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THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

PROCEEDINGS FOR THE YEAR 1941

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FIFTH MEETING THIRTY-SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING

THE THIRTY-SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY was held January 28, 1941, at the residence of Professor and Mrs. James B. Munn, 58 Garden Street.

President Walcott called on Miss Howe for a report on the activities of the Tercentennial Committee on Historic Houses.

The Secretary then presented his report for 1940 and that of the Council, which were received and ordered filed.

The Treasurer then presented his report together with that of Mr. Edward Ingraham, Auditor. This report showed a balance of \$407.31 in the Society's checking account in the Harvard Trust Company.

The income of the Maria Bowen Fund for 1940 was \$340.03, which having been added to the Fund, makes the total amount as of December 31, 1940, \$16,175.05.

The total amount of the George White Fund, the Life Membership Fund, the Historic Houses Fund, and the Elizabeth E. Dana Fund, on December 31, 1940, was \$3,415.79.

The reports of the Treasurer and of the Auditor were received and ordered filed.

Before calling for the report of the Nominating Committee, the President mentioned the fact that Mr. David T. Pottinger was retiring as Editor of the Society's publications after eleven years of efficient and

highly successful service. The Society is greatly indebted to Mr. Pottinger, who has brought the publication of the Society's Proceedings up to date, a record not approached in some of the leading historical societies of the country. Fortunately, Mr. Pottinger has kindly consented to see the volume of Proceedings for the past year through the press.

It was voted that the Society regrets the retirement of Mr. Pottinger and that he be given a vote of thanks for the valuable services rendered by him as Editor.

The Secretary then read the report of the Nominating Committee — Alexander H. Bill, Allyn B. Forbes and Edward F. McClennen — who nominated the following:

For President --- HON. ROBERT WALCOTT

For Vice-Presidents --- JOSEPH H. BEALE,

FRANK GAYLORD COOK,

Miss Lois LILLEY HOWE

For Secretary --- ELDON R. JAMES

For Treasurer --- JOHN T. GILMAN NICHOLS

For Curator --- WALTER B. BRIGGS

For Editor --- CHARLES LANE HANSON

For Members of Council: the foregoing and

REV. SAMUEL A. ELIOT, REV. LESLIE T. PENNINGTON,

ROGER GILMAN, MISS ELIZABETH B. PIPER,

MRS. CHARLES P. VOSBURGH

There being no further nominations, it was unanimously voted that the Secretary cast one ballot for those named by the Committee. Upon the report by the Secretary that he had cast a ballot for those nominated, they were accordingly declared elected officers of the Cambridge Historical Society for the ensuing year.

The President then presented Professor Julian L. Coolidge, who read a very interesting paper on Washington in New England.[]*

After extending the thanks of the Society to Professor Coolidge and Professor and Mrs. Munn, the meeting adjourned for refreshments.

** The paper was printed in April, 1941, in Vol. XLIX, No. 2, of "The Virginia Magazine of History and Biography" by The Virginia Historical Society, Richmond, Va.*

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SIXTH MEETING

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY met on April 22, 1941, at the Fogg Art Museum, Quincy Street, as the guests of Miss Laura H. Dudley and Miss Elizabeth B. Piper. There were more than ninety in attendance.

The meeting was called to order by President Walcott shortly after 8:00 P.M.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The Secretary then read the following resolution, passage of which had been recommended to the Society by the Council:

"Whereas at the last meeting of this Society, its Editor, Mr. David T. Pottinger, retired from office after many years of devoted and efficient service, and

"Whereas with diligence and care he has brought to date the publications of the Proceedings of this Society, and in his current issue has arranged and presented a new format of rare excellence — a high standard for future publications,

"Now therefore be it resolved that the thanks of the Society be tendered to Mr. Pottinger for the care, zeal, taste, and skill that he has expended out of his strenuous business life in the unselfish service of this Society, and that this resolution be spread upon the records of the Society, and that the Secretary be requested to send a copy to Mr. Pottinger."

Upon motion, the resolution was unanimously adopted.

The President then introduced Mr. Edward W. Forbes, Director of the Fogg Art Museum, who spoke most interestingly on the Beginnings of the Art Department and the Fogg Museum of Art at Harvard. The address was illustrated with a number of interesting lantern slides.

After voting the thanks of the Society to Mr. Forbes, Miss Dudley and Miss Piper, the meeting adjourned to the Naumberg Room for refreshments.

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SEVENTH MEETING

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY met at Elmwood on June 3, 1941, for its June Meeting and Garden Party, as the guests of Mrs. A. Kingsley Porter. There were more than ninety members and guests present.

The meeting, which was held in the Music Room, was called to order by President Walcott shortly after four o'clock, P.M.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The Curator, Mr. Briggs, made a short report as to gifts received and also reported the purchase of a Warrant of the Town of Cambridge which, among other matters, proposed a committee to visit General Washington to ascertain what lands he planned to use for military operations during the coming year.

The President then introduced Mr. Walter B. Briggs, the Curator of the Society, and formerly Associate Librarian of the Harvard College Library, who had considerable difficulty in finding a satisfactory position from which to speak, in the search for which he was ably assisted by various members of the audience. Mr. Briggs spoke most entertainingly of his experiences in the Harvard College Library from 1886 to 1936. Photographs of Elmwood in James Russell Lowell's time, and also of distinguished personages associated with the Harvard College Library, gathered by Mr. Briggs from the collections of the Library, were displayed.

After votes of thanks to Mrs. Porter and Mr. Briggs, the afternoon being fine, the Society adjourned to the lawn for refreshments.

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ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHTH MEETING

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY met on October 28, 1941, at the Craigie House as the guests of Mr. H. W. L. Dana. The meeting was called to order by President Walcott promptly at 8:00 o'clock P.M.

There were more than one hundred members and guests present.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The President announced the appointment of the following as a Nominating Committee to nominate officers of the Society for 1942: Mr. Alexander H. Bill, Chairman; Miss Mary Deane Dexter; Hon. Franklin T. Hammond.

The President then introduced Dr. Frederick Haven Pratt, who read a delightfully interesting paper entitled "The Craigies," transcribing many of the letters of Mary (Polly) Allen, the unacknowledged daughter of Andrew Craigie.

There was a very extensive exhibition of Craigie memorabilia, contributed for the occasion by various persons and organizations. Attention was called to this exhibition by Mr. H. W. L. Dana.

The thanks of the Society were voted to Dr. Pratt, to those who had so kindly contributed the articles and photographs exhibited, and to Mr. Dana. The meeting then adjourned for refreshments.

PAPERS READ DURING THE YEAR 1941

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE ART DEPARTMENT AND OF THE FOGG MUSEUM OF ART AT HARVARD BY EDWARD W. FORBES

Read April 22, 1941

AN INTERESTING FACT in the history of the Fogg Museum of Art at Harvard University is that certain families, through different generations, have been associated with its development. Charles Eliot Norton, the first professor of Fine Arts at Harvard, his son Richard, and President Eliot, a first cousin of Professor Norton's, all played an important part in the Museum's history. In later years Professor Norton's sister, Miss Grace Norton, two of his daughters, Miss Elizabeth Norton and Miss Margaret Norton, and his nephew, Francis Bullard of the class of 1886, a distinguished print collector, have been benefactors of the Museum.

In the Museum's early history the Prichard family of Concord played an important role and the Randall family also played a part. Associated with them in one way or another were the Emerson and Hoar families. The family of the vigorous old Squire Hoar of Concord intermarried with the Prichard family. His daughter Elizabeth was engaged to Charles Chauncy Emerson, but he died before their marriage. Judge William Emerson, the older brother of Charles, was a partner of William M. Prichard of the class of 1833. They practised law in New York. William Prichard was the first man to bequeath a sum of money to Harvard, the whole income from which was to be used for the purchase of works of art. It is said moreover that this same William Prichard advised the

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widow of William Hayes Fogg, whose lawyer he was, to leave her money to Harvard for an art museum to be known as the William Hayes Fogg Art Museum.

Langdon Warner of the Fogg Museum is a nephew of members of the Prichard and Hoar families, and I am a nephew of William Prichard's partner, so the connection continues to the present day.

Dr. John Witt Randall of Boston of the Harvard class of 1834 was a friend of the Emersons and doubtless of the Prichards. His sister, Belinda Randall, was a great friend of Elizabeth Hoar's. Dr. Randall made a notable collection of prints which he left to the Fogg Museum. I have recently been reading letters of Ralph Waldo Emerson in which he

mentioned his pleasure in looking over, at his house in Concord, the engravings belonging to Dr. Randall.

The first benefactor of the Museum was Francis Galley Gray of the class of 1807, who built up a distinguished collection of prints and engravings and was the first person to leave an important collection of works of art to Harvard.

The famous Professor Louis Agassiz came from Switzerland to America. Soon after his arrival he married Elizabeth Gary and lived on Oxford Street, Cambridge. Later, some time between 1851 and 1857, while Alexander, his son by his first wife, was a student at Harvard, he moved to the corner of Quincy Street and Broadway, where a part of the present Fogg Museum stands. Louis Agassiz and his son, it is hardly necessary to say, demonstrated the fact that an individual, starting with nothing, can build up a great university museum.

James Russell Lowell, the poet, lived in Elmwood, the beautiful colonial mansion. A. Kingsley Porter, the distinguished professor of mediaeval art, who was appointed to the Harvard Fine Arts Department in 1920, lived there a few years and then bought it, in 1925, and placed in the house his important collection of books, papers, and photographs, and some valuable works of art. He bequeathed the house and collections to the University, subject to the life estate of his widow, who now lives there and carries on his work.

The brother of James Russell Lowell lived on Quincy Street in the wooden house which still stands between the Faculty Club and the Fogg Museum. A member of the Lowell family married George Putnam, and I remember when I was in college going into that house as the guest of

the Putnams. Later, Professor Farlow, the famous botanist, occupied the house. The Corporation of Harvard has given the Directors of the Museum to understand that if and when the present Fogg Museum is so enlarged that more land is needed, we may expect to be allowed to expand with an arcade running along Prescott Street to the old Lowell House, through the new wing which will be placed on this site and along Quincy Street, back to join the present building, leaving the open garden enclosed by the Museum buildings and arcade. We have already had our architect make plans for this proposed development, which will make a reality of a dream I used to have during the two years when I was a student at Oxford — that some day Harvard should have at least one enclosed garden adjoining one of the University buildings.

To return to the Lowells: A. Lawrence Lowell was the President of Harvard during whose administration the present Fogg Museum was built and who allowed us to make these plans for expansion.

Referring to the Agassizs: Mr. and Mrs. Louis Agassiz started a school for girls in their Quincy Street house, I suppose about 1855 or 1856. This became popular with girls from Boston, and some came from Concord, including the two Emerson sisters. One of them was my Mother. In October, 1858, she journeyed from Concord every day to attend the school, but soon after she came to board with Mrs. Lowell on Quincy Street, about one hundred yards from her school. So now I sit in my office in the building on the site of the

schoolhouse and look out of my window at the house where my Mother, the pupil, lived. Once my Mother told me that not infrequently early in the morning from her chamber window on Quincy Street she saw my Father, then a Harvard undergraduate, on his way to Chapel. Whether he thought that Quincy Street was included in the straight line from Holworthy Hall to the recently built Appleton Chapel is not known.

Mrs. Agassiz, as is well known, was one of the important forces in the building up of Radcliffe College, whose many students are today familiar figures in the Fogg Museum. The elder daughter, Ida Agassiz, married Henry L. Higginson, the great benefactor of Harvard and of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; the younger daughter, Pauline, married Quincy Shaw, who made the famous collection of Millets and other works of art now in the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston.

Members of these families, the Gray, the Lowell, the Agassiz, in different generations, have been good friends to the Museum.

It would take too long even to try to give a history of the beginning of the interest in art in the Puritan community of Boston, the city in which Copley and Stuart painted, but it is known that Washington Allston, of the class of 1800, a magnetic and fascinating personality who had studied art in Europe, succeeded in arousing a lively interest here in the early years of the nineteenth century. A few of the well-to-do Bostonians, like George Ticknor, as well as Francis Galley Gray and Dr. John Witt Randall, began to collect works of art.

Winslow Homer was a Cambridge boy, born in 1836. As an artist, however, he did not concern himself with Cambridge, but we are fortunate in having some of his fine paintings in the Museum.

William Morris Hunt was a versatile man of great charm, and an artist to his finger tips; he sang delightfully with his guitar. He was born in 1820 and started to study at Harvard but did not find academic work wholly to his taste. His Mother took him and the rest of her family to Europe for a number of years. Hunt stayed on and worked in Paris with Couture, and later at Barbizon with Jean Francois Millet. It was he who recommended the work of Millet, before he was famous in France, to Quincy Shaw and others when they started collecting works of art. Hunt started a school of art for young ladies in Boston, and about forty joined the class, of whom my Mother was one. He was not especially interested in the Museum School when it opened later; it was too academic for his sensitive and imaginative nature. His brother, Richard Hunt, was the architect of the original Fogg Museum.

In 1870 two important events took place in the museum world. On February 4 the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston was incorporated. About two months later, on April 13, the Metropolitan Museum of Art was founded in New York. But they were not the earliest museums in the United States. The Wadsworth Atheneum of Hartford, Connecticut, was incorporated in 1842 and the gallery was opened to the public in 1844.

The Boston Athenaeum, founded in 1807, like the Wadsworth Atheneum was an example of the combination of Library and Museum which had grown up in various parts of the country in earlier days.

Professor Charles Eliot Norton was the great pioneer in the teach-

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ing of art in America. In 1874 he was appointed by the Corporation Lecturer on the History of the Fine Arts as Connected with Literature.

"There was already in the University an instructor in freehand drawing and water color, Charles Herbert Moore, who had been appointed in 1871; but until 1874 he had taught in the Lawrence Scientific School exclusively, and the instruction which he offered was not open to undergraduates in Harvard College. Norton immediately saw the desirability of cooperating with Moore, thus establishing from the very beginning a principle which has ever since been followed by the Division, namely, that instruction in the history of art should be accompanied by instruction in theory and principles, that the training of eye and hand is no less important than the training of memory."¹

I have often heard it said that if you should ask almost any Harvard graduate of the classes between 1875 and 1895 from which course he got the most in college, he would be pretty sure to say "Professor Norton's course," and this response would come from doctors, lawyers, and men engaged in business and other affairs.

Dr. Chase ² says of him, "He never hesitated to turn aside from the subject in hand to comment on current events and matters of public or academic interest, so that his courses covered a much wider range than is suggested by their titles. Many a graduate of the last quarter of the nineteenth century recalls his attendance on Norton's lectures as an experience which opened to him a new world."

His lectures were given with practically no visual illustration. I took his classical course in 1892-1893 and was deeply interested. The only visual impression that I remember having received was from a visit to the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, where I went one day obeying his instructions. All that sticks in my mind is a long dismal row of plaster casts of Greek and Roman heads. But at the end of the year I went over with a younger brother to join the rest of my family in England. Our family had been separated for a year. On the first afternoon in London one of my older brothers invited his three younger brothers to go to Paul Boynton's World Wide Water Show. I said "No, thank you. I cannot wait a minute longer," and took a hansom cab to the British

¹ *Dr. George H. Chase in the "Development of Harvard University, 1869-1929" edited by Samuel Eliot Morison, pages 130 and 131.*

² *See page 131 of the above reference.*

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Museum to see the Parthenon marbles. The others went to the World Wide Water Show.

In 1894-1895 I took Professor Norton's Mediaeval and Renaissance course with profit and pleasure. It was given in Sanders Theatre, the only hall in the University large enough to hold the large number that gathered to attend the course. Norton said, when he saw the sea of faces looking up at him on the first day of the course, "This is a sad sight," for he well knew that many of the students were there because they thought the course would be a "snap." But it was a case of "those who came to scoff remained to pray." Thousands of such young scapegraces who listened to Norton over a period of twenty years, even though they were occasionally annoyed at his attacks on the crudeness of our civilization, lived to feel that he gave them one of the great experiences of their lives — a lasting interest in art.

Several of his pupils attained distinction in the field of art; one turned to the Orient, another to Classical Art, others to Renaissance or Modern Art, for he had struck the spark that started the fire. This great teacher finally gave up his famous Fine Arts courses in 1898, three years after the first Fogg Museum was opened.

William Hayes Fogg was born in Berwick, Maine, in 1817. He became a successful manufacturer, travelled with his wife, and bought a few works of art. He died in 1884, and, as I have already stated, his widow, at the advice of William Prichard, left her money to establish the Fogg Museum of Art. She died in 1891.

The story is that the Corporation of Harvard found this bequest a little embarrassing. A Committee of two was appointed to plan the Museum. Those two men were both Trustees of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston and both firmly believed that there was room for only one art museum in an American city of the size of Boston in the 1890's. So they were confronted with a problem. As honourable Trustees of course they had to do the best that they could with the money at their disposal. It is interesting to note that even so short a time ago, these two men, both lovers of art, could not foresee to what an extent the interest in the Fine Arts would grow in the college of which they were graduates. They were both sensitive collectors and one of them showed the delicacy of his perceptions by making an exquisite collection of Blakes.

Richard Hunt, the brother of William Morris Hunt, as I have said,

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was employed as architect of the proposed museum. It was the consensus of opinion that a university art museum should contain a lecture hall, a large hall on the main floor for casts, a room on the second floor for photographs, and a few small rooms for various purposes and offices.

We wonder today whether future generations will criticize us for the inadequacy of our plans for the Museum of 1927.

The first building is familiar to you all. It was the Fogg Museum from 1895 to 1927 and now it is known as Hunt Hall and is used by the Architectural Department. It had a pediment on the back part of the building which you could see over the front part from

across Kirk-land Street, but as you approached the building it vanished. So the Museum was spoken of as the building with the disappearing pediment.

Professor Norton, it seems, was not consulted by the Committee of the Corporation. He did not think the building was suited for its purpose and wrote a vigorous note of protest, but in vain. It was said that he once remarked that the only merit that the Fogg Museum had was that it hid some of the horrors of Appleton Chapel. Later the students called it Norton's Pet, not because he was fond of it but because he got into a pet at the very sound of its name.

The Fogg Museum was opened in the autumn of 1895. It was the headquarters of the work of the Fine Arts Department and has continued to be so ever since. When Professor Norton gave up teaching in 1898 Professor Edward Robinson took over his course on Ancient Art, and Professor Charles H. Moore his course on Mediaeval and Renaissance Art. In 1902 Robinson resigned and became Director of the Museum of Fine Arts and Dr. George H. Chase began his long career as teacher of Classical Art in place of Robinson. Professor Moore continued to give his course until 1909, when he retired from the Department. Meanwhile Dr. Denman Waldo Ross gave a course in the theory of Design, primarily for the students in the Architectural School. Martin Mower and Arthur Pope, of the class of 1901, were Professor Moore's assistants in these early days; in 1905 Mr. Pope gave his first course on Landscape Painting, and in 1909 he and Chandler Post of the class of 1904 gave a course on Italian Painting together. Thus the group of younger men gradually began to take the place of the older generation.

As for the Museum, the original bequest of \$220,000 was used as follows: \$150,000 for the building itself; \$20,000 for the furniture, in-

cluding plaster casts; \$50,000 as the principal of the Fogg Fund, to be kept for the maintenance of the building.

Professor Charles H. Moore, the first Director, began to work on the problem of getting the Gray and Randall Collections of prints, numbering together nearly 28,000, into the Fogg Museum. When the bequests were originally made the Gray Collection was placed in old Gore Hall, the Harvard College Library of that day, as the only suitable place in which to keep it. In 1870 one of the arguments for the need of a museum in Boston used by those who started the Boston Museum was the existence of the Gray Collection stored in the Harvard Library in such a way that the prints could not be properly exhibited to the public. So when the Boston Museum was built, this collection was transferred there, and I believe that it contained some of the most distinguished works of art in the Boston Museum of those days. The Randall Collection, on the death of Dr. Randall in 1892, was placed in the Boston Museum. Naturally the Trustees of the Museum of Fine Arts were not eager to have the collections taken away from them, but in 1897 Professor Moore won his battle and persuaded the Corporation of Harvard to have them brought back to Cambridge and placed in the Fogg Museum. Other collections were soon started. Edward P. Warren of the class of 1883 lent some Greek vases, and in 1897-1898 Professor Norton and Professor Moore purchased a drawing by Prout and a water colour by William Hunt, the English artist.

In 1899 I began to lend Italian paintings and Greek sculpture to the Museum. It came about in this way. I had taken little interest in art until I was about twenty years old. I enjoyed the pictures of William Morris Hunt which hung in the houses of our family, for he was a great friend of my Grandfather and Grandmother and frequently visited them. One of my earliest recollections is sitting opposite this elderly white-bearded man when I was four or five years old on one occasion when he came to lunch at my Father's house. At the age of twenty I began to sketch and in 1895 became interested in the Barbizon masters and even more so in Murillo. In the autumn of 1898 I had a great desire to go to Italy. As I had taken Professor Norton's courses and heard so much about Italian art I was eager to spend a winter in Italy studying the language, literature, and art of that country. In Florence I was deeply impressed with the beauty of the works of the Florentine mas-

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ters, and, when later I went to Rome and introduced myself to Richard Norton, who was then a Professor at the American Academy in Rome, I asked him why none of these early Italian pictures were in America, for I had never heard of the Jarves Collection which was at Yale at that time and I did not know that Mrs. Gardner had already begun to collect. Norton replied that the pictures were there, in Italy, and that it was only necessary to buy them. My Father had died the previous year and as I lived with my Mother my expenses were very small. So, when I found that good Italian pictures could be bought for very low prices — prices that now seem microscopic in comparison with the fabulous amounts paid for pictures in recent years — it occurred to me that I might try to bring some to America. I began therefore by getting three or four inexpensive pictures that first year and persuaded members of my family to help me out by getting one or two more. Then the question was, what to do with them. There was no room for them in my Mother's house and I told Norton that I planned to offer to lend them to the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. He said, "Why lend them there? They will be lost in a mess of second-rate pictures," for in those days the Boston Museum contained little of distinction. He said, "Why not start fresh in the Fogg Museum?" I had never been in the Fogg Museum, for it had opened three or four months after I was graduated from College. So I wrote to Professor Moore and asked him if he would care to accept the pictures as loans; he replied that he would. For the next seven or eight years I made it my pleasure to buy what I could afford, perhaps one or two pictures a year, to lend to the Museum, although I have not been able to continue this practice. During those years I never bought anything without the advice of Richard Norton. He was my guide, philosopher, and friend, for he knew where and how to find the good works of art that were for sale at reasonable prices and understood the art of bargaining and getting them.

Meanwhile a change was taking place in me. In college my principal interest was history; — gradually it swung towards literature, in which I became so much interested that I went to Oxford for two years, 1900-1902, to study English literature. In 1903-1904 I tried teaching literature at the Middlesex School. But I was by degrees becoming more and more absorbed in art and in 1904 I started to make art my principal study.

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One year when I was in London Richard Norton invited me to lunch with James Loeb, who was a great admirer of Professor Norton and well known for his particular interest in Classical Art. Richard Norton was at that time trying to persuade Loeb to do for the Fogg Museum in Classical Art what I was doing in Renaissance Art. Loeb became interested and lent to the Museum some fine fragments of Arretine pottery, which Dr. George H. Chase published, three valuable Greek bronze tripods, some Peruvian gold, and other objects. This fine collection remained in the Fogg Museum for eight or nine years, and then, unfortunately, Loeb moved to Munich and carried his collection with him.

During these early years Walter M. Cabot of the class of 1894, at one time Curator of the Oriental Department of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, thought it would be advisable to have Oriental Art represented in the Fogg Museum also, so he volunteered to lend his choice collection of Japanese objects, which was placed in the Museum. Richard Norton's hand was again seen in the gift to the Museum from C. Fairfax Murray, an Englishman, of a fine Turner water colour drawing which had once belonged to Ruskin. Murray was a friend and disciple of Ruskin's. Later I studied with him the methods and materials used in Italian painting. Other gifts and loans slowly began to come in.

In May, 1904, President Eliot appointed a Committee on the Fogg Museum corresponding to the Committee of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. Dr. Arthur T. Cabot of the Harvard Corporation, and Trustee of the Museum of Fine Arts, was the Chairman and a warm friend of the Museum for many years. Professor Moore, Dr. Denman Waldo Ross, Professor Herbert L. Warren, Francis Bullard, the nephew of Professor Norton, Professor John H. Wright, and I were the other members of the Committee. In 1909 when Professor Moore retired, two positions were left vacant: the Chairmanship of the Fine Arts Department and the Directorship of the Museum. Professor Chase was appointed Chairman of the Department and I was asked by President Eliot to be Director of the Museum.

So when I came back to Cambridge after fourteen years' absence, I found the new generation in charge. Dr. Ross was the Nestor of the Department, and Messrs. Chase, Pope, Post, Mower, and Fitzpatrick were the younger generation of teachers who carried on the greater

part of the work of the Department. When I came to the Museum as Director in 1909, it seemed to me a pretty sad place. The building, though in many ways attractive, had very definite faults. The acoustics were poor and the lighting was none too good. On the walls of the main gallery was a great mass of framed photographs, and the few Italian pictures which had penetrated into this gallery extended as far as they would go in to the mass of photographs. At one end was the Print Room, the best thing in the building, with good cases to house the engravings and with exhibition cases on the walls and in the middle of the room. At the other end of the building were the small working quarters, with a handful of books which we called our Library, the great cases containing the photograph collection, and limited space for the three women workers to sit at their desks crowded together, while the students did the best they could to find a chance to work around the tables which filled up practically the whole floor space in this room. Adjoining this was my office, with no room for a stenographer, and on the ground floor was the hall, filled with casts and one or two cases of Greek vases standing around in the background. The finest among the very

few original objects, which had come to the Museum in 1899, was placed in a conspicuous position near the foot of the stairs among the plaster casts. This was the noble Greek statue of Meleager, lent to the Museum and later bequeathed to it by Edith Forbes Webster. On the east side of the ground floor there was a small room for Walter Cabot's Oriental Collection; on the northwest corner was the Loeb room with his Classical Collection; the original Fogg Collection was in another small room on the west side.

When I say the original Fogg Collection, I mean such part of it as was on exhibition in 1909. I am told that a great many more objects from the collection, including an old family bed, among other things, were exhibited in the first year that the Museum opened. Then these objects, one by one, began to be retired to the basement and put in storage. After a while some members of the Fogg family came to the Museum and protested that they did not see the bed on exhibition. At last an arrangement satisfactory to both sides was made. The bed was returned to the Fogg family.

The staff then consisted of three women, a janitor, and an errand boy. Miss Laura H. Dudley was in charge of the large and valuable

print collection and was fast becoming one of the best scholars in the field of prints in the United States. She has the record for length of service in the Fogg Museum. She was graduated from Radcliffe in 1895. I think that your president, Judge Walcott, will agree with Miss Dudley and me that 1895 was a very fine year in which to be graduated! She became a member of the Fogg Museum staff in 1897 and retired in 1939 after forty-two years of admirable and scholarly service. Miss Eliza P. Huntington had charge of the photographs and Miss Alice M. Wood was the assistant.

The janitor was Edward Broderick. He was a faithful worker. I happen to remember that once when we were having a special exhibition, I persuaded the University authorities to send over a night watchman to add to the protection of the valuable objects we had borrowed. When I saw the strange face of this night watchman appear in the building, I drew Broderick aside and asked him if he thought this man was all right. He replied, "I do not think he will take anything that he cannot lay his hands on." Thus comforted I departed.

The building was so bad for its purposes and had such a bad reputation, largely on account of its acoustics perhaps, that arousing interest in the public proved to be at first heavy sledding and I felt as if I were bumping my head into a stone wall for some years.

I adopted two cardinal principles: one, that the Museum must have original works of art to arouse enthusiasm (it would have been too optimistic to hope for another Professor Norton who could arouse enthusiasm without originals); two, that it must have several loan exhibitions each year to keep the students awake and to make them and the public come in. I started by removing the photographs from the main gallery and replacing them by a series of loan exhibitions, by acquiring new works of art as fast as possible, and by getting temporary loans from friends, so that before long it was not difficult to keep the gallery filled with original works of art. At the same time the casts were removed from the entrance hall and the space was given over to the original Greek marbles which then included not only the Meleager but also a few other fine sculptures.

In 1912 the defects of the building became so trying that Professor Pope's uncle, Alfred Pope of Farmington, Connecticut, came to our rescue and paid for remodelling the ground floor. We reduced the size

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of the lecture hall, which improved its acoustics and gave us a semicircular corridor around it which we could use for exhibitions.

In 1913 Mrs. Edward M. Gary of Milton and others made it possible to remodel the top floor; this gave us more light, a non-leaking roof, less heat in summer, a room for my stenographer, and working space in the attic. These changes improved the building so much that we lived in relative comfort for some years, though the collections were slowly but steadily growing.

This same year the society known as The Friends of the Fogg Museum (now called The Friends of Art, Archaeology, and Music at Harvard) was started and has given us valuable help ever since.

In 1915 Paul J. Sachs, who had been the Chairman of the Visiting Committee, decided to cast his lot with us and came to the Museum as Assistant Director. The results of his presence soon became noticeable. With the help of his dynamic energy and great enthusiasm, the Museum has grown steadily. In the autumn of 1916 he was asked to give a course of lectures at Wellesley College. These proved to be so successful that the next year he was invited to give lectures at Harvard and rose from the rank of assistant professor to full professor; now for some years he has been the chairman of the Department of Fine Arts as well as the Associate Director of the Museum.

I have used up most of my time in telling you about the ancient history of the Museum, because comparatively little is known about the early days and such things are easily forgotten.

However, at this point it is fitting to mention by name a few of the principal benefactors of the Museum in the old days. Besides Mrs. William Hayes Fogg, Dr. John Witt Randall, William M. Prichard, Francis Galley Gray, Professor Charles Eliot Norton, Richard Norton, James Loeb, Edward Warren, Mrs. Edward M. Gary, Alfred Pope, and Walter M. Cabot already referred to, the following names should be mentioned: Dr. Denman Waldo Ross, famous as a teacher and as a great benefactor of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, took a lively interest in the Fogg Museum and gave a large amount of study material to us; Hervey E. Wetzel of the class of 1911 became interested in art and took a Fine Arts course at Harvard in 1911-12. Afterwards he had the rare opportunity of going around the world with Dr. Ross and his cousin Miss Louise Nathurst. Young Wetzel, being a man of great taste, took ad-

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vantage of the knowledge of his stimulating friend and teacher and began collecting objects of Oriental Art. On his return, he bought a house in Louisburg Square which he made into a

small private museum. When the United States went into the war in 1917 he volunteered to go into the Army. On account of his very frail and delicate physique he was not accepted, but he succeeded later in getting a position in the Red Cross and went over to Paris to work there.

Before leaving he came to me and asked if I would let him have one of the rooms in the Fogg Museum to do with as he liked in arranging an exhibition of some of his fine objects. I readily agreed; he took over the northwest room and had special cases built which he arranged himself. Each object shown was beautiful; the arrangement of each case was a masterpiece; the room as a whole was made a distinguished work of art. Wetzel died of pneumonia in Paris in October, 1918. I heard afterwards that when he wanted to arrange his room in the Museum he had a premonition that he would never come back. He bequeathed \$100,000 to the Fogg Museum, the principal to be spent in the purchase of works of art. We bought some of our finest works with this bequest. After his death the objects in the cases which he had arranged in the Museum were divided among his family, the Boston Museum, and the Fogg Museum, so with great regret we had to give up the idea of perpetuating his memory by the beautiful room which he had himself arranged.

We received temporary loans and indefinite loans and gifts from various other friends too numerous to mention.

Perhaps a few landmarks in the course of this development are worth noting. By 1923 we began to feel like a fifteen-year-old boy in a ten-year-old's suit of clothes, bursting out at elbow and knee. We discussed many ways of expanding. One was to build out a wing from the original museum building towards Holworthy Hall and a series of wings on the other side until we had actually connected with Robinson Hall, the Architectural School, our nearest neighbor on the east.

But we finally ended as you all know by making plans for a new building and selecting the lot on Quincy Street where we are now, opposite Sever Hall. We had to tear down four houses to make room for the present building. Mr. Agassiz's house had already disappeared years before and a temporary building was in its place. Dean Hurlburt

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was occupying one of the houses which had to come down, and I remember that when I met him after we committed this crime he would look ruefully at me and say "Oh, desolator of homes!"

Mr. Sachs and Felix Warburg, then Chairman of the Visiting Committee, started the ball rolling at the meeting of the Visiting Committee in the spring of 1923 when I was in Europe, and I believe that three gifts of \$100,000 from individuals or groups of people were announced at that meeting.

But we ran into difficulties soon, because we found that the Corporation felt that a new Chemical Laboratory was the greatest need of the University, and three million dollars was wanted for that; and that the next greatest need was for the School of Business Administration, for which five million dollars was wanted. Bishop Lawrence, a member of the Corporation at that time, was asked to take charge of the money-raising campaign; Dean Wallace Donham of the Business School was his right-hand man. Mr. Sachs and I

persuaded them that we could pull our weight in the boat, and we managed to bring about a campaign for ten million dollars with two million dollars allotted to the Fogg Museum.

Mr. Sachs became Mr. Donham's assistant. We worked hard for two years and at last the money was raised.

Then came the planning of the building. Charles A. Coolidge and his able partner, Henry Shepley, were the architects, and Meyric Rogers, a graduate of the Harvard Architectural School, who had specialized in small museums, acted as liaison officer, and met with our Committee, composed principally of Professors Pope, Sachs and myself, to work out the plan. We were supposed to have one million dollars for the building and one million dollars for the endowment, but we spent one million three hundred thousand dollars for the building and raised additional funds to add to the endowment later.

With the campaign for the new building and even before other benefactors came to the front, Mr. Sachs's Father and Mother and other members of his family were generous friends and played an important part in the Museum's development. Felix M. Warburg's services were so great and his gifts so generous that we named the sculpture hall at the west end of the building Warburg Hall in his honor. Many friends have helped us in later years through gifts and loans. I cannot mention all of their names here, but we owe a special debt of gratitude to John

D. Rockefeller, Jr. and the General Education Board, the Carnegie Corporation, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss, Henry S. Bowers, John Nicholas Brown, Miss Helen C. Frick, Charles B. Hoyt, Samuel Kress, the Lehman family, J. P. Morgan, Chauncey Stillman, William A. White, Grenville L. Winthrop, Mrs. Harold I. Pratt and Mrs. T. O. Richardson. Mrs. Pratt has been particularly interested in the garden, and her friend, Mrs. Charles W. McKelvey, made the plans for its development. It may be worth while to note that I made my first visit to Mrs. Richardson when she was living in her villa on the slope of Fiesole, north of Florence. This villa formerly belonged to Walter Savage Landor and my Grandfather visited him there in 1833.

The Museum's collections have grown and the Museum's activities have spread into many fields.

Mr. Sachs has helped greatly in the organization and growth of the Museum. In the old building we seemed more like a family party; our quarters were so crowded that we were continually almost treading on each other's toes. At the present time there are approximately fifty members of the Fogg Museum Staff, not including Rex, the dog, who patrols the gallery at night with our watchman.

Mr. Sachs, since 1923-1924, has given his course in Museum Work and Problems to train museum officials; graduates of the course now hold positions throughout the country.

Many teachers and professors — both men and women — have been provided for other institutions by the greatly enlarged teaching staff of the Department, which now numbers about thirty, counting professors, instructors, tutors, assistants, and section men.

One of the special fields in which we have spent a great deal of effort has been the technical study of pictures. Problems of distinguishing between original works of art and forgeries and of the care and restoration of valuable works of art by combining history, science, and art have been developed by the Department of Conservation, headed by George L. Stout. A Department of X-ray and a valuable collection of shadowgraphs have been built up by Alan Burroughs.

We have sent out exploring and excavating expeditions into other lands under these leaders: Mr. Langdon Warren in China; Professors Edward Chiera and Robert Pfeiffer and Dr. Richard F. S. Starr suc-

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cessively in Mesopotamia; Dr. Hetty Goldman in Greece, and Sir Aurel Stein in Persia.

We have been connected in one way or another with various institutions. Mr. Thomas Whittemore of the Byzantine Institute, who is doing a splendid piece of work in uncovering the great early Christian mosaics in Hagia Sophia, Istanbul, has associated himself with the Museum and has lent us his fine collection of Byzantine seals and coins. During the last three years Mr. Prentice Duell has been working at the Fogg Museum on his new book on the notable Etruscan fifth century frescoes at Tarquinia. For some years we were affiliated with Dumbarton Oaks, the estate of Honorable and Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss in Washington. In November, 1940, they gave their house in its beautiful surroundings with their fine collection of Byzantine and other early Christian works of art and their Library to Harvard to be maintained as part of Harvard University, closely affiliated with the Fogg Museum, and to be known as the Dumbarton Oaks Research Library and Collection. So the Museum has continued to grow and increase its activities through the years.

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SUNDRY OBSERVATIONS UPON FOUR DECADES OF HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY

BY WALTER B. BRIGGS

Read June 2, 1942

THIS PAPER is compiled from the notes gathered for the rambling talk with which the writer endeavored to entertain, as well as to inform, a mixed audience, at a Lawn Party at Elmwood, on a drowsy day in June. His ambition was to be able to hold the attention of his hearers, all consciously or unconsciously affected by Lowell's lines suggesting that a perfect day in June should be spent out-of-doors listening to the voice of Nature, not indoors to that of a librarian.

To put his remarks in any acceptable form for publication has not been an easy task. His aim here is to challenge attention to a great library by recounting some of its past history and by emphasizing certain important events during the four decades.

The period with which the paper is concerned covers, in fact, fifty years, from 1886 to 1936. These dates are important in the history of Harvard College, marking as they do the celebrations of the 250th and the 300th anniversaries of the founding of the College. During this time, with the exception of the years 1904 to 1915, the writer was a member of the staff of the College Library.

Before dealing with this period let us glance at the oft-told but always interesting story of the beginnings of the Library.

If New England has had leadership in the field of education, it is due in part to her early and continuing interest in and encouragement of the printing of books, and the gathering and preservation of books in libraries.

Of the one hundred printing presses in the colonies at the time of the Revolution, it is said that fifty were in New England. The story of the first printing press in British North America is a familiar one to a Cambridge audience, but the scattered facts in regard to its history have but

recently been fully assembled and correctly interpreted by Professor S. E. Morison in "The Founding of Harvard College," the first volume of his scholarly and definitive "History of Harvard College and University, 1636-1896." Let me attempt to rephrase, in a few words, some of these facts.

In 1638 Rev. Jose Glover embarked on the ship "John of London" for Boston, with his wife, five children, Stephen Day and his two sons, a printing press and a font of type. Mr. Glover died "on the way hither-ward," so Winthrop writes. The widow with her considerable property, — and the press, — found favor in the sight of the struggling President of Harvard College, one Henry Dunster, a bachelor of thirty-eight years. He acquired both and controlled — the press — for some years. Upon this press was printed, in 1640, under Stephen Day, the Bay Psalm Book, the first book printed in the English colonies.

The colonists had brought a goodly number of books with them. In "The Flowering of New England" Van Wyck Brooks writes, "There had been books on the slope of Beacon Hill when the wolves still howled on the summit," referring doubtless to the 186 volumes in the library of William Blackstone (Blaxton) who dwelt in 1625 somewhere on the west slope of Beacon Hill, not far from what are now Beacon and Spruce streets. He is said to have been the first white settler to live on land where Boston now stands.

In 1638 John Harvard, "a godly Gentleman and a lover of Learning," bequeathed to the College in Cambridge "one half of his Estate and all his Library." The 400 volumes received by this bequest formed the nucleus of what has come to be a collection of 4,000,000 volumes.

Thus, within two years after their arrival, the Puritan settlers of Massachusetts Bay Colony had a printing press and a college library. Kinglake, in his book "Eothen," states, "Religion, with the Puritans, was a cause and a controversy, well smitten and well defended." I suggest that their weapon was the printing press and their ammunition the facts supplied by the books in the libraries.

A word about the various homes of the Library. From 1642 to 1676 the books were kept in "The Old College," the name Professor Morison adopts for "the first building to be constructed especially for the college." In 1676 they were moved to the first Harvard Hall. In 1764 this,

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with all its contents, was destroyed by fire. Of the 5000 volumes in the library but 404 volumes were saved. That the collection was largely theological and classical we gather from the detailed account of the fire and of the Library in the Massachusetts Gazette for February 2, 1764. The present Harvard Hall was finished in 1766, and in it were placed the 4350 volumes which, by the generous donation of books and of money, the College authorities had been enabled to collect in the two years.

Here the books remained until the erection in 1841 of Gore Hall, the first separate library building. In exterior design, it followed the lines of King's College Chapel, Cambridge. President Quincy described it "as a very pure specimen of the Gothic style of the fourteenth century." A modern librarian would call it a very "poor" design for the use of a Library. That it was considered the finest building of the College is shown by the fact that when in 1846 Cambridge was incorporated as a city, it selected Gore Hall to appear on its seal, where it has remained to this day.

In 1877 and again in 1895 additions were made to Gore Hall. In 1915 the present building was erected. It was made possible by the generous gift of Mrs. George D. Widener of Philadelphia, in memory of her son, Harry Elkins Widener, '07, who lost his life in the "Titanic" tragedy in April 1912. While in college he had begun collecting a library of rare books, and in the short period of nine years had selected some three thousand volumes. He had expressed the wish that these books should be given to Harvard, and they were placed in the dignified and beautiful room in the centre of the new building.

The building was criticised by a few persons as not conforming to surrounding buildings, but it has proved to be one of the most intelligently and successfully planned library buildings. It has dignity and beauty, with some of the finest features almost unnoticed. A case in point is the beautiful ceiling in the Delivery Rooms to which Mrs. Widener gave much personal attention. The Sienna marble monoliths in the same room are particularly fine.

Over two million volumes are now shelved in the stack. With the 300 chairs in the main reading room, the smaller seminar rooms, the studies for officers and the stalls in the stack, there is a seating capacity, in the whole building, for a thousand readers.

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While comparison with other college library buildings might not be in the best of taste, if publicly made by a Harvard official, one may be permitted to repeat the comment of a Yale professor, temporarily lecturing at Harvard, while the new building for the Yale library was being erected. "Do you know, Mr. Briggs," he said, "that some of us at New Haven fear that the Yale authorities are changing the spelling of the word 'lux' in our motto, to 'looks.'" But as has been stated above, some Harvard men criticised the Harvard building.

Only one book from John Harvard's library survived the burning of Harvard Hall in 1764. It was a large folio by John Downame, entitled "The Christian Warfare against the Devill, World and Flesh." When Director Coolidge first formally entered the new building he bore in his hands this book, referring to it as the Queen Bee, about which have swarmed all the later volumes. From the outside,

the building does have the appearance of a great hive. At every window, at their desks in the 300 reading stalls, students are working like bees, extracting, and perhaps producing, honey. The "stack" is open to officers of the University and to graduate students and certain upperclassmen recommended by their instructors. For the first few months the name "cubicle" was used for these reading stalls, but the signal for closing the library was the turning off of the electric lights for a few seconds, just before ten o'clock. In a few cases where students were evidently asleep at their desk this signal was not effective. The authorities then awoke to the fact that "cubiculum" meant a small sleeping space and the name was changed to "stall," with good results.

Also the new building provided sixty small separate studies for officers. Professor Coolidge would never allow them to be used for offices or called "offices." The requests for these exceeded the number available, and in numerous cases two officers were assigned to the same study. In a few cases, the association of names brought joy to the staff. The Greene-Pease study was the common name of that occupied by two members of the Classical department. But the study assigned to Professors Hopper and Gras brought the happiest juxtaposition. Of course it became known as the Grass-Hopper study.

As was stated at the beginning of this paper, 1886 was an important year for the University. The anniversary exercises were honored and graced by the presence of President and Mrs. Cleveland. James Russell

Lowell was the orator, and Oliver Wendell Holmes, the poet. The procession formed in Gore Hall, with Colonel Henry Lee as Chief Marshall, and S. A. Eliot, '84, as one of the aides.

It was also an important year for the writer as it marked his first connection with the Library. Not, however, his first connection with the College. For two years he had been serving the College, in what might be considered a semi-professional capacity, as a member of the Appleton Chapel Choir. He cannot claim to have been the leading alto, although he once sang a short alto lead in an anthem. For their services at morning chapel and at Sunday Vespers, the boys received twenty-five cents a week. But the permanent worth of the training under Warren A. Locke, the gracious friendship of Professor F. G. Peabody, and the happy association with the boys and the student members of the choir can never be forgotten or overvalued. You will see what a goodly company it was as I call the names of some of them. First the boys: Elliot H. Goodwin, Arthur L. Jackson, F. A. and J. F. Vaughan, George L. Smith, George and Bob Wrenn, Fred Jouett, Nelson Metcalf, G. E., C. E. and W. B. Briggs. Some of the men: E. R. Shippen, F. B. Lund, B. S. Hurlbut, R. C. Cabot, S. A. Eliot, Eugene and Herbert Darling, and William A. Baldwin.

This training in the choir perhaps led Mr. Kiernan, the Superintendent of Circulation in the Library, to offer the new boy fifty cents more a week than a page usually received. But he soon earned it, as one of his duties was to raise his voice and shout, "Libreree Clo-osed," at the end of the day. Until 1895 there were no lights in the building, and the closing time varied, affected by the short days of winter and by storms in summer. He never said "liberry," for singing teaches good pronunciation.

In the fourth edition (1934) of Mr. Potter's "The Library of Harvard University; descriptive and historical notes" and in Mr. Lane's chapter on the Library in Professor Morison's "The Development of Harvard University, 1869-1929," can be found the history and the statistics that I need not repeat here.

The good old days are wittily recaptured by the old grad who wrote the editorial in the *Boston Transcript* of June 22, 1939. It might well be the year 1886 he is regretting. Here is the article, entitled "Harvard Nostalgia."

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"'Harvard indifference,' if there is such a thing, takes a holiday at Commencement time. Lampoon's hoary paraphrase, 'I don't care if I do,' comes nearer to catching the state of mind of the old grads who are roaming nostalgically about the Yard this week. For after 10, 25, 50 years away from Cambridge, Harvard men find that old memories and traditions set up a magnetic field more potent in its rallying power than the cry of 'Rhinehart!'

"Time has changed Harvard and for the worse, naturally. The square has become a hubbub and a headache. The tussock moth and the hurricane have thinned the trees in the Yard. The undergraduates are callow and spiritless. Copey, most persistent of all traditions, has forsaken Cambridge for the country. The lamplight in Hollis 15 has blinked out. Kitty no longer stamps the boards in Harvard Hall. Santayana and James, Briggs, Wendell, Baker, Royce, Palmer, Perry, and Channing have all vanished. But there is still shade on Brattle street and sunlight on the Charles. There is still cheer at Locke's and Wirth's. 'Mem' still clings to its island and the nose on 'Lampy' still shines red. During these June days 'Prexy' Lowell may still be seen 'sprinting' out of University Hall and the warm breeze still lifts the Hart whiskers.

"For the older graduates it takes no great coaxing in Commencement week to evoke the spirit of the always ghostly Professor Norton at Shady Hill. Longfellow, Lowell, Agassiz, and the Olympian Sophocles continue to haunt Craigie House and Elmwood. John the Orangeman, whose wit and citrus fruit served Harvard for 50 years lives in spirit if not, indeed, to 'ate the chicken' that scratches on his grave."

As Mr. Lane's article well describes the officials of the Library and their particular services and contributions, I shall mention but a few. I do desire, however, to pay a tribute to Mr. Lane. His wide educational preparation and his quiet but efficient ability made him, in my opinion, almost the ideal head of a college library, which happily does not require the self-assertive type of person. To Mr. Lane, for his example and advice and for his friendship, I owe more than to any other one person in the library profession.

From 1881 to 1889 Mr. Winsor, in addition to his duties as librarian, was engaged in editing the eight volumes of the "Narrative and Critical History of America," covering the history of North and South America, from 1492 to the middle of the nineteenth century, emphasizing especially the earlier period. He was assisted in planning the work and in

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selecting the thirty-nine writers of the monographs "most entitled to be heard," by an advisory committee of the Massachusetts Historical Society, consisting of Robert C. Winthrop, George E. Ellis, Charles Deane, Henry W. Torrey and Francis Parkman.

Mr. Winsor's important contribution was his treatment of historical geography in the form of essays on the original sources and the bibliography of the topics, his full and learned notes on cartography, and the selection of the many contemporary maps, portraits, and autographs, which add

greatly to the value of the work. Although fifty years have passed since its publication, his notes on cartography and to some extent on bibliography remain the best authority in their fields.

In 1892-93, soon after the work was completed, Mr. Winsor offered a course, open to seniors and graduate students, on "Geographical discovery in North America and its cartographical relations." The writer, among his other duties at the time, was in charge of the valuable map collection in the Library and attended the course. Some eight students elected to attend. When the examination schedule came out, History 23 was assigned to a room in Sever Hall, with students in another small course. When the appointed hour came, no examination papers were on hand. Mr. Winsor was hunted up by the authorities and came to Sever, met his eight students in the hall, asked one question of each and turned in a report that all had passed. Some of the students, in need of a high mark, claimed an "A." The Office compromised by giving them the average grade based on what they had received in their other courses. While "History 23" was given for two more years, the authorities added this note to the description of the course: "There will be no examinations in Course 23, and it cannot be counted for a degree."

This brings to mind James Russell Lowell's attitude toward examinations. It is told by Barrett Wendell in his essay on "Mr. Lowell as a Teacher," published in his "Stelligeri and other Essays concerning America." I quote the entire paragraph as we also get Mr. Wendell's personal opinion of examinations.

"Yet, faithful as his work was in spirit, he hated the details of it, and sometimes treated them with a whimsical disregard that whoever did not appreciate how thoroughly it put them where they belonged might have deemed cynically indifferent. I remember an example of this in connection with an examination — I believe the first he gave us. There

are few things less favourable to literary culture than written examinations; they are almost unmitigated, if quite necessary, evils. Perhaps from unwillingness to degrade the text of Dante to such use, Mr. Lowell set us, when we had read the *Inferno* and part of the *Purgatorio*, a paper consisting of nothing but a long passage from Massimo d'Azeglio, which we had three hours to translate. This task we performed as best we might. Weeks passed, and no news came of our marks. At last one of the class, who was not quite at ease concerning his academic standing, ventured, at the close of a recitation, to ask if Mr. Lowell had assigned him a mark. Mr. Lowell looked at the youth very gravely, and inquired what he really thought his work deserved. The student rather diffidently said that he hoped it was worth sixty per cent. 'You may take it,' said Mr. Lowell; 'and I shan't have the bother of reading your book.'"

Although a Cambridge University librarian is quoted as saying that he would be just as glad to know the weight of the books in a library as the number, there is a certain interest in knowing the size of a library and its relation to other libraries. Some years ago a French authority named the five largest libraries in the world, in the following order: *Bibliothèque Nationale*, British Museum, Library of Congress, New York Public Library, Harvard University Library. For a certain period some years ago three of these five had as directors graduates of Harvard: Herbert Putnam, '83, of the Library of Congress; Harry M. Lydenberg, '96, of the New York Public Library; and Archibald Gary Coolidge, '87, of the Harvard College Library. I am not aware that Harvard has ever tried to get control of the *Bibliothèque Nationale* or of the British Museum, but I have just learned that the present director of the *Bibliothèque Nationale* attended Harvard in 1919-20, and has an A.M. degree. These institutions would have been fortunate to have had as able and brilliant a head as Professor Coolidge, Director of Harvard University Library 1910-1928. Prior to 1910, he was Chairman of the Harvard University

Library Council. Certainly no library has ever been served with greater intelligence, generosity and honorable acquisitiveness.

The following list of the more important purchases made while he was Director will show the world-wide scope of his vision and the unlimited length of his reach. These were made possible, in part with available library funds, but generously augmented by him and other friends of the Library, among whom should be mentioned James Byrne,

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'77, Thomas Barbour, '96, John B. Stetson, Jr., '06, Leonard Hay, '08.

The collections of Count Boulay de la Meurthe and of Alphonse Aulard, both historians of the French Revolution. The library of Paul Riant, of the French Academy, on the Crusades, and the Ottoman Empire.

The private libraries of Konrad von Maurer, of Munich, of Rodolphe Reuss, and of the Princes of Stollberg at Wernigerode, the latter reigning members of the Holy Roman Empire.

From Italy, the great collection made by H. Nelson Gay, A.M. '96, on the history of Italy, 1815-1871.

From Portugal, the 6750 volumes of Portuguese history and literature, the library of Fernando Palha, of the Lisbon Academy of Sciences.

From England, the Copinger collection of the "Imitatio Christi" of Thomas a Kempis, 2400 volumes.

From Latin America, the private libraries of the following: Louis Montt, long librarian of Chile's Biblioteca Nacional; Bias Garay of Paraguay; Manuel Segundo Sanchez of Venezuela; Donato Lanza y Lanza. of Bolivia; Jose Augusto Escoto, librarian of the Provincial Library at Matanzas, Cuba.

From Salt Lake City, the Mormon collection of E. H. Pierce.

Mr. Lane, in his article above quoted, names the following notable gifts that enriched the Library during the four decades.

The libraries, entire or in part, of James Russell Lowell, Charles Eliot Norton, Longfellow, Sophocles, Felton, Ezra Abbot, Gurney, Ticknor, Bocher, Palmer, William James, Morris H. Morgan, and other professors in the University.

The Francis Parkman bequest of early Canadian history.

The Amy Lowell bequest of her Keats collection and many other first editions, in all some 3700 volumes.

The two Lincoln collections, one given by W. W. Nolen, the other by Alonzo Rothschild.

The Frederick L. Gay bequest of English Civil War tracts.

The Bowie library of classics and early printed books, given by Mrs. E. D. Brandegee.

The Lewis Carroll books, manuscripts and drawings, given by Harcourt Amory.

The unrivalled John Gay collection, made by Ernest L. Gay, and presented by his nephew, George Henry Gay.

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A collection of Utopias gathered and presented by Francis G. Peabody.

A Kipling collection made and given by Mrs. Flora V. Livingston.

The Jeanne d'Arc collection bequeathed by Francis Cabot Lowell, '76.

John B. Stetson, Jr.'s repeated gifts to build up the collection of Portuguese history and literature.

A. C. Coolidge's numberless gifts, continuing over a period of thirty years.

Mr. Lane also makes particular mention of three great gifts which signaled the entry into the new Widener Library Building: Harry Elkins Widener's distinguished collection of rare and early editions of English literature, association books, authors' manuscripts, extra-illustrated books, and color-prints; the 11,500 volumes on angling, fisheries, and fish culture, gathered and presented by Daniel B. Fearing; Robert Gouid Shaw's great collection of theatrical books, playbills, autographs, prints and photographs, with Evert J. Wendell's bequest received soon after, followed by gifts from Frank E. Chase, Winthrop Ames, John Craig and others.

In the Class Day number of the *Harvard Crimson*, June 18, 1929, Mr. George P. Winship contributes "A summary account of a few of the gifts received in 1928-1929." He writes, "the money value of the College Library has increased in the past twelve months more than a million dollars." Over half of this amount was in the eighty-eight Shakespere quartos bequeathed by William A. White, '63, appraised for his estate for \$435,000, and in subsequent gifts from members of Mr. White's family.

In the report of the Acting Librarian for the year 1936-37 may be found a list of the gifts that came to the Library through the interest aroused by the Tercentenary celebration. They range from a copy of the letter of Columbus, printed in Paris in 1493, presented by the Bodleian Library, to a "baby shirt worn by President Holyoke," given by Edward H. Sherburne. John Masefield presented the holygraph copy of his poem, "Lines on the Tercentenary of Harvard College in America," in addition to a typed copy, and four different printed editions of the poem.

From 1893 to his retirement in 1936, even while performing all the

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many duties of the librarian, Mr. Potter's special responsibility and interest was the Ordering Department. That buying current books and subscribing to serials is a big business is shown by the fact that during the year 1939-1940 the Library paid bills in forty different currencies. At the end of this paper will be found a list of these currencies.

It is unnecessary to call attention to the value of a great library, but the durability of books is emphasized by Bacon in the following paragraph from his "Advancement of Learning." It is of special interest in this horrid time of destruction, and truer today than when written. He writes,

"We see then how far the monuments of wit and learning are more durable than the monuments of power and the hands. For have not the verses of Homer continued twenty-five hundred years or more, without the loss of a syllable or letter; during which time infinite palaces, temples, castles, cities, have been decayed and demolished? It is not possible to have the true pictures or statues of Cyrus, Alexander, Caesar, no nor of the kings or great personages of much later years; for the originals cannot last, and the copies cannot but lease of the life and truth. But the images of men's wits and knowledges remain in books, exempted from the wrong of time and capable of perpetual renovation. Neither are they fitly to be called images, because they generate still, and cast their seeds in the minds of others, provoking and causing infinite actions and opinions in succeeding ages."

Harvard's history proves it realizes its responsibility in gathering and preserving the "monuments of wit and learning," but the high cost of maintaining the Library is an ever present problem. Mr. Metcalf in his report as Director of the University Library for 1939-40 states that "between two and three miles of new shelving must be provided annually in order to keep pace with the rapid growth of the University Library." The University Library includes, in addition to the College Library in the Widener Building, seventy-five departmental and special libraries serving all departments of the University.[*]

That this financial burden is constantly in the minds of the authorities is shown by a recent incident. A member of one of the important govern-

[*]. In President Conant's report for 1940-41, he calls attention to Mr. Metcalf's partial solution of this problem of space by the erection of the deposit library, on University land near the Business School, where the less-used books will be stored.

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ing boards of the University, referring to the new Houghton Library, then in process of erection, said to the writer that he couldn't become enthusiastic over first editions and expensive rare books of an association interest. Then, in parting, he was frank enough to say, "But I must confess, Mr. Briggs, that I am a collector of perfumery bottles."

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THE CRAIGIES

BY FREDERICK HAVEN PRATT

Read October 28, 1941

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THE CRAIGIE STORY is a saga of the American Revolution. With beginnings on the Viking coasts of Orkney, the farms of pioneer Cape Ann and windswept moors of Nantucket, its threads

converge as the struggle of the Colonies approaches. The detached entries of town and parish clerks are now interwoven with narrative of the common life. Here lurk the perplexities of reminiscence and tradition; yet not without the counter-charm of letters, to bless the hands that stayed the fires of their generation.

Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,

Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid.¹

A youth of twenty-one attends the wounded at Bunker's Hill. Fast-growing responsibility in commissariat and hospital brings rank, honorable recognition and the friendship of comrades destined to high place in the young nation. The dawn of peace opens the perilous road to fortune.

In soil lately stirred by the vortex of war, spread the intricate roots of a new aristocracy of wealth — which flourishes and perishes like the leaves of the cankered elms that for a space survive it; with one valiant figure, once beauty's image, to bear alone into the years an unswerving vital flame.

But other leaves there are that fall — pages that flutter from darkness and oblivion — and the half-revealing lines of one whose star was loyalty; who faced a world of inexorable frustration, unembittered and unafraid.

¹ Alexander Pope: *Eloisa to Abelard*. Lines 51, 52. As with other dark allusions on this page, light should dawn as the reader perseveres. What this paper owes to generations that refrained from burning their letters will be more than evident.

I. ORIGINS

From the lofty headquarters of the Boston Marine Society the eye delights in a sweeping view of harbor and waterfront. The place is fascinating to any lover of the sea — full of models and trophies from old shipping days, the walls lined with paintings of ships and portraits of their skippers. Here are preserved the records of a "loving and friendly society," the oldest marine society in the world, founded two centuries ago as the *Fellowship Club* and incorporated under its present name in 1754² On the committee petitioning for incorporation before Govern Shirley was a shipmaster named Andrew Craigie, a native of the Orkney Isles, who is said to have been "cast away" at Nantucket³ We know that there he married a daughter of the Island⁴ and settled in Boston a merchant-mariner, whence his calling took him for many years to the high seas between Boston and London.⁵

In one of the Society's well-worn record books of meetings held the British Coffee House on "King" Street, we find Captain Craigie in 1764 appointed warden of the Port of Boston; and Captain Christopher Gardner, warden of the hardly less important Port of Nantucket. On January first of the following year, Captain Craigie heads a committee of four "to present a petition to the Genl Court to Obtain Liberty to Erect a Light on Nantucket" — a project, the Great Point Light, not

² *Manual of the Boston Marine Society*, Boston, 1938. Also *Gleanings from the records etc 1742 to 1842*. Comp. by Nath'l Spooner. Boston: Publ. by the Society, 1879.

³ From a genealogical fragment found among Haven papers, owned by F. H. P., who adds: "The author of *Discipline* writes letters to her Aunt Cragie of the Orkney Isle Through the kindness of Sir William A. Craigie (himself not of Orkney origin) and of Hu Marwick, Esq. of Kirkwall, the following information is provided by a chart drawn by the latter from many obscure records:

The "Aunt Cragie" of Mary (Balfour) Brunton (1778-1818), the novelist (author of *Discipline*), had married in 1791 Lieut. George Craigie of Saviskaill, a descendant of the 16th century "Magnus Craigie in Skail (Rousay, Orkney)." Half-way down this line of descent there appear Craigie grandchildren of an *Andrew Corner*, all of whom would be contemporaries of the senior Andrew Craigie (1703-1766). The old Norse flavor of names and places is vividly reminiscent of Scott's *Pirate*. The Andrew Craigie connection, it must be seen, purely hypothetical though not without promise

⁴ Nantucket Vital Records.

⁵ Journal of Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse, entry of May 10, 1841. W. R. Thayer, *Proc. Cambridge Hist. Soc.*, Jan. 26-Oct. 26, 1909 (p. 35). —Two centuries ago John Still Winthrop March 16, 1742, "sailed from Boston, in New England, on board the John Galley, Capt. Andre Craigie, bound for London." *Proc. Mass. Hist. Soc.*, Feb., 1874 (p. 250).

accomplished until nineteen years later. In November, 1764, he is elected treasurer, and for over a year the accounts are entered and signed by his hand. But at the following August meeting, dues are paid to "Capt Willm Patten, Capt Craigie being Sick." Craigie's name appears but once again. It is in the entry of a meeting, Nov. 4, 1766, where dues are paid "for Attendance for the Evening and Cap Craigie Funeral."⁶ Boston papers, shortly after his death on October 18th, supply the two sides of the Captain's vocation. One calls him "a noted Sea Commander"; the other, "a noted Shopkeeper in this Town, and a Gentleman well respected among us — being, *An honest Man*."⁷

From the Marine Society on Broad Street it is not a long walk through Franklin and School streets to King's Chapel and the old burying place. Near the Winthrop tomb is a mutilated stone whose weather-scarred lines were once curiously misread; for in *Memorials of the Dead in Boston*⁸ they are indexed and transcribed as of Captain Andrew "Graigte," aged sixty-three. The stone is quite visible from Tremont Street. At the top where the familiar death's-head would have leered is a great V-shaped gap, in which death is swallowed up in victory. Even the sombre epitaph, *Dies tenebrarum memento* (Be thou reminded of the day of shadows!), is now mercifully below the level of the sod.

If the Captain was an occupant of that pew in King's Chapel reserved for "masters of Vessels," it is still to be known.⁹ The Craigies, at least on the wife's side, were of Puritan persuasion. However, the parish records show that the Wardens and Vestry, in 1749, received an important letter "w^{ch} came by Cap. Craigie from his Grace the Lord Bishop of London."¹⁰

Records of Nantucket shipwrecks fail as yet to enlighten us on the casting-away of a young sailor from Orkney: such evidence could have perished in Nantucket's tragic fire of 1846. As a later petitioner for a lighthouse, the Captain might have felt a personal interest in the erection

⁶ Boston Marine Society: *Records, 1762-1780*.

⁷ (1) *Mass. Gaz. and Bost. News-Letter*, Oct. 23, 1766.— (2) *Bost.-Gaz. and County Jour.*, Oct. 20, 1766.

⁸ Thomas Bridgman: *Memorials of the dead in Boston, King's Chapel Burying Ground*. Boston, Benj. B. Mussey & Co., 1853 (p. 75).

⁹ Nellie Urner Wallington: *Historic Churches of America*. New York, Duffield & Co., 1907 (p. 26).

¹⁰ Henry Wilder Foote: *Annals of King's Chapel*, vol. 2 (p. 104). Boston, 1896.

of a structure the lack of which on Great Point perhaps determined his abrupt advent to our shores (and hence the entire basis of this paper including its reader).

Elizabeth Gardner of Nantucket, who had the goodness to marry the Orcadian castaway, through a line of three John Gardners was descendant of the Cape Ann pioneer, Thomas Gardner. Like Roger Conant, Gardner had helped to preserve the farming industries of the Bay before Endicott's arrival under a new charter; and two of his sons, Richard and John, were among the early settlers of Nantucket.¹¹ The great feud of many years between John Gardner and Tristram Coffin a familiar episode in the Island's history — both of them men of high civic responsibility, but of pugnacious and obstinate temperament. Yet it is recorded that the feud ended in Shakespearean fashion, though not as a tragedy, when Tristram's grandson, Jethro, fell in love with John daughter, Mary. And the Jethro Coffin home — the "Horseshoe House Nantucket's oldest — still celebrates that happy consummation.¹²

In this house was born Priscilla Coffin, mother of our Elizabeth Gardner. Like her Grandmother Coffin's portrait that hangs there, Elizabeth's miniature, as you will see, is dour and forbidding. But at this stage let us picture each in her sunny youth, framed by the Island's blue sky and dimpling sea; for when we return to Nantucket, age and a ne generation must claim recognition.

Captain and Elizabeth Gardner Craigie, married in 1737, were soon after admitted inhabitants of Boston. Beside his membership in the Marine Society, the Captain is known to have early joined the Fire Society. As already intimated, he was often on the high seas between here and England, and eventually retired to a static life as a shopkeeper. There were five children — Elizabeth, Andrew, Mary, *Andrew*, and John. Of the infant Andrew, born in 1746, nothing is known except that some early genealogist, lacking patience or interest to pursue the record, set the fashion of assigning his date to the later son: hence the accepted picture of the crabbed old Cambridge plutocrat with the tender young wife of his declining years. So at the outset we must understand

¹¹ Frank A. Gardner: Thomas Gardner, planter, and some of his descendants. *Essex Inst. Collections*, vols.37-40, 1901-1904.

¹² William O. Stevens: *Nantucket the far-away island*. New York, Dodd, Mead & Co., 1936 (pp. 20, 180-191). William F. Macy: *The Horseshoe House*: Nantucket, 1929.

that Andrew Craigie Jr., born February 22, 1754, was married at the age of thirty-nine — old, but not too old — and died at sixty-five, as indeed is stated in contemporary press notices.¹³

Three years before his father's death, Andrew was sent at the age of nine to the Boston Latin School, followed in a year by his brother John. The Latin School of that day was presided over by a personage whose rod, if not of iron, was one well exercised. Probably he instilled much Latin grammar into his charges: certainly much execration came due him in after years.¹⁴ The roster of Andrew's schoolmates is significant; for here were formed lifelong ties with names of later prominence, as attested in the voluminous Craigie correspondence. Here listed are William Eustis, Nathaniel Appleton, Christopher Gore, William Scollay, and others whose affectionate regard is expressed during and after the welding experiences of war. The tradition that Craigie was an uneducated man is scotched almost at the outset. The Captain's will, in fact, provides for the thorough education of his sons.¹⁵

II. THE MEDICAL SERVICE

That Andrew continued at school after his father's death is uncertain; nor have we as yet any clue to his activities between Latin School and the hostilities of 1775. If, as it appears, he entered the service trained in pharmacy, he would naturally have been apprenticed to some apothecary; and this, in accord with custom, must have meant not a little medical and surgical experience.

If you were to enter today any small-town or "neighborhood" drugstore and address the proprietor as "Doc," he would not turn a hair. It is a traditional prerogative. To call the late colonial pharmacist "Doctor" was no mere pleasantry, and always more than a courtesy; for nearly

¹³"Andrew Craigie." *Mass. Colonial Soc. Publications*, Boston, 1905, vol. 7 (pp. 403-407). In this communication, by Mr. S. Lothrop Thorndike, of John Holmes' entertaining but confessedly "legendary" account of Craigie events the reader may contrast the traditional picture with the factual. The editorial notes and citations (probably by Messrs. Henry H. Edes and Albert Matthews) are rigorously authentic, and supply the necessary corrections. Singularly, the Cambridge Vital Records note the marriage but not the death of Andrew Craigie.

¹⁴ *Catalogue of the Boston Public Latin School*, established in 1635. With an historical sketch, prepared by Henry F. Jenks, Boston: published by the Boston Latin School Association, 1886 (p. 35 and footnote).

¹⁵ "Suffolk Probate Records, 1766, vol. 65 (p. 407, Oct. 31).

every physician had his apothecary shop. His apprentices both compounded and administered medicines and learned the simple surgical technique of the day, especially that of blood-letting. The background of medicine was in transition.¹⁶ In the seventeenth century the Puritan governors and clergy had been the physicians of repute. Cotton Mather's surest claim to immortality is his stout defense of the one sound principle in the medicine of his time — that of inoculation. In Craigie's day few "doctors" possessed the doctorate: Boston, even Harvard, had no M.D. to give. Philadelphia, under the leadership of John Morgan and William Shippen, had only lately instituted a medical school. It is natural, therefore, that the bulk of earlier correspondence addressed to Andrew Craigie bears the title "Doctor" — a title that did not yield wholly to "Esquire" until his progress to Church (or Tory)

Row.¹⁷ As long as he is accorded the title by his contemporaries, by a colleague such as John Warren, one can hardly demur.

We must not dwell unduly upon the military career of Andrew Craigie. His biographer in the *Dictionary of American Biography* has written a separate memoir, derived from national records and other sources, giving a chronological picture of Craigie's appointments and activities in Washington's Army. As the "First Apothecary General of the United States," his career proves of major importance in the history of pharmacy and of the medical service in the Revolution.¹⁸

As already hinted, we see the young Dr. Craigie in the field at Bunker Hill. When the medical service was organized two months earlier Craigie was placed in charge of medical stores. The supply of medicine was deplorably low, only a few scattered medicine-chests being available. When the Tory widow of Henry Vassall found it necessary to abandon her home, the Government, while acceding to her request to be permitted to keep other personal belongings, forbade the removal of her

¹⁶ Henry R. Viets: *A brief history of medicine in Massachusetts*. Boston and N. Y., Houghton Mifflin Co., 1930.

¹⁷ *Craigie MSS*, Library of the Am. Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Mass.

¹⁸ "Lyman F. Kebler: Andrew Craigie, the first apothecary general of the United States. *Jour. Am. Pharmaceutical Assoc.*, 1928, vol. 17 (pp. 63-74, 167-178). A recent critic, in reference to historical novels of the Revolutionary period, has said that, given the whole range of American history, his preference would be to find himself aged twenty-one, at Bunker Hill (Radio broadcast, Jan. 21, 1941.) Andrew Craigie had this luck — twenty-one in the year 1775 and on the anniversary of General Washington's birth!

medicine-chest. So the chest remained for duty in a house which became an important unit of the hospital service. This house — the later home of the Fosters, just below us in Brattle Street — is famously tragic. There as a culprit, Benjamin Church, ranking medical officer and Craigie's department superior, carved his name as a prisoner convicted of traitorous communication with the enemy.¹⁹ Grandson of a hero of King Philip's War, with a distinguished record as a Continental patriot, Church was the last man to be suspected of disloyalty. At the time, the attitude of the patriot cause toward the mother-country was complex and not wholly clear, and there is reason to believe that the case against Church may yet be open to revision.

Care of the Medical Department came now into the hands of the able but fractious Dr. Morgan of Philadelphia, pioneer in American medical education. The story of army medical administration, first centering in Cambridge, is unhappily an unsavory one. Jealousies, recriminations and shifting of tenure mar these days, as well as subsequent months and years, here and in the farther reaches of the conflict. Incompetence, dishonesty and graft would seem to have been from time to time rampant. Suspicion reigned, detection was the order of the day, and retribution was not light. These things are mentioned for the reason that they throw into relief what an appraisal of credentials has emphasized—the confidence felt by comrades and superiors (including the Commander-in-Chief) in the integrity of Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew Craigie, Apothecary General, who as a soldier appears to have inherited his father's reputation of "An honest Man." It was in 1780 that Dr. Benjamin Rush wrote of "Dr." Craigie as "a gentleman whose character cannot be increased by anything I can say in favor of his merits as a man, as a public officer, and as a whig . . ."²⁰ The archives in Washington and the letters at Worcester testify to the wide territory covered by Craigie in his various posts. In the

dark days of Germantown and Valley Forge, the Apothecary General's stores were the responsible center of medical commissariat.²¹ Now, as later,

¹⁹ Mary I. J. Gozzaldi: in *An historic guide to Cambridge*. Cambridge, 1907 (pp. 96-98).

²⁰ *Pennsylvania Packet*, Dec. 16, 1780. Quoted by Lyman F. Kebler (p. 168). See note 18.

²¹ William S. Middleton: *Medicine at Valley Forge*. *Annals of Med. Hist.*, 1941, 3d ser., vol. 3 (pp. 476, 477). Anyone harboring the Cambridge tradition that Craigie was "uneducated" is invited to compare his letter on the pages cited with a remarkable one by Washington on page 481.

Craigie's associates were a remarkable group. Added to his early friends and schoolmates were correspondents from all sections of the army activities, including Dr. William Shippen, Dr. David Jackson, and Dr. James Craik, lifelong friend of Washington, whom the Commander-in Chief, after his presidency, requisitioned as his personal physician.

In spite of the scant medical enlightenment of the Revolutionary period, unstinted physical attention was given the sick and wounded by devoted practitioners and non-combatant friends of the cause. This was true especially of the numerous Pennsylvania Dutch, where so many were enjoined by religion from all belligerency. When Dr. Shippen informed the Moravian Brethren at Bethlehem that their house must be requisitioned as an army hospital, and hundreds of sufferers quartered within these already historic walls, the Brothers not only welcome them but gave their services as attendants under the dangerous and revolting conditions there prevailing.²²

In view of Craigie's close association with the Pennsylvania field service in the mid-period of the war, it would be strange if his name were not among those who put up in Bethlehem at its famous and still active Sun Inn, where both Washington and Lafayette were guests. And just down the street were the Sisters' and Brothers' houses — the latter a crowded military hospital. Nearly opposite the hospital was the early building of the Moravian girls' school, whose later location includes that very hospital ward.²³ The young Apothecary General, now in his twenty-fifth year, had every chance to know a spot that he could not have wildly imagined was to claim a precious place in his coming life.

III. THE BOSTON CLAN

And now, later in the war and after, how fares the family Craigie back in Boston? All told, it is a small group; for death has left sad gaps The widow, Elizabeth Gardner Craigie (always affectionately called

²² "... so long as the history of our country's struggle shall be told . . . the kindly spirit of the Moravian Community who cared for the sick of the Continental troops and provide liberally for the welfare of the American patriots will be gratefully remembered." — Nellie Urner Wallington: *Historic Churches of America*. N. Y., Duffield & Co., 1907 (p. 221).

²³ William Cornelius Reichel: *The Old Sun Inn, at Bethlehem, Pa.*, 1758, etc. Doylestown Pa., W. W. H. Davis, Printer, 1873. John W. Jordan: *The military hospitals at Bethlehem and Litz during the Revolution*. *Penn. Mag. of Hist. and Biog.*, vol. 20, pp. 137-157, 1896. Include a fine description of Community buildings.

"Mama" by Andrew in his letters), is still alive. But of her four children, only two survive — Andrew and his second sister, Mary. The youngest, John, has left but three records — birth, Latin School, and death at the age of nineteen, just before the opening of the war. His trade, indicated by the death notice, was "chaise maker."²⁴ Would that we knew more of this young man — this potential Revolutionary patriot — like so many in all generations, so soon forgotten!

The eldest of the Craigie children, Elizabeth, shortly after her father's death had married a descendant of Edward Foster of Scituate — Bossenger, son of a Boston pewterer, Thomas Foster, whom the Haven genealogical fragment calls, with characteristic dry humor, "the tinman." Bossenger, named after his grandmother's family, was not only the son of a pewterer, but by the children of his descendants was ever inseparably linked with porringers (though not of pewter). Elizabeth, his first wife, bore a son and a daughter, *Bossenger and Elizabeth, Junior*. After their mother's death, these two children became the special concern of their Uncle Andrew; indeed the child "Betsy" seems in later, Cambridge years to have taken the place almost of an adopted daughter up to the time of her marriage into the Haven family of Dedham.²⁵

Without some conception of the Foster relationship, it is impossible to form a picture of the family environment of the Craigies. Bossenger, after his wife Elizabeth Craigie had been laid to rest beside her father at King's Chapel,²⁶ lost little time in marrying her sister, Mary Craigie, Andrew's next-elder. So now, in the years during and after the war, this Boston family came to include not only the aged grandmother, "Mama Craigie," the Nantucketer, and her dead elder daughter's two children, but a growing brood of new Fosters, the children of Mary Craigie Foster, the second wife. Letters to Andrew from this sister tell of daily affairs and retail much neighborhood gossip.²⁷ It seems to have been a happy and harmonious group. Edward Dowse, an old friend of Andrew's, visits the Fosters and from their home writes enthusiastically to London of this "little elisium" — and the salubrious Boston climate.

²⁴ *Massachusetts Gazette*, Monday, May 9, 1774 (p. 3).

²⁵ Craigie Estate papers of Judge Samuel Haven, in the writer's collection.

²⁶ See note 8 (p. 95 of work cited).

²⁷ This correspondence is fully abstracted in the card index to the Craigie Papers, Am. Antiquarian Society.

Boston 27th Septembre 1787

Dear Sir

The change of air and agreeable society which this place affords, has restored me to a tolerable degree of health again. Mamma Craigie is very well, as is also your amiable sister [Mary (C.) Foster] and her little boys [Andrew, John, Thomas, James]. I find the family to be a little elisium. Miss ["Betsy"] Foster touches the Piano Forte with such delicacy and skill as gives me some idea of celestial harmony. I was there the other day, when the French Consul and several gentlemen were attending to her music with delight,

while her brother [Bossenger Jr.] accompanied her with the violin. You must have found it difficult to get away from this charming family, at your last visit, so soon as you did. — Matrimony is such a lottery, I could almost wish you to continue single, for the sake of such endearing connections — Young Bos is one of the finest young fellows I know of — I recollect hearing you often picture to yourself (in your plan of happiness) a situation upon Fort-Hill, in some small house of your own, to pass the remainder of your days in the tranquil possession of competence & leisure — and truly I can conceive that no man's portion of felicity would be greater — that you may accomplish it, is my sincere wish — and (if I might) I would have a hut likewise upon the same hill.

I shall return to New York in the course of a week [—] nothing material hath occurred in the short interval of my absence — on my arrival I shall expect to receive letters from you, if the packet is got in —

I inclose you the doings of the Convention which is (as far as I can learn) universally well received, and will no doubt meet the adoption of the States.

With great esteem, I remain, Dear Sir

— Your very affectionate hum^{ble} Servant

Edward Dowse

Andrew Craigie Esq.

A month later, another letter to London reflects the same visit from the family's point of view. This is from Andrew's much beloved niece Betsy Foster, seventeen years old (destined wife of Judge Haven) — she of the "celestial harmony":

. . . Bossenger, and my self, have lately taken a tour to Nantucket, and I assure you, I never spent Six weeks, more agreeably; aunt Gardner accompanied me here and desires, I would not forget her Love to you.

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Mr. Dowse has lately returned to New York, from Boston, he was here soon after you sailed and did not return till about three weeks ago & he is a great favorite of ours; his being your particular friend, would be recommendation, enough for us to regard him, but I think his own merits is sufficient to insure him the esteem, of all who know him . . .

The fact is, Edward Dowse later did seek a wife on the Hill — not, however, in a hut, but in the Phillips mansion; and the quest succeeded. His own homestead still stands — one of the fine old houses of Dedham.²⁸

IV. SPECULATION AND WORSE

During the period just considered we must conceive of Dr. Andrew Craigie, honorably discharged in 1783 from a post held continuously throughout the war, and an original member of the Society of the Cincinnati, as a New York wholesale apothecary; a man of affairs, associated in Philadelphia with his friend Robert Morris and others in the founding of the Bank of the United States. But even before hostilities had ceased, the following was received from Dr. William Eustis:²⁹

West Point, May 31st: 1782.

Dear Craigie,

I have a disposition to tell you that I am at West Point and to ask you where you are to be found. The Dauphin is the subject of our conversation & to make a speech or write a letter without mentioning him would be a glaring disrespect of his father our most illustrious ally whom God long preserve. Are we to love the nation in every other instance as cordially as we manifest in this? No Brat of Britain ever caused such tumult in America. However the *larned* say there is policy in wars.

Pray will you honor me with a letter soon that I may in a more leisure consistent moment say several things to you which cannot be said now, and that I may ask you among other things whether you have a mind *to speculate?* —

Where is Binney? I desire you to tell him Gods blessing is his if I have any influence, quod censeo quam sit exiguum

²⁸ Hon. Edward Dowse, member of Congress, 1822, was a prominent merchant and shipowner. He and Major Samuel Shaw married twin daughters of Hon. William Phillips, aunts of President Josiah Quincy. (Cf. notes 41, 42 and 58.) Fine miniatures of Edward and Sarah (Phillips) Dowse have passed through the Quincys to the ownership of F. Russell Nourse, Esq., of Dedham. See Chap. 10 of Eliza Quincy's *Memoir*, cited in note 41.

²⁹ Original in the writer's collection.

This is a harum scarum kind of a thing but really this Dauphin has turned us all topsy turvey.

Adieu & good by,

W Eustis

[Addressed]

Andrew Craigie Esq Apothecary to the Army Philadelphia

Was, then, his old friend and schoolmate Eustis responsible for Craigie's meteoric career as the typical early-American plunger? It apparent that speculation was the very air breathed by more than one in the circle in which Craigie moved. The obligations of the national government were prime favorites in this field. It seems unlikely that Dr. Craigie took more than a speculator's advantage in his army position. In buying up United States certificates he *might* be collecting paper that was to prove no more than good stout paper. But he bought it whole-sale, and advised his brother-in-law Bossenger to do the same. Both prospered — Craigie immensely — and until 1788 his hands, so far as evidence goes, are clean from the technical standpoint of the law. But the comes a situation replete with doubt.

Lands in Ohio, after the war, were disposable by the Government in immense tracts. Many of these were assigned for settlement to the soldiers. Craigie joined a group, headed by William Duer, that bought up great assignments of these lands in the expectation of selling them to immigrant

French, undertaking at the same time the expense and responsibility of transportation and general supervision of the settlement.

There now enters the scene an important figure — for the ultimate purport of our story, of an importance not yet to be suspected. This Joel Barlow, the "Hartford Wit," a rising poet of his time, author the ponderous American epic, the *Columbiad*. As poet, editor and business man, Barlow, who had been an army chaplain, a friend and almost an exact contemporary of Craigie, was chosen by the Scioto group as their emissary to Paris, where, in 1788 and 1789, he succeeded in arousing great interest in the Ohio proposition, sold many home-sites and start a motley crowd of French families and adventurers for our shores. Before his mission was complete, unpleasant rumors followed by worse facts showed him that he was involved in what was at best a miscarriage of plans. Great stretches of Ohio land, thought safely in the basket, had

never been conveyed — tracts paid for but non-existent. Hordes of Frenchmen, promised complete transportation, were held up at points of debarkation. Duer was seen to be badly involved in crooked tactics. Craigie, who would have profited much from the success of the scheme, appears to have been at least negatively acquiescent to a doubtful project; while Barlow stands, apparently, more as an innocent link in the chain of events — innocent in the sense of untutored in the wiles of high land-speculation. One gathers from the interpretations on record ³⁰ that Craigie this time left behind him a shaky bridge indeed, and one that he might well have seen fit to burn; yet he seems to have kept on file all his correspondence in the matter, and it may be presumed that he regarded these documents as evidence of justification. It may be added that William Duer's sun was setting. His decline ended, in fact, in the debtors' prison.

Barlow's subsequent career is colorful and highly honorable. With his cultivated and devoted wife, he is seen again in Paris as American plenipotentiary under Madison — perishing finally, in 1812, on a futile mission to Napoleon, in the midst of the first great epic of the snows.³¹

V. MANSIONS AND MINIATURES

Thus far the town of Cambridge has figured only in the early days of the war, when the Henry Vassall house served as an important hospital headquarters. Another Vassall mansion must now have attention — of course the one in which this paper is read, with its history of changing fortune, of joy and sorrow, of long peaceful years.

The war has been over for half a decade. In 1789, Dr. James Craik writes Dr. Craigie on a pharmaceutical business matter. Craigie replies, informing him of the termination of his connection with the drug business — "a business," he writes, "by which I lost very considerably."³² And it is only shortly after, that correspondence begins with his brother-in-law, Bossenger Foster, relative to the purchase of the old hospital

³⁰ Archer B. Hulbert: Andrew Craigie and the Scioto Associates. *Proc. Am. Antiquarian Society*, Oct., 1913.

³¹ Theodore A. Zunder: Joel Barlow. *Dict. of Am. Biog.* (with refs.). John F. Schroeder: *Life and times of Washington*. N. Y., Johnson, Fry & Co., 1857 (vol. 2, pp. 616, 617 —"Joel Barlow"). Barlow's tragic end in its more than tragic setting is worthy of dramatization.

³² His firm was that of Craigie, Wainwright & Co., of New York City. His advent in Cambridge was not that of a Bostonian, but of a prominent New York and Philadelphia financier.

property in Cambridge, once "Harry Vassall's," and the less ancient Major John Vassall estate on the opposite side of the street, where we now are. Both of these properties were in the hands of owners subsequent in date to relinquishment by their original Tory proprietors. The crucial year of the negotiations seems to have been 1791, of which your meeting tonight is the 150th anniversary. The following letter of G Harry Jackson to Gen. Knox, March 6, 1791, is quoted by Mr. Longfellow:³³

Yesterday Dr. Andrew Craigie made a purchase of John Vassall's house and farm at Cambridge, including the house & c of Harry Vassall in which W. F. Geyer lives, the whole making about 140 or 150 acres — for which he has given £3750 Lng. [sterling] —it is a great bargain, is 50% under its value.

The same year Archibald Robertson, the miniaturist, a friend Raeburn and pupil of Benjamin West, came from England in October with a mission to Washington.³⁴ According to the only direct authority it was he who painted the Craigie-Foster group; but the actual dates and circumstances remain in doubt.³⁵ There have come down to us five likenesses: those of Bossenger and his wife, Mary Craigie; of young Bossenger, called "Bos"; of Andrew himself, and of his mother, "Mama Craigie — Elizabeth of Nantucket — whom we know as a member of the Foster household. After Andrew's return from his business trip to England few years earlier, his mother's health failed; and now for many months she had been far from well. The miniature, with its dove-grey eyes doubtless owes much of the dourness of expression, already mentioned to the precarious state of the much beloved mother and grandmother who in the fall of this same year, 1791, died at the age of seventy, on the threshold of the Craigie progress to Church Row. The likeness of her daughter, Mary Foster, is hardly more happy in its effect. It is a rather

³³ H.W. Longfellow: Bound Volume of MS. notes on the *Craigie House*. Longfellow House

Collections.

³⁴ Harry B. Wehle: *American Miniatures 1730-1850*. Garden City Pub. Co., Garden City, N.Y., 1937 (pp. 100, 101).

³⁵ Correspondence (March 8, 1878) of Dr. Samuel Foster Haven (for many years Librarian of the Am. Antiquarian Society with Gen. Theo. Francis Rodenbough, recently acquired by the Society, definitely ascribes all the miniatures to this artist. The anachronism of Madame Craigie's death (Sept.) previous to his arrival (Oct.) leaves the whole matter in doubt.

wan type, old beyond its years, yet with a certain delicate charm presaging her consumptive future. Her husband's picture, long since lost, but not before Dr. Haven had secured a photographic copy, is of a dignity commensurate with his extraordinary name. Dr. Haven records the color of Bossenger's

coat as sky-blue. It was probably a very fine miniature. Young "Bos," his son by the first Craigie sister, appears as a dandy of the period, with a cast of feature quite different from that of his elders. There is no explanation of the absence from the group of Craigie's favorite niece Elizabeth, sister of young Bossenger.

And finally, Andrew himself. Long years after the painting of this miniature, an aged gentlewoman showed it (and doubtless her own blooming companion-likeness) to a young poet — quite likely in this very room — with a pride that led Mr. Longfellow in after years to remark her apparent greater fondness for the miniature than for the deceased original. "Dull and heavy" were Mr. Longfellow's words in characterizing the portrait.³⁶ Perhaps he was right, as you shall presently judge. But it was a slip, on the part of those later recounting the scene, to apply this description to the subject himself. The likeness is one of reposeful solidity, perhaps; but of the personality behind it, nothing has yet appeared to justify more than inference from reflections seen darkly.

The Craigie menage, however, leaves less to surmise. Letters and inventories show in detail its elaborate appointments; and there is tradition aplenty to supply the picture of a host that entertained without regard to expense, who kept a dozen servants and well stocked stables and wine cellars. We learn of weekly dinners, great garden parties, especially at the Commencement season, and dances, where the beauty and gallantry of the Greater Boston of the time held unprecedented sway.³⁷ It was all the inevitable success of success, but as such was destined to be ruled by the caprice of business cycles before and after the turn of the century.

VI. ROMANCE TO ADVERSITY

At the busy port of Nantucket, in the year 1793, the great whaling industry is fast recovering after the war's depression. Quaker faith and

³⁶ See note 33.

³⁷ Samuel S. Green: *The Craigie House, Cambridge. Proc. Am. Antiquarian Society*, April 25, 1900.

customs still dominate the Island, and the Puritan parish of the First Church holds its own with a rather thin congregation. Over this cure of souls is the Rev. Bezaleel Shaw, a Harvard graduate, reputed a man of scholarly attainment and of liberal theological attitude for his time.³⁸ His daughter Betsy, named for her mother, Elizabeth Hammond, of Rochester on Buzzards Bay, is their only surviving child. Carefully instructed, as the legend goes, in her father's little group of privately tutored boys, Betsy Shaw has become as abundantly intelligent as she is beautiful.

Perhaps it was the Nantucket-Rochester packet that carried Betsy sufficiently often to what more stable islanders have called "America," to give her that worldly poise ascribed by tradition and suggested in her portrait — a poise which may have caused her Quaker island-neighbors to look askance; and did produce, we are told, the reverse effect on at least one of her schoolmates. Betsy Shaw's unhappy romance is well known: lovers separated by demurring parents, the beauty's reign in Boston and at Harvard commencements — finally at the balls and banquets in the great room, newly decorated in Grecian style by the upstart success to the patrician Vassalls. Whether merely dazzled,

or whether led by her own vigorous will (for each motivation has its authority), Betsy Shaw's ultimate union with Andrew Craigie, Esquire, had the emphatic approval of her father. For, in a letter to his brother just after the marriage, the reverend parent not only expresses enthusiasm for his daughter's choice (if we may so call it) but tells of his acquaintance with Andrew from boyhood and his high respect for his abilities and character.³⁹ Hence the added interest of this letter in revealing past contact of the later Craigies with the island-birthplace of the mother.

³⁸ Henry B. Worth: *Proc. Nantucket Hist. Society*, 1910 (p. 50). —Alexander Starbuck *History of Nantucket*. Boston, C. E. Goodspeed & Co., 1924 (p. 552). From these references kindly furnished by the Rev. Claude Bond, of Nantucket, we learn that it was during the Shaw pastorate "that the 'Half-way Covenant' was introduced ... an attempt to bring under the influence of the Church certain 'worthy and exemplary' citizens by admitting them membership in the Church although they had not fulfilled the orthodox qualification of prescribed religious experience." In the Old North Cemetery is the pastoral tomb, and beside it the grave of an infant son, his father's namesake.

³⁹ From letter of Rev. Bezaleel Shaw to Rev. Oakes Shaw, of Barnstable, March 19, 1793, quoted by Alice M. Longfellow in her typed *Chronicles*, pp. 28-33 (Longfellow House Collections): ". . . We think we have great reason to rejoice in this happy event of her matrimonial connection with one whom we esteem to be the best of men, a Person of a very amiable Disposition, and unblemished Character, and one on whom the Hand of Providence has liberally bestowed the good things of this Life. I have been acquainted with him from his early Youth. His Mother was a Native of this Island, and he has an Uncle and Aunt now living here . . ."

And so they were married, this bachelor of thirty-nine and the Nantucket beauty. And ever after they lived, as the story would have it, unhappily indeed. For it must have been one or another of the twelve servants that saw the lady swoon when her banished lover's letter arrived, full of hope renewed. That the husband should on this occasion have taken such umbrage that permanent estrangement under a common roof resulted, is singular; but it is one view we are led to contemplate.⁴⁰ In cross-lights that illuminate without enlightening, one feels that this scene, however good grist for the novelist, must remain historically more than ever in the shadow.

There is a brighter side in the aftermath of this romance. Craigie's marriage, after at best two years of gilded bachelorhood, led to a brief period of added glory. Entertainment and gaiety flourished under a young and charming hostess, and the Craigie coach-and-four was a familiar link between the centers of hospitality and fashion. No shadow at all seems to hover over Mrs. Quincy's account of her reception at the great mansion, where, shortly after her engagement to the future president of Harvard, she came, as Eliza Morton, with her betrothed to dine and dance and to be driven to town for entertainment by lavish hosts.⁴¹ These memories of Eliza Morton Quincy's bear further testimony, we shall find, of crucial importance. Her mother, Maria Kemper (of New Jersey "Pennsylvania Dutch" origin), had married "Handsome Johnny" Morton, a New York merchant. Her Aunt Eliza Kemper's husband was Dr. David Jackson of Philadelphia, concerned with the Bethlehem Hospital in the days of Valley Forge. Introduced by the Jacksons, Dr. Andrew Craigie had been a familiar friend in the Morton home — indeed had been, in Mrs. Quincy's own words, "as intimate as a brother"; and

⁴⁰ See note 37. Here, in Mr. Green's lively account of the Craigie House of the Craigies, will be found on pages 26 to 29, and especially in its footnote transcript of Miss Longfellow's version, a very fair summary of the local tradition.

⁴¹ Eliza Susan (Morton) Quincy: *Memoir of the life of Eliza S. M. Quincy*. Boston, printed by John Wilson & Son, 1821. Her Kemper grandparents emigrated from Germany in 1741. Her Mother, Maria Kemper, married, 1761, John Morton of the

British Commissary Dept. *Her Aunt, Susan Kemper, married, 1779, Dr. David Jackson of Philadelphia and went there to live.*

it is evident that the assiduous attention given the pair before and aft their marriage was to an extent in return for the Mortons' early frien ship. Eliza Quincy's admiration for the gracious Elizabeth Craigie, ai the high respect and cordial remembrance in which she held her ht band, are in pleasing contrast to the doubts cast by tradition; while tl connection of Craigie, through so happy a circumstance, with the Philadelphia Jacksons proves a priceless confirmatory link with later important evidences.

Beside the genius, fashion — even royalty — that flocked to the cast of the Craigies,⁴²another young girl who danced there must claim attention, for she too has light to throw upon the scene. This is Margaret Graves Gary, later the aunt of Mrs. Louis Agassiz.

The doctrines of Emanuel Swedenborg had, in an isolated way, already reached our shores; but not until 1795 did they begin to take root in and about Boston, when William Hill, a minister of the Church of England, came to preach the new dispensation, and was not only welcomed by the House of Craigie but found a welcome receiver in the Laird himself.⁴³ Craigie, presumably of Puritan upbringing, had conformed to the revived usages of Church Row, and was later for a year Junior Warden of Christ Church. The still newer slant given his religious outlook was not, according to the times, a matter of alienation of faith; for the non-separatist attitude, as in the case of Hill, was a recognized one. Hill had become liberalized not alone in theological interpretation, for when young Margaret Gary entered this room at one < the frequent balls, she saw, to quote her own account, that —

Mr. Hill had come unexpectedly to so large a party, and emptied his coat-pocket of a number of notes in short-hand, which was the way he wrote his sermons, and a Bible, which he always carried about him, on to a window-seat, and then joined the dance . . . and some light and

⁴² See note 37. In his *Craigie House*, Mr. Green summarizes this aspect of the establishrru from various sources.

⁴³ "Marguerite Beck Block: *The New Church in the New World*. New York, Henry H & Co., xi + 464 pp., 1932. In this scholarly study by an outsider, but a sympathetic and judicial writer, it is made plain how one of the first impacts of the New Church movement was focused on Craigie House (p. 101) —a movement destined to exert much influence, seen and unseen, toward the loosing of New England puritanism. Mrs. Block makes the significant observation (p. 160) "that an unusually large proportion of his [Swedenborg's] early disciples were doctors or pharmacists . . ."

frivolous remarks were made, — such as, that he had come to America to find his partner, &c. This was in the winter of 1794-95 . . .⁴⁴

We would gladly know the attitude of the fair hostess toward the "Heavenly Doctrines"; for it seems certain that her husband never ceased his adherence, in which he came to have the fellowship of many of his time; among them the Worcesters, his friend Edward Dowse,⁴⁵and his niece's husband,

Judge Haven. Margaret Gary herself became a devoted convert, one of many saintly maidens since that day — a line that reaches its peak in the miracle of Helen Keller.⁴⁶

And so, as we make our farewell to the scene (where partners tread out the grave and graceful figures of the minuet, perhaps to the strains of Haydn, perhaps even to those of the boy Mozart's new and delicate creations) the color and the gaiety dissolve into an empty room — empty save for an aged women in a white turban, strumming the old measures upon an outmoded pianoforte.⁴⁷

That Craigie fortunes have been on the top of the wave is to speak more than figuratively; for they run true to the curve expressing the unstable economic status of the new republic. Following the crisis now making in the middle of these 18th-Century gay nineties, Craigie's business agents in New York, Horace and Seth Johnson, become insolvent. Involved in great and ever-growing land holdings, far and near, the Craigie interests are indeed extended; and now, within a few years of the marriage, retrenchment becomes imperative. Craigie writes from New York to his Foster brother-in-law suggesting that he occupy the mansion, and that Mrs. Craigie join her now widowed mother in Roches-

⁴⁴ Miss M. G. Gary: Early recollections of the New Church in Boston. *New Jerusalem Mag.*, Boston, vol. XXX, 1857-58.

⁴⁵ Maurice W. Turner: The Edward Dowse volumes of Swedenborg's works. *New-Church Review* (Boston), vol. 38 (2), pp. 202-207, April, 1931. Dr. Turner quotes a letter from his grandmother, Mrs. Samuel Worcester, in which she speaks of Mr. Dowse (of whom her husband was a Dedham fellow-townsmen in 1814) first lending and then giving to young Worcester his various editions of the Works, "who read them with great interest, although for some months he would religiously suspend the reading of them when Sabbath day came round, fearing that they were improper for the holy day." Dowse's own interest proved temporary.

⁴⁶ Helen Keller: *My religion*. Garden City, N. Y., Doubleday, Page & Co., 1927. "When the sun of consciousness first shone upon me, behold a miracle!" (pp. 196, 197).

⁴⁷ "Mr. Longfellow's picture of old Mrs. Craigie at the piano, with its extravagant elaboration at the hand of George William Curtis, is given by H. W. L. Dana on page 13 of "The coming of Longfellow." *Proc. of the Cambridge Hist. Society*, 1939

ter; that for the time it may be necessary to "sing small," and that t wife should be instructed how to meet the possible emergency of facing suits of attachment.⁴⁸

That such crises were for years met and overridden is evident from the continued speculative activity of Craigie for much of his remaining life, of which the great bridge enterprise is the prime example. Correspondence with friends, such as Dr. Eustis, shows that the project w in mind as early as the entrance to the Vassall house.⁴⁹ It took some fifteen years to mature and was fulfilled with true Craigie pomp and circumstance, if we are to believe the testimony of Sophia Shuttlewort then a young Cambridgeport resident. Opened on Commencement day August 30, 1809, the completed bridge was honored by a great procession headed by the Craigie coach, with the attendance of Governor Strong, President Webber and notables generally of army and navy town and gown.⁵⁰ This was but one of the many changes for better worse engineered by Craigie in the Town of Cambridge. Buying up the greater part of East Cambridge by secret purchases through agents, son of whom one regrets to say were his relatives — a method still hard peculiar to him — Craigie found himself thus contemptibly in possession of cheap property of immense potential value. Not content with this, he moved much of

the civic center, like a set of chessmen, from the old Cambridge to the new, and thereby laid the foundations of a fresh juridical and industrial community. Meanwhile, streets were laid out at the scratch of his pen. Mount Auburn Street was driven (though not near enough to suit this promoter's interests) across the fair acres over which Tory Row had viewed the river beyond the green marshes.⁵¹

We may

⁴⁸ A. Craigie to B. Foster, Aug. 11 and Aug. 19, 1788. *Craigie Papers*, Am. Antiquari Society, vol. I, nos. 131, 132.

⁴⁹ To B. Foster, Jan. 31, 1792. To same, Feb. 5, 1792. ". . . written Dr. Eustis on the subject of a bridge ... & empowered him to act as shall be necessary in the matter . . ." (*Craigie Papers*, A. A. S., vol. I, nos. 128, 129.)

⁵⁰ Sophia (Shuttleworth) Simpson: *Two hundred years ago*. Boston, Otis Clapp, 1859 Reprinted in *Proc. Cambridge Hist. Society*, April, 1922, pp. 29-68. A memory-book of much interest and many errors. Christopher Gore, schoolmate and old friend of Andrew, actually was governor at the time. On pp. 35 and 36 of the reprint is a vivid encomium on Mrs. Craig.

⁵¹ Lucius R. Page: *History of Cambridge, Mass.* Boston, H. O. Houghton & Co. New York, Hurd and Houghton. Cambridge: The Riverside Press, 1877 (pp- 183-187). The pages are an authoritative source of material earlier treated by Mrs. Simpson. A model "sharp practice" here reveals itself. See also Mr. Arthur P. Morley's entertaining sketch, "Andrew Craigie," in *Leaders of Cambridge Industry* (Harvard Trust Co. brochures, Cambridge), as well as Mr. Thomas F. O'Malley's detailed note on Mrs. Simpson's account above (reprint, pp. 88-92).

wonder why old Craigie was not even more unpopular than he seems to have made himself to the average citizen.

And yet the Brattle Street community lived placidly on, judging from the sprightly letters of Susanna Hill. These letters are much to our purpose, for they are contemporary documents unsullied by the leas of reminiscence.⁵²

The Aaron Hill house, opposite the Fosters', was where St. John's now stands. Susanna has much to say of the social life in the scattered country community centering in her father's property and the two old Vassall estates: a dancing party for little Mary Foster, the only Foster offspring born in Cambridge; the visit of a Dedham baby, Samuel Foster Haven; the new house of Deacon Hilliard, nephew of Bossenger; activities of the young men of the Foster family; neighborhood calls of the Craigies, and some of their social movements — no longer, apparently, of any amazing proportions. Susanna never hesitates to pick up nose bits of gossip. A curious rift in the Deacon Hilliard household is mentioned in passing, but never an intimation of any Craigie estrangement. Craigie and Mrs. Foster are missed at one event. Susanna supposes "he could not spare time from Bridges and roads to go and she would not go without him." In another place, Susanna mentions her cousin Dr. Eustis' declaration that "Mr. Craigie's Bridge speculation will be of no advantage to him, the day it was granted to him in his opinion made him a beggar." May we wonder if Eustis recalled his intimated tip to Andrew so many years before — "that I may ask you . . . whether you have a mind *to speculate?*"

True to such an omen, these halcyon days were soon past. But the crashing waves of business misfortune must to Craigie have been less heartbreaking than the shadows that for the next decade descended upon his clan. Following the death in 1805 of his brother-in-law and close business associate, the senior Bossenger, the first to succumb after the father was Mary, the youngest Foster, who died in 1811 at the age of

⁵² Mary I. Gozzaldi: Letters to Mrs. William Jenks, 1806-1813. *Proc. Cambridge Hist. Society*, IX, Jan. 27, 1914-001. 27, 1914. Pub. 1915. Also entitled, "'Some letters from Tory Row' with introductory remarks in regard to the correspondents."

sixteen; next in order her mother, who was Mary Craigie, in 1815; th Bossenger Junior, 1816; and finally, in the following year, James and George Foster, each on the very eve of his marriage. Dr. Haven, 1878, writes to General Rodenbough:

James and George died the same week of epidemic dysentery which prevailed at Cambridge. It is just within my memory. They were engaged to be married to Betsey and Sarah Dana, daughters of Chief Justice Dana, and sisters of Richard H. Dana Senr. These ladies always regarded themselves as *widows*, remaining single and wearing black till the close of their long lives.⁵³

So likewise did the Haven children regard them, to whom they always remained the "Aunt Danas." Swept away in the same epidemic were two infant boys, the Fosters' cousins, sons of their neighbor, Deacon Hilliard. Within hardly more than a single decade (which included also the death of Mrs. Shaw in her daughter's home) the Foster family of ten had shrunk to four — Elizabeth, wife of Judge Haven, Drs. Andrew and Thomas, and John Foster, called by his nephew, Dr. Haven, "harmlessly insane," whose amusing eccentricities apparently are recounted 1 Lowell in *Fireside Travels*.⁵⁴

Of Andrew Craigie's affection for his sister's family there is abundant witness. He writes in 1791, "My love to my dear Polly [his sister Mary] and all the family — each individual of which becomes more and more interesting to me." These letters, too, express frequently earnest desire for the welfare of his old Nantucket aunt, Priscilla Gard-

⁵³ Samuel Foster Haven to Gen. Theo. F. Rodenbough, March 14, 1878. (See note 3 Mrs. Rodenbough was a descendant of Dr. Andrew Foster, the only Craigie kin beside Havens to leave issue.

⁵⁴ Lowell refers to his local characters by initials only, but these are for the most part transparent. Dr. Haven's dry remark (in a Rodenbough letter) helps the identification. Deacon Hilliard, mentioned often by Susanna Hill, is William Hilliard, pioneer college printer, bookseller and publisher, father-in-law of Catherine (Haven) Hilliard. He was first to use the name "University Press," and in his successive partnerships seems to have been the father of the Greater-Boston publishing industry. His name sponsors many works of the early 19th century, among them the *Proceedings* of the American Academy and *Outre-Mer* (which proved so good a card of introduction for the young Professor Longfellow to the Widow Craigie; see p. 4 of H. W. L. Dana's *Coming of Longfellow*, cited in note 47). Paintings the Deacon and his wife have hung for many years in his granddaughter's home at Worcester.

The graves of Mrs. Elizabeth (Hammond) Shaw's ancestors are in the ancient Hammond cemetery, Mattapoisett (once a part of Rochester), Mass.

ner, supplied by him through the Fosters with creature-comforts; and of his uncle, the fourth John Gardner, high-sheriff of Nantucket.⁵⁵ His intense love of kin must not be forgotten in any coming appraisal of Andrew Craigie.

Consider the circumstances under which the second decade of the century has placed this man of restless energy, endless undertakings and uncertain opulence. Vast resources there are in town, farm and forest — Craigie's Mills, in what is to be the State of Maine; the township of Belvidere, Vermont; lumber tracts of Western New York, rich lands of the Ohio — all now doubtless imperilled or heavily encumbered; properties galore about his home with obligations to match; the sheriff at last at his gate-post⁵⁶ — and among his kin, the busy and pitiless hand of the Reaper. Now, having seen the greater part carried one by one beneath Colonel John Vassall's stone table in the Old Burying Ground, the head of the clan is himself stricken, and laid beside the rest.

VII. THE HERITAGE OF TORY ROW

In former days, when eleventh-hour wills were the rule, those undelivered from sudden death were prone to die intestate. Andrew Craigie was so numbered. Who were the Craigie Heirs, sentenced in the Year of Our Lord 1819 to take on this huge incapacitated bulk, the Craigie Estate? The widow's dower of one-third left the remaining two-thirds to be divided by lot among the four surviving Fosters; one of whom, Elizabeth Foster Haven, wife of the Dedham judge, received the Henry Vassall property, the Foster homestead, which had once been the Medical Headquarters. With it went a pew in Christ Church; presumably the tomb beneath; and certainly the table-tomb without, which continued to serve even the next generation.⁵⁷

⁵⁵ See end of note 39.

⁵⁶ "Did he ever venture forth at evening, seeing a constable and *capias* in every bush?" asks Mr. John Holmes in his racy and "legendary" account of Craigie fortunes. (See note 13.)

⁵⁷ "This capacious reliquary (at first nameless save for the Vassall arms, but later inscribed with the name of Colonel John Vassall, its founder) was inspected at the instance of Dr. Samuel Foster Haven, June 24, 1862, in the presence of Prof. Jeffries Wyman of Harvard, Lieut. B. B. Vassall of Oxford, and others. The original report, signed by E. D. Harris, is enclosed in Dr. Haven's letter of March 14, 1878 to Gen. Rodenbough (see notes 35 and 53). It is abstracted in the latter's delightful work, *Autumn leaves from family trees*. Theo. Francis Rodenbough, N. Y., 1892, printed by Clark & Zugalla, 33 Gold St. (150 copies). Though identification remains incomplete, there can be no question that not only Andrew Craigie but the best part of two generations of his kindred go to make up the twenty-five interments here recorded.

The plight of the widow was pathetic. Being by dower the head of an elaborate house slimly financed, her future must be one of retrenchment and endless effort to carry on. The plight of the heirs of kin, though not pathetic, was one to involve the assumption of heavy responsibilities, grinding encumbrances, and endless litigation which led even to technical suits-at-law within the family.⁵⁸ Judge Haven, fortunately a skilled conveyancer, assumed much of the legal burden involved, and his papers bear witness to his industry and integrity. Much salvage was accomplished: no one was made rich, but none suffered financial extinction.

Of Mrs. Craigie's career after Andrew's death many things are recorded. A proud and picturesque character, a woman of high education an intellectual radical, a tender and fearless champion of the right to live, Mrs. Craigie took many distinguished and future-distinguished lodgers who, departing, remained her friends for life. Puritan eyes viewed her with grave doubt, if not with fear, for she was known as ; student of Voltaire. Although we shall probably never know how she and her husband viewed each other's philosophy, it is curious to recall a letter written in 1778 by Major Samuel Shaw to his comrade, "Doctor Cragie," gracefully thanking him for the gift of a set of Voltaire's works.⁵⁹

The leaves are fading at Craigie House. From the yellowed and twisted plumes of great elms the caterpillars spin down unmolested upon the white turban of an old dame, their fellow-mortal. In a few more years the tortured trees may bear no leaves — but the wearer of the turban will not be there to see.

Two ravaging holocausts stand between us and longed-for origins the great Nantucket fire, in which the major antiquities of the Island

⁵⁸ *Haven Papers*, Am. Antiquarian Society, Worcester, and Dedham Historical Society Some items in F. H. P. collection.

⁵⁹ "I thank you most cordially, my dear friend Cragie, for your present of the works of Voltaire, which in themselves however valuable, are rendered peculiarly so to me by the obliging manner in which you make them a token of your friendship. As such I am happy in accepting them, and under this pleasing idea, I shall peruse with additional satisfaction the writings of that universal genius.

"Believe me, dear Cragie, most affectionately yours

S. Shaw

Tuesday 31 Jany 1786."

[Craigie Mss., Am. Antiquarian Society.]

went glimmering, and the great Crajgie fire — not the one that destroyed her barn, but that for which the lone widow halted at death's door to consign her attic treasures and their romance to oblivion.⁶⁰

It is the summer of 1841, one hundred years ago. Elizabeth Craigie lies alone at Mount Auburn, where the flame of life, immortalized in stone, aspires nameless from its simple pillar. And now in the year 1941, on the eve of this very meeting, the lone survivor of those noble elms, once decimated by "fellow worms," has crashed. The rings of its vast trunk go back in number beyond that very day, one hundred and fifty years ago, when it passed to Craigie ownership — perhaps even to the date, cast in the old fireplace, associated with the Vassall builder.

Mrs. Craigie is known to have sold many effects. Apparently only a few items of silver, china and furniture passed into the hands of the heirs. Much, doubtless, was disposed of after the widow's death. One item of household property is of unusual interest: this is the Craigie organ.

My grandmother, Catherine Dexter Hilliard, grand-niece of Andrew Craigie and sister of Dr. Haven, lived here as a child in her uncle's home while at school in Cambridge, and is said to have passed long afternoons curled up in one of these cushioned window-nooks, reading.⁶¹ The ample library that little Catherine Haven must have had at her disposal is recorded in every detail at the

Registry of Probate. Familiar with the house and its contents, she later recounted to elder grandchildren many

⁶⁰ It is strange how Mrs. Craigie, as a theme, invites hyperbole. We had best revert to Mr. Longfellow's unvarnished note, in which he recalls that "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." H. W. L., MS. notebook on the *Craigie House* (pp. 11, 12), quoted by H. W. L. Dana, p. 35 (see note 47).

⁶¹ Daughter of the favorite niece, "Betsy" Foster, she doubtless had special privileges in the great house. One of her schoolmates, and a lifelong intimate, was Mary Holmes, sister of Oliver. Another dear friend and active correspondent was Sophia Peabody, whose Dedham journal, of 1830, partly reproduced in her son's *Nathaniel Hawthorne and his wife* (vol. 1, pp. 75-81), has much to say of "Kate" and her family in their spacious Dedham home (now the Community House, High Street). The discovery of the remainder, and by far the major part, of this journal would doubtless open a chapter of glowing youth in the earlier 19th-century Dedham.

Family tradition has it that Catherine's elder sister Elizabeth (1800-1826) was model for one of the figures in Allston's huge, tragic undertaking of "Belshazzar." If so, she quite fulfilled the current demand, noted in *The Flowering of New England* (p. 160), for the "metaphysical" type. It was after her death that the artist married a sister of her two "Aunt Danas."

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of her experiences. Among the wonderful possessions of her uncle and aunt was a big organ. The reminiscence is fortunately corroborated by the official inventory, which appraises the instrument, once standing in this room, at \$500⁶²

In 1822 Harvard acquired its first organ, first played by a freshman organist in the new University Hall chapel. Unsubstantiated tradition claims that this instrument was the gift of Mrs. Craigie⁶³

In a gallery of the Fogg Museum is an ancient pipe-organ, still in good playing condition. It was built in 1805 by Gray, in London, came into the possession of the Chickering Company from an unknown source and reached the Museum by way of the Harvard Club.⁶⁴

That Mrs. Craigie, three years after her husband's death, did unload her organ on Harvard is very plausible, since it may well have become a white elephant — space-taking and requiring prohibitive upkeep; more- over, Craigie relations with the college staff and administration seem always to have been most cordial. If the organ at the Fogg is actually the one in question, it must have been purchased in a period of relative prosperity. This would be within the period between the national business crises of 1796 and 1815. The date of the Fogg organ, 1805, is therefore consistent with the inference. Is the visible organ the organ or only one of two, or possibly of three? So there the problem stands

VIII. THE CELLAR-STAIR LETTERS

Young Professor Longfellow, Mrs. Craigie's last lodger, could hardly have dreamed that the old house he already loved would never cease to be his home. It had in every sense become such when an event occurred that now, after nearly a century, revivifies the Craigie history.

Some years after Mrs. Craigie's death (Miss Alice Longfellow places

⁶²The records of 1820, vol. 135, Registry of Probate, East Cambridge, contain the full inventory of the Andrew Craigie personal estate.

⁶³Henry Lee: University Hall. *The Harvard Book*. Cambridge: Welch, Bigelow & Co University Press, 1875 (vol. I, p. 87).

"But if the outside was bare, the chapel, as originally arranged, was one of Mr. Bulfinch masterpieces.

"The pulpit stood in the middle of the east side; the organ, the gift of Mrs. Craigie, c the west side, opposite the pulpit . . .

"I have spoken of the organ as the gift of Mrs. Craigie. Such is the tradition, but from the corporation records I have only gleaned that it was built in England, and from the diary of the Rev. George Whitney I learn that it was set up in 1821."

⁶⁴ "An ancient pipe organ." *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, vol. 32, April 17, 1930 (pp. 820, 821).

the time at thirty years after the death of Andrew) Mr. Longfellow, or some member of his household, found on the stairs leading to the cellar a letter of mysterious origin, written in a cultivated feminine hand, of a date long in the past and addressed to Andrew Craigie, Esq. The mystery deepened when, on later occasions, other similar letters lay where the first had appeared. Their origin was traced to a box fitted into a tread of the upper staircase, its joints so opened by mice and time that letter after letter was now being jarred loose from the sheaf of manuscript within. The circumstances appear to have been largely a matter of tradition in the Longfellow family⁶⁵ and among members of the Dante Club.⁶⁶ Why Mr. Longfellow should have apparently omitted from his journal all mention of so extraordinary a find is a further mystery.

It was of course easy to read romance into what proved to be the letters of a schoolgirl, who was assumed to have died before the Craigie era came to an end. And this is just what one author did. No one knows how Helen Hunt Jackson got wind of the letters. No account has been found of any visit on her part to Craigie House, or of any correspondence with the poet. And yet in her letter of 1867 to the *New York Evening Post*, quoting gossip at a dinner to Charles Dickens,⁶⁷ and later in a story, *Esther Wynnes Love-Letters* (each published under a pseudonym and neither acknowledged in her lifetime),⁶⁸ Helen Hunt

⁶⁵ Alice M. Longfellow, in her *Chronicles* — one hand-written version, p. 38; another, pp. 27, 28 (Longfellow House Collections).

⁶⁶ W. D. Howells: *Literary friends and acquaintance*. N. Y. and London: Harper & Bros., 1900 (p. 189). "The taper cast just the right gleams on the darkness, bringing into relief the massive piers of brick, and the solid walls of stone, which gave the cellar the effect of a casemate in some fortress, and leaving the corners and distances to a romantic gloom . . . Longfellow once spoke of certain old love-letters which dropped down on the basement stairs from some place overhead . . ." (And thence, to the end of the page, the author plunges into a welter of delightfully mixed misstatement!)

⁶⁷ A Turkish bath and a parcel of old love-letters. Letter from Rip Van Winkle. *The Evening Post*, New York, Dec. 19, 1867. "Why only one letter had been jostled out at a time, and always at this particular hour of the night, under the tread of this particular person, nobody can know, unless it might be because he was a poet, and in his hands so weird a legacy from the past would be held in rightful esteem. The story was told to Dickens, the other day, at a dinner, and we shall perhaps see

it doing good duty yet, in the machinery of a second Lady Dedlock's retribution." (But in less than three years, Dickens was dead; and apparently "Rip Van Winkle" then felt free to turn over the episode to "Saxe Holm.")

⁶⁸ Saxe Holm: Esther Wynn's love-letters. *Scribner's Magazine*, Dec., 1871. Also in *Saxe Holm's Stories*. N. Y., Scribner, Armstrong & Co., 1874. In her biography of *Helen Hunt Jackson (H. H.)* — N. Y., D. Appleton-Century Co., Inc., 1939 — Miss Ruth Odell (to whom I am indebted for a photostat of the rare Rip Van Winkle letter) on pp. 136 and 137 comments most interestingly on "H. H.'s" almost frantic attempt to conceal the authorship. Another student of "H. H.," Mrs. F. S. Worthy, suggests (letter of Nov. 13, 1941) that Thomas Wentworth Higginson, in close touch with the author at Newport, may well have brought back the tale from a Dickens dinner.

touches points that make it necessary to conclude that she not only kne of the cellar-stair letters, but had perhaps even handled them.

In the story, Esther Wynn's letters to her more mature, married lover fall one by one Upon the fourth stair. They number over a hundred, and cover the space of fifteen years. Their tone is deeply affectionate, yet dignified — often suggesting some concealed source of pain. At length the heroine falls sick. The union of the twain is never to be.

Many such points in *Esther Wynn* can be checked off as fairly descriptive of the cellar-stair letters. They bear out the otherwise unsupported statement of R. H. Stoddard that Longfellow was forestalled in using the event for a poem by the appearance of the story of Esther Wynn.⁶⁹ Mr. Longfellow's copy of *The Saxe Holm Stories*, in which it is found, bears his autograph in the year of publication.

It is impossible even to epitomize, in the remaining fraction of this paper, the complete story that was folded away in these letters, with their formidable interplay of thought and personality. Yet by careful selection their spirit can perhaps be imparted. The letters are all to Andrew Craigie, and with a few exceptions are written by Polly (or Mary) Allen. Not all her known letters were deposited in the cellar stair box.⁷⁰ One of the earliest reached me among Craigie business papers before I had even seen the Craigie House treasure. The date is January 1791; the writer, twelve years old:

Bethlehem January 28th 1791.

My dear Uncle

I long very much to recieve again a letter from You, as I have been deprived of that pleasure since October last. You may believe, this Your long silence caused many anxious thoughts in my breast, concerning Your health: Indeed, I could not but ascribe it to an illness, that might have befallen You — & You know My Dear Uncle that this would give me pain.

⁶⁹ R. H. Stoddard: *Poets' Homes*. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co., 1877 (vol. I, p. 13).

⁷⁰ The three earliest, dated Aug. 4, Nov. 10 and Nov. 24, 1790, are in the Craigie files of the Am. Antiquarian Society.

I trust however, God in mercy will spare Your health, for the sake of Your poor Niece, who is at present quite chearful, healthy & happy, & still delighted with Bethlehem.

By the last snow I expected visitors from New York, with letters for me, but was disappointed. The snow is now almost gone & I must wait for better times —

I spent Christmas holy days very happy, attended several meetings at Church, & in our house we assembled repeatedly, & spoke dialogue in presence of almost all the Inhabitants in Bethlehem.

My dear Uncle will please to grant to his Niece the great pleasure to convince her by a few lines, that he is still alive & enjoys health & hapiness. In doing which

He will oblige

His dutiful Niece

Polly Allen

[Addressed]

Mr Andrew Craigue

New york

Broadstreet.

To My Uncle Craigue.

[On reverse of sheet]

The school attended by Polly cannot of course be other than the Moravian seminary in Bethlehem, founded more than forty years earlier by Benigna, daughter of Count Zinzendorf whose estate at Herrnhut in Saxony had fostered a vigorous reorganization of the followers of John Huss. It was America's first private school for girls, attended by the daughters of many prominent men of the Colonies, as it is today by their descendants.⁷¹ And in Polly's time the use of the near-by Single Brethren's House as an army hospital was a recent event. The child is happy in her environment — so happy among these people of understanding heart that nothing in her after life can quite take the place of Moravian faith and customs, epitomized, as by her letter, in the Feast of the Nativity. For it was on Christmas Eve, just two hundred years ago, that Zinzendorf, newly arrived among the little band of Brethren, led them with lighted candle to where the sheep and oxen stood in their stalls, and sang:

Not Jerusalem — lowly Bethlehem,

'Twas that gave us Christ to save us;

Not Jerusalem

⁷¹"Historical sketch of the Bethlehem Female Seminary. *Trans. Moravian Hist. Society*, Nazareth, Pa., vol. I, 1876 (appendix).

Thus was named the village of Bethlehem; and thus still sing the Brethren yearly in their vigils on the eve of Holy Night.⁷²

To know how Polly came to be sent by her "Uncle Craigie" to this school, we must consult a letter written by him November 30, 1788, to the wife of Joel Barlow in Hartford:

My friend Mr. Shaler was not long since in Connecticut & I requested him to pay the little girl's expenses but find since his return that Mr. Seymour rec'd no compensation for her board — & indeed declined taking any. Col. Wadsworth has been so obliging as to undertake to pay any money on acct. of the little girl & I must beg the favor of you to receive from him any sums you may have occasion for & you will much oblige me by settling with Mr. Seymour in what way you shall think most agreeable, & by assuring that worthy family of my acknowledgments for the care & kind attention which Polly experienced from them.

After considering all acquaintance I have concluded it best to send Polly to Bethlehem where great attention will be paid to her Education. I have therefore to request that you will add one more to my many ob. in having her sent to New York⁷³

From the age of six, as we learn from other sources, Polly had been an inmate of the Barlow home, where her "dove eyes and gentle ways" had endeared her to foster-parents and playmates.⁷⁴ Now, as Barlow departs for Paris on the ill-fated Scioto mission, Polly must find a new home. They are interesting names that enter into the negotiation — distinguished names in Connecticut's history — Wadsworth, Seymour, and Shaler. The last is Capt. Nathaniel Shaler, whose subsequent career as a privateer meets with scant sympathy in the autobiography of his grandson.⁷⁵

⁷² This historic scene and many others that are intimate to the Moravian world are portrayed with great charm by Elizabeth Lehman Myers in *A Century of Moravian Sisters*. N. Y. etc., Fleming H. Revell Co., 1918. The stanza is from the ancient hymn of Adam Drese (1620-1701).

⁷³ *Craigie papers*, vol. I, p. 11, Am. Antiquarian Society.

⁷⁴ It is one of these playmates whose expression is quoted above (from a letter written in her old age). John W. Jordan: *Memoir of Sister Mary Allen*, read before the Moravian Historical Society, Sept., 1884 (unpublished). It will become evident that this and the Eliza Quincy memoir are in a vital sense our key-documents.

⁷⁵Nathaniel S. Shaler: *Autobiography of Nathaniel Southgate Shaler*, with a supplementary memoir by his wife. Boston and N. Y., Houghton Mifflin Co., 1909. "At the end of three years of this legalized buccaneering, Captain Shaler's ship vanished from the sea" (p. 8). One notes that privateers and buccaneers rub elbows on the shelves at Goodspeed's.

It is a welcome tribute that we find in a letter to Craigie from Mrs. Barlow, dated February 23 of the following year:⁷⁶

... I am happy to hear of Polly's safe arrival. I want to see [the] dear little Girl. She did herself honor at my Brothers [Dudley Baldwin] & every where she went, they all love and admire her. This pleased

me. — I shall ever feel interested in whatever concerns her. I have great expectations from her improvement at the Bethlehem school. She has genius sufficient to learn any thing. & an understanding far above her years. I shall wish to hear from her often. Love to the dear Girl. with the little thread cape enclosed, which I promised her before —

With esteem, I am your sincere friend — R B

[Ruth (Baldwin) Barlow]

So Polly — a child of nebulous origin, but of parts and graces — is delivered to the fortunately tender mercies of the Pennsylvania Dutch.

It is with somewhat amused tolerance that Moravians view Longfellow's early poem, Hymn of the Moravian Nuns of Bethlehem at the Consecration of Pulaski's Banner. It was once much declaimed in school and college. Oliver Wendell Holmes writes in 1882 of speaking the lines "more than half a century" before,⁷⁷ and we can perhaps sense the pitch of his youthful oratory in a stanza such as this:

If the vanquished warrior bow,
Spare him! By our holy vow,
By our prayers and many tears,
By the mercy that endears,
Spare him! he our love hath shared!
Spare him! as thou wouldst be spared!

The almost equally youthful poet, writing when a senior at Bowdoin, was not directly responsible for the expression "Moravian Nuns"; for it appears in the magazine account of Pulaski that had inspired his lines,⁷⁸

⁷⁶ *Craigie MSS.*, Am. Antiquarian Society.

⁷⁷ O. W. Holmes to T. G. Appleton, March 25, 1882, on the death of Longfellow. (Longfellow House Collections.)

⁷⁸*N. Am. Review*, April, 1825. ". . . the standard of the legion was formed of a piece of crimson silk, and embroidered by the Moravian nuns of Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania" (p. 391). This article in turn quotes from *Niles' Register*, Oct. 16, 1824.

which not unnaturally develop a rich ecclesiastical background for the nuns' solemn procession. Yet it seems that this rigorously evangelical Protestant sisterhood became, in Bethlehem at least, quite receptive to the poem; for, in one of its many settings, it was sung lustily in that pre-eminently musical group.⁷⁹ Could Mr. Longfellow, on inspecting his cellar-stair treasure, have realized that he had at last unearthed a Moravian nun? For if ever the name was deserved, it is just here.

The earliest letter found in the cellar-stair collection is of January 1797, just six years later than the one just read. Now, at the age of eighteen, Polly is anxious about her future. Objecting to Craigie's suggestion that she live with a family in Philadelphia or elsewhere, she writes: "I should, I am sure, be

known by some of my former acquaintances let me live as private as I could unless I'd pass with another name."

Later the same year, a letter from her principal appears, in which he refers to a fatherly talk with Polly, after which he favors her remaining in the Community, "as she was convinced," he says, "in her situation she could nowhere be happier than here."

Polly does wish, however, to visit the homes of certain schoolmates. Objection is raised; but in July of the following year (1798) her suspense is relieved by permission to visit her friend Sally Colt, in Rome New York. She writes:

How happy my dear Uncle did I feel after so long and painful a silence to receive your kind & affectionate letter. The praises you bestow on me are highly gratifying & not less dear to my heart the assurances of your friendship & affection — to deserve, to merit both shall ever be my aim —

I only wish to leave the school as I am too old to be in it any longer & as you do not approve of my always living here it is certainly time to leave it. — but after all my dear Uncle this [is] only a visit for some months, what is to become of me afterwards? Where is to be my home? — is there not some respectable family with whom I could board? . . .

With the greatest affection.

Your dutiful P. A. —

⁷⁹ The soloist was the well-known Sister Sally Horsefield. "Someone at that time had seen Longfellow's 'Hymn ...' to music, and Sister Sally possessed this music, playing it often. It was one of the things she loved to sing for her friends, and it is a great pity that the music has been lost." (From *A Century of Moravian Sisters*, pp. 212, 213. See note 72.) Doubtless this very music is to be found among the many settings of the poem in the Longfellow House Collections.

In this letter the word "Uncle" appears for the last time; and later the signature is no longer "Polly," but "Mary." The writer is done with a fiction that has perhaps been long in dawning upon her.

Polly's next letter, in the fall of 1798, coincides with the first snag in Cambridge fortunes, where, you will recall, Andrew writes Bossenger that it is now important to "sing small":

Your letter my dear Sir of the 2nd of August I have received & was truly sorry to hear that you are involved in so much trouble on account of your affairs —

Believe me I am no way depressed by your loss of fortune than, as it must cost you a great deal of trouble for as I never expected too much, nor placed my happiness in the possession of riches so on my own account I shall neither regret the loss of it — You have already done so much for me, that it would be very ungrateful to complain, nor will I ever while I possess your affection.

Craigie now receives letters from Sally Colt and her father Peter Colt, of Rome, New York, full of earnest anticipation of Polly's visit. Her letters are now from a home where she has inspired real devotion. The Colts, a Hartford family, had known Polly while a child at the Barlows'. Peter Colt had been a prominent commissary in the war, and from New England had sent droves of cattle to relieve the starvation at Valley Forge.⁸⁰ Now he is engineer in charge of the canal projects on the Mohawk.⁸¹ The site of his home, Belle Farm, is still to

⁸⁰ George L. Clark: *History of Connecticut*. N. Y. etc., G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1914 (pp. 284, 285).

See also — Forrest Morgan, Editor: *Connecticut as a colony and as a state, or one of the original thirteen* (vol. 2, p. 112). Hartford: The Publishing Society of Connecticut, 1904.

⁸¹ Pomroy Jones: *Annals and recollections of Oneida County*. Rome [N. Y.], Pub. by the author, 1851. Peter Colt, one of the early settlers of Rome, was in 1798 an assistant justice of the county. "The Western Lock Navigation Co. completed a canal connecting the navigable waters of Mohawk River and Wood Creek, at Rome, in 1797 (p. 376) . . . Peter Colt superintended the construction of the old canal. An anecdote . . . went the rounds of the papers at the time ... As Mr. Colt was passing through a company of these laborers one day, for some real or supposed offence or delinquency, he gave one of them a smart kick on his rear exposure. The man instantly let go his barrow, and while with his left hand rubbing the seat of attack, with his right very respectfully raised his hat, and rolling the quid in his mouth, and with a peculiar knowing twinkle of the eye, said, in the richest Irish brogue, "Faith and by —, if yer honor kicks so while ye're a *coult*, what'll ye do when ye get to be a horse?" Mr. Walter D. Edmonds, who in *Mostly Canallers* (Boston: Little, Brown, & Co., 1934) depicts vividly the canal scene of early days, writes (letter, Oct. 4, 1940) that the above tale remains Peter Colt's chief claim to local fame.

be found under the same name in the outskirts of the city of Rome.⁸²

Property holdings in New York State bring Craigie the opportunity to visit Belle Farm. These visits are precious indeed to the lone-hearted girl:

How much my dear Sir do I wish for your company some one of these long evenings, how delightful to see you once a fortnight, how should I anticipate the day, alas when shall I see you again? I had some foolish foreboding when you left me that it would be a great while — you must not let it be. Pray, my dear Sir, did you leave that deed with me to satisfy yourself or me — I have not felt easy since I got it, it looks like a parting gift — indeed be assured I never have felt the least anxious about being provided for, for thanks to your kindness I have in myself the means of support — I can work, can circumscribe my wants, & were I left destitute I know myself very little if I should murmur or repine, I would be content, nor would it require much exertion —

The same letter speaks of the Colts' desire to keep her as a member (the family. The "deed" mentioned is a bond assuring Polly an eventual modest competency.⁸³

Craigie has not been remiss in his concern for Polly's religious development. Earlier in the same year (1800) he receives the following comment in a letter with the salutation, "My dearest Sir" —

I have read Swedenborg's treatise which you gave me & the new scene it has opened to my mind is highly gratifying — I intend reperusing it with great attention as there appears to be some contradictions which no doubt is owing to my not understanding his meaning properly & perusing it too hastily...

My heart subscribes most respectfully, most affectionately

Your Mary.

⁸² "My House," writes Peter Colt to Craigie, "is situated on a farm one & half mile from Fort Stanwix, in Rome —it is not so commodious as I could wish . . ." (Jan. 29, 1799 —Polly Allen Letters.) Mr. E. B. Milliard has recently visited the locality and reports it to be st largely open land.

⁸³ The bond seems to have had a precarious history. Years later it was copied by Polly and this copy found its resting place among the cellar-stair ("Polly Allen") letters.

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The autumn following, comes a word of warning —

My dear Sir /

I feel very much distressed about circumstances I accidentally heard mentioned respecting you — I wish it may not be so great an evil as I at first apprehended — I understand there are writs issued against you in this state, you may depend upon it as a fact — whereabouts I did not hear [;] most likely at Albany, Fort Schuyler & along that road — I hope your affairs do not require your personal attendance here — Pray be very cautious . . .

I was just thinking my dear Sir what a smart girl I am & how easily I might free you from one trouble, nay do not be offended I am perfectly satisfied but if you would have the goodness to inform wether it would not be a great relief to you were I to pursue some profitable employment — if you do not like this think it only a laughing proposition of mine . . .

Your Mary

Self-respect and sense of justice cause Polly on rare occasion to yield to a certain irony of expression. Thus, from the Farm, 1801 —

... if you would deign to inform me in what manner you thought it most suitable I should conduct myself & *sometimes* your motives *why* I should esteem it as the highest favor & it would likewise be saving me some disagreeables . . .

She is many times a moral philosopher:

I think it is good for young persons to meet with some storms at their first setting out in life, it rouses them to exertion & gives a firmness & energy to the mind which we could not so readily attain while in peace and ease — there is room for the display of the most noble & delightful virtues . . .

Out of the hundred-odd cellar-stair letters, this is only letter number seventeen. Polly is twenty-two — just the age of the bride of Craigie House, eight years before.

A visit to a schoolmate in New York, in November, 1801, follows her Belle Farm experience. Here she touches on a theme very rare from her pen:

... I am somewhat apprehensive you will get quite tired of me — you expected perhaps to see me married long before this — if such has

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been your wishes I am really very sorry to have you disappointed — but as it cannot be helped I hope you will have sufficient patience to bear with such a torment . . .

Again, in December, at Newark —

. . . Do not trouble yourself my dear Sir or think I am in the least anxious to change my condition, I only think of it to assure myself I am much happier than I should be in a change — a further acquaintance with mankind has not inclined me to think most favorably of it & should my heart feel inclined to rove at the sight of some handsome clever fellow I have at least sufficient experience to know that that is not all that's necessary to confer happiness — no, no, no I have observed too much vexation & trouble & too little happiness in that state to make me desirous of partaking it —

In the same letter Polly reports that she has been reading *The Age of Reason* by Thomas Paine, the famous patriot and skeptic:

... his arguments might have weight with those who look no further & are content with other persons arguments how little forcible so ever — but he has not brought conviction to my mind nor by his ridicule raised doubts in my mind — yet I confess my mind is not perfectly settled as to its belief — I must seek for truth, may infinite goodness direct me.

But Polly does not stop at Tom Paine:

Pray, my dear Sir, have you ever read Volney's revolution of empire & what is your opinion of it? — it is a book intended totally to subvert Christianity & indeed some of the facts he adduces staggers my belief a little — I am not inclined to give him implicit credit — should my belief in the gospel of Christ be all an illusion, the comfort the delight I have experienced in the exercise of it all imaginery — no, I will seek further, I wish for truth & my mind shall be open to receive it.

One recalls that Joel Barlow was a translator of Volney,^[84] and it may be suspected that the Barlows, who have not been out of touch with their former foster-child, are to an extent responsible for such an open mind. A subsequent letter sadly reveals that this avowedly accidental excursion into radicalism has met with no sympathy in Cambridge.

⁸⁴ He translated *The Ruins* after Volney's visit to America in 1791. The Barlows knew Volney socially in Paris. C. B. Todd: *Life and letters of Joel Barlow*. N. Y. and Lond., 1886 (pp. 152, 272, 273).

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Polly attends the English church and the theatre. The former meets with disapproval, the service seeming to be "a ceremony which they are obliged to go through & so hurry as fast as possible." With

the latter she is "highly delighted . . . Were it in my power I think I should attend frequently, tragedies, especially, which raise, exalt the mind — "

There are moving passages in Polly's last letter from New York, in the spring of 1802:

That reference to "domestic felicity" seems to stand as the sole intimation of any realization on Polly's part of there being a Craigie home, let alone a Brattle Street family community. Yet she is kept quite in touch with business matters: even the bridge is complained of as interfering with her receipt of letters due. No trace of curiosity seems ever to enter her consciousness; if so, it is masterfully curbed and crushed.

... I don't know what makes me so anxious, but tho you may think me very foolish and thoughtless, excuse me — I feel no reserve in communicating every sentiment of my heart to you, if I am troublesome only inform me & I will desist — All I desire is a permanent place of abode which I can call my home — tho it would be a great gratification to be near you, it is what I cannot wish for nor expect, it might disturb domestic felicity — if I may have the pleasure of seeing you occasionally it is all I expect . . . Bethlehem would be a very desirable residence could I procure a good assortment of books — tho no doubt these are sufficient for me.

That reference to "domestic felicity" seems to stand as the sole intimation of any realization on Polly's part of there being a Craigie home, let alone a Brattle Street family community. Yet she is kept quite in touch with business matters: even the *bridge* is complained of as interfering with her receipt of letters due. No trace of curiosity seems ever to enter her consciousness; if so, it is masterfully curbed and crushed.

During Polly's sojourn in New York there turns up, of all persons, the Reverend William Hill, bearing books for her edification. But she seems to differ in temperament from Margaret Gary; for after an honest attempt on her part to penetrate the *Arcana Coelestia*, their appeal to her, which is sometimes evident, appears to wane as an earlier loyalty asserts itself. "Not Jerusalem — lowly Bethlehem" looms as the city of refuge.

Turning from her own letters, so much of their contents untasted, we have a glimpse of the writer herself in a letter from Sally Colt to Andrew Craigie, dated June 3, 1802:

It was with the utmost concern my dear Sir, that we heard of the arrival of Col. Walker unaccompanied by our beloved Mary, and it is by my Mama's particular desire, that I follow the impulse which my

affection towards her dictates, in entreating you to allow her to come to us again, a particular friend of ours, with her husband will shortly leave New York on their return to Whitestown, they will be much gratified to take charge of Mary, whom they esteem highly and love dearly, as do all that know her. I cannot half express our love for her, Mama feels for her all the solicitude of a Parent, I have the same affection for her as for a sister, indeed I know no difference between her and my own sisters, who all of them love and respect her judgement as is due to the eldest, to me she has ever proved the sincerely real friend, if I am any way worthy her friendship, it is owing to her kind admonitions and reproofs, to her patient perseverance, this is not meant as flattery, it is only a small tribute to her worth and excellence — we shall

be very much hurt, and think it cruel if Mary has any other home, but ours as long as she can make it an agreeable one to herself, the gaieties of N Y may amuse her a little time, but she has a soul that finds more charms in domestic retirement, than in the noise and shew of dissipation—Papa has not enjoyed good health this spring, he is now trying the efficacy of riding, and has been absent a fortnight or he would also have interceded with you for Mary's return —

Mama and Sister join in desiring your acceptance of affectionate respects — allow me to add that I am with esteem

Yours respectfully

S. Colt

Polly is soon again among her dear friends at Belle Farm, where, in the following spring, she writes significantly and at unusual length:

Rome April 9th 1803

My dear Sir /

What a powerful charm to dispel apprehension is a letter of tenderness from those we love! — whilst reading your's every unpleasant thought that had for some time oppressed me vanished — I felt with full force your affection & severely reproached myself for supposing you were indifferent to my happiness — no, I hardly thought so — for a long time I had not heard from you & to be neglected by those we love is most afflicting — by those we depend on for support no less mortifying than afflicting — my mind thus agitated I imagined your kindness to proceed from your general character of benevolence & from motives of pity towards an object who looked up to you for her all ... I repeat your charming letter has entirely reassured me with regard to your

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present affection which if you did not formerly possess must have been awakened by mine to you — I will then only think of what is, not regret what was — This is a determination formed long since & which I practise as often as / *can* — indeed, tho you may not think so I flatter myself I have succeeded extremely well in gaining that ascendancy over feelings which it is necessary to attain if we expect or wish for happiness . . .

You wish to be informed in what manner I employ my time — to your kind enquiries, I can only answer much in the same manner that I have ever done — I devote as much time as I can to perusing instructive books — as to the instrument it is never in tune & I want courage to open it & hear nothing but discordant sounds — I regret it, as I shall lose the little skill I had attained, which tho little was a source of great amusement. As to the knowledge I gain from books, so very, *very* gradual, I am not unfrequently discouraged — There are many disadvantages with which I must contend and I have frequently to acknowledge my acquirements very superficial — I greatly fear you have a higher opinion of my understanding & attain[ment] than what in the happiest moments of self approbation I dare arrogate . . . To return to your letter, you enquire what books I read, tho I have already said such as were inc[ulca]tive, you may wish to know more — I have no regular plan of study or reading because I cannot have — I read in a very desultory manner any book or books I can get — if on opening them they promise amusement or instruction I endeavor to benefit by them — I seldom peruse a novel as I meet with few that are not very insipid — they strain so much for fine sentiment that they become perfectly disgusting & I have long since lost the relish most young persons have for them — perhaps this distaste may be owing to certain

perverseness in human nature which eagerly pursues forbidden objects, but could they be attained with ease would cease to be desirable.

To name the books of history travels, biography or poetry which employ my attention is unnecessary — they are not many but I endeavor to improve by them — but I possess not the happy talent to shew to advantage *my knowledge*, that happy faculty of words & harmony of expression which enwraps the listening ear. — What an enviable privilege! — but tho like Themistocles I may pass sleepless nights [sigh]ing at the merit of others — I may e'en sicken & die, it availeth me naught. — As you desired me I purchased Murray's grammar, but unfortunately got the abridgement — I shall try to get the other — to be ignorant of one's native language is a great shame & I want not perseverance or curiosity to gain knowledge. — Now my dear Sir do not ever

expect to see me an accomplished, fine woman — It can never be, I am a simple, plain country girl with too much rusticity to pretend to gentility . . .

Is it an echo of the above that reaches us from *Esther Wynn*? — "It breaks my heart to see you looking so earnestly and expectantly into my future. Beloved, that I have grown and developed so much in the last seven years is no proof that I can still keep on growing." (See note 68.)

After two years, Mary's longing for the ever dearer Bethlehem is rewarded. Her return to the Community is thus described, in May, 1804:

The most friendly and endearing reception I met with from all the sisters who appeared indeed much gratified — The sisters have permitted me to reside in their house, a singular favor I assure you — I cannot describe to you the sensations awakened in my heart at visiting this scene of my early youth. Every thing here disposes the mind to serene enjoyments [85] & in truth such only are desirable and leave no sting behind — mirth and tumultuous pleasure afford at best but temporary gratifications & mostly leave a vacuum not easily filled — as they are in themselves strong potions & must to produce the desired effect be succeeded by still more powerful ones — Is it not so? — or am I mistaken?

Those words are the key to her future — reception into fellowship at Bethlehem and near-by Nazareth; eventually into the Congregation and the Sisterhood; taking "not the veil" (as she is quick to assure her anxious guardian) but, as she puts it, "the scull-cap," the conventional ribboned head-dress (Schneppelhaube) of the group.⁸⁶ Through deathly sickness and financial deprivation she endures as a skilled teacher of embroidery. Later she proves herself a pioneer in the religious education of children.⁸⁷

⁸⁵ This is reflected throughout *A Century of Moravian Sisters* (see note 72), but especially in Chap. VI — "A Tranquil Community." There were no steel works then. "The discovery of coal in the upper Lehigh rang the death knell of the halcyon days of old Bethlehem" (p. 131).

⁸⁶ Clara A. Beck: *The Single Sisters of the Moravian Church in Nazareth, Pa. Trans. Moravian Hist. Society*, Nazareth, Pa. vol. II, parts 1, 2 and 3, 1936. "As in the case of the Single Brethren's Choir, the Single Sisters did not take the oath of celibacy, and many of them married, frequently by consent of the Church, which sometimes found among them most suitable wives of the missionaries" (p. 131).

⁸⁷ Joseph M. Levering: *A History of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, 1741-1892*. Bethlehem: Times Pub. Co., 809 pp., 1903. Sister Mary ("Polly") Allen is noticed on pages 622, 624 and 625. Her Sunday School was opened in the spring of 1816, six years after the pioneer project of Joanna Prince in Beverly, Mass. The beautiful woodcut of Joanna and her pupils on page

261 of Charles Carleton Coffin's *Building the Nation* (N. Y. Harper & Bros., 1883) may equally represent the reputedly fair Sister Polly.

Records of the Community show her now to be the head, or *Pflegerin*, of the Nazareth Sisters' House, where end the remainder of her active years. Then comes the period of quiet retirement among the Sisters of Bethlehem, a beloved figure to the end, in 1849, within a few hours of her seventieth birthday.⁸⁸

It is about such lives that legend hovers. Yet, not wholly without ground is the thought that in this selfsame year a poet in far-off Cambridge found lying in the gloom a strange letter, dislodged from its hiding place beneath the stair that was so soon to know "the patter of little feet."⁸⁹

Within the stony wall built by age-old convention, separated by distance and total ignorance from the privileges of collateral kinship, this "unacknowledged daughter" (that you, as well as Miss Alice Longfellow, have guessed her to be) chose the narrow way within that wall, and made the path of service a path to peace. Escape she might have seized when the Barlows suggested her presence at their palatial Washington home, Kalorama. The life of ample means and advantages was no stranger to her vision. She knew the family of Elias Boudinot, the statesman, and the Barlows' intimate friends, Robert Fulton (whom they appropriately called "Toot") and his wife. "I am a recluse," she wrote Andrew, after the Barlows had visited her. "Inclination as well as early habits have formed me for one." Much as Paris or Washington would once have charmed, the prospect could not draw her from her "dear little cell," as she was fond of calling her room in the Single Sisters' House.⁹⁰

⁸⁸ Mrs. Myers, in her *Century of Moravian Sisters* (note 72), well summarizes the Bethlehem and Nazareth careers of Sister Polly, on pages 147-152, though starting with an apparent anachronism. Much is evidently derived from Dr. Jordan's memoir (note 74), which in turn refers to an autobiography which has as yet eluded discovery.

⁸⁹ "Not wholly without ground" because Miss Alice Longfellow, in two separate accounts of the scene, mentions *thirty years* after Andrew Craigie's death as the time of the discovery. He died in the fall of 1819. See note 65.

⁹⁰The visitor to Bethlehem may still see the building in the main structure of which (the "Bell House") she first went to school, and in the west wing of which she passed her last years. These and many other scenes associated with her life are illustrated in Mrs. Myers' book (note 72). For the Nazareth scene of her activities see the recently published history of Nazareth, Pa.— *Two Centuries of Nazareth, 1740-1940*. (1940: Nazareth, Pa., Bi-Centennial, Inc.) Here again the building of the one-time Single Sisters' House still stands.

No portrait of Polly is as yet found. Only two word-pictures seem to exist — one, that reference of a schoolmate to her childhood's "dove eyes and gentle ways"; the other, a note from the same memoir at Nazareth, saying, "She was always known as Sister 'Polly' Allen, and bore the remains of great beauty to the last ..."

When Polly was born, in 1779, Lieutenant Colonel Craigie, Apothecary General, twenty-five years old, was stationed in the Philadelphia district, where Dr. David Jackson was his comrade and intimate. It is through Mrs. Jackson, aunt of Eliza Morton Quincy, that we eventually learn all that is

known of Polly's origin.⁹¹ The mother was a Philadelphian of patrician Quaker stock, whose family forbade her marriage to the young officer. Her name, guarded to the end by the Jacksons, is unknown; and was never known to Polly herself until, after the death of both parents, it was imparted to her by Mrs. Jackson. A further service of this faithful friend was the rescue of Polly's bond, and the recovery of its principal from the Craigie estate through the offices, it is said, of Daniel Webster.

As the biographer of the Moravian Sisters has remarked, the fair Quakeress, by her lifelong incognito, missed knowing "the *honor* of being Sister Polly Allen's mother."⁹² And one may perhaps be pardoned the soliloquy in wondering how things would have turned out had Andrew's mother been of the Nantucket Friends, instead of the struggling First Parish. For then, had the son kept the mother's faith, the Philadelphia Quakeress need not have faced the obstacle of a marriage "out of Meeting."

The letters are of no mean literary merit⁹³ — not love-letters, nor letters of duty (as they have been called), yet letters of love held ever and again from overflowing. Taken alone, how easily might certain of the later passages be misinterpreted:

I cannot help expressing a wish once more to see you & yet perhaps it is as well that I should not. Let our union be at the feet of mercy & everlasting life . . . Adieu my dear Sir & afford me the gratification of

91. See notes 41 and 74.

92. *A Century of Moravian Sisters*, p. 152 (see note 72).

93. Comparing age with age, the epistolary efforts of the damsels of the Craigie-Foster-Hill group sound almost thin and prattling against Polly's rich vocabulary and periodic style. Her guardian's concern for her grammar is grafted, we must believe, upon recognition of the deeper qualities.

soon hearing from you, for tenderly does my heart remain attached to you & thanks for all kindness you have bestowed.

Similarly ends the last of the cellar-stair letters — that of April 24th, 1816: ". . . assure me that you still regard me with affection. — Mary."

A first glance at many of the concluding letters would suggest that they have become standardized to a conventional and repetitive devotional pattern. The reader then might simply mark a letter "religious" and pass on. Not so; for, as I read, some vagrant memory of a little book given me in youth played about these fragile pages; and it led me at length to this passage in Henry Osborn Taylor's *The Medieval Mind*:

Two hundred years later, medieval Latin prose, if one may say so, sang its swan song in that little book which is a last, sweet, and composite echo of all mellifluous medieval piety. Yet perhaps this *De imitatione Christi* of Thomas à Kempis can scarcely be classed as prose, so full is it of assonances and rhythms fit for chanting.⁹⁴

Listen now to lines in a letter without date, a letter yellowed and worm-fretted. It is on the eve of a new year, the week of her birthday:

*Such 'were my reflections as I thought how near another year was to its close — & my prayer Oh merciful Saviour, 'who tenderly supported me thro it, let it be closed with thy absolving grace, & feeling thy pardoning love, love thee & thy ways, tho seemingly rough, beyond life or light!*⁹⁵

And then, as if resumed from a trance, the letter goes on:

You will think me a simple child thus to lay open all my feelings — Ah, not all, but you know me, are accustomed to it & cherish my affectionate regards . . .

A March Easter — raw and blustering. Waked before dawn at the old Sun Inn of Bethlehem, we enter the street leading to the church. Under the Paschal moon a bitter wind sweeps from across the Lehigh. The ancient church is lighted. Up the long steps from every direction troop

⁹⁴ Henry Osborn Taylor: *The Medieval Mind*. N. Y. etc., Macmillan, 1911 (vol. 2, p. 185).

⁹⁵ Its unconscious structural hiatus serves only to stamp with originality the "assonances and rhythms" of this lovely passage. A closer study would perhaps reveal others of similar character.

the people, who enter to wait silent and expectant. Suddenly, from all around apparently, burst the triumphant notes of a brass choir in an old, old chorale. It is the trombones, greeting from the belfry the dawn of Easter Day. And now from the choir gallery comes music such as only Bethlehem can render, from voices trained years-long in the Bach tradition — liquid music, with all sibilants deftly suppressed. The simple litany, prototype of Moravian worship, is said; and finally the congregation, breaking into groups, leave the church and wend their way to the burial place — God's Acre — where by ancient custom the memorial stones conform to a common type, all laid flush with the ground. Within the hollow square of worshippers the trombones again break silence, leading in the frosty air the service of song and thanksgiving.

It is over, and the people disperse; but for us one quest remains. A great tree marks a corner of the paths near one side of the enclosure. Beside its trunk lies a tablet with the inscription half obscured. We brush from its face the thin veil of new-fallen snow, and read:

MARY ALLEN

born

December 28th 1779

near Philadelphia.

Departed

December 27th 1849.

There is nothing more. But were the privilege granted a kinsman to engrave the epitaph, must it not be your motto, *Scripta manent*? For that which was written endureth — "beyond life or light!"⁹

⁹⁶ Among the kindnesses of many friends (each one of whom, I trust, is conscious of my personal gratitude) I would mention formally the privileges accorded this study by the courtesy of Messrs. Clarence S. Brigham and Theron J. Damon, of the American Antiquarian Society; Captain Joseph I. Kemp, of the Boston Marine Society; the Rev. George M. Shultz, of the Moravian Historical Society, Nazareth, Pennsylvania; Mr. Julius H. Tuttle, of the Massachusetts and Dedham Historical Societies; and Mr. Benjamin A. Whittemore, of the Massachusetts New-Church Union. My cousin, Mr. Edmund B. Hilliard, has contributed not only the portrait of Andrew Craigie, never before published, but also important data — the results of constant and helpful interest. To President Edwin J. Heath, of the Moravian Seminary and College for Women in Bethlehem, I owe the fruits of his gracious welcome to a pilgrim and stranger.

For the inspiration of working at Craigie House and of drawing freely from its archives, as well as for his own generous counsel, I am under rare obligation to Mr. Henry W. L. Dana. Any or all of the matter here presented is dedicated to whatever use it may prove to have for his Chronicles of the Craigie House.

During the growth of the project, death has claimed the two who were most vitally interested; whose treasured store of memories were always freely offered and eagerly received. These elder cousins, the Misses Margaret B. and Katharine H. Milliard, as young girls heard from their grandmother's lips many first-hand accounts of the home of her Uncle Craigie.

For its topical interest, the form of direct address has been preserved in this somewhat expanded version of the read paper. The notes and references must serve as a mere introduction to the rich vein of ore uncovered, whose endless radioactivity has led an historical neophyte into undreamed-of channels of delightful enquiry.

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CRAIGIE EXHIBITION

REMARKS BY H. W. L. DANA

[At the conclusion of Dr. Pratt's paper on "The Craigies," the President called upon Mr. Dana to say a few words about the Craigie memorabilia which had been gathered together for this meeting.]

Before we adjourn, I should like to call your attention to a little exhibition in memory of the Craigies which has been arranged for tonight within this room in the Craigie House. The room itself, more than any other in the house, bears the imprint of Andrew Craigie; for it was he who enlarged it into a ballroom 150 years ago, adding the ornate panel mouldings on three of the walls and the two fluted Corinthian columns in the center of the long side. Around the walls of this room we have put on exhibition for this occasion a number of Craigie belongings coming from various sources. Many of these have remained in the house ever since the Craigies were last here, more than a century ago. Others have been kindly lent by different Craigie heirs living elsewhere. Some of the objects have come from Wellesley, some from Worcester, some from so far south as Oxford, North Carolina, and some from so far north as Oxford, Maine. It would seem to be a case for once, not of Cambridge coming to Oxford, but of Oxford coming to Cambridge.

These mementos may be divided into seven classifications: — (1) portraits, (2) family silver and other heirlooms, (3) furniture, (4) maps and plans, (5) printed material, (6) manuscript documents, and (7) autograph letters.

I. PORTRAITS

Of Mr. Andrew Craigie himself, the only known portrait is this striking miniature, which represents him with gray hair, blue eyes, and a rather long solemn face, and depicts him as dressed in a beautiful plum-colored velvet coat. It is thought by some that this portrait may have been painted by the Scottish miniaturist, Archibald Robertson, who came to this country in 1791,

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the very year in which Mr. Craigie bought this house. After Mr. Craigie's death, the miniature was cherished by his widow during the twenty-two years that she survived him and was left in her will to his niece, Elizabeth, the wife of Judge Samuel Haven of Dedham. From her, in turn, it has descended to her great-grandson, Mr. Edmund Bayfield Hilliard of Boston.

Of Mr. Craigie's mother, Elizabeth Gardner Craigie, there is this miniature which shows the strong family resemblance between her and her son. This has in the course of time come into the possession of two of her great-great-great-grandchildren: Dr. Frederick Haven Pratt —whose paper on the Craigies we have had the pleasure of listening to this evening — and his sister, Mrs. William Irving Clark of Worcester.

Of Mr. Craigie's sister, Mary, there is a miniature bearing a likeness both to her brother and to her mother. This is now owned jointly by Dr. Pratt, his sisters, Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Alfred Lindsay Shapleigh, and his brother, Mr. Robert Gage Pratt.

Of Mr. Craigie's brother-in-law, Bossenger Foster, there was an interesting miniature which has been lost, but of which we have this photographic reproduction here.

Of Mr. Craigie's nephew, Bossenger Foster, Jr., we have this very beautiful miniature, representing him in a bright blue velvet coat and yellow waistcoat. This miniature now belongs to his great-grandson, Mr. Edmund Bayfield Hilliard.

This group of miniatures has been deposited for safe keeping with the American Antiquarian Society in Worcester, which has, with the approval of the various Craigie heirs to whom the miniatures belong, very kindly lent them to us for our meeting this evening.

Finally of Mr. Craigie's wife, Elizabeth Shaw Craigie, there is this painting which belongs here in the Craigie House. It was evidently copied from the miniature of Mrs. Craigie, which she left in her will to her cousin, the Hon. Lemuel Shaw, and which is now owned by his great-granddaughter, Mrs. E. Barton Chapin of Andover.

2. HEIRLOOMS

Of the Craigie family silver and heirlooms, perhaps the most interesting are these two silver candlesticks, which belonged to Andrew Craigie and bear his monogram "AC". These are now owned by Dr. Pratt's sister, Mrs. Clark, while another pair exactly like them belong to Mr. Edmund Bayfield Hilliard.

Next there is this silver tray here of Andrew Craigie's, which has the same monogram "AC". This belongs now to Dr. Pratt's sister, Mrs. Shapleigh.

Then there is this silver porringer with the monogram "MFB", of which
the

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"BF" stands for Bossenger Foster and the "MF" for his wife, Mary Foster, the sister of Mr. Craigie. This porringer is so associated in my mind with Bossenger that I almost find myself referring to him as "Porringer" Foster. It is now owned jointly by Dr. Pratt, his sisters, Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Shapleigh, and his brother, Mr. Robert Gage Pratt.

Finally there are these two classic urns, made out of alabaster, which belonged to the Bossenger Fosters and may well have been presented to them by Andrew Craigie. They are now owned by Dr. Pratt and his sister, Mrs. Clark.

3. FURNITURE

Of the Craigie furniture, there still remain in this house eight parlor armchairs of French design with flowered upholstery. At Mrs. Craigie's death, a hundred years ago, in 1841, they were bought by Mr. Longfellow, as were the 75 volumes of her beloved Voltaire and some of her other French books, all of which have been kept here in this house ever since.

Of equal interest is this Chippendale chair which is said to have been used by General Washington when this house was his headquarters during the first year of the American Revolution. It remained in the house while the Craigies were living here and was inherited from them by Mr. Iredell Hilliard and his sister, Katherine, who live in Oxford, N. C. Three years ago, however, in 1938, by a joint gift of Craigie and Longfellow descendants, this Chippendale chair was brought back from Oxford to Cambridge and now stands once more in Washington's former Headquarters.

4. MAPS

There are a number of maps, plans, and models here on exhibition, which serve to give us an idea of this estate when Mr. Craigie bought it and the various changes and additions he made.

For example, here are two models, made by Mr. Rupert B. Lillie, representing this house and the house diagonally across the street, with their surrounding grounds and gardens, as they were in Colonial days, before Mr. Craigie bought the two estates, one for himself and one for his brother, Bossenger Foster.

Here is a survey of Mr. Craigie's land in Cambridge, together with "a perspective delineation of the summer house thereon," drawn in 1802 by a Harvard senior named Charles Saunders.

Here, too, is a curious picture of the Craigie House, drawn in 1815 by a later Harvard senior, William Augustus Warner. It was a part of his thesis in mathematics and is entitled "A Perspective Representation," although the perspective would seem to be the weakest part of the drawing. It is nonetheless

interesting as showing in the background the gardener's house and in the distance the summer house on the hill where today stands the Harvard Observatory.

In addition to his land here in Cambridge, Mr. Craigie owned land in various other places. For example, in Oxford, Maine, at what was then called "Craigie's Mills," are still to be seen several buildings bearing his name. These I have had the pleasure of seeing under the guidance of Mrs. Kate Wentworth Houghton Starbird, Librarian and Historian of Oxford, Maine, who has come from Oxford to Cambridge for our meeting tonight and kindly brought with her these old maps and photographs showing the Craigie Grist Mill, the Craigie Saw Mill, the Craigie Tavern, the Craigie Meeting House, and the Craigie Farm with its hundred-foot-long barn. In the documents at Craigie's Mills these variants in the spelling of the name occur: Craigie, Cragie, Craige, and Craig.

5. PAMPHLETS

Among the monographs and articles and other printed sources of information about Mr. Andrew Craigie, let me call your attention particularly to the following items:

Samuel Swett Green, "The Craigie House, Cambridge, During its Occupancy by Andrew Craigie and his vVidow," *Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society* for April 25, 1900, New Series, Vol. 13, pp. 312-352. Reprinted, Worcester, Mass., 1900, 43pp.

John Holmes, "Andrew Craigie," *Massachusetts Colonial Society Publications*, Boston, 1905, Vol. VII, pp. 403-407. Reprinted without footnotes in *Letters of John Holmes to James Russell Lowell & Others*, Edited by William Roscoe Thayer, Introduction by Alice M. Longfellow, Boston, 1917. pp. xxvii-xxxii.

Archer B. Hulbert, "Andrew Craigie and The Scioto Associates," *Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society* for October 15, 1913, New Series, Vol. 23, pp. 222-236. Reprinted, Worcester, Mass., 1913, 17pp.

Lyman F. Kebler, "Andrew Craigie, the First Apothecary General of the United States," *Journal of the American Pharmaceutical Association*, Vol. XVII, No. i, Jan., 1928, pp. 63-74; No. 2, Feb., 1928, pp. 167-178.

[Arthur P. Morley], "Leaders of Cambridge Industry: Andrew Craigie," Compiled and issued by the Harvard Trust Company, [1930], 15pp.

Frederick Haven Pratt, "The Craigies," to be printed in the Proceedings of the Cambridge Historical Society for 1941.

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6. DOCUMENTS

The unpublished manuscript material on Mr. Andrew Craigie far exceeds in bulk the little that has been published. Some of this is to be found in the records of the Middlesex Probate Court and the Registry of Deeds at the Court House in East Cambridge. By far the largest mass of Craigie documents, however, is to be found in the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, where the "Craigie Papers" occupy five large ledgers, two big bound books, and no less than eleven boxes.

In addition to these, we have here tonight various legal documents and papers connected with Mr. Craigie's estate, which was handled by Judge Samuel Haven, the husband of Mr. Craigie's niece. They are now in the possession of Judge Haven's grandson, Dr. Frederick Haven Pratt.

Mr. Craigie's Account Book, kept from 1792 to 1794, the years following the purchase of this house, was owned by my aunt, Miss Alice M. Longfellow. She presented it to the Cambridge Historical Society in 1917, so that it is now kept among their belongings in the Treasure Room of the Harvard College Library, but has been borrowed back for tonight's meeting.

7. LETTERS

You will find here also a number of autograph letters written by Mr. Craigie and a copy of the Last Will and Testament of Mrs. Craigie.

Perhaps the most human of all the mementos here, however, are these original autograph letters — more than a hundred of them — written in a delicate handwriting by Polly Allen, Mr. Craigie's unacknowledged daughter. These were the letters that Mr. Craigie hid away from his wife in the box under the stairs, where they were found long afterwards by Mr. Longfellow. They have been preserved in this house ever since; but during all these years they have never been published or properly studied until tonight. Can these dry leaves live? From them at last, by the labor of research and the magic of sympathy, Dr. Pratt seems to have brought to life for us this evening the charming personality of the loving and lovable girl who wrote them to Mr. Craigie so long ago.

In conclusion let me light one of the silver candlesticks that belonged to Mr. Craigie and hand it to Dr. Pratt, suggesting that as we adjourn to the Dining Room for refreshments he should lead the way down the stairs to the cellar, taking those of us with him who would like to see by candle-light the secret hiding place where these mysterious letters so long lay concealed in darkness.

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ANNUAL REPORTS

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL AND OF THE SECRETARY FOR THE CALENDAR YEAR 1940

DURING THE PAST YEAR there have been four meetings of the Society: the Annual Meeting, January 23, 1940, held at the Faculty Club, Quincy Street, and at which the members of the Society were the guests of Hon. and Mrs. Louis L. Green; April 23, 1940, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Schroeder, 9 Follen Street; June 6, 1940, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Stoughton Bell, 121 Brattle Street; and at the Craigie House, as the guests of Mr. H. W. L. Dana, October 22, 1940.

At the Annual Meeting, Dr. Samuel A. Eliot read a paper entitled "Pundits and Pedagogues." At the April Meeting, Mr. Roger Gilman spoke of the Victorian Houses in Cambridge. This was illustrated with lantern slides. At the June Meeting, Mr. Rupert B. Lillie spoke about the Gardens connected with the houses of the Tory families on Brattle Street, of which he exhibited models constructed by him. At the October Meeting in the Craigie House, Mr. H. W. L. Dana, using lantern slides and various articles connected with members of the Dana family, spoke of the descendants of Richard Dana who came to America in 1640 and settled in Little Cambridge, now Brighton. Mr. Dana's paper was based in part upon the genealogical researches made by the late Elizabeth Ellery Dana.

To all of the speakers the Society is greatly indebted for their interesting and scholarly papers. Also, the Society appreciates the gracious hospitality of the hosts and hostesses at these meetings.

The Council held six meetings during the past year. Among the unusual items of business transacted by the Council are the following:

The Council voted to recommend to the Society the acceptance of

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a gift of \$2149.82 from the Cambridge Tercentenary Committee on Historic Houses. This recommendation was agreed to by the Society with an expression of gratitude to the donors. The Council also recommended to the Society, which recommendation was adopted, the acceptance of the legacy of \$200.00 under the will of the late Elizabeth Ellery Dana. Both Miss Dana's legacy and the gift from the Tercentenary Committee were added to the permanent funds of the Society. The Editor was authorized to make such alterations in the typography, format, and cover of the Society's Proceedings as might seem to him desirable.

The following members of the Society have been reported to the Secretary as having died within the year: Mr. Albert F. Amee, Mr. Henry O. Cutter, Mr. John D. Merrill.

Resignations of the following were accepted with regret: Mr. and Mrs. George P. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bartlett, Mr. Stanley G. H. Fitch, Mrs. William Roscoe Thayer, and Miss Anne Thorp.

The following were elected to membership in the Society:

Mr. Bremer W. Pond

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert C. Scoggin

Miss Katherine V. Spencer

Rev. Francis B. Sayre, Jr.

Mr. Dwight Andrews

Mrs. George W. Cram

Mrs. Allyn B. Forbes

There are 185 regular members of the Society, 7 associate members, and 5 life members.

Respectfully submitted,

ELDON R. JAMES,

Secretary

AUDITOR'S REPORT

I have audited the accounts of George A. Macomber, Treasurer of THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, for the period from January 1, 1940 through December 31, 1940. All entries were found correct, and properly supported by vouchers.

The balance of Four Hundred Seven Dollars and Thirty-one Cents (\$407.31), as of December 31st, 1940, in the Society's checking account at the Harvard Trust Company, was verified with the bank statement.

I have examined the Savings Books relating to the Maria Bowen Fund, and certify that the cash income applicable to the year 1940, amounting to Three Hundred Forty Dollars and Three Cents (\$340.03), has been added to the Savings Accounts of this Fund, and that the total Book Amount of this Fund as of December 31st, 1940 was Sixteen Thousand One Hundred Seventy-five Dollars and Five Cents (\$16,175.05).

I have examined the Savings Books relating to the George G. Wright Fund, the Life Membership Fund, the Historic Houses Fund, and the Elizabeth E. Dana Fund, and certify that the Cash Income from these Funds, applicable to the year 1940, amounting to Fifty-three Dollars and Ninety-nine Cents (\$53.99), has been added to the related Savings Accounts, and that the total Book

Amounts of these Funds as of December 31st, 1940 was Three Thousand Four Hundred Fifteen Dollars and Seventy-nine Cents (\$3,415.79).

Respectfully submitted,

EDWARD INGRAHAM,

Auditor

January 22, 1941.

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REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON SHOWING HISTORIC HOUSES DURING THE CELEBRATION OF THE 300TH ANNIVERSARY OF CAMBRIDGE

THIS COMMITTEE was appointed in 1929 by Mr. Joseph Henry Beale, Chairman of the Cambridge Tercentenary Committee. Mr. Bremer Whidden Pond was the Chairman; the other members were Mr. Charles Northend Cogswell, Miss Lois Lilley Howe, Mrs. Charles P. Vosburgh and Judge Robert Walcott. Miss Howe acted as Secretary until late in May, 1930, when she went to Europe. Miss Mary Almy, who had been added to the Committee, then took her place as Secretary.

In June, 1930, Mr. and Mrs. Henry R. Brigham of the main Tercentenary Committee were asked to join this Committee and served throughout the summer.

Originally financed by the main Committee, this Subcommittee found in August that it was financially safe and voted to become independent, to pay its own expenses from its own receipts as far as possible, and to return to the Treasurer of the main Executive Committee, Mr. Walter G. Davis, the money he had already paid on its behalf, amounting to \$581.71. This made it possible for it to vote further to request that it might give to the Cambridge Historical Society its net profit if there should be any.

At the first meeting of the Committee, on May 2, 1929, at 2 Apple-ton Street, Cambridge, the members, full of enthusiasm, viewed the possibilities before them as shown by Mr. Robert P. Bellows's valuable list of Examples of Early American Architecture about Boston. There were at least twenty houses, besides Christ Church, and four or five "places of interest" plus Harvard College. It was suggested that excursions by "bus" might be organized and there was even consideration of desirable and historic routes.

All this would seem to have discouraged the members for there was no further meeting until February 6, 1930. At this meeting they came solidly down to concrete facts and decided to show seven houses as follows:

The Cooper-Austin House on Linnaean Street.

The Vassall House, 94 Brattle Street.

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The Vassall-Craigie-Longfellow House, 105 Brattle Street.

The Joseph Lee House, 159 Brattle Street.

Elmwood, on Elmwood Avenue.

The Gray House, 19 Larchwood Road.

The Hicks House, recently moved from its original site to Boylston Street.

It was a great disappointment to the Committee, and also to the officers of the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities, that it proved impossible to show the Cooper-Austin House, the oldest in Cambridge. Fay House, the headquarters of Radcliffe College, was substituted for this. Although a much later house, it has a fine doorway, one very beautiful old room, and the room in which "Fair Harvard" was written.

To show seven houses sounds simple but it actually meant a great deal of work, responsibility and detail, not only in administration but in preparation. Besides persuading the owners to show them, the Committee had to protect the houses from danger and to devise methods of exhibition.

Each house was carefully routed in collaboration with its owner so as to keep visitors in line as much as possible. For this purpose, ropes and standards were provided, even waterproof paper was procured to protect floors in case of wet weather. It never rained.

Each exhibition day was taken in charge by a group of hostesses from some organization: The Hannah Winthrop Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Cantabrigia Club, the Board of Directors of the Young Women's Christian Association, the League of Women Voters, the Cambridge Historical Society, the Zonta Club, the Women's Alliance of the First Church, Unitarian, the Prospect Street Congregational Church, the 47 Club, or some other groups.

These hostesses wore appropriate costumes designed by a Subcommittee of which Mrs. Vosburgh was the Chairman and Mrs. Virginia Tanner Green an important member. Under their superintendence twenty costumes were made by volunteers. Through the courtesy of Mr. Cogswell, who was President of the Cambridge Social Union, these costumes were kept at the Brattle House. Here a wardrobe mistress gave them out every exhibition day, received them afterwards and mended and freshened them for the next occasion. These costumes cost

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in all \$134.37. Eight were afterward sold for \$71.05 and one very handsome one was given to Mrs. Richard M. Russell, the wife of the Mayor, who had acted as a hostess.

Tickets were sold at \$1.50 for visiting all the houses. Each ticket bore a list of all the houses, each house having a number, which was punched when the ticket was presented for admission; they were non-transferable and no second visit could be made to any house on the same ticket. Children under ten were not admitted. Over 1800 tickets were sold.

At each house there was a set of twenty cards bearing a mimeographed history of the house for the use of visitors.

The City furnished Police protection every exhibition day and, in addition, two Boy Scouts were stationed outside each house and two Girl Scouts inside to see that there was no smoking and to do errands. Visitors were expected to register as an additional protection.

The houses were shown from 10 to 12 and from 2 to 5.30 on June 21st (on which day the Mayor of Cambridge, England, was brought to see them) and on June 25th; also on every Wednesday afternoon from 2 to 5.30 from July 2d to August 27th, eleven days in all.

Thanks are certainly due to the owners whose courtesy and co-operation made this possible.

The Administrative Office was in Robinson Annex (the old Fogg Museum), where a woman secretary was on duty all summer to sell tickets and postal cards and maps of Cambridge overprinted in red to show the locations of the houses. There, also, was housed an extensive exhibition of old maps and views of Cambridge during different periods in the development of the town.

The postal cards deserve special mention, if only because their history was somewhat disappointing. The Committee felt that it was an opportunity to have some really beautiful cards of Cambridge made. These were made by the Maynard Workshop in Waban, three of each house, in general one exterior and two interior views, two of Christ Church and one of the Cooper-Austin house. These were sold at five cents apiece. Perhaps they were not appreciated; perhaps 1800 people could not absorb 12,000 cards (the number ordered). At any rate they did not sell well and there were 6500 left over.

The financial statements and other records are all filed in the Widener

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Library and statistics are seldom interesting. Suffice it to say that the receipts were \$2,891.73 and the expenses \$1,194.30, leaving a balance of \$1,697.43. \$100 of this was given to the Boy Scouts and \$100 to the Girl Scouts in appreciation of their services. The balance was put in the Cambridge Savings Bank as the sentiment of the Committee was divided between giving it to the Historical Society and using it to rehabilitate the Brattle House. In May 1940, after nearly ten years, it was agreed that it be given to the Historical Society, the accumulation of interest having brought it to \$2,149.82.

Lois LILLEY HOWE,

Secretary.

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LIST OF MEMBERS

ACTIVE MEMBERS

Marion Stanley Abbot

Annie Elizabeth Allen

Glover Morrill Allen

Sarah Gushing (Mrs. G. M.) Allen

Mary Almy

Dwight Hayward Andrews

Matilda Wallace (Mrs. D. H.) Andrews

Helen Diman (Mrs. I. W.) Bailey

Florence Besse (Mrs. E.) Ballantine

Mary Emory Batchelder [L]

Elizabeth Chadwick Beale

Joseph Henry Beale

Mabel Anzonella (Mrs. S.) Bell

Stoughton Bell

Annie Whitney (Mrs. J. C.) Bennett

Alexander Harvey Bill

Caroline Eliza Bill

Marion Edgerly (Mrs. A. H.) Bill

Albert Henry Blevins

Beatrice (Mrs. A. H.) Blevins

Walter Benjamin Briggs

Mary Frances (Mrs. E. H.) Bright

Jessie Waterman (Mrs. Wm. F.) Brooks

Joseph Frank Brown

Martha Thacher Brown

Josephine Freeman Bumstead
Bertha Close (Mrs. G. H.) Bunton
George Herbert Bunton
David Eugene Burr
Eleanor Sheridan (Mrs. D. E.) Burr
Chilton R. Cabot
Miriam Shepard (Mrs. C. R.) Cabot
Carroll Luther Chase
Louise Fletcher (Mrs. C. L.) Chase
Philip Putnam Chase
Margaret Elizabeth Cogswell
Julian L. Coolidge
Theresa Reynolds (Mrs. J. L.) Coolidge
Ada Louise Comstock
Kenneth J. Conant
Marie Schneider (Mrs. K. J.) Conant
Frank Gaylord Cook
Paul Reid Corcoran
Mrs. Paul R. Corcoran
Fannie Elizabeth Corne
J. Linda Corne
Elizabeth Bent (Mrs. G. W.) Cram
Bernice Brown (Mrs. L. W.) Cronkhite
Leonard W. Cronkhite
Sally Adams (Mrs. C. F.) Cushman
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana [L]

Mary Deane Dexter

Laura Howland Dudley

Frances Hopkinson (Mrs. S. A.) Eliot

Samuel Atkins Eliot

Emmons Raymond Ellis

Frances White (Mrs. Wm.) Emerson

William Emerson

Pearl Brock Fahrney

Claire (Mrs. P.)Faude

Charles Norman Fay

Lillian Hale (Mrs. C. N.) Fay

Eunice Whitney (Mrs. C. C.) Felton

Allyn Bailey Forbes

Lois Whitney (Mrs. A. B.) Forbes

Edward Waldo Forbes

Worthington Chauncey Ford

Frances Fowler

Dana Taylor Gallup

Alice Rowland (Mrs. H. G.) Garrett

Jane Bowler (Airs. R.) Gilman

Roger Gilman

Charles Leslie Glenn

Mrs. C. Leslie Glenn

Louis Lawrence Green

Virginia Tanner (Mrs. L. L.) Green

Helen McQuesten (Mrs. P.)Gring

Paul Gring

Lillian Helen (Mrs. T.) Hadley

Franklin T. Hammond

Mabel Macleod (Mrs. F. T.) Hammond

Charles Lane Hanson

Albert Bushnell Hart

Jeannette M. Hart

Mary Davis (Mrs. F. B.) Hawley

Florence Wilhelmina (Mrs. N.) Heard

Nathan Heard

Frank Wilson Cheney Hersey

George Milbank Hersey

Alison Bixby (Mrs. E. B.) Hill

Leslie White Hopkinson

Lois Lilley Howe

Eda Woolson (Mrs. B. S.) Hurlbut

Edward Ingraham

Elsie Powell (Mrs. E.) Ingraham

Dorothy Judd (Mrs. W. A.) Jackson

Pauline Fay (Mrs. A. L.) Jackson

William A. Jackson

Eldon Revare James

Phila Smith (Mrs. E. R.) James

James Richard Jewett

Ethel Robinson (Mrs. W. S.) Jones

Mabel Augusta Jones

Wallace St. Clair Jones

Albert Guy Keith

Edith Seavey (Mrs. A. G.) Keith

Justine Frances (Mrs. F. S.) Kershaw

Rupert Lillie

Abbott Lawrence Lowell

Edward Francis McClennen

Mary Crane (Mrs. E. F.) McClennen

Elizabeth MacFarlane

Ethel May MacLeod

Ella Sewell Slingluff (Mrs. G. A.) Macomber

George Arthur Macomber

Winifred Smith (Mrs. M. W.) Mather

Donald Howard Menzel

Florence K. (Mrs. D. H.) Menzel

Louis Joseph Alexandre Mercier

Elinor Gregory (Mrs. K. D.) Metcalf

Keyes D. Metcalf

Helen Bonney (Mrs. H.) Montgomery

Hugh Montgomery, Jr.

James Buell Munn

Ruth C. Hanford (Mrs. J. B.) Munn

Mary Liscomb (Mrs. H. A.) Nealley

Arthur Boylston Nichols

Emily Alan Smith (Mrs. J. T. G.) Nichols

Gertrude Fuller (Mrs. A.B.) Nichols

John Taylor Gilman Nichols

Albert Perley Norris

Grace Wyeth (Mrs. A. P.) Norris

Margaret Norton

James Atkins Noyes

Penelope Barker Noyes

Mary Woolson (Mrs. J. L.) Paine

Frederica Watson (Mrs. Wm. L.) Payson

William Lincoln Payson

Fanny Carleton (Mrs. Wm. H.) Pear

William Hesseltine Pear

Bradford Hendrick Peirce [L]

Elizabeth Entwistle (Mrs. L. T.) Pennington

Leslie Talbot Pennington

Elizabeth Bridge Piper

Bremer Whidden Pond

Lucy Kingsley (Mrs. A. K.) Porter

David Thomas Pottinger

Mildred Clark (Mrs. D. T.) Pottinger

Lucy Berry (Mrs. R.) Pound

Roscoe Pound

Alice Edmonds Putnam

Harry Seaton Rand

Mabel Mawhinney (Mrs. H. S.) Rand

Harriette Byron Taber (Mrs. F. A.) Richardson

Fred Norris Robinson

Katharine Wetherill (Mrs. L.) Rogers

Clyde Orval Ruggles

Frances Holmes (Mrs. C. O.) Ruggles

Gertrude (Mrs. J. C.) Runkle

John Cornelius Runkle

Paul Joseph Sachs

Mary Ware (Mrs. R. deW.) Sampson

Frank Berry Sanborn

Grace Cobb (Mrs. F. B.) Sanborn

Francis Bowes Sayre, Jr.

Eric Schroeder

Gilbert Campbell Scoggin

Susan Child (Mrs. G. C.) Scoggin

Edgar Viguers Seeler, Jr.

Katherine Per Lee (Mrs. E. V.) Seeler

Martha Sever

Eugenia Jackson (Mrs. P. P.) Sharples

Philip Price Sharples

Katherine Vosburgh Spencer

Willard Hatch Sprague

Emmé White (Mrs. H. P.) Stevens

Horace P. Stevens

Dora Stewart

Eliza Ware (Mrs. Wm. R.) Thayer

Alice Allegra Thorp

Alfred Martin Tozzer

Eleanor Gray (Mrs. H. D.) Tudor

[L] Kenneth Shaw Usher

Mary Wellington (Mrs. K. S.) Usher
Bertha Halloivell Vaughan
Maude Batchelder (Mrs. C. P.) Vosburgh
Mary Richardson (Mrs. R.) Walcott
Robert Walcott
Grace Reed (Mrs. J. H.) Walden
Frank De Witt Washburn
Henry Bradford Washburn
Olive Ely Allen (Mrs. F. D.) Washburn
Frederica Davis (Mrs. T. R.) Watson
Kenneth Grant Tremayne Webster
Alice Maud (Mrs. M. P.) White [L]
Alice Babson (Mrs. W. S.) Whittemore

William Stewart Whittemore
Olive Swan (Mrs. J. B.) Williams
Emily Williston
Samuel Williston
Grace Davenport (Mrs. H. J.) Winslow
Henry Joshua Winslow
Grace A. Wood
John William Wood, Jr.
Cyrus Woodman
Frances Billings (Mrs. C.) Woodman
Charles Henry Conrad Wright
Elizabeth Woodman (Mrs. C. H. C.) Wright

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

Winifred Campbell (Mrs. H. R.) Bailey

Annabel Perry (Mrs. C. H.) Bonney

Harold Clarke Durrell

Francis Apthorp Foster

Helen Wood (Mrs. W.) Lincoln

Bertram Kimball Little

Nina Fletcher (Mrs. B. K.) Little

Harold Bend Sedgwick

L. [L indicates Life Member] [end of volume]