

The Proceedings of the Cambridge Historical Society, Volume 24, 1936-1937

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PROCEEDINGS OF The Cambridge Historical Society

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTEENTH MEETING THIRTY-FIRST ANNUAL MEETING

THE THIRTY-FIRST ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CAMBRIDGE JL HISTORICAL SOCIETY was held on January 28, 1936, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. James L. Paine, 9 Waterhouse Street. About forty members and guests were present. President Walcott called the meeting to order shortly after 8 P.M.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The report of the Nominating Committee was read, nominating the following as officers of the Society for the ensuing year:

President --- ROBERT WALCOTT

Vice-Presidents --- Joseph H. Beale, FRANK GAYLORD COOK, Lois LILLEY HOWE

Secretary --- ELDON R. JAMES

Treasurer --- WILLARD H. SPRAGUE

Editor --- DAVID T. POTTINGER

Curator --- WALTER B. BRIGGS

Council: the above and

REV. SAMUEL A. ELIOT, ROGER GILMAN, REV. C. LESLIE GLENN, JAMES L. PAINE, MRS. CHARLES P. VOSBURGH

There being no further nominations, it was moved that the nominations be closed and that the Secretary cast one ballot for those nominated by the Nominating Committee. The motion was seconded and unanimously carried. The Secretary reported that

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the ballot had been cast. The President thereupon declared that the persons nominated by the Nominating Committee were elected to the positions and offices as contained in the report of the Committee.

Mr. Sprague then read his report as Treasurer, and the report of the Auditor, Mr. Cook. Upon motion, these reports were accepted and ordered placed on file.

The report of the Secretary, with which was joined the report of the Council, was then read. Upon motion, this report was accepted.

The President then spoke briefly about John Langdon Sibley and read his interesting will.¹ He then introduced Mr. CLIFFORD K. SHIPTON, who is continuing *Sibley's Harvard Graduates*. Mr. Shipton read the lives of the following residents of Cambridge, graduates of Harvard College: President Edward Holyoke, Rev. Nathaniel Appleton, Joshua Parker, and Nicholas Fessenden.²

Mr. Shipton's delightful studies of these interesting persons were received with much appreciation.

After some questions directed to Mr. Shipton, a vote of thanks was given to Mr. Shipton and to Mr. and Mrs. Paine.

¹ See post, pp. 25-26.

² The sketches are included in Vol. 5 of *Sibley's Harvard Graduates*, published in 1937 by the Massachusetts Historical Society.

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ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTEENTH MEETING

THE ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTEENTH MEETING OF THE SOCIETY was held on April 28, 1936, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Heard, 64 Brattle Street. President Walcott called the meeting to order at 8:10 P.M. There were about sixty members and guests present.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

Professor JOSEPH H. BEALE was introduced by the President and gave an account of President Dunster as a litigant. The material used by Professor Beale had been gathered from the files of the old

Court of Middlesex County, which are now being preserved as a W. P. A. project initiated by this Society, and from the history of Harvard College by Professor Samuel Eliot Morison.

Mr. LORING P. JORDAN, Register of Probate of Middlesex County, who was present as a guest of the Society, was called upon by the President to speak of the work of his office.

At the conclusion of Mr. Jordan's interesting remarks, Mr. James spoke briefly of the generous cooperation given by Mr. Jordan in photographing the records of the old County Court for the purposes of study and research, and moved a rising vote of thanks to Mr. Jordan for the assistance he had given and is now giving. The motion was unanimously carried.

Dr. Eliot spoke briefly about the condition of the Old Burying Ground, and moved the adoption of the following resolution:

That the President and Secretary be requested to express to the President and Fellows of Harvard College the hope and desire of the Cambridge Historical Society that the Corporation may find it possible before the Tercentenary celebration to provide for

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(1) the cleaning up and putting into good order that portion of the old graveyard opposite the College gate where are the graves of the early Presidents, Professors, and Tutors of Harvard College;

(2) the recutting of the almost obliterated inscriptions on some of the stones that mark these graves;

(3) the placing on the fence or at the gate of the graveyard of a tablet bearing the names of the early officers of the College and founders of the town whose "dust endears the sod."

The resolution moved by Dr. Eliot was unanimously adopted.

Mr. Cook moved that the President appoint a Committee of three to interview the Cemetery Commissioner with a view to the general improvement of the Old Burying Ground. The motion was unanimously carried.

The President appointed Dr. Eliot Chairman of the committee of three, with power to choose his associates. He spoke of the efforts made by the committee of which he is Chairman to secure from the city an appropriation for the care and improvement of the Old Burying Ground but with little success other than the approval of the employment of W. P. A. workers in planting the shrubs and trees and laying the brick which the committee raised money to purchase. The Cambridge Cemetery Committee were unwilling to ask for an appropriation for the lot, over which it had never exercised any authority; and each Mayor in turn has said that he could not recommend such an appropriation while the financial affairs of the city were so pressing.

After a vote of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Heard and to Professor Beale, the meeting adjourned.

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ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTEENTH MEETING

THE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTEENTH MEETING OF THE CAM-BRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY was held on June 2, 1936, at the residence of Mrs. Henry D. Tudor, 22 Larch Road. President Walcott called the meeting to order at 3 P.M.

The President introduced Professor SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON, who gave a very interesting address upon the subject of the Tercentenary of Harvard College and its significance.

After a vote of thanks to the speaker and to Mrs. Tudor, the meeting was adjourned to the lovely garden, where refreshments were served.

About sixty members and guests were present.

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ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTEENTH MEETING

THE ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTEENTH MEETING OF THE SOCIETY was held on Tuesday, October 27, 1936, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ingraham, 7 Lowell Street. The meeting was called to order by President Walcott at 8:10 P.M.

The minutes of the two previous meetings were read and approved.

Mr. Glenn reported as to the work on the Old Burying Ground during the summer, and highly commended the Cambridge Cemetery Commissioner for his cooperation. Mr. Glenn stated that Harvard College had improved its part of the burying ground. As a W. P. A. project, work will be done upon the records relating to the burying ground by one group, and another group will put the ground in order by spreading loam to increase the fertility of the soil. It is planned to have two iron gates installed in place of the wooden gates now there. Mr. Glenn asked for the assistance of members of the Society.

Dr. Eliot spoke of the work done by his Committee, to which he had appointed Mr. McNair and Mr. Bill. They had visited the City Hall and had interested the officials in the condition of the burying ground. Upon Dr. Eliot's motion, Messrs. McNair and Bill were voted the thanks of the Society.

The Secretary then read a memorial to the late James L. Paine, which was ordered spread on these minutes. It was directed that a copy be sent to Mrs. Paine.

JAMES LEONARD PAINE, 1857-1936

James Leonard Paine, a member of this Society since 1905 and of its Council since 1926, died at his summer home in Beverly on August 7th, 1936.

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Mr. Paine was born at Boston, April 25th, 1857, the son of John Shearer and Eliza Ann (Shearer) Paine. He prepared for College at the Cambridge High School, and graduated from Harvard in the Class of 1881. In 1931, for the Fiftieth Anniversary Report of the Class of 1881, he wrote as follows:

"I fully expected to enter Harvard Medical School the following autumn, my courses of study having been chosen with that end in view. When fall came, however, I decided for various reasons to try business for a year at least, and entered the employ of the Paine Furniture Company in Boston. At the

end of the year it seemed best for me to continue, so I gave up the idea of studying medicine as a profession. When later the business was incorporated, I was made secretary and treasurer. This office I held until 1909, when I sold out my interest and retired from active business."

Cambridge has profited largely, both by this early desire of Mr. Paine's and by the later decision. We can see here the reason that Mr. Paine so long and generously supported the interests of the Cambridge Hospital. For thirty-seven years, from 1899, when he first became a member of the Board of Trustees of the Hospital, until his death, no person has served it more faithfully. Many other institutions in Cambridge received the benefit of his attention. He was long the Treasurer of the Board of Trustees of the Cambridge Young Women's Christian Association, a Director of the Home for Aged People, of the Cambridge Welfare Union, and on the Council of the Girl Scouts. For many years he was a deacon of the Old Cambridge Baptist Church.

He was a Director of several Boston banks, and was one of the first Trustees of the Central Trust Company of Cambridge. In 1913, he was a member of the Corporation of the Harvard Medical School of China, afterwards taken over by the Rockefeller Foundation.

In May, 1885, Mr. Paine was married to Mary Woolson, daughter of James A. Woolson, of Cambridge. In memory of the latter, Mr. and Mrs. Paine and Mrs. Hurlbut erected the Woolson Building for Children at the Cambridge Hospital in 1929.

The President appointed the following Nominating Committee, to report at the Annual Meeting in January: Mr. Arthur B. Nichols, Miss Mary Deane Dexter, and Miss Penelope B. Noyes.

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The President then introduced Miss Lois LILLEY HOWE, who read a very delightful collection of letters showing how Cambridge people used to travel.¹

After a vote of thanks to Miss Howe and to Mr. and Mrs. Ingraham, the meeting adjourned.

¹ See post, pp. 27-48.

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ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTEENTH MEETING

THIRTY-SECOND ANNUAL MEETING

THIRTY-SECOND ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY was held on Tuesday, January 26, 1937, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Roger Gilman, 19 Ash Street. About sixty-five members and guests were present.

The meeting was called to order by the President at 8 P.M.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The Treasurer presented his annual report, and Mr. Frank Gay-lord Cook presented his report as Auditor. Both reports were received and ordered placed on file.

The Curator made an oral report, exhibiting to the Society a number of interesting gifts recently received.

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

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

President --- ROBERT WALCOTT

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

Secretary --- ELDON R. JAMES

Treasurer --- WILLARD H. SPRAGUE

Curator --- WALTER B. BRIGGS

Editor --- DAVID T. POTTINGER

Council: the above and

REV. SAMUEL A. ELIOT, ROGER GILMAN, REV. C. LESLIE GLENN, ELIZABETH B. PIPER, MRS. CHARLES P. VOSBURGH

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No other nominations having been made, it was voted unanimously that the report be accepted and the Secretary directed to cast one ballot for all of those nominated by the Nominating Committee.

The ballot having been cast by the Secretary, all of those nominated by the Nominating Committee were declared duly elected to the respective offices for the ensuing year.

The President then introduced Mr. G. FREDERICK ROBINSON, President of the Watertown Historical Society, who read an interesting paper entitled "How the First Parish in Cambridge Got a New Meeting House," dealing among other matters with the history of the boundary between Watertown and Cambridge.¹

Mr. Hersey, at the conclusion of Mr. Robinson's paper, moved that the Society take steps to have the name of Gerry's Landing changed to Sir Richard's Landing, as had been suggested by Mr. Robinson. Mr. Briggs suggested that the matter be referred to the Council. This suggestion having been accepted by Mr. Hersey, the motion was carried.

After voting the thanks of the Society to Mr. Robinson and to Mr. and Mrs. Gilman, the meeting adjourned.

¹ See post, pp. 49-66.

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ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTEENTH MEETING

THE ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTEENTH MEETING OF THE SOCIETY was held on Tuesday, April 27, 1937, at the residence of Mrs. Thomas R. Watson, 71 Appleton Street, at 8:20 P.M., President Walcott presiding.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The Secretary reported the names of new members elected to the Society since the last meeting.

Mr. Briggs displayed a chair said to have come from the first academy or school in Cambridge, the owner of which was willing to sell it to the Society. Mr. Briggs asked if anyone was willing to suggest an offer. There being no response, no further action was taken.

The President then introduced Professor HENRY J. CADBURY, who spoke most interestingly upon "Early Quakers at Cambridge."¹

After a vote of thanks to Professor Cadbury and to Mrs. Watson, the meeting adjourned.

¹ See post, pp.67-82.

ONE HUNDRED AND NINETEENTH MEETING

THE SOCIETY met on May 25, 1937, for the Garden Party usually held in June, at the residence of Miss Ada L. Comstock, 76 Brattle Street. About seventy members and guests were present.

President Walcott called the meeting to order at 4:20 P.M., and after a brief introduction, presented Professor GLOVER M. ALLEN, who read an interesting and delightful paper on "William Brewster, 1851-1919."¹ At the conclusion of the paper, Mr. Henry Bartlett, a relative of William Brewster, gave some additional reminiscences of Mr. Brewster, at the request of the President.

After a vote of thanks to Mr. Allen and to Miss Comstock, and the day being fine, adjournment was made to the garden, where tea was served.

¹ See post, pp. 83-98.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTIETH MEETING

THE SOCIETY met on Tuesday, October 26, 1937, at the Cambridge Boat Club, Memorial Drive, as the guests of Miss Mary Deane Dexter, Miss Penelope Barker Noyes, and Miss Mary Emory Batchelder.

At shortly after eight o'clock, the meeting was called to order by President Walcott, who called to the attention of the Society, the death of Miss Maria Bowen and the gift by her in her will of her residence, 9 Pollen Street, and of one-half of the residue of her estate. The President expressed the deep appreciation of the Society for Miss Bowen's generous gift and stated that at some later time the Council would have a recommendation to submit to the Society with regard thereto.

The President then introduced STOUGHTON BELL, Esq., who read interesting excerpts from the letters of his aunt, Miss Louise Stoughton, describing "Bits of Russian Court Life in the Seventies,"¹ when Miss Stoughton was in Russia with her uncle, the Hon. E. W. Stoughton, Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary from the United States to the Imperial Court.

Mr. Bell's paper was greatly enjoyed.

The President appointed Mr. William H. Pear as Chairman of the Nominating Committee with Miss Josephine F. Bumstead and Mr. Glover M. Allen as associates.

After votes of thanks to Mr. Bell and to the hostesses, the meeting adjourned for refreshments.

¹ See post, pp. 99-134.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIRST MEETING

A SPECIAL MEETING of the Society, called by the Council to take action with regard to the gifts to the Society in the will of the late Miss Maria Bowen, was held at 3 o'clock P.M., November 13, 1937, at Miss Bowen's residence, 9 Pollen Street. Notwithstanding the rain, about fifty-five members were present.

President Walcott called the meeting to order at 3:10 o'clock. He stated that the Society was greatly indebted to the Committee of the Council, Miss Howe, Mrs. Vosburgh, and Mr. Cook, for the very successful results of their labor in preparing the house for the meeting. The Society was also indebted to Mrs. Henry J. Winslow, Mrs. Frank Hawley, and Miss Marion Abbott, who had kindly consented to act as hostesses at the tea which would follow the meeting.

The President then said that the meeting had been called to take such action as the Society might see fit, upon two recommendations with reference to the gifts contained in Miss Bowen's will, voted by the Council at a meeting held November 5, 1937.

At the President's request the Secretary read the recommendations as follows:

1. The Council recommends to the Society that the gift of the house and land, contained in Miss Bowen's will, be accepted.

2. The Council recommends to the Society that the gift of one-half of the residue of Miss Bowen's estate, contained in her will, be accepted.

Mr. Cook moved that the first recommendation of the Council with regard to the acceptance of the gift of the house and land, contained in Miss Bowen's will, be adopted. The motion, having been seconded, was carried unanimously.

Mr. Cook moved that the second recommendation of the Council with regard to the acceptance of the gift of one-half of the

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residue of Miss Bowen's estate, be adopted. The motion was seconded.

The President stated that he had been informed by the Executor that one-half of the residue would amount to between ten and fifteen thousand dollars.

Miss Howe stated that immediate and necessary repairs would require an estimated expenditure of \$1500.00.

There was considerable discussion. Mr. Pottinger moved to amend Mr. Cook's motion by adding, "to be kept until the Society is able to dispose of the house and land and then to be returned to the residuary legatees as provided in Miss Bowen's will."

Mr. Cook suggested a re-phrasing of Mr. Pottinger's amendment so that it would read, "it being understood that if and when the Society sells the house and land, the matter of disposal of the one-half of the residue of Miss Bowen's estate be reconsidered." Mr. Pottinger declined to accept the suggestion.

Professor Beale called for a division of the question, first, as to the acceptance of the residue, and second, as to the sale of the house and the return of the residue. He stated that he thought the Society should retain the house long enough to determine whether it could be used for the purposes of the Society.

The President ruled that as Mr. Pottinger's proposed amendment had not been seconded, the question was upon Mr. Cook's motion that the gift of one-half of the residue be accepted.

Dr. Eliot then moved as an amendment to Mr. Cook's motion that when the house and land are sold, the amount received by the Society from the residue of Miss Bowen's estate be returned to the legatees who would have received it under Miss Bowen's will had the Society declined the gift. The amendment was seconded. Having been put by the President, the amendment was carried by a vote of fourteen in favor to eight against.

The motion as amended being then put, was carried by a vote of fifty-two in favor to one against.

There being no further business, the meeting adjourned at 5:15 P.M.

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ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SECOND MEETING

A SPECIAL MEETING of the Society, called by the Council to consider an offer presented by Mrs. Caroline Phillips Smith on behalf of a client, to purchase the house and land at No. 9 Pollen Street, given to the Society under the will of the late Miss Maria Bowen, and such other business as the Society might wish to transact, was held in Christ Church on December 16, 1937 at four o'clock in the afternoon. About forty members were present. President Walcott presided.

The minutes of the last regular meeting, held October 26, 1937, were read and approved.

The minutes of the special meeting of the Society held November 13, 1937, were read and approved.

Mr. Sedgwick on behalf of Mr. Glenn, the Rector of Christ Church, welcomed the Society to Christ Church and expressed Mr. Glenn's regret that he was unable to be present because of an engagement in New York.

The President requested Mr. Sedgwick to express to Mr. Glenn the regret of the Society at his absence, and our thanks for his kindness in allowing us to meet in Christ Church.

The President then read the pertinent portions of Miss Bowen's will and read a statement from Miss Bowen's executor and trustee, Mr. R. H. Gardiner.

The offer from Mrs. Caroline Phillips Smith was then read and also another offer from Mr. George A. Proctor, 3 Concord Ave., in which Mr. Proctor agreed to pay \$12,000.00 cash for 9 Follen St. Mr. Proctor's offer did not involve the payment of a commission to a broker. The President then stated that Mr. Proctor's offer having been brought to Mrs. Smith's attention, her

client had authorized an offer of \$12,100.00 for the property, cash, and without deduction for commissions.

The President then read a letter from Mrs. Frances W. Emerson to the effect that it was the present intention of herself and of her husband, Mr. William Emerson, the owners of the house and land at 159 Brattle Street, to leave that property, house, land, and garage, to the Society, when they had both finished with it.

The President stated that the Society deeply appreciated Mr. and Mrs. Emerson's expression of intention ultimately to give their beautiful seventeenth-century house to the Society.

Mr. Cook suggested that the meeting resolve itself into a Committee of the Whole for informal discussion. No action was taken upon this suggestion.

Mr. Cook stated that Mr. Proctor's proposal had been left at his house after a conversation he had had with Mr. Proctor's son. He had been told that the house was desired for personal occupation.

Mr. Gilman moved that a small real estate Committee, of which the President should be Chairman, be appointed to consider offers. There was no second.

Mr. Pottinger then moved that the house be sold. This motion was seconded.

Mr. Cook moved as substitute for Mr. Pottinger's motion the following:

MOTION

WHEREAS the late Maria Bowen in her will has given this Society her house and land, No. 9 Follen St., Cambridge, together with one-half her residue, "the income to be used so far as needed for the maintenance of my house and land, and any balance to be used for the general purposes of said Society," and has expressed her desire that said Society may either rent said real estate, giving preference to persons connected with Harvard University, or occupy it as it deems best from time to time, and

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WHEREAS no advantageous lease thereof can be obtained at present without extensive repairs, involving the Society in heavy debt, beyond said income; and
WHEREAS it would promote the activities and influence and general welfare of the Society to have a home available for its meetings and the meetings of its Council and committees, and for the reception, care, and display of gifts of historic value, and for other purposes; and it further appears, on preliminary studies and estimates submitted to the Council, that without the accumulation of any debt and gradually over a reasonable period, out of the net income of said legacy, — and without any substantial structural change — said house may be improved so as to be suitable for said purposes;

NOW THEREFORE, be it

RESOLVED

(1) That the offers of purchase be refused

(2) That the Bowen house and grounds, for the present be used, as desired by the testatrix, as the home of the Society, available for the purposes above stated, and that gifts of practical or historic value suitable for their furnishing and equipment, or for the collections of the Society, be thus encouraged; and

(3) That the Council proceed to prepare and improve said premises to the extent, in the manner, and for the purposes above stated and to appoint a committee to frame, report, and execute a plan therefor.

Mr. Cook's motion was seconded.

There was an extended discussion.

The President then put Mr. Cook's motion. A show of hands was requested which resulted in eight for Mr. Cook's motion and twenty-five against.

The President accordingly declared the motion lost.

The question then recurring upon Mr. Pottinger's motion, Dr. Eliot suggested that if Mr. Pottinger and the seconder of his

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motion would consent he would like to have the motion in the following form: that the Society delegate to the President, Secretary, and Treasurer, as a committee thereof, power to enter into any agreement in the discretion of said Committee for the sale or lease of the house and land at 9 Follen Street and in case the house and land be sold, the President is hereby authorized to execute a quit claim deed of the property on behalf of the Cambridge Historical Society. Further that the Society keep the net proceeds of sale, if one is made, as a principal fund to be known as the Maria Bowen Fund, the income from which is to be added to the principal for ten years or until a permanent home for the Society is secured, and that thereafter the income only of the said fund be spent for the purposes of the Society.

Mr. Pottinger, with the consent of his second, accepted Dr. Eliot's suggestions.

The President separated the motion and asked the Society to vote upon the last part first, establishing the Maria Bowen Fund, out of the proceeds of sale, should there be a sale.

This was accordingly done and, the question being put, the second part of Dr. Eliot's motion was adopted.

The President then put the first part of Dr. Eliot's motion, which was also adopted.

There being no further business, the meeting adjourned at six o'clock.

JOHN LANGDON SIBLEY
REMARKS BY HON. ROBERT WALCOTT
January 28, 1936

MR. CLIFFORD K. SHIPTON'S paper at the meeting of the Cambridge Historical Society on January 28, 1936, was a summary of four sketches of early Cambridge residents, later published in the fifth volume of "Sibley's Harvard Graduates." Introducing Mr. Shipton, President Walcott gave the following brief account of John Langdon Sibley, through whose bequest the Massachusetts Historical Society is continuing the publication of memoirs of early Harvard men:

In this year of college celebration it is not inappropriate to call attention to the date of the death of an important and well-known Cambridge resident, which occurred fifty years ago last month. Born in Union, Maine, John Langdon Sibley earned his way through Phillips Exeter Academy, through Harvard College, and through the Harvard Divinity School, from which he graduated in 1828. He was Librarian of Harvard College for twenty-one years, from 1856 to 1877, and was Editor of the Catalogue of Harvard Graduates from 1839 to 1885, Member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and Fellow of the American Academy. The petition for probate of his will, which is in his own handwriting, states: "The next of kin, so far as known . . . are very remote indeed, whose names and addresses are unknown to your petitioners." Of his will he names as executors, Samuel A. Green, described as President of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and Professor Andrew Preston Peabody. Their inventory of his estate, consisting of railroad bonds and stocks, totalled \$156,500.00, and this amount, less the modest charges for doctor and undertaker, was turned over to the widow as trustee for herself and the Massachusetts Historical Society. The will leaves all property "To my dear wife Charlotte Augusta Langdon (Cook) Sibley in

token of her entire unselfishness and of her self-sacrificing devotion to my comfort and happiness for her for life. Upon my wife's death I give to Phillips Exeter Academy all portraits now in my house painted by E. E. Finch of my parents Doctor Jonathan Sibley and Mrs. Persis (Morse) Sibley by whose indefatigable industry, rigid economy, and painful self-denial was accumulated the small property which contributed the beginning and foundation of the Sibley Charity Fund." [This item refers to a fund of \$15,000.00 given to Phillips Exeter during his lifetime].

"All the said trust property and estate remaining at my said wife's death, after deducting the said legacy, I give and devise to the Massachusetts Historical Society, to be kept as a separate fund, and called the Sibley Fund; and the income thereof to be applied to the publication of Biographical Sketches of the graduates of Harvard University, written in the same general manner as the sketches already published by me, and in continuation thereof. If any income then remain, the same shall be applied first to the purchase of printed books, pamphlets, or manuscripts, the same being composed by graduates of Harvard University, or relating to such graduates; and next, to the general purposes of the Society."

HOW CAMBRIDGE PEOPLE USED TO TRAVEL

BY Lois LILLEY HOWE

Read October 27, 1936

A FRIEND OF MINE who had an enviable reputation for being able to entertain children by telling them original fairy stories, told me sadly the other day that her day was over, that the radio and the airplane with all the other modern wonders had made her stories of magic mere commonplace.

The iconoclasts, too, are now bent on destroying the glamor of the tournament. No more are we to imagine gallant knights charging into the lists or whirling around their prancing steeds to renew the combat; nor are we to imagine Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert rising and fighting on after he was thrown, for we are told that they were so heavy in their armor that only stout cart-horses could carry them and that each knight was lifted onto his horse by two squires!

All too soon, I fear, the modern child who is transported every day to a distant school in a swift automobile and whose chief sight of a horse may be that of the milkman plodding on his early round, may not even be thrilled by Young Lochinvar.

Perhaps this lack of imagination really began with us, for even those of us who still remember the days before the horseless age are inclined to think that our ancestors had rather a dull time of it. To us a driving trip was the event of a lifetime. Only the very well-to-do could even take an afternoon's pleasure-drive in their own carriages. To most of us who travelled and commuted by rail — and even by trolley-cars — those means of conveyance seemed the last word of luxury and convenience. We read Dickens's accounts of stages with four spanking horses changed at intervals with lightning speed, but our own experiences on summer visits to country places remote from railroads made us visualize stage rides as long slow trips over bad roads. These we took in vehicles like shaky, enlarged carryalls, or barges whose name recalled the days of the Doges or Queen

Elizabeth but which actually were high open omnibuses. Consequently we imagine that our great-grandparents were more or less marooned in their houses, especially in the country.

Here we make a grave mistake. Those who wanted to travel or

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whose business demanded it, always have managed it, I believe. Horses were necessities, not luxuries; and in the early nineteenth century, stage-coaches as mail carriers were developed into great efficiency.

I know for a fact that one cousin of my mother's who lived in Savannah brought his whole family north every summer, driving six weeks in their own carriage. That it was somewhat tedious is shown by the story that one of the little girls, when restless, was allowed to run beside the carriage on a leash! They usually returned by boat — horses, carriage, and all.

So it should not be surprising to us to learn that in 1835 Mrs. Phineas Spelman decided to go from Cambridge to visit her sister in Middletown, Connecticut, in the summer time. Mrs. Spelman was a widow and had moved from Boston to Cambridge when her son Munson came to college. She and her daughter lived at 2 Garden Street with my grandmother, Mrs. Samuel Howe.

Harriet Spelman was about twenty-one years old and the first letter is from her to her friend Mary Howe, describing the trip by stage. Unfortunately she does not say just where she took the stage. Could it have stopped at 2 Garden Street? If not, how were trunks and band-boxes got to Harvard Square, then called the Village, where it must have stopped or started? ¹

Middletown, Conn., July 22nd, [probably 1835]

Faithful to my promise, am I not, my dear Mary? though I fear my letter will not be very interesting, for I have not Lucy's skill in writing extemporaneous letters and I have nothing to write about, but myself and my journey. First and most important, myself — but you are pretty well acquainted with that subject, and may think the other more interesting — So to commence — After a most affecting parting from Mrs. Howe and Lucy — Mr. Lyman and Estes, we set out with a whole stage full of women Munson being the only passenger of the masculine gender — But in spite of this very disagreeable circumstance, we had quite an agreeable ride — and after we had dropped one or two women, we took in a poor freshman who had been on top and picked up another man, somewhere along the road. I had never travelled on this road before, and, as neither of us was at all sick, I had quite

¹ She undoubtedly did start from the house as she went west through Marlborough and Northboro.

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a good time. The scenery about Marlborough, Shrewsbury and Northborough is really quite fine. The road is very much pleasanter than that which passes through Framingham. We arrived at Worcester at five o'clock, took tea and then Mother and Munson went out to see the curiosities of the place and returned, satisfied with having had and return of staring from the shop-keepers, etc. I, being of a retiring disposition, remained in my room. We took our places in the mail at five the next morning and found the back seats already occupied by a gruff old Alderman Somebody, from Philadelphia, and his niece a lively little woman whom he ordered about at a great rate. Moreover a black boy on top put up

there for a scolding-block to the Alderman. The morning was so cold that we were almost frozen and when we stopped to breakfast our great fat Alderman declared his man must take off his trunk and get him some thicker clothes. So we had to wait for him — the first time I ever knew the mail wait for any body. At last we set out, but before we had gone a mile we were overtaken by a man on horse-back who threw something to the driver and screamed out "there's a pair of pantaloons belongs to some on ye" — and galloped off — then the poor blacky had to take something of a scolding. The old gentleman was a great source of amusement to us all the way. Now, bashful as I am, I must tell you of the beau I picked up. There was a dark looking gentleman took the mail at Worcester, whom I concluded was a Southerner, but it was early & cold. So we sat and slept very quietly, opposite one-another till we stopped to breakfast. This woke us fairly up and when we got into the stage again — my gentleman told me he knew me. I gave him a good stare and said, I guess I do not know you though. Well, he answered you know my sisters nevertheless. So we made ourselves acquainted — and he was so agreeable and polite all the way — even to our door. He is a New-York merchant and growing rich very fast — but he belongs here and is visiting his family. Tell this to Mr. Lyman you must know he prophesied I should get caught by some of these despised Middletown beaux — and you can assure him there is no knowing what may happen.

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Now, Mary dear, no person whatsoever is to see this letter, unless yr. mother should desire to read it. I hardly think she will — but if she should her organ of benevolence is so fully developed that I could make no objection. Did you find the note I left in yr. little locked drawer? To finish learnedly

Lebet ihr wohl —

Yrs. most affectly. HARRIET M. S.

In those days people did not go south in the winter. It would appear that they hibernated. Yet business trips had to be taken even in the winter and here we have an account of one taken by Mr. Joseph Story Fay,¹ a young man of twenty-three, whose father and mother lived in Fay House, now a part of Radcliffe College.²

COPY

88 Mt. Vernon Street,

Boston, Dec. 31, 1891.

My dear Sir:—

You asked me to give you some particulars of my journey to New York from Boston in December 1835 as illustrating the almost incredible growth of travel and business between the two points in a little more than fifty years. I was doing business as a Commission Merchant in New York and was on a visit to Boston when the terrible fire of December 16, 1835 occurred at that place. The news came in about forty hours and as my place of business was destroyed, I was very anxious to make my way back. The principal route of travel was then by stage to Providence and from there by steamboat, but it being a very hard winter, all the harbors on the sound were frozen up and there was no way of getting to New York but by the stage route which carried the mail daily. There had been a

heavy snow storm over the whole country and there having been no wind, it was from two to three feet deep on a level. The roads were open and the sleighing ex-

¹ J. S. F. was born December 8, 1812.

² This is a copy of a copy; the original is lost. — L. L. H.

cellent, so I got into the stage sleigh at ten o'clock at night and commenced my journey. As the stage company were well paid for carrying the mail, they were indifferent about passengers and they took me on sufferance, with no more regard for my comfort than for one of the mailbags. As I had started at short notice, I was poorly provided against the cold and I suffered very much, but as my object was to get through as soon as possible, I did not complain. It was an old fashioned double sleigh covered with heavy flannel stretched over a frame with the sides or curtains buttoned down and therefore not at all impervious to the cold. It was drawn by four horses who were changed every ten or fifteen miles and we made about six miles an hour net. As the mails accumulated, the bags were pitched into the bottom of the sleigh and I had to make the best of it, by riding upon them. It was very cold and I remember as we drove into Middletown County, during the second night, hearing the driver say that the thermometer was seventeen degrees below zero. I do not remember many details, but only the general impression of great suffering and I was very glad at the end of thirty eight hours to be driven into New York. Now there is nothing very remarkable about the hardship or suffering of this journey, but the noteworthy thing was that I was the only individual who travelled between Boston and New York in those thirty eight hours. Only one person making this trip where there are now thousands. What progress and development. Subsequently during the same winter, I was a solitary passenger to New Haven, where the harbor having opened, I found a freight steamboat going to New York and availed of it to complete my journey. All this also illustrates the fact that we were not such a busy people in those days and were willing to rest during the winter and call it a dead season.

Yours truly,

[Signed] Jos. S. FAY

Chs. H. Dalton, Esq.,

Commonwealth Ave.,

Boston, Mass.

As you will understand from the above, steam-boats were already in use. The old letters speak of them over and over again, but railroads were still very new. We know that the first railroad which ran from Quincy to Boston was opened in 1827. The Boston & Worcester Rail Road, now the Boston & Albany, began to run trains to Worcester in 1836 and in that year the bold Spel-mans began their Middletown trip by the new conveyance.

Middletown, July 23d. [probably 1836]

My dear Mary

I do not know but you will be disappointed to receive a letter from me so soon, but I consider my own convenience the first thing to be consulted — and I can better write to-day than tomorrow. As you have corresponded with me before — you will not expect anything in this letter — but an account of our journey and our health. We reached Brighton at 6 o'clock but the cars did not come for a quarter of an hour — during which time we were very agreeably entertained, with a particular account of all the rail-road accidents, by Mr. Winship — he seems to be a sort of superintendent of affairs there. I think I should like this mode of traveling very much, if the noise did not make my head ache so. We had the very last car all to ourselves — except one man who was with us for a short time — it had two seats arranged like those in a carriage — but broad enough to hold four with perfect ease, so after our man left us I took Munson's cloak for a pillow and stretched myself at length upon one of them — leaving the other to Mother & Munson — Minot & his little brother were in the next car. We did not go very fast though sufficiently so to keep up a refreshing breeze — which made us very comfortable. Our road was quite pleasant sometimes ascending a tolerable hill and passing right through the potatoe fields, and in one place the road was cut through a hill of solid rock without even one grain of earth to stick it together — it was eight or ten feet high — and extended quarter of a mile or perhaps twice as far — the noise was tremendous — as it was whenever we passed between stone walls — or even when the wall was but two feet high and on but one side. I thought that — from the difference in sound while passing

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through these places — and along the open country — I could imagine how thunder sounds among the Alps. I do not mean that the sound was any thing like thunder — but merely that Alpine thunder must be as different from ours — as the noise of the engine among the rocks — was from that in the open country. We arrived at Worcester at nine — found the stages waiting and took our seats immediately — but they kept us waiting before the hotel for half an hour. As soon as I was sufficiently rested from the noise of the cars — to look about me I began to wish for Cranch and his pencil — there was a sleepy Frenchman — a bright Yankee — a silent man and last but not least the old Harry & his daughter. I can not draw the old gentleman, but perhaps I can give some idea of him by description. He was over six feet high — a huge skeleton covered with a thick skin, clothed in blue pantaloons and green coat — neck a foot long — head like Byron's — covered with hair like Andrew Jackson's — face like a hatchet, blue eyes *very-very* protuberant — and green glasses. Can you imagine him? I am used to all sorts of company but Mother was quite alarmed at having to sit opposite to him. Moreover he seemed to take a fancy to us — wanted to know if our home was in Hartford — and I thought was inclined to pay us a visit. But we dropped him at the stage house and — being very genteel — ordered the driver to the City Hotel and drove off. Now comes an adventure, which I must have a fresh page for.

We stopped at a Hotel door and the silent man jumped out. Munson followed and a fat man flourished up and informed him we could have rooms and supper — so we went in — were very much pleased with the stillness of the house and the politeness of the people —. When we went to supper I was very much surprised to see so much fly-spatters & lamp smoke — but then it was pretty *dark* and perhaps it would look better by *day-light*. Good supper — but very coarse salt — and no salt-spoon — strange in such an elegant establishment! In the course of one or two things which we said to the

woman — we discovered it was not the City — but the Hartford Hotel — however we did not care — went to our rooms — found feather-beds & called for a mattress — she said

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there was not one in the house — but we had a straw-bed pulled out & put on top which did very well — but when we came to wash there was nothing but brown-soap. We were by this time in a grand frolick at the superior accomodations we had found by leaving the stage-house. We were called to breakfast at half-past six — and the first thing we saw seated at the foot of the table was Monsieur our Stage driver — and as the rest came in we found they were all to match — I thought Munson would have gone into fits with laughing. But we got through took the stage at ten & arrived here just before one. I was so taken up with the old Harry that I forgot to tell you what beautiful flowers I saw. We took a sort of back road from Worcester to Hartford, and the sides were covered with those beautiful scarlet lilies — that tall blue flower — some of which we had in the flower pot when I left C----- and several kinds of white flowers. I longed to get them — but we were crawling along at such a slow pace, that we could not afford to stop — or perhaps I should have made an attempt upon the driver's benevolence. For once when I was in the Mail stage, the driver did stop and pick some for me. I have given you a long and I fear tedious account — but my excuse is — I wanted to write & to give you an account of my journey — and alas! Mr. ----- and I do not understand condensing.

Railroads increased rapidly, and undoubtedly more people travelled as they found it easier and less expensive. In 1838, Harriet Spelman married a young doctor, Estes Howe, and with him went to Pomeroy, Ohio, a little town on the Ohio River, where he had already established himself near his older brother, Tracy. There their first little girl was born in 1839, and in 1840 grandmother Howe made a pilgrimage to see her sons and their children. With her went her two daughters, Mary and Sara, and also her brother James Murray Robbins with his wife Mary, who evidently were travelling to see the world.

She has to tell us of another new means of transportation — the canal boat.

She writes to her sister, Mrs. Revere.

Pittsburg June 3d 1840

My dear Sister — Here we are — seven-hundred miles away from

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our New England home — it certainly is the same world and yet it does seem very "far off". I wrote to Catherine from Philadelphia and gave an account of our journey there and to James to describe our visit — to you an account of Philadelphia would be superfluous except to know that we had a very good time there. On Saturday morning we started at six o'clock on the Harrisburg rail-road the length of which is one hundred and eight miles — the country it traverses is rich and luxuriant beyond any thing New- England can show except in a few highly cultivated spots — broad lands cover'd with grain and grass — wheat in the ear — clover in full flower looking as our grass appears on the first of July — But as we passed through this long tract we looked in vain for those village spires which give "the church going bell" to almost every hill and vale in Massachusetts — indeed I never saw any building which looked to me like a church for more than seventy miles of the way — I know that there are such

things among them but they are neither so conspicuous nor so frequent as ours. The barns are larger than the houses, many of which seemed to me to contain one room and an attic. We did not see much of Harrisburg as we there had a scrabble to get our baggage safe aboard the canal-boat. The Pennsylvania Canal is one of the noblest works of art in this country — I had thought of a canal as a ditch by a road-side like the Middlesex Canal — not so the Pennsylvania — it is a stream of thirty feet in width carried over rivers, through mountains, and locked more than two hundred times. The canal boats are about ninety feet long and twelve wide — the one we entered had a most obliging Captain and about fifty passengers — Gov. Potter went a few miles with us, but we were not introduced the other passengers were respectable people with whom we formed some acquaintance. We saw the Susquehanna (*sic*) a few miles below Harrisburg as broad a stream as the Hudson but apparently more shallow as the rocks show through in many places — the canal follows its border soon after you leave Harrisburg and the scenery is quite fine resembling the Highlands of the Hudson. Fourteen miles above Harrisburg we cross this river. I would fain give you some idea of this scene but believe

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I shall hardly succeed — The river is closed in by mountains above and below so as to wear the appearance of a Highland lake of half a mile wide and six or seven miles long — I think I have seen no picture of Lake Scenery in Europe which at all surpasses it. The mountains are high and rugged covered with wood from base to summit and an Emerald Isle of great fertility with a pleasant dwelling surrounded by trees lies just above a very fine arched bridge, which has the tow-path on its side — the Susquehanna runs north and south and the north branch of the Canal joins the west at this place and the Juniata river comes in from the west over which we pass by an aqueduct — our branch being the western. The Juniata is about as broad as the Connecticut is between Vermont and New-Hampshire but far more romantic in scenery — I have never in my life seen such scenery — every mile of it would be considered a curiosity worth visiting any where within fifty miles of Boston. The Sunday went quietly away we were gliding over "the still waters" and by "the green pastures" the pathless woods and the rocky summits were presenting themselves in varied succession we could always see the beautiful river our canal winding by nature's path-way through the mountains. There were good books on board but I did not read much. We had very comfortable food and I liked our accommodation very well for the day & I slept much better at night than I did on board the steamer but M. Robbins could not sleep on the shelf for fear of rolling off — I had an under birth and we contrived a place on the floor by my side which she occupied the three nights we were on the Canal — in two different boats. Mary took an upper shelf without any difficulty and slept well — there is a ventilator in the roof which prevents the air from becoming very oppressive.

We met a Mr. and Mrs. Williams (English) going to Kentucky who will see that Mrs. Newell is landed at the right place on the river and a Mr. Jones from Philadelphia who is to land at Cincinnati and will render Sarah any help she may need after we leave her — She is a nice kind little creature the wife of a Methodist preacher in P. who is going to Ohio to visit her parents. On Monday we crossed the Alleghany mountain by the portage rail-

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road — it took us more than five hours to go thirty six miles but there are ten inclined planes with stationary engines which creates delay and we dined on the top of the Mountain. The mountain scenery is much like the least cultivated parts of Worthington and Cummington and then we took leave of the beautiful Juniata a mere rill one hundred and twenty miles from its mouth — in a few

miles we met the western waters and when we came to our canal again we were by the side of the Connamaw. This mountain stream reminded me of the Chesterfield river after about forty locks in the canal we pass through a tunnel (the third on the route) and come to where the Loyalhanna joins the Connamaw and there the river is called the Kishirmintas — this country for twenty or thirty miles is ornamented with salt-works — a salt well is dug on the side of the river — five hundred feet deep — a steam-engine set up to pump — a coal hole dug in the mountain — a slide to push down the coal — an open frame work for the boilers and, a square stone tower for a chimney to them this place is all dark-en'd by coal smoke and looks like a burnt buildings still smoking, with rafters standing, — two wreaths arise, one of black smoke, one of white vapour. At such a place three men often make twenty barrells of salt per day, a great blessing surely at five hundred miles from the sea — but like almost all the works of man they mock the beauty and jar the harmony of the Creators' work. — The forges are blasting and the engines are driving all around us here in Pittsburg and yet I cannot close my eyes to the knowledge that this is one of the fairest spots of earth — The Kishumin-tas flows into the Alleghany more than twenty miles before we reach this place — the banks of the Alleghany remind me of the Connecticut at Northampton — pleasant farms like the Phelps at Hadley, and as you approach Pittsburg neat and handsome country seats are on the slopes of the hills — a thunder shower prevented us from seeing as much of the environs of this city as we wished. We saw some agreeable people from New York on our last canal boat, and we arrived here on Tuesday evening a little before nine this house where the canal boat left us in Venetian style, is not the first house — but we arrived in the evening and there was a great

convenience in not moving the luggage again — we have had a good nights lodging and a good breakfast and go onto the Ohio boat this forenoon — James is out looking out for our passage and we are just going to take a walk-----We have been out and got wet in a shower as we deserved it for it looked ready to pour when we went out — We go in an hour I hope to reach Pomeroy before tomorrow night if we have our usual good fortune. Some escapes we have had — a blasted rock at Fair-mount fell within a few yards of our heads a calico gown caught from the Cabin light in the Canal-boat & was in a flame at day-light in the morning when a passenger perceived it — before the rest of our gowns went and we got smothered. Adieu my dear sister. Love to all ever your affectionate

SARAH L. HOWE

Mrs. Howe made a visit to Cincinnati, going from Pomeroy and returning on an Ohio River steamboat. During these long slow river trips the personalities of one's companions became as interesting and important as they are on an ocean voyage. She tells us here of something which to us means only ancient history out of a story book but to her and her friends was a vital and terrible fact.

EXCERPTS FROM LETTER TO MRS. JAMES M. ROBBINS

FROM HER SISTER

Pomeroy, July nth, 1840

When Tracy returned from Pittsburg he found the water so low that he thought it best for us to make our visit at Cincinnati immediately lest we should lose it and he went down with us on the twenty second of June and we staid until the second of July. We had a very delightful visit.

Our passage down the river was very annoying to me on account of my meeting a woman from Arkansas who had been to Virginia to visit her friends and taken the opportunity to buy herself a negro girl — whom she treated dreadfully and I had such an

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oppressive sense of the misery of slavery that it destroyed my comfort.

The matter followed me as I returned. The people from New Orleans and the vicinity were coming up to Virginia Springs and had slaves with them — very smart servants — one of them belonging to a widow lady, who said she should visit New York and Boston were it not for her man, looked to me as if he might possibly go without her, as he appeared very capable — but not at all contented. . . It seems to me a sufficient reason to avoid going home through Virginia.

Steamers to Europe have been for so long to be depended upon that for forty years or more we have been able to count the number of days it will take our friends or our letters to reach their destination; but in 1851 people still sailed on the high seas.

Oct. 15th, 1851, Wednesday 8 days out

In the middle of the Atlantic

My dear Mary:

Here we are a thousand miles from home yet but a third of the way on our destined course. We made scarcely any progress so light was the wind until Sunday noon when a breeze sprang up which brings us famously on our course, and we are careering over the waters as fast as twenty-five sails can bear us. We have not been sick a moment — in fact Buckingham has paid tribute for us all, having been unable to sit up since the first day. We are now fairly in routine, and it seems to me not so much a passage as a sojourn on the waters, for every morning and every sunset finds us exactly in the middle of the vast circumference and we hardly know that we are moving except when we are at our maximum of thirteen knots an hour. We breakfast at half-past eight, go upon deck and read talk or sew all the morning until lunch — after which we walk up and down our magnificent deck until three, when we dine, adjourning again to the deck or to the boat that swings at the stern where we lazily recline until sunset brings

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us down to tea and scandal. The events of the day are seeing a ship (the Staffordshire, today for instance) going through a school of porpoises, seeing whales at a distance nearly running down a fisherman in the night, etc, etc. Our party consists of Mrs. Marland and five children the oldest a boy of sixteen — all of them good natured — the boy quite amusing — her brother Dr. Dorr who plays whist and tells stories — Dr. Borland and Dr. Bumstead— the later aimiable and would be amusing but he lacks the confidence or the ability for he sends forth his ventures in a very low voice and is not called upon to speak louder — Mrs. Lyons, rather an illiterate personage who wears spectacles and remarked rather spitefully to me that she was not easy to get along with strangers. Mr. Monks a young man who looks like the portraits in country taverns — he has lived all his life next to Dr. Dorr in Dorchester without knowing him until now — a similar case to Mr. Buckingham and myself — Finally

Mr. Colomb of the — regiment on his way home from Montreal — a troubadour with a guitar, handsome and agreeable and accomplished but with all the English reserve as regards speaking of himself. I told A.M. today that I meant to write a Decameron about him, being what we have learned in ten days. First day — learned his existence by seeing him, and his name by seeing his luggage. 2d day he spoke of an officer in his regiment at whose runaway marriage he had been compelled to assist as witness on his way down from Montreal. 3rd day — he plays the guitar and has a father. 4th day quotes a brother. 5th day has lately been twice first man to brother officers so that he is not married. 6th day — writes verses, and does not like cards and does not smoke. 7th day — draws in water colors and belongs to the Church of England. 8th day — his mother excels in water colors and his sister has a good memory, 9th day — ...

October 20th, 13 days out.

Winds and waves, My dear Mary, did not permit me to finish my Decameron which if it had wound up with the discoveries that the Troubadour whistled charmingly told stories delightfully and

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could entertain us with scenes from Dickens by the hour together would also have been obliged to admit that he was after all mortal — mortally sick, as were Annie and I for two days — The ship which had leaned one way all the time in a fair wind so that we had got gradually used to it suddenly went over to the other side for a day or two and made us as sick as if we had just come on board; it was wet and rough so that we could not be on deck, and we moped about in corners and eat our meals in gloomy silence with secret forebodings that we might not have time to make a hasty retreat soon enough to save our dignity. Yesterday, however, we had a day of rest, being Sunday and in the evening after singing chants and hymns to the guitar (we are nearly all Church people) finished with being as lively and sociable as before our late trials. One of the steerage passengers died in the morning of consumption and you can imagine how large the ship is that though Annie and I were sitting on deck he was buried without our knowing anything about it. Poor man! he had been on deck a day or two before for the fresh air, gasping at every breath. Mr. Buckingham continues perfectly helpless, he is brought up on deck every day, and one day got so much better that he persisted in saying he had enjoyed the voyage as much as any of us — but he is of that kindly nature that draws light out of darkness, and the kindness and sympathy shown to him reconcile him to the cause. I am often amused at the chances of life which find me seated by the mattress of the little blonde I have so often met on the Mount Auburn road, trying to beguile a weary half hour with talk of home. Mr. Collins would have been entertained to hear a eulogy pronounced upon him in the wheel house of the Parliament, Buckingham began by describing the manner in which he presided at a society meeting, the courtesy, good temper judgment, etc. and ended by saying that he was one of the few men of whom he would say that he was proud to shake hands with him, and that he thought he was *very handsome*. He was astonished to find that the *Miss Whites* were my cousins. The poor youth if the state of his stomach will permit, is quite frank and communicative, smiles peacefully at the idea of encountering the French nation

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without being able to understand or speak a word of their language, and looks forward to being dreadfully cheated with composure not to say pleasure.

Sat. Oct. 25th

Oh my dear Mary, come not o'er the sea, the inconstant sea! There was I at home useful, respectable and tolerably contented, and here am I neither the one nor the other. A head wind for four days keeps us beating about trying to enter the Channel, instead of Moor Park, makes us sick, gives us headaches, deprives us of our rest, and disgusts us even with Troubadours. Suppose yourself after a meal taken in spite of everything, retiring to a crib for rest. Unseen hands first lift up the head of it, then the foot of it, then stop and shake it in the middle, and this for twelve hours without a minute's pause. You then get up in despair at the breakfast summons, and after staggering about a while drop upon the floor, where you get on your stockings and shoes, not however without having had a search behind two trunks, two bandboxes and two carpet bags. You then endeavor to perform your ablutions which is not only uncomfortable but dangerous having to deal with crockery-ware. You then take up a position before the glass to do your hair which you can sometimes contrive to keep, by putting one foot on the washstand or bracing yourself against the door to preserve equilibrium. A.M. has adopted puffs altogether but I, you know, have no such resources. After a great disentangling of dresses, collars and undersleeves we make for the door which in an inclined position has a tendency to keep shut, and only opens after a certain amount of labor, whence we walk up or tumble into the cabin as the case may be, finding them all at breakfast in moody silence, not daring to ask where the wind is because the Captain seems to think it personal. However the compass and the barometer hang over our heads in the binnacle and we have only to steal glances at them to assure us that we are on the tack toward New Orleans. After all we are not yet out three weeks — but it is provoking to be within forty miles of Cape Clear for four days. After breakfast we adjourn to the deck which is too slant-

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ing to walk upon comfortably so we sit down in rows looking like pigeons on the housetop.

27th two days later. The above was written in the blues of sea sickness — The wind is still a head but the sea is smooth and we all feel better prepared to sustain the sight of land without being able to attain thereunto — The Irish coast is beautiful — deep bays with ranges of mountains which seen dimly through the mist look most soft and picturesque. Today we resorted to a game of football on deck. Mrs. Lyons, A.M. and three small children against Mr. Colomb and myself. Mr. Buckingham who is still prostrate on his mattress thought I did credit to my Cambridge extraction for we beat seven times out of nine — We then played Puss in the Corner in which the Captain joined. I have always longed to comprehend and be comprehended in a game of football, and little thought it was to be reserved for an aquatic experience. Yesterday was Sunday, but I rather avoid thoughts of home, on that day — for the first time we omitted our chants and hymns in the evening. Mr. Colomb, A.M. and I have got into a grand paean upon Church and State, Mrs. Marland did not like to interrupt the flow of words by reminding us of the music. Mr. Colomb is High Church and a tremendous (English) Tory— Dr. Dorr is as warm a Webster man, so that our "talks" are extremely satisfactory to me. Even Mrs. Lyons came out on one occasion with this form of words "Me and my husband and six brothers is all Wigs (Whigs)". However I set off the illiterateness of this par-tizan against that of Monks who is disposed to be a New Light.

28, Hurra!

A fair wind! Cape Clear behind us. Train's boarding house, as I call it, actually moving. We shall be at Moor Park by the first of November.

Thursday 30th.

The foregoing interjections I fear, my dear Mary, will not reach you before the middle of November, for I crew before we were out of the wood. That same evening when we were in St. George's Channel the wind faced about and blew up a gale which has con-

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tinued until this morning, so that we have not made a foot of progress and have been terribly frightened into the bargain. I must except myself however who feel as safe as if I were at my own fireside, — and rather more so — for I am always afraid of our chimneys making a descent through the roof in a gale. As the wind seems likely to continue ahead, all we have to do is to be resigned — In the meantime social enjoyment is at the very lowest ebb. The Troubadour, who is our mainstay, being entirely upset by the tremendous sea which the gale has engendered, has not been heard since he wound up performances night before last, as his wont is, by singing "God Save the Queen." As it is impossible to stand up he takes up an uneasy position on the arm of a sofa and sings at least two verses like a loyal subject, before he puts his guitar away — I have not been sick since yesterday morning, so last night while everybody lay asleep on the sofas, I read "The Tempest" which Mr. Monks had, and before midnight and the candles were burned out read a part of the book of Job. Today I was in despair and about to betake myself to a cookery book I am taking to Katherine, when Mr. Monks interposed to save me with the Life of Napoleon by Sir Walter Scott, in I don't know how many volumes, which I am seriously commencing. The knitting prospered not because the yarn was divided into those infinitesimal knots.

31st. It is a long lane that has no turning; a breeze has come to our relief, and this inhospitable Britain is almost within hail. On the whole I have enjoyed the voyage very much. I have had a great deal of fun out of Dr. Dorr and Mrs. Lyons, who are lovers of the dreadful and the sight of whose faces going down in a gale of wind put me in spirits till it was over. I told Mrs. L. who sentimentally asked tonight whether we should ever meet again that *I* depended upon an encounter in London in Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors. She thinks I ought to marry a missionary. Then, too, we have become well acquainted with a thorough English gentleman in Mr. Colomb. He goes directly to Dublin so I suppose we shall not meet with him again. It is unlucky we met with him first, for he makes our standard very high.

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Saturday morning, Nov. 1st before breakfast, going up the Mersey. See a castle, a lighthouse, suburban villas, forests of masts, strange looking craft, odd looking clouds, new effects of light and shade, looks like another country but not exactly like old England. Leaves all off the trees! Most aggravating, must exist by imagination four months. I was awaked this morning by the ringing of buoy bells, which the rocking of the waters ring to warn us of the sand banks. My next from Moor Park.

Saturday night

November 1st, at "THE WHITE LION"

seven hours by the clock

My dear Mary,

Fortune whose willing plaything I am become finds me twenty five days from Boston not yet seated at Moor Park, but at the White Lion, Shrewsbury, still thirty miles distant from that coveted spot. Imagine us in this ancient place, in this ancient Inn with a large white Lion over the portal thereof. Follow us through intricate passages, through a room filled with cabinets full of old China and old-fashioned China Monsters such as the Spectator wrote about, turn a corner. Suddenly, open a low door and find yourself with us in a most comfortable parlor with a blazing sea coal fire. The candles are lighted, the curtains put down, A.M. takes a large arm chair, I recline upon a sofa. Mine hostess short and fat, soft and kind comes in and respectfully enquires our wishes. Presently a servant enters with the tea tray, puts the kettle on the fire, the tea cannister before me — the sugar in an antique silver basket, the cream in an equally antique little tripod, muffins, teacakes and marmalade and the tea made by myself from the boiling kettle, complete a picture of domestic felicity as it is in Shrewsbury and leads you to exclaim How came you there? To explain this I retrace my steps to the moment when I sealed my letter to you and Father. The same person who took that to the steamer brought me three notes from Richard saying that he was in Liverpool at the Adelphi waiting for us — they were dated

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October 23d and this was November 1st. After several hours of transferring steerage passengers, an immense deal of luggage and ourselves to the Custom House Barge we started about twelve for the shore. Here we were awaited by a Mr. Thayer who was extremely polite and said that Mr. Fay had got worn out with waiting and had left directions for us at Baring Brothers & Co. So after going to the Custom House where they just looked in our trunks before any others, the Captain accompanied us to Baring Bro's & Co. Mr. B. had received no instructions, could not advise us what to do, the Captain's ideas were confined to Liverpool and London. Dr. Borland I had bade goodbye to, and did not wish to be in the way of his motions. Then the native energy which Mrs. Lyons in the morning had regretted as not bestowed upon missions, rose to my assistance! With perfect self possession I rejected the Captain's offer to go with us as he was sick and worn out with want of sleep for the last ten days, said I should drive to the Adelphi and if there were no letter there should either telegraph to Moor Park or go there without delay — So we re-entered our carriage, and having seen the last familiar face disappear, indulged in a hearty laugh at the novelty of our situation — We imagined what you would all say at home could you see us in the city of Liverpool alone and uncertain what to do. Mr. Thayer had engaged our carriage and given us a printed card which ensured us against any danger from the driver, so in the most lively of moods behold us drive up at the elegant Adelphi and summon the bookkeeper. He came out and he *had a letter* with minute directions which I followed to the letter except that I understood A.M. to stand for afternoon which is the final cause of my addressing you from the White Lion. The man confirmed my error by saying that Mr. Fay left in the afternoon. It was then one, so we had our luggage taken off were shown into a private parlor ordered our dinner at two and set off on an excursion into the great shopping street which was close by — My great desire was to get a Limerick lace collar as luck would have it, we hit upon an Irish importer. Oh how urbane! such civility, it was perfectly charming — said I, "I have seen finer." *"Peradventure*

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you may, but etc. etc." To our surprise he translated the prices into dollars and cents — in fact we were everywhere recognized as Americans — We had started in broad sunshine and lo! on emerging from the shop it was pouring with rain — (it was the seventh time it had rained and cleared up since eight o'clock.) So we ran back and bought an umbrella which took some time to select and when we came out it was all bright again thus adding another article to our eight pieces and a muff, to be looked after. We arrived in time to have the door of our parlor opened by a person in a white cravat, followed by another who brought in dinner. This was elegantly served upon silver and consisted of fried soles with anchovy sauce for the first course beefsteak and cauliflower for the second, and damson tart and delicious old-fashioned calf's foot jelly, cheese, for a third course, etc. — We should have ordered a more elaborate one if we had had time to eat it. For this amusement we paid 1.75 beside fees to the waiters. I have forgotten to say anything about the fees to porters, cabmen, waiters, etc. that we have paid today — We set out this morning with a joint stock of three guineas, and tonight have only 6s. left; the White Lion being as yet our creditor. To resume, after dinner behold us again en chemin, with our eight pieces, umbrella and muff and here I shall quote from A.M.'s letter. "We set off for the Ferry boat which was to take us to the other side of the river. Such a coil as was there — two porters "a-cussin' and a-swearin' " over our luggage, and finally one of them taking it and running with it ever so far down to the boat and then coming back for some more telling us to follow, and then getting out of the way before we could find the money to pay the cabman and then Maria, seizing her hat box and rushing distractedly after him, leaving me to open the umbrella (shower number nine) and to hold on my bonnet my veil, my mantilla and my shawl and then reaching the boat at last with the rain pouring and the sun shining." We had a porter come down with us from the Adelphi which was the occasion of the war of words with the regular man; to him we gave a shilling (25 cents) and he as usual demanded for the man who helped *him* then a third who put it on the cars, so

that you can see how our sixty shillings have gone.

I shall reserve all descriptions of the country for my letter to Father knowing that you are more interested in the personal adventures of the heroines — At four tomorrow morning (Sunday) we leave in the mail coach for Ludlow and expect to surprise them at breakfast. My mistake was very fortunate for if we had waited for Monday's A.M. train we should not have got there until Monday night and should have had a tedious day and a half at Liverpool instead of this charming Saturday night here and Church at Ludlow.

Harriet Spelman died just five years after her marriage. Her husband with his two little daughters returned to Cambridge to live. Later he married Lois Lilly White of Watertown. During the Civil War she went with him to Philadelphia and she writes to her son and daughter aged about twelve and ten.

Philadelphia, Feb. 8th [1862 or 1863]

My Dear Sam & Clara

Here I am in Philadelphia in the Continental Hotel in a very nice room up in the fourth story, but I have not walked up stairs since I have been here. I always go up in the elevator, it is so very nice, a small square room about as large as my dressing room at home with nice cushioned seats in it. You

step in and sit down, and it moves up as it seems to you very slowly but in reality very fast, for it only takes two minutes and a half to go up five stories and two minutes and a quarter coming down. . . .

Your very loving Mother

Lois L. HOWE

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HOW THE FIRST PARISH IN CAMBRIDGE GOT A NEW MEETINGHOUSE

BY G. FREDERICK ROBINSON

Read January 26, 1937

AS YOU ALL doubtless know, the first settlement of Watertown was made in the Mount Auburn and Brattle Street district which was adjacent to the River landing where Sir Richard Salton-stall and his party unloaded their goods in July, 1630. The first settlers each had a farm in Western Watertown (now Waltham and Weston), and many sold their eastern lots and moved to their farms or sold their farms to new settlers. As Watertown grew rapidly, from 1644 to 1754, it was in constant dissension over the location of the meetinghouse.

The second meetinghouse, built in 1635 near the old cemetery, was so inconvenient for the western inhabitants that they, in 1692, asked the Governor and Council "to appoint a committee to chose a site and advise what was best for good settlement and peace among us." The Governor ordered a town meeting to be held to discuss the situation.

The record of this meeting reads as follows: "At a generall town meeting warned by order of the council on the 27th of December 1692 Left governor Magor Phillips, Mr. Russell Esquier, Mr. Sewell Esquier and Capt Lines being their, it is voted that matters of Difference in Watertown Relating to the Settling a minister and the plasing of the meetinghouse is referred to a comity.

"2. Voted that we do pray the governor and Council to chose a committee, and that we will sitt down by the determination of that committee in Refarence to matters abovesaid."

In accordance with these votes Governor Phipps appointed William Stoughton, John Phillips, James Russell, Samuel Sewall, and Joseph Lynde a committee who, after a hearing, reported

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that Rev. Henry Gibbs, who had been preaching at the old meetinghouse, "be speedily fixed among you and whereas there has been a long time Even Ever since the Dayes of your blessed pastor Phillips, an earnest contending about the place of meeting for the publick Worship of God, Haveing heard & Duely weighed the Allegations of both Parties in your Publick meeting, and considering the Remoteness of the most of your Inhabitants from the place where the meetinghouse now stands our advice and Determination in that matter is, that within the space of four years next coming there be a meetinghouse Erected in your Town on a Knowl of Ground lyeing between the house of Widow Sterns and Whitney's hill; to be the place of meeting to worship God for the whole Town. [This was on

Common Street on what is now the Oakley Country Club]. And if in the meantime the Minister see cause to dwell in the House where the Reverend Mr John Baily dwell'd the Town pay Rent to the proprietores as had been accustomed since its building. So praying God to unite your hearts in his Fear we take leave who are your truly loveing friends and Bretheren. May 18, 1693."

A town meeting held on May 9, 1694 adopted the recommendations in the report but the Town Clerk, Ebenezer Prout, claimed that it was not a majority vote and so entered it in the records.

On the same day a remonstrance against the action of the meeting was signed by over one hundred members which stated that "the Town, nor any part, never desired any Gentlemen to say where we should build a meetinghouse nor when, and we do absolutely deny to pay one penny toward any such building at that place, but if the Town shall see cause to Erect a place of meeting for the publick worship of God at the Western part of our Town as it may be convenient where the Farmers with such others as will be pleased to Joyne with them shall think Convenient, we shall be willing to be helpful therein as much as may be thought Necessary."

As a result the meetinghouse was built nearly a mile farther west than on the site recommended, on Rev. John Knowles' lot, at the southeast corner of Belmont and Lexington Streets. While

this was pleasing to the farmers of the middle precinct, afterwards Waltham, it only served to widen the breach between them and those living in the easterly part of the town.

Rev. Samuel Angier was called to be the minister in the new meetinghouse. As the town had no settled minister, Rev. Henry Gibbs who had been preaching in the old meetinghouse refused to be ordained while the strife continued. Later the town voted to have two places of worship, the old and the new, and Mr. Gibbs accepted the call; but when the day arrived to ordain him, a majority of the selectmen who were from the middle precinct refused to open the old meetinghouse and the services were held in the open air.

Mr. Gibbs died in 1723, just when the town was about to build a new meetinghouse on the location advised by the Governor and Council in 1693. His tomb, with a lengthy inscription in Latin, may be seen in the old cemetery.

Rev. Seth Storer, in 1724, then began his long pastorate of fifty years, but dissatisfaction with the site still continued because the people in the village disliked to climb the hill. In 1754 some wealthy men offered to give a bond to pay for moving the building to the land given to the town by Nathaniel Harris, at the corner of Common and Mt. Auburn Streets, and the offer was accepted notwithstanding a protest from the farmers living in what is now Belmont. When the work of remodelling was nearly finished, the building was burned to the ground. The firebug was never found but the consensus was that he came from over the hill and was an instrument of Divine Wrath.

On May 23, 1754 a town meeting was held on the site of the burned meetinghouse. The first article read, "To know the mind of the Town whether they will come into any Measures to provide a Covenant place for the Inhabitants of the Town to assemble for the Public Worship of God so as to ease ye Rev Mr Storer of ye Burden of Meeting at his House.

"For the Town to Manifest their Mind, what steps are proper to be taken under the present awful frown of Heaven Against the Town That ye Divine Anger may be removed and ye Divine Bless-

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ing obtained and ye peace of ye Town promoted" (which was done accordingly.)

A committee was also appointed to arrange with Mr. Storer for a day of humiliation, fasting, and prayer. Here ended a century of bickering. The following month a new meetinghouse was ordered built at a cost £5251 old tenor. Twenty years later the Provincial Congress met in it. Here Washington received an address of welcome while on his way to take command of the army at Cambridge, and for over a year Watertown was the seat of government of the Province of Massachusetts Bay.

I have gone into this matter at length, for in my own mind the disgust of many people, possibly some living in the easterly part of the town, was partially the cause of what happened just at this time when Cambridge coveted a slice of Watertown.

Let us now pass to Cambridge and see how church affairs stood there. In 1745 Rev. George Whitefield had passed through Massachusetts like a fiery comet, causing dissension and disruption in the churches. Paige in his history of Cambridge says of him, "Without discussing the subject in controversy between him and his opposers, it is sufficient here to record the historical fact, that the Pastor of the Cambridge Church [Rev. Nathaniel Appleton] and the Faculty of Harvard College set their faces as a flint against Mr. Whitefield, who had denounced the College and the New England clergy, as teachers of an unsavory and unprofitable religion, and alleged that a large number of grave and learned divines, held in honor and reverence throughout the vicinity, were in fact unconverted and destitute of vital piety." Mr. Appleton, having been requested by some of his church and congregation to invite Mr. Whitefield to preach in Cambridge, laid the matter before the Association of Ministers, who unanimously objected; so Mr. Whitefield preached in the open air upon the Common in June of that year. Mr. Whitefield continued in his work of the "Great Awakening" as it was called, and in 1747 we find him as far south as Maryland. I found in the Massachusetts Archives a letter addressed by him to Josiah Willard, Secretary of State, who apparently was one of his converts, which is interesting not only for

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his comment on the situation after he left here but also for his hint that a donation from his friends would be most acceptable.

New-town in Maryland

May 6th 1747 Hon'd S'.

A few days agoe I had the pleasure of Yours dated November 28th. I embrace this first opportunity of returning You my hearty thanks for the unmerited kindness & affection expressed therein — May the Redeemer give me an humble heart & grant that all favours conferred upon me

by Instruments may lead me nearer to Him, the Source & Fountain of all! But what shall I say to Dear New England's sorrowful circumstances? It pities me to hear that She is still lying in the Dust — However; this had generally been the case—. Trying & Distressing times have generally followed awakening & converting times — May Jesus second them with another alarm of his holy spirit, & then all will be well yet! Glad wd I be to come & offer myself once more to do New England service; but I am afraid many Ministers, & the Heads of the people would not bear it. However, was this my only reason, it would soon be answered — But here are thousands in these Southern parts (as You have observed Honrd Sr.) that scarce ever heard of Redeeming grace & love — Is it not my duty as an Itinerant, since other places have had their calls & awakening seasons, to go where the Gospel has not been named. Those that think I want to make a party or Disturb Churches do not know me — I am willing to hunt in the woods after sinners; & according to the present temper of my mind, could be content that the name of George Whitefield should die, if thereby the name of my Dear Redeemer could be exalted — Indeed I am amazed that He employs me at all — But what shall we say? He hateth putting a way — Therefore I am not consumed — Grace severing grace shall be all my Song — Last winter's mercies have renewed my obligations to extol free Grace — I suppose You know what I mean — If it shall please a Gracious God to stirr my Friends to exert themselves a little now, I trust I shall shortly be Delivered out of my embarassments, & owe no man any thing but love — I could enlarge but several things forbid — In heaven Honrd Sr. we shall have no interruptions. That You may be supported thro all the fatigues of your journey thither, & with all Your Dear family at length safely arrive at Abrahams harbour is the earnest prayer of

Honrd Sr. Yours &c

GW

In 1747 the people of Cambridge living on the south side of the river petitioned the General Court to be set off into a separate parish. This was denied as were similar ones, until 1779 when a new church was incorporated. The Congregational churches were giving neither aid nor comfort to the followers of

itinerants about this time. It is quite evident that these early petitioners were converts or adherents of Whitefield, as is shown by a lengthy remonstrance to one petition addressed to the Governor and Council in 1748, which I quote:

To his Excellency William Shirly Esqr Capt Gen^l and Govern^r in Chief in and over his Majestys province of the Massachusets Bay in New Engd, and to the honble his Majs Council, & ye honble House of Representvs in General Court assembled at Boston the 5th day of April Anno Domo 1748.

The petition of Several of the Inhabitants of that part of the Town of Cambridge Lying on the South Side of Charles River

Humbly Shews

That we the Subscribers a few days since got Information that a petⁿ had been lately exhibited to your Exy and Honcs signed by five of our Neighbours inhabiting the same part of the Town who call themselves a Comtee &c praying again that it may be made a distinct and seperate parish for the Reasons therein mentioned; That since a petitⁿ for the Same purpose signed by Twenty Nine persons inhabiting or owning Lands there was prefer'd to your Excy and honcs last May Sessions, and was with so much Justice almost unanimously dismissed, we must confess we had little Reason to expect a Second petitⁿ for the very same thing should be so soon presented to your Excell^y and Honcs by any of our Neighbours if ever, at least while we continue in the same Circumstances ; But since it is done and the sd petitⁿ is so far sustaind as that the first precinct of Cambridge on the North side of the River (as we understand) are called upon to make answer to it, we also beg leave again to show our dislike of the thing petitioned for. And for as much as some of us the Subscribers were on the Like occasion admitted to exhibit a petitⁿ to your Excellv & Honrs containing some of the many Reasons we had, and still have against being incorporated into a seperate precinct, we now pray that the same may be again taken and considered as a part of our Objections and Reasons against granting that Request; and further beg leave to add a few more Reasons to our former ones, chiefly by way of answer to the Second petition. But since that is very long and particulr, we will not attempt to Trouble your Excell^y and Honrs with a particul^l and distinct consideration of all their pretended Reasons for being set off as aforesd (for fear of being tedious) tho we could easily do it, & Should venture upon it, if the Case required it; But before we come to pticulars we would take leave to observe that the Conduct of those five petitⁿ (who stile themselves a Comte) is somewhat surprizing to us in boldly presuming a Second Time to petition for the same thing which your Ex^y and Honrs have so lately very justly deny'd to grant them; which is requesting your Ex^y and Honours to act a part utterly inconsistent with your Selves, and to grant at one Sessions, what you deliberately refused at another, without any Change or alteration of the Case, and looks as if they were resolved to take no denial of their Request, tho' never so unreasonable, but

still conceived hopes of carrying their point by a bold importunity, when Reason has failed them; and as tho' they thought your Excell^y and Hon^{rs} had not affairs of greater importance to attend than the impertinent petitions of Such importunate and restless Suitors, and that we as well as the Town of Cambridge had nothing to do but to make answers to them. And as if they considered this Great and general Court as a proper place for every little neighbourhood and Cluster of Inhabitants up and down in the province and their agents to try their Skill and abilities in, and discover their Talents, at draughting petitions Answers Replications and the like. And we cannot forbear taking notice of the unjustifiable artifice of these five petit^{rs} in asuming to themselves the Specious name and Stile of a Committee for we know of no such Comtee ever appointed among us for any such purpose, nor that we ever had a meeting of our Neighbourhood to chuse such a Comtee. therefore we apprehend they have made use of that title to conceal the weakness of their party and that it may appear more numerous and considerable than in Truth it is, for we are very well assured that the Number of the original petitioners is considerably lessen'd instead of being increas'd, notwithstanding the unwearied and almost incessant endeavours that have been used to increase it; for two of those petitioners are lately dead, several of them have declared that they have withdrawn their Names and will have no hand in promoting this Alteration, and another of them is left out of the Tax Bill for the Support of the minister because of his great age, besides several others of them have declared that they knew nothing of this second petition, nor did they ever understand that it was ever intended by this Committe to prefer it or renew the first petition; But perhaps this petitioning Comtcc may flatter themselves that the real weakning of their party is amply supplyd by the large numbers of nonresident proprietors consenting that their lands should be included in their intended precinct and be taxed accordingly, but this will help the matter but very little, if it be considered that their Lands (saving the Lands of two or three of them) consist of but a few Acres of salt marsh apiece, and all the lands of those nonresidents put together are not taxed at quite £ 10 old Tenor towards the Ministers Rate. And as to the Special Reasons assigned for the Renewing the said Petition we find that this committe complain of the unreasonable and intolerable Burden which they and the Rest of us in our Neighbourhood have been groaning under for these many years past, in being oblig'd to pay our full proportion of the Ministers rate in the first precinct, Tho' we cannot attend the publick worship there without extreme difficulties, & at the same time being wholly at the Charge of Supporting ye preaching of the Gospell amongst ourselves to avoid these difficulties; which is a burden that we must sink under if not Relievd: Now in answer to this we would say that however unreasonable this may be, yet we are certain, that the method proposed by them will be so far from mending our Condition that it will render it much worse than it now is, or ever has been, for by this means the Burden which they say is already almost insupportable will be twice as heavy as it now is. Our full Quota of the Ministerial Rate not amounting to quite i 15? old Tenr including the Lands of those non residents: and the expense of

supporting the preaching amongst ourselves thro'out the year hitherto amounting to no more than £ 208. of that Tenr or thereabouts which sums put together make no more than £ 365. of the old Tenr and we cannot in Reason Expect to come off with less than double that Sum annually in Salary and other things for the Supporting a settled minister among us, besides advancing a large sum of money for his Settlem¹ which must also be advanced to every Successor as often as there needs one, we having no parsonage Lands; Now if there were a necessity for our continuing under one of these two Burdens we should without any Hesitation chuse the Lightest which is the present one; But we apprehend there is no necessity for either, in asmuch as it is very probable that the people of the first precinct on the North Side of the River will readily consent to make us a reasonable allowance for defraying good part of the Charges we are at in supporting the publick worship amongst ourselves, in the manner we have hitherto done, considering the difficulty of our attending it at the old meeting house in the winter Seasons, if a Suitable application be made to them for it, which we think has never been made as yet, for whenever application has been made, it has been done with such negligence, but withal insisting upon such Terms as seemd rather to bespeak a denial than a grant of the request, and we have good Reason to believe this petitioning Com["]* and divers others of the original petit["] were in the time of it better pleased with a denial than they would have been with an equitable and Reasonable allowance in money on ace¹ of our extraordinary Charges in supporting the publick worship as aforesaid, that they might apply to yor Excell[?] & Honours with a better Grace to be set off into a precinct, for that is the thing they have all along aimd at; be their pretences what they will, and nothing else will content them. Again we find that this sham Com["]* look upon our desireing to be exempted and excepted out of their intended precinct was unreasonable it being inconsistent with the Nature of Government, and the necessity of things: Now in answer to that, we say that it cannot be pretended that there is any necessity of our being set off and incorporated into their intended precinct, because we find that the General Court has frequently and especially of Late years, excepted many persons and their Estates out of new precincts, altho' they were within the Limits thereof, and what has been done may be done again and what may reasonably and justly be done, we hope ever will be done; And as to the nature of Government, we have other apprehensions of it than these Five Gent["] seem to have, for we can by no means think that the dividing and crumbling ancient Towns, Corporations, Churches and Congregations into little precincts & feeble & Independent Societys is any ways Serviceable to the Governm['] either of Church or State, since every such division is so far a weakening & dissolving of them, and if pursued by Subdivisions into such small weak handed and weak headed Societys or congregations as some people are seeking after must in Time bring on an intire dissolution of them; and we think that among the many bad Omens now threatning our Ecclesiastical Constitution this odd way of multiplying Churches only by dividing them, is none of the least: We further observe that this mock Com^{tce} seem to take amiss what was suggested by your Ex[>] and Hon["] in our former

petition concerning their having imbibed some such notions in Religion as were like to hinder a quick settlement of a Minister amongst us if we were about it, and fear it may be taken as a Charge against them of being erroneous in some fundamental points of Religion; to which we say that we did not mean to charge them with any gross Errors in Doctrine, but only with having lost their Taste & Relish for the solid & rational Preaching of the Gospel and being easie with none but ye new fashiond feeling Preaching (as tis call'd) which has made such noise in the Land for some years past, and this we affirm is the Case of many among us that we for our own parts still utterly despair of any tolerable agreem' among us in the Choice of a Minister to Settle with us. This we have had sufficient trial and proof of already in supplying the Pulpit of our new meeting House. For our Neighbours have refused to admit the Pious & Learned Professor of Divinity¹ or any of the Fellows of the Colledge so much as into nomination for preaching with us even only for a Season, because forsooth (to use their own expression) they are dumb Preachers, & therefore have chosen rather to go Ten or Twenty Miles for a Minister that would preach yc Gospel (as they emphatically speak it) than hear any of those worthy Gent" tho' so nigh at hand. As to ye insinuation that the difficulty of attending the publick worship at the old meeting house has in times past occasioned a neglect of it in our Neighbourhood and had a bad effect on one or two in it, We say that it is a groundless and injurious insinuation as to the neighbourhood, and an idle and fond conceit as to the particular person pointed at, for there is but one of all our Neighbourhood that dont attend the publick worship on Lords Days constantly, when they are able; indeed they don't all flock after the Lay Itenerant Preachers who in their Rambles thro' ye Country have sometime stop'd and turned into some houses in our Neighbourhood, to hold forth on week days, tho' one or two of this notable ComtM as well as divers others of the petitioners and of our Neighbours have seldom faild to give their attendance punctually upon such happy occasions; and abating such instancies, we are not sensible of much difference between our peoples attendance on the publick worship of late years and formerly. The last Reason we shall now offer against our being set off from the first precinct is, that we have lately at a meeting of the precinct voted to enlarge our Rev Pastors Salary very considerably beyond what it has been for some years past which we apprehend is binding upon us to continue as members thereof, and is also as binding upon this comtee as well as the original Petit" since they were joynd in the thing and did not any of them protest against the Vote. And may it please your Excellv and HonTM these are some of our Reasons for dissenting from so many of our Neighbours in this affair which some of them are so eagerly and clamorously pursuing, and we are ready to prove the several facts before mentioned if it be required, and since we are humbly of opinion that our Reasons aforesaid are conclusive against the prayer of their Petition we therefore pray that ye Petit¹¹ be dismissed or at least that we and our Estates within the limits of their intended

¹ Edward Wigglesworth.

precinct may be excepted out of the same. And your petit" as in duty bound shall ever pray &c

Daniel Dana Thos Dana

Caleb Dana

Benjamin Cheney

John Smith

Daniel Smith

Ebenezer Gee

Thomas Dana Junr

Daniel Dana Junr

Henry Coolidge

John Cheney

John Smith

Benjamin Crackbone

About this time the First Parish of Cambridge, becoming fearful that sooner or later the people living on the south side of the river would be set off into a separate parish, looked about for means to make up the loss; and being aware of the dissatisfaction on the part of those living in the easterly part of Watertown with the location of their meetinghouse, resolved to take advantage of the situation, knowing that the same cause had resulted in setting off Weston and Waltham. In so doing, probably they did not consider that they were breaking the tenth commandment. Accordingly, in 1748 a petition was presented to the General Court asking that a part of Watertown and a part of Charlestown be annexed to Cambridge.

Unfortunately this petition, which was denied, and the answer of Watertown, cannot be found in the State Archives, neither is it in the town records; but a committee was appointed in March 1749 who successfully opposed it.

In December 1753 another petition was presented to Governor Shirley and the Council for the same purpose as follows:

Province of the Masstts Bay

To his Excellency William Shirley Esq. Captain General and Commander in Cheif in and over the Province aforesaid, To the Honourable and Council & House of Representatives in General Court Assembled at Boston December 4th 1753.

The first Parish in Cambridge in the County of Middlesex Humbly Shew —

That they at Present are not, and for some time past have not been, provided with a Decent or Suitable House for the Worship of God and other necessary Publick Uses, and as this has been, and Still is very Greivous to them, so it is attended with this aggravating Circumstance — That they are Likely to Continue Destitute of Such an House So Long as the Parish is Confined to its Present Limits —

That a number of the Inhabitants of the Parish thinking it to be the Indispensable Duty of the Parish to Provide a House, wherein the Inhabitants might with Safety to their Health as well as Decency & Convenience assemble together for the Publick Worship of God, Did procure a Parish Meeting for that Purpose on the Thirtieth Day of October Last When the Parish finding, that so great a number of their Principall Inhabitants (being accomodated by a Meeting House which they Had built on ye South Side of Charles River) Were against paying any thing towards building an House on the North Side of that River, as that they Could not Obtain a vote to Raise money Suffucient for that Purpose by a Tax, Voted, "That a new House for the Publick Wor-"ship of God be built by this Parish in ye Place where the Old Parish Meeting "House now stands. Provided Harvard College will Bear one Seventh Part "of ye charge and a farther sum of Six Hundred and Sixty Six pounds thirteen "Shillings and four pence can be raised by ye Sale of ye Pews and Otherwise "without a Tax," and "That Samuel Danforth Edmund Trowbridge Esq. Mr. "William Fletcher, Deacn Whittemore Deacn Prentice Capt. Caleb Dana & "John Wyeth be a Committee to Enquire whether the College will bear that "Proportion of ye charge and See if the Said Sum of Six hundred & Sixty Six "pounds thirteen Shillings & four pence can be So Raised."

That Although it was not Doubted but that ye College would be willing to pay their Proportionable Part towards Building the House yet ye Committee aforesd finding they could not Raise the said Sum of Six hundred & Sixty Six pounds thirteen Shillings & four pence or any thing Near it by ye Sale of ye Pews and Otherwise without a Tax, reported accordingly to the Parish at ye Adjournment of their meeting on ye twentieth Day of November Last, When ye Parish Voted, "That a new House for the Publick Worship of God be built "by this Parish on Some Part of the Hill where the Old Parish Meeting House "now Stands Provided Harvard College bear their Proportionable Part of ye "Charge of Building and Repairing the same from time to time and that our "Neighbours who usually attend the Publick Worship with us and their Estates "be added to this Parish."

That as this seemd the only Probable means whereby the Parish might be provided with a House Suitable for the Purpose aforesd So they Humbly Con-cieve Your Excellency & Honours will think it Reasonable they should by this Means be enabled to Do it for these Reasons — Namely —

ist That as a Considerable number of ye Inhabitants of Charlestown & Watertown heretofore for many years have, so it is Probable they always will attend the Publick Worship of God in ye first

Parish in Cambridge as they Live not only much Nearer to the Meeting House there, than to that in

Charlestown , or Watertown, but as the Ways are also much Better —

2d That the first Parish in Cambridge Cannot Support ye Gospells as it ought to be Without their assistance, When neither Charlestown or Water-town, Stand in any need of it, The Inhabitants of Watertown, that the first Parish in Cambridge Desire may be annexd to them, Paying very Little towards the Support of ye Gospell in Watertown, and those of Charlestown paying Nothing at all towards it there —

Therefore Your Petitioners humbly pray That the Limits of the first Parish in Cambridge may be Extended So far Easterly and Westerly as to Include the Aforesd Inhabitants of Charlestown and Watertown and their Estates, within Certain Boundaries to be appointed by your Excellency & Honours, as also near four hundred acres of Land belonging to the Inhabitants of Cambridge Lying in Charlestown and Watertown; That thereby ye first Parish in Cambridge may be Enabled to Build a Decent & Suitable House for ye Pub-lick Worship of God and Other Public Uses or that your Excellency & Honours would Relieve Your Petitioners in ye Premisses in Such Other manner as to Your Excellency & Honours shall Seem Best —

Sam^l Whittemore

Ebenezer Stedman

Henry Prentice

John Wyeth

Jona Hastings

A Comittey of the y First Parish in Cambridge

To this the town of Watertown made answer:

Province of the Masstts Bay

To His Excellency William Shirley Esq. Captain General & Commander in Chief in and over the Province aforesd. To the Honourable the Council and House of Representatives in Court now Sitting in Boston, Dec. 1753.

Whereas the Town of Watertown has been Served with a Copy of a Petition of the first Parish in Cambridge preferred to Yor Excellency and Hons by Samuel Whitemore & Others a Commtee of sd Parish wherein they pray for reasons Set forth in sd Petition that Several of the Inhab" who Dwell in the Easterly part of Watertown with their Estates may be Anexed to said Parish &c — Whereas the Petit" is So Lax Your Respondants must Confess they are at a Loss to know How far Sd Parish wld have their Bounds Extend whether one or two Miles East and West or what they mean by the four Hundred Acres of Land mentioned in their Petn &c. Until these Misteyes be cleared up your Respond'8 must acknowledge they are not capable of giving a proper Answer thereto. As to what they Assart, that the Inhabts of Watertown w* they pray for, pay but Little towards the Support of the Gospel, and that Watertown has not any nead of them &c. Your Respond18 Reply, that the Easterly Inhab" of Watertown pay as much in Proportion to their Estates towards the Support of ye Gospel in Watertown as any of the Inhabts of sd Town. But in as much as the Parish abovesd has a very grat advantage of

Watertown by having four Members now belonging to this Honourable Court, Your Respondents beg leave therefore to make a more perticuler answer to the Petition abovesd by giving Your Excell? & Hons a true Representation of the Situation and Circumstances of Watertown. It is well known that the Bounds of Watertown originally were of Considerable Extent Containing ab(Twenty one Thousand Acres, but by Reason of Weston & Waltham being taken off into Seperat Towns it is now Reduced to ab' Four Thousand Acres (one of the Smallest Towns in this Province) on which Smal

Tract of Land there is Ab' Ninty five families settled, many of wch being low in ye world (tho Numeros) ar also Deeply in Debt w^ putts them to great Difficulties to Support their families pay their just Debts and help support the Gospel. Watertown being in Such a Situation it cant be thought with any propriety that Watertown can spare any of their Inhabts as not heading them.

Your Respondents beg leave also to Represent to Your Excel? & Hons the Situation and Circumstances of the first Parish in Cambridge. We think we have just ground to assart that said Parish is under very good Circumstances being Advantaged both by Nature & Providence They being well Situated for Trade and Business As they have a Comodous Navigable River that Runs thro the Center of Said Parish as also Large Quantities of Clay for making Brick &c. And it is thought by good Judges that If the Able and forehanded Gentlemen (wch sd Parish abounds with) were Spirited for and wld Improve their Money wch they put out upon Interest — in Setting poor Men to Work in Making brick & Transporting them &c, It wld be of great Advantage to sd Parish and by that means they might flourish Like the Industrious Town of Medford who carry on such business to their great Advantage, and thereby render themselves not only a bright Example of Industrey, but a Credit to the County they belong to. Your Respondents wld further Observe the great Advantage the said Parish has by the College being in it, not only for the bringing up their Sons to Learning but by the Yearly Revenue paid thereby into the sd Parish, as also the ready sale of what they may to spare of the Produce of their farms, as also the great Advantage the sd Parish has as being the Center of the Shier Towns where the Courts are held, and where the people are Obliged to Expend much of their Money in Transacting of their Affairs &c. Also in sd Parish are the most Profitable Offices in the County viz. Probat Offices Rejester and County Rejetry, as well as the Justices of the pleas &c. Upon which Representation of sd Parish (which we imagine can't be Denied) We Doubt not but that Your Excellency & Hons will be of Opinion (the sd Parish having Such great Priviledges and Advantages Vastly above wr Watertown has or can have) that the prayer of ye sd Parish for Some of the Families & Estates in Watertown is Very Unreasonable.

Your Respondents beg leave further to Say That Watertown when con-ven'd to consider of sd Parishes Petit" The Vote was put "Whether it is the mind of the Town to Set off any of the Easterly Inhab" of Watertown & ye Estates to the first Parish in Cambridge" and their Vote was (Unanimously) in the Negative.

And further Altho the abovesd Parish Doth not pint out in their Petition

which Persons in Watertown sld be Anexed to them Yet Several of the Persons which the Town Apprehend the sd Parish had an Eye to being present at their Meeting they were Personaly Asked by the Moderator whether they were willing to be set off to the first Parish in Cambridge who Personaly Declared they were not. —

Finally. As there was a Petition of the Same Nature with the present Petition, preferred to ye Great & General Court but a few years Since, and for Reasons then given was Dismissd. So Your Respondents Humbly hope that Excellency & Hons will for the Reasons Now offered See cause to Dismiss the present Petition of the sd first Parish in Cambridge So far as it Relates to any of the Inhabts of Watertown.

All which is Humbly Submitted to Your Excellency & Hons. —

Joseph Mason

Jonas Bond

John Brown

A Committee for & in behalf of Watertown

This time Cambridge was successful and on April 19, 1754 an act was passed annexing about five hundred acres of the easterly part of Watertown, which included the first settlement known as "Ye Towne," to Cambridge.

The loss of this territory was the cause of some resentment, for in 1762 a remonstrance was addressed to the Selectmen of Cambridge concerning repairs on the bridge which contemplated narrowing the passageway between the abutments. The selectmen of Watertown say, "Not long since while we were Labouring under great Difficulties of another nature we lost near one seventh Part of ye Town by its being annexed to Cambridge."

In 1770 when Watertown was considering leasing or selling Sir Richard's Landing, the Selectmen of Cambridge, believing that annexation gave them title to the property of Watertown within its bounds, demurred. A meeting between the Selectmen of both towns was held at the Richardson Tavern, where over their toddies a friendly agreement was made, whereby one half of the landing was to belong to Cambridge and the other to Watertown. The question of which was to belong to whom was settled by writing on one slip of paper "North" and on the other "South." They were then put into a hat and Cambridge drew "North." They then voted that the road or way leading down to the landing on Charles River by the side of Samuel's Hill is the King's Highway. The title to

the landing belonged to Watertown until taken by the Commonwealth for Park purposes.

In 1855 a tract comprising a part of the Cambridge Cemetery was annexed and again in 1885 the Winchester estate and a portion of the Simon Stone farm, about thirty-three acres in all, were annexed to extend the cemetery. For this the city paid Watertown \$15,000 to compensate it for loss of taxes.

The tract annexed in 1754 comprised all the territory bounded as follows: From a point on the river opposite Sparks Street along the River to a point about two thousand feet beyond the old landing, thence through what is now Cambridge and Mount Auburn cemeteries to the County Road, then along the road to a stone bound, then north to the southern shore of Fresh Pond, across the Pond to the Cambridge line, then easterly along the line to what was the West Gate of the Palisade, then south to the point of beginning on the River.¹

I have with me a map of the territory called "Ye Towne," made many years ago by the late W. H. Whitney from ancient records and modern surveys, which shows the location of the old roads and the lots of the first settlers. That part of Brattle Street from Elmwood Avenue to Mount Auburn Street was not laid out until 1812. Busby's Lane, later called Fresh Pond Lane, ran to Mount Auburn Street. Back of Sir Richard's and George Phillips' lots was a large tract called the Common. The map makes it appear that several acres of what is now Fresh Pond were once a swamp and must have been excavated when the great icehouses were built at its eastern end.

Many families of wealth and social prominence lived in this part of the town. Among them were the Coolidges, Stones, Amos Mar-rett, and others. Sir Richard's house was near the corner of

Chan-ning and Brattle Streets, and Rev. George Phillips' house was on what is now Elmwood. Here in 1767 Thomas Oliver, the Tory,

¹ "Line to begin at Charles River and from there to run in the line between the lands of Simon Coolidge, Moses Stone, Christopher Grant, and the Thatchers and the land of Col. Brinley & Ebenezer Wyeth to the Fresh Pond so called."—Acts and Resolves, 1754, April 18.

built Elmwood, later owned by Elbridge Gerry who before that lived in a house at the corner of Coolidge Avenue and Mt. Auburn Street. What some claim is the oldest house in Cambridge was built before 1684 by John Holmes, who sold it at that time to Dr. Richard Hooper. The house on Brattle Street opposite Channing Street was built by Amos Marrett about 1746, was sold by him to Capt. George Ruggles in 1764, and by him in 1774 to Thomas Fayerweather.

The meetinghouse stood near the corner of Elmwood Avenue and Mt. Auburn Street, either on Mr. Chafee's lot or across the way where the Old Folks Home now is. It has always been accepted as a fact that the meetinghouse was one of the first structures erected in the new settlement in 1630.

The current number of the Genealogical Register contains a letter written by John Masters of Watertown in March, 1631 to Sir Thomas and Lady Barrington in England in which he speaks of being about to build a "house for God to dwell in." The building must have been a crude shelter, for only four years later, in 1635, a rate of £80 was levied for the new meetinghouse on the high ground of the Common between Arlington and School Streets. The letter also discloses that Masters was acting as Sir Richard's agent after his departure for England, and tells of his many cattle and "Kyne," horse and swine, goats and poultry.

Right worll¹

My good Lady Barrington and Sr Thomas Barrington wth mr Robte Barrington and my good Lady Lampleath, and to the Right Worll Sr Gilbte Garrett and his good Lady and to Sr Willm Massome, and his good Lady with all the Rest of the Gentlemen and Gentlewomen in all yor families, Grace and peace be multiplied in o(u)r Lord Jesus Christ to you all,: Right worll and welbeloued I knowe not how sufficiently to stile you, nor yet how to greet you as you deserue at my hands, nor yet as yor worthines requires, but haueing so much experience of takeing in good part my rudenes in speakeing, I make bold to trouble you in writeing, but yor great kindnesse and respect of mee, that am so vnworthie, makes mee to muse, how I should in any measure requite it, but I knowe not how

to doe it, but I pray you to accept of the acknowledgment of all yor kindnesse, by way of thankfulnes: and because you desired mee to write of this Country, I thought it fitt to deferre it untill now.

¹ These two words, wherever used in this letter, stand for "Right Worshipful.

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The Country is very good, and fitt to receiue Lords and Ladies, if there were more good houses, both for good land and good water, and for good Creatures to hunt and to hawke, and for fowling and fisheing, and more also, o(u)r natures to refresh in: and if you or any of yors will Come here, I knowe you might haue good cheere: but because the Right worll Sr Richard Saltonstall hath putt mee in place to oursee his great family, wth his worthy sonne, and that his busines being so great as it is, I Cannot write so large as I would: for besides his great family, he hath many Cattle & Kyne, and horse and swine, and some Goats and poultry, hee hath also much building at his owne house, and fenceing, ploweing & planteing, and also to helpe build the new Citty, and first for a house for God to dwell in, these things will require my best dilligence, because that Sr Richard will be long absent and therefore seeing that hee is now come over, to aduise with the wise, to advance the glory of God in planteing the Gospell here, and to helpe forward those that intend the good of this Country, therefore I pray you, to Conferre with him of the same, for I haue made bold to acquaint him wth the acquaintance of your worps:¹ and then Sr Richard will enforme you of all the p'ticulars that can be said of this Country, so much of it also as will bring ouer my Lady Lampleath, and Sr George her husband, and some others of my good Sr ffrancys Barringtons lineage, that I may lay my selfe downe at their feet, to doe them some service, for that extraordinary loue & kindnesse and respect, that I received from my good Sr ffrancys and my good Lady, wch I feare I shall neuer be able to requite. I am vnwilling to take off my hand from write-ing in paper, but if I could write you any better matter, but I hope hereafter to answere yor letters, wch will make mee much more, all yor debtors. My God and my Lord and yor God, blesse you all and yors, with all heauenly blessings, and heauenly graces, vntill wee all meet in heauen in o(u)r places. Amen.

Yor friends in all Seruice, till

death end.

John Masters.

Watertown, neere Charles riuer,

New England: March 14th 1630²

Mr. Samuel's hill was where the Cambridge Hospital now is, and was so called for Samuel Saltonstall who inherited the tract originally assigned to his father. He is referred to in our records as Mr. Samuel several times; once he was paid a shilling for a fox. In later years he owned a farm in Waltham called "Mr. Samuel's farm." It is now beneath the waters of the Cambridge Water Basin.

This year, the Metropolitan District Commission is again recommending a bridge across the Charles from the old landing to

¹ The two words stand for "Your Worships."

² 1630/1.

Soldiers Field. I earnestly hope it will be called the Saltonstall bridge in honor of one of the three great leaders who helped to found the Colony of Massachusetts Bay in New England and who, after his return to England, looked after its interests there. The landing, which became a part of Cambridge, was called Sir Richard's Landing for 150 years after the settlement, later Oliver's Landing, and then Gerry's Landing, although both were merely incidental.

At my suggestion the Commonwealth in 1930 recognized the fitness of restoring the ancient name by erecting a marker calling it Sir Richard's Landing. Why cannot the Cambridge Historical Society cause the wooden sign "Gerry's Landing" to be removed, leaving the permanent marker to honor him of whom Dr. Francis wrote over one hundred years ago: "He has always been regarded as one of the venerated fathers of the Massachusetts settlement."

EARLY QUAKERS AT CAMBRIDGE

BY HENRY J. CADBURY

Read April 27, 1937

A CONSPICUOUS FEATURE of the rise of the Society of Friends is the vigorous activity with which they travelled about instead of remaining contentedly in their own homes. In less than a decade after their beginning they had not only entered almost every county in Great Britain but traversed Europe with their missionaries and in this sparsely settled hemisphere visited many places from Surinam to Newfoundland. It may be doubted whether any other of the Protestant sects of England equalled in extent the itinerating ministry of these "First Publishers of Truth." Up and down the Atlantic seaboard this influx of Quaker visitors continued year after year. Its significance was recognized and complained of by their enemies from the earliest times. These "wandering stars," as the people of Sandwich called them,¹ enticed the older settlers away from the "sound" religion of the community. The first legislation was mainly intended to prevent their travels, as for example when Plymouth Plantation watched the ports to prevent their entrance, forbade giving hospitality to "foreign Quakers," deprived them of their horses, and otherwise tried to stop "their speedy passage from place to place to poison the inhabitants with their cursed tenets."

In New England from the first visitors in 1656 there was a constant stream of Quaker invaders for generations. A list of "Friends names that have travelled in the work of the ministry that have been here at Salem" shows about one hundred entries.

¹ Petition to the Governor, Magistrates and Deputies assembled at Plymouth, 4th of June, 1678, in the minute book of Sandwich Monthly Meeting. For complaints of S. P. G. agents in more southern colonies see Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography, IX (1936), p. 365, where I have discussed this phenomenon of Colonial Quakerism more at length.

The list must come from about 1700.¹ There are other lists extant from Sandwich and from Newport, R.I., which extend down much further. For Boston no such list has been kept, though a partial one could still be compiled from the information available. A good deal is known of the earliest visitors during the period of most active persecution, partly from official court records and partly from the Quaker sources.

In many cases the visitors wrote Journals. These with their letters often provide material about the colonies and their experiences there which surpass anything available from the natives. In a recent article on "Colonial Travelers on Long Island" I noticed that of twenty-five visitors quoted between 1638 and 1773 thirteen were ministers of the Society of Friends.²

How did Cambridge fare in all this visitation? Though other places in the colony had Quaker meetings, that in Boston was weak, compared with such places as Salem or Scituate; and Newtown or Cambridge had no group of Quakers at all. The first Friends' Meeting House here is being built while I write (1937). But the itinerant ministers did not go only where they had friends. They went also among strangers to convert them. The questions with which this paper concerns itself are these: Is there any evidence of Quakers visiting Cambridge? or of Cambridge citizens being concerned in either befriending or opposing them?

There is every presumption that both questions should be answered in the affirmative. Cambridge in the seventeenth century was a conspicuous center, and no mere appendage of Boston. The Friends would almost certainly know of the controversies here in the years before they arrived. The notable preachers and the college — small though it was— would be a challenge to attract them.

Conversely, the orthodox of Cambridge would be most likely to be aroused by the Quaker threat. They had tasted heresy before and had dealt with it decisively. The col-

¹ Minutes of Salem (Mass.) Monthly Meeting, 1677-1778.

² Ethel C. Hedges, in Proceedings of New York State Historical Association, xxxi, 1933> PP- 152-162.

lege had special reason to be concerned, and so had the church.

The best known and, according to her own account, the earliest visit of a Quaker to Cambridge was that of Elizabeth Hooton. For her it was but an episode in a long succession of journeys and sufferings between her conversion by George Fox in 1647 and her death in the West Indies in 1672. This remarkable woman had the distinction of being almost the first person to join the movement which Fox initiated, and certainly the earliest Quaker preacher of her sex. At the time of her visit to Cambridge she was already over sixty, and had seen the inside of prisons at Derby, York, and Lincoln. Upon news of the hanging of Quakers in Boston she had visited that city twice in 1661, only to be promptly imprisoned and finally led out into the wilderness and left to die, and then returned boldly to the city before taking ship for her home.

A second visit to New England followed soon after. This time she was accompanied by her daughter and carried with her a license from the King whom she had interviewed in person "to purchase land upon any of his plantations beyond the seas." ¹ This visit, which carried her to Cambridge, was described shortly after by George Bishop of Bristol in the second part of *New England Judged by the Spirit of the Lord*, first published in 1666, from which historians both Quaker and non-Quaker have taken their information.

It is possible now, however, to go behind the printed account to the first hand story of Elizabeth Hooton herself, written in the first person and still preserved among nearly a hundred pages of manuscript pieces by her in the archives of the Society of Friends in London.² She may therefore be allowed to tell in her own words of her visit to Cambridge. Her narrative begins as follows:

¹ Her purpose is elsewhere described as including provision of a house for Friends to meet in, and of ground to bury their dead, who had been murdered there (Bishop, *New England Judged*, edit, of 1885, p. 265, omitting the charge of the first edition, p. 97, "whom you had slain and murdered").

² Friends Reference Library, Friends House, Euston Road. Portfolio 3. This has been reproduced not only verbatim but literatim and punctatim in *Elizabeth Hooton, First Quaker Woman Preacher (1600-1672)* by Emily Manners, London,

Afterwards was I moved of the Lord and called by his spirit to go to New England again,¹ and took with me my daughter to bear there my second testimony; where when the persecutors understood I was come they would have fined the ship's master £100, but that he told them I had been with the King and thither was I come to buy an house, so stopped them from seizing on his goods. When I had been a

while in the country among Friends, then came I up to Boston to buy an house, and went to their courts four times, but they denied it me in open court by James Oliver, who was one of their chiefs, a persecutor. So I told them that if they denied me an house, the King having promised us liberty in any of his plantations beyond the sea, then might I go to England and lay it before the King if God was pleased.

Following an account of her travels "toward Piscatua" with her imprisonment at Hampton, her escape from punishment at Salem, and her being put in the stocks at Dover, she continues:

So afterwards I returned to Cambridge, where they were very thirsty for blood because none had been there before that I knew of, and I cried repentance through some part of the town. So they took me and had me early in the morning before Thomas Danforth and Daniel Gookin, two of their magistrates who by their jailer thrust me in a very dark dungeon for the space of two days and two nights without helping me to either bread or water. But a Friend, Benanuel Bower, brought me some milk and they cast him into prison because he entertained a stranger and fined him £5.

And at two days' end they fetched me to their court and asked me who received me. I said if I had come to his house I should have seen if he would have received me for I was much wearied with my travel and they ought to entertain strangers. So I asked whether he would not receive me, which he did deny. Then I said, "Sell me an house, or let me one to rent, that I may entertain strangers," and laid the King's promise before them concerning liberty we should enjoy beyond the seas. But they regarded it not but made a warrant to whip me for a wandering vagabond Quaker at three towns,² 10 stripes at whipping post in Cambridge and 10 at Watertown and 10 stripes at

1914. I have modernized the spelling, punctuation and capitalization. The MS was evidently the basis of Bishop's account. It is actually mentioned by Whiting.

¹ Her earlier travels include a journey in 1661-2, of which we can trace the following itinerary: England, Virginia, Boston, Providence, Barbadoes, Boston, England. The date of the visit now described has never been given with certainty between 1662 and 1666. We know that she was in Rhode Island July 6, 1663 (letter of Ann Coleman to George Fox, printed in Bowden, *History of Friends in America*, i.263 f), and in Boston in March, 1665 (at the funeral of John Endicott, see below), and on April 10, 1665 (letter of George Cartwright to Richard Nicolls, both of them King's commissioners, *Calendar of State Papers, Colonial*, 1665, i.292). For new evidence of the date see next note.

² The following extract from the public records at the Court House in Cambridge

Dedham at the cart's tail with a three-corded whip, three knots at the end, and a handful of willow rods at Watertown on a cold frosty morning.

So they put me on a horse and carried me into the wilderness many miles where was many wild beasts both bears and wolves and many deep waters where I waded through very deep. But the Lord delivered me though I were in the night to go 20 miles, but he strengthened me over all troubles and fears, though they carried me thither for to have been devoured, saying they thought they should never see me again.

So being delivered I got among our Friends through much danger by the water, and after that to Rhode Island, whence I took my daughter with me to fetch my clothes and other things which was about 80 miles. So when we came there for my clothes there Thomas Danforth made a warrant for the constable of Charlestown to apprehend us and one of their own inhabitants, Sarah Coleman, an ancient woman of Scituate where he met us in the woods coming back. And he asked us whether we were Quakers for he said he was appointed to apprehend Quakers.

So I answered, "Wilt thou apprehend thou knows not who nor for what?"

So he said, "I suppose you are Quakers, therefore in his Majesty's name stand."

"What Majesty?" I asked him.

He said, "The King's."

partly published as of date 1660 in the Friends Intelligencer, xliv, 1887, p. 243, and The Friend (Philadelphia), ix, 1887, p. 374, should be compared:

"Elizabeth Howton appearing before the Court and being convicted of being a vagabond and wandering Quaker having been taken in the manner in Cambridge town after their bold and impetuous way making an outcry in their streets, this court do sentence her to be whipped ten stripes in the prison house before she thence depart and from thence to be conveyed out of this jurisdiction from constable to constable through Water Towne and Dedham and to be whipped on her naked body 10 stripes in each of the said towns as the law in that case directeth.

"In her examination she denied her name to be Howton, said she was called to preach, charged the Court that they had turned the sword of justice against the right, that the Lord would root out our practices, that our ministers had proved deceitful and ordinances ordinances of men, our college a cage of unclean birds."

I find that this appears in the County Court Records, 1649-1663, p. 250, dated Cambridge, October 6, 1663, thus supplying the desired date. I am indebted to Professor Joseph Henry Beale for the loan of typewritten transcripts of these unpublished records. The quotations have also been verified by the original.

From Paige, History of Cambridge, 1877, p. 215 f., we learn that the House of Correction was built in 1656 and was used as a County prison after 1660. It stood on the easterly side of Holyoke Street about two hundred feet north from the present location of Mount Auburn Street. The keeper between 1656 and 1672 was Andrew Stevenson. But nothing is said of the location of the whipping post in Cambridge. One wonders whether John G. Whittier had authority for saying that Elizabeth Hooton was whipped on the College Green (Proc. Mass. Hist. Soc., First Series, Vol. xviii, 1887, p. 392 note).

"Now," said I, "thou hast told a lie for I was later at the King than thou, and he hath made no such laws."

Saith he, "I must take you to Cambridge."¹

But the Friend that was inhabiter said she would not go except he carried her. Then he met with a cart and he commanded them to aid him and set us all upon the cart and carried us away to Cambridge to Daniel Gookin's house; but he came not home till night.

And in the night they fetched us before him and a wicked crew of Cambridge scholars there were that abused me both times. And Gookin said,

"Did not we charge you ye should not come hither?"

So I said we were forced thither in a cart, I came thither to fetch my clothes because they would not let me take them with me. So he asked the inhabiter if she owned me. She said she owned the Truth. So he wrote her down for a wandering vagabond Quaker that had n6 dwelling place, and she dwelt but a little way of him and he knew it.

And to my daughter he said, "Dost thou own thy mother's religion?"

And she said nothing, and he set her down for a wandering vagabond Quaker which had not a dwelling place. And I, Elizabeth Hooton, was set down for a wandering vagabond Quaker who would have bought a house among them.

And this was in the night when the house was full of Cambridge scholars, being a "cage of unclean birds"² that gave us many bad languages. And the college masters and priests' sons stood mocking of old Sarah Coleman which had formerly fed them with the best things which she and her husband could

get, and told her she should be whipped with thongs and with ends, her husband being a shoemaker and had given them the making of their shoes

¹ Among the hundreds of miscellaneous papers preserved at the Court House in Cambridge in the archives of the Middlesex County Court, I find the following bill signed by the constable of Charlestown. Although the three Quaker women are not named, they are almost certainly Elizabeth Hooton, mother and daughter, and Sarah Coleman. Even if the date, June 20, 1664, is not the date of the actual arrest but the day when the bill was written or presented to the next quarterly sitting of the Court, it is a welcome addition to the chronology of Elizabeth Hooton's experiences in New England. The paper of which a facsimile is given opposite may be modernized as follows;

Honoured Court, This is for information that upon execution of a warrant for the pass of three women called Quakers unto Cambridge and assistance thereto I was at the charge of five shillings six pence, and I desire your consideration unto me herein

Robert Chalkley

Dated this 20th day of the 4th month, 1664.

² This phrase, found also in the account of the court, is of course a quotation from Revelation xviii.2. It was a favorite among Friends. The first Quaker visitors to old Cambridge and to Oxford, who were also women, met very similar treatment from the scholars there. See N. Penney, *First Publishers of Truth*, 1907, pp. 13 ff., 209 ff.

Flow Court

2501

This is for information: that upon Extradition
of a warrant for the case of the person named
Richard South Cambridge and a witness to have to
be made at the charge of the said William
the person: and upon the Commission made
therein

Dated this 20th day
of Sep. 1st month
1664
1664

Robert Chalkley

CONSTABLE'S BILL FOR PASSING QUAKERS TO CAMBRIDGE
(See page 72, note 8)

and mending. Thus was she rewarded evil for good, and so sent us all to the house of correction in the night, which was a cold open place and had nothing but a little dirty straw and dirty old cloth.¹

So early in the morning before it was light the whipper, a member of their came up; which had said to me before that the governor of Boston God and the magistrates were his God (I answered, "Many gods, many lords, blind sottish men, both priests and people") and asked us whether we would be whipped there or below. I said, "Wilt thou take our blood in the dark before the people be risen to see what thou doest?"

So he took me down and locked them up, and said I was acquainted with their whipping because I had been there before. So to the whipping posts he locked my hands, having two men by to bear him witness that I was whipped before it was light. Then fetched he down Sarah Coleman, being as I thought older than myself, and whipped her and then my daughter and whipped us each 10 stripes apiece with a three-corded whip and said to my daughter,

Are you not glad now it's your turn?"

She said, "I am content."

So they put her hands in a very strait place which pressed her arms very much.

And so this Daniel Gookin, the magistrate, walked out of door with my i his hand, for it had the Epistle to the Laodiceans and other things of the corruption of translations.² Then he asked me whether I would promise him to go to Scituate.

I said, "I submit to the will of the Lord."

With other words I spake, why he should whip us so without a cause, But he ran and made another warrant and fetched the constable to whip us at other two towns, and the constable provided company to go along with us. But Sarah Coleman was not able to go, so they got a horse and that day they went with us from town to town.

So when they came to Unketty ³ the constable saw it was such a merciless thing that he took the warrant away with him to carry to Boston and left one friends to go with us. So were we persecuted from place to place till we came to Scituate. . . .

So ends the recorded contact of Elizabeth Hooton with Cambridge, but not her sufferings in New England ⁴ and England.

¹ This paragraph was not used by Bishop. But Whiting gives the substance of I (edit, of 1702, p. in).

² Evidently she had inserted into her Bible the quarto Quaker tract *Something concerning Agbarus, Prince of the Edesseans* . . . Also *Paul's Epistle to the Laodiceans*. . . As also how several scriptures are corrupted by the Translators.

³ Unquity or Unquity-quisset, modern Milton, Mass.

⁴ John Whiting summarizes her sufferings there: "Eight times was this innocent woman whipped, and four times they carried her into the wilderness." (Truth and y Defended, 1702 (reprint of 1885, p. 480)). One incident has escaped even the latest biographer of John Endecott. At his funeral in March, 1665, she was

Probably she was intending to return to New England for a third time when she came with George Fox and others to Barbadoes in October, 1671, dying three months later at Jamaica.¹

Evidently Elizabeth Hooton regarded Cambridge as fully on a par with Boston in the guilt of persecution. *A Lamentation for Boston and Cambridge her Sister* was left by her in manuscript:

Oh Boston, Oh Boston, how often hast thou been warned by the servants of the Lord who have been sent unto thee of the Lord. How hast thou slighted the day of thy visitation and hast rewarded the Lord evil for good and hath slain the just and innocent. . . . And thy sister Cambridge who is one with thee in thy wicked act, who is the fountain and nursery of all deceit. You are the two eyes of New England by whom the rest sees how to do mischief and persecute the just by your unrighteous decrees hatched at Cambridge and made at Boston. You are the two breasts of New England where all cruelty is nursed up and feeds both priests and professors and by these two breasts they are blood suckers, persecutors, and murderers, and robbers of the poor innocent and harmless all over the country.²

The few other recorded references to Quakers or to their friends or enemies in Cambridge in this period of history have to do chiefly with persons already mentioned in the account of Elizabeth Hooton, and most of them come from the most extensive Quaker account of affairs in New

England, Bishop's *New England Judged*.³ Such search as I have made in contemporary letters or diaries of the settlers or residents has yielded very little reference to the Quakers. There appear to be no records of the First

imprisoned (Bishop, p. 272). Probably she tried to speak and call attention to this judgment upon the persecutor. She tells (Manners, op. cit., p. 43) of having gone in sackcloth and ashes to Endecott's house to bear testimony against the persecution of the innocent, but this may be an earlier incident.

¹ Three of her children subsequently came to the New World. Samuel came to Boston in 1666, where he testified against his mother's persecutors (see below). Both he and the sister Elizabeth who had suffered with the mother may have settled in New Jersey. Oliver Hooton lived for many years in Barbadoes and died at Newport, Rhode Island, July 11, 1687, aged fifty years. See Norman Penney in Manners, op. cit., pp. 80 ff., and for the last item J. N. Arnold, *Vital Records of Rhode Island, 1636-1850*, vii, 1895, p. 109.

² Portfolio 3-36 at Friends Reference Library, London. Modernized from transcript in Manners, op. cit., p. 51.

³ I cite this work from a Philadelphia reprint of 1885 as being the most generally accessible form of the work, differing from the original in no important detail. The first edition bears London imprint as follows: First Part, 1661; Appendix, 1661;

Church for this period. I should therefore be grateful if anything of this sort that I have missed were called to my attention.

The first reference to Quakers on the minutes of the Middlesex County Court is the following under heading of Charlestown, December 20th, 1657:

William Baker appearing to answer the presentment of the Grand Jury at Cambridge, October '57 for absenting himself from baptism and suspicion of having Quakers' book or books in his house. He denied that he had any Quakers' book or books in his custody, but did utterly dislike those which he had seen and had therefore burnt the same.

He also acknowledged that now within ten days past he had seen more than formerly why he should not absent himself from the holy ordinance of baptism and did propose for the future no more to be offensive to the commonwealth or churches. The honored John Endicott, Esq., Governor, being then present in Court admonished him to be careful of Sathan's wiles. And so he was dismissed the Court.¹

It was not necessary for Quakers actually to set foot across the Charles River for them to feel the hostility of the ministers and magistrates of Cambridge. They could speak and act in Boston. It is said of General Daniel Gookin (c. 1612-1687), for example, that he desired his fellow magistrate William Hawthorne of Salem to send him some Quakers to Cambridge that he might see them lashed.² This must be dated before Elizabeth Hooton's visit.

An unnamed magistrate of Cambridge is mentioned in a letter written from Boston, March 26, 1661, as having been of the jury or court that condemned William Leddra to death. The writer, one Thomas Wilkie, intervening at the very execution asked the magistrate by what rule he had condemned him and got as his reply that Leddra was "a rogue, a very rogue" and "had abused authority."³

Second Part, 1667. The second edition was prepared with many abbreviations by Joseph Grove and printed in London in 1703 to accompany John Whiting's answer to Cotton Mather's Church History of New England entitled Truth and Inno-cency Defended.

¹ Original MS records, p. 145. I have no evidence as to where in Middlesex County William Baker lived.

² Bishop, op. cit., p. 271 (first edition, p. 102). The name is spelled Goggins throughout the Quaker sources.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 205 (first edition both in Appendix p. 197 and Second Part, p. 28).

Thomas Danforth (1622-1699) also reappears in connection with Quakers in Boston. When in the spring of 1664 Mary Tomkins and Alice Ambrose came from severe treatment at Dover to Boston, they with Edward Wharton and Wenlock Christison were brought by Danforth and Richard Bellingham before the Governor, and while the sentences against the others were not carried out, at Danforth's suggestion Wharton, though a resident of Salem, was whipped with thirty stripes at Boston and at other towns by a roundabout route to his home.¹ Some words of Danforth to Wenlock Christison are quoted, perhaps from the same occasion, at any rate at the Governor's house in Boston. He said:

Wenlock, I am a mortal man and die I must, and that ere long, and I must appear at the tribunal-seat of Christ, and must give an account for my deeds done in the body; and I believe it will be my greatest glory in that day, that I have given my vote for thee to be soundly whipped at this time.²

The participation of members of Harvard College was mentioned by Elizabeth Hooton. Among the "masters and priests' sons" in her time would be included Charles Chauncy, President from 1654 to 1672, and such Fellows as Jonathan Mitchell, the elder, Thomas Shepard, the younger, Peter Bulkley, and Nathaniel Chauncy. Thomas Danforth already mentioned was the Treasurer.

George Bishop records one evidence of Chauncy's hostility to Quakerism. On the 28th of October, 1658, preaching at the lecture day in Boston, he said with regard to the Quakers from Salem then imprisoned though without any very satisfactory charges against them,

Major-General Daniel Denison who appears frequently as active in the proceedings of the General Court against the Quakers in 1658 according to the accounts given first of all in Humphrey Norton's *New England's Ensigns* (1659) and then in Bishop, Sewel, and Besse was an early resident of Cambridge, but he had removed to Ipswich as early as 1635. See Thomas F. Waters, *Ipswich in the Massachusetts Bay Colony*, 1905, p. 491.

¹ Bishop, *op. cit.*, pp. 287-290.

² *Ibid.*, p. 309. The fact that Thomas Danforth was the Recorder of the County Court adds a piquant interest to its various minutes against the Quakers quoted in this paper.

Suppose ye should catch six wolves in a trap and ye cannot prove that they killed either sheep or lambs, and now ye have them they will neither bark nor bite, yet they have the plain marks of wolves. Now I leave it to your consideration whether ye will let them go alive — yea or nay? ¹

Jonathan Mitchell (c. 1625-1668), "the incomparable Mitchell," was minister of the Church in Cambridge at the time of Elizabeth Hooton. A friendly biographer included in an epitaph upon him the lines:

The Quaker, Trembling at his Thunder, fled;

And with Caligula resum'd his bed.²

Evidently he was a vigorous opponent of Quakerism, so vigorous that when he died suddenly of a severe fever in the summer of 1668 the Friends saw in his "cutting-off" a just judgment of Providence. Bishop says that "he who lately stirred up the rulers to persecution and madness, was soon after smitten down by the hand of the Lord; and it is testified, 'That his very tongue while he was alive turned exceeding black in his mouth,' and soon after he died." ³

Sarah Coleman, though definitely described as a resident of Scituate, may have lived earlier in Cambridge. At any rate she was known not only to the magistrates there but to the masters and students. Her husband, a shoemaker, had made and mended shoes for the college students and both he and she had fed them generously. Bishop, who adds that she was the mother of seven children,⁴ tells of her earlier imprisonment at the time of Elizabeth Hooton's first visit to Boston in 1661, she and three or four of her children being among the nearly thirty Quakers released from Boston jail.⁵ I think she must be the wife of Joseph Colman who is known to historians of Scituate as a shoemaker of

¹ Ibid., p. 72.

² F. D. in Cotton Mather's *Ecclesiastes*, 1697, p. iii.

³ Bishop, *op. cit.*, p. 324.

⁴ Ibid., p. 269 text; in the earlier editions this is noted in the margin.

⁵ Ibid., p. 211; in the earlier editions the list of persons was printed in the margin. This release preceded, I believe, the jail delivery of December 9, 1661, that was due to the receipt of the King's Missive. The date is not Oct. 16, 1660, as suggested by the reference to *Records of Massachusetts Colony*, Vol. IV, part i,

that town and the father of several children who were Friends.¹ He was one of four signers of a Quaker remonstrance against tithes presented to the General Court at Plymouth in June, 1678.²

Benaniel Bowers on the other hand appears frequently in the Middlesex County Court records. A summary will be found in Lucius R. Paige's *History of Cambridge*, 1877, pp. 346-352. In 1653 he married Elizabeth Dunster, a "cousin" of President Dunster of Harvard, and evidently shared the latter's views on baptism almost as early as Dunster himself.³ In the year 1656 we read: "Benaniel Bower being presented by the Grand Jury for ordinary absenting himself from the ordinance of Baptism was admonished and convicted of the evil therein by the court."⁴ While other

Cambridge residents also absented themselves from baptism, the fuller acceptance of Quakerism can be attested only

p. 433, in R. M. Jones' *Quakers in the American Colonies*, 1911, p. 94, but May 28, 1661; see *ibid.*, Vol. IV, part 2, p. 19. Probably earlier evidence of Sarah Coleman's Quaker leanings is to be found in the fact that along with Mrs. Cudworth and William Parker "Goodwife Coleman" was fined in 1659 for absence from public worship (J. A. Goodwin, *The Pilgrim Republic*, Boston, 1888, p. 609).

¹ Samuel Deane, *History of Scituate*, 1831, p. 241.

² "The Hinckley Papers," in *Coll. Mass. Hist. Soc. Vol. 5, Fourth Series*, 1861, p. 20.

³ Henry Dunster was forced to resign as President of Harvard in 1654. He then removed to Scituate until his death five years later, where without favoring the Quakers he stood out against severe persecution of them. Shortly before his withdrawal he received a letter from Newcastle, England, warning him of the rise of the sect (from William Cutter, dated May 19, 1654, preserved in the University archives). Historians often treat Dunster as having been an unrelenting and vindictive persecutor, but this is probably an exaggeration of the mild testimony in Morton's *New England Memorial* (under date of 1659) that he was useful in helping to oppose the abominable opinions of the Quakers and in defending the truth against them. On the other hand Bishop preserves a letter of his fellow townsman James Cudworth written in October, 1658, which speaks of "worthy Mr. Dunster, whom the Lord hath made boldly to bear testimony against the spirit of persecution" (*op. cit.*, p. 134, cf. p. 236). This may be the very letter which caused Capt. James Cudworth to be brought to court 7 March, 1659/60 for encouraging Quakers and for writing letters to England on the subject of their treatment. *Records of Plymouth Colony. Court Orders*, Vol. III (1651-1661), Boston, 1855, p. 183, Cudworth had attempted to secure copies of the depositions against the Quakers. See letter of Nathaniel Morton, April 2, 1658 in *Proc. Mass. Hist. Soc. li*, 1918, pp. 201 f.

⁴. 19th of June. MS records, p. 85.

of Benanuel Bowers and some of his family. His home was soon transferred to Charlestown.

From the same session of the court at which Elizabeth Hooton was sentenced we have the following minute:

Benanuel Bowers appearing before the court and being convicted of absenting himself the public ordinances of Christ on the Lord's days, by his own confession, for about a quarter of a year past, and of entertaining Quakers into his family two several times, on his examination he affirmed that the Spirit of God was a Christian's rule, and that David had no need of the word, nor never contradicted it, and that he speaks of no other law but that which was in his heart. The court fined him for his absenting himself

from the public ordinances, twenty shillings; and for twice entertaining the Quakers, four pounds, and costs three shillings to the witnesses.¹

The almost annual fines of Benanuel Bowers need not be rehearsed here, nor the bitter experience of a year's imprisonment for refusal to pay fines, which led him to write a vigorous poem against Thomas Danforth, his principal tormentor, and to accuse him publicly at the close of a church service. Writing from Cambridge Prison the 24th of 3d mo. 1677, he complains how he had been assaulted while in a Friends' meeting, violently hauled out of the room down a pair of stairs by the heels into the open, carried on a wheelbarrow to prison, and whipped. "I am about sixty years of age, thirty of which I have dwelt within about a mile of Cambridge town." Unfortunately he does not tell where the Quakers were met to worship. Was there a meeting place then in Cambridge, or only in Boston?

¹MS records, p. 256, Oct. 6, 1663, quoted in Paige, *op. cit.*, p. 347. Two other entries at the same quarter sessions of the County Court (p. 252) relate that Ursula, the wife of John Cole, and Sarah, the wife of Wm. Osburne, both of Charlestown, were convicted of meeting with sundry Quakers at Bowers' house and were admonished "to beware of the cursed tenets and practices of those heretics" and "to attend the worship of God on the Lord's days in the public assembly with more frequency and delight." Mrs. Cole had also reviled "the Reverend Mr. Symes and Mr. Shepard ministers of God's word at Charlestown, saying she had as lief hear a cat meow as them preach," for which she was condemned to pay £5 or to be openly whipped. Cf. R. Frothingham, *History of Charlestown, Mass.*, Boston, 1845-9, p. 173.

Among the miscellaneous papers lately sorted at the Court House (through the initiative of the Cambridge Historical Society) are several pertaining to just these cases. These I hope to publish elsewhere shortly.

Elizabeth Bowers, the wife and the daughter Elizabeth, were also arrested for attending a Friends' meeting this same summer and whipped; and another daughter Barbara shared the punishment of Margaret Brewster, being tied to the cart's tail at which Margaret was whipped in Boston.¹

Aside from the sources already mentioned, something of the family's history may be learned from a diary in the form of a series of letters written by Mrs. Anna Bolton, the daughter of Elizabeth Bowers the younger:

My Grandfather Benanuel Bowers was born in England of honest parents, but his father being a man of stern temper and a rigid Oliverian obliged my grandfather (who out of a pious zeal turned to the religion of the Quakers) to flee for succor into New England.

My grandmother's name was Elizabeth Dunster. She was born in Lancashire in old England, but her parents dying when she was young her uncle Dunster, who was himself at that time President of the College in New England, sent for her thither and discharged his duty to her not only in that of a kind uncle but a good Christian and tender father. By all reports he was a man of great wisdom, exemplary piety, and peculiar sweetness of temper.

My grandfather not long after his coming to New England purchased a farm near Boston and then married my grandmother. Though they had but a small beginning yet God so blessed them that they increased in substance, were both devout Quakers and famous for their Christian charity and liberality to people of all persuasions on religion who to escape the stormy wind and tempest that raged horribly in England flocked thither. . . .²

¹ J. Besse, *A Collection of Sufferings of the People Called Quakers*, 1753, 11.261, 264 f. The episode of Margaret Brewster in 1677 may be found in Whittier's "In the Old South Church." "With her hair about her shoulders, ashes on her head, her face coloured black and sackcloth on her upper garments she came, attended by two other women, on Sunday morning into the Rev. Mr. Thatcher's meeting house" (R. M. Jones, *The Quakers in the American Colonies*, 1911, p. 109). Though intended to serve like the acted warnings of the Old Testament prophets, this act was taken with great offense and bruited far and wide. A Cambridge reference to it is in the Harvard Commencement Salutatory of that year by the President, Urian Oakes. The incident suited the ornate and allusive Latin style in which the oration was composed. See *Publications of the Colonial Society of Massachusetts*, xxxi, 1935, pp. 416 f. (Latin), 406 f. (English). Strangely enough the orator takes it in the same serious way in which it was intended. For the official sentence of "Barbery Bower of Charlestown" in the Suffolk County Court, 31 July, 1677; see *ibid.*, xxx, 1933, p. 843.

² Quoted in a note on Bathsheba Bowers contributed by William John Potts of Camden, New Jersey, in the *Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography*, iii, 1879, pp. 110 ff.

The account continues with references to the "cruel whippings and imprisonment and the loss of part of their worldly substance" which Benanuel and Elizabeth Bowers received through "the outrage and violence of fiery zealots of the Presbyterian party who had then the power in their own hands," and to the sending of their four eldest daughters to Philadelphia. The eldest was married to Timothy Hanson and settled upon a plantation near Frankford; the youngest married George Lownes in Springfield, Chester County; Elizabeth married Wenlock Curtis of Philadelphia; Bathsheba, being crossed in love at eighteen, retired alone to her house and garden near a famous spring known as Bathsheba's well. "She was a Quaker by profession but so wild in her notions it

was hard to find what religion she really was of." Beside controversial correspondence with Thomas Story she wrote the history of her life and *An Alarm sounded to prepare the Inhabitants of the World to meet the Lord in the way of his judgment* [1709]. She moved to Charleston, South Carolina, where she died in 1718.

After Elizabeth Hooton the next Quaker visitor to Cambridge of which I have any information at present is no other than her son Samuel. We know of his experiences as a Friend in England from various sources.¹ He set out for New England early in 1666 and returned at least before his marriage at Skegby in November, 1670. For his visit to Cambridge we may, as in the case of his mother, quote his own account:

I came to a court at Cambridge, where were many hundreds of people; and the Lord's power was with me. And there I reasoned with them a great while, and was made to deal very plainly with them, for the Lord gave me authority over them, that they could not tell which way to get advantage over me, though many of their spirits were most envious and bitter in themselves against me, yet the Lord chained them down a great while that they could not get up, and many of the younger sort of people had a great love to me and were tendered; so that I was made to tell them they had been long professing people, but had brought forth nothing but very outsides and cruelty. Therefore the Lord would blast them. And though they had been building

¹ See Manners, *op cit.*, pp. 80-82, with some further information about Samuel Hooton's progeny by Gilbert Cope in *The Friend* (Philadelphia), lxxxviii, 1915, p. 617.

many years, yet the day was at hand there would not be left one stone upon another standing, their carcasses God would scatter in the wilderness, but to some of their children God would have respect, that have not had a hand with them in their cruelty.

So at these words their madness broke loose against me, and they committed me to the house of correction for six days, and to be whipt, but the hand of the Lord was upon them, and gave them no rest until I was forth, so when they had laid stripes upon my back, they got me free, hundreds of people followed me (so I went in a throng) and they said it was pity I should be whipt, or be prisoned, but when we came to the prison house the people would fain have seen what he did at me, but he would not; for what they did it was in the dark, neither friends nor others know what they did at me, yet they broached it themselves, and it went all over New England, I know not how suddenly, I marvel at it, for as for me I never made mention of it.¹

¹ From "Something concerning my travell and of the dealings of the lord with mee since the lord brought mee from my dwelling," printed in *The Friend* (Philadelphia), lxxvii (1904), p. 205. Unfortunately the Middlesex County Court

Records between 1664 and 1670 are missing. Perhaps they are those mentioned in the minutes of April 3, 1677, as having been burnt (Records, 1671-1680, p. 173).

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WILLIAM BREWSTER, 1851-1919

BY GLOVER M. ALLEN

Read May 25, 1937

A GENERATION AGO there lived in Cambridge three eminent naturalists whose fortunate circumstances permitted them to devote their lives and resources to their chosen studies with a zeal and enthusiasm that bore abundant fruit. One of these, the late Professor William G. Farlow, became a foremost authority on fungi and other lower plants; the second was Samuel H. Scudder, whose great work on the butterflies of New England leaves little to be added by later workers and whose knowledge of the locust-like insects gave him a world-wide reputation; the third was William Brewster, a friend and neighbor of Scudder. Each was an outstanding figure, each a quiet and modest personality. It was my privilege to meet Professor Farlow on various occasions as a member of the Library and Publications Committee of the Boston Society of Natural History, now thirty years ago. A small, slightly stooping figure, his short mustache well tobacco-stained (for he was an inveterate smoker of cigarettes), his eyes taking in everything in short rapid glances, his own standards of scientific endeavor were so high that he often found it difficult to excuse the inadequacy of less able workers in his own field, and in conversation would often keep up a running commentary in an almost inaudible voice on the shortcomings of their published writings. His former home on Quincy Street, next to the present Harvard Faculty Club, still has on its southerly side a one-storey brick excrescence with solid metal shutters, a sort of fireproof vault in which were said to be kept his rarer books and the finished editions of a series of colored plates of North American fungi, as one by one they were made ready for a great monograph, long projected. He was impatient of the many short and often hastily prepared articles of various botanists concerning

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fungi or algae, for all of these must be indexed and analysed for an inclusive bibliography of the subject which he spent many years in preparing. He once informed me in whimsical vein that he hoped some day to found a new Society for the Suppression of Useless Publications. His great library

and collections were given at his death to Harvard and now, housed in the old Divinity School Library converted to this use, form the basis of the Farlow Library and Herbarium. Scudder I never knew well, but on several occasions as a young man, called at his little museum which he had built on his grounds at 156 Brattle Street. Here he worked, surrounded by his library which abounded in rare and beautiful works in many tongues, dealing chiefly with insects of the locust tribe, on which he was a high authority. I well recall the weathervane surmounting the peak of the museum, fashioned in the form of a huge grasshopper. But that was thirty years ago.

The third of this unique trinity is the subject of this sketch, William Brewster, eminent as a student and lover of birds. Again it was my privilege as a younger man, to have known him slightly in the later years of his life and to have fallen under the spell of his remarkable personality. For William Brewster, though great as an ornithologist, was first of all one's ideal of a gentleman and a lover of truth and beauty. For much of the ensuing account of his life I have drawn upon the well-written biography prepared by his lifelong friend and frequent companion, the late Henry Wetherbee Henshaw.

Brewster, though little interested in matters of pedigree, counted in his ancestry the Elder Brewster of the Mayflower company, and his bookplate, drawn for him by one of his admirers, depicts the famous ship under full sail in Massachusetts Bay. But he himself once told me that he believed the lineage was somewhat in doubt at one point, where it appeared that in early colonial days there were two William Brewsters, one of Mayflower fame, the other a more obscure person who was hanged for some reason in one of the New Hampshire settlements, though as we now look back on those times, even that need imply no real fault. He humorously remarked that he was inclined to suppose that after

all it was the latter Brewster from whom he might claim descent.

Be that as it may, Mr. Brewster, as we younger men always respectfully called him, was born in Wakefield, Massachusetts, July 5, 1851, the son of John Brewster of Wolfboro, New Hampshire, who subsequently became a successful Boston banker. His mother was Rebecca Parker Noyes, who was born in East Bradford (now Groveland), Massachusetts. In 1845, John Brewster bought the old Riedesel mansion on the corner of Brattle and Sparks Streets, Cambridge, the house where Baron Riedesel with his wife was quartered after the surrender of Burgoyne. This mansion, supposed to date from about 1750, was at one time occupied by Sewall, a Royalist, who was mobbed there when in 1774 treason to the King broke out into open violence. It was said that John Brewster was wont to show his guests a window pane on which was scratched with a diamond (as so often historic

personages seem to have done in those days) the name Riedesel, presumably by the Baroness during her enforced residence.

William Brewster spent his boyhood days in the historic mansion but later, in 1887, built a new house upon the same site, the brick-ended dwelling that still stands among the great lindens and among the younger trees of his own later planting. William was the youngest of four children but the sister and two other brothers all died in early childhood; yet were they old enough to have attracted the friendly interest of Longfellow, who must often have seen them at play. It was their early death that inspired his poem, "The Open Window," which begins

The old house under the lindens

Stands silent in the shade.

Perhaps the same inherent delicacy of constitution was manifest in the never-robust health of William and imparted to him a greater sensitiveness of spirit. His childhood days were spent happily in his father's house. He attended the public schools of Cambridge, and eventually studied the preparatory course for Harvard. But serious trouble with eyesight developed so that during the last year in school he was able to read but little. His

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devoted mother would help by reading aloud to him his lessons, which he endeavored to commit to memory; but the handicap proved too great so that he eventually gave up the idea of entering college. However, as Henshaw tells, this was perhaps less of a disadvantage for little of the knowledge he most prized was to be gained from books alone. Never robust, he seems to have cared little for the rougher sports though he enjoyed horseback riding and became an excellent marksman with rifle and shotgun. Dancing had little attraction for him and he seldom attended the theater, though he was sociable and could enjoy a good play or a concert. I picture him as a quiet reserved lad, yet of so friendly and dignified a nature that it would seem strange to me if his companions ever could have called him by any nickname — he was always Will Brewster.

When about ten years old, he and Daniel Chester French became great comrades, for they were of about the same age and both enjoyed roaming the fields and woods. It happened that Daniel's father was somewhat of a sportsman and among other accomplishments had learned to mount the birds he shot, of which there were in his home two cases, the result of his skill with hand and gun.

These at once attracted Brewster's attention, and presently we find him becoming an apt pupil of Dan's father in the art of taxidermy. Here perhaps is the beginning of his interest in ornithology, which

was to become his lifelong pursuit. Brewster's great enthusiasm was evidently contagious and spread to several other lads, his chums and neighbors, who started to collect and prepare birds and their eggs. Among these boys were young Daniel C. French, Ruthven Deane, and Richard H. Dana. Most of them later passed to other fields of endeavor, but Brewster had found in the study of birds an ever increasing interest. Mr. French's library contained among other books a copy of Nuttall's Manual of Ornithology and Brewster's indulgent father later gave him a set of the octavo volumes of Audubon's Birds of America. These soon proved a source of infinite delight and profit, for presently we find William Brewster with Ruthven Deane, Walter Woodman, Ernest Ingersoll, and other companions now

of college age, repairing regularly to an attic room in the Brewster house to spend evenings together reading aloud from the inspiring pages of Audubon. Imagine a group of boys in this degenerate age doing that! Henry Henshaw writes that when he first met Brewster, then a lad of fourteen, in 1865, he already had several cases of birds mounted by his own hands, as well as many carefully prepared nests and eggs, while his knowledge of local birds was extensive and accurate.

In the years following 1865, Henshaw and Brewster became close companions and often ransacked the countryside for birds together. On these excursions they were often joined by Henry Purdie or Ruthven Deane. The latter was one of a group of four young brothers living in the old Deane mansion, now somewhat altered but still standing on the hill at 80 Sparks Street. His interest in birds seems to have first been stimulated by contact with Brewster's enthusiastic spirit and remained a lifelong avocation in later busy years after he removed to Chicago. His genial nature and his interest in ornithological history brought him in touch with a wide circle of friends; his great collection of letters and photographs of naturalists, built up in the course of a lifetime, is now permanently housed in the Library of Congress where it may be accessible to persons interested.

Under Brewster's guiding spirit, these gatherings of young men of the neighborhood to discuss and read about the habits of birds soon after, in 1873, developed into a definite organization, the Nuttall Ornithological Club, the first American organization devoted to the serious study of birds. Brewster was its first President and continued in that office except for a year in 1875-76, until his death. In later years the young men of this Cambridge club were to have a great influence upon the development of science in America. Among its members were such names as Joel A. Allen, Elliott Coues and, in his college days, Theodore Roosevelt. It still continues as an active organization for bird study.

When William Brewster was nineteen years of age, he entered his father's banking house, but soon discovered that he had little taste for a business career, and when, at his father's death, he was

left with an independent fortune, he devoted himself seriously to the study of birds.

When William Brewster was a youth, the districts lying to the north and west of Harvard Square were largely open grassy fields and pastures. From his home on Brattle Street, as I have heard him relate, he could at once enter an almost unbroken stretch of daisy fields and orchards between there and Fresh Pond. Houses were few and scattered, streets had not then been put through, there were no trolley cars, and the roar of automobiles had not been dreamed of. Vassal Lane he has described as a deeply rutted cart path, leading towards the old Concord Turnpike. There was not a building of any kind between the site of the Old Reservoir (at the junction of the present Reservoir and Highland Streets) and Fresh Pond. In his recollection of these Elysian Fields, Brewster wrote in the *Birds of the Cambridge Region*: "The dandelions and buttercups were larger and yellower, the daisies whiter and more numerous, the jingling melody of the Bobolinks blither and merrier, the early spring shouting of the Flicker louder and more joyous, and the long-drawn whistle of the Meadowlark sweeter and more plaintive, than they ever have been or ever can be elsewhere." It was here that he spent most of his school holidays in the early '60's collecting birds with Daniel C. French, later to become an eminent sculptor, or with Ruthven Deane. On the eastern side of the present Fresh Pond Parkway, about midway between Brattle Street and Fresh Pond, there stood a number of fine old oaks and hickories and a dozen or more big white pines, while to the east of the pond was a swamp grown up to tall red maples, an area then known as Gray's Woods. Another favorite hunting ground of those days was Norton's Woods in the Shady Hill area, the favorite haunt of Brewster's friend, Dr. Walter Woodman, when as a young man he hunted for red-winged blackbirds' nests in the spot where now stands the Andover Chapel. The trees were largely oaks, pines, and red maples, of which a dwindling remnant still remains, and two sluggish little brooks wound through the heart of the woods.

But all this has long since passed, and where once the bobolinks nested

and the meadowlarks whistled is now thickly clustered with houses, and one risks life and limb in crossing the crowded thoroughfares to reach the remnant of Fresh Pond's glory. the remnant of Fresh Pond's glory.

Of Fresh Pond, Brewster has much to say in writing of his ancient haunts. Previous to the '90's, this was a beautiful and almost secluded sheet of water, its natural shore line partly wooded and indented by five large coves or "nooks" as they were then called. Two old icehouses in the northwest

bay were removed about 1890 after the area was taken for a public park in 1884. In earlier days, in the late '60's, this was a favorite resort in autumn for many kinds of waterfowl and a rendezvous for the local gunners in early mornings. Black ducks and goldeneyes as well as herring gulls still come to rest on the tranquil waters at certain seasons, but the ducks in dwindling numbers.

Another Cambridge haunt of those days, much visited by Brewster and his companions, was the so-called Brickyard Swamp, lying mainly to the right of Concord Avenue as one approaches Fresh Pond. In 1860 or 1861, this was a wooded stretch of upwards of fifty acres, with two or three brickyards along its northern and eastern edges, the source no doubt of the many wobbly old pavements that make Cambridge sidewalks such difficult walking. When the steam shovels were scooping off the surface soil to get at the deep bed of pure clay beneath, they removed, he writes, many large stumps of old white pines that still showed the marks of axes wielded no doubt in early colonial times when the place formed the extreme eastern end of what was known as the Great Swamp. It was a maze of small ponds and ditches, through which were obscure and mirey footpaths known to boys and sportsmen; for it was a wonderful spot for birds, and continued to be so up to my own college days forty years ago, though now largely filled in and reeking with desolation. To the north of the railroad tracks an artificial pond, known as Glacialis, had been made about 1850 for obtaining ice in winter, and up to recent years was a wonderful jungle of cat-tails at one end, a great resort for marsh wrens, rails, blackbirds, and other marsh-loving species. This too, has now utterly passed, filled in for a railroad yard, a desert of gravel and

weeds where even a self-respecting starling might hesitate to be seen.

Fortunately William Brewster lived in better days. His excursions as a young man led him early to Concord, where shortly after his marriage in 1878 to Catherine Kettell of Boston, he and his wife spent two summers, living in the Old Manse of so many associations. Here, as he once related to me, he had an odd experience with a ghost; for on more than one occasion as he sat quietly writing in the downstairs study at night, he would hear footsteps creaking up the cellar stairs, coming nearer and nearer to the top of the stairs and passing down the adjoining passage, but on going to the door there was never anything to be seen. Perhaps his sensitive nature was more attuned to such vibrations than in most men; at all events he had a keen and discriminating ear, and could identify unerringly the faint calls of birds that might be almost or quite inaudible or at least unnoticeable to his companions. Brewster came to know and love Concord well. He was acquainted with the special haunts of Thoreau, whose writings he knew and admired.

It was natural, then, that later, about 1890, he should have bought there a tract of land bordering the left bank of the Concord River, several miles from the town. The old farmhouse here he fitted up as a residence, preserving with fine discrimination all that was good and adding such modest improvements as were in keeping. The old fireplaces in the rooms were left intact and served for warmth at the beginning and ending of the season, and here for many years he came for quiet and study as well as recreation. To the original farm he added adjacent tracts, including Ball's Hill, with its fine old pines which he greatly admired and for which he grieved when the plague of brown-tail and gypsy moths in later years wrought their destruction. Here by the still waters he built a simple log cabin or two where he could with reasonable comfort spend days at a time in the observation of birds and other wild life, especially in spring and autumn. At the cabins he often entertained kindred spirits, finding the deepest satisfaction in the quiet companionship of a few friends amid

such ideal surroundings. Moored close at hand were always one or two canoes, which he especially enjoyed; for in their silent approach he could observe the shyer water birds, the muskrats, and rarely the otter at closer range than in any other way.

I shall ever remember one bright October day when my wife and I were his guests at the cabin in 1911. He met us at Concord station at the afternoon train with a new Ford car, supplanting the familiar horse and carriage, and we were driven out along the picturesque highway to October Farm in the mellowness of the clear autumnal air. Gilbert, his faithful colored friend and helper, acted as charioteer. The transition to the automobile age had already taken place, but Mr. Brewster wisely felt that too swift a pace was dangerous; and besides, the country horses were still somewhat unused to the black puffing monstrosity careering towards them. Gilbert therefore had strict orders not to exceed a rate of fifteen miles an hour, but at that time even this seemed an almost headlong speed. The ideally quiet and beautiful evening we spent at the cabin is still a vivid recollection: the golden hues of a sunset sky, the sweep of the Great Meadows, the peace of the dark waters of the Concord River, the sheltering trees that seemed to draw nearer as dusk came on, the cheery glow of the log fire within, the simple but excellent meal prepared and served by Gilbert, the interesting hour of conversation. So clear was the light from the full moon that rose above the river, that we could plainly see the red and gold of the maples standing by the water's edge. No wonder Brewster loved it all, and continued to make it his abiding place at the better seasons of year until almost the close of his life.

Here at Concord an interesting experiment was carried out. On October Farm the wild life was left to pursue its own course, without human interference of any aggressive sort. No gun was allowed to be fired on the place for twenty years. The natural relations of prey and predator were left as nearly undisturbed as possible. At the end of this period, much to Brewster's surprise, there was practically

no change in the average number of birds that annually nested on these acres. Thus for many years a single pair of great-crested flycatchers reared their brood in the orchard,

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but never more than one; the ruffed grouse still counted eight or ten breeding birds in the wooded parts, but there was no increase in spite of the yearly broods of young that were hatched. Different covers might in the course of years grow up and change their character, but the average number of birds continued at much the same level from year to year. Thus Brewster demonstrated what we now have come to realize, that a given area may from the bird's point of view be fully populated, even though to our own eyes it may seem sparsely inhabited, for each species requires its own particular type of surroundings and its own amount of elbow-room, and these needs tend to be adhered to closely. Would that we might apply the same rules to human occupation!

Though eminently social in his feelings, Brewster nevertheless loved seclusion and the solitude of the wilderness with its unspoiled natural beauty. It was this love that led him earlier to make annual visits to his camp on the shores of Lake Umbagog, on the borders of Maine and northern New Hampshire. In those days the region was a real wilderness, little disturbed in summer, though invaded by lumbermen in winter, with primeval forest and unspoiled aspect. Here year by year, from 1870 till nearly the close of the century, he spent many summers in the study of the wilderness birds, exploring with a guide as companion the surrounding forests, and more especially by canoe, the shores and inlets of the lake itself. Thus he became familiar with many northern birds, whose habits in the breeding season were at that time but little known. Gradually, however, as years went by, the region became invaded by summer tourists, while the depredations of lumbermen wrought further changes, until, like the shy denizens of the forests, he withdrew before them and never visited it after 1900. Nevertheless in the following years he began the preparation of an account of the birds of the Umbagog region, only two parts of which were finished at the time of his death; and these, published posthumously, remain as an accurate and thorough account of his extended observations there.

Brewster was not much of a traveller, for he loved his familiar haunts more than the prospect of new areas. Yet at various times

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he extended his search for birds by brief excursions to new places. In 1881 he accompanied several Boston naturalists in a summer's cruise to the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Anticosti Island, where he saw

many of the northern seafoal colonies. In the late summer of 1885 he stayed with the lighthouse keeper at Point Lepreaux, New Brunswick, to observe the migration of birds, many of which on nocturnal passage were at times attracted in foggy weather within the close circle of the light. His memoir on "Bird Migration," resulting in part from this experience, formed a valuable contribution to this interesting subject, with much that was new and illuminating. In a later year, in company with Dr. Frank M. Chapman, he made an excursion to the Suwanee River, Florida, where they lived in a houseboat and enjoyed splendid opportunities for the study of the abundant bird-life of the region. Again, in 1894, the two visited the island of Trinidad together, where delightful days were spent in this tropical paradise. Of these journeys Dr. Chapman has written a few reminiscences, cherishing the joy of Brewster's companionship and his enthusiastic appreciation of the abundant life of the tropics, the beautiful plumage of the birds, the luxuriance of the forests and vines. There were other briefer journeys that bore abundant fruit, undertaken for the special study of certain birds or to broaden his acquaintance with birds of other regions of North America. An earlier one was with Ruthven Deane and Ernest Ingersoll in 1874 to the mountains of West Virginia; and in 1878 with his friend Robert Ridgway, of the U. S. National Museum, to Mount Carmel, Illinois. In 1882 he visited Colorado, and in the three succeeding years made annual pilgrimages to South Carolina, where he made a special study of the rare and little known Swainson's warbler, and became closely acquainted with Arthur T. Wayne, whose extensive knowledge of South Carolina birds made him a helpful companion.

Mr. Brewster visited England three times, in 1891, 1909, and 1911, finding it greatly to his liking. His visits, he told Henshaw, were like going home after a long absence, for he never felt a stranger there. It was while in the New Forest in the summer

of 1909, that he came one evening to a small inn. Here in the smoking room sat several gentlemen smoking or reading their papers, each at a separate table, withdrawn into his shell after the manner of our British cousins. Singling out one who seemed to have the most interesting appearance, Brewster quietly seated himself at his table, and presently as the reader glanced up, introduced himself as a visiting American who desired to ask a few questions about the New Forest. A lengthy conversation ensued, in which English and American traits and many other matters were discussed with much good humor, and apparently to the entertainment of the other guests. Later, when the stranger had left, Mr. Brewster learned that he had been talking with Rudyard Kipling, with whom in the days following he developed an interesting acquaintance and later visited Kipling at his home.

It was in 1911 when my wife and I were returning from our wedding journey in England on the steamer "Arabic" (later sunk in the War) that we found to our delight Mr. Brewster was one of our fellow passengers; with him we spent many happy moments in conversation on the voyage home. Sea

birds were abundant, and he was constantly on deck with glasses in hand. Together we marvelled at the company of gulls that accompanied the ship on the first day out, as on motionless wings they hung poised close by over our heads in the upward current of air caused by the ship's progress, or criss-crossed back and forth in it with scarcely a perceptible movement until they reached the edges of this current and were forced to flap their wings to keep their position, now and then dashing to the surface to secure some bit of food their keen eyes had detected. Later the shearwaters and petrels of several species — birds of the open ocean — came or passed us by. All these Brewster observed minutely and with keenest interest, presently retiring with his notebook to the smoking room to record on the spot what he had seen. No detail was too trivial to escape him.

Over many years Brewster had accumulated a large collection of beautifully prepared study-skins of North American birds, for the illustration of their different plumages from youth to age, their

variation geographically or in other ways, their distribution and moulting. Long ago this collection had outgrown the attic room of boyhood days, so that for their safekeeping he built in 1886 a small fireproof museum in the rear of the Brattle Street house, with space for a library and study as well. The garden surrounding it he enclosed in a cat- and boy-proof fence, and allowed the trees and shrubs to grow here almost undisturbed. The birds seemed to feel at once the security of this haven, and in their annual migrations many rarer kinds were attracted for a brief stay. For a time also, it formed a regular resort for the robins old and young, of the neighborhood in summer, large numbers of which came in to roost among the thick lilacs there each night, until the southward migration set in.

While the museum and the collections it contained formed Brewster's chief curatorial interest, he was also looked to for advice in the care of the study-collections of the Boston Society of Natural History, where he held the post of Assistant in Charge of Birds and Mammals from 1880-1889, and later in the same capacity at the Museum of Comparative Zoology from 1885-1900. Although in the succeeding years he was able to devote little time to the latter, he bequeathed to the Museum his entire collection of birds, nests, and eggs.

Brewster excelled as a writer of simple, clear, and beautiful description. This no doubt resulted in part from a habit begun in youth of writing a daily record of his observations on birds and other wild life; in this he endeavored to set down carefully as detailed and accurate an account as possible of whatever seemed to him significant. This constant habit no doubt helped to clarify his own observation, for he seemed to take in at a glance the essential features of a given situation, and reproduced them in few well chosen words. Yet in spite of the excellence of his finished writing, he

often found the process itself difficult and was wont to recast or rewrite again and again some passage here and there before he would commit it to print, often to the despair of his editor. The many volumes of his manuscript journals are now the cherished possession of the Museum of Comparative Zoology and together

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form a wonderful storehouse of interesting and valuable notes relating to the habits of the birds and other animals of the regions to which they pertain. Upon them he drew for the preparation of his *Birds of the Cambridge Region*, published by the Nuttall Ornithological Club in 1906, a work remarkable for the historical detail as well as the life-history notes concerning so limited an area. For his own life's experience covered a long perspective in eastern Massachusetts, from the little-spoiled conditions of his boyhood days through the subsequent changes of the passing years. Thus, he recalled the days when flocks of passenger pigeons still visited the cherry trees of Cambridge in early autumns of the '70's, and saw the last dwindling remnants of the species which passed to utter extinction in 1914. His published writings were in the aggregate many, well over 250 titles, largely brief notes or more extended articles in ornithological journals, concerning unusual occurrences, or more detailed accounts of the habits of rarer species, or their plumages, or the description of new forms. For many years he had in mind the preparation of a special work on the birds of Massachusetts, and hoped to continue with other of the New England States, but this never came to full fruition, though perhaps some of his most important material is included in the *Birds of the Cambridge Region* and the *Birds of Lake Umbagog*. Thus, as Thoreau wrote, "Youth gathers its materials for a palace, but old age decides to build of them a cowshed" — in this case, however, a substantial barn!

One must not omit a word concerning Brewster's love for dogs. From boyhood he enjoyed the companionship of one or another of these faithful and intelligent animals, and often found the dog's keen senses an aid in search for birds. Of one fine setter dog, he once told me, he was especially fond. This dog had an extraordinarily well-developed power of scent, which Mr. Brewster would sometimes demonstrate to his friends by taking out his bunch of keys and throwing it as far as he could from his piazza into a field of grass. The dog never failed to retrieve it. Once, on a summer's day, when demonstrating this ability of the dog, he flung the bunch of keys high over a field of tall grass, when to

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dismay he saw the ring break in mid-air and his precious keys scatter in the grassy jungle. Nevertheless, the faithful dog rushed off after them, and one by one found and brought in every key, to their owner's great relief as well as satisfaction.

In the recently published volume, *October Farm*, made up of extracts from his journals written during the years at Concord, Mr. Brewster has told of his last sight of Timmy, his Irish terrier who came in to his room while he himself lay ill. "He cuddled close against my thigh," he wrote, "and licked my hand gently with the tip of his soft little tongue, after his usual custom on such occasions. I covered him well with a red blanket, for the room was cool. Thus we lay together as we have so often done before, until the nurse came back and took him away in her arms. That was the last I saw, or ever shall see of him on earth, but a few nights later I dreamt that Charon was ferrying me across the Styx and that as we approached the farther shore Timmy was there to greet me with wagging tail and smiling loving eyes, and when I landed he whirled around and around many times just as he always would when eager to pass out or to run through a door or a gate. All this seemed very real. I was rather ill at the time."

This was in 1918, when already an incurable malady was clearly making headway, and from which he died in the following year, on July 12th. Henshaw, his life-long friend, wrote that towards the end when he no longer recognized those around him, he roused momentarily as a robin carolled blithely outside his window, a fitting requiem.

While he was preeminent as an ornithologist, it was perhaps his singularly beautiful and lofty spirit that made him remarkable. Other men have produced more, others have been equally famed for their scientific contributions, but the personality of William Brewster stands out like one of his favorite pine trees against the sky. Tall, dignified, and of noble mien, he was a commanding presence, the center of whatever group he formed part. He nevertheless had a keen sense of friendly humor, and his bright eyes, kindling with a ready twinkle, lighted his face in spite of a full beard. Often have I seen him presiding with quiet ease at the

meetings of the Nuttall Ornithological Club, seated at the table in the center of the main room of the little museum, while the circle of fellow members that gathered about the cheery fireplace listened to his occasional comment or heard him on rare occasions read from his journals the account of some interesting experience. He was always fair and impartial in his judgment, listened patiently to more argumentative souls, and spoke with a finality that ended controversy. With the younger men who burned to become ornithologists too, he was especially good, helping with encouraging comment or hearing with friendly interest the relation of trivial events; for he always felt that he could gain much

from any sincere person whether woodsman or scientist. To us younger men, William Brewster will ever stand as the realization of our own unattainable ideals.

No words can better express the personality of the man than the tribute paid him by his friend and physician, Dr. John G. Gehring (*The Auk*, 37: 25, 1920): —"He was a man who won all hearts that came under the spell of his voice and presence or upon whom his eyes rested with their message of friendly understanding. 'Who is your friend with the kind eyes?' asked of me not infrequently by friends who saw us together, was no unworthy tribute to this man who had the power to make friends by virtue of some subtle innate quality. . . . What was this potent charm possessed in such marvelous degree? Was it not that William Brewster was one of those men whose innate honesty and sincerity of soul spoke for itself in every act, in every thought he uttered, — that his relations with his fellow men were of the simplest and most direct, — that he had no guile and no distrust, — but interpreted all others by the light of his own transparent soul and heart and imputed to others only that which was mirrored in his own nature? His was a character beautifully free from every taint of coarseness. His conversation dealt with things that were beautiful and his soul loved the beauty that is portrayed in Nature with a life-long and all-embracing passion. To be in his companionship was to be at once lifted away from all that had little worth and to dwell upon the beauty and wonder of things that endure."

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BITS OF RUSSIAN COURT LIFE IN THE SEVENTIES

EXCERPTS FROM LETTERS BY MISS LOUISE STOUGHTON

READ BY STOUGHTON BELL

Read October 26, 1937

I DO NOT KNOW why letters from Russia describing Russian Court life in 1878 and '79 should appeal to members of the Cambridge Historical Society unless it be that they describe events in the life of one who was once a well-known and distinguished citizen of our city.

After the death of my great-uncle Edwin Wallace Stoughton, his widow, who was the mother by a former husband of John Fiske, the historian, came to Cambridge to live. She built the house now occupied by Mrs. B. S. Hurlburt at 92 Brattle Street, corner of Ash Street.

The letters, extracts from which I am to read, are part of a running series of sixty-two written by my mother's sister, Louise Stoughton. Many of them are unaddressed and unsigned and together they form a journal of her experiences from December 1877 to May 1879 while abroad with her uncle and aunt, the Honorable and Mrs. E. W. Stoughton. They were written to be circulated among the members of her family and her immediate friends.

In November 1877, Edwin Wallace Stoughton, who then lived "up town" in New York at 93 Fifth Avenue, was appointed by President Hayes Minister Plenipotentiary and Ambassador Extraordinary to His Majesty's Court at St. Petersburg. Mr. Stoughton was born in Springfield, Vermont, on May 1, 1818. He moved to New York in 1837, where he studied law in the offices of Philo T. Ruggles and of Sesley & Glover, later opening his own offices at 52 Wall Street. He sailed for Liverpool on the 6th of December, 1877.

The *Telegram*, a daily paper published in New York, described his sailing as follows: "Edwin W. Stoughton, United States Minister to the Court of the Emperor of all the Russias and part of Turkey, left this city today on the Cunard Steamship *Scythia*, en route for Liverpool and St. Petersburg. In his wanderings to the land of the Czar, he is accompanied by his niece, Miss Stough-

ton, who rejoices in no small amount of good looks, and will doubtless cause many a flutter of the heart among the military Generals and others rejoicing in sneezing sounding names whom she may meet at the imperial court festivities at the Winter Palace, Tsarskoe Selo, and other places."

In a personal letter to my mother, Miss Stoughton says, "I am sorry we have a storm to start in. Our steamer lies out in the stream, and we have to go on board by a tug which makes it all the more disagreeable. We are to be outside all night, I believe."

Louise Stoughton, the writer of this Journal, was the daughter of Henry E. Stoughton of Bellows Falls, Vermont. Miss Stoughton, who was then twenty-six years of age, had spent several years with her uncle in New York while finishing her education and afterwards while entering society. Three years after her return to America she married William Hooper of Boston and died in January, 1886.

The Emperor "of all the Russias and part of Turkey" was Alexander II, who freed the serfs and who was assassinated by the Nihilists on March 13, 1881. At the time of Mr. Stoughton's appointment Russia was at war with Turkey. This had served to silence temporarily the revolutionary movement, but upon the signing of the San Stephano Treaty and its modification in Berlin in 1878 the revolutionary spirit became louder and more pronounced. While they were in St. Petersburg, the Chief

of the Gendarmes was shot down in broad daylight on a street not far from the embassy. Of this phase of Russian life we hear little in these letters for as she wrote in January, 1878, "They say that letters are apt to be opened in the post office here. If any one opens this, I beg him to forward it, for I only want my family to know that if they do not receive my letters it is not through any neglect of mine. I have nothing to say of Petersburg except in praise of it, any way. But you must take all these things into consideration when you do not hear from me. I daresay letters are delayed a good deal in that way."

Perhaps we can best begin with the reading of the short extracts that give a bit of an idea of the preparations they made for their visit to Russia.

The first is from London on December 18th, 1877:

"Tuesday morning we bought down-lined drawers and flannel shirts, etc. for the journey — oh such looking things."

The second is from Paris on December 21st:

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"This afternoon we spent two hours at Worth's. Uncle was with us. We saw Worth himself — a disgusting man with big fat hands and quantities of enormous rings. He is to make my presentation dress — of pink silk and pink brocaded stuff with little vines of flowers running over it. He is making me an outside garment too, which is to be finished Monday night. The other dresses for me are not decided upon yet and Uncle says I may have them made where I please, but I think it will end in their being done at Worth's."

And again on December 25th:

"I wish you all a Merry Christmas. Ours is not very merry but it has been pleasant enough. Yesterday morning we spent again at Worth's. He is to make us all we have and he is taking a great interest in it and really displays wonderful taste and judgment. My coat came home last night. It comes to the bottom of my dress, is not fitted in much, and is the same color as that dolman of mine, with a broad band down the front, round the bottom and collar of a darker shade. It is extremely stylish and becoming. I have an overskirt and waist of grey and white camel's hair, very pretty, to wear with my black velvet shirt. I will tell you about my other dresses when they are finished and I can describe them. Polonaises do not seem to be much in vogue at Worth's. Over-skirts come down

long without much looping and trimmings are mostly of bands of different shade or material. Backs of different stuff from the front are fashionable.

Aunt Mary is having some gorgeous clothes. Her court train which she is to wear with any skirt, but at first with a cream-colored satin, is of light blue velvet, nearly covered with resurrection lace. The waist and train are together and are for Court festivities. Her presentation dress is of pearl colored brocade and darker velvet. The front is of velvet and the back of brocade. Everything is square neck and elbow sleeves.

We shall probably be presented in the morning and wear bonnets.

After lunch we went to the Bon-Marché. All I bought was

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gloves. Aunt Mary told me to get what I needed and she went to another part of the store. I purchased nineteen pairs, and I think she was rather shocked when I told her the quantity, however she did not say anything. There were some which came above my elbow. The whole cost twenty-three dollars. . . .

Thank goodness we leave here [Berlin] tonight at eleven o'clock. We are going straight through — two nights and two days. It rains, and every thing is muddy. We are making great preparations to keep warm in the train. We have enormous velvet shoes, lined with felt and trimmed with fur to put on over our others, quilted underclothing of all sorts, half of which I suppose we shall not use, and there is a whole sleeping car engaged for us. ...

ST. PETERSBURG. JAN. 8TH Tuesday morning. Here we are at last! It tires me to think of the quantity of things I have to tell you. I want you to know everything, and I hope I don't go too much into detail in my letters and so make them stupid. Do I? . . .

You would all have laughed heartily if you could have seen us starting from Berlin. Such a happy set as we were to get away from that horrid place. . . .

We had a very comfortable night. The car was heated by steam pipes and was extremely warm. I found snow on the ground when I awoke, and was as pleased as if I had discovered jewels.

We had a gray day on Sunday. . . . We got on very comfortably, and at half past four we reached the frontier of Russia. There we found a very polite official who had received notice from the Russian Ambassador that we were to arrive and he conducted us into the Imperial Apartments to wait an hour and a half for the train.

A servant tore the coverings off the chairs, and the druggist off the floor and lighted about fifty candles for us, and also placed at our disposal the Imperial Salon, which had a very slippery floor and was furnished in carved oak and brown leather. The only picture the room contained was a portrait of Alexander when he was a young man.

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We had our dinner in the restaurant, our official waiting for us to conduct us back, and he must have been "some pumpkins" because all the other officials stood back and saluted when he passed. He spoke French very well.

We had a great time making the servant understand us. We wanted to send for the officer, and the man did not understand French or German. Uncle got quite impatient. "Tell him," said he, "the grand homme with fur collar." That was so explicit, with a servant who did not know French and where every man you met had a fur collar! We roared over it, as we have over many of Uncle's attempts at simplifying things.

We did not find it cold there at all. It was what we should call very comfortable weather. When the train was ready, we were notified and we got into a low smoky car, the saloon at one end of which was reserved for us, also a little compartment for Uncle.

The car was heated by a stove which burned wood, and was hot enough to smother us. We tried to make the man understand that we wanted the window open, and he insisted upon it we could not, but we finally conquered, and he opened it. The light was so poor we could not see anything inside or out, and much to Uncle's disgust, everyone outside our compartment was smoking.

We concluded to go to bed shortly after seven, if one can call it going to bed. I stretched out on a sofa with shawls for a pillow and a rug over me, and Aunt Mary managed to pull out a seat and make quite a decent bed. Uncle retired to his room, and sleep settled down over us, interrupted every fifteen minutes by the piling of wood into the stove and stopping every now and then at stations, where the engine rested quite a while and they rang two or three different kinds of bells every time we stopped or started. . . .

Between twelve and one, the train stopped, some one opened our door and said something which sounded like "day." We plied him with questions, French, English and German, with no result except a repetition of unintelligible sounds. At last he showed us some glasses of steaming hot tea. "Yes," we cried and immediately

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commenced on it, with some very good rolls. Surely one must come to Russia to have tea served in the middle of the night. It was delicious too, and we were much refreshed by it — so much so that two or three times when we stopped during that night Uncle put his head out of the window and ordered, "Day." Some times we got it and sometimes we did not. The Russian for tea is tchai. . . .

We got up about seven and as there were no conveniences for washing, we were obliged to content ourselves with rubbing our hands and faces with cologne. The Russians must be a dirty people.

I glued my nose to the window nearly all day trying to get an idea of the country which is to be my home. Flat, desolate, and uncultivated, quantities of stunted birch and pine trees, but no great woods and no mountains. Snow everywhere, of course and snow coming down in fine thin flakes, almost like a slight rain. Cold about twenty-five above (Fahrenheit) —mild and pleasant, but no sun.

The country we came through is thinly settled. Now and then the railroad passed through a settlement, but no great cities. The houses were like little Irish shanties.

The costumes are very picturesque. The men wear long light colored coats, belted in at the waist, high boots and round fur caps. The peasants, I mean. They mostly have long beards and have gentle pleasant faces. I saw one man with a scarlet shirt which came about to his knees, belted in, and pink trousers, all of cotton, I suppose, but so pretty. I like their faces very much.

We looked anxiously out of the window for St. Petersburg, as we were due here at half past eight, and we welcomed the lights when they commenced to gleam out, for I at least, felt as if I were coming home. . . .

Driving up from the station we could not get much of an idea of the city. It seems to be very large. We came in a closed carriage. The principal thing that I noticed was the horse cars. They are mostly imported from America, but they are larger than ours.

Droskys are every where — funny little sleighs with a driver and one person behind him. . . .

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 9TH. I wish I could give you some idea of this beautiful city. Yesterday afternoon we drove out — stupidly in a carriage, — but we could watch those having a good time in the sleighs. These sleighs are such funny little things. The seats are very low, nearly on the ground and wide enough for two to sit very close. The driver is squeezed in in front, and generally hangs his

feet out each side of the dasher. The ordinary dress of this driver, or Moujik, is a long dark blue coat, plaited into the waist behind and buttoned on one side. It is wadded and then lined with fur, which gives the wearer a very rotund appearance; the thinnest man looks large in his "cafetan." He wears a round cap, very large with cloth top and fur sides and his hair and beard over his ears and most of his face.

The private coachmen have fancy belts and caps. The horses are small, and the driver sits up very straight (as he must not have much room) holding a rein in each hand and driving like the wind. Some sleighs have a footman standing up on a step behind.

We saw very few large sleighs. But the most characteristic and the prettiest equipage I have seen, something which really seems to belong to the country and the people is what they call a *pristi-ajka*. It is the ordinary sleigh or *drosky* with another horse attached by a single rein and cantering while the other one trots. He looks as if he were running along for his own pleasure, and his head is drawn down so that he arches his neck and dances along as gaily as possible. There could be nothing more in harmony with the snow and the sleighs and the whole scene than these *pristiajka*, which have such a light, airy independent toss. Tell me, do you get any idea of it from my description? I hope you do.

The great street for shops and driving is the Nevsky. All the streets are very wide. The *Quai Anglais* runs along by the side of the Neva, and the Emperor's Palace is there, also many handsome residences. It is a beautiful street. The river is frozen now, and snow over the ice; there are several roads across it, marked out by trees and people crossing all the time. There are

no sleigh bells. Every now and then we came upon a little building in the Byzantine style, which we were informed was a temple. All the passers by cross themselves and bow in front of it, and many go in and pray. . . .

But to return to our sleigh ride. We squeezed in behind our fat old moujik, and were buckled in by the robe which fastened onto the back of the seat. The seat had no sides and Aunt Mary sat there calling out, "I can't go. I shall fall out!" while the hotel proprietor and two or three waiters stood round trying to reassure her, the horse impatient to start, kept giving little jumps at each repetition of which she renewed her cry of — "I shall fall out!" The seat was very narrow. I was not without certain misgivings myself. At last our fears were calmed and with many injunctions from us to the clerk and from him to the driver to go slowly and be careful of the corners, we started, having learned the necessary phrase to tell him to come home.

It seemed a most perilous thing when we got on the Nevsky, with sleighs flying past us in all directions and Aunt Mary clung tightly to the driver's belt every now and then calling out — "Prenez garde!" which, as the fellow only understood Russian, caused him to grin and keep right on. He was very careful though, and let Aunt Mary hang onto him as much as she wanted to.

On the Quai we found it pretty cold, but we did not suffer at all. The corners were very slippery and we slewed dreadfully — at one time I thought my head was going into a horse's mouth, but the animals are very kind here and do not bite, fortunately. We laughed until we cried, and concluded we should like drosky riding better if we could have one apiece. It was great fun. We could not induce Uncle to go. The swell Russian sleighs have a blue netting with tassels all around it going over the horses and the dasher. It looks lovely. . . .

[Another sleigh ride]. We went in our new sleigh. It is quite low, like all the Russian sleighs, has two seats inside, a bear skin robe which buckles all about us, a seat in front for the driver, and a step behind where Schwartz [their footman] stands, with his

sword and cocked hat, and above all, an enormous blue feather, which is wonderful to behold, and is the insignia of office, so to speak. Our coachman wears the long blue cafetan lined with fur, and he must be fat naturally, for he looks immense. He has a red belt and a three cornered velvet hat, (blue). The horses are black and the harness is black — the most delicate thing you can imagine, with silver trimmings.¹ There you have the description of an ordinary private establishment in St. Petersburg — but "only one quarter cask imported" — you know. When there is a vehicle in our way, Schwartz yells and the driver yells, but I do not see that anything moves any faster for all the row they make. . . .

We will now turn to the description of some of the festivals and ceremonials. The first is a religious ceremony that was celebrated annually — "The Blessing of the Neva." It is the 17th of January, 1878.

FRIDAY — Today we have been to see the Neva blessed. It is the Epiphany in the Greek church and ordinarily all the Diplomatic Corps is invited to the Palace and the Emperor goes out on the river and there is a great ceremony. This year it is omitted on account of the poor health of the Emperor.

Schwartz inquired of the Master of Ceremonies for the day, and obtained a window for us at the Palace, that we might see all there was to see. Uncle got up with a headache, but he concluded to go with us, and at twelve we started. We drove to a side door of the Palace, which was opened for us by a man in a scarlet coat trimmed with gold, the livery of the Imperial family. We went up a few

steps and dropped our shubas² and then were piloted up a corkscrew staircase, extremely low and narrow, into a long corridor with pillars of white marble and base of gold past a lovely great conservatory with all kinds of tropical plants in it, round a corner and past another side of the conservatory, into a narrower and longer corridor, with pictures of the royal family lining one side and windows on the other side, containing magnificent Sèvres

¹ The trimmings consisted largely of beautifully cut monograms of silver of the size suitable to that part of the harness upon which they were to be used.

² The shuba was a long black velvet cloak with lining of white angora fur.

vases and then I could not begin to tell you how many more rooms we went into and through and by, for it was a perfect labyrinth of splendor.

I retain a confused notion of a throne room, with an elevated dais for the throne, various passages in which troops were being marshalled, a smaller throne room, gorgeous malachite vases everywhere, pillars of various kinds of marble, an enormous room where priests in gorgeous vestments were going through some preparation, with candelabra of silver reaching nearly to the ceiling standing in regular rows up each side, painted ceilings, arched roofs and marquetricie floors, polished so that it was with the utmost difficulty we retained our equilibrium.

Some time during our wanderings, we went down the most magnificent staircase I ever saw. We came onto it through rosewood doors heavily trimmed with gilt. The staircase was white marble, carved. I do not know as it was any handsomer than the one in the Opera house in Paris.

Well we walked about half a mile I should think and finally were ushered into a plain sitting room connected with a bed room and there we were left to ourselves. We were directly over the main entrance to the Palace and looked out upon the street, a sort of kiosque opposite which had been temporarily erected and the Neva beyond. There was a broad space cleared from the Palace door to the kiosque and on each side were rows of mounted police. Behind them was a surging, swaying dense mass of human beings. Every now and then, to force the crowd to retreat, a policeman would spur his horse into the heart of the crowd and make him kick and rear there, while we could hear the screams of women mingling with the dull roar of the mob. No one seemed to be injured or killed however. We waited there nearly an hour and finally the procession emerged from the entrance beneath us and made its way to the kiosque. Every head was uncovered in the crowd and remained so

during the whole ceremony which lasted about fifteen minutes, though the cold was intense, and I saw more than one rubbing his ears.

First came the priests dressed in white satin gowns trimmed with

gold. Some had colored velvet hats, others white and gold ones. They were escorted by men in high boots, red breeches and black coats nearly covered with gold lace. Then came priests in red and gold gowns and then some high military dignitaries and a quantity of tattered flags. Then followed a choir of boys and men, in long crimson gowns trimmed with yellow, chanting exquisitely.

The great central figure — the Emperor — was absent, consequently the ceremony was not as impressive as I had expected. We could not see what they did over in the pavillion but the choir chanted some of the time and I suppose they blessed the water.

After they came back into the Palace, the crowd flocked around the kiosque to get some of the water.

We were taken back the same way we came and brought home to breakfast, after which we made some calls and took a sleigh ride.

Four days later occurred the baptism of the son of the Grand Duke Vladimir.

[January 21, 1878] We are bidden to the Palace tomorrow with the rest of the Diplomatic Corps, to the baptism of the son of the Grand Duke Vladimir, who is the second son of the Emperor. Mr. Sebastianoff came to tell us that we were to be invited, and were to come in full toilette. Now I will go to bed in order to get rested for the ceremony.

WEDNESDAY — JAN. 23RD. I have just finished breakfast after the ceremony at the Palace, and I am nearly tired to death, besides having refreshed myself with two glasses of beer.

We dressed at an early hour and reached the Palace at ten thirty. Colonel Hoffman went with us in uniform. Aunt Mary wore an exquisite cream colored satin trimmed with pearls and her blue velvet court train, which is nearly covered with that church lace of hers. It has a low neck and short sleeves. I wore my pink with a gold band in my hair and gold beads on my neck. I was the only person present with a high dress.

As we drove up to the Palace we saw the gilt coaches with six

horses which were to go for the baby, and the company of Cossacks — the escort. We went through some of the same rooms we passed last Friday and were left to wait in a big hall. There we talked with the other members of the Diplomatic Corps, and I fell in love with a uniform. It was the Prussian, one of the German legation, a nice little fellow and the prettiest uniform I have even seen.

Mr. Sebastianoff met us at the door and took me under his charge until we reached the waiting room. He looked very handsome in his uniform. After a few minutes, we all went into the chapel. The Italian Ambassador took me in. Lady Loftus [the wife of the English Ambassador] had on a lilac satin, with court train of the same. They all carried their trains on their arms, except while the procession was coming in. I like Lady Loftus. She is fat and motherly. The only other ladies of the Diplomatic Corps present were the Austrian and the Swedish.

The gentlemen stood on one side of the room and the ladies on the other. I believe Uncle was the only man there in plain clothes.

The chapel was about as wide as our house in Clinton Place, and as deep as the two parlors there, before you came to the railing which separated the chancel. We five women stood at the right of the gate leading into the chancel. We only waited a few minutes, when the priests in gowns of white and scarlet and gold went down towards the entrance of the chapel and stood still in the middle of the room. Then the Emperor and Empress came in. They kissed a cross, bowed to the clergy, then to us and we curtsied, but as I had a railing directly behind me and was not expecting such politeness on the part of their Majesties, my bow was not as graceful as it might have been. The next time I did better. Then the clergy came walking up past us to the chancel, and then their Majesties, who bowed again as they passed us; next the sister of the Princess of Wales, the Czarevna (wife of the Inheritor) and all the members of the Imperial family, who all bowed as they passed us. They went up to the chancel and the baby was carried up, entirely covered with cloth of gold.

The service lasted two hours and we had to stand all that time. The priests mumbled away and shook out incense, and they took

that baby out of all his clothes and plunged him into the water three times, while he gasped and choked so that I really thought he was smothering and he yelled through nearly all the service. After he was plunged and clothed, the Emperor had to hold him, until finally they took him behind a screen and kept him there a little while. Then the Empress brought him out and she and the Emperor carried

him around a little and clothed him with the order of St. Andrew. The first time, besides holding the child, the Emperor had to hold two lighted candles in his hands, so it is a wonder to me he did not set the infant on fire.

After the immersion, the Emperor and the mother both kissed the godmothers. Such smacks! After two hours or more, the procession took its way out. I must describe it to you a little. The Emperor had on his uniform. Dark coat and trousers — black or blue — red stripes down the latter, blue ribbon across one shoulder, silver belt across the other and silver epaulettes. White collar trimmed with gold — not particularly pretty. He looks like a very sick man.

The Empress had on a dress and train of cloth of gold, trimmed with ermine. She, as well as all the Russian ladies, had the national headdress. Hers was a tiara of gold, with jewels set in it and a long veil hanging behind.

The Czarevna's dress was white silk, the train trimmed with gold. It was the national shape, like all the others, low neck, sleeves wide and slit to the shoulder, and her tiara was set with precious stones, while her veil was white tulle spangled with silver.

The mother of the child had on a cloth of silver dress and train. I forgot to say that the Czarevna had a necklace of magnificent diamonds, then a string of large pearls, then a string of diamond pendants. The mother — the Grand Duchess Marie — was real sweet and pretty. She looked tired to death.

The godmother, one of the old Grand Duchesses, wore a gray silk — the train trimmed with sable. Her tiara had diamond points all over it and she had three rows of magnificent jewels all down the front of her dress.

There were many other beautiful and curious costumes which

I will not describe for fear of wearying you, but some I must tell you about.

The maids of honor came in with the Court, but stood behind us. They all wore the Russian costume. The young ones had on white silk petticoats, red velvet trains and waists trimmed with gold, low neck, sleeves as I have described, red tiaras and white veils hanging down behind. Very pretty and exceedingly becoming. The older ones wore the same, only green. There were some in blue — I don't know, but I think they belonged to another order. Such magnificent jewels as sparkled on every side I never saw.

I cannot begin to tell you how the men were dressed; it would be an endless task.

After the Court had gone out, we strolled on, glad enough to have a rest. The Danish secretary who is very nice was introduced to me, and Mr. Sebastianoff escorted me to the door and staid with me until the carriage was announced. I am delighted to have seen the ceremony, but I never want to stand up so long again. There was a great deal of chanting and singing during the service; some very fine voices, but no instruments; I believe that is the custom in the Greek Church. . . .

The next letter that I will read describes an entertainment for the benefit of the Russian Red Cross.

We had to go home and dress for dinner at Prince Dolgorouky's. I wore my pink dress, and Aunt Mary a black velvet. We got there just at six, took off our things in the hall down stairs, where we were met by Prince Ouroussoff. By-the-way, he is of Tartar descent. People here are so funny about noticing dress. He looked mine over from head to foot and told me he liked it very much. At the head of the stairs Prince Dolgorouky met us and took us in to the parlor, where we were received by his cousin, Madame Mansouroff and her daughter. Both spoke English. Prince Galitzine took me out. In the room preceding the dining-room we had caviar, etc. Galitzine is one of the best known names in Russia. He was very active in the work of liberating the serfs. He is now visiting all the prisons. He is as jolly as he can be, and

kept me laughing all dinner time. Between him and my other neighbor I had as much as I could do. He pitched into me about the English language the first thing — told me there was no common sense in the orthography, etc. He is quite old, about sixty, I should say. Young Ouroussoff went into ecstasies over America and told me what a good time he had there. The dinner Uncle said was "absolutely perfect" and he is a judge. We had fresh string beans and fresh cucumbers, and ever so many kinds of wine. With the fish they passed round glasses of ale and porter. I took some ale, for an experiment. Most houses where we go, there are quantities of servants in livery standing about — four or five on the stairs, two at each door, and about one for each chair at table. Here there was no ostentation of any kind. One was not conscious of the servants at all. Those who waited on table were all in plain clothes. The ladies were not dressed gorgeously at all. The gentlemen were in uniform. Altogether it was one of the very pleasantest entertainments I ever had. Miss Mansouroff was invited on my account. She is only sixteen! I do not like the American Ouroussoff as well as the aide. I call him American to distinguish him from the other.

After dinner we went back into the parlor and some of the gentlemen smoked in the conservatory. Cigarettes were offered to us, but we refused. Then we went into the Prince's study and

looked at his things. I may as well tell you now, that he is the sweetest, kindest, loveliest man I ever knew. There was a parrot in his study and seeing me watch the bird, he had another one brought in to show me. It perched on his hand and kissed him again and again and seemed so very fond of him. Then I asked him about his dogs and they brought in three little pugs, and an enormous St. Bernard, who was so delighted to see his master that he kept up a continual bark and nearly knocked me over with his tail. It is a splendid dog. He (not the dog, but the Prince) had a map of Turkey, with the route of the Russians laid out in black pins and that of the Turks in red. His bedroom opened off his study but I did not dare look in there.

We put on our hats, and started for the hall where we were to

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see the gipsies, about nine. All the dinner people went except Miss Mansouroff and the American Ouroussoff, who was going to direct a ball. It is not exactly a hall, but an immense riding school, where the cavalry drill. It is the second largest building in the world supported without pillars. As we entered, it was like fairyland. All along the sides, as far as the eye could reach, were rows of colored lights festooned along and on the immense crowd which was walking about, electric lights were thrown. There were eight thousand people there! And yet we could walk with perfect comfort and were not crowded at all, so you can imagine the size of the place. Of course every one made way for the Prince, but no one was uncomfortably crowded. Under the festoons of light, the whole length of the hall, were tables where various articles were exposed for sale for the Red Cross. These were all served by ladies. We made our way to a pavilion in the centre, where we rested for a little and then went on, to a stage at the end. The curtain was down, but after we had taken our seats in the front row, it went up and a very pretty woman in a black silk came out and sang. After her came a girl in the costume of Little Russia. She sang once or twice and then came a man with a comic song. Prince Galitzine translated it for me as he sang it, so I came in with my laugh about fifteen minutes late, (as usual). Then it was rumored that the gipsies had come, so back we went to the pavilion. It was quite elevated, and in it there was a table where ladies were selling fruit, etc. A little distance in front of us was a platform, decorated with evergreens and lights, where the gipsies were sitting, round in a semicircle. They scorn the costumes they used to wear, and appear dressed like all the rest of us, in silks and jewels. The women were nearly all handsome; the men hideous. The chief of the band held a guitar and stood up, leading the others. First they gave us a song — the queerest music you ever heard, beginning with a wail and ending with a howl; a solo and chorus, the solo by a woman with a sharp mournful voice, interspersed with quavers and trills, until I really felt as if I were in another world, it was all so different from anything I had imagined. After that, the music struck up again —

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still the same weird style — the chief stood up in the midst of the circle and while the chorus was being sung, he waved his guitar wildly about, took a few steps and circling his arms around his head, he made way for two women, who with a sort of howl stood up and danced, one after another. One was dressed in yellow silk, the other in gray; both wore high neck and long sleeves, and both were handsome. While they danced, the other voices chanted on in a dull monotone, and the dancers now and then chimed in with a "Ha — Ha!" in a shrill high voice. The gray one came first. She glided around in a circle; there was no visible motion of the feet, only a swaying of the whole body, and a waving of the arms and hands about the head; then the man with his guitar and queer attitudes, then the yellow girl, who did the same as the gray, and then standing at the back of the platform, she glided forward, her arms hanging by her side, and every muscle in her body moving as if she were possessed by a spirit. It was a nervous twitching and working which pervaded her and which is indescribable. It was almost painful and when combined with her shrieks of "Ha — Ha!" was quite so. I can give you no idea of it; I have read ever so many descriptions, but I never imagined what it was going to be. All the songs and dancing were about the same, and they ended suddenly, just when you least expected it.

After them, we heard some Russian choruses which were very pretty, and I asked Prince Ouroussoff if the music could be had. We were presented with bouquets by the young ladies in the pavilion and fruit was passed to us.

Back we went to the stage to see some tableaux and our next destination was a little corner where there were plants and greens, and tea was brought to us. Here we had some fun too, watching Uncle with two girls, one each side of him, to whom he was making himself very agreeable. He promised them each his photograph. It being after twelve, we concluded we had better go home, so bidding our kind friend goodnight we started off, tired enough, particularly as Aunt Mary and I had both been holding up our long dresses all the evening.

[July 26, 1878] We had the greatest time Friday. We started

at half past seven for Krasnoe Selo where the Emperor was to review the army. It is eighteen miles from here and we went in a troika with three horses, a trotter in the middle and a canterer on each side. The Troika had one comfortable seat on which the elders sat, and then there was a bench opposite, about a foot wide on which I took up my position. The harness was covered with silver and bells; the driver was not our Vasili, but a man with the bushiest black beard you ever saw and a face nearly as black as the beard. His coat came to his heels and was belted in with red. He wore a little

round cap with peacock feathers twisted around it, the "eyes" standing up straight. He held himself as stiff as a poker on the box, grasped the reins at arms length and if he didn't make those horses go! Schwartz was beside him, and when he spied a lonely cart far ahead, dragging itself along, he would begin to shriek like a wild Indian and urge his horses on, make that cart get out of the way, and go by it on the gallop. We meantime were bumped up about two feet in the air and sat down very hard, and my seat was a bench without any soft side, and when Schwartz wanted to point anything out to the driver, or this latter pulled his horses up suddenly, my hat was knocked over my eyes and my back hair considerably damaged. It was only by maintaining myself in a perfectly upright position and dodging at intervals, that I managed to stay in the carriage. We were looked upon with awe by all the stray children, and when at last we reached the village, the salutes from policemen and officers to say nothing of the soldiers, were something quite appalling. It is rather a pretty little place. The Emperor's Palace is small and stands on the main street with no garden nor fence in front. The field where the review was to be was very large and quite the other side of the village. We drove across it, being passed on the way by a troika with three gray horses containing the Grand Duke Vladimir¹ and his wife. She looked lovely. She was dressed in a dark dress with a long white cashmere cloak which she had thrown over one shoulder, a white straw hat with a long feather and her hair was braided way down her back and then the ends caught up.

¹ Second son of the Emperor. His wife was Grand Duchess Marie Paulovna.

We were deposited at the foot of a mound where the Emperor was to be, and were told to stand there. It was just about in the middle of the field. The troika drove off, and almost immediately the Emperor arrived, on horseback. He went onto his mound, walked directly across it toward where we were and shouted out to us, "Come up here. You'll see better." We rushed to one side and he met us there and said, "There is a staircase on the other side," so back we went, ascended the staircase and made our bows. You must remember I had never been presented to him before. He was very pleasant, and the Grand Duke Alexis¹ came up and talked with us for some time too. I was presented to the Grand Duchess Vladimir, who besides her lady-in-waiting was the only lady there. I fell desperately in love with her on the spot. She is the sweetest, most unaffected Princess I ever met. There is a shade of stiffness about the Czarevna which this one has not at all, and I had a nice long talk with her. She is so pretty too; prettier than her picture which I sent home. All the Grand Dukes were there, and later, after the review had commenced, the Czarevna came with the Countess Apraxine who used to be at the head of our society last winter. I never liked her particularly, but she means to be polite. Countess Ignatieff was up there too, and that was all. As for the review itself, I couldn't make head or tail of it. The Emperor told us once or twice when they were pretending to attack something. The cavalry was splendid, in fact the manoeuvres were mostly by them, all the infantry's performances being to kneel

down and fire, and then get up and run, and kneel and fire again. There were the Cossacks of the Don mounted on tough little horses, and they swept past our mound with a noise like the waves of the sea. They each had their swords drawn and pointed down as if they were going to run them through some one. I asked "Madame Vladimir" if she thought they ever killed people in that way and she said she believed "c.a arrive quelquefois," from which I inferred that she did not know much more about it than I did. Then there were the Cuirassiers — also cavalry — with brass caps

¹ The third son of the Emperor.

and helmets and cuirasses, carrying each a little yellow and white banner. They glittered so in the sun that I could hardly look at them, but as the sun only came out twice for a few seconds, I did not lose much of the sight on that account. The horse artillery galloped up and fired away and nearly deafened us, and then galloped off again. Then they skirmished down in some woods and the Emperor got on his horse and rode down there, followed by his staff. We heard the shots but that was all. He came back before long and then the infantry came into play. Meantime it had been growing colder and colder and I had only a thin silk jacket over my dress, and every one said, "I see you are nearly frozen," from which I knew my nose and eyes were red, and I was positively shivering with each breath. The wind blew and every one scolded about the weather. At last I spied Schwartz with Uncle's great coat which has arm holes and wings to cover them. I at once seized it and enveloped my chilled self in it. Can't you imagine the figure I must have cut, the observed of all observers, with the Imperial Family! I managed to get warm again. Presently the Emperor remounted his horse and the Grand Duchesses got into their carriages, telling us to come too; the scene of battle was changed to another part of the field. Well, we couldn't very well walk and Schwartz couldn't find our troika so we remained, much against our wills. Countess Apraxine and Ignatieff staid too. Uncle took it out in scolding about Schwartz and the driver. He came for us when the review was finished, as he thought proper. We heard the Cossacks singing their wild songs on their way home. It is very strange, that singing. You can imagine that when we reached home at three o'clock, I was ready to drop. We were all fearfully burnt by the wind too. . . .

[July 28, 1878]. Sunday was the day of the long-talked-of wedding. The bride came to invite us last week, but she didn't know where the church was, and she took it as coolly as possible. The wedding was at one. The day was lovely. I wore my blue silk (Cadot) and white bonnet, and lots of people said — "That's a lovely dress: who made it?" That is the way they do here. In

the first place this couple was married once at the Consul's on Saturday. The church where we went on Sunday was a tiny little one. All their weddings here seem to be small. When we entered the church the Dutchman received us, in gorgeous uniform. The church was square, and behind the railing at one end were all the choristers. Then there was a reading desk in the middle of the room with a book on it bound in gold. The whole chapel was about the size of one of Uncle's parlors in New York. All the Diplomatic Corps was there; the only Ambassadors in town is the Austrian, whom I dislike immensely. Her husband is a beauty; he looks not unlike father, as perhaps I have told you. Well, we waited and waited and waited, and the bride didn't come. I never felt sorrier for any one than I did for the groom. He looked as nervous as possible, and people were whispering, and saying, "Look at him." — "She said she hated him," and it was a great relief to all when the singing suddenly commenced, and we knew the bride was coming. First there entered a young man carrying an Icon, which he placed on the altar. Directly behind him came the bride with her father. She looked lovely, I thought. She wore a white silk, high neck and long sleeves, and a tulle veil over her face. There was some white point lace draped across the front and down the train; some orange blossoms in her hair and a bunch at her waist, and one on the skirt. The groom met her and while the singing was still going on, they took their places facing the altar and reading desk in the middle of the room. Behind her came two of her sisters who were bridesmaids and four young men, (among them were the Dutch and Danish Secretaries) and groomsmen. The relatives came after. They grouped themselves around the principal couple, the Diplomatic Corps stood on the right and other guests on the left. I got behind with the Greek Secretary, so as to see better. The Greek and I, by the way, are great friends. He is about fifty, and I do not think he has ever been married. I must find out before I allow my affections to become more deeply engaged. He speaks French, English, Italian, German, Russian and Greek! First some prayers were read and some chanting done. The voices were exquisite.

Then they were both given some wine to drink, and then each a lighted candle to hold. There were some rings, and more chanting and reading. A piece of red satin was put in front of them and they both stepped onto it. The priests wore robes of cloth of gold. Just before the candles were given, two crowns were brought out. They were quite large, of gold set with jewels. These were held over the heads of the bride and groom by the groomsmen, all through the rest of the service, the four gentlemen taking turns, for I suspect it was very hard work. The ceremony was finished by the priests joining their hands under a silk scarf, and then with the priest holding their hands together, and a crown over each of their heads held by the young men, and a lighted candle held by both the bride and groom, they walked around the altar three times. I do not mean the altar, I mean the reading desk; it was a sort of altar too. It must have been awfully hard for the five to make that circuit three times without tripping or getting out of step. They did it very gracefully. After that there was more music and the bride kissed all her family and we shook hands with both of them, and went off to the

Dutch church where there were pews and we could sit down. The organ played as the bridal party walked in. There was a short service in Dutch and then we all went down stairs where was a room all decorated beautifully with flowers. There champagne was passed around and the Dutchman came around and clinked glasses with every one and we drank their health. Pretty white silk bags filled with bonbons and ornamented with orange flowers were given to all the ladies. The bride gave me a flower from her bouquet which she said would bring me happiness. I couldn't drink much champagne for I was afraid it would go to my head as I had not eaten much. Altogether it was great fun. We got home about three. . . .

[January 21, 1879] Monday at two o'clock all the diplomatic corps was requested to come to the Winter palace to be presented to the Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenberg-Schwerin, the father and mother of the man who is going to marry the daughter of the Grand Duke Michel¹ on Friday. The Grand Duchess

¹ Third brother of the Emperor, and Governor of the Caucasus.

Vladimir is their daughter too. We were all there in gorgeous array and were taken to quite another part of the palace from any I had been in before. We went through several large handsome halls before we arrived at the reception room. I was having a beautiful time surrounded by several gentlemen and talking quite fast, when I was quietly requested to go over the other side of the room next the ladies! Then we had to arrange ourselves in two rows according to priority of rank, ladies on one side of the room and gentlemen on the other. When we had taken our places like a charity school, the great people made their appearance. I had to stand behind Aunt Mary and backed into the chimney every time I curtsied. . . .

[January 23, 1879]. The next day, Friday, was the wedding. Aunt Mary wore her white satin and blue court train, I wore my white silk which I wrote you about and the court train, which I carried over my arm every moment except when the Imperial Party entered the chapel. I was bound to spread it out once at least. There is a bunch of pink moss rosebuds near the left shoulder and I wore the same flowers in my hair. We were all low neck. . . . We went in the same door as last time and went up to the hall next the conservatory. Mr. Bodisco was waiting at the head of the stairs for us, and Mr. Adlerberg a little farther on. We were walked right on to the throne room, where the gentlemen left us and went to join their regiments. The marriage was in the same chapel where the baptism was last year, so I will not repeat any of the description. The Diplomatic Corps was largely represented and they all looked quite gay. We had a long opportunity for conversation before the bridal party arrived. Finally the Metropolitan went half way to the door and all the procession came in except that the Empress was not there and the mother of the bridegroom walked with the Emperor.

She was dressed in cloth of silver, with magnificent rubies and diamonds on her head, three strings of big pearls and one of diamonds on her neck. The Emperor looks better than he did last year, but his face is so sad and careworn that it makes me serious to look at him. I was amused to see him, as he stood by the Metropolitan after kiss-

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ing the icon, waiting for the rest of his family to do likewise, look carefully at our corps to see evidently who was there and who was not. The Grand Duchess Constantine, wore a gray satin skirt with those same jewels up and down it that she had last year, a train of cloth of gold trimmed with magnificent sable and diamond earrings as big as a robin's egg. (I made a mistake. It was the mother of the bride, the Grand Duchess Michael who wore cloth of silver dress. The bridegroom's mother wore red velvet embroidered in gold. I am getting them all mixed up.) As for the necklaces and clasps and bracelets, and orders they all had on, I could not begin to remember them. The Czarevna looked lovely and so did Vladimir's wife. They were both in crimson velvet trains with gold and silver embroidery. The two little boys of the Czarevna came behind her, and looked awfully cunning in uniform. My Bavarian Prince came trapseing (I don't believe that word was ever spelled before) in with the Grand Duchess Constantine. His Aide staid out in the hall with "our beaux" (Adlerberg and Bodisco) and a lot of other officers. Well, they all walked up to the altar and then came in the Russian ladies behind us, and oh how warm it was, and crowded! It commenced about one o'clock. The Grand Duchess Michael stood out in the aisle and whispered a good deal with Countess de Veil-Castel, who looked very handsome. She has a magnificent neck and arms, and is beautiful altogether. The service lasted at least an hour. It was the same service that I described to you after the Dutch Minister's wedding. It must have been rather difficult for this bride to make the tour three times around the altar, she had so many people hanging onto her. There was the one who carried the crown, four chamberlains with her train of ermine and velvet on their shoulders (they say it was so heavy they could not carry it any other way) and one man holding up the tail end of the train. Her under dress was cloth of silver. You can imagine the length of her train from the number of people it took to carry it. On her head she had a crown of diamonds. She wore the most magnificent necklace any of us ever saw. Two rows of enormous diamonds, and the front of her waist was all

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covered with diamonds, so when she had her face turned toward us she glittered so we could hardly look at her. The bridegroom looked awfully sickly; they say he is very delicate. Before the Greek service was quite finished the Diplomatic Corps was requested to walk out, which we did with a great deal of bustle and noise. We went through the hall where all the officers were and were taken into the

hall of St. Alexander where some chairs were arranged and a kind of platform and pulpit like a Lutheran Church. "Frederic" is a Lutheran. There were three priests in black gowns and altogether I was reminded of a funeral. Presently, one side of the platform appeared all the Imperial choir, with the leader, a fat old gentleman in gorgeous uniform with a sword on one side! Then the procession came in, headed by the masters of ceremonies just as it was in the other church. We did rather a cheeky thing, but it was the fault of the masters of ceremonies who did not tell us where to go. Marie Dudzeele was on the corner, I was next her and then Ada and Mrs. Ames. When the Emperor came up the aisle, we curtsied but did not move at all. He stood on the other side, but at last Lord Loftus who was behind us, brushed us way up in the corner, and threw our capes after us which we had to put on in case we were cold, and it seems those chairs were meant for the Imperial Family. The Emperor came over our side then and sat down and we were all huddled up in the corner and were the only ones who had to stand up. You would have been amused if you had seen the way those capes came flying after us. And then Lord Loftus had to get out of the way himself for the Grand Dukes wanted his place. I was real glad of it. This service was all in Dutch and the Minister gave a long sermon. It lasted about an hour. Ada stood next Prince Aren-berg and rubbed all the powder off her arm onto his coat, while he was utterly unconscious. He is a German Secretary. Mr. Stumm looked very lovely, but I do not dare talk to him much as he is engaged, for he is too fascinating. Well, after that ceremony was over, the bride and groom kissed all the family and then walked out. We followed. It was three o'clock and we had left home at twelve. . . .

I think I must tell you about the Gala¹ Sunday night in my next, and send this off tonight. I am going to a ball and must go and get ready now, and this letter is so long already. Goodnight.

ST. PETERSBURG JAN. 30TH/THURSDAY I promised to tell YOU about the Gala at the theatre and so I will, but what reams of paper it will take to describe this week! The Gala was Sunday night. The audience were each and all invited by the Emperor; no tickets were sold. We had to go full dress. I wore my pearl-colored gauze, low neck and short sleeves. We had to be there at eight o'clock. The streets and the outside of the theatre were all illuminated, and as we passed through the corridors to get to our box, we ran over endless ceremonious men in full uniform. When we entered the box, what a blaze of splendor burst upon us! We all involuntarily cried "Oh," and then subsided into silence for no words could do justice to it. The whole house was brilliantly lighted and a row of electric lights was added to the ordinary gas. The parquet was a mass of gorgeous color. Uniforms, orders, decorations, gold and silver lace, swords and bald heads were mixed up in a wonderful manner. There was not a lady down there and every shoulder had a bright ribbon of some order across it. We concluded that if we took the ribbons off and pieced them together they would stretch around the world. Uniforms of every variety and every color you can imagine. They were all the ministers of the Empire, officers of

the army and different court officials. In the row of boxes which stretched around the parquet, were ladies, all in low neck and full dress, jewels flashing and fans waving. Over this is a row of large boxes — the best in the house — call the "bel etage." In the middle of these directly opposite the stage, is the large Imperial box. On the right of that all the boxes were devoted to the diplomatic corps. They were packed in pretty closely; six in each box. Besides ourselves and the Ameses, we had Count Jugger, the chargé of Bavaria, gorgeous in a red and white uniform. On one side of us were the Spaniards and Brazilians, on the other the Japanese and Persians. Every one was in

¹The Gala was an entertainment given by the Emperor for the wedding party.

full dress. The Chinese sat near the Imperial box, dressed in yellow, and two of them appeared in immense spectacles. On the opposite side of the house, the boxes were full of ladies, and they looked like a row of dolls. There are four more tiers of boxes over the "bel étage," all filled with elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen.

If I should talk from now until doomsday, I could not begin to tell you how gorgeous it was. Even the men in the orchestra were all in uniform. We sat there and talked and looked about the house for over an hour, I knew nearly every third person in the house. Presently we spied Prince Dolgorouky from Moscow down in the parquet. The proscenium boxes of which there are three tiers of two on each side of the stage, began to fill up with aide-de-camps, and maids of honor. Every one was looking about with opera glasses. The Greek Minister beamed upon us from a distance and las Lianas at my side talked so fast that I paid no attention to him. I was taking it all in, so as to write you about it. Finally the "Great Officials" began to hover about in the Emperor's box, the heads all turned in that direction and we were greeted with the sight of a big Arabian servant, who arranged all the chairs carefully. I described his dress to you in my last. A few moments of suspense, and then Count Alderberg appeared. By this time, the orchestra were all standing facing the Imperial box, the leader held his stick in the air, ready to start the music, every head was turned to the box, and people were getting ready to arise. At a signal from the box, the Russian hymn burst forth, every one stood up, cheers rent the air, and the Emperor appeared. Shall I ever forget that moment! I was all one cold chill from head to foot. The people shouted, the Emperor bowed and the beautiful music went on.

There is something about the Emperor's face which goes right to my heart. It is inexpressibly sad; not a discouraged or disgusted sorrow, but as if he had the sins and griefs of his people all on his heart, and as if no one but his God could comfort him. He seems raised above human sorrow, but as if he grieved for his people's sins without being able to see the end of it all. I did

not mean to be gushing over my description, but that is just the way I feel. I almost worship him myself; I do not think any one could look at him and doubt that at least he was a thoroughly good and conscientious man. He was dressed in the Cossack uniform; a long red coat gathered in at the waist, and silver trimmings. The Czarevitch was the same. The Emperor sat near the right of the box; on his left the bride, the groom, Czarevna, Mrs. Vladimir and so on; on his right the Czarevitch, Mrs. Constantine, Alexis, etc. The bride wore a rose pink satin. I could not see the other people's dresses for the jewels. I never in all my life saw or imagined such magnificence. The bride had eight strings of big pearls on her neck and a string of diamonds. She wore a diadem on her head, as did all the Grand Duchesses. Hers was of diamonds and large emeralds; the Czarevna's necklaces were, a diamond collar and a large one which met her dress, of diamonds and big rubies. Her diadem was of the same jewels. Mrs. Vladimir was like her. The Grand Duchess Constantine had on a necklace with pendants and appendages which covered all the front of her neck and came down to her waist. It was of enormous emeralds and diamonds and the diadem the same. With the jewels of the other Grand Duchesses you can imagine what a flashing there was in that box.

While I was surveying them in open-mouthed wonder, the curtain rose and the third act of Faust commenced. Albani sang, and very badly they said, but I did not pay much attention. The Emperor took his glass and looked the Diplomatic Corps over pretty thoroughly. I forgot to say that after the Russian hymn they played the German in honor of the bridegroom. Every one remained standing while this was going on. I sat in the back of the box, so I could use my glass pretty freely. After the act was over, the curtain came down, and servants commenced handing around ices, tea, cakes and cold drinks. There was also a buffet spread in the green room with champagne and eatables. The green room was full of flowers and plants and looked lovely. In the entre-act we had visits from various gentlemen, and the box was quite jammed full. The next performance was a ballet which was

beautiful. It was "Roxana." All the costumes were Montenegrin, and the dancing was splendid. We only had one act of it, and then the performance was over. We had to wait some time for the carriage, but we got home safely at last, very much delighted with our evening.

Monday we rested, I believe. No, we went skating. Adlerberg and Bodisco accompanied us and des Garets met us there. In the evening we went to a ball at the Princess Itcherbatoff's. I had a rather good time. I danced a great deal. The two young sons of the Emperor were there, Serge and Paul. They are very nice looking fellows, particularly the latter who is not more than nineteen. They only staid a short time. There was an awful crowd for the mazurka: I danced it with des Garets and we

didn't dance when our turn came, and exchanged all our favors; we concluded it was much more sensible to sit still and talk. He took me to supper immediately after the dance. It is the custom here to have a regular sit-down hot supper after the mazurka. We were at a table with six others, and had a very jolly time. Des Garets was trying to get off a few phrases of English which were very sentimental, much to the amusement of my other neighbor — Mr. Isvolsky. How is that for a name? After supper Uncle insisted upon going home without waiting for the cotillion. We got home at four.

Tuesday there was a ball at the Czarevna's but the diplomatic corps was not invited. Mrs. Ames and Ada came and spent the evening with us, also Mrs. Bodisco. Mr. Adlerberg came in on his way to the ball, and Mr. Bodisco (husband) came later. They staid until twelve o'clock. It was very cosy and nice. Wednesday was busy as usual. It was a particularly pleasant reception. And in the evening was the grand court ball. But first I must tell you that the Grand Duchess Nicolas was so shocked at the ballet Sunday night that she held her fan in front of her face all the time.

Monday evening — Feb. 3rd. In a little while we are going to a party. I do not have time to think lately. I am making myself a costume for a fancy dress ball, and I sewed all day Sunday on it! Then I went to a ball Sunday night.

However, I must go back and tell you about the court ball which was like nothing you can imagine except a scene in the Arabian Nights. I wore my yellow dress from Paris for the first time, but the nasty thing had such a long train that it spoiled half my fun. It was very pretty though. Aunt Mary wore an exquisite dress, but I cannot describe it. It was wine colored velvet and cream colored brocade with all sorts of colored flowers running over it. We found Adlerberg waiting for us at the palace door when we arrived at half past eight. Ada wore pink and Mrs. Ames white. The palace was simply gorgeous, and that is all I can say about it. It was all very brilliantly lighted with candles. Millions of them, I should think, and no gas. In the octagonal room of which I wrote you, there was a large round table and side tables with tea, cakes, etc. As we came out of that room, we struck the end of a corridor which was really three or four hundred feet long, but which looked to me as if it had no end at all. The whole length of it was a side board — from one end to the other, trimmed with greens. You can imagine the long vista of lights. This corridor was separated from the first room into which we came only by a row of gilded columns, and from the ball room, by white marble columns. The corridor made as much impression on me as anything. About half way down it, there was a conservatory and fountain. We waited in the gold column room for ever so long, until all the diplomatic corps got in. Finally we ladies were all marshalled into the ball room. What a sight! That enormous hall, of which I could not see the end, was flanked on one side by the corridor, and on both sides with rows of white columns, wound from top to bottom with wreathes of greens and candles. The walls were lined with trees. Everywhere I turned there were flowers and candles. And all in a row on the right hand side of

the door by which we entered were the ladies of the court, the young and pretty ones in front in lovely dresses, the mothers behind. Opposite the door were all the officers, among whom Mr. Moussman and Mr. Adlerberg loomed up, and we took our places opposite the ladies. We left a place for the Imperial family to come in. Our gentlemen stayed out in the other room a long time talking with

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the Emperor. The door was kept closed. At last some Chamberlains came in saying hush, and we all braced up and got ready to greet the Emperor. Every voice was silent; you could have heard a pin drop. The door swung open and in walked our gentlemen. The gentlemen were put behind us. The Emperor came in next, and all the family.

It was so pretty as they entered. The band was playing the Russian hymn. As he bowed on each side, first our group curtsied, then the ladies opposite, and then the officers, and so on to all the family as they came in two by two. It was like the wind going over a wheat field (Poetical). Then they danced the polonaise, but first the Emperor talked a few minutes with each of the ladies. He had already talked with the gentlemen in the other room. After the polonaise the Grand Duchesses talked with us; the Czarevna was the only one who favored me. Then they danced a quadrille and after that I wandered off with las Lianas and did not see my family again until supper time. I cannot tell you how any of the Grand Duchesses were dressed except that Mrs. Constantine had on a necklace that covered her nearly up, of turquoises as big as eggs, and diamonds. We went down the other part of the room and I tried to waltz but my train was too much for me.

I had agreed to meet Mr. Adlerberg by a certain column, for the second quadrille, but I got on the wrong side of the room and he could not find me until the dance had commenced, so we concluded to talk instead. We walked around for a good while and had something to eat and then he left me with Mahmond Nedim as he was engaged, and presently came along my lovely Mr. Moussman. He stayed with me for a long time. Finally we cut Mahmond and seated ourselves at a table to get some tea. There we stayed very contentedly, while I saw las Lianas to whom I was engaged for the mazurka, hovering in the distance. After a while Moussman asked some one if the mazurka had commenced and was informed it was half through. Whereupon we both rushed. I found las Lianas in the next room watching disconsolately a game of cards. We started for the ball room, but he was taken faint

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and I had to sit him down and we concluded not to dance.

The corps was all collected in that room in a few minutes and we were marshalled along the corridor, into a small throne room. There we waited some time. Presently the Imperial family passed through into the supper room next and we followed. The band was playing Mendelssohn's Wedding March as we entered. There were two long tables on the right of the room, and one on the left. At the first on the right the Imperial family took their places; at the second was the "corps." Besides this room there were three others equally large. There was a band at each end of our room, and they played alternately all the time, which combined with the fact that I was tired almost to death, gave me a dreadful fit of the blues. The table service was magnificent. I could not turn my eyes on either side without being aware that I was the guest of an Emperor. There were quantities of immense silver candelabra, with figures of animals of every kind on them; regular statuettes. Then there were fruit and bonbon dishes of carved silver, and wine holders of the same. The knives and forks were very heavy and beautifully carved. The bill of fare was as follows:

Soups Creme de Gelinottes Consomme

Stoudene de Sterlet et Homard

Filets de Poulardes aux Truffes

Asporges en branches

Roast: Dinde, Faisan. Perdezux

Salad

Abricotine garnie

Champagne —

Bordeaux

We had champagne and other wines. The Chinese were so hidden from me by dishes that I could not see them eat, much to my disappointment, but Lord Compton told me they did beautifully.

The Emperor did not sit down, but walked through the room and talked with as many of his guests as he could. After supper we all walked out in a crowd. I lost my family and could not find them anywhere. Las Llanas did not abandon me, but I was almost crying at last, because I concluded they must have gone home

without me, as we had been hunting a long time and could not find them. Finally Adlerberg came rushing up and rescued me. He was looking for me, and took me to the others. We did not start for some time. The Emperor had gone directly after supper. Adlerberg and Bodisco attended us to the door and we got home at half past one. Now you can just set your imaginations to work, and you cannot figure anything more gorgeous than that ball.

The next day we rested. Friday Mrs. Ames announced that she was surely going to Berlin the next day. We went skating in the afternoon with the usual attendants, and found Mr. Loftus and Count Sewenhaupt (the Swede) there. I am awfully lazy about skating, and spend most of my time either warming my feet or being pushed in a chair. Uncle and Aunt Mary both caught dreadful colds at the ball. I dined with the Amesese, and everybody came in to make their farewell calls. It was quite sad. Saturday morning Uncle and I went to the station with them. Adlerberg and Bodisco were there, of course. Ada was as gay and merry as could be, and did not seem to mind leaving us at all. After we left the station I went immediately to work on my fancy dress, in order to occupy my mind about something. I am to be Bo-peep, in other words, a shepherdess.

Saturday evening we had an English dinner. The Ambassador, the Plunketts, Lord Loftus, Mrs. Wellesley, the daughter of Lord Loftus, Lord Compton and Captain Swaine, the English Military Attache. We had a very jolly dinner. Afterwards we played games, and Lord Compton and Captain Swaine sang. They both sing very well. Lord Compton has an exquisite voice, so sweet. They are coming in for a musical evening as soon as we get a free day. I am to play Lord Compton's accompaniments.

I know I was wicked Sunday, but nevertheless I had a splendid time at the ball. It was given at an immense hall, by the nobles of Petersburg to celebrate the return of the army. We went at ten. As we entered, each lady was presented with a lovely bouquet. The hall is beautiful. Around the floor are seats rising in tiers, four tiers I believe, like a circus, you know, and above the seats is a sort of balcony running all around the hall. In this balcony

sat the Imperial family and the diplomatic corps. Around the ceiling were the names of different battles in gas jets, and at one end a big cross of St. George all in gas. The scene was very brilliant as we looked down upon it, uniforms, dress, etc. The Emperor came in soon after us, every one standing and the national hymn being played. Then they danced the polonaise. It was funny to look down upon them and see how the masters of ceremonies who led the dances plunged into the crowd just where they were least expected, scattering the people right and left. I went to dance the first quadrille with a

Colonel Nolcken and hardly saw my family again until the end of the evening. We danced in the set with the Grand Dukes and Duchesses and of course they had to have plenty of room while we were all crowded up into no space at all. Baron Rosen led. He led at the palace ball last week too. I danced a great deal. Lord Compton and I made quite a sensation in front of the Imperial family, dancing the American waltz. He is so handsome that people always notice him everywhere. Baron von Heyking seemed very happy in spite of Ada's departure. I had three bouquets given to me in the course of the evening by an old fellow who walked about and distributed them to every one. Neither Uncle nor Aunt Mary felt very well, so we came home just after the fourth quadrille. I really enjoyed it much more than the court ball. Do you know after the court ball, I was so tired when I got to bed that I could do nothing but cry.

Well, I worked Monday on my dress too, and in the evening we were invited to pass a quiet evening at Madame Zelonoï's. Her husband is tutor to the children of the Grand Duchess Constan-tine. There were about twenty people there and two of the little Grand Dukes. I had quite a long talk with one of them — Dimitri Constantinovitch. He is about sixteen and a very nice boy. But, as Mr. Mitchell would say, he is "sort of broken out." I cannot say I had a very exciting time, but still it was quite pleasant. We were not very late in getting home.

I forgot to say that it is now Wednesday, Feb. sth. Time goes pretty fast lately. Last night we were presented to the Grand

Duchess Catherine, the cousin of the Emperor. That is the last presentation we have. It was appointed for eight o'clock and the Chinese were also there. Her palace is magnificent; she has a sort of hospital for wounded officers in it, which has taken up a good part of it. She must be a very good-natured Duchess, for she let the wounded all come into the reception room to see the Chinese and the hall was full of her servants who were standing boldly forth to see all they could. It was not swell at all, but I thought it was real good of her. Mr. Stümer was there. He has been at all the presentations this winter as some kind of a ceremonious person. Uncle went in first to the Grand Duchess and staid a long time. I think she liked him better than she did us. We talked with her lady of honor, Madame Apraxine, who is splendid. She went in with us to the Grand Duchess afterwards. The latter introduced us to her daughter and two of her sons, and I talked with them in English. They were all very nice. It was like making an evening call on any one. The room was very pretty, but nothing remarkable. The staircase in the great hall is magnificent, even finer than in the Nicholas palace. After us the Chinese were presented. The Ambassador had on a sort of gray cloth petticoat, and a short yellow satin jacket. He wears a hat with a red button, which is a sign of great distinction in China; there are only twenty who have it. Then he has a peacock feather with two eyes, which is also very high rank. They went to call on Countess Mengden last Friday, her reception day, and stayed an hour and a half. Mr. Stürmer said

the Countess had about a hundred people there to see them. Every one stares at them and is interested in them.

Today I have had all Ada's old beaux to see me. Tomorrow is a ball at the palace and the next night at the Austrian Embassy. I am engaged for most of the dances at both. The Turk made a long call today and was quite flirtatious. He is really a dreadful looking man. Adlerberg and Bodisco both favored me. The latter stayed a long time. Aunt Mary went out about five to make some calls and left Uncle and me to receive the people.

I must tell you what I did last week. I introduced Mr. de Giers

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to his wife! I saw this very pretty girl come in, and I introduced several gentlemen to her, and then I said, feeling so pleased that I knew his name (for half the time I don't) "Do you know Mr. de Giers?" She looked rather astonished so I presented him, whereupon he exclaimed, "Mademoiselle, she is my wife." You can imagine my feelings! I have not mentioned this in the family here, but I have told it to one or two friends, it was such a joke. Now I am going to bed.

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ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SECRETARY AND THE COUNCIL FOR THE YEAR 1935

FOUR regular meetings of the Society were held: the Annual Meeting, January 22; the Spring Meeting, March 12; the Summer Meeting, June 6; and the Autumn Meeting, October 15.

At the Annual Meeting, Rev. Dr. Raymond Calkins read a paper on the life of Rev. Dr. Alexander McKenzie, formerly Minister of the First Church in Cambridge (Congregational) and one of the founders of this Society. Professor Emeritus Francis G. Pea-body, at the Spring Meeting, told of "Harvard in the Sixties — A Boy's-Eye View." At the Summer Meeting, Miss Frances Fowler read a paper on "Kirkland Place." Professor Walter R. Spalding, at the Autumn Meeting, gave a reminiscent account of Cambridge personalities with musical interests. To all of these and to the various hosts and hostesses the Society is greatly indebted.

The death of Mrs. Mary Isabella Gozzaldi, the First Vice-President of the Society and one of its founders, which must be reported, has removed from the Society one whose loss is and will continue to be deeply felt.

Professor and Mrs. Ephraim Emerton both died during the year. Professor Emerton had been President of this Society. Also the Society has lost by death Mrs. Frank E. Brock and Mr. Henry A. Nichols.

The following resignations were accepted with regret:

Miss MARIA BOWEN

Mr. and Mrs. GRAFTON B. PERKINS

The following were elected to membership:

Mr. and Mrs. CARROLL L. CHASE

Mr. EDWARD H. REDSTONE

Miss ALICE THORP

Miss ANNE THORP

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On December 31, 1935, there were 189 regular members, 7 associate members, and 7 life members; a total of 203.

Seven meetings of the Council were held during the year. The Council interested itself in promoting an E. R. A. project for the arrangement and preservation of the records and papers of the County Court of Middlesex County, beginning in 1649. Very little had been done to preserve these precious documents from damage. The Council voted a sum not to exceed \$300 to provide supplies to be used in this work. The work proceeded through the summer of 1935; but in view of the transfer of the E. R. A. to the W. P. A., some delay has taken place. However, this important and useful work has been continued.

Respectfully submitted,

ELDON R. JAMES

Secretary

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY AND THE COUNCIL FOR THE YEAR 1936

FOUR MEETINGS of the Society were held during the year: the Annual Meeting, January 28th, at which Mr. Clifford K. Shipton read accounts of the lives of various residents of Cambridge, graduates of Harvard College, to be included in the continuation of Sibley's *Harvard Graduates*, now in Mr. Shipton's charge; April 28th, at which Professor Joseph H. Beale spoke of President Dunster as a litigant; June 2nd, at which Professor Samuel Eliot Morison gave an address upon the significance of the Harvard Tercentenary; and October 2 5th, when Miss Lois Lilley Howe read a collection of letters showing how Cambridge people used to travel.

To all of the speakers and to the various hosts and hostesses, the Society is greatly indebted.

The following deaths among the membership of the Society are with sorrow reported:

Mrs. J. MASON MAEEAN

Mr. JAMES L. PAINE, for many years an active member of the Council

The following resignations were accepted with regret:

Miss ALICE C. ALLYN

Miss CHRISTINE FARLEY

Mr. and Mrs. RICHARD M. RUSSELL

The following have been elected to membership:

Mrs. PEARL BROCK FAHRNEY

Mr. HENRY M. HART

Mrs. HENRY M. HART

Miss GERTRUDE W. PEABODY

Miss ELIZABETH BRIDGE PIPER

Mrs. WALLACE M. SCUDDER

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On December 31, 1936 there were 199 members of the Society, of whom 187 were regular members.

There have been six meetings of the Council.

An invitation from the Director of the Harvard Tercentennial Celebration requesting the participation of the Society in the exercises through a representative, was accepted and the President was named as the representative of the Society. The Society continued its interest in the Old Burying Ground and a committee, of which Dr. Eliot was chairman, did effective work in assisting in securing the cooperation of the city authorities.

Respectfully submitted,

ELDON R. JAMES

Secretary

January 26, 1937

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ANNUAL REPORT OF THE TREASURER

1935

RECEIPTS

January 1, 1935 balance --- \$1,031.24

Received from dues and initiations --- \$ 568.00

Interest from Life Membership Account --- 23.32 [subtotal]591.32

\$1,622.56

EXPENDITURES

Old Burying Ground Committee --- \$100.00

Labor and materials, Old Middlesex County Records --- 51.30 "Harvard in the Sixties"; half cost of printing --- 62.95 Flowers: Mrs. Gozzaldi's funeral --- 15.00 Printing and stationery --- 47.00 Addressing etc. --- 24.57 Stamps --- 23.35 Chairs --- 5.34 Express --- 5.00 Bay State Historical League --- 2.00 [subtotal]336.51 January 1, 1936 balance --- \$1,286.05

Respectfully submitted,

WILLARD H. SPRAGUE

Treasurer

I have examined the accounts of Willard H. Sprague, Treasurer of the Cambridge Historical Society, for the year ending December 31, 1935. All money received as entered on the books of the Society was duly deposited at the Bank and proper vouchers were shown for all expenditures.

Respectfully submitted,

FRANK GAYLORD COOK

Auditor

January 28, 1936

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ANNUAL REPORT OF THE TREASURER

1936

RECEIPTS

January 1, 1936 balance --- \$1,286.05

Received from dues and initiations:

165 members @ \$3 --- \$495.00
6 Associates --- 12.00
6 initiations @ \$2 --- 12.00
back dues --- 39.00 [subtotal]\$ 558.00
Interest, Life Membership Fund ---22.58
Sale, Index to Paige's History --- 10.00 [subtotal] 590.58
\$1,876.63

EXPENDITURES

Printing and material --- \$ 48.75
Postage --- 22.45
Addressing etc. --- 26.79
Proceedings, Vol. XXI --- 687.92 County Records --- 95.84
Burying Ground Committee --- 50.00
Binding --- 9.36
Chairs --- 16.00
Bay State Historical League --- 2.00
Miscellaneous --- 3.23 [subtotal] 962.34
January 1, 1937 balance --- \$914.29
Life Membership Fund.....747.15

Respectfully submitted,
WILLAED HATCH SPRAGUE
Treasurer

January 26, 1937

I have examined the accounts of Willard H. Sprague, Treasurer of the Cambridge Historical Society, for the year ending December 31, 1936. All money received as entered on the books of the Society was duly deposited in the Bank, and proper vouchers were shown for all expenditures. The balance of \$914.29 was shown to be on deposit in the Bank. The balance of \$747.15 in the Life Membership Fund was also shown to be on deposit in the Bank.

REGULAR MEMBERS

1936-1937

MARION STANLEY ABBOT, ANNE ELIZABETH ALLEN, GLOVER M. ALLEN, MRS. GLOVER M. ALLEN, MARY WARE ALLEN, MARY ALMY, ALBERT FRANCIS AMEE, MRS. HOLLIS R. BAILEY, GEORGE PEIRCE BAKER, MRS. GEORGE PEIRCE BAKER, HENRY BARTLETT, MRS. HENRY BARTLETT, MARY EMORY BATCHELDER (L), ELIZABETH CHADWICK BEALE, JOSEPH HENRY BEALE, MABEL ARRABELLA LEWIS BELL, STOUGHTON BELL, MRS. J. CLARKE BENNETT, ALEXANDER HARVEY BILL, CAROLINE ELIZA BILL, MARION EDGERLY BILL, CLARENCE HOWARD BLACKALL, EMMA MURRAY BLACKALL, ALBERT H. BLEVINS, MRS. ALBERT H. BLEVINS, WARREN KENDALL BLODGETT, ANNABEL PERRY BONNEY, LUCY MORSE BRADLEY, WALTER BENJAMIN BRIGGS, ELMER H. BRIGHT, MRS. ELMER H. BRIGHT, JESSIE WATERMAN BROOKS, SUMNER ALBERT BROOKS, J. FRANK BROWN, MARTHA THACHER BROWN, JOSEPHINE FREEMAN BUMSTEAD, BERTHA CLOSE BUNTON, GEORGE HERBERT BUNTON, DAVID E. BURR, MRS. DAVID E. BURR, PHILIP GREENLEAF CARLETON, SARAH SWIFT SCHAFF CARLETON, ZECHARIAH CHAFEE, JR., CARROLL L. CHASE, MRS. CARROLL L. CHASE, PHILIP PUTNAM CHASE, LESLIE LINWOOD CLEVELAND, EDITH MARY COE, MARGARET E. COGSWELL, ADA LOUISE COMSTOCK, FRANK GAYLORD COOK, FANNY E. CORNE, J. LINDA CORNE, SALLY ADAMS CUSHMAN, HENRY ORVILLE CUTTER, ELIZABETH ELLERY DANA, HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW DANA, MARY DEANE DEXTER, HARRY FRANCIS ROBY DOLAN, LILLIE MCFALL DOLAN, LAURA ROWLAND DUDLEY, FRANCES HOPKINSON ELIOT, SAMUEL ATKINS ELIOT, EMMONS RAYMOND ELLIS, FRANCES WHITE EMERSON, WILLIAM EMERSON, SARAH FOLSOM ENEBUSKE,

PEARL BROCK FAHRNEY, CLAIRE SCHAYER FANDE, CHARLES NORMAN FAY, LILLIAN HALE FAY, EUNICE WHITNEY FARLEY FELTON, STANLEY G. H. FITCH, MRS.

STANLEY G. H. FITCH, ALLYN BAILEY FORBES, EDWARD WALDO FORBES,
WORTHINGTON CHAUNCEY FORD, FRANCES FOWLER, ESTHER STEVENS FRASER,
LLOYD A. FROST, DANA TAYLOR GALLUP, MRS. H. G. GARRETT, ROGER GILMAN,
REV. C. LESLIE GLENN, MRS. C. LESLIE GLENN, Louis L. GREEN, VIRGINIA TANNER
GREEN, LILLIAN HELEN HADLEY, EDWIN HERBERT HALL, CHARLES LANE HANSON,
ELIZABETH HARRIS, ALBERT BUSHNELL HART, MR. HENRY M. HART, MRS. HENRY
M. HART, JEANNETTE HART, FRANK WATSON HASTINGS, FRANCES P. HAWLEY,
NATHAN HEARD, F. WILHELMINA HEARD, FRANK WILSON CHENEY HERSEY,
STANLEY BARBOUR HILDRETH, ALISON BIXBY HILL, LESLIE WHITE HOPKINSON,
CORNELIA CONWAY FELTON HORSFORD, ARIA SARGENT DIXWELL HOWE, LOIS
LILLEY HOWE, EDA WOOLSON HURLBUT, EDWARD INGRAHAM, ELSIE P.
INGRAHAM, ELDON REVARE JAMES, PHILA SMITH JAMES, JAMES RICHARD
JEWETT, MARGARET WEYERHAEUSER JEWETT, ETHEL ROBINSON JONES, MABEL
AUGUSTA JONES, WALLACE ST. CLAIR JONES, ALBERT GUY KEITH, EDITH S.
KEITH, JUSTINE HOUGHTON KERSHAW, JAMES M. LANDIS, MRS. JAMES M.
LANDIS, MRS. CHARLES P. LINCOLN, WILLISTON LINCOLN, MRS. WILLISTON
LINCOLN, FLORA VIRGINIA LIVINGSTON, ABBOTT LAWRENCE LOWELL, ELIZABETH
MACFARLANE, ETHEL MAY MACLEOD, WILLIAM MACKINTOSH MACNAIR, LOUIS
JOSEPH ALEXANDRE MERCIER, JOHN DOUGLAS MERRILL, NELSON CASE METCALF,
MRS. HUGH MONTGOMERY, JAMES BUELL MUNN, MRS. JAMES B. MUNN, ARTHUR
BOYLSTON NICHOLS, EMILY ALAN SMITH NICHOLS, GERTRUDE FULLER NICHOLS,
JOHN TAYLOR GILMAN NICHOLS, ALBERT PERLEY NORRIS, MRS. ALBERT P.
NORRIS,

MARGARET NORTON, JAMES ATKINS NOYES, PENELOPE BARKER NOYES, EDWARD
HOLYOKE OSGOOD, MARGARET NICKERSON OSGOOD, MARY WOOLSON PAINE,
MRS. J. PORTER PALMER, WILLIAM L. PAYSON, MRS. WILLIAM L. PAYSON,
WILLIAM H. PEAR, MRS. WILLIAM H. PEAR, LESLIE T. PENNINGTON, MRS. LESLIE
T. PENNINGTON, ELIZABETH BRIDGE PIPER, LUCY WALLACE PORTER, ALFRED
CLAGHORN POTTER, DAVID THOMAS POTTINGER, MILDRED CLARK POTTINGER,
ROSCOE POUND, MRS. ROSCOE POUND, ALICE PUTNAM, HARRY SEATON RAND,
MABEL RENA MAWHINNEY RAND, EDWARD H. REDSTONE, HARRIETTE TABER
RICHARDSON, MRS. WILLIAM C. ROBERTSON, FRED NORRIS ROBINSON, C. O.
RUGGLES, MRS. C. O. RUGGLES, GERTRUDE SWAN RUNKLE, JOHN CORNELIUS

RUNKLE, PAUL JOSEPH SACHS, MARY WARE SAMPSON, FRANK B. SANBORN, MRS. FRANK B. SANBORN, CAROLYN HUNTINGTON SAUNDERS, ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, MRS. ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, MRS. WALLACE M. SCUDDER, HAROLD B. SEDGWICK, MARTHA SEVER, PHILIP P. SHARPLES, MRS. PHILIP P. SHARPLES, WILLARD HATCH SPRAGUE, DORA STEWART, MRS. CHARLES STRONG, HELEN GRACE OLMSTEAD SWAN, MRS. WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER, ALICE THORP, ANNE THORP, ALFRED MARSTON TOZZER, ELEANOR GRAY TUDOR (L), KENNETH S. USHER, MRS. KENNETH S. USHER, BERTHA HALLOWELL VAUGHAN, CHARLES PETER VOSBURGH, MAUDE BATCHELDER VOSBURGH, MARY RICHARDSON WALCOTT, ROBERT WALCOTT, GRACE REED WALDEN, FRANK DE WITT WASHBURN, HENRY BRADFORD WASHBURN, OLIVE ELY ALLEN WASHBURN, FREDERICA DAVIS WATSON, JENNY C. WATTS, KENNETH GRANT TREMAYNE WEBSTER, ALICE MERRILL WHITE, DR. WILLIAM STEWART WHITTEMORE, MARY W. WILLARD, OLIVE SWAN WILLIAMS, SAMUEL WILLISTON, MRS. HENRY J. WINSLOW, JOHN WILLIAM WOOD, JR., GRACE A. WOOD, CHARLES HENRY CONRAD WRIGHT, MRS. C. H. C. WRIGHT

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ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

FRANCIS APTHORP FOSTER, ALBERT HARRISON HALL, BERTRAM K. LITTLE, MRS. BERTRAM K. LITTLE, BRADFORD HENDRICK PEIRCE, PHILIP LEFFINGWELL SPALDING

HONORARY MEMBER
FRANCES ROSE-TROUP

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