by Bessie Chandler were written with Mrs. Craigie's death in mind. They first appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*, New York, March, 1888, p. 277.

#### **THE YELLOW ELMS**

She lay within her chamber, pale and ill,

Bound to her bed by cruel bonds of pain;

Outside the leaves were falling — all was still

Save for the dripping of the dull, sad rain.

The elms that year were yellow all the way

From tops to those low boughs that fringe and grace

Their tall, straight trunks, like little curls that stray

And cling, caressing, o'er a woman's face.

And through the leaves, as through a yellow pane,

The light shone in, all golden, on her bed,

And every morn, unwitting of the rain,

"Another sunny day," she smiling, said.

She never knew how gloomy, dark, and gray

Those long days were. In time we came to bless

The elms, that gave her sunshine every day,

And robbed the rain of all its dreariness.

57. George William Curtis, hearing this from Mr. Longfellow, characteristically elaborates Longfellow's account as follows: "He entered her room, and advancing to her bedside, saw her lying stretched at length and clutching the clothes closely around her neck, so that only her sharply featured and shrunk face was visible, — the fading eye opened upon him for a moment and he heard from the withered lips this stern whisper of farewell, — 'Young man, never marry, for beauty comes to this!'" *Homes of American Authors*, New York, 1853, p. 272. 58. The tomb of Elizabeth Craigie is at No. 93, Cedar Avenue, Mount Auburn. Carved in small letters is the sculptor's inscription: "A. Gary fecit." Alpheus Gary was the author of a small book on epitaphs and also carved the memorial for William Ellery Channing, following in that case (and possibly also in the case of Mrs. Craigie's monument) designs made by Washington Allston. It has been the custom of later occupants of the Craigie House to leave, each Memorial Day, flame colored flowers among the sculptured flames of this stone altar, in memory of Mrs. Craigie. 59. A photograph of Mrs. Craigie's monument and its inscription is reproduced here. 60. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*, Boston, 1902, pp. 120-121: "The sale catalogue of her books lies before me, a mass of perhaps five hundred odd volumes of worthy or worthless literature: Goethe's 'Werther' beside the American 'Frugal Housewife,' and Heath's 'Book of Beauty' beside 'Hannah More.' Yet it was doubtless the only house in Cambridge which then held complete sets of Voltaire and Diderot, of Moliere, Crébillon, and Florian, Madame de Sévigné and Madame de Staël." 61. *Oeuvres Complètes de Voltaire*, Paris, Baudouin Frères, 1828, 75 vols., still in the Craigie House. 62. These carved walnut open-armed chairs of the period of Louis XVI, upholstered in flowered silk and wool tapestry, are still in the parlor of the Craigie House. The fact that they are not listed with the rest of the parlor furniture bought at the time of Mr. Longfellow's marriage in 1843 bears out the tradition that these are the chairs that belonged to Mrs. Craigie. A Chippendale chair, which the Craigies had in the Craigie House and which tradition claims had been there at the time of Washington, was returned to the Craigie House in 1938 as a joint gift from the Craigie and Longfellow descendants. 63. The present paper covers only the four years, 1837-1841, from the coming of Professor Longfellow to the Craigie House down to the death of Mrs. Craigie. Other papers will continue the story of Longfellow's life in this house. This will be part of a book which will ultimately cover the whole history of the Craigie House in Cambridge. When completed, with prologue, connecting chapters, and epilogue, this book will consist of four main parts as follows:

## THE CHRONICLES OF THE CRAIGIE HOUSE

Part I. 1759-1774 VASSALL

Part II. 1775-1776 WASHINGTON

Part III. 1791-1819 CRAIGIE

Part IV.

1837-1882

LONGFELLOW

The account of this house was undertaken some years ago by Miss Alice Longfellow. The present writer, in enlarging and carrying on the work which she began, wishes to express his deep indebtedness to her in every respect. He hopes that, if the readers should find here anything that pleases them, they will attribute it to her and not to him; and, if they find here something that does not please them, they will attribute that to him and not to her. 64. George Washington, who used this house as his Headquarters from July 15, 1775, to April 4, 1776. 65. Jared Sparks, who lived at the Craigie House from April, 1833, to July, 1835, while editing the letters of Washington, including those written here. 66. Edward Everett, the orator, who lived at the Craigie House from 1822 to 1825. 67. "Twin brides": Frances Anne Allen, the bride of Jared Sparks, and Hannah Brackett Hill, the bride of Willard Phillips. Both couples came to the Craigie House in 1833: the Sparks family occupying the western side of the house and the Phillips family the eastern side. Mrs. Sparks died only two years, and Mrs. Phillips only four years, after they had come to the house. Mrs. Phillips was the sister of Susanna Hill who wrote these verses. 68. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, who had published *Outre-Mer* in two volumes in 1835, and came to live in the Craigie House in August, 1837. 69. Mrs. Elizabeth Shaw Craigie, who came to the Craigie House after her marriage to Andrew Craigie in 1793, and, after his death in 1819, continued to live there until her own death in 1841.

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## THE ORIGIN OF THE NEW ENGLAND TOWN

By JOSEPH HENRY BEALE

Summary of Address of April 26, 1938

THE GOVERNING of local territory is as old as the governing of countries, but much more obscure because the governing of a country seems more interesting than the government of a local body, and has more attention and study. Local government, however, shows all the kinds of government that there are. The autocratic government for the small local bodies is represented by France, where the *communes* are governed by *maires* appointed by the President of the Republic. They have one duty which is not usual in the heads of local units, in that they are the agents for marrying people, who must have a civil marriage and may, if they like, add to it a church marriage.

This monarchical form of government is much the most efficient, but not the strongest, for a democratic government shows far greater strength and tenacity. At any rate, France and Germany like the monarchical form of local government. Switzerland, on the other hand, prefers a republican form, and their local communities are governed by a committee of several members chosen by the voters. It is a Swiss characteristic to put their executive power in a commission, as they do their federal government; which, instead of being carried on by a single person, is in the hands of a federal council of seven. It seems, therefore, that a country chooses that kind of local government which it prefers for its national government.

The other kind of government is the democratic, and that in its perfect form is the New England town. The town is governed by a meeting of all its voters. They appoint an executive committee of so-called select men, who sit while the town meeting does not, and carry on the business.

The first land in America settled by the English was Virginia.

That was, however, without local government at first, and the smallest body that was entrusted with government was the county, governed by a small commission. The next English settlement was in Plymouth. That was a settlement made by the Pilgrims, who, in order to make it, had obtained a large loan of money from certain London merchants. The terms of the loan were that the merchants and the Pilgrims should be in partnership and that the Pilgrims, under the direction at all times of the governor, should send fish and furs to England to be used by the merchants in paying off the debt. This went on for the seven-year term agreed upon, no government being in existence except that of the governor who directed their work. Eventually, at the end of seven years, the debt of the Pilgrims to the merchants appeared to be the same that they started with. This was due to the tremendous interest that was charged by the merchants on their advances. The colony being unable to pay up the debt, three of the richest men in the colony, headed by Governor Bradford, raised the necessary sum

to pay the debt, and took, in the name of William Bradford, the charter which had previously been held by the merchants to secure their advances.

Within a few years Bradford had convinced the colony that he and his fellows held the charter entirely as trustees for them; and then at last, about 1633, the Pilgrims felt themselves at liberty to function as a colony.

Up to this time all arrivals, and all children as they came of age and needed land, had been accommodated in Duxbury and as far as Scituate; and while each of these localities had finally secured a church and a constable, there had been no question of local division. Now for the first time local divisions were made. Duxbury and Scituate became separate towns, and the settlements on Cape Cod soon after made were also made as towns.

This word "town" had long been used in England to describe a village which had its own church. We must turn to Massachusetts Bay settlement to find the beginnings of the New England town in a method of settlement which made a division into towns natural and almost necessary.

When, in 1629, the members of the Massachusetts Bay Company decided to emigrate to Massachusetts and take their charter with them, they were accompanied by a rather large emigration of several thousand people. They went in several vessels, most of the vessels coming each from a single neighborhood in England, and including a minister; so that the whole body of passengers on the vessel, while traveling to the new country, formed a church. When they reached New England, they reached it separately; for the vessels had made no effort to keep together. One of them had a landfall in what is now the town of Dorchester, perhaps at Savin Hill. They landed, laid out their village, built their church as soon as possible, and went on with their life as it had been interrupted in England. Other vessels reached other ports and were assigned to other parts of the country. So, successively, the officers of the Company and those in their vessel founded Boston; another group was assigned to Roxbury; another to Watertown. And so the neighborhood which we now call Greater Boston was soon settled, each part of it by the Company of a single vessel. The towns were too close together to enable them permanently to live. Many of them were allowed a large stretch of land in the rear. Thus, Cambridge, beginning with Newton and Brighton, and having the present territory of Cambridge in the middle, extended upwards to Billerica. Thus the seeds were laid of our present difficulties about the local government of Greater Boston.

I have pointed out that these people, as they left the vessel and formed their village, had to go about life as they had left it in England. It was the only life they knew and they continued, therefore, their English customs. There was immediate need for local action. There were roads to

build, arrangements to make for paying their ministers, and, before long, arrangements to make to support the poor. Almost immediately the necessity for schools made itself felt.

In their English life they seem to have had no local town or village government. The only local body they had was the vestry connected with the church, which took care of the poor and the roads, and therefore did just about what they now needed done. The town

meeting which they then invented to take care of their needs was in many ways like the English vestry meeting. It was a meeting of all the males for certain purposes, substantially those that now called for action. Some of the officers which were needed were also officers of the vestry, like the tithing man and the tax collector. At any rate, immediately out of their present needs the people of the town got together in the meeting house, elected town officers, and took necessary town action.

Within a year, probably, of the beginning of the town organization it was found that frontiersmen who needed to work long and hard to fit their land to support a family could not give the necessary time to frequent meetings, though they could easily attend to the infrequent vestry meeting of their old home. They therefore voted almost simultaneously in several towns to appoint a sort of executive committee, called at first Townsmen, but afterwards, everywhere, Selectmen. This committee was the seat of government when there was no town meeting, and was to carry on as long as possible before causing the entire town to be brought together; so that even in a large town like Boston there would be only two or three full town meetings in a year, the rest of the business being done by the Selectmen. The honor of inventing the Selectmen must be divided between Dorchester and Cambridge which, earliest of all the towns that have records, invented both the town meeting and the Selectmen.

This was the beginning of the New England town. Besides the invention of the Selectmen there was also a presiding officer who eventually was called a moderator. This was not a term used in English local government. It was, however, the common name for the president of a religious organization among the Presbyterians of Scotland. No investigation has been made, and it would be rather difficult to make it, into the history of its use in the New England towns. It may be conjectured, however, that it came in after the settlement of the Commonwealth and the introduction to England of the Presbyterian form of worship. I guess that it will be found to have come into use in America not earlier than 1640 or 1645.

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# THE PRESERVATION OF HISTORIC HOUSES

By REV. SAMUEL A. ELIOT

## Summary of Address of June 8, 1938

THE SENTIMENT about the preservation of historic houses and places of natural beauty is a feeling of comparatively recent growth. Our forebears valued a house chiefly as a shelter, a brook for its fish, and a stand of pine more as timber than for its woodland charm. In my boyhood an old house was generally regarded as an eyesore, an archaic misfit among the brick blocks and Queen Anne villas of a modern town. A better taste has developed in the last half-century. We have learned how to prize our heritage. We have a better appreciation of the beauty of the New England landscape and the simple dignity of our old Colonial homesteads.

I suppose the earliest demonstrations of this growing sensitiveness were in the unsuccessful attempt to save the Hancock house in Boston and the happily successful effort of a group of patriotic women some eighty years ago to preserve Mount Vernon and maintain the house and grounds as a permanent memorial of George and Martha Washington. From that beginning, interest has spread far and wide, reaching its highest manifestation thus far in the skillful restoration, through the discerning goodwill of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, of a whole town - Colonial Williamsburg in Virginia. The movement is now represented and promoted by many organizations, both public and private, in all parts of the country - National, State, and local Planning Boards, Departments of Conservation, Antiquarian Societies, Patriotic Societies, Village Improvement Societies, Garden Clubs, and pre eminently by the State and local Historical Societies such as the two that share their memories and hopes here today.

It must, however, be acknowledged that, in spite of this wide spread interest, our existing means of securing and preserving scenes of natural beauty and places of historic concern are still

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insufficient. The wealth of our heritage is all the time slipping away. Every year sees the irreparable destruction of some fine old house or the ruin of some lovely glen or the spoliation of our beaches and the vulgarizing of our roadsides. The lovers of nature and of history must be ever on the alert. The things we cherish are constantly threatened. Imagine the devastation of the Mount Holyoke range - which may happen at any moment if those hills and woods are not secured in public ownership - or the destruction of Old Deerfield Street, or an invasion of hot-dog stands on Duxbury Beach, or the manicuring of the wilderness trails in the hill country. We must spare no effort to acquire for public

enjoyment more woodland areas, our hilltops, our river banks and gorges, the ocean beaches, the salt marshes and sand-dunes, the rocky headlands. We must be on the lookout to preserve our distinctive and characteristic buildings, the white meeting-houses, the old taverns, the covered bridges, the well-proportioned dwellings, and to keep them in their appropriate settings.

You perceive that I am linking together places of historic interest and scenic charm. Of course that is not essential. Each may have its own individual appeal. But for me, at least, the appeal is greatest when *human interest* and *natural beauty* are combined. The Longfellow house, in Cambridge, for instance, is invaluable for its patriotic and literary associations, but its dignity and attractiveness are enhanced by its setting - the noble elms on either side, the gardens behind, the open park in front with the view across the river to the hills beyond. How different and regrettably inferior is the setting of the old Adams homesteads in Quincy, crowded on what is now a noisy city corner, or of the Edward Devotion house in Brookline, interesting in itself, but with no better site than a schoolhouse yard. Surely the harmony of building and environment, of man's work and nature's gift, confers a pleasure of which the witness may not be distinctly conscious, but which adds substantially to enjoyment. The Swiss chalet fits the Alpine landscape, and the step-ladder gable-ends of the Dutch houses are suited to the surroundings. The distinctive church towers of Somersetshire somehow belong there just as

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the characteristic church towers of Lincolnshire and Norfolk belong to the fen country. The design of a Spanish hacienda is appropriate in Southern California, but it's an anachronism in Vermont. It may be, then, as important to preserve the setting of a house as the house itself. We should rightly resent the intrusion of a gaudy filling-station on the grounds of Elmwood or on Petersham Common. We do well to remember and conserve the values of consistency and harmony.

I spoke of the need of constant vigilance about these matters, but we can, I am sure, take courage from the heartening record of the last quarter-century. As I came hither, I jotted down some of the happenings that have come under my own observation here in Massachusetts - a very incomplete enrollment, of course, but, so far as it goes, encouraging. I recall the organization fortyseven years ago, under the leadership of my brother, Charles Eliot, of the Trustees of Public Reservations; and I observe with peculiar pleasure that the President of the Cambridge Historical Society (Judge Walcott) is now the chief executive of that organization, and that our genial host, the President of the Lexington Historical Society (Mr. Greeley), is a potent influence in its Council. The Trustees hold for public use and enjoyment some sixteen properties of unique charm. The Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities owns and administers some twenty-five historic houses, not all in Massachusetts, ranging from the Harrison Gray Otis mansion in Boston, which is the headquarters of the Society, to the humble Abraham Brown house in Watertown. The Essex Institute holds the Ship Rock in Danvers, the Old Colony Society owns Dighton Rock, and the Commonwealth

owns Plymouth Rock and the Myles Standish Monument. Harvard College preserves the old President's house - Wadsworth House - and it ought to have saved the Holmes house. Our surviving literary landmarks, while not all in public ownership, are in good hands and are faithfully guarded - Elmwood and the Craigie House in Cambridge, the Old Manse and the Emerson house in Concord, the Wayside Inn in Sudbury, Fruitlands in Harvard, and others you can think of. The Bryant Homestead in

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Cummington is owned by the Trustees of Public Reservations, and the Whittier birthplace in Haverhill by a Memorial Association. In Boston, the Old State House, Faneuil Hall, the Old South Meeting-House, the Paul Revere house, are examples of old buildings held by or for the public. Especially the local Historical Societies have been watchful and diligent. The Lexington Society owns and operates the Hancock house. The Cambridge Society will ultimately occupy the Lee-Nichols house on Brattle Street the second oldest house now standing in Cambridge and maintained in perfect condition. Of course I cannot, at the moment, undertake to name all the old houses that are thus appropriately preserved and utilized, but I remember the Royall house in Medford, the Lee house in Marblehead, the John Heard house in Ipswich, the Pettengill house in Newburyport, the Cabot house in Beverly, the Pierce-Nicholls house in Salem, the Harlow house in Plymouth, and the old Bristol Academy in Taunton. The Federal government is even now rebuilding Derby Wharf in Salem and creating it, with the Old Custom House and the Richard Derby house, into a National Monument. The Dedham, Weymouth, Deerfield, and Northampton Historical Societies have modern buildings, but they contain interesting collections. Pilgrim Hall in Plymouth houses the memorials of the Pilgrims; and Boston, Salem, Pittsfield, New Bedford, and Nantucket have historical museums of rare merit.

These are just illustrations of what has been done. Now what can we do to further this movement? We can be alert to sustain and invigorate the agencies of the public good that I have mentioned and follow their reports and plans with our sympathy and goodwill. We can encourage and cooperate with the public agencies like the Department of Conservation and the State and Town Planning Boards. By our contagious enthusiasm we can stimulate and guide the good intentions of private owners and possible benefactors. We can urge and support legislative action for the care and improvement of the roadsides and the elimination or control of billboards. We can promote the teaching of local history in the public schools and the increased use of practical

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"School Projects" - the making by the children themselves of relief or zoning maps of the town and encouraging them to suggest and devise plans for the improvement of the town - provision for

playgrounds, parking places, swimming facilities, town forests, and the like. We might even undertake a bit of education for ourselves. No towns in New England have a greater wealth of material for historical research and grateful commemoration than Cambridge and Lexington. Are we of the Historical Societies satisfied just to meet four or five times a year and listen to speeches? Can we not be more active in preserving our old landmarks, transcribing old records, collecting pictures and photographs of local scenes, streets, and houses, publishing monographs, commemorating our citizens of credit and renown? Some day I'd like to put the members of the Cambridge Historical Society through a catechism - a sort of "Information Please" test - and discover how much we really know - or don't know about our own city.

May I, Mr. President?

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## COOPERATION BETWEEN SCHOOLS AND LOCAL HISTORICAL SOCIETIES

By EDWIN B. WORTHEN

**Read June 8, 1938**

IT WAS a very happy thought that 225 years after this infant Lexington left the parental fireside you should come here with a fatherly eye and sit down and go over with us some of the happenings of these years.

Our departure from home wasn't exactly to your liking; you opposed it heartily, but years soften all wounds. Certainly in the first hundred years there were many ties which held, some pleasant, some not so pleasant. There was that excellent bone of contention, "the great bridge." To its maintenance Lexington grudgingly contributed for many years. The early records were in your hands and there was necessity for continual official visits to secure information on highway locations and the bounds of early grants. Then there was the "great hammer," probably an early form of pile-driver, in which we were presumed to have a part ownership; for when it was loaned to other communities, permission was secured from the Lexington Selectmen. Perhaps the home-tie was stronger than we now appreciate; for some fifty years after the separation, residents of what is now East Lexington made two attempts to be set off from Lexington and given back to Cambridge. I shall admit that Lexington made much of the encampments of Washington's army during the siege of Boston; for in addition to individual sales, the Town itself sold many hundreds of cords of wood for the use of the

army. But probably the strongest ties in those early years were the usual ones of relatives and friends, each generation finding these ties lighter than the former generation.

So, to come down to the present, we find our ties with old Cam-

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bridge, to say the ones which come quickly to mind, to be the subway, the court house, the colleges, and personal friends. I do not have to say what progress Lexington has made in these 225 years - just look about you!

It seems to me it is but fair, now that you are here with us today, that I should ask you some questions. Children, you know, are always asking questions, asking their parents to explain this or that. To many persons Cambridge means Harvard. The infant Lexington knew it well; for the college had been in existence three quarters of a century before we were set off. In the three hundred years of Harvard's existence an astonishing number of persons have looked to Cambridge for guidance, and got it. The influence was and is far beyond the gates. My question is: Granting this great influence in education, how did it happen that what now appear to be essentials were pretty much overlooked when my parents went to school and in my school days too?

My parents learned much and they learned it thoroughly too; for they could at sixty-five recite in unison pages of lessons from memory or sing the multiplication tables. And they could spell; and recite amazing lists of prepositions and adverbs. And I had the campaigns of the Civil War for weeks and weeks and weeks! And algebra and logarithms for terms; and I haven't met or even seen a logarithm since I left High School! You told me that algebra and logarithms would teach me to think clearly, to reason, to be logical. But no one ever suggested to my parents or to me that in 1938 this whole nation would be floundering around in a state of affairs we can't understand and if we do attempt to explain it we grow red and dumb in about two minutes. Would not this generation be far far wiser and better able to cope with present-day affairs, if in our high school days we had less algebra and logarithms and learned to think, weigh, and reason by a well guided consideration of certain historical events? Would there be millions today whose reasoning is twisted or off at a tangent if it had been drilled into them at school that much that is suggested or attempted today has been tried before and proved not workable?

How many persons of my age, in the United States, know that

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the first thing the Puritans did when they landed at Salem, was to fix wages for all mechanics? Under the most favorable circumstances it wouldn't work. How many have read Governor Bradford's lament that the basic idea of the Plymouth Colony - under the most ideal conditions - wouldn't work? Did the high school boys and girls in the Middle West have Shays's Rebellion explained to them? I wonder if any pupil in high school when I was there was ever told and impressed with the amazing fact that at the close of the Revolutionary War the citizens of every town in Massachusetts held town-meetings week after week to fix the price of every commodity, all to meet the calamity of worthless paper currency. The Commonwealth of Massachusetts, faced with this problem of debased money, attempted to bolster it not with hard money but by legislation forbidding the circulation of sound money from outside sources. If the true record were disclosed, it would be found that very many of the Massachusetts heroes of the Revolution died as paupers because they were paid off in worthless paper money.

No, my generation was not drilled in these facts. You felt I would be better fitted for mature years if I could think by the way of algebra and logarithms. You suggested outside reading Shakespeare, Scott, Dickens - and I ate it up. You never thought of whetting my boyish curiosity by suggesting the chapters from Lincoln's life dealing with the raid on his tomb, or what happened to Booth's body, or about the Mormon massacres. Most outside reading can become a burden, especially if the suggestion is to read an entire book. My suggestion is to recommend an interesting chapter and let that do its work in enticing the boy or girl to read on and get the whole story. History can be good reading but few want it in big doses. What high school pupil would read all of Winthrop's letters? But a selection of two or three as suggested reading would in many cases mean that more would be read. Such a practice would, I think, lead to a better appreciation of general reading in history and cease to make it a drudgery or little understood subject.

All this means much work and careful guidance in the subjects

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selected, especially those relative to economic events; for much thereon is not available in the books usually referred to in history courses. And there will be examination of original sources like the Town Records, which contain much material never printed. No one ever suggested making history reading entertaining and instructive. We got the wars and little more. Try asking every person your own age if he or she ever read the Constitution of Massachusetts! I don't need to tell you it's worth reading!

No, I don't think you did right by me or my generation, and I personally feel that many of our troubles of these last ten years have been due to the fact that certain absolute essentials were not brought to our attention and dwelt upon in our formative years.

Happily today this is not so - at least in Lexington - and I presume what is happening here in improved educational methods is taking place in hundreds of communities throughout this country. High school pupils are getting wholesome lessons in what we missed. Fair-minded, keen, intelligent teachers are discussing events and interpreting them with a background of history which enables the boys and girls to understand the true import of what is going on. I can assure you that I have heard many high school boys and girls talk upon and explain complex present-day problems in a way to shame their elders. It is mighty encouraging. I look for clearer thinking and for better things from them in years to come than my generation has produced. And all honor to you from Cambridge who have sensed this need, and to the teachers who are so ably carrying on this work. You have now put sound reasoning in national and public affairs on a par with the "three r's."

And is there any reason on my part for this too long talk? My hope is that the next step will be for you and me to find a way to make all this easier for the teachers and for the high school pupils, to find a way to bring closer cooperation between the schools and the historical societies perhaps by personal talks, by indicating source material, by suggested reading, by exhibits, by visual education which so helps to fasten securely in the memory the lesson of the day; an offer of tools to work with brought to them rather

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than an invitation to come and look at a collection of vaguely assorted relics and curios. If you can devise a way to bring this about, a way to help and encourage the teachers, future generations will thank us, and we shall have another and a better reason for our existence.

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## THE OBSERVATORY OF HARVARD COLLEGE AND ITS EARLY FOUNDERS

By ELIZABETH L. BOND

**Read October 25, 1938**

**WILLIAM CRANCH BOND**

WILLIAM CRANCH BOND, youngest child of William and Hannah Cranch Bond of Plymouth, England, was born in Falmouth (Portland), Maine, September 9, 1789. His father had come to America with high hopes of making a large fortune; and buying extensive pine forests and a fleet of ships, started

business as a lumber merchant, sending wood to Bristol, England. But disaster awaited him, and having twice lost everything he possessed, he finally threw up his venture, and, bringing his wife and children to Boston, opened a store on Washington Street for the sale of silverware and clocks and watches imported from Europe.

Times were hard, money was scarce, and having lost all they possessed, the family often suffered real privation. When a child only ten years old, William was taken from school to help his father; as he used to say, he "was apprenticed before he had learned his multiplication table." Nevertheless, though he was deprived of systematic training, his background was not one of ignorance; for his parents were persons of intelligence and education. Especially was this true of his mother, a woman of fine character and refined taste. Like the Cranches generally, she had a passionate love of beauty, and turned to the poets for its satisfaction. It might almost be said that poetry was the language of that simple home, the lines of the British poets household words.

William, a shy, gentle, sensitive boy, shrinking from notice, was a clever lad, noted among his comrades for skill in making traps, snares, and mechanical toys. At the age of ten he made a wooden clock which kept fairly good time, and a few years later

a quadrant, most beautifully carved from ebony. At the age of fifteen he studied French that he might learn from Perouse how to make a chronometer, which he constructed with weights, as he could not buy the springs.

In 1806 occurred a marvelous eclipse of the sun. Its unsurpassed grandeur and majesty first turned his mind definitely to the study of the heavens, and then and there he vowed to himself that he would be an astronomer. This eclipse occurred in the middle of June, at midday, with a cloudless sky, its duration five minutes. William, who had no instrument, viewed it from the top of Milton Hill where he was then living, and the memory of its weird beauty lasted all his life. From that day the study of the heavenly bodies became a passion second only to his uncompromising sense of duty.

The elder Bond was much broken in health and spirits, and not very successful in his business; so the real support of the family devolved upon his young son, who felt he must devote his life to building up and establishing the firm of Wm. Bond & Son, and supporting his parents, now dependent upon him. Only spare moments could be given to the stars. He had neither instruments nor books, nor could he buy them; but he had real inventive genius. His first transit instrument was a piece of brass with a hole in it, fastened to a bit of wood and nailed to a corner of his father's house in Dorchester. In the yard was a deep well. Standing beside it and gazing into its dark depths for at least ten minutes, his optic nerve became so stimulated that he acquired almost telescopic vision, and could see stars

invisible to others. In this way he discerned the comet of 1811 several months before it was recognized by anyone else in America.

In 1812 he made the first sea-going chronometer constructed in this country, which was satisfactorily tested on a voyage to and from Sumatra.

In 1815 came a respite. William had long desired to visit the beloved home of his parents, and now came the news that his father's brother, a childless widower, and wealthy, had died. Plymouth lawyers wrote urging that some representative of the

American heirs come across to appear in the British courts. It was decided that William should go. But he had not money enough to defray the expense, being unwilling to leave his parents unprovided for. However, President Kirkland of Harvard and the Board of Overseers, hearing that the young clock maker and amateur astronomer, noted for his accuracy and scientific attainments, was thinking of going to England, offered to pay half the expense of his trip if he would visit Greenwich and other important Observatories, take careful measurements, and gain all possible information relative to erecting and equipping a first-class Observatory.

So with high hopes he started on his first holiday. It was an anxious time to sail, for Napoleon's ships were on the high seas. Off the coast of Ireland they learned that the battle of Waterloo had settled the fate of Europe, and that the proud conqueror was a prisoner on board a British man-of-war.

Arriving safely in Liverpool, William hastened south, to his mother's home in Kingsbridge, Devonshire. As he entered the walled garden of his uncle's place, he saw, standing among the roses and lilies, a lovely girl, his cousin, Selina Cranch, and at first sight impressionable William lost his heart to her. She was indeed charming, slender and graceful, with curling dark hair, deep blue eyes, and brilliant complexion, and as lovely in temper as in person.

After some delay in a futile effort to get his father's legacy, William went to London to meet the agent of Harvard College, who was to give him some money; but what was his dismay to find, on his arrival, that the gentleman had gone on a holiday trip, and no one knew his address or when he would return. This was indeed a catastrophe, for William had literally spent his last shilling and knew not where to turn. Hungry and discouraged, he wandered through the streets of London, and finally passed a sleepless night on the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral.

The next morning a letter from Kingsbridge told him that his older brother, Thomas, a sailor, was in London and his wants were soon supplied. He then visited Greenwich, obtained the informa-

tion desired by the President of Harvard College, and started for home, but stopped at Bath to visit his mother's brother, "Uncle John," an artist and archaeologist of some renown. "Uncle John," a man of deep sympathy, soon drew from his young nephew the story of his hopeless love for Selina; for how could he hope to marry, burdened as he was with responsibility? To the older man it did not seem so hopeless, and when William left he wrote to Mrs. Bond, his sister, in Boston telling her what he had learned. This letter, not spoken of to anyone, was put away carefully, but not forgotten. Four years later it was to bear fruit.

So William returned to the days of toil and the sleepless nights of watching the stars, but if a home of his own and a wife and children might not be his, there still remained the passionate love of science, with the inner assurance that some day he would surely attain his goal, and that goal a high one. In a letter to a friend written at this date he says, speaking of certain eminent astronomers he had met, "In time I mean to be one of these great men, and *second* to none." We may smile at the naive simplicity of this poor, self-educated young man, but it was the invincible determination to attain his ideal which brought at last its reward.

So with patience and courage, he devoted his energies for four years to his task. Meanwhile his anxious mother waited and watched in silence. One morning when he came down to breakfast he met his parents in the hall, who beckoned him into the living room. Then his mother spoke: "William, my dear son, your father and I are deeply troubled that you are spending all your youth in caring for us. You are no longer very young, and it is time you should have a wife and a home of your own. I have but one desire. Do not, I beg of you, choose one of these American girls. They are to me as the children of Heth, but go back to dear England and see if you cannot find there a wife you can love, who will be a real daughter to your father and me."

So William went back to "dear England," and in the lovely Devon land found again the fair cousin who four years earlier had won his heart. They were married and in time six children were born to them; but when the youngest was only a few days old,

Selina died, leaving them bereft indeed. Who now would care for the heart-broken husband and his six little ones? His mother was no longer living, his sisters were married. He bethought him of his wife's

older sister, Mary, still living with her brother Joseph in Kingsbridge. To them he wrote, begging them to come to America.

The letter found Mary not unprepared. A few nights before she had dreamed she stood on a pier watching a ship sailing into port. In the prow stood William Bond holding in his outstretched arms a young infant and calling "Help!" So when the letter came telling of her sister's death it seemed a call from heaven, and she and Joseph made all haste to leave their native land.

In the course of time she and William were married, and though very different from the blithe and gentle Selina, she was a loyal wife and mother, eager and ambitious to make any sacrifice that might advance her husband's career. In early days she often worked with him, cleaning and repairing clocks and watches.

In time these efforts were crowned with success, for at length the day came when it was definitely decided that Harvard should have an Observatory, and who so fitted to take charge as William Cranch Bond? But modest William hung back and hesitated, feeling not yet worthy of the honor. It required all the determination and persuasiveness of President Quincy to induce him to leave his quiet home in Dorchester to assume the Directorship of the new institution.

The Dana house on the corner of Quincy Street, recently the residence of Professor Palmer, was purchased and somewhat enlarged by the addition of a transit room, and a cupola with a revolving roof for a dome. The equipment of the College was installed, and the new Director with his family and all his instruments, moved in, in December, 1839. No salary could be paid, which to simple William appeared a minor consideration. There they lived for about four years, and there died the oldest son, another William Cranch, a youth still in college, remarkable for rare talent and devotion to astronomy.

This makeshift Observatory proving inadequate for higher

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research, a tract of high, waste land on the outskirts of Cambridge was bought. Mr. David Sears gave a sum sufficient for the erection of a central tower; money was raised for the other necessary buildings, including the Director's dwelling-house; and a fifteeninch refractor, the companion of that in Pulkova, Russia, at that time the largest in the world, was ordered.

Edward Bromfield Phillips, a Harvard classmate of George Bond's, left at his death, which occurred at this time, the sum of \$100,000 to the Observatory as a token of regard for his friend. In

those days this was a munificent amount, and for the time solved the problem of salaries, part of the interest being used for that purpose.

On the arrival of the Great Equatorial it was quickly set up on a granite pier, which rested on a foundation of cement sixteen feet deep. The public waited in breathless suspense while one secret after another of the starry heavens was revealed. And the heavens themselves seemed to respond. Comets, brilliant auroras, giant sunspots, showers of meteors, the discovery of the Dusky Ring of Saturn and of Hyperion, followed in quick succession. Careful study of the nebulae of Orion and of Andromeda was undertaken, and collaboration with the United States Coast Survey in determining the exact boundaries of our Northwest and of Mexico, of our Atlantic and Pacific coasts, of our great inland seas, and preparation for our transcontinental railroad. Then came the invention of the Spring Governor, a great improvement upon earlier chronographs, and the application of photography to the stars. It was an active and stimulating time at the Observatory. The Director's sons, George and Richard, both trained to work with him, were most helpful as assistants.

As the years passed on, honors came crowding upon the gentle, unobtrusive old man who never looked for personal rewards - a degree of A.M. from Harvard, flattering offers from the Government in Washington, membership in various scientific societies at home and abroad; but in January, 1859, he died of an attack of heart trouble, leaving an honorable name for high character and scientific attainment, an example to young men of what untiring

industry, singleness of purpose, and perseverance, may achieve in this land of opportunity.

### **GEORGE PHILLIPS BOND**

May 20, 1825, was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, to William Cranch and Selina Bond, their third son, George Phillips. Though inheriting marked qualities from his father, he was peculiarly his mother's child. From her came the slender grace of his figure, his waving dark hair, and deep blue eyes, and her eager enthusiasm and sense of humor, so evident in her pictures.

From early childhood he was ever docile and obedient, and the very soul of ingenuous truthfulness. Never was he guilty of an underhand or mean action, and he never quarreled with old or young. A quiet, shy, reserved boy, fearless and truthful, if not a popular leader because of his reserve, he was certainly trusted and respected by all.

It was a happy family, even though the beloved young mother was not with them. Their father always enlisted the interest and the assistance of his children. They grew up to work *with* and *for* him,

as a matter of course, and quite naturally they lived among the stars, following the example of their oldest brother, William, an astronomer almost from his cradle.

In December, 1839, when George was in his fifteenth year and the family moved from Dorchester to Cambridge, he went to the then famous Hopkins Classical School to fit for college. There he made a few intimate friends, one of whom thus wrote of him: "George Bond impressed me as a lad with the same qualities which he showed through life - assiduity, modesty, gentleness, a high sense of honor, and a nameless charm, combined of all these, with an underlying sense that in him would always be found firmness and devotion to the right. He will always remain in my mind as one of the finest combinations of character, both gentle and noble, that I have ever known or known of."

And another classmate writes: "He was characterized by a peculiar sweetness of disposition. His smile and graciousness of manner I can never forget. He was uniformly gentle, courteous,

and affable, and under a calm exterior there was evidence of strength of character and firmness of purpose."

The death of his beloved brother William, always the leader in the family circle, was a heavy blow. That young man was very brilliant, really a genius. My father was wont to say that it would have been better if all the other children had been taken, could William have been left.

In 1844 the family moved into the dwelling-house of the new Observatory, and the following year, on his graduation from college, George was appointed first Assistant Observer with a salary of \$600 per annum. From that date it is difficult to differentiate the work of the two astronomers, father and son, they worked together in such perfect unison.

The *prestige* of stellar photography belongs to the period of the elder Bond, but it was his son George who practically made it a success and brought it to the attention of astronomers all over the world. He it was who superintended the work of two skilful photographers, Whipple and Black, who most generously gave their services without charge. It was George Bond who foresaw its wonderful future, and wrote of it, suggesting to astronomers that on some mountain top, in a clearer atmosphere, with more powerful telescopes, they should follow up his early experiments.

In a letter to Maria Mitchell, William Bond thus writes: "George is, and for months has been, almost hidden from the ken of us mortals in the clouds of photography. I think he has been astonishingly successful in developing stellar photography. You must come and see for yourself."

In those days a trip to Europe was a serious affair, and the more so because often followed by typhoid fever. George Bond's first trip abroad was of great import to him. It was in 1851, the year of the great Jubilee held in London, and the first international exhibition was held in the famous Crystal Palace. The two sons of the Director went over to exhibit the new chronograph and daguerreotypes of the moon. This proved a wonderful opportunity for meeting eminent scientists from all over the world, and many personal friendships were made. George then went to

Sweden to view an eclipse of the sun, and in his journal has left a vivid and interesting description of the spectacle. He then visited Poulkova in Russia, and the most important observatories on the Continent. Returning to Cambridge, he was stricken with typhoid and for some time lay at the point of death. It was possibly the beginning of the end.

In 1853 he married Harriet, the daughter of Dr. T. W. Harris, the Librarian of Harvard. Their married life was very happy, though saddened by her ill health. She died in December, 1858, a few weeks before William Cranch Bond, who in January, 1859, succumbed to a violent heart attack. On his father's death George Bond was unanimously elected Director of the Observatory. It was only then that the insufficiency of the funds of the institution became evident. The elder Bond was able to meet any deficiency from his own purse, but his son had no private resources to draw upon. Also it must be remembered that his directorship covered very nearly the period of the Civil War, when money everywhere was scarce. It was a time of intense anxiety and most rigid economy for the young Director and his household. Personal expenses were cut to the minimum. My father in those stirring war days felt he could not afford a daily newspaper, and even his morning cup of coffee was given up as too costly a luxury. All comforts, and I fear most necessities, as we now view them, were quietly relinquished while he strove with all his might to keep the work of the Observatory up to its proper level. Only the devoted loyalty of a few old friends kept the work alive, such friends as J. Ingersoll Bowditch, Robert Treat Paine, Hon. Josiah Quincy, and a few others.

George Bond died February 17, 1865, a few weeks before the end of the Civil War.

Much of his work was, of course, mathematical. Among other topics of this class may be mentioned his papers on

1. Method of Mechanical Quadratures
2. Use of Equivalent Factors in the Method of Least Squares

### 3. Cometary Calculations

### 4. Observations of Zones of Small Stars, etc.

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His first independent work not purely mathematical was on Donati's Comet, that magnificent visitor from cosmic space which unexpectedly came sweeping toward our solar system, appearing first in August, 1858, and visible to the naked eye until December, telescopically visible until the following March. "Its motions were such as to present it a splendid object, and it was so bright that the processes going on in its head, and the surrounding envelopes could be readily followed." To quote his biographer, Dr. Holden: "The opportunity was unique. The comet was studied the world over, but no memoir approaches Bond's in completeness." It was a magnificent work and was generally so regarded, winning for him recognition from the most eminent Europeans, and the Gold Medals of the Royal Astronomical Society, the first time that medal had been awarded to an American astronomer.

After the completion of this work George Bond turned to the nebula of Orion. In early days at the Observatory his father had studied this nebula and his conclusions had been sharply criticized by Otto Struve of Poulkova, and this criticism had been widely published in American newspapers. To the younger Bond it seemed a reflection not merely on the accuracy of his father, but also on the reputation of the Observatory of Harvard College. He determined to review the whole subject thoroughly, but did not live to complete the work. His drawing is exquisitely beautiful, but he died before the text was finished, though he worked on it until a few hours before his death, dictating to an amanuensis when too weak to hold a pen.

My father came of an artist race, the Cranches of Devonshire. For several hundred years there has been at least one artist of note in every generation of the family. As has been said, "There was never a Cranch who could not draw and paint." His passionate love of beauty was his birthright. His intense feeling for all beautiful things was an absorbing delight, as poetical as it was artistic.

His friends have so much to say of his gentleness that a mistaken idea of his character might easily be formed. Gentle he was, but he was not lacking in manly tastes and attributes. Physically

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and morally he was fearless, and delighted in active sports and out-of-door life. Until his health failed he went every year to the woods of Maine or the shores of Cape Cod to hunt and shoot. He delighted

in mountain climbing and in horseback riding, and had he lived in these present days he would have been deeply interested in aviation.

It is impossible to speak of George Bond and pass over in silence the impelling motive of his life - the deeply religious bent of his mind, coloring every word and act and thought. He lived consciously in the very presence of the Eternal. His thoughts were keyed habitually to that high pitch. This intimate consciousness of the spiritual life may have been partly due to the precarious state of his health, bringing before him constantly. "the shortness and uncertainty of human life." Almost from the beginning of his directorship he was slowly dying of tuberculosis, then a scourge in Cambridge, and he lived and worked at a feverish pace. He had much to accomplish and the time was short.

In closing I quote a few passages from the report of the Committee of the Overseers drawn up shortly after his death:

"The Committee willingly bears witness to the ability and fidelity with which he constantly performed all the duties of his office, enlarging, strengthening, and perfecting the admirable work of his father, giving to the Observatory a high rank among kindred institutions in this country and in Europe, and contributing in no trifling degree to the elevation and honor of Harvard University.

"Although it is strictly the province of the Committee to speak of Professor Bond in reference to his official character only, we feel bound to allude to his private life and to those qualities of the heart that specially endeared him to all who had the happiness of knowing him. With the name of George Phillips Bond will always be associated *goodness* as well as *greatness*, and we freely say that he was an ornament to the moral and a shining light to the scientific world.

"Within the brief period of six years have terminated the useful lives of two devoted Directors, the senior and the junior Bond, martyrs both, father and son, to Science and to a scrupulous sense of duty."

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## THE FAYERWEATHER HOUSE

By MRS. JAMES LOWELL MOORE

**Read January 24, 1939**

IT SEEMS rather presumptuous for me, a somewhat unhistorically-minded person, to address a learned society on an historical matter; and I would ask you to remember that I am going to speak,

not of any remote impersonal subject, but of Grandmother's house, the earthly paradise of my childhood, impossible to treat without the personal touch.

In the days of my childhood it stood surrounded by five acres of land. The picture on the wall<sup>1</sup> is exactly as I remember it in those early days except that the ell which was the schoolroom had been taken away. This change must have been made in the early sixties because I can still remember a long room with tables down the centre covered with preserves and jellies. But this recollection is extremely shadowy and my clear remembrance is of my beautiful Grandmother, sitting in the library window netting the lovely tidies she was famed for making. From this window one could look down into the garden which, to my dazzled recollection, contained every kind of fruit, apples and pears, cherries and peaches, raspberries, strawberries, blackberries, and many beautiful flowers. In front of the house was a horse chestnut tree with hanging branches by which I could climb into the tree and look over the roof of the house. The tree must have been more than fifty years old then and this was more than seventy years ago. It gave me a pang to see it after the storm<sup>2</sup> with a large top branch snapped short off and hanging in the tree.

Mrs. deGozzaldi gives the best account of the house, in her *Historic Guide to Cambridge*. She makes a mistake in this account, however, in that she gives the name of the builder of the house

<sup>1</sup> Referring to an oil-painting exhibited at the meeting.

<sup>2</sup> The hurricane of September 21, 1938.

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as Amos Marrett. In a later work, a pamphlet written for your Society, she says, "I am glad that the opportunity has come to me to speak of this house that I may correct a mistake unfortunately printed in the *Historic Guide to Cambridge*, which I edited for the Daughters of the American Revolution. It is there stated that Amos Marrett built this house. Land-poor Marrett could never have erected so fine a mansion. He owned the land, which he sold in 1764 to Cap't George Ruggles of Boston, the builder of this house."

She does not mention her authority for the date of 1764. Mr. James Russell Lowell told me that his grandfather told him that both the Fayerweather House and Elmwood were built during his freshman year at Harvard, which would be 1760-61. Mrs. deGozzaldi gives the date of Elmwood as 1760. Drake in his *Historic Fields and Mansions of Middlesex* says it has been often stated that the house was built in 1760. This is the date that I have believed was the right one.

Mr. Daniel Merriman, who bought the place from us in 1907, made extensive alterations, among other changes making the fireplaces smaller. In two of the rooms iron fire-backs were

discovered behind the bricks, representing the siege of Quebec and showing the British arms. The date of Wolfe's siege was 1759, which would make it probable that 1760 was the right date.

Captain Ruggles married Susanna Vassall, sister of the first John Vassall, sister-in-law of Mrs. Lechmere and Mrs. Lee, and aunt of Mrs. Oliver of Elmwood.

We have a charming picture of the society of these houses of Tory Row with their beautiful estates, fronting on Brattle Street and extending back into the country. The relationships of the inhabitants of the houses, at least of six of them connected with the Vassalls, are bewildering, as they had intermarried largely and constituted a sort of semi-detached society among themselves.

The Baroness Riedesel, who was detained in the Lechmere House, on the corner of Brattle and Sparks Streets, with her husband, a captive from Burgoyne's army, was enchanted with their society and gives the following account of them in her memoirs:

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"Never had I chanced on such an agreeable situation. Seven families who were connected with each other, partly by the ties of relationship and partly by affection, had here farms, gardens and magnificent houses and not far off plantations of fruit. The owners of these are in the habit of daily meeting each other in the afternoons now at the house of one and now at another and making themselves merry with music and the dance, living in prosperity, united and happy, until alas! this ruinous war severed them and left all their houses desolate, except two."

Captain Ruggles sold the house October 31st, 1774 to Thomas Fayerweather, who was a patriot and gave up part of his house for a hospital. I was always told that it was a hospital for the officers; and my uncle, Kirk Wells, told me that when he was a boy and climbed to the top of the house he saw the names of British officers scrawled on the lead at the bottom of the chimneys. The only thing I have found concerning it is in Paige's *History of Cambridge*, thus: "Ordered ... a sergeant and nine men to mount guard to-morrow morning at Mr. Fairweather's house, converted into a hospital." Thomas Fayerweather died in the house in 1805, and from that time I find no reference to it till it was purchased in 1827 by William Wells.

Before beginning on his biography, I will speak of the interesting construction of the house and the changes which to my knowledge have been made therein.

The cellar looks as if it had been built for a fort, having originally two great brick arches, only one of which remains, the other having been taken away to make room for a furnace. The beams are of heart of oak. When we had some changes made in the house, the wood turned the tools of the

workmen so that they had great difficulty in cutting the beams and it took them much longer to do the work than in a modern house. The walls are thick enough to hold comfortable window seats.

One of the things that especially interested me was the old tiles in many of the fireplaces, especially the red tiles in my grand mother's room, which are quite rare, one expert telling me that he knew of only one other set. One day when Mr. Lowell was

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visiting my mother after his return from England, he remarked that his tenant had broken two or three of the tiles in his bedroom. We had some odd ones in the attic and I had the pleasure of taking them to Elmwood and going again, at Mr. Lowell's suggestion, to view them in their places.

Evidently after the ruinous war the place was allowed to run down. I read the following note in a blank book of my aunt Elizabeth entitled "Records of my Father." "In 1827 my father purchased the Fayerweather Place for the sum of \$8000, house and 60 acres of land, a miserable-looking place, so that Mr. P. C. Brooks who advanced money on it advised my father not to let Mother see it till it was put in repair - my father had everything done in a liberal and handsome manner."

Then, of course, it was like other houses of its time, without plumbing. This, I feel sure, was put in by my uncle, Kirk Boott Wells, of Philadelphia, the youngest son of William Wells. I have been told that during the Civil War Mr. Wells found in his warehouse a large quantity of cotton, which was then at an almost prohibitive price. He sold it for a large sum and put the proceeds into repairing the old house to make it more comfortable for his mother. A bathroom was installed in the ell, the schoolroom taken away, and a long window substituted in the library opening out on an unroofed piazza. It is in this window that I have the picture of my grandmother netting her tidies.

The next changes in the house were made soon after the fall of 1884 when my mother, my brother, William Wells Newell, founder of the American Folk-Lore Society, and myself came to live in the house, which had been rented for a number of years after the deaths of my grandmother and aunts.

The kitchen, a very large room, was at the end of a long entry and beyond it was a wash room (we did not speak of laundries in those days), opening out into a shed at right angles with the house, leading to a small auxiliary cottage. These outbuildings were taken away and the kitchen brought nearer to the dining-room. This necessitated destroying the brick oven in which my sister's wedding cake had been baked. It interested me very much

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that the Merrimans, to whom we sold the house in 1907, had, either by accident or design, almost duplicated the original set-up by adding a shed and a garage. Our sale was for the house and a half-acre of land, to which they have since added a piece of land on the east side of the house which we had sold to Mr. Gannett. The present mansion is a stately building which will outlast any house built to-day, I believe.

To return to William Wells, who came to Cambridge in 1827. He was the eldest son of William Wells, a dissenting minister in Bromsgrove, Worcestershire, England. He was born in 1773 and had his early training in England, having been a pupil of Dr. Priestley, Mr. Belsham, and other distinguished men until he came to America with his father, landing in Boston in June, 1793.

William Wells, the elder, settled in Brattleboro, where he preached as a Unitarian for twenty years, universally admired and respected. A fountain in the centre of Brattleboro commemorates him. Two miniatures, by the well-known English miniature painter, Hargreaves, were painted when he was on a visit to his native land. One is in my possession, the other is owned by another descendant. He married Jane Hancox, the great-grandmother for whom I was named. Her father was James Hancox, also a dissenting minister at Dudley, five miles from Bromsgrove and a suburb of Birmingham.

There is an amusing story about Mr. Hancox in my aunt's diary which I think is historically worth recording because it illustrates so vividly the conditions during the Birmingham riots which caused the expatriation of several distinguished men, Dr. Priestley among them.

"James Hancox was riding out one day during the riots when he met 300 of the mob. Riding up to them he asked them where they were going. 'We are going to Birmingham.' 'What are you going to do there?' 'To burn Mr. Hancox house.' 'Do you know Mr. Hancox?' 'No, we don't know him.' 'Well I know him and he is a good sort of man, enough, only he is a presbyterian, a little cracked in his upper story but good enough. I wouldn't meddle with him. I'll go to Birmingham with you.' And away he rode at

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the head of the men. He took the leaders to the two principal inns, the Crown and the Cross, and told the innkeepers to shut the gates and let no one in or out and to give them plenty to drink. So they all got tipsy, and early in the morning he put one or two together on any stage that happened to be going away and when the people came in the morning they found them all gone."

My grandfather was twenty years old when the family came to America. In 1795 he entered Harvard College and graduated with high honors in 1796. After leaving college he engaged in teaching, and in 1798 was appointed a Latin tutor. About 1805 he entered the publishing business

with Mr. Robert Lilly and, under the name of Wells and Lilly, published the first American classics. They had a book shop on Court Street which was the resort of all the literary people in Boston. They also published the first American edition of Walter Scott. In 1808 he married Frances Boott, eldest daughter of Kirk Boott, a well known merchant of Boston, whose private house became the Revere House after his death, and was destroyed by fire some years since.

I am fortunate in possessing six manuscript volumes of extracts from the letters of Kirk Boott to his sister, full of charming details of his life and incidentally of the life of Boston in the 1780's and 90's. He was a great admirer of Washington. One mention of him is so interesting that I will take the liberty of quoting it here. Speaking of some newspapers that he had sent to his sister he says, "But these papers will give you a faint idea of the opposition made to our supreme powers with the great and good Washington at the head. The abuse daily offered to this inestimable man, twice the savior of his country, in the field and cabinet, exceeds what anyone in England could possibly suppose. But he is a Colossus, he cannot be moved from the rock on which he stands - the base of which is integrity, prudence, public good, and all the train of the mild and amiable virtues aiding his support. But so supported he has but barely escaped the vortex of French politics and the country anarchy. The weight of his character alone I truly believe has saved the country from plunging into

those wild mad transactions from which France bleeds at every pore."

In 1827 the store and all the stock were burned in a disastrous fire. By the carelessness of a clerk the insurance was invalidated and he lost everything and gave up the business. His daughter, from whose account I have taken these facts, quotes him as saying he would not have taken \$100,000 for his share of it, but this calamity left him destitute with a family of seven children.

After the fire Mr. Wells purchased the Fayerweather estate with the assistance of friends and set up a boys' school there. According to my aunt's account, he paid for the house and sixty acres of land \$8000. My mother has told me \$7700. I do not know which is the correct figure.

Soon after my grandfather purchased the place, he sold all the land except five acres, which remained intact down to the time of my childhood and constituted the Paradise which I have mentioned.

There has been a great deal of caustic criticism of the school in various biographies, but it seems to me unjustified, at least as it relates to my grandfather. Mr. Wells was an Englishman with English ideals and practices, and corporal punishment was the tradition of English schools. He was a perfect Latin scholar and no doubt the teaching of his cherished classics to a set of unlicked barbarians, as American boys no doubt were and are to this day, was a trial to him. It is noteworthy

that the men who became real scholars, as James Russell Lowell and Col. Higginson, were much lighter in their condemnation than others. Col. Higginson has quite a long account of the school in his book, *Cheerful Yesterdays*.

Mr. Lowell always had the greatest affection for the house and my grandmother, as evinced by a little note written with the presentation of the *Vision of Sir Launfal*, as follows:

Elmwood, 29th Nov. 1866

My dear Mrs. Wells,

Will you please me by accepting this little book in memory of your constant kindness to a naughty little cub of a

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schoolboy more than thirty years ago. I hope you will forget his ill deserts as faithfully as he remembers how much he owes you.

Faithfully yours,

J. R. Lowell

My grandfather seen through the eyes of his schoolboys and of his daughter in my aunt's book is a strange contrast. Here is a picture of his latter years in his daughter's loving words.

He sat in his great chair in the parlor, occupied and interested in the noblest works of literature entirely undisturbed by anything that was going on and yet ever ready to be interrupted by a question addressed to him, whether the reply demanded only a few words or whether it involved discussion was the same to him, and never any discomposure was visible in word or look. His book was frequently laid on the table by his side, open and ready to be resumed when he gave himself to what was interesting those about him and his gentle remarks and sweet, affectionate smile gladdened the scene and sent a glow of love through all hearts.

He enjoyed his grandchildren very much and Jeanie's loveliness when she sat on the arm of his chair to kiss Grandpapa always brought a sweet loving smile to brighten that token of affection. Her having his mother's name was a delight to him.

This sitting on the arm of his chair, the same chair that now holds my husband and his grandchildren, must be my earliest recollection, for my grandfather died when I was two years, nine months old.

It may be proper for me in closing to speak of my father, the Rev. Wm. Newell, who married the fourth daughter of William Wells and Frances Boott, and had a long and peaceful ministry of the First Parish Church from 1830 to 1868. It seems strange to think that next May it will be 109 years since his settlement in Cambridge and of the changes since that time. He was a very welcome son in the old house and I have numerous little notes and poems addressed to the grandmother and aunts. Here is one entitled

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**AN EROTIC ODE AFTER THE GREEK OF ANACREON**

The right glove

Holds my love

And the left glove

My wife's love

And both the gloves

Both our loves

Lovely gloves.

This was to the aunt who used to do mending for the family.

And I have a little note to Grandmother, dated 1841, which makes me think of the way history repeats itself.

My dear Madam,

After all the talk that the Whigs have made about the restoration of general prosperity under Harrison and his new cabinet, eggs are only 16 cents a dozen!!!!!! I am afraid the Farmer of the North Bend is no great things after all. How are the Hens to get a living at this rate? The 4th of March is past and eggs only a shilling a dozen!!!!!! I thought all classes were to feel the benefit of new order of things. But the Hens I suppose are neglected because they can't vote. If this is suffered I hope there will be no more crowing for the Whigs.

Fanny will hand you this and a silver egg.

(signed) W. N.

Sometimes we must all sigh for simpler living and a more peaceful day and perhaps it does us all good to spend a quiet hour with the past.

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## 55 GARDEN STREET

### REMARKS BY MISS LOIS LILLEY HOWE

**April 25, 1939**

THIS HOUSE was built by Mrs. Enebuske's grandfather, Uriah Tracy Howe. He was the second child and first son of Samuel Howe, afterwards Judge Samuel Howe of the Court of Common Pleas, and Susan Tracy, the daughter of Uriah Tracy of Litchfield, the first Senator from Connecticut to Washington. Susan Tracy Howe died in giving birth to her son, and later Samuel Howe married Sarah Lydia Robbins of Milton. Their first child, named for his father's father, was Estes Howe, my father. My father and his brother both married very young and I came at the end of a long line of cousins, sisters, and brothers. I really belong by age to another generation, as my sister and some of my cousins had children who are my contemporaries.

The first thing that I remember about this house is being brought here to see three little girls, children of my cousin William Greene Howe. They, with their parents, were refugees from the Chicago Fire of October, 1871. This was of course exciting but disappointing, as not only were their dresses intact but I could discover no holes burned in their shoes and stockings.

My next memory is of Mrs. Enebuske's mother's wedding, in this room. She was my cousin, Elizabeth Howe, and married Dr. Norton Folsom. Her sister Katherine was married to Henry Nathan Wheeler here; and here were Mrs. Enebuske's own wedding and the wedding reception of her cousin

Mabel Howe, one of the Chicago refugees, who had been married to Dr. Philip D. Kerrison in St. John's church.

My cousin Katie Howe, afterward Mrs. Wheeler, was an extremely active and interesting woman. She had a successful school for girls in this house for some years, giving it up at the time of her marriage. She was one of the ringleaders of a group of young

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people who were much addicted to private theatricals. Their enthusiasm did not lead to public performances, until some years later when the Cambridge Dramatic Club opened the Arsenal Theatre. They gave their plays in private houses which had parlors opening into each other by folding doors, making uncomfortably small stage openings. So this room was built for theatricals as you see it. I was too young and unimportant to see any of the plays, but I do remember a wonderful Christmas party when the family gave scenes from Dickens, and my Uncle Tracy bore off the palm as Mr. Pickwick and also as Tony Weller. This was the first of many Christmas parties. Now Mrs. Enebuske's grandchildren celebrate the holidays here, making the fifth generation continuing to use this house. Having justified my presence here and told you about Mrs. Enebuske's Howe relations, I will let her give you some account of her Folsom forebears.

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## CHARLES FOLSOM AND THE McKEANS

By SARAH McKEAN FOLSOM ENEBUSKE

**Read April 25, 1939**

THE FOLSOMS in this part of the world are descended from John Folsom and Mary Gilman, who left Hingham, England, in 1615, and accompanied by some hundred neighbors and friends, sailed on the ship "Diligence of Ipswich" to join a colony in Hingham, Massachusetts. After fifteen years of life in Hingham, John Folsom moved with his family to Exeter, New Hampshire. He and his sons built homesteads in different parts of Exeter, and settled down to live there.

It was in 1789 that General Washington started out in a stagecoach to visit New Hampshire, and drove from Portsmouth through the forests to Exeter, and was royally entertained at the Folsom house on the corner of Water and Spring Streets.

My grandfather, Charles Folsom, the son of James Folsom and Sarah Gilman, was born in Exeter the 24th December, 1794. He prepared for Harvard at the Phillips Exeter Academy, and among the friends he made here Jared Sparks, Samuel Dana, and John Gorham Palfrey remained his friends for the rest of his life.

In 1813 Charles Folsom graduated from Harvard College with a part at Commencement, and was considered one of the best scholars of his class. During the long vacations he had taught school at Sudbury, Massachusetts, where his pupils were his own age and older, and were generally known as a rough lot. A friend, Mr. Hildreth, said, "If young Folsom can please Sudbury folk, he can do anything he likes." After graduation he took charge of the Academy at Hallowell, Maine, but the following year he returned to Harvard to enter the Divinity School. During these years of study he was acting as Proctor and Regent, as well as giving private lessons.

In 1816 President Kirkland was asked to recommend a young

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man to serve as chaplain and instructor in mathematics on the flag ship "Washington," which was being sent to the Mediterranean. Mr. Folsom was chosen, and he proved very successful in teaching the young officers, and was liked and respected by them. His literary habits and conversation gave a variety to the monotony of sea life.

The Mediterranean trip he described in a letter to his brother:

Bay of Naples - July 16th, 1816

My dear brother:

Naples in all its beauty and splendor rises before and extends around me. We left Cape Henry, June 9th, and after a very pleasant passage of twenty-five days arrived at Gibraltar on the eve of July 1st, where we remained a week in viewing and examining the wonders of nature and art which that place affords. We left on the eve of July 8th, and proceeded up the Mediterranean most of the time in sight of land, beholding now the snow-crowned summits of the Sierra Nevada Mountains of Spain and now the distant Coast of Barbary on the opposite side. On the 12th we sailed close along the Southern shore of the Island of Sardinia.

On the next night we came to anchor in our present situation, thirty-four days after we left America, during which time we experienced not one cloudy day, and but one shower of rain. We lie

at present about a mile from the City of Naples, and command what is usually called the finest view in the world.

To the West, Ischia, a large Island, once a volcano under which the giant Typhocus was said to be placed. Then the Promontory of Misenus which takes its name from the Trumpeter of Aeneas who was buried there, and the Promontory of Pausilypus formed by the termination of the mountain of that name on which is a famous grotto, and on which is Virgil's tomb. Then the Promontory of Minerva where once stood a temple of this goddess, but now a castle; next the Island of Capri, rendered infamous by residence of Tiberius; then the little islands called Syracusae, which Virgil describes as "Scopulos Sirenum difficiles quondam multorumque ossibus albos."

The town of Portici lies along the shore at the foot of Vesuvius. Beneath this town is Herculaneum, and on the other side of the Mountain is Pompeii, two towns which you

will know were buried by an eruption of ashes and lava from Vesuvius in A.D. 79. The best account of this eruption you will find in an Epistle of Pliny whose father Pliny the elder perished in it.

The whole coast from the Promontory of Misenus to that of Minerva is lined by continuous and immense views of white edifices which are built of stone or brick and are covered with a sort of plaster which in this climate becomes as hard as stone itself. All the hills around are covered by vineyards and orange groves, and amongst them innumerable villas beautifully contrasting their whiteness with the verdure by which they are half concealed.

Vesuvius rises like a truncated cone. At its base and indeed far up its side are spread towns and villages; its top is dark and naked while the intermediate space is covered with verdure. But the mountain from its summit to its foot is traced with deep irregular furrows and dark broad streaks which were the channels of lava during eruptions. From the Southern side of its summit ascends constantly one column of thick white smoke; but sometimes it rises from a hundred at a time, and according to the state of the atmosphere either mounts far above the summit, and is suspended in the form of a cloud, or rolls down and curtains the side of the mountain. No flame is visible by day, but at night a small red unvarying blaze resembling the light of a common light-house, but not quite so brilliant on account of the smoke which envelops it. Words cannot adequately describe the spectacle it presents during eruption, when bellowing and quaking it hurls

red hot stones into the air, covers the surrounding country with ashes, and pours down its sides torrents of liquid fire, overwhelming and consuming towns and villages in its way to the sea.

Mr. Folsom was on the flag ship two years, and then acted as charge d'affairs at Tunis for three years more. Among his pupils was the young David Glasgow Farragut, then in his teens, who had been enrolled in the navy almost in his childhood and had already served with credit in the capture of the "Essex." Mr. Folsom grew very fond of Farragut and wrote later,

I became deeply interested in him and when I was about to leave the ship to take charge of a consular post at Tunis, I

found it had been arranged that Farragut should receive a furlough, and accompany me. I was to act as his guide, philosopher and friend; officially accountable for him as his superior officer. I do not remember that I ever issued an order, or had an occasion to make a suggestion that amounted to a reproof. All needed control was that of an elder brother over an affectionate younger brother.

He was now introduced to new scenes and had social advantages which compensated for his former too exclusive sea life. He found a home on shore, and every type of European civilization and manners in the families of the Consuls of different nations. In all of them my young countryman was the delight of old and young. Here he settled his definition of true glory; - glory the idol of his profession - if not in the exact words of Cicero, at least in his own clear thought. Our familiar walks and rides were so many lessons in ancient history; and the lover of historical parallels will be gratified to know that we may have stood on the very spot where the boy Hannibal took the oath that consecrated him to the defence of his country.

Mr. Folsom's affection for the young man was reciprocated and Farragut never lost an opportunity to speak of his obligations to this "young Yankee pastor." The Hon. R. C. Winthrop said. "Farragut never met me without the most eager and affectionate inquiries as to his cherished friend Mr. Folsom, and never hesitated to say that he owed him the deepest debt of gratitude for his early and devoted care and instruction. 'He made me almost all I am' was the substance of his emphatic acknowledgment, and when we remember what Farragut was, and what he did and dared for his country, we can appreciate the full value of such a tribute."

While in the Mediterranean Mr. Folsom made journeys into the interior, visiting libraries, meeting interesting scholars, and taking part in antiquarian researches at Carthage. He brought home tear-jars, coins, and other relics.

After Tunis he served as secretary to Commodore Bainbridge on a diplomatic mission to Turkey. Dr. Andrew Preston Peabody alludes to this in his *Harvard Reminiscences*, "Mr. Folsom, in all these offices displayed the ability and diligence which would have

insured his continuance and promotion in the public service, but for his preference for literary labor."

He sailed to Boston as chaplain on the U. S. Ship "Columbus," and found on it a letter from Farragut, who had been returned to duty in Norfolk, Virginia.

My dear Sir,

I have just been looking over all our former correspondence which brings to mind the many happy hours spent in a place where our sole dependence for comfort and amusement was on each other; and also the fraternal or paternal affection you have always shown for me; it has convinced me of my want of character (not of affection) in remaining so long silent to a man which a multiplicity of circumstances has convinced me of his being my second best friend on earth.

However from the knowledge I have of your character, I feel confident you will think as I do at present "That it is never too late to do good." I shall, therefore, congratulate you on your safe arrival in the U. S., to the welcome embrace of your relations and friends in Cambridge, where I have no doubt you will prove a comfort to the former and a worthy instructor to the latter; should [you] think proper to resume your former situation.

At present my prospects are very gloomy, it is my misfortune to be once more in a plaguey country. The yellow fever broke out here the other day, but the reports vary so much that it is impossible to say how many have died, but I do not believe that more than 20 persons have died since its appearance.

I am more of a philosopher than when I left you. Neither the troubles of this or the other world affect me much; to be sure I am not as good as I wish to appear before my maker. But still I

believe my acquaintances will allow my character to stand for above mediocrity. I flatter myself that I still retain those good principles I embibed under your tuition.

I live on board the Frigate Guerière about a mile from town, which owing to my studies I do not visit oftener than once a month. But must not think by my style of writing that I have become a misanthrope; no, still retain my former vivacity, but have learned myself too well to let everyone know my feelings at all times. I have a little more stability of character, find my most pleasant moments spent with my

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messmates, and have a little turn for reading, although my time is most precious to me as my whole time should be devoted to my professional studies.

For the future my correspondence shall be more regular, and should you think proper to recommend any particular work to my attention, nothing will give me more pleasure than a ready complaisance. Remember me to all my old friends on board.

I remain your affectionate young friend,

D. G. Farragut.

Mr. Folsom returned to Harvard as Instructor in Italian and Latin and for three years served as Librarian of Harvard University.

In 1824 he married Susanne Sarah McKean, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Joseph McKean. As the McKeans were well known at that time in Cambridge, I will give some particulars of her family. Her grandfather, William McKean, came to Boston from Glasgow, Scotland, in 1763. He is said to have been imprisoned as a Tory. He removed to Ipswich, Massachusetts, on account of the Revolutionary War, which occasioned a general interruption of business. In Ipswich he married Sarah Manning, the daughter of Dr. Joseph Manning. It appears from the records of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Free Masons, organized by Gen. Joseph Warren, that William McKean and Thomas Dodge were permitted to hold a lodge at Ipswich, and on September 3, 1770, Mr. McKean presided as Master of Unity Lodge of Ipswich. Also at one time he was High Priest of St. Andrews Royal Arch Chapter. His dinner set, bearing his name in the center of each piece, has around the outside the letters I-M-T-I-M, which are thought to have some Masonic significance.<sup>1</sup>

He returned to Boston in 1783, and as a merchant of tobacco and by other mercantile business he acquired considerable property. He had a house with a garden on Fish Street (now North Street) with a tobacco warehouse and wharf on the opposite side of the street. Here he lived until his death in 1820. He was a

<sup>1</sup>: After the meeting Dean Pound interpreted the letters as meaning "Imperial Master; Thrice Imperial Master."

member of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics Association.

His son Joseph, born in Ipswich in 1776, was remarkable for his activity and vivacity. He prepared for college at Andover Academy, and entered Harvard at fourteen. As an undergraduate he is said to have jumped from a window in Hollis Hall to one in Stoughton to escape a proctor, and this was known for years as McKean's Leap. He founded the Porcellian Club, and was the first President, and in his honor the club later erected the McKean Gate in the fence around Harvard Yard. In 1794 he graduated with high rank in mathematics and the Classics, and studied for the ministry under the Rev. Dr. Joseph Dana and the Rev. John Eliot with whom he had an uninterrupted friendship. After his ordination in 1794, he was called to the Congregational Church in Milton. Mr. James Murray Robbins<sup>2</sup> said he had a fine command of language and natural eloquence, and was much esteemed as a preacher.

In the Milton church the Rev. Dr. Joseph McKean was preceded by the Rev. Nathaniel Robbins, whose granddaughter Sarah Lydia Robbins married my other great-grandfather Judge Samuel Howe in 1813. I received the legacy of a set of china from my great-aunt Sara Howe because it had been used to entertain Dr. McKean at supper, and I was the only descendant then of both Judge Howe and Dr. McKean.

A growing reputation abroad and an increasing attachment in his parish marked the early years of Dr. McKean's ministry and great hopes were entertained that a long and useful career was in reserve for him. In 1800 he married Amy Swasey, daughter of Major Joseph Swasey of Ipswich, renowned for his bravery at Bunker Hill. The town of Milton erected a house for Dr. McKean upon the church lands. Suddenly he was struck by a serious illness, and in 1804 he felt obliged to resign from the church. At this time his parishioners presented him with a Paul Revere pitcher.

After several years of rest and travel in the South, he accepted a seat in the legislature of the Commonwealth, and was invited to

<sup>2</sup> Mr. James Murray Robbins, in an address to the inhabitants of the Town of Milton at its 200 Anniversary, June 11, 1862.

the Hollis Professorship of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy at Harvard, but this he felt obliged to refuse. Two years later he was elected to succeed the Hon. John Quincy Adams as Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory at Harvard, and this position he held until his death in 1818. During these years he frequently preached at the First Church in Boston and at other places. In 1814 he received the degree of LL.D., at the College of New Jersey, and in 1817 the degree of S.T.D., at Alleghany.

He and his family occupied the house on Garden Street, Cambridge, now known as the Fay House, Radcliffe College, and there they entertained many distinguished guests. Across the Common stood the house of the Rev. Abiel Holmes. The young Holmes boys, Oliver Wendell and John, probably came across to play with the McKean children, three boys and three girls. Dr. Holmes, when telling his reminiscences of Fay House, said to me that he well remembered going there to see the "beautiful Miss McKeans."

The McKean boys all graduated from Harvard, and the second son, Henry Swasey McKean, became a teacher at Harvard, and then as a civil engineer he was engaged in bringing the Cochituate water to Boston, and in building a bridge across the Charles River and an embankment over which the aqueduct was carried. He had many friends in Cambridge. One of them, George Stillman Hillard, said of him:

His personal appearance was striking; he was a tall man thin and angular in figure; his hair black and straight; his complexion dark, his face narrow in proportion to its length. As he moved about the streets with the air of one whose thoughts are not with his eyes, he often reminded us of the portraits and statues of Dante. He was a man of excellent capacity and had many intellectual pleasures and took ever fresh delight in literature, books and reading. He was a man of strong affection, and as is not infrequently the case with men of melancholy temperament, he had a vein of peculiar humor, and a keen sense of the ludicrous, and a hearty appreciation of everything that was laughter moving.

Henry McKean died in 1857. In his short life of 47 years he gained the reputation of being a witty conversationalist in Cam-

bridge circles. One of his friends was Charles Folsom, who married his sister Sarah. It was after her marriage that Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes presented her with a copy of his poem "The Last Leaf," with a note of thanks for a suggestion she had made about a rhyme.

(I can remember Mr. John Holmes coming to call on my grandmother on New Year's Day, with a bottle of wine under each arm for her, and a gold dollar for each grand-daughter, for which he was too shy to receive thanks.)

Mr. Folsom at the time of his marriage and for some years after was in charge of the University Press, and his duty was proof reading. Many authors were grateful for the accurate aid he rendered, and William H. Prescott, in the preface to his *Conquest of Peru*, says: "I must not omit to mention my obligation to my friend Charles Folsom, Esq., whose minute acquaintance with the grammatical structure and true idiom of our English language has enabled me to correct many inaccuracies into which I had fallen in the composition of both this and my former works."

Dr. John Gorham Palfrey, in the preface to his *History of New England*, says: "It only remains for me to avow my obligations to my almost life long friend, Mr. Charles Folsom, for the very important favor of a careful revisal of the sheets of this volume as they have passed through the press. At every step his critical sagacity and practiced judgement have stood me in good stead."

About his work at the University Press Dr. Palfrey further said:

In respect to the literary character of whatever was to bear the imprint of this house, Mr. Folsom was too punctilious for his own pecuniary advantage. While he was only engaged and paid for typographical correction, he would be using his valuable time without stint in making up the author's deficiencies and correcting his mistakes. He would receive, for instance, the clumsily prepared copy of an edition of a minor classic to be put into type. He would see at once that the text was ignorantly chosen, and he would substitute the results of the latest criticism; that the notes were all wrong, and he would make them over; and in the upshot a book would appear, attracting a reputation for scholarship to a name on the

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title page, to which in only an imperfect sense it belonged. Mr. Folsom delighted in this sort of miscellaneous study, so profitable to his employers, so little lucrative to himself.

Apropos of this Professor Peabody said: "Mr. Folsom's only error was an excess of thoroughness. He would consult scores of authorities on the use of a particle; and there was a current

myth, not without verisimilitude, that he at one time kept the press idle for several days, because he could not satisfy himself whether a comma should be retained, or a semi-colon substituted."

For some years Mr. Folsom printed the *North American Review*. His recorded comments were acute and brilliant. He was joint editor with Mr. William Cullen Bryant of the *United States Literary Gazette*, and 1833-4 was associated with Professor Andrews Norton in conducting the *Select Journal of Foreign Periodical Literature*.

In the old Burying Ground opposite Harvard College are the graves of three Presidents: Dunster, Willard, and Webber. The Latin inscriptions for their tomb-stones were written by Charles Folsom, at the request of the Corporation.

He was a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and of the Massachusetts Historical Society. The President of the latter, the Hon. R. C. Winthrop, wrote of him:

Few more accurate and learned linguists and classical scholars have lived in our day and land, and certainly there has been no one more ready and eager to devote all the ripe fruit of his careful and critical studies to the service of his friends, in utter disregard of his own fame. He edited and published several volumes of the Latin classics, the *Select Orations of Cicero* and the *Select Books of Livy*, and many others. He was a modest and retiring person, distrustful of himself almost to a fault, and seemed hardly conscious of his own rich and rare accomplishments.

In 1846 he became librarian of the Boston Athenaeum, and this congenial position he held for eleven years. Dr. Palfrey said of this:

To him a great library was a sort of natural home, the shelves of books were so many familiar friends. One promi-

nent qualification for such a place he possessed in an extraordinary degree. He knew what and where were the treasures of which he had the custody, and precisely how to bring them into use. The inquirer had only to mention the subject of his curiosity, and immediately the best books upon it were spread before his eyes. The librarian could tell promptly where lay the results of all his study old and new, on all subjects, and not only was his courtesy patient and unflinching, but his sympathetic zeal in helping the labors of a student was as earnest as if the investigation was his own.

In 1855 Mr. Folsom built a house at 19 Berkeley Street, Cambridge, and in this pleasant neighborhood his family grew up. All of us who know Miss Alice Allyn's "History of Berkeley Street" will realize what interesting people have lived there, with Allyns at one end and at the other end the Vaughans, Abbots, and Everetts with their taste for music and theatricals.

Mrs. Folsom was a woman of great balance and resource, who was called upon when anyone was sick or in trouble. She was interested in the Female Humane Society, which took the place of our visiting nurse. Her sister, Elizabeth McKean, had married Joseph E. Worcester, the lexicographer, and they lived for some time with Mrs. Craigie on Brattle Street, where the young poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow also roomed.

I want here to express my thanks to Mr. Henry W. L. Dana for the great help he has given me by lending me his own notes on the friendship between his grandfather Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and mine, with his permission to use any of it I needed. I learned from it that they met some five years before Mr. Longfellow came to live in Cambridge, when he was Professor at Bowdoin College and came with his young wife to Cambridge to confer with Mr. Folsom about some text books of modern languages which he was publishing at the University Press. Mr. and Mrs. Folsom entertained the Longfellows in their Cambridge home and introduced them to interesting people like Professor Willard and Professor Felton.

From Bowdoin Mr. Longfellow wrote Mr. Folsom many letters of questions, and Mr. Folsom took endless pains in looking up

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the answers, consulting libraries and scholars of foreign languages and literature, and sending innumerable books to him in Maine.

Mr. Folsom was then Secretary of the Phi Beta Kappa Society and was a member of the Committee to choose an orator and a poet for the following year. He knew that Longfellow had read a Phi Beta Kappa poem at Bowdoin, and used his influence to have him invited as poet for the next year at Harvard. The records show that on August 29, 1833 the Society listened to an eloquent oration by Brother Edward Everett and a highly finished poem by Brother H. W. Longfellow.

The poem was never published in full, but is referred to in some verses written by Mrs. Charles Folsom, "The Lament of the Weathercock," when the old Meeting House was taken down:

And my old friend the Phi Beta! I can scarce restrain my tears

For the music of thy last sweet song is ringing in my ears.

When Mr. Folsom started the *Select Journal of Foreign Periodical Literature*, he asked Longfellow to write an article for the first number, and introduced it with a very complimentary Prefatory Note.

When Longfellow was preparing *Evangeline* for the press in 1847, he recorded in his journal: "Proof sheets of *Evangeline* all tattooed with Folsom's marks. How severe he is! But so much the better."

Mr. Dana says, "Longfellow never failed to appreciate the severity and accuracy of Mr. Folsom's criticism, and indeed no poet ever had so cruel and so kind a critic. It was this passion for working out the details to the last comma, that made these editions approach the perfection of the Aldine Editions of Renaissance Venice and that won for Charles Folsom the title of being 'The Cambridge Aldus.'"

Mr. Dana says: "Mr. Longfellow always appreciated the learned lexicographer Worcester, and the learned librarian Folsom, who had married the two learned daughters of the learned Professor McKean."

Longfellow came to Harvard as Smith Professor of Belles

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Lettres in 1836, and Mr. Folsom got him immediately to join a little club of friends. When he moved to Craigie House, Folsom was constantly welcome there. A few years later, when Longfellow married, he occupied the east half of the house and the Worcesters the west half, and a pleasant friendship grew up between the families.

Charles Folsom, Charles Sumner, and Charles Amory were for Mr. Longfellow "The Three Charles" whose names were linked for him with the "River Charles."

. . . thy name reminds me

Of three friends, all true and tried,

And that name, like magic binds me

Closer, closer to thy side.

When Mr. Longfellow bought Craigie House, Mr. Worcester built a large house next door on Brattle Street, where Mr. Stoughton Bell now lives. In the early days there was a small pond beside the house, and the pond was fed by Craigie Brook, which flowed across Berkeley Street and was inclined to flood the cellars in the spring time. To guard against this Mr. Folsom's house was banked up on a hill.

On the opposite side of the street stood the Newell house, and next to that the open pastures extended through to Brattle Street; and here Miss Allyn said she often saw the sisters, Mrs. Folsom and Mrs. Worcester, walking in a stately manner 'cross lots' to visit each other. She also remembered Mr. Folsom stopping to speak to her as she played in the brook with other children, saying, "The French for water is *l'eau; l'eau*." They all knew he was very learned.

Dr. Andrew Preston Peabody, writing of Mr. Folsom at this time, said: "These years were a period of literary leisure and enjoyment among Cambridge friends who were enriched and instructed by his conversation, and whom he was always ready and happy to aid in their researches, and to serve by his unerring and kindly criticism."

Another dear friend of the Folsom's was Dr. Thaddeus William

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Harris, the Librarian of Harvard College, a noted entymologist. His daughter Elizabeth, now living on Sparks Street, Cambridge, says that she remembers going to walk with her father and Mr. Folsom in the Harvard Yard on a Sunday afternoon when Mr. Folsom stopped to pick some yellow moneywort flowers and weave them into a wreath for her little bonnet.

Mr. Folsom was one of the charter members of the Cambridge Book Club among such friends as John F. Ashmun, C. C. Felton, Mrs. Sarah L. Howe, Benjamin Peirce, Susan Channing, Francis J. Higginson, S. W. Story, Stephen Higginson, E. Channing, William Newell, E. L. Cushing, H. Ware, Jr., J. G. Palfrey, H. Ware, Dr. Charles Beck, James Hayward, Mrs. Parks, Andrews Norton, and Henry S. McKean.

Mr. and Mrs. Folsom made visits to Exeter, New Hampshire, and to the Isles of the Shoals, to stay with Mrs. Celia Thaxter. She and Mrs. Folsom were very fond of each other, and sent each other notes and poems when they could not meet.

In 1865 Farragut, now Rear Admiral, came to Cambridge to see his old teacher, and sent him a silver vase engraved with pictures of ships that he himself designed, with the inscription - "C. Folsom from his old friend and pupil, D. G. Farragut, Rear Admiral."

The following note accompanied the vase:

Brooklyn Navy Yard

My dear friend,

I sent you by express a token of my respect and affection, which I beg you to accept as such; it will I hope be a pleasant remembrance of our early association as it sets forth two great epochs of our connection as well as my poor brain could suggest and the skill of an artist could execute (from such rough sketches as I could make) to indicate the desire of my heart, which is to recall to your mind the beginning and end of our association; and although an artist does not think a picture should require its name to be written over it, still I fear in many instances as in this, the lack of genius in my sketches makes an explanation necessary. I have endeavored to portray our landing at Tunis, in the U. S. ship Erie, you as U. S. Consul, receiving the salute due your rank. You are accompanied in the boat by Midshipman Farragut, your

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humble servant. On the right can be seen Lidi Boussaid and the ruins of Carthage. In the sequel the old Hartford lying at anchor, bearing the flag of the Vice Admiral.

I surmounted the inscription to yourself with the crest which your research and devoted friendship exhumed from Spanish history as belonging to the name of Farragut.

Mrs. Farragut joins me most heartily in the kindest remembrances to Mrs. Folsom and your daughter.

Believe me dear sir to be now as ever

Your sincere friend

D. G. Farragut.

My grandfather died in 1872, before I was born, so I have had to depend on what other people have written about him. The *Boston Traveller* said, "Charles Folsom was a solid scholar and a sound critic; one of the most learned men of the 19th Century." His friend Dr. John Gorham Palfrey wrote:

In Exeter Academy I contracted a friendship with him which was never interrupted. He was already singularly like what his friends of later time have known him, with the same perfect sweetness of temper, the same sunny cheerfulness, the same thirst for knowledge, and especially that delight in the amenities and curiosities and (if I may so say) oddities of learning, which coming out in conversations as freely as it did, might have exposed him to be thought pedantic, had it not been evident that he had not a particle of self conceit, but on the contrary was as diffident of himself as he was remarkably knowing and accomplished for his years.

Even more than he loved his books, he loved to close them to do a favor for a friend. It was not possible for him to be envious or jealous, to hold resentment, scarcely to take offence. He had the invariable generous confidence in others which springs from the consciousness of wishing well to all. With quick sensibility he drew pleasure from all forms of beauty in nature and art, and took a happy interest in the simplest things. The public cares which sooner or later molested most of us, never disturbed his placid studies and contemplation; though he took his side on public questions with deliberation and manliness, and had a reason to give for the political faith that was in him. He did not live so long a life without the experience of trouble, but except under the present pressure of sorrow, he carried with him the buoyancy and gayety which

are commonly only spring flowers; and under that pressure he was steadily self-collected and serene, as one who has a sustaining faith and hope not to be shaken by earthly changes.

Consulting Mr. Dana's notes again I find this beautiful tribute to my grandfather. In Mr. Longfellow's Journal of October 13, 1867 this entry appears: "Had good Mr. Folsom to dine with us. He grows old; it is like a summer sunset."

A year or two later Mr. Folsom was seized with paralysis but lingered on until November 8, 1872 when he quietly passed away. Mr. Longfellow wrote in his Journal for that day: "See in the paper the death of Chs. Folsom, my old friend who has been so long suffering." Two days later comes this entry: "A soft Indian summer day; went to the funeral of my old friend Charles Folsom, in the chapel of Mount Auburn." In a letter written a day or two later he makes a similar mention of Charles Folsom's funeral and adds, "All peaceful at last."

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**INFORMATION, PLEASE!**  
**AN INQUIRY BY REV. SAMUEL A. ELIOT**

**June 13, 1939**

Following the pattern of a popular broadcasting hour, Dr. Samuel A. Eliot conducted an "Information, Please!" session. The President of the Cambridge Historical Society, Judge Walcott; the President of the Lexington Historical Society, Mr. W. Roger Greeley; Mr. Walter B. Briggs; and Miss Lois L. Howe, were named as the "jury of experts." Dr. Eliot said:

DR. HENRY VAN DYKE used to say that the coat of arms of this generation might well be "a question mark rampant over three Bishops dormant." Certainly the question mark is a major weapon in every profession. The lawyers cross-examine us. The priests catechize us. The doctors inquire about the condition of our various organs. The psychoanalysts want to know what we dreamed about last night. My mail is heavy with questionnaires, and the telephone buzzes with whats and whys. In the schoolroom the gentle craft of questioning has displaced the memorized lesson or the lecture; and do not the examination papers bristle with the little barbed hook of the question mark?

The ingenious question is a great help to the politician. You remember that when Daniel Webster was at a loss to identify a zealous supporter, he would find a clue — and a grateful and copious response — by asking, "My dear friend, how is the old complaint?"

You can use an adroit question to suggest a compliment. "Do your eyes bother you?" asks the young man of his dancing partner. "No!" says the indignant damsel, "why do you ask that?" "Because they bother me," is the apt reply.

Even our commonest forms of speech are queries. Do I not read on the subway advertising cards that our customary form of

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greeting is "How do you do?" while a German asks, "How do you find yourself?" a Frenchman, "How do you carry yourself?" and an Egyptian, "How do you perspire?"

I shall proceed, then, to ask these four distinguished and learned historical scholars about some facts of Cambridge history. I shall explore their ample stores of information as the dentist explores my teeth, and trust that I shall not find as many cavities as he does. My questions will be

elementary and suited to the primary grade; they must be at that level, for I can hardly venture to propound queries to which I do not myself know the answers — and my knowledge is very limited. If these experts are, perchance, stumped, any member of this friendly gathering may suggest a correct answer. This is an unrehearsed and entirely spontaneous programme, genuinely informal. There is nothing tricky or catchy or pedantic about these questions. We shall have no scoring and no forfeits. I'm just wondering out loud. In good New England phrase, "I want to know." I'm seeking information

By asking just a thing or two

About the good old times I knew,

Here's what I want to know.

## THE QUESTIONS

*The answers will be found on page 117*

1. What well-known Cambridge people were the subjects of these verses, and by whom were they written?

(a) The waiter roared it through the hall

We don't give bread with one fishball.

(b) New England's home-bred scholar, well you knew

Her soil, her speech, her people through and through,

And loved them ever with a love that holds

All sweet fond memories in its fragrant folds.

(c) She always keeps asking if I don't observe a Particular likeness 'twixt her and Minerva.

(d) His are the mind and heart that rest in doing.

His are the sword and shield that know not rust.

Through four score years and ten the foe pursuing,

Champion of freedom, passionately just!

2. Name three especially characteristic and famous products of Cambridge contemporary industry.
3. (a) Where was "Captain's Island"?
- (b) What was "The Great Bridge"?
- (c) Locate the route of the original "highway from Charlestown to Watertown."
4. Where stood (a) the first meeting house in Cambridge, (b) the first college building or "Old College", (c) the Whitefield Elm, (d) the Phips-Winthrop house?
5. Where did the following well-known citizens of Cambridge live: (a) Elbridge Gerry, (b) Joseph E. Worcester, (c) Henry James, Sr., (d) John Holmes, (e) William E. Russell, (f) Jared Sparks, (g) John Bartlett?
6. When the West Boston Bridge was built in 1793, what houses or buildings were standing along the road from the bridge to Dana Street?
7. Name four Soldiers' Memorials in Cambridge.
8. For what are the following citizens of Cambridge to be remembered: (a) Stephen Daye, (b) Francis Dana, (c) Nathaniel J. Wyeth, (d) Alvan Clark, (e) Washington Allston?
9. What are the origin and significance of the names of Magazine Street, Arsenal Square, Reservoir Street, Linnaean Street?
10. What were the names of the College celebrities familiarly known as (a) Stubby, (b) Old Pop, (c) Fanny, (d) Billy the Postman, (e) I am not aware?
11. What Cambridge poet wrote, and for what occasion, the poem containing the following verses?

And who was on the Catalogue

When College was begun?

Two nephews of the President

And the Professor's son.

Lord! how the seniors knocked about

The Freshman class of one.

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12. Name the buildings that have stood on the sites now occupied by (a) Lehman Hall, (b) the Littauer Building, (c) the Harvard Co-operative Society.
13. To whom did William James refer when he spoke of the "Venus de Medicine"?
14. For whom and by whom was the Charles River named?
15. What is meant by the direction on the old milestone at the corner of Garden Street and Massachusetts Avenue, which reads "8 Miles to Boston"?
16. Name at least ten Cambridge streets named for (a) Presidents of the College; at least three streets named for (b) ministers of the First Church; at least six streets named for (c) signers of the Declaration of Independence or for officers in the Revolutionary army; at least ten streets named for (d) distinguished professors.
17. Of the following ten American authors what five had a *domicile* — not just a residence while in College — in Cambridge: Ralph Waldo Emerson, Edgar Allan Poe, Richard H. Dana, John G. Whittier, Anne Bradstreet, John Fiske, Edward Everett Hale, John Eliot, Frederick H. Hedge, William Dean Howells?
18. What have the following names in common: Ramsays, Hubbards, Bartletts?
19. What special association had these well-known Cambridge citizens: Alexander Agassiz, William A. Bancroft, Charles W. Eliot?
20. Who were the architects of (a) University Hall, (b) Memorial Hall, (c) the Soldiers Monument, (d) Christ Church, (e) Austin and Sever Halls?
21. Name (a) the seven houses of "Tory Row," and (b) at least four other buildings — not College dormitories — built before the Revolution and still standing in Cambridge.

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22. What distinguished Cambridge couple were married in King's Chapel on April 25, 1850? "Lizzie," it was written of the bride, "looked lovely in green silk, white camel's hair shawl, straw bonnet trimmed with white and feathers on each side."

23. And finally some queries from the real "Information, Please!" to which I shall venture to give the answers without waiting for your response.

What apt and informal remark *might* have been made, at certain crises, by each of the following:

Sir Walter Raleigh — "Step on it, Lizzie!"

Samson — "I brought down the house."

Jonah — "You can't keep a good man down."

Or what might Mrs. Tudor [the hostess] say now — "Come into the garden, Maud."

## ANSWERS

1. (a) From a ballad written by Prof. George M. Lane about an alleged experience of Prof. Joseph Lovering's.

(b) From Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's poem "To James Russell Lowell."

(c) From Lowell's "Fable for Critics," referring to Margaret Fuller.

(d) From LeBaron R. Briggs's ode to Charles W. Eliot on his ninetieth birthday.

2. Books, soap, and candy. [Others named crackers, ink, paper boxes, flowers pots, reversible collars].

3. (a) A hillock in the marsh at the foot of Magazine Street, originally granted to Captain Daniel Patrick. It is where the bathhouse now stands.

(b) The first wooden bridge across the Charles, built in 1662, where the Anderson Bridge now is.

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(c) Along the general line of Kirkland Street, across the Common, and then by Mason Street, Brattle Street, Elmwood Avenue, and Mt. Auburn Street.

4. (a) On the southwest corner of what are now Dunster and Mt. Auburn Streets.

(b) In the College Yard, a little north of where Gray's Hall stands.

(c) On the west side of Garden Street, near the corner of Phillips Place.

(d) At Arrow and Bow Streets, where St. Paul's church now stands.

5. (a) On the "Elmwood" estate.

(b) At 121 Brattle Street, the house now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Stoughton Bell.

(c) In a house on Quincy Street, where the Faculty Club now is.

(d) At 5 Appian Way.

(e) In the house he built at the corner of Brattle and Channing Streets.

(f) At the corner of Quincy and Kirkland Streets, the house now occupied by the New Church Theological School.

(g) In the house at 165 Brattle Street.

6. Only the Dana house on Dana Hill and the Inman house, where the City Hall now stands. Holmes mentions two "other buildings"; but I cannot locate them.

7. The monument in the Old Burying Ground to the Cambridge Minutemen who were killed in the fighting of April 19, 1775; the Soldiers Monument on the Common; Memorial Hall; and the Memorial Church in the College Yard.

8. (a) Stephen Daye was the first printer and established the press in Cambridge in 1639.

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(b) Francis Dana, who died in 1811, was an outstanding citizen of Cambridge, member of the Continental Congress, U. S. Minister to Russia, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts.

(c) Nathaniel J. Wyeth was the leader in 1832 of the famous exploring and trading expedition to the Northwest Coast; a pioneer of the "Oregon Trail."

(d) Alvan Clark was man of science and an astronomer who made, at his place near the foot of Brookline Street, the lenses for the great telescopes for American observatories.

(e) Washington Allston was the most popular and admired painter in New England in the first half of the nineteenth century. His studio was on Auburn Street.

9. (a) From the State powder magazine, which was established on "Captain's Island" in 1818.

(b) From the State arsenal, which long occupied the site of the Continental Hotel and adjoining buildings.

(c) From the city reservoir which stood until recent years at the corner of Reservoir and Highland Streets, where the Sortwell residence now stands.

(d) From the great botanist Linnaeus, and because the street borders the Botanic Garden.

10. (a) Professor Francis James Child

(b) Professor John Snelling Popkin

(c) Professor Francis Bowen

(d) Theodore Prentiss

(e) Professor Henry Ware, of whom Lowell wrote "See mild, benignant, cautious, learned Ware."

11. From Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's poem for the 200th anniversary of Harvard College, 1836.

12. (a) The Watch house hill signal pole and possibly a small block house; the second Meeting House, 1652; the third

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Meeting House, 1706; the fourth Meeting House, 1756; Dane Hall (the Law School), 1834.

(b) First the Ox Pasture or Cow Common; then, at the rear, the site of the famous old "Holmes House," which was the headquarters of General Ward at the siege of Boston, the parsonage of Dr. Abiel Holmes, and the birthplace of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes; and on the front of the lot the site of the Baptist Church, a building which was moved in 1867 up Massachusetts Avenue and is now occupied by the North Cambridge Congregational Church; and then (1878) by the Hemenway Gymnasium.

(c) At first the Town Creek oozed through the lot; then a simple Court House, also used as a Town House, was built there. A later Court House was occupied from 1757 to 1816 and as a Town House until 1832. Lyceum Hall followed, and then the Coop.

13. To Mrs. Lydia Pinkham.

14. When Capt. John Smith made his map of New England in 1614, he depicted the stream flowing into the head of Massachusetts Bay as the largest river in the whole territory. He submitted the map to Prince Charles, afterwards King Charles the First, and asked him to affix names to the capes, bays,

rivers, etc. Prince Charles gave his own name to what he supposed to be the chief river of New England.

15. The route to Boston in 1734, when the milestone was set up, was over the Great Bridge, through Muddy River village (Brookline) and Roxbury, and over the neck to Boston. The distance was shortened to three miles when the West Boston Bridge was built in 1793.

16. (a) Dunster, Chauncey, Holyoke, Willard, Langdon, Kirkland, Quincy, Everett, Sparks, Felton, and Walker, (b) Shepherd, Hilliard, and Appleton.

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(c) Hancock, Ellery, Gerry, Washington, Prescott, Putnam.

(d) Agassiz, Bond, Channing, Follen, Francis, Frisbie, Gurney, Gray, Peabody, Ware.

17. Dana, Bradstreet, Fiske, Hedge, and Howells.

18. The three apothecary shops in Harvard Square in the last quarter of the 19th century.

19. They rowed on Harvard University crews.

20. (a) Charles Bulfinch

(b) Ware and Van Brunt

(c) Cyrus and Darius Cobb

(d) Peter Harrison

(e) H. H. Richardson

21. (a) The houses best known by the names of the Brattle house, the Vassall house, the Craigie house, the Riedesel house, the Lee-Nichols house, the Fayerweather house, and Elmwood.

(b) The Austin-Cooper house on Linnaean Street, Wadsworth House in the College Yard, the Apthorp House (Bishop's Palace), and Christ Church.

22. Louis Agassiz and Elizabeth Gary, a marriage that meant much in Cambridge history.

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# DR. ESTES HOWE: A CITIZEN OF CAMBRIDGE

BY LOIS LILLEY HOWE

**Read October 31, 1939**

MY FATHER, Estes Howe, was not born a citizen of Cambridge but was born in Worthington, Massachusetts. His father, Samuel Howe, died at the age of forty-two, and his mother wrote a life of her husband for the benefit of his children. My facts about the early history of the family are drawn from this biography.

My father was named for his grandfather, Dr. Estes Howe of Belchertown, Massachusetts. The latter had been a drummer boy in the French and Indian War, studied medicine under a local doctor, and served as a surgeon during the Revolution in the army of General Horatio Gates. He was offered the Order of the Cincinnati after the Revolution but declined on the ground that General Washington had said it might develop an aristocracy. In his last illness, Lafayette, who was travelling through the country, heard that there was a soldier of the Revolution dying at Belchertown and came to see him. His wife, Susanna Dwight, died when her sixth child, Samuel Howe, my grandfather, was three months old.

Dr. Howe gave his three sons good educations. Samuel graduated at Williams College, then read law in Stockbridge, and at last went to Litchfield, Connecticut, the first law school in the country. There he met and became engaged to Susan Tracy, whose father, Uriah Tracy, was the first Senator from Connecticut. They were married in 1807, and in 1808 he began the practice of law in Worthington.

Nothing could show more clearly the difference between the first quarter of the nineteenth century and the present day than that a sensible man should consider the possibility of starting to earn his living as a lawyer in so small and remote a town as Worthington. Yet he has left a memorandum of his earnings in

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the first nine months of his practice, to the effect that they had amounted to eight hundred and eight dollars and ninety-two cents. This encouraged him to go on.

Susan Tracy Howe's first child, Susan Tracy Dwight Howe, was born in July 1808. Her second child, Uriah Tracy, was born June 25, 1811. She survived his birth but a few hours.

Worthington was on the Boston Post Road, about twenty miles from Northampton where lived Samuel's second cousin, Judge Joseph Lyman. Much older than he and the father of a family of children in their "teens," he had recently married as his second wife Anne Jean Robbins, the brilliant and entertaining daughter of Edward Hutchinson Robbins of Milton, Lieutenant Governor of the State. This couple were very kind to the lonely young widower — he was but twenty-six years old — and had him constantly at their house. There he met Mrs. Lyman's sister, Sarah Lydia Robbins, a very interesting and intellectual woman, and they were married on the eleventh of October, 1813. He brought her home to Worthington, where they lived for a number of years, and there on July 13, 1814 their first child, my father, Estes Howe, was born. Then came Mary Eleanor, born June 1817, and James Murray, named for his mother's brother, in 1819.

One of their nearest neighbors was the family physician, Dr. Bryant, twenty miles away in Cummington. His son, William Cullen Bryant, read law with Samuel Howe and poetry to his wife. He is said to have read "Thanatopsis" to her when he had just written it, and of course she burst into tears — the proper thing for a young female of that time to do. In 1820 Dr. Bryant died, the only doctor in the neighborhood, and this at last made it seem best for the Howes to move to some place nearer civilization.

At this juncture, Mr. E. H. Mills, a lawyer in Northampton, who had just been elected to the United States Senate, proposed to Samuel Howe that they should go into partnership. So to Northampton the Howes went for their new home.

In 1821 Samuel Howe was made Judge of the Court of Com-

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mon Pleas. He told his wife that he could undoubtedly make more money out of a practice than out of the salary of \$1800 which he received but that he had so much worry collecting bills that a salary would be a great relief. Some things have not changed in these hundred years even if \$1800 does not seem to us a magnificent salary. Judge Howe, however, had always taken pupils, and now he established a Law School, which added to his income.

Tracy and Estes were sent to the Round Hill School in Northampton. This school was destined to be very distinguished both from its teachers and from the scholars who later became well known in many ways. It proved, however, to be a great disappointment to the Howes. Neither of the boys was happy there, and Estes so very unhappy that they took him away.

In 1825, the Howes built a house in Northampton which was a delight to them both and remained in my grandmother's mind as the most beautiful house in the world with its Greek revival portico. In this new house they had a tutor, Charles P. Huntington. Estes, however, fell into a bad

state of health and in September 1826 when the rest of the family went to Milton, he was sent to Castine, Maine, with an aunt and uncle for a visit. His mother writes, "Estes returned well. His grandfather Robbins was charmed with him, said he knew more about the State of Maine than most men would have learned in that time."

This is very characteristic of his eager and inquiring mind and retentive memory. Born a country boy, he loved everything in nature. He thought people very ignorant who did not know trees by their bark in the winter as well as by their leaves. I have his herbarium. I never heard him say anything about birds but he probably knew a great deal about them.

In 1828 his Aunt Eliza Robbins writes to her friend, Miss Catherine Sedgwick, the authoress, that "she has seen Estes and shall see him again often" and that he is "as sweet a fellow as ever lived."

In 1827, he was sent to Andover to be fitted for college by Mr. Putnam. In the fall of that year, Judge Howe was far from well; he had developed some serious throat trouble, beyond the help of

the best of physicians at that time. He kept on with his work until he was so ill when in Court in Worcester that his brother-in-law, Dr. Edward Robbins, drove up and brought him down to his house (we know it as the Ticknor House) on Park Street, in Boston. Here he died on the nineteenth of January, 1828. Although but forty-two years old, he was considered a very remarkable lawyer and had written a book, "Howe's Practice."

My grandmother was naturally very much straitened. She had a baby only two years old, Sara Robbins Howe, and the other five children to bring up. Eventually she sold the house in Northampton and came down to Cambridge to take boarders for the sake of educating the children. At first she lived on Dunster Street. Then she bought the house now owned by Dr. Preble on Appian Way. In 1832 she built Number 2 Garden Street, next but one to the church, and there she lived for the rest of her life, renting the Appian Way house and the house on the corner which she built later.

Number 2 Garden Street was and is a pleasant house. It has a circular staircase from top to bottom. One of her old friends came to see the new house and his only comment was, "Very awkward staircase to get a coffin down, Mrs. Howe." Dr. and Mrs. Norris live there now. They took out the cooking stove from the kitchen and found behind it a fireplace with a crane and a brick oven. Even in 1832 that was the way cooking was done.

My grandmother was a practical woman and I have always wondered why she planned such a small and inadequate dining room in a house which was built to take boarders in. But I have been told

that the conversation around her table was on a very high plane and she had many desirable boarders. One was Charles Sumner, who became a life-long friend of my father. Another was Arthur Hugh Clough, the English poet. She rented one of her parlors to Mrs. Phineas Spelman of Boston, who came with her daughter, Harriet, to stay in Cambridge while her son Israel Munson was in College.

Estes came to Harvard College in 1828, when he was fourteen years old, and graduated in the Class of 1832. His room was in

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Stoughton Hall where he could look across and see the new house a-building. There was no fence around the Common then, and there was a stone wall around the graveyard. The present meeting house of the First Church Unitarian was not built until 1833. In the small college class of seventy-two boys Estes Howe sat for four years next to John Holmes and formed a life-long friendship with the younger brother of the distinguished Oliver Wendell Holmes. From College, he went to the Medical School where he studied under Dr. James Jackson, taking his degree of M.D. in 1835.

Meanwhile he had become engaged to Harriet Maria Spelman, though we have no record of the date, and he started to the West to carve out his career. The West was located in Ohio then, and he first went to Cincinnati where his brother Tracy was practising law. Soon they both went up the river to a little town called Pomeroy which has been described as nine miles long and half a yard wide, between the river and high cliffs. At some time in his travels he was on a river steamboat with Andrew Jackson and he was always delighted to describe Jackson's watch guard, presumably made by an admirer, of black beads bearing in white letters the inscription, Andrew Jackson, P. U. S. (President of the United States).

Tracy had given up the law and engaged in various businesses, sawmills and flour mills, etc. Estes was interested in all of them. His practice in that rough new country must have been as onerous as was his grandfather's in Massachusetts fifty years before. The roads were bad and I always imagine him going his rounds on horseback with his medicines in saddle bags; there were no drug stores then. I have his scales and weights, his microscope, and two pairs of his surgical scissors, which Dr. Edmund Stevens once told me are better than any modern scissors. I do remember seeing once a horrible thing between a key and a corkscrew with which teeth were pulled out, but this has disappeared.

In 1838 he came back to marry Harriet and take her out to Ohio by train, canal boat, and river boat. Primitive though life there may have been, there was a very agreeable group of young

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married couples, among them Tracy and his wife, Sarah Templeman Coolidge, whom he had married in 1835, and their small son Tracy, Jr. They shared their house with Estes and Harriet until a new one could be built. This took so long that the first little daughter, Elizabeth Spelman Howe, came before the house was ready. Two years later came another daughter named for her grandmother, Sarah Lydia.

In August 1843, Just five years after her marriage, Harriet Spelman Howe died of a fever. Estes' sister, Susan, Mrs. George Stillman Hillard, went out as soon as she heard of it and brought back the two little girls; and "The Children," as they were always called, divided their time between grandmother's house and Aunt Susan's in Boston. In July 1844, while they were staying with the latter, five-year-old Lizzie was naughty and was punished by being shut up in the hall bedroom on the third floor. She managed to throw open the blinds and fall out of the window. I never go over Pinckney Street without looking at Number 62, which must look just as it used to that day when a stranger found an apparently lifeless child on the granite front steps, rang the doorbell, and handed her in! She lived to see her grandchildren, but no one thought to see her live a day.

We have no record of the date when Estes Howe decided to come back to the East, but it seems as if this incident or accident must have influenced his decision. It must have been in the autumn of 1844 that he returned. He started to practice in Boston but soon came out to Cambridge, where he lived with his mother and sisters.

Always interested in politics, he came back to New England when the excitement about the abolition of slavery was just beginning. His mother was a keen abolitionist and he seems to have plunged at once into activity in this cause. Here he soon met James Russell Lowell fighting with tongue and pen for the slaves. Lowell had married Maria White of Watertown, and they were living at Elmwood. Maria's whole family, especially her brother William, who had been Lowell's classmate in college, were equally interested in the cause, and Estes Howe was taken up to Water-

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town to meet the White family. Abijah White, Maria's father, whom Lowell speaks of as "the most perfect specimen of a bluff, honest, hospitable country squire you can possibly imagine," had died in September 1844. His widow continued to live with her unmarried daughters in the square red brick house still standing on Main Street in Watertown. There Estes met Maria's sister, Lois Lilly White, whom he married, December 28, 1848.

Of a certain cousin of hers, my mother once said, "She was what I call a steadfast person," and it has always seemed to me that that adjective described her own self. She was ten years

younger than her husband. Their wedding journey on that cold winter's night was the drive from Watertown to the house on Mason Street, now an apartment house, numbered 11.

There was no church then at either end of the street. On the northwest corner was the Jennison House, with a low wall around it; near where the Rectory now stands, was the old Aaron Hill House. Across the street stood another old house and next it at the corner, in what is now Radcliffe's Fay House, lived Judge Fay, whose wife was Lois White's aunt and whose daughter, Maria, was an intimate cousin.

The two little daughters, Lizzie and Sally, "The Children" as they were still called, lived with them, of course, and in November 1849 Estes Howe's first son was born and named Samuel after his grandfather. He was a delicate child, but his sister Clara, who came two years later, was as rugged as a pine knot.

In 1849, Mrs. Abijah White died. The home in Watertown was broken up, the house sold, and the family scattered. Lois' sisters, Mary Greene White and Agnes Howard White, came to live with her and Estes. Mary was the nearest in age to Lois and was very intimate with her cousin Maria Fay. Agnes, a little younger, was the most sprightly and witty of the family. There must have been many gay doings in the Mason Street house, but it was probably not very convenient, and I know it was not well-heated. Were any houses at that time? Often in the winters the water was frozen in the pitchers in the morning, and after the second baby came it must have begun to be crowded.

At any rate they began while Clara was still a baby to consider moving. One of the houses they looked at was the Loring Austin house<sup>1</sup> in which we are meeting tonight, opposite the end of Elmwood Avenue. Maria Lowell writes from Italy that she is hoping they will decide on that as it is near Elmwood. But the house on the corner of Kirkland and Oxford Streets was nearer to Grandmother Howe and that was finally decided on. Maria Fay writes from England in 1852, "I suppose you are now living under the elms at ----- . What are you going to call it?" Agnes Howard White married Arthur Lithgow Devens in July 1852. She probably was married in this house.

There was about an acre of land, apple trees at the far end, an old box parterre, pear trees and two large vegetable plots, and a group of pine trees which became "the playground" nearer the house. It never had any other name than Number One Oxford Street.

Across Oxford Street where the New Lecture Hall now stands was a fine old building of the Federal Period, three storeys high, with swell front bay windows on the first floor and a handsome hall and staircase. Here Miss Catherine Upham and her sister, Mrs. Wood, kept a well-known and comfortable boarding-house. On Kirkland Street, on the other side of One Oxford Street, stood and

still stands the house built by Stephen Higginson, in which his son, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, had been born. It had been sold in 1836 to Charles C. Foster and there he lived with his daughters Catharine and Sarah, friends of the White sisters. To that house his daughter Susan, who married Francis Batchelder, came back in her widowhood with her children. Opposite all these three houses was "The Delta," then a large open piece of land.

There is no record of the date when Estes Howe gave up his practice. His profession had not been a satisfaction to him. It seems possible that if his father had lived he would have realized that his son had a legal mind, and would have dissuaded him from

<sup>1</sup> This was afterwards bought by Mr. John Lord Hayes, and has been known for many years as the Hayes house.

following his grandfather's profession. At any rate he did give it up, but he never lost his title; he was always known as "Dr. Howe." This retirement seems to coincide with the change of base. He is spoken of in the deeds concerning the house as "Estes Howe, a physician," but the records show that he became Treasurer of the Gas Light Company in 1852. Like his father with his judgeship, he probably felt the definite salary was the better choice.

It is from this date we may count him a Citizen of Cambridge, which had become a city in 1846 embracing Cambridgeport, East Cambridge, and North Cambridge, as well as Old Cambridge. As a city it had begun to feel the need of what we now call Public Utilities.

In that valuable book called *The Cambridge of Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-Six* I find an article by Mr. Frederick T. Stevens, Treasurer of the Union Railway, in which he speaks of Gardiner Greene Hubbard, Judge Willard Phillips, Herbert H. Stimpson, Charles C. Little, Estes Howe, and John Livermore. He says, "These men believed that the time would come when the pumps would get rusty and the wells go dry; that whales would become scarce and candle dips would not afford the light needed; and that omnibuses would not accommodate the requirements of the generations to come, and hence we have today, as the results of this foresight, the Cambridge Water-Works, the Gas Light Company, and ... the West End Company." "Let no one suppose for one instant," he continues, "that the originators of these works were any more philanthropic than some of the railway kings of the present day." These men did, however, work for the great needs of the Community.

Just where and how Gardiner Greene Hubbard came into association with Estes Howe I cannot tell. He never was one of the intimate house-friends like James Lowell, Robert Carter, or John Holmes, and yet there is a story that some one once said to my great-aunt, Miss Katherine Robbins, "Can you

explain to me the relationships of the Blatchford, Hubbard, and Scudder families?" and her answer was, "If you will give me your undivided atten-

tion for twenty-four hours, I will try to make a beginning!" So there must have been some family acquaintance at least!

At any rate, Gardiner Greene Hubbard and Estes Howe were closely connected in business for many years, in many ventures. Mr. Hubbard must have done the financing. Whether the ideas were his or not, I cannot tell. He was a Boston man who came out to Cambridge about 1846. A lawyer by profession, he was a man of great initiative, with a keen and active interest in movements for the public welfare.

The three great utilities that he and Estes Howe and others founded and shaped, all began about the same time. In 1837 the need of a public water supply had begun to be felt, and the Cambridge Aqueduct Company had been given a charter to take water from Spring Hill in wooden log pipes to the Lower Port. Old Cambridge was still supplied by wells. In 1852, our friends formed the Cambridge Water Works and in 1856, a corporation, authorized to take water from Fresh Pond. In this same year of 1852, the Cambridge Gas Light Company was incorporated, and it was of this that Estes Howe was made Treasurer, holding that office until his death. The works were south of Mount Auburn Street at the foot of Ash Street; later they were moved to East Cambridge.

Meanwhile, there was the ever-present question of transportation to Boston. The average Cambridge citizen could not keep a horse and carriage, and only the young and active could walk the three miles from Harvard Square to Bowdoin Square. In 1826 there was an hourly stage, afterwards a four-horse omnibus. In a letter of my grandmother's (unfortunately undated) she writes as a postscript, "Morse has driven a new omnibus today with six white horses. Latest news from Cambridge."

Gardiner Greene Hubbard, Estes Howe, *et al.* had organized and built the Harvard or Cambridge Branch of the Fitchburg Rail Road. It came out from the Fitchburg Station (where the North Station now is) in Boston to a station whose site was in front of Austin Hall, the Harvard Law School. This road died an early death. Its old station became "Commons," the eating place

of the students until Memorial Hall was built, and I remember that its old embankment formed a feature in the "Ditch," a swampy spot near the corner of Oxford and Jarvis Streets.

Before the Cambridge Branch really died, there came to the fore a new idea, that of an omnibus or car, horse-drawn but on rails, and in 1853 some of these same citizens started the Cambridge Railroad. This was incorporated in May 1853, and in 1855 was leased to the Union Railway Company.

I am indebted again to Mr. Frederick T. Stevens in his article in *The Cambridge of Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-Six* for much information on this subject.

It was hard at first to find anyone to take stock in any such concern as the Street Railway; omnibus proprietors were consulted with reference to the purchase of their property. At last after many delays, on the 27th of October 1855, it was voted to buy five cars, the first purchased by any street railway company in the city of Boston. Mr. Stevens continues: "Speaking of these cars recalls to my memory that the late Abel Willard, one of the proprietors of the omnibus line, once told me that he, with many others, rode into Boston (not in a car, however) to view the spectacle of one of these same cars coming down Cambridge Street hill. They did not believe that there was power enough in the brakes to hold the car, but that it would run upon and injure the horses, and finally land somewhere in the vicinity of Charles River. A great change came over the party when they saw how nicely everything operated, and 'Uncle Abel' said that from that time he was satisfied that his omnibus line had got to go under."

The next vote was: "That the president be authorized to contract with E. Tucker for twenty (20) harnesses, provided he will take one share of stock in part payment of the same."

"On the 19th of December, 1855, the following rates were established for the omnibuses: to Mount Auburn, Old Cambridge, and Brattle Street, 15 cents; to Porter's Station, 10 cents; to Cambridgeport, 8 cents; 12 tickets to Old Cambridge, \$1; 15 tickets to Cambridgeport, \$1; 13 packages of \$1 tickets for \$12.

"It was at this time that Dana Street was established as the

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dividing line between Cambridgeport and Old Cambridge, and that conductors were obliged to furnish bonds in the sum of five hundred dollars, with two sureties, for the faithful performance of their duties.

"The following action of the directors was highly appreciated by many of the passengers, and was the cause of great rejoicing among those who derived a benefit from it, even if they did have to pay for it: 'That the one-horse hack be kept at the Port to call for and take passengers, and that ten (10) cents be charged for a single passage, and five cents each for two if deposited at the same point, and that a suitable vehicle be kept at Old Cambridge to run at the same rates. For all distances over half a mile from the respective offices double fares to be charged; tickets to be issued for all the omnibuses and hacks.'

"At this time the way-fare was established at five cents, and children between the ages of four and fourteen were charged the way-fare instead of the fares heretofore fixed upon for adult passengers. On the first day of March, 1856, the fares were reduced, being fixed at ten cents, and twelve tickets for one dollar, and to Old Cambridge, thirteen cents, and ten tickets for one dollar.

"Now comes the question of the removal of snow from the street in Boston, — nothing being said about snow in the streets of this city. March 12, 1856, it was voted by the board of directors: 'That Mr. Hubbard be a committee with power to make arrangements with the city of Boston for the removal of the snow and ice from Cambridge Street, from the Revere House to the bridge, provided the same can be done at a cost of not over one hundred dollars to the company.' Comments upon the action of the company relative to the removal of snow at that time are unnecessary, but of one thing we are assured: there were no 'snow fights'; they knew their business and considered their money well invested." A big snow storm always meant "four horse time."

The cars ran straight up Cambridge Street to Bowdoin Square. Shoppers usually left them at Temple Street and climbed up that street, now blocked by the State House, and past a huge reservoir there, to Park Street and so down. The cars swung through Bow-

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doin Square around through Green Street and Chambers Street back. An extra horse was always waiting to hitch onto the car and pull it up the last part of the hill. Its driver went with it and returned for the next.

Meanwhile the Howe family, Estes and Lois with their four children and Mary Greene White, were happily settled in 1 Oxford Street. There were three wells on the place, but as Estes had become affiliated with the Cambridge Water Works, of course there was city water and plumbing, somewhat primitive and not at all adequate according to modern ideas but probably far ahead of that at ii Mason Street, where I imagine there was nothing more than a kitchen pump and a tea kettle on the hob. There was no sewer. The house always had an inadequate furnace but there were open fire-places everywhere, mostly arranged with iron grates for coal. Of course, there must have been gas,

undoubtedly a great luxury. What would any of us do now if we had to work by any of those primitive lights!

The years of the 50's and 60's were pleasant years in Old Cambridge. Mrs. Ruth Huntington Sessions describes it as "a country-like suburb, connected with the city of Boston by a long bridge, and its inhabitants a rare company; a concentration of the best minds of the time. ... Their fine old houses and their gracious and ready hospitality and informal courtesy made for a rare neighborhood." The College was still pre-eminent, and professors might be said to belong to the House of Peers; but lawyers and business men like Gardiner Greene Hubbard and Estes Howe had begun to have their business offices in Boston, which was one of the reasons why transportation was important.

The house at Oxford Street was handsome and convenient. Dr. and Mrs. Howe entertained agreeably and not too formally. My father was a remarkable talker and a raconteur of note. His early experiences in the country in Massachusetts and Ohio had given him many a good story. To hear him, his sister Susan, and his brother Tracy match stories was a great show. More than these, his powers of observation, his intense interest in everything, his thorough study of all that interested him, aside from his reading

and his having met all sorts and conditions of men, and his retentive memory, gave him a mine of general information, which he had the ability to impart in the most charming manner.

In 1855 Mary White married Charles Wyllys Elliott and went to New Haven to live. Maria Lowell had died in 1853 after a long illness. In 1855 her husband was appointed to the chair of Belles Lettres at Harvard. He went abroad to prepare for this. He had found for his motherless daughter, Mabel, an unusual and remarkable governess, Miss Frances Dunlap of Portland, Maine, and he installed her and Mabel at "Number One" under the care of "Aunt Lois," the sister-in-law to whom he had always been devoted.

Lois Lilly Howe's house was always open to all her relatives and her husband's relatives. Her sisters were all far away or changed their residences from time to time. Lois's house was always stable, and her husband, like herself, always ready with a welcome, with sympathy or advice. Nieces and nephews came there as to a grandmother's home.

In 1857, Lowell returned from Europe. He shortly afterward married Miss Dunlap but they continued to live in the Howes' house. A study was built for him at the end of the ell, with an outside door so that his students and friends could come to him at any time. It must have been about this time that the Whist Club flourished, the picture of which has been so often published: James Russell

Lowell, John Holmes, Estes Howe, and Robert Carter. The latter was brought into the group by Lowell, who called him "The Don."

In 1861, Estes joined the famous Saturday Club of Boston, which is still in existence. With members of this he had been on summer trips to a camp in the Adirondacks which he particularly enjoyed. He travelled much, but these camping trips seem to be the only times he went for pleasure. W. J. Stillman, the leader of these excursions to the Adirondacks, painted a picture of the company. Bliss Perry in *The Early Years of the Saturday Club* describes it: "There are two groups; on one side, Agassiz and Dr. Jeffries Wyman, dissecting a fish on a stump, with John

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Holmes, doubtless with humorous comment, and Dr. Estes Howe, as spectators; on the other, Lowell, Judge Hoar, Dr. Amos Binney, and Woodman trying their marksmanship with rifles, under the instruction of the tall Don-Quixote-like Stillman; between the groups, interested but apart stands Emerson, pleased with the gifts of all." (This picture is in the Concord Public Library.)

Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote poetical notes about this camping trip. This is what he said of Estes Howe.

Not in vain did Fate dispense

Generous heart and solid sense,

Force to build a leader sage,

Staff on which the orphan leans

(On such stuff as he Society

Stands from age to age.)

In honour and self-honouring

Where thou art, Society

Still will live and best will be;

Who does easily and well

What costs the rest expense of brain,

Ancestral merits richly dwell,

And the last remain,

And in thy life the honoured sire

Will fill the stunted chalice higher

And Fate repair

The world's mishap

And fill the gap

By the completed virtues of the heir.

These years were important in the life of the nation too. The friction between the interests of North and South was steadily increasing. Estes Howe's interest in politics was always keen. Already in 1848, just before his marriage to Lois White, he had joined the Free Soil party and had marched up Beacon Street in a campaign torchlight procession when lights in the houses were put out and curtains drawn in disapproval. Now the Free Soilers had become the Republican Party. The demand for abolition of slavery was growing stronger. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* had come out in 1851. Sarah Lydia Howe and her daughters were as eager as Estes. Susan, I believe, was working with the Underground Rail-

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road, which was helping runaway slaves to freedom; and James Lowell was writing the Biglow papers. Charles Sumner was fighting in the Senate.

In 1860 Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States. It may surprise many of you to know that my sister Clara Howe told me that she was the only girl in school whose father voted for him, and that the other girls used to sing,

Clara's mad and I am glad

And I know what will please her,

Put her in a pudding bag

And have a Nigger squeeze her.

In 1860 James Russell Lowell took his wife and daughter back to Elmwood, the house he so dearly loved.

In that year a new son was born to Lois and Estes and named James Robbins after his great-uncle. He was always called Robb.

In 1862 Lizzie was married to Edwin Johnson Horton, the son of one of the old Pomeroy friends. She had met him when he came to college in the Class of 1860. On June 17, four months before the wedding, Grandmother Howe died after a long illness. So she never knew about her first great-grandchild, Elizabeth Spelman Horton, nor of her youngest grandchild, born thirteen months after her niece and named by her father Lois Lilley.

The Civil War was raging in these last years. Estes Howe was too old to be called to the colors but he paid for a substitute. His sister worked on the Sanitary Commission, the nearest equivalent to our Red Cross. Sally and Clara joined the Sewing Clubs which were formed to sew, knit, or "scrape lint" for the soldiers and which became a social feature of Cambridge.

Meanwhile Estes Howe was not satisfied to sit down and merely be a Treasurer. He has been accused of being a speculator. I wonder if it was not really the love of organization, the creative instinct, the interest in the business itself. In the western part of Massachusetts lie the Berkshire Hills cutting it off from the Hudson Valley. The easiest pass through this is the valley of the Westfield River through which General Henry Knox brought down the cannon from Ticonderoga for the American Army. (My

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father always said he didn't but I believe the story has lately been proved true.) The Boston and Albany Railroad ran up this valley and there seemed to be no other way for a rival road to get across the hills unless the Hoosac Mountain could be crossed or pierced. This last extraordinary idea was promulgated in 1851 and actual boring for the tunnel began in 1856. No one thought it would ever be finished. Oliver Wendell Holmes said,

When the first locomotive's scream

Sounds through the Hoosac tunnel's bore

Then order your ascension robes.

But it was finished in 1873 and the Boston, Hoosac Tunnel, and Western Railway Company was ready for it, with Estes Howe as Treasurer.

Nor was he wanting in his civic duties. He was a member of the Cambridge Common Council in 1848, a Director of the Harvard Bank founded in 1860, Director of the Cambridge Humane Society. In 1869 he sat in the State Senate as Senator from the Third Middlesex District, and while there was made a Commissioner of Prisons. It was not until after he had ceased to be on this board that the Concord Reformatory was built, but I can remember his great interest in it; the movement to build it must have been begun while he was Commissioner. It was meant to replace the State's Prison at Charlestown and the prisoners were moved there in 1878. Six years later all were returned to Charlestown, and the Concord building became what it still is, the Reformatory.

Always a Low Tariff man, he seems to have had a good deal to do in the later 60's with David Ames Wells, the economist, and by him to have been easily converted to Free Trade, for which he worked the rest of his life. He was much in Washington in '69 and '70 and was probably working with Wells and James Abram Garfield, afterwards President Garfield, on Tariff Reform.

Two of his business ventures have always interested me because I came more or less in contact with them. He, with Gardiner

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Hubbard and Mr. Thomas Emery and afterward his son, and my good friend and neighbor, Woodward Emery, and others, formed the Caledonian Mines Company owning coal mines at Glace Bay, near Cape Breton in Nova Scotia. This must have been about 1865, and from that time until about two years before his death he went, as my great-grandfather's family used to say, "down to the Eastward" every summer. Wives and daughters of directors often went with them, and I remember an interesting account my sisters gave of one such trip which included a side excursion to Louisburg.

Mr. Woodward Emery once told me that my father was a delightful travelling companion. He met people so easily, he knew so much about the places they went through, and he had such interesting stories to tell about them and their inhabitants.

The officials of the mines frequently came to Boston in the winters to make reports, and were entertained at our house usually at Sunday dinner. Chief among them in my memory was a huge Scotchman, David McKean, destined to become a big man in the Dominion Government later. At our

table he met his first banana. He bravely finished it and remarked in his good Scotch brogue, "I think one might learn to like them."

The other business venture was the East Cambridge Land Company. After Cambridge became a City, some of the merchants undertook to improve the overflowed marsh lands in East Cambridge and organized the Cambridge Wharf Company in 1847. This company accomplished little and sold out in 1890.

Meanwhile, Gardiner Greene Hubbard, of course, with Estes Howe and Charles W. Munroe of East Cambridge, had faith in the value of this partially submerged land and in 1861 formed a corporation under the name of the East Cambridge Land Company to reclaim the vacant lands lying between Third and Portland Streets, Broad Canal and Charles Streets in East Cambridge, about seventy-five acres. Here they laid out and built streets adapted for manufacturing and mercantile enterprises. The region is, or was, served by the Grand Junction Branch which to most of us older people merely represents that nuisance of a track that

used to hold up surface cars when we were in a hurry to get to Boston, before the days of the subway.

When the last returns were made and the company closed up about 1916, Woodward Emery told us it had paid cent per cent. Not an ideal investment to be sure, because dividends were only paid when land was sold and no one could tell when that would be, and also a great part of it always had to be re-invested, but the unexpected checks were very pleasant to receive and at least they bore out the faith in our parents' judgment.

The late seventies and early eighties were years of trouble: financial disaster first, which meant that Estes' son, Samuel, who had graduated from Harvard in 1871 and from the Medical School in 1875, had to be recalled from Europe where he was studying in the foreign hospitals; and that the younger son put himself through College on a scholarship, the two elder daughters began to support themselves, and the youngest went to the Cambridge High School.

The year 1879 was full of bitterness. In one month his sister Susan Hillard, his brother James Murray Howe, and his son Samuel, died. Four years later his son James Robbins Howe, the most brilliant of the family, died of a long and painful illness just two years after his graduation from Harvard.

So the last years of my father's life were saddened but his spirit was as fine as ever. Still interested in Free Trade and in politics, he was of those who deserted the G.O.P., the Republican Party, in 1884, became a Mugwump and voted for Cleveland.

During the last two years of his life, he was suffering from what he knew was an incurable disease, which he faced like every other trouble with a beautiful serenity.

He died on January 12, 1887 at the age of seventy-two and a half. I thought him a very old man.

Time fails me to tell of the interesting and well-known men whom he knew but I should like to read to you a notice, author unknown, which came out in, probably, the *Transcript* at that time.

"There died at Cambridge last week a man of rare worth and

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of great equipment in point of knowledge and good sense, whose modesty was such that he had hardly made the impression upon the world about him that might have been expected. This was Dr. Estes Howe, a gentleman in the best sense of the word, and one greatly esteemed by those who knew him. He had been a physician, but had a taste for business and public affairs which had diverted his attention from his profession. He was one of the original free-soilers of the state, and was the intimate friend of Sumner, Wilson, Andrew and the rest of the early leaders. There were few men better fitted to hold office, but somehow Dr. Howe never filled office, except for two terms in the state senate. He had much practical knowledge of the railroad and the manufacturing systems of the state, was interested in public charities, and studied social science with thoroughness. In politics he was the best informed man I ever knew, and his knowledge of political history extended from its beginning in this country. He was a low tariff man from conviction always, and was a pioneer in opinion on this subject years before it had attracted the attention it now occupies here. Dr. Howe of course was much dissatisfied with the republican position on this point, but he stuck to the old party until two years ago, when he cast his first vote against it. He used to say: 'Well, thank God, we have free trade between the states. They can't take that from us; there is enough in it to make us one of the greatest free trade nations of the world.' He was a club man all his life, and twenty years ago was as handsome a man as I ever saw."

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# ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SECRETARY AND THE COUNCIL FOR THE YEAR 1937

FOUR REGULAR meetings and two special meetings of the Society were held during the year. The four regular meetings were the Annual Meeting, January 26, 1937, at which Mr. G. Frederick Robinson, President of the Watertown Historical Society, read a paper entitled "How the First Parish in Cambridge Got a New Meeting House"; the Spring Meeting, April 27, 1937, at which Professor Henry J. Cadbury spoke on "Quaker Visitors to Cambridge, with Some Consideration of the Prelude and Sequel to the Boston Hangings"; the afternoon Garden Party, May 25, 1937, which was addressed by Professor Glover M. Allen on "William Brewster, A Cambridge Naturalist, 1851-1919"; the Autumn Meeting, October 26, 1937, at which Stoughton Bell, Esq., read excerpts from letters written by Miss Louise Stoughton from Russia, describing bits of Russian court life in the seventies.

The two special meetings of the Society, the first held at the residence of the late Miss Maria Bowen, 9 Follen Street, on the afternoon of November 13, 1937, and the second at Christ Church on the afternoon of December 18, 1937, were called by the Council to consider gifts to the Society of her house and land at 9 Follen Street, and one-half of the residue of her estate, contained in Miss Bowen's will.

To all of the speakers and to the hosts at the various meetings the Society is greatly indebted.

The following deaths of members are with sorrow reported:

Miss Mary W. Allen

Mr. Warren K. Blodgett

Miss Maria Bowen

Mr. Frank W. Hastings

Mrs. William B. Lambert

Miss Emma F. Munroe

An additional word must be said with regard to Miss Maria Bowen. Miss Bowen, after a membership in the Society of many years, died July 21, 1937. In her will, dated March 19, 1935, Miss Bowen generously gave to the Society her house and land at 9 Follen Street, Cambridge, without restriction other than that no apartment house was ever to be erected on said land. Miss Bowen also gave to the Society one-half of the residue of her estate to be held as a permanent fund, the income to be used so far as needed for the maintenance of her house and land, and any balance to be used for the general purposes of the Society. The deep appreciation of the Society for Miss Bowen's generous benefaction was warmly expressed at various meetings of the Society.

There have been eight meetings of the Council. The principal matters of business before the Council and the Society were in connection with Miss Bowen's generous gifts, to which reference has been made. The sale of the house and land at 9 Follen Street was authorized, and it was directed that the proceeds of such sale were to be erected into the Maria Bowen Fund, the income from which is to be added to the principal for ten years or until a permanent home for the Society is secured and that thereafter the income only of the said fund is to be spent for the purposes of the Society. It was also voted that when the house and land are sold, the amount received from the residue of Miss Bowen's estate is to be returned to the legatees who would have received it under Miss Bowen's will had the Society declined the gift.

Mr. and Mrs. William Emerson notified the Society that it was their present intention to leave their house and land at 159 Brattle Street, including the garage, to the Society, when they had both finished with it. The Society is deeply grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Emerson for this expression of their intention.

The following resignations were accepted with regret: Professor Samuel Eliot Morison, Professor George Grafton Wilson, and Miss Gertrude Weld Peabody.

The following have been elected to membership in the Society: Miss Mary Almy, Professor and Mrs. C. O. Ruggles, Mrs. H. G. Garrett, Mr. and Mrs. Williston Lincoln, Rev. and Mrs. Leslie T.

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Pennington, Miss Jeannette Hart, Mrs. David T. Pottinger, Mr. and Mrs. Glover M. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. William L. Payson, Mrs. Charles P. Lincoln, Professor and Mrs. Arthur M. Schlesinger, Professor and Mrs. George P. Baker, Rev. Harold B. Sedgwick, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bartlett, Mr. and Mrs. Philip P. Sharpies, Mr. Charles Lane Hanson, Miss Martha Thacher Brown, Mr. J. Frank Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Sanborn.

There are 206 regular members of the Society, 5 life members, and 7 associate members.

Respectfully submitted,

ELDON R. JAMES

*Secretary*

January 25, 1938

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## ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SECRETARY AND THE COUNCIL FOR THE YEAR 1938

THERE HAVE been during the year four regular meetings of the Society. The Annual Meeting was held at the Craigie House, January 25, 1938; Mr. H. W. L. Dana read an account of Longfellow at the Craigie House. The Spring Meeting was held at the residence of Mrs. Wallace M. Scudder, 164 Brattle Street, on April 26, 1938; Professor Joseph H. Beale addressed the Society upon "The Origin of the New England Town." The Society, at the invitation of the Lexington Historical Society, met with that Society on the afternoon of June 8, 1938, at the Gary Memorial Building in Lexington; Mr. W. R. Greeley, the President of the Lexington Historical Society, presided, and he and Mr. Edwin B. Worthen of that Society spoke interestingly on subjects of interest to both Societies. Rev. Samuel A. Eliot of the Cambridge Historical Society spoke on "Our Common Concern for the Preservation of Historic Sites and Buildings." President Walcott also spoke briefly. The October Meeting of the Society was held at the Harvard Observatory, upon the invitation of Professor and Mrs. Harlow Shapley, on October 25, 1938; Miss Elizabeth L. Bond read a delightful paper on "The Observatory of Harvard College and Its Early Founders."

To all of the speakers and to the hosts at these meetings the Society is greatly indebted.

The following deaths of members of the Society have taken place during the year:

Mr. Sumner A. Brooks

Mrs. Charles P. Lincoln

Miss Carolyn H. Saunders

Miss Edith M. Coe

Professor Edwin H. Hall

There have been seven meetings of the Council. The books remaining in Miss Bowen's home, after selections had been made by Dartmouth College, were, in appreciation of the many services rendered to the Society by the Harvard College Library, presented to that Library by the Council.

The property, No. 9 Follen Street, given to the Society by the will of Miss Maria Bowen, was sold to Mrs. Margaret Forbes Schroeder and others, which action has been approved by the Society. The Council recommended that the Society decline the legacy to it under Article Eight of Miss Bowen's will. This recommendation was also adopted by the Society. The Council recommended to the Society, and the recommendation has been approved, that no investments of the Society's funds be made, until further notice to the Society, except in deposits in Massachusetts Savings Banks or in securities legal for such Savings Banks, and that until this Annual Meeting, the President, the Treasurer, and Mrs. Philip P. Sharpies be an Investment Committee.

The Council made a grant of \$100.00 to Mr. Loring P. Jordan, Register of Probate for Middlesex County, to assist him in completing an index to the papers of the old County Court of Middlesex County, upon which he has been at work for some time.

The following were elected to membership in the Society: Mr. and Mrs. George A. Macomber, Mrs. Irving W. Bailey, Mrs. Arthur L. Jackson, Mr. Hugh Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. McClennen, and Mr. Henry J. Winslow.

Mr. Harold Clarke Durrell was elected to Associate Membership.

The following resignations were accepted with regret: Mr. Charles P. Vosburgh, Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Osgood, Mr. and Mrs. James M. Landis, the Rev. William M. Macnair.

Acting under the authority given to the Council by Article XVII of the By-laws, that a failure to pay dues for a period of six months might, in the discretion of the Council, be regarded as a resignation from the Society, the resignations of ten members of the Society were accepted.

There are 193 regular members of the Society, 5 life members, and 7 associate members.

Respectfully submitted,

January 24, 1939

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## ANNUAL REPORT OF THE TREASURER 1937

### RECEIPTS

January 1, 1937 Balance --- \$ 914.29

Received from dues and initiations:

177 members @ \$3 --- \$531.00

6 Associates @ \$2 --- 12.00

26 Initiations @ \$2 --- 52.00

Back dues --- 62.00 [subtotal] \$657.00

Interest Life Membership Fund --- 23.14

Sale — Gozzaldi's Index (2 copies) --- 10.00

Sale — Proceedings (2 copies — old issues) --- 2.00

Sale — Offprints, Cambridge Land Holdings --- 12.00 [subtotal] 704.14

Agreement check, sale 9 Follen Street --- 1000.00

[total receipts] \$2618.43

### EXPENDITURES

Printing and material --- \$ 74.75

Postage --- 22.72

Clerical, addressing, etc. --- 36.43

Proceedings — plates and half-tones, etc. --- 67.16

Old County Records --- 8.79

Chairs, rented --- 5.00

Bay State Historical League --- 2.00

Copy — Cambridge Female Humane Society Records Sept. 12, 1814—May 17, 1848 --- 12.50

Copy — Thomas Fillebrowns Account Book 1784-1796 --- 5.00

9 Follen Street, expense --- 12.00

Miscellaneous --- 2.83 [subtotal] 249.18

January 1, 1938 Balance --- \$2369.25

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## LIFE MEMBERSHIP FUND

January 1, 1937 balance --- \$747.15

Bradford H. Peirce, Associate --- 25.00

[total life membership fund] \$772.15

Respectfully submitted,

WILLARD HATCH SPRAGUE

*Treasurer*

January 1, 1938

I have audited the account of Willard Hatch Sprague, Treasurer of the Cambridge Historical Society, for the year ending December 31, 1937. All entries were found correct and proper vouchers were shown for all expenditures. The balance of twenty-three hundred sixty-nine dollars and twenty-five cents (\$2369.25) was verified by bank statement.

The balance of \$772.15 in the Life Membership Fund was verified by passbook of the Cambridge Savings Bank.

Respectfully submitted,

FRANK GAYLORD COOK

*Auditor*

January 1, 1938

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## ANNUAL REPORT OF THE TREASURER 1938

### RECEIPTS

Dues and Initiation Fees --- \$ 692.00

Sale of Proceedings --- 18.50

Miscellaneous --- 38.17

Maria Bowen Legacy (as itemized) --- 16,225.32

Cash on hand, January 1, 1938 --- 2,369.25

### EXPENDITURES

Printing, postage, office work, etc. --- \$1,285.15

Old Court Records --- 90.19

Loring P. Jordan, for Index of Middlesex County Records --- 100.00

Maria Bowen Legacy:

Investments --- \$15,370.07

Miscellaneous --- 1,843.25 [subtotal] 17,213.32

Cambridge Savings Bank: Wright Fund --- 200.00

Miscellaneous --- 54.70

Cash on hand, December 31, 1938 --- 399.88

\$19,343.24

3/23 — Margaret F. Schroeder — to bind offer --- \$500.00

4/7 — Sale of Bowen books --- 6.00

4/12 — Margaret F. Schroeder — balance payment --- 15,500.00

4/20 — Margaret F. Schroeder — fire insurance --- 21.82

4/20 — Margaret F. Schroeder — furniture --- 140.00

4/21 — Sale of Bowen trays --- 1.00

4/25 — Sale of Bowen books --- 50.00

4/25 — Sale of Bowen books --- 6.50

\$16,225.32

Respectfully submitted,

G. A. MACOMBER

*Treasurer*

January 17, 1939

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The following is a statement of the Receipts and Expenditures in connection with the Maria Bowen House

**RECEIPTS**

12/31/37 --- a/c Proctor purchase --- \$1,000.00

3/23/38 --- Schroeder initial payment --- 500.00

4/1/38 --- Books, Bowen library --- 50.00

4/7/38 --- Books, Bowen library --- 6.00

4/12/38 --- Schroeder, balance payment --- 15,500.00

--- Schroeder, pro-rata fire insurance --- 21.82

4/15/38 --- Schroeder, furniture --- 140.00

4/21/38 --- Schroeder, furniture --- 1.00

4/25/38 --- Books, Bowen library --- 6.50

Total receipts --- [subtotal] \$17,225.32 --- \$17,225.32

### **EXPENDITURES**

12/29/38 --- Morrison MacGowan Co., work on house --- 12.00

1/13/38 --- Crosby, snow removal --- .75

1/17/38 --- Crosby, snow removal --- .65

1/24/38 --- Crosby, snow removal --- .60

3/14/38 --- R. H. Gardiner, Executor, fire insurance premiums --- 31.85

4/11/38 --- Margaret F. Schroeder, pro-rata taxes as of to-day --- 153.40

4/11/38 --- Caroline Phillips Smith, brokerage commission --- 640.00

4/11/38 --- Robert Walcott, Government stamps on transfer --- 16.00

4/27/38 --- Julia G. Proctor, return of deposit --- 1,000.00

Total expenditures --- [subtotal] \$1,855.25 --- 1,855.25

Net receipts --- 15,370.07

Available for investment --- 15,370.07

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### **MARIA BOWEN FUND INVESTMENTS**

U. S. Savings Bonds --- \$5,250.00

Cambridge Savings Bank --- 2,241.32

Cambridgeport Savings Bank --- 1,500.00

East Cambridge Savings Bank --- 1,500.00

50 shs. First National Bank of Boston --- 1,868.75

5 shs. State St. Trust Co. --- 1,295.00

5 shs. Merchants National Bank, Boston --- 1,715.00

Total List of Investments --- \$15,370.07

## MARIA BOWEN FUND INVESTMENTS

[institution] --- Cost --- Cash Income Received --- Account Credited

U. S. Savings Bonds --- \$5,250.00 --- 0.00

Cambridge Savings Bank --- 2,241.32 --- 5.62 Cambridge Savings Bank

Cambridgeport Savings Bank --- 1,500.00 --- 3.13 Cambridgeport Savings Bank

East Cambridge Savings Bank --- 1,500.00 --- 15.62 East Cambridge Savings Bank

50 shs. First Nat. Bank (Boston) --- 1,868.75 --- 50.00 Cambridge Savings Bank

5 shs. State St. Trust (Boston) --- 1,295.00 --- 20.00 Cambridge Savings Bank

5 shs. Merchants Nat. Bank (Boston) --- 1,715.00 --- 30.00 Cambridge Savings Bank

[cost subtotal] \$15,370.07 [cash income recd subtotal] \$124.37

## GEORGE G. WRIGHT FUND

Balance, Cambridge Savings Bank (when account opened 1/29/38) --- \$200.00

Add interest credited to account 1938 --- 2.50

Balance, December 31, 1938 --- \$202.50

## LIFE MEMBERSHIP FUND

Balance, Cambridge Savings Bank 12/31/37 --- \$772.15

Less interest credited July 1937, January 1938, and withdrawn 1/17/38, with credit to checking account at Harvard Trust Company --- \$23.14

Add interest credited to account 1938 --- 11.58

Balance, December 31, 1938 --- \$783.73

Respectfully submitted,

G. A. MACOMBER

*Treasurer*

January 23, 1939

I have audited the account of George A. Macomber, Treasurer of the Cambridge Historical Society, for the year ending December 31, 1938. All entries were found correct, and vouchers or canceled checks were shown for all expenditures. The balance of cash on hand December 31, 1938 of \$399.88 was verified by bank statement, adjusting for an uncashed check for \$153.40 given the purchaser of the Bowen property for real estate taxes accrued while the property was in the possession of the Society. If the

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claim for exemption filed by the Society is allowed, this \$153.40 will be returned.

The balances of \$202.50 in the George G. Wright Fund and \$783.73 in the Life Membership Fund were verified by pass books of the Cambridge Savings Bank. The securities in the Bowen Fund were examined and the deposits in the savings banks were verified by the pass books. As of December 31, 1938, figuring the securities at cost, the Bowen Fund amounted to \$15,494.44.

Respectfully submitted,

JOHN T. G. NICHOLS

*Auditor*

January 23, 1939

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## REGULAR MEMBERS

1938-1939

MARION STANLEY ABBOT, ANNE ELIZABETH ALLEN, GLOVER MORRILL ALLEN, MRS. GLOVER M. ALLEN, MARY ALMY, ALBERT FRANCIS AMEE, MRS. HOLLIS R. BAILEY, MRS. IRVING W. BAILEY, GEORGE PEIRCE BAKER, MRS. GEORGE PEIRCE BAKER, HENRY BARTLETT, MRS. HENRY BARTLETT, MARY EMORY BATCHELDER (L), ELIZABETH CHADWICK BEALE, JOSEPH HENRY BEALE, MABEL ARRABELLA LEWIS BELL, STOUGHTON BELL, MRS. J. CLARKE BENNETT, ALEXANDER HARVEY BILL, CAROLINE ELIZA BILL, MARION EDGERLY BILL, ALBERT H. BLEVINS, MRS. ALBERT H. BLEVINS, ANNABEL PERRY BONNEY, DONALD BORN, MRS. DONALD BORN, \*LUCY MORSE BRADLEY, WALTER BENJAMIN BRIGGS, ELMER H. BRIGHT, MRS. ELMER H. BRIGHT, JESSIE WATERMAN BROOKS, \*SUMNER ALBERT BROOKS, J. FRANK BROWN, MARTHA THACHER BROWN, JOSEPHINE FREEMAN BUMSTEAD, BERTHA CLOSE BUNTON, GEORGE HERBERT BUNTON, DAVID E. BURR, MRS. DAVID E. BURR, ZECHARIAH CHAFEE, JR., CARROLL L. CHASE, MRS. CARROLL L. CHASE, PHILIP PUTNAM CHASE, \*EDITH MARY COE, MARGARET E. COGSWELL, ADA LOUISE COMSTOCK, FRANK GAYLORD COOK, PAUL R. CORCORAN, MRS. PAUL R. CORCORAN, FANNY E. CORNE, J. LINDA CORNE, SALLY ADAMS CUSHMAN, \*HENRY ORVILLE CUTTER, \*ELIZABETH ELLERY DANA, HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW DANA, MARY DEANE DEXTER, LAURA ROWLAND DUDLEY, FRANCES HOPKINSON ELIOT, SAMUEL ATKINS ELIOT, EMMONS RAYMOND ELLIS, FRANCES WHITE EMERSON, WILLIAM EMERSON,

\* Deceased.

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\*SARAH FOLSOM ENEBUSKE, PEARL BROCK FAHRNEY, CLAIRE SCHAYER FAUDE, CHARLES NORMAN FAY, LILLIAN HALE FAY, EUNICE WHITNEY FARLEY FELTON, STANLEY G. H. FITCH, MRS. STANLEY G. H. FITCH, ALLYN BAILEY FORBES, EDWARD WALDO FORBES, WORTHINGTON CHAUNCEY FORD, FRANCES FOWLER, \*LLOYD A. FROST, DANA TAYLOR GALLUP, MRS. H. G. GARRETT, ROGER GILMAN, C. LESLIE GLENN, MRS. C. LESLIE GLENN, LOUIS L. GREEN, VIRGINIA TANNER GREEN, LILLIAN HELEN HADLEY, \*EDWIN HERBERT HALL, CHARLES LANE HANSON, \*ELIZABETH HARRIS, ALBERT BUSHNELL HART, HENRY M. HART, MRS. HENRY M. HART, JEANNETTE HART, FRANCES P. HAWLEY, NATHAN HEARD, F. WILHELMINA HEARD, FRANK WILSON CHENEY HERSEY, GEORGE MILBANK HERSEY, STANLEY BARBOUR HILDRETH, ALISON BIXBY HILL, LESLIE WHITE HOPKINSON, CORNELIA CONWAY FELTON HORSFORD, ARIA SARGENT DIXWELL HOWE, LOIS LILLEY HOWE, EDA WOOLSON HURLBUT, EDWARD INGRAHAM, ELSIE P. INGRAHAM, MRS. ARTHUR L. JACKSON, ELDON REVARE JAMES, PHILA SMITH JAMES, JAMES RICHARD JEWETT, \*MARGARET WEYERHAEUSER JEWETT, ETHEL ROBINSON JONES, MABEL AUGUSTA JONES, WALLACE ST. CLAIR JONES, ALBERT GUY KEITH, EDITH S. KEITH, JUSTINE HOUGHTON KERSHAW, \*MRS. CHARLES P. LINCOLN, WILLISTON LINCOLN ABBOTT LAWRENCE LOWELL, ELIZABETH MACFARLANE, ETHEL MAY MACLEOD, EDWARD F. MCCLENNEN, MRS. EDWARD F. MCCLENNEN, GEORGE A. MACOMBER, MRS. GEORGE A. MACOMBER,

DONALD MENZEL, MRS. DONALD MENZEL, LOUIS JOSEPH ALEXANDRE MERCIER, JOHN DOUGLAS MERRILL, \*NELSON CASE METCALF, HUGH MONTGOMERY, MRS. HUGH MONTGOMERY, JAMES BUELL MUNN, MRS. JAMES B. MUNN, ARTHUR BOYLSTON NICHOLS, EMILY ALAN SMITH NICHOLS,

\* Deceased.

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GERTRUDE FULLER NICHOLS, JOHN TAYLOR GILMAN NICHOLS, ALBERT PERLEY NORRIS, MRS. ALBERT P. NORRIS, MARGARET NORTON, JAMES ATKINS NOYES, PENELOPE BARKER NOYES, MARY WOOLSON PAINE, WILLIAM L. PAYSON, MRS. WILLIAM L. PAYSON, WILLIAM H. PEAR, MRS. WILLIAM H. PEAR, LESLIE T. PENNINGTON, MRS. LESLIE T. PENNINGTON, ELIZABETH BRIDGE PIPER, LUCY WALLACE PORTER, DAVID THOMAS POTTINGER, MILDRED CLARK POTTINGER, ROSCOE POUND, MRS. ROSCOE POUND, ALICE PUTNAM, HARRY SEATON RAND, MABEL RENA MAWHINNEY RAND, EDWARD H. REDSTONE, MRS. WILLIAM C. ROBERTSON, FRED NORRIS ROBINSON, MRS. LUCIAN ROGERS, C. O. RUGGLES, MRS. C. O. RUGGLES, GERTRUDE SWAN RUNKLE, JOHN CORNELIUS RUNKLE, PAUL JOSEPH SACHS, MARY WARE SAMPSON, FRANK B. SANBORN, MRS. FRANK B. SANBORN, \*CAROLYN HUNTINGTON SAUNDERS, ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, MRS. WALLACE M. SCUDDER, EDGAR V. SEELER, MRS. EDGAR V. SEELER, MARTHA SEVER, PHILIP P. SHARPLES, MRS. PHILIP P. SHARPLES, WILLARD HATCH SPRAGUE, DORA STEWART, MRS. WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER, ALICE THORP, ANNE THORP, ALFRED MARSTON TOZZER, ELEANOR GRAY TUDOR (L), KENNETH S. USHER, MRS. KENNETH S. USHER, BERTHA HALLOWELL VAUGHAN, MAUDE BATCHELDER VOSBURGH, MARY RICHARDSON WALCOTT, ROBERT WALCOTT, GRACE REED WALDEN, FRANK DE WITT WASHBURN, HENRY BRADFORD WASHBURN, OLIVE ELY ALLEN WASHBURN, FREDERICA DAVIS WATSON, JENNY C. WATTS, KENNETH GRANT TREMAYNE WEBSTER, ALICE MERRILL WHITE, WILLIAM STEWART WHITTEMORE OLIVE SWAN WILLIAMS, SAMUEL WILLISTON, HENRY J. WINSLOW, MRS. HENRY J. WINSLOW, JOHN WILLIAM WOOD, JR. GRACE A. WOOD, CHARLES HENRY CONRAD WRIGHT, MRS. C. H. C. WRIGHT,

\* Deceased.

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## ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

HAROLD CLARKE DURRELL, FRANCIS APTHORP FOSTER, MRS. WILLISTON LINCOLN, BERTRAM K. LITTLE, MRS. BERTRAM K. LITTLE, BRADFORD HENDRICK PEIRCE, HAROLD B. SEDGWICK, PHILIP LEFFINGWELL SPALDING

# HONORARY MEMBER

FRANCES ROSE-TROUP

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