

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PROCEEDINGS

<i>ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FIRST MEETING.....</i>	<i>5</i>
<i>ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SECOND MEETING.....</i>	<i>7</i>
<i>ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-THIRD MEETING.....</i>	<i>9</i>
<i>ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FOURTH MEETING.....</i>	<i>11</i>

PAPERS

<i>SOME CAMBRIDGE PUNDITS AND PEDAGOGUES.....</i>	<i>13</i>
<i>BY SAMUEL ATKINS ELIOT</i>	
<i>VICTORIAN HOUSES OF OLD CAMBRIDGE.....</i>	<i>37</i>
<i>BY ROGER GILMAN</i>	
<i>THE GARDENS AND HOMES OF THE LOYALISTS.....</i>	<i>49</i>
<i>BY RUPERT BALLOU LILLIE</i>	
<i>THE DANA SAGA.....</i>	<i>63</i>
<i>BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW DANA</i>	

ANNUAL REPORTS125

MEMBERS..... 131

BY LAWS..... 135

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY PROCEEDINGS FOR THE YEAR 1940

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

THE THIRTY-FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY was held on Tuesday, January 23, 1940, at the Harvard Faculty Club, as guests of Honorable and Mrs. Louis L. Green. Some eighty persons were present.

In the absence of the Secretary, Mr. Briggs was elected Secretary pro-tem. The minutes of the meeting of October 31, 1939, were read and approved.

The Annual Report of the Secretary was read, and it was voted it be accepted and placed on file.

The Report of the Nominating Committee was presented as follows:

The Committee appointed to nominate officers of the Cambridge Historical Society for the year 1940 submits the following report:

For President --- ROBERT WALCOTT

For Vice-Presidents --- JOSEPH H. BEALE, FRANK G. COOK, LOIS L. HOWE

For Secretary --- ELDON R. JAMES

For Treasurer --- GEORGE A. MACOMBER

For Curator --- WALTER B. BRIGGS

For Editor --- DAVID T. POTTINGER

For Members of Council: the above and

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

Nathan Heard Edward Ingraham Allyn B. Forbes, Chairman

It was voted that the Secretary pro-tem be empowered to cast one ballot for the officers nominated. Upon the Secretary's casting the ballot, the President declared the officers named duly elected.

The Treasurer, Mr. Macomber, read his Annual Report and the Report of the Auditor, Mr. Ingraham. It was voted that they be accepted and placed on file.

Upon request of the President, Mr. Pottinger spoke of a correction¹ to be made in the last number of the Proceedings. He stated that an erratum would be issued in the next number.

Mr. G. Frederick Robinson, a member of the Watertown Historical Society, exhibited a photostat copy of a most interesting letter from John Masters dated "Watertowne neare Charles River, New England: March 14th 1630." It was addressed to "My good Lady Barrington and Mr (?) Thomas Barrington." Mr. Masters was an agent of the Saltonstalls. The original letter is in the British Museum.

The President then introduced Dr. SAMUEL A. ELIOT who read a delightful paper upon "Pundits and Pedagogues." After the President had expressed thanks to Dr. Eliot and to Mr. and Mrs. Green, the meeting adjourned for refreshments.

¹ *The footnote on p. 102 of Proceedings, Vol. 25 should read, "After the meeting Dean Pound interpreted the letters as meaning 'Illustrious Master; Thrice Illustrious Master.'"*

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SECOND MEETING

THE APRIL MEETING of the Society was held on Tuesday, April 23, 1940, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Schroeder, 9 Pollen Street, the former residence of the late Miss Maria Bowen.

The meeting was called to order shortly after 8 o'clock, P.M. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The Curator made a report of the gifts to the Society, which included a collection of books and pamphlets belonging to Miss Elizabeth Harris, presented by Miss Elizabeth Bond and Mrs. Frank Clark. The thanks of the Society were tendered to the donors.

The Secretary read a recommendation of the Council as to the acceptance of a gift of \$2,149.82 from the Cambridge Tercentenary Committee on Historic Houses, being the balance in the hands of that Committee.

The Secretary then moved the adoption of the following vote, the passage of which had been recommended by the Council:

The Cambridge Historical Society accepts the sum of \$2,149.82 from the Cambridge Tercentenary Committee on Historic Houses, which sum the Treasurer of the Cambridge Historical Society is hereby authorized to receive and to receipt therefor. It is voted that this gift is to be kept intact and as a separate and permanent fund in the accounts of the Treasurer of the Cambridge Historical Society, to be invested and reinvested under the same rules as govern the Bowen Fund; the annual income is to be added to the principal of said fund or may be spent from time to time in such manner and for such purposes as the Society may then determine.

The motion was seconded and unanimously carried. The thanks of the Society were voted to the members of the Cambridge Tercentenary Committee on Historical Houses.

7

The President then introduced Mr. ROGER GILMAN who read a very interesting paper, illustrated by lantern slides, entitled "Victorian Houses in Cambridge."

After voting the thanks of the Society to Mr. and Mrs. Schroeder and to Mr. Gilman, the Society adjourned for refreshments.

There were about sixty members and guests present.

8

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-THIRD MEETING

THE JUNE MEETING and Garden Party of the Society was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Stoughton Bell, 121 Brattle Street, at 4 o'clock P.M. on Thursday, June 6, 1940. About seventy members and guests were present.

The Curator reported that he had received from Prof. Bremer W. Pond, of Harvard University, chairman of the Cambridge Tercentenary Committee on Historic Houses, the official and related papers covering the activities of that Committee in 1930. The papers include minutes, correspondence, accounts, bank books, cancelled checks, etc., with copies of the correspondence relating to the turning over to the Cambridge Historical Society, in April, 1940, the balance in the hands of the Committee, amounting to \$2,149.82.

At the suggestion of Miss Howe, the names of the members of the Committee are inserted here as follows: Professor Bremer W. Pond, Chairman, Robert Walcott; Charles N.

Cogswell; Maude B. Vosburgh; Lois Lilley Howe; Mr. and Mrs. Henry R. Brigham. Miss Mary Almy later substituted for Miss Howe.

The President presented a recommendation from the Council, that, in view of the bequest of \$200.00 to the Society contained in the will of our late member, Miss Elizabeth E. Dana, a vote of acceptance of this generous gift be passed.

Upon motion duly seconded it was unanimously voted: That the bequest of \$200.00 to the Cambridge Historical Society contained in the will of the late Elizabeth E. Dana be accepted with gratitude and that the Treasurer be and he is hereby authorized to receive and receipt for said bequest and to hold the same as part of the permanent funds of said Society.

The President also stated that the Council recommended that a grant of fifty (50) dollars be made to a committee of three which the Council

9

had directed him to appoint, to secure records of Victorian houses in Cambridge, for secretarial and other expenses, to be paid out of the income of the fund given by the Cambridge Tercentennial Committee on Historic Houses. Upon motion duly seconded the recommendation of the Council was adopted.

The President introduced Mr. RUPERT B. LILLIE who spoke instructively of the gardens connected with houses of the Tory families in Cambridge. Mr. Lillie exhibited some charming models of these gardens.

The thanks of the Society were voted to Mr. and Mrs. Bell for their generous hospitality and to Mr. Lillie for his address.

As the day was a beautiful one, the meeting adjourned to the Garden for refreshments.

10

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FOURTH MEETING

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY met on Tuesday, October 22, 1940, in the Craigie House, 105 Brattle Street, as the guests of Mr. H. W. L. Dana.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The President spoke of Mr. Rupert B. Lillie's offer to sell to the Society the interesting models of the John Vassall, Henry Vassall, William Brattle, and Joseph Lee houses and gardens exhibited at the June meeting of the Society. The Council, however, was of the opinion that the funds of the Society did not justify the necessary expenditure, but was very happy to recommend Mr. Lillie's proposal to any generous member who might

be interested in having these attractive and accurate models added to the Society's collections.

The President then introduced Mr. H. W. L. DANA, who gave a charming and interesting account, illustrated by lantern slides, of the descendants of Richard Dana, who came to America in 1640 and settled in Little Cambridge, now Brighton; based in part upon the genealogical researches made by the late Miss Elizabeth Ellery Dana.

The thanks of the Society were voted to Mr. Dana, both for the delightful paper and for his hospitality.

There being no further business, the meeting adjourned for refreshments.

11

PAPERS READ DURING THE YEAR 1940 SOME CAMBRIDGE PUNDITS AND PEDAGOGUES

BY REV. SAMUEL A. ELIOT

Read January 23, 1940

I HAVE IT IN MIND to say something about certain of the people who made Cambridge an interesting place to live in sixty or seventy years ago, and I propose to follow a procedure which will unite my youthful memories with certain brief descriptions of these pundits and pedagogues written by a man with finer gifts of characterization than I possess. It was the habit of my father, during most of the forty years in which he served as President of our University, to devote the first pages of his Annual Reports to terse tributes to those members of the Governing Boards and Faculties who had died during the year under review. Some of you will recall that President Eliot early acquired a reputation for his use of exceptionally apt and compact descriptive sentences when conferring honorary degrees, and then, because of this growing repute as a master of concise and discriminating characterization, he was increasingly solicited to select or write inscriptions for public buildings and historical monuments and memorial tablets. He must have provided a hundred or more of such inscriptions and enjoyed the tasks because, while they involved no little labor and, so far as I know, no compensation, the inscriptions did permit of the use of more lyric forms of expression than he thought appropriate to academic occasions. He held a modest estimate of his capacity in these matters. "As to English style," he wrote in his old age to a friend who had evidently expressed appreciation of something he had written, "as to style, I think most teachers and critics

13

of English would tell you that I had none, but I think they would also say that I was free from obscurity and affectation." Some years ago the Harvard University Press published a handsome little volume containing fifty or more of the inscriptions my father wrote, but no similar attempt has been made to compile the discerning delineations of the characters and

achievements of his associates that introduced the Annual Reports. I shall take some of those appreciative sentences for my texts tonight and then venture to add some of my own recollections of certain of the notable men who walked our Cambridge streets when I was young. If I indulge in some rather boyish, not to say prankish, memories and comments, I shall cheerfully bear the reproach of having descended below the level of our academic theme.

I suppose we had more original or curious characters around Cambridge in the days of my youth than we have today. I am sure that we were not disturbed by queerness — we rather expected it in professors and such like wild fowl — and we were rather proud of our oddities. We did not want to be standardized or made to look like a row of Ford cars or a set of postage stamps. If Mr. Lucian Carr wanted to carry a tall alpenstock, inscribed with the names of conquered snow-peaks, on his daily walks from his house on Brattle Street to the Museum —well, it did not seem necessary for a march over the commonplace levels of Craigie Street and Chauncy Street — but if he liked it, that was his affair. Professor Lovering rightly and regularly donned his overshoes — I think we called them arctics — for his winter walk over the slushy Kirkland Street sidewalk from his house to the Yard; and if he continued the practice when the June sun had turned the mud to heavy dust, it was a bit queer, but that again was his affair. At least he buckled the arctics up and did not leave the tops flapping sloppily about after the fashion of today. To be sure, some eyebrows were raised when Professor Josiah Royce decided that a daily run would be good for his wind. Mr. Royce was at best an odd-looking man, short and thick, with a large head and a lot of red hair; and when he donned running trunks and trotted perseveringly up Massachusetts Avenue to Porter's Station and back every afternoon or evening, some people thought that a bit indecorous or unbecoming the dignity of a philosopher. But then, it was indulgently explained, Professor Royce came from California where such things were probably not regarded as unseemly.

But now let me speak specifically of some of our notables, viewing them partly in the light of my father's lucid descriptions and partly through the memories of a fairly bright-eyed boy who seems to have borne my name. I must obviously make selections — drastic selections — among these classic shades of yesterday. I must confine myself to Cambridge citizens and to those with whom my own relations meant something more than touching my hat when I met them in the Yard or at the Post Office. I shall speak first of three figures of the past that are associated chiefly, though not wholly, with my childhood here in Cambridge seventy years ago; then of four or five of my father's closest associates in the decade of the 1870's, when Harvard College was being reconstructed and transformed into Harvard University. Of these men my own recollections are those of boyhood. Then, if time permits, I should like to speak of three or four of the College teachers and Cambridge citizens of my undergraduate days.

Dr. Andrew Preston Peabody lived in the house still standing at the corner of Quincy and Harvard Streets, next door to the ugly and uncomfortable cottage-like dwelling which was then the President's house, and where I lived from my seventh to my seventeenth year. When each weekday morning at the breakfast table I would report that I could see Dr. Peabody meandering dreamily down the path that led by Gore Hall to the College Chapel, that would be the signal for my father to grab his hat and follow him to morning prayers.

One was just about as regular and punctual as the other. When the time for Dr. Peabody's translation came in 1893, my father, after recounting his many services to the College as instructor, tutor, professor, preacher, twice acting President, and finally as an Overseer, wrote of him: "As a College teacher his influence was chiefly that of a shining example of kindness, rectitude, and universal goodwill. The successive generations of young men who contemplated him in the chapel and the lecture room conceived for him an affectionate veneration which remained as a tradition in the College long after he had ceased to teach and preach. The students underrated his shrewdness and sagacity, they could not overrate the sweetness and gentleness of his character and life."

I sat under Dr. Peabody's preaching from my seventh to my fourteenth year and was early fascinated by his habit of taking off his spectacles when he read the Bible and putting them on when he prayed. I

15

still do not quite understand that practice. Another captivating occupation was watching for and counting the explosive "Buts" with which the sermon was sure to be punctuated. I suppose — though I did not then comprehend the method — that he pursued the familiar rhetorical procedure of setting up the possible arguments of the opponents of whatever thesis he was propounding and then demolishing them in a paragraph introduced by one of those resounding "Buts." My brother and I used to put small bets on the number of "Buts" in any one sermon, and I think our dignified father watched the count with ill-concealed amusement.

Dr. Peabody's apparent guilelessness made him the cause or source of many stories, none of them malicious, most of them probably apocryphal. He was supposed to be as innocent as a new-laid egg and to be the very type of the absent-minded professor always searching for the spectacles that he had on his nose. The more ribald students would tell of how coming home once on a rainy night he put his umbrella to bed and then went and stood himself in the corner of the vestibule; or they would tell of how he burst one day into the office of his physician and announced that he had suddenly become distressingly lame and that one leg was shorter than the other. The doctor could find nothing whatever the matter with him and the difficulty remained unexplained until a friend revealed that Dr. Peabody had just been seen walking along Harvard Street with one foot on the curb and one foot in the gutter.

I presume that Dr. Peabody's reputation among the undergraduates for supreme simplicity and unworldliness came not only from his benign expression and his benevolent habits but also from the fact that he was a notoriously easy marker of examination papers. The most sluggish and indifferent student found it hard to get a mark below ninety. Indeed among the many myths that gathered about his name is that of a student who inquired what mark he had received and the kind-hearted professor beamed at the inquirer over his spectacles and replied, "Oh, a very good mark, a very good mark indeed. By the way, what is your name?"

Dr. Peabody must have possessed an exceptionally vigorous body and an enormous capacity for work. He would get up before sunrise on a Sunday morning and walk — or rather stroll, for I do not remember that I ever saw him step rapidly — over to Milton or out

to Concord, go at once into the pulpit, and preach with all his accustomed fervor. Physically he seemed incapable of fatigue. He wrote

16

voluminously . He edited the North American Review, and every number contained something he had produced; and the index of the Christian Examiner contains the titles of more than fifty articles contributed to that periodical alone. I do not know what further search might discover, but in the authors' catalogue at the Widener Library there are more than two hundred cards bearing the titles of his books and published sermons. When you reflect that he had no secretary and wrote everything in his own hand, the mere amount of manual labor is appalling. Those books are now, I suppose, just gathering dust on some upper shelves; and yet — so records his successor in the Plummer Professorship — "yet by a universal consent which reassures one's confidence in the ruling instincts of healthy minded young men, the tradition [of Dr. Peabody as the College saint] became fixed — character proved more enduring than genius." Rightly does the inscription on the tablet in the Memorial Church set forth that "for thirty-three years he moved among the teachers and students of Harvard College and wist not that his face shone."

Professor Evangelinus Apostolides Sophocles is another fascinating figure in my boyhood's recollections. He served the College for forty years and died when I was an undergraduate. He was a bachelor and lived a solitary life in Holworthy 3, the ground floor room on the southwest corner. For many years Professor Sophocles kept hens in the yard of the Fay House or in what is now the quadrangle of Radcliffe College. With his "cockerels and pullets," as he called them, he established intimate relations. It was alleged that when he called a hen by name, the apparently unintelligent fowl would run to him. He named his pullets after the Cambridge ladies who were kind enough to occasionally ask him to supper; as eggs were produced, he marked each one with the name of the hen that laid it and from time to time he would offer a basket of eggs to one or another of the friends who had been good to him. Such a basket was not infrequently handed in, without explanation or comment, at the door of my father's house. My brother and I would then sort the eggs according to the names inscribed on them; and we had our favorites among the Cambridge ladies. Mr. Sophocles got his own meals in his room, and I can testify that they were of a frugal character. Meeting him in the Yard one evening about supper time, he invited me to share his evening meal. It consisted of milk and some dried dates which he procured direct from Smyrna or which had been sent him by his

17

friends , the monks of Mt. Athos. In addition to the eggs Mr. Sophocles would also present to my father a box of the aforesaid dates and sometimes a bottle or two of Greek wine, which he regarded with high favor. It had a glorious color but the taste of rather bitter ink. As the wine always disappeared, Mr. Sophocles was duly gratified; but I think it went not down our throats but into the pantry sink.

Mr. Sophocles was of peasant stock and had been bred in a monastery. He came to our house to supper — unannounced — two or three times a month, or when, I suppose, his

own larder was unusually low. We boys were delighted to see him, for he always had some queer story to tell us. He spoke English with great deliberation but with an ample vocabulary of uncommon and sometimes ungodly words. I think now that most of his stories of his youth were largely imaginary but they were told dramatically and enhanced by his extraordinary personal appearance — the flashing, piercing black eyes under shaggy eyebrows, the shock of white hair, the great unkempt beard and whiskers. His table manners were unconventional. For instance, he would help himself to a butter ball with his fingers — boys remember such little things — and in the course of one of his stories he would refresh himself with a pinch of the snuff he carried in his vest pocket. How he happened to come to this country I never knew but we boys surmised that he had been mixed up with some sort of patriotic insurrection and had to flee, or had been involved in some youthful escapade which was too much for the monks, but he always kept in communication with some friends in the homeland. He sent them money and they sent him books and curious foodstuffs and the aforementioned wine. Once only, I think, did he venture home. It was borne in upon him that his mother was still living, though over ninety, and that he ought to make sure that she was comfortable. When he returned from that journey, like the polite little boy that I could occasionally manage to be, I expressed the hope that he had found his mother well and contented. His laconic reply was, "She was very dirty."

I never came under Mr. Sophocles' instruction, not being addicted to the study of Patristic Greek, but I understand that his classroom habits were also somewhat original. I recall the experience of one student who was taking a course with Sophocles. It came to the written examination. One of the questions on the paper, which the professor had prepared, puzzled the student. He took the paper to Sophocles, who was presiding

in the examination room, and asked for an interpretation of the question. The professor pondered a long time and then said, "I do not know what it means — but what is the difference, the marks have been settled already."

My father's obituary notice of Sophocles — and this time, you perceive, the text comes at the close, not at the beginning of the discourse, a habit I have sometimes thought of adopting for a sermon, of which the text is often the best part — reads, "Professor Sophocles' unique personality was an object of constant interest to the New England community in which his lot was cast and especially to the shifting throng of young men in the midst of which he lived. He was profoundly learned in the Greek literature of all ages and particularly in the Greek of the Christian Fathers, but was somewhat indifferent to the wealth of scholarship which western Europe has lately brought to bear on Greek art and letters. He was tender-hearted under the guise of cynicism and singularly generous under an aspect of parsimony. In his way of living and his modes of thought he seemed a simple mediaeval monk yet he was shrewd enough in affairs to accumulate and keep safe a considerable property in stocks and bonds. In his last will Professor Sophocles gave enduring evidence of his fidelity in friendship and of his love for the College which had been his home for forty years."

Now jump to quite a different type of pundit among our Cambridge scholars — a type almost as unexpected as the Greek recluse and the opposite of everything that could

possibly be considered cynical or frugal. Professor Francis James Child, wrote my father in the official report of 1896, "filled out fifty years of punctual, diligent, and devoted service as a teacher in Harvard College. In English literature and the historical development of the English language he was one of the chief scholars of our time. All his colleagues and students felt the influence of his sincere and affectionate disposition and his high-minded way of life." That was an exceptionally restrained testimony even for my just and exact father, for he loved Mr. Child and his family and in his young manhood was probably more at home in that household than in that of any of his associates. Mr. Child, as I remember him, was the embodiment of sunshine. From the crisp curls on the top of his head to the soles of his little feet he radiated warmth and cheerfulness. He trotted through the Yard — his legs were so short that he always seemed to trot — laden with his

19

webbed bag full of folios or manuscript volumes containing the old ballads he collected and edited with such meticulous care. Some of the ballads were racier or more indelicate than a prim Victorian taste could approve, but if Miss Palfrey or Miss Torrey shook a reproachful finger at him and called him a naughty man he only chuckled the more merrily. I fancy the present generation can read those ballads without the slightest inclination to blush.

The house on Kirkland Street in which I was born overlooked Mr. Child's lovely rose garden. I presume my baby carriage and its occupant spent many sunny and sleepy hours in that garden; anyway, one of my earliest memories is of toddling round after Mr. Child as he worked among his roses — tending them with skilful and assiduous devotion. He was, I suppose, one of the first experts at rose-growing in this country and I cannot imagine a more congenial occupation — for of him I can truly say that I have no memory of word or act or look that is not fragrant. Because of those early associations, and for the tenderness he bore toward my lovely and delicate young mother, he always treated me, even when I had grown to almost twice his size, as a charming but rather mischievous infant. In College, as soon as the restrictions that then limited the choice of studies were outgrown, I hastened to take his course in Shakespeare — English 2 — and revelled in it. That was real teaching. We didn't haggle too much over grammar or the proprieties of language or the derivation of the stories, though Child had a most comprehensive learning about all such matters and could trace a word back to its original appearance much as Darwin could trace the origin of species. We read Shakespeare! Stubby would curl up in the chair behind his desk, with one foot under him or with his hands hugging his knees, and spout with glorious abandon, and that bare lecture room in University Hall would glow and echo. Or he would set us to reading — poor tongue-tied, embarrassed youngsters that we were — and make us learn the gorgeous lines by heart and recite them.

*And then in that same year came the chance to see the Shakespearean dramas acted as, I fondly believe, they never have been acted before or since. Night after night for two weeks we went to Boston to see the incomparable Adelaide Neilson and her company play in *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night* and the rest of her repertory. I have seen other Juliets, and sometimes another Rosalind, but I have never in all the half*

20

century that has followed dared to see another Viola or Imogen, for I would not blur my still vivid memory of that flashing figure and perfect art. There never has been among the gifted women who have interpreted Shakespeare for us such a combination of alert intelligence, faultless intonation, disciplined craftsmanship, joined to beauty of face and form and exquisite melody of voice. Shakespeare is still for me the strange — and in some aspects comically incongruous — alliance of Stubby Child in the classroom and Adelaide Neilson on the stage.

I turn now to speak of some of my father's most trusted counsellors in the days when Harvard College was being transformed into a University and when the ardent young President had to meet and gradually overcome the sturdy opposition of entrenched conservatism. President Eliot was always urgent to remind us that his reforms were made possible only by the cooperative goodwill and executive skill of his associates. He could provide the initiative but the details were worked out by his lieutenants. He discovered the right man for each administrative job and then trusted him to do it in his own way.

It was indeed a remarkable group of men whose names meant and made Harvard when my father —only thirty-five years old— became President in 1869. Louis Agassiz, Benjamin Peirce, Asa Gray, Jeffries Wyman, Josiah P. Cooke, Joseph Lovering, were the outstanding men of science in America. Lane and Goodwin had no superiors in the ranks of classical scholars. Bowen and Torrey taught, or were supposed to teach, history and philosophy. Sibley was gathering, though not yet using, a great library. Longfellow had withdrawn from the faculty, but Lowell had succeeded him. Yet it is curious to discover how very slight the influence of these remarkable men on the actual life of the College. To the undergraduates they were hardly more than names. And as to subjects, well, let one illustration suffice. English literature was not a subject of study at all. There was one course in Chaucer; but if a student wanted to get acquainted with English writers later than Chaucer, he had to do it on his own hook. As to teaching, Mr. Child, of whom I have just been speaking, with the potentialities of a great scholar and teacher in him, was spending most of his time correcting the compositions of immature Sophomores, and Mr. Lowell was teaching elementary Spanish and Italian. "The College," wrote Dr. Edward Everett Hale, "was simply an enlarged country academy." The only real distinction

was that "you studied your lesson in your own room instead of at your desk in the schoolhouse, and recited it in another building. You were told that your lesson would be eighty lines of Euripides' Hecuba. You sat down in the evening under your lamp and looked up the words in the dictionary and translated after a fashion and then went the next day to the classroom and read a few of the lines to the professor." That was all that Hecuba was to you or you to Hecuba!

Or let my uncle, Dr. Francis Peabody, testify. He was a member of the Class of 1869, the year when my father took hold. "No one," he wrote, "no one of our academic stars shed any light on the narrow path of the undergraduate. Agassiz, Wyman, Lowell shone on us only in a few incidental lectures. Benjamin Peirce was so remote a planet as to be visible only to a few telescopic minds. . . . To commend oneself to the learned classicists, Goodwin

and Lane, it was more essential to detect an aorist tense or an irregular verb than to appreciate Euripides or Terence. In a word, we were schoolboys chiefly concerned with memorizing rules and exceptions, regimented in recitations and without training of the eye or hand. We studied chemistry without approaching a laboratory. Our gifted teachers were primarily devoted to the discovery of deficiencies rather than to the stimulating of excellence. . . . They were chiefly occupied in disciplining the refractory and indolent. My only personal reminiscence of Professor Cooke's instruction in chemistry is of the occasional and malodorous smells."

My father's closest associates when he faced that situation and gradually changed it were Alexander Agassiz and Theodore Lyman in the governing boards, Justin Winsor at the Library, and the Deans he chose to administer the different departments: Gurney and Dunbar for the College, Ellis for the Medical School, Langdell for the Law School, and Everett for the Divinity School. Theodore Lyman was my father's cousin and intimate friend from boyhood. On him my father relied, not so much for advice as for courage and cheer. My father was a grave young man, handicapped by extreme near-sightedness and by the great red birthmark on one side of his face, and deeply saddened by the death — just as he became President — of his cherished wife. Lyman was by nature and temperament buoyant, gay, open-hearted, and open-handed, a most gallant and chivalric gentleman. He lived in Brookline, on the beautiful estate still owned by his son, Professor Theodore Lyman, but

he drove over to his work at the Agassiz Museum almost every day and would often stop at the President's house or office with a cheerful word of appreciation and approval. He helped enormously to carry my father through dark and toilsome days.

Theodore Lyman and Alex Agassiz were classmates. They married sisters and both worked in the older Agassiz's fast-growing Museum. Never was there a greater difference between father and son — in temperament and manner — than between Louis and Alex Agassiz. They shared in devotion to scientific research, and they both had unusual capacity for hard work; but the father was genial, optimistic, exuberant, always a center of contagious enthusiasm and surrounded by applauding admirers and disciples. The son was sensitive, unassertive, diffident at first in social intercourse, and indifferent to popular acclaim. Louis was often in financial difficulties. He had no limits in his spending of time and skill and money for his beloved work. Alex was bold but cautious and became a highly successful man of business.

After graduating from College, Alex took a course in engineering but soon followed the call of his inheritance and went to work in the Museum. There he found that the plans of the great leader could not be consummated without vast increase of financial support. It happened that his friend Quincy Shaw, who had married his sister Pauline, had become involved in the affairs of an unprofitable and almost inaccessible copper mine up in the northern peninsula of Michigan. Alex Agassiz had dabbled a bit in mines, and he undertook to try to rescue what seemed like a desperate venture. In a few years he turned the property into a paying concern, built a railroad through the wilderness, dredged a channel to the lake, housed the staff and employes, developed and equipped the mine, and started the Calumet and Hecla Company on its career of prodigious success. Then he came back to the Museum and to his researches on land and sea; but he remained the President of

Calumet and Hecla until his death and frequently went to Michigan directing the colossal enterprise. His life was early shadowed by the deaths in the same year of his father and his wife, but he turned his father's great dream into a reality and poured out his fast-growing fortune for the Museum and for the expeditions that enriched it with collections gathered from all over the earth. He soon became the most magnificent benefactor that the University had up to that time enjoyed. As a combination of distinguished

man of science, a creative administrator of a great business, and a princely benefactor, Alex Agassiz was unique; yet he walked our Cambridge streets a modest, retiring, almost unrecognized citizen.

Agassiz and my father were life-long friends and fellow-workers. They were in College together. They rowed together on the University crew. They were both scientists, the one a chemist, the other a zoologist. When my father returned to Cambridge, they lived on the same street, and within a few doors of each other. Both were charged with the upbringing of motherless boys, three in one household, two in the other. They served in the Corporation. Sometimes they differed vigorously in judgment but as a rule their minds and hearts went together, as the saying is, to a remarkable degree, and from that cooperation came results of lasting significance.

Justin Winsor was another of my father's trusted associates. He was the guide of another transformation of College habits and the opener of the door of opportunity to countless scholars, students, and readers. He was a classmate of my father's but was very little known in College and was not happy there, for he was a bookish boy who dreamed about being a poet or a dramatist or a man of letters. I think he did not stay to graduate for, as his father was a man of some means and ready to back him, he slipped away to Europe and there lived for some time the life of a wandering but eager scholar. When he came home, he married and settled down in his father's house. He wrote an excellent history of the town of Duxbury, where his family had been an outstanding family. Its success and his general knowledge of books led to his appointment to membership on the Board of Trustees of the Boston Public Library. He got much interested in the administration of that institution and prepared a report on its work which contained a good many novel suggestions and recommendations. It happened that just at that time the Librarian suddenly died, and the Trustees turned to their younger associate and asked him to take the place. With considerable hesitation, for of course he had no experience in such matters and no idea that he possessed any executive capacity, he accepted, and there began a career of vast significance to the makers and readers of books.*

The Harvard Library at that time was under the charge of the vener-

** It is said that Mr. Winsor's granddaughter, our associate, Miss Penelope Noyes, is heir to more strains of Pilgrim inheritance than anyone now living.*

able John Langdon Sibley. No one should speak of Mr. Sibley without profound respect. Sixty of his eighty-one years were spent here in Cambridge. For more than half that time, and until his happy marriage in 1886, he lived in one room in Divinity Hall and worked in the College Library, becoming Assistant Librarian in 1841 and Librarian in 1856. He also edited the College Catalogue, prepared the annual Necrology of the graduates, edited ten of the Triennial Catalogues, and, above all, worked with indefatigable industry and the most painstaking accuracy on the Biographical Sketches of the graduates of Harvard College. He was lavish of time, and if need be, of money, his own money, in determining an obscure date or the proper spelling of a forgotten name. Mr. Sibley's ideas, however, about the uses of a library were in accordance with the practice of his generation. A library was for him a place for the accumulation and preservation of books. It was, so to speak, a museum, not a tool or instrument for students, but a sort of storage warehouse. I have often heard my father tell of his first encounter with this – to him – extraordinary practice. Soon after taking office he was walking down the path behind the President's home, and as he passed Gore Hall, the Library, Mr. Sibley came out, locking the door behind him and hastening to meet the young President. "Mr. President," he said, "I have great pleasure in reporting to you that every book the library possesses is tonight on its proper shelf, except two. Professor Agassiz has those and I am going over to get them from him now." It is not surprising that as soon as Mr. Sibley's increasing infirmities permitted of his honorable retirement my father was eager to find a man who would change that archaic system of administering a library. He thought of his classmate Winsor and after considerable difficulty was able to detach him and bring him to Cambridge. There Mr. Winsor bought land on the Deane estate and built his house on Sparks Street, enjoying frequent intercourse with his neighbor and fellow-historian, Mr. Charles Deane.

The profession of a librarian was hardly recognized at that time. Mr. Winsor may almost be said to have created it. He rapidly transformed the Harvard Library into the working center of the University, opened its rich resources freely to all officers and students, and encouraged scholars from all over the world to use it. He himself became, beside the successful administrator of a fast-growing library, a learned historian, a masterly editor, and America's most expert cartographer. My father wrote of

him in 1897, "His main object as a librarian was to get books profitably used ... so the library under his administration became a new source and appliance for both teachers and students. It became also for learned men a distinct attraction toward Cambridge and the service of the University. . . . His own numerous and massive publications . . . testify to his wonderful capacity for steady productive labor." Mr. Winsor was not only "the most eminent librarian in the United States but the most important contributor in his day to American historical and cartographical research. Seldom has a man of strong character and definite intellectual purpose attained so completely and successfully the main objects of his faithful labors."

Ephraim Whitman Gurney was the first Dean of the College Faculty. He had been my father's first choice for the Presidency of the College and to him the new President turned at once to set up the new standards, establish new precedents, and administer difficult and often delicate readjustments. Upon Mr. Gurney's death in 1886 my father wrote of him, "In every reform or onward step his farseeing wisdom gave trusty guidance; in every effort to

preserve valuable traditions and turn to best account the gains of the past, his discriminating conservatism perceived the best modes of action; in every personal question concerning the character of a student, the promise of a young teacher, or the value of an official, his natural insight and wide range of knowledge lent weight and authority to his opinion."

My father's reliance upon the counsel and cooperation of this judicious and loyal friend recalls to my memory a practice which must have continued through the first five years or more of my father's administration. Each Sunday, after attendance at the morning service, he would take his two small boys and walk up Brattle Street and call, on one Sunday on former President Walker at his house on Sparks Street, and on the next Sunday on Professor Gurney at the spacious house which he had built on Fayerweather Street. I suppose my brother and I were given books to read or a puzzle to do while the discussions went on, but at least it was given us to understand that here were unfailing sources of wisdom and understanding. Dr. Walker had been the President of the College at the time when my father had served as a tutor — a tutor younger than most of the boys he was supposed to teach — and he had early discovered my father's gift for cogent phrases. When discussion in

a Faculty meeting had gone far enough, Dr. Walker would turn to this young tutor and say, "Now, Mr. Eliot, will you kindly write out in the form of a vote the conclusions at which we seem to have arrived."

I have heard my father tell of his experience at the first meeting of the Corporation after his election to the Presidency. His associates in the Corporation were the six elderly gentlemen who had, in the face of considerable opposition, elected him President. Doubtless the young President presided at that first meeting with his usual quiet gravity and presented the business to be transacted in an orderly fashion. When the business had been completed, the six old gentlemen glanced at each other and then bolted into the next room, leaving the new captain sitting at the head of the table alone and somewhat disconcerted. He was gathering up his papers when the Fellows came smiling back and Mr. John Amory Lowell, the senior member, said, "Charles, we just couldn't contain ourselves any longer. We were so delighted at the way you presided — and you presented the business just as Dr. Walker used to do ten years ago." The new President did not tell them that it was he who in those days had been accustomed to prepare the business for Dr. Walker to present.

I have found in my father's letters another acknowledgment of his debt to Dean Gurney which I should like to quote. "We have worked together," he wrote, "for seventeen years. He was the best possible associate for me, being more patient, conciliatory, and conservative than I while desiring essentially the same changes in the structure and methods of the University. In the Faculty he was always a main reliance, being keen in argument, disinterested and just, and at the same time having a strong sense of humor invaluable in such a body."

Charles Franklin Dunbar succeeded Mr. Gurney as the Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences. My father had early secured his appointment as the first University Professor of

Political Economy, and he originated and upbuilt that great Department of the University as well as serving as the administrative officer of the College. My father's acquaintances were manifold and his memory for names and faces exceptional, his friendships were many and lasting, but his real intimacies were few. Dunbar was probably the man for whom he felt the warmest attachment. The two men not only worked together in adjoining offices and in closest cooperation in term time, but Dunbar was also a comrade in summer cruising on Eliot's yacht, and when my father, after his second

marriage, built his summer home at Northeast Harbor, Dunbar built on Bear Island, half a mile away, so they were holiday as well as workaday partners. Eliot writing to William James after Dunbar's death in 1900, said of him, "He has been just like a brother to me for twenty-eight years ... a priceless counsellor and friend."

I never took a course with Professor Dunbar, for the arguments and statistics of the economists were almost as remote from my interests and aptitudes as the intricacies of Patristic Greek; so my own memory of him is chiefly as a summer comrade. His shrewdness, reticence, and quiet humor, as well as his sandy hair and beard, indicated a Scottish descent. So did his contempt for the luxuries and superfluities of life, and I sometimes reflected that his keen enjoyment of the view of the rocky Mt. Desert hills from his Bear Island house was a sort of throwback to the associations of his Scottish forebears. They say that as a Dean he was overcautious and annoyingly silent; but I know that he was capable of quick decision and prompt action — one has to be when one is sailing a lively boat in half a gale. He was unassuming in manner but when he heard a tale of a mean or cowardly act I have seen his jaw set and his steel gray eyes flash with wrath. His influence among his Faculty associates was second to none. They trusted his sure-footed sagacity. "The Faculty," wrote my father, "was always afraid to take a step of which he did not approve and seldom did so unless his occasional infirmity of silence had concealed from them his opinion."

The three Deans of the professional schools were equally my father's trusted associates. Of Calvin Ellis of the Medical School I cannot testify tonight, for he lived and worked in Boston and so his name falls outside the limits of a paper for the Cambridge Historical Society. Of him my father wrote, "Exact, conscientious, earnest, and cheerful, he was one of the best teachers of medicine the University has ever had." He was Dean of the School from 1869 to his death in 1883, and — I quote again — "in this important office contributed with all his might to the reforms which the Faculty effected within that period. His daily example, as a wise and high-minded practitioner and a kindly, honorable, and disinterested man was of great worth to the students, for they saw that these qualities were the foundation of his success as a physician."

Of Dean Langdell my father wrote, "He was the first Dean of the Law School and was Dean for twenty-five years during a period of funda-

mental reconstruction. He originated a method of teaching law which has proved to be a radical improvement of great value and wide application. He taught law by voice and pen with profound learning, great accuracy and clearness of statement and complete devotion to the work of teaching."

I have often heard my father tell of how he came to know of Langdell's merits. One of his closest friends in his undergraduate days was Theodore Tebbetts, a student in the Divinity School; he was later minister in Medford, but died when still a young man. Eliot used often in the late afternoon or early evening to go over to Divinity Hall for a chat with Tebbetts. In Tebbetts's room he would not infrequently find a law student of rather remarkable appearance and rustic manners, who lived in an adjoining room and who there got his own meals. This Langdell would be standing with his back to Tebbetts's coal fire — for his own room was undoubtedly unheated — and eating his supper, a bowl of porridge and milk. That finished, he would proceed to hold forth to the other two upon the principles of Law and upon the ways in which lawyers ought to be trained and laws devised and courts conducted. And then, my father used to say, "it was given me to understand that I was listening to a man of genius." And so when fifteen years later the new President wanted to lift the Law School out of the rut in which it was running, he remembered that man and his way of looking at things, sought him out, and finally located him at a desk in an inner room at the rear of a lawyer's office in New York. He renewed acquaintance with him, discovered from his employers and associates that, while he had seldom or never argued a case in court, he was regarded as a most exceptional counsellor and full of novel and striking ideas. The Corporation accepted the proposed appointment of an obscure scholar to the professorship of Law which had been held by Story, Greenleaf, and Theophilus Parsons, with considerable hesitation and only because they were willing to let the new President have his way. The Overseers were even more reluctant to confirm the appointment and were finally persuaded to act by the assurances given them by great lawyers like Joseph H. Choate and James C. Carter that this Langdell might well prove to be a great find. He was a great find. He was bold, ingenious, persistent. During the long effort to establish the new methods of legal training which he initiated and in the face of severe criticism, Langdell seems never to have cared to defend

himself or his innovations. "He knew," wrote my father, "that there was only one way to refute criticism, namely, to exhibit the professional success of his disciples. ... As a teacher, Langdell was a great benefactor of the legal profession, and hence of every free and orderly community. As a man he was worthy of all love and reverence."

Charles Carroll Everett was Professor of Theology for thirty years and for most of that time Dean of the Divinity School. It was he who brought to fulfilment my father's Utopian dream that ministers could be of better service to society if their training fitted them to be not just agents for propagating a sectarian creed but unbiassed seekers and lovers of the truth and servants of the common good beyond all denominational boundaries. He wanted students of theology to have the same privileges of free research, the same unprejudiced access to the widest learning, that had come to characterize the Schools of Science and Medicine and Law. Dean Everett proved to be the ideal captain for this unique spiritual adventure. Everett was what I should call a truly emancipated spirit, with a large and cheerful sympathy with all sorts of men and ideas. He cared little for dogma or for

controversy. He was generous and magnanimous and at home with all the great religious literature. Unlike many professors, he knew what was going on in the world outside of his little cocoon. It was rightly said of Everett — as it was also of Emerson, and there were many resemblances between those men — that he took down the ancient idols from their pedestals so gently that it seemed like an act of reverence. Everett was indeed a revolutionist who was also a conservative, a learned scholar who was also eminently human and happily possessed of a delicate and delightful humor. He was modest almost to self-effacement but it was not the humility of the ascetic. He had no gift for what is called publicity and played no part in the politics of Church or State, but there was nothing insular or provincial about him. Of him my father wrote, "His lectures were always followed with eagerness by students of a great variety of beliefs and denominational affiliations, for he treated his subject in an original way and in a spirit at once candid, impartial, and comprehensive."

No adjectives could have been better chosen. "Original" — not only was the structure of the Divinity School transformed and teachers appointed without regard to their denominational inheritances; the whole spirit of the place was changed. The old subjects which had long been

the sum and substance of theological education continued to hold their time-honored place but new subjects were added and new points of view were opened. Dr. Francis Peabody gave the earliest courses offered in an American college on the Ethics of Social Problems, and Dr. Everett gave the first course in Comparative Religion ever opened to theological students in this country, and Dr. Toy pioneered in the agitated realm of the Higher Criticism of the Bible. "Candid, impartial, and comprehensive" — those words accurately and concisely define the temper of Dr. Everett's teaching. To be sure, when I took his lecture courses I sometimes found myself beyond my depth. I could not always follow the argument; but I could catch something of his spirit. There was about him a serenity and a self-possession very helpful to a youth of my impatient temperament. Sometimes there would be quite prolonged pauses in the lecture when Everett would sit in quiet contemplation and without — again like Mr. Emerson — without the least embarrassment. He enjoyed our perplexities and encouraged our questions, however unintelligent they might be. He was quick to see the comical side of things, and his answers were apt to be whimsical but very much to the point. He used a rapier, not a club. He never clouded his meaning with superfluous words or tried to weave magic spells with enigmatical phrases. His mind was essentially luminous, with no dim recesses or misty indecisions. If I sometimes failed to understand, it was because the thought was too profound for me, not because the expression of the thought lacked clarity. His speech was more colloquial than academic and had in it something of the tang of the brine or the spruces of his native state of Maine.

I recall that he once asked me to prepare for the class a summary and interpretation of a certain chapter in Lotze's Logic. I studied the thing and could make nothing whatever out of it. When the time came for my report, I laid a blank sheet of paper on his desk. He glanced at it and a glimmer of satisfaction crossed his otherwise immobile countenance. "Yes," he said, "I have never been able to make much sense out of it myself. I thought perhaps your fresh young mind might find a clue to its meaning." The fact that I was more

ready to confess ignorance than to put up a pretense of erudition pleased him mightily and he later reported the incident to my father with many gratified chuckles. The know-it-all sort of student, or one who took himself too seriously, annoyed him, and such a student was likely to be ingeniously allured into

a position where one clean thrust of that keen mind would puncture his inflated assumptions.

Of Everett's many books the one that stands by me best is the one entitled Poetry, Comedy, and Duty, for "he had," said the former President of this Society, his colleague, Dr. Emerton, "he had the power of seeing and expressing the spiritual beneath the veil of the obvious which is the essence of poetry. He had the sense of the incongruous which he himself described as the essence of comedy; and every action of his life was dictated by an unflinching sense of duty."

Gladly would I pay tribute to other great teachers of my own college days but while they did not outlive my father, they did outlive his administration, and so they are only occasionally mentioned in the Reports in which I am tonight finding my texts. Never has the College had teachers more stimulating than Professor Shaler and Professor William James. They were more than instructors, they were animating guides and friends. I gratefully remember too Professor John K. Paine, though I suspect that I took Music 3 because it was reputed to be a soft course — and it was. It came right after lunch, when one was inclined to be drowsy. We soon discovered how to escape the necessity of taking notes. Professor Paine would wax eloquent over the magic of Bach or Chopin, and some mischievous student would lean forward with a seductive earnestness and say, "Oh, Professor, can we not persuade you to play us something from the master's works?" and nothing loath — for playing was doubtless for him more fun than lecturing — Mr. Paine would move over to the piano and for the rest of the hour we could either listen or contentedly doze.

Most of all I should like to speak of Professor Charles Eliot Norton. Again I took his course in Fine Arts because it was reputed to be soft. It was alleged that if one were to quote in the examination book some of the Professor's favorite phrases or rode round handily on some of his hobbies and expatiated eloquently on the charm of the curve of a Greek column or the carving of a capital, one could readily get by without bothering to read or study, and as I was tremendously occupied with the really important things of College life, playing on the Class team and singing in the Glee Club and acting in theatricals and generally having a gorgeous time, that was an alluring prospect.

But something quite unexpected happened to me, as it probably did to many other boys of decent capacity but unawakened minds. Norton —

quite unconsciously, I suppose, just in the course of his ordinary lecturing — discovered to me the splendid fun of using one's own mind. It is strange that that source of huge

enjoyment had never before been revealed to me. I had been brought up in a family of intellectual people. I had read widely and happily in the rich and varied store of my father's library. I had been to good schools and had such reputedly efficient teachers as Bradbury at the Cambridge Latin School and John Hopkinson — who afterwards had to accept me for a son-in-law — and the men of his staff, Walter Deane, Theodore Williams, Burton Legate, who became themselves headmasters of schools; but it had never been borne in on me that a school lesson was anything more than a grind and a bore. These men did succeed, though with some difficulty, in pushing me into college, and somebody must have pulled and hauled me through the Freshman year, though I did practically no work. The studies of the Freshman year were still at that benighted period, prescribed. I dropped them the moment I reached the comparative freedom of an upper classman, and hastened to select the courses that might reasonably be expected to offer the least interference with the normal pleasures and occupations of college life. But something Mr. Norton said caught my attention, or there was something about his way of saying it that fascinated me. Anyway, something clicked in the cavity where my mind was supposed to function, and gradually — not suddenly — but with steady and healthy progress I realized the joy of independent thinking. I didn't agree with more than half of what the lecturer said; often he provoked me to rather imprudent protest or saucy questioning. I was no longer just a piece of blotting paper soaking up somebody else's ink. I was thinking for myself and hugely liking it. I was no longer a mere echo, I was doing the shouting. And to the amazement of the class, Mr. Norton instead of obliterating me positively seemed to like it. Then others joined in and the lecture hour turned into a lively, sometimes impassioned discussion not simply about the arts and the science of the beautiful but about history and morals and behaviour and nature and human nature. I think that was one of the earliest demonstrations in the cultural courses — Louis Agassiz had long before adopted the practice in the scientific courses — of the way in which students can and should teach themselves and each other; a practice which has now happily superseded in most colleges the old reading or droning of lectures or hearing of recitations.

My father wrote of Norton on his resignation in 1898 of how he established a department of instruction which was without precedent or parallel and — I quote this because I think my experience may have partly suggested the sentence — of how this instruction "has proved to be of great interest and value to thousands of students of different ages, dispositions, and tendencies, having been to many a means of intellectual awakening and to all a precious element in their mental and moral development."

Norton, as I gratefully remember him, was a myriad-minded humanist. His manner was gentle, his voice quiet and pleasant, his habit of speech that of one who had respect for his native language. At times he indulged in a rather playful irony but his talk was habitually as friendly as it was versatile and vivid. I do not suppose that he ever had much facility as an artist in color or in modelling but he was a supreme artist in words — words that had a distinct emotional effect and the magic of suggestion. There was a sort of detachment about him, as if he watched with eyes that saw, beyond the ordinary and the obvious, the drama of life unfold.

His way of looking at contemporary conditions was, to a young man of my more audacious temperament, too much inclined to pessimism. He mused with a rather

sentimental tenderness over the glories of the past and was too readily disposed to find the higher grace of life in the little world of ancient Greece. But he made one conscious of a possible civilization that could be fairer and finer than our own and he breathed into our academic and community life certain impulses that made us realize that life may be something better than a business or a game. He had no use for the outward forms of religion but he understood and emphasized and illustrated the spiritual values, and he revealed to us that there may be as much true religion in the spirit in which one doubts as in the most exact formulas of belief.

Mr. Norton had the happy practice of inviting some of his more eager students to come on Sunday evenings to his house at Shady Hill. Eight or ten of us would gather round the table or by the fire in that beautiful long library at the rear of the house and Norton would pull down a book here and another there from the well-stocked shelves and read to us; or he would hand the book to one of us to read aloud and he would comment with a gracious wisdom and airy humor, or discourse

34

enchantingly on the text or the author—Petrarch, Dante, George Herbert, Charles Lamb, John Ruskin, and the like. Oh, we were still just ordinary modern American boys but on those nights we were citizens of the world and heirs of the heritage of the ages.

Mr. President, I think we can leave them there.

35

VICTORIAN HOUSES OF OLD CAMBRIDGE

BY ROGER GILMAN

Read April 23, 1940

TO ALL OF US who are lovers of Old Cambridge the destruction of each landmark brings a sense of grief, but also a query. We all lament the passing of the gracious semi-Italian villa on Prospect and Harvard Streets, or the stately series of Greek mansions on their terraces overlooking old Main Street. But we may well ask ourselves: "Can we do nothing to preserve their memory?"

Happily some of you have done this for certain houses by your papers read here, telling their story by the lives that have been lived in them. Others might carry on in other ways, such as a catalogue with brief descriptions and dates. For my part, I try, in occasional hours, to build up a photographic record of those which are notable for architectural character. In these excursions I have been amazed by the fullness with which they illustrate the tides of taste that flowed through the last century. If I bring you tonight some typical examples from that record, with a sketch of their architectural background, it is in the hope that you too may share in the fascinating scene that lies all about us. Perhaps I may lead some of you to make similar records of your own.

What these examples mean to me is something more than a series of pictures. They compose a drama of conflicting tastes, of ways of living, of the city's growth. At times there enters the commanding figure of the College, whose halls point the way to new styles for houses, whose presidents and professors lived in them and gave them prestige. In the background stands the city itself: its hills, which attract the greater houses; its long roads to Boston and outlying towns, on which the houses spring up in different periods; its trees and lawns, which enfold them and harmonize their differences.

In our current concern with fine colonial examples, we overlook the fact that Cambridge is, in the main, a city of the nineteenth century. The houses that we see every day are almost all of the years between

38

1830 and 1890. But in this there is no cause for shame. The nineteenth century in architecture, as in painting, has fascinations that are all its own. Not, it is true, in the perfection of one style, nor in a style related to our colonial interest. But what a time of experiments and of searchings, what a series of enthusiasms and sharp reactions!

The focus of this intense activity was the middle half of the century, between 1840, just after the little Queen was called to the throne, and the late eighties, when she celebrated her jubilee. For this period Cambridge is a veritable museum of styles. Over one hundred houses of the Greek Revival have been counted. Of the mansard type there must be an equal profusion; of the two Gothic Revivals, a few but fine specimens; of Queen Anne all the best varieties.

Let us begin with the Greek Revival, that style which would be almost unbelievable if it were not so familiar. From about 1830 to 1845 it swept the country. It captured not only the more cultured East but moved westward with the pioneers, to Michigan, to Tennessee, and along the Gulf. All the new buildings, houses, churches, courthouses, were based on the Grecian temple. It came to us as an importation from England. But the way had already been prepared by Thomas Jefferson's adaptations of Roman temples, his own house at Monticello, the Virginia Capitol, and the professors' houses at the University of Virginia. It was carried forward by a tremendous expansion of building, by the prosperity and the new settlements of the time.

In Cambridge this prosperity was reflected in a series of Greek mansions along the roads from the West Boston and the Craigie bridges, Harvard Street, Broadway, and Massachusetts Avenue (which I shall call by its old name, Main Street). The lofty colonnade had been designed by the Greeks for single buildings on commanding sites. It had served grandly on the Acropolis; it served not so badly on Dana Hill (Figure 3).

But there was some criticism of this habit, as appears from an article in the North American Review, of October, 1836: "Of late it has become the fashion to build country houses in the form of temples. This style prevails at Cambridge. These classic models, which surround the College, are imitated closely in Cambridge-Port. Two or three specimens of this style are to be seen on the road which forms the continuation of the old Concord turnpike through the Port. One of them in particular

is a small edifice, the whole length of which, including the portico, may possibly be 30 feet, and the breadth 15 feet. The front is adorned with four massive columns, with elegantly carved Ionic capitals, the cost of which can scarcely be less than the rest of the house." The object of this asperity is still standing at 135 Western Avenue.

You will all recall with me those stately mansions, their heavy columns, their elaborate iron balconies, their terraced lawns, that we used to pass in the leisurely horsecars. Their destruction is an architectural tragedy. Where the last of the line was demolished last summer there remains only a hideous heap of mortar.

The only major survivals of all that pomp of columned porticoes are the Lovering house (Figure 1), on Kirkland Street at the corner of Sumner, and the Gannett house, now belonging to the Law School. The Lovering house and Doctor Day's next to it, furnish an illuminating comparison of what could be achieved in this style. The one is a true temple front, overpowering in the scale of its two-story columns and high gable, austere in its flat boarded walls that simulate stone, cold in its straight lines and deep shadows. It also represents, probably, the most costly devotion to the facade that we have ever shown in the building of houses.

The Day house (Figure 4) seems to me a clear case of the colonial type with Greek architecture adapted to it. Its lower one-story portico, its Greek columns of slender wood proportions, its natural surface of weather boarding, all express the intimacy of a dwelling, while its entrance on the long side and on the east is planned for comfort.

The Greek Revival house of medium size is easily recognized by its narrow end and high gable facing the street. It could usually boast of a one-story porch with columns on the front or on the side, or on both. Often it dispensed with the porch and framed its deep set entrance with Greek pilasters. Its long narrow plan was formed about an entrance hall at one corner and a single room beside it. This was a distinct departure from the colonial or the Federal plan with wide front and central hall. What this innovation gained for its owner in convenience and economy would be an interesting line of study.

The house of Mrs. Clifford H. Moore (Figure 2) at the corner of Brattle Street and Willard is a complete type, with full Greek cornice and pilasters, but it gains added distinction by a small pedimented porch

and some good Greek ornament. It seems to me the most charming and home-like of the smaller designs, although I realize that its charm is partly due to its two colors of paint, which lighten the heaviness of the style.

Of other buildings that have vanished, two still remain in my memory: on Brattle Square, the old University Press with its stately Ionic portico; and on Harvard Square, Lyceum Hall with small high-perched granite columns, where my generation received their

first lessons in chivalric behavior and the Portland Fancy. . . . Where are the snows of yesteryear!

Toward the end of our Greek period there appeared a variation on that type. It is not mentioned in the scanty accounts of the architectural histories; nor does it occur in the books for builders, so far as I have yet discovered. It may be peculiar to our region.

The closest to the Greek prototype is the Jared Sparks house on Quincy and Kirkland Streets, built somewhat before 1847 (Figure 5). With its broad piers on the front and its pilasters on the side it is the most striking exemplar of its group. Among others are a house on Concord Avenue opposite Craigie Street; that of Chauncey Smith, now Mr. Stoughton Bell's, on Brattle Street; a house on Mason Street; and two on the corner of Story and Mt. Auburn Streets, showing later alterations.

Probably the earliest of this group, built about 1840, and midway in style between them and the colonial type, is the Bowen house, on Follen Street. This is now fortunately in the good hands of our hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Schroeder. It affords us this evening an excellent glimpse of the interior woodwork of the typical Greek Revival house, its broad door and window frames, its marble mantels, and its substantial stairs.

The most distinctive trait of these houses is the series of broad flat piers that create a rhythm on the front. They seem to be derived from the Greek pilasters, now made broader and deprived of their capitals. Their flat sheathing is set vertically, to increase the pilaster impression, and the whole surface is flat, as in the best of the Greek Revival houses. Only the roof departs widely from the temple houses, but its low slope still has a Mediterranean air.

All these houses have great dignity; they are almost public monuments. But this very quality carried so far, these heavy proportions, and these dull, flat surfaces, do not make for a home-like abode. As an attempt



FIG. 1. LOVERING HOUSE
36 Kirkland St., corner of Stinner. Greek Revival,
temple front. 1840-42.



FIG. 2. CLIFFORD H. MOORE HOUSE
112 Brattle St., corner of Willard. Greek Revival.
1840-50.



FIG. 3. ANONYMOUS (Demolished)
Massachusetts Ave., corner of Dana St. Greek Revival,
no gable. About 1850. (Photograph by Lois L. Howe.)



FIG. 4. DAY HOUSE
38 Kirkland St. Greek Revival, with one story porch.
About 1840.



FIG. 5. PRESIDENT SPARKS HOUSE
Quincy St., corner of Kirkland. Neo-classic. Before 1847.



FIG. 6. HASTINGS HOUSE
101 Brattle St. Neo-classic, with curved bay and iron balconies.
1845.

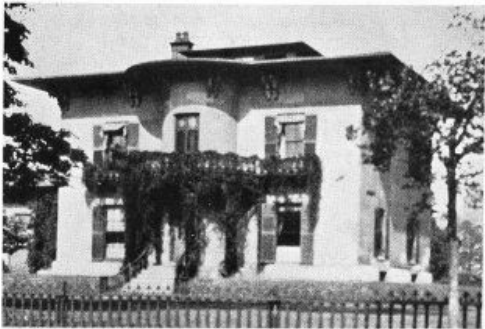


FIG. 7. VALENTINE-FULLER HOUSE
(Demolished 1937)
Prospect St., corner of Harvard. Italian derivation. About 1847.
(Photograph by Lois L. Howe.)



FIG. 8. BENJAMIN PEIRCE HOUSE
9 Oxford St., moved from Quincy St. near the President's house.
An English version of the "Italian Villa." 1837-40.

to develop a more livable house from the Greek temple design and to escape from its limitations, these houses evidently failed.

Belonging to this group although marked by features of its own, is the Hastings house (Figure 6). It is well-known in the architectural world, and is called by the name of its first owner, Oliver Hastings, merchant of Boston. It now belongs to Harvard. Its semi-circular bay, which formerly contained the entrance, recalls the design of the Gore house at Waltham or the White House at Washington. Its trellised balconies in wrought iron belong rather to New York or to the South than to the Boston of that day. These special enrichments, set off by the two colors and framed by the simplicity of the main wall, create an architectural picture that is now unique in Cambridge.

There was once a small group of these balconied houses in Cambridgeport. They were quite in the Italian manner, with very broad flat eaves and stucco walls simulating

masonry. The finest of these was the Valentine house on Prospect Street, already mentioned (Figure 7); others were the Wellington house on Main Street and two on Cambridge Street. A double house on Fayette Street alone survives.

There is also a small group of rather pretentious houses which were inspired by what was called in English books the "Italian Style" (Figure 8). And they were Italian in a certain stone-like quality, with large wall spaces, heavy cornices, and low roofs. An especial mark of this style was a square tower at one corner, which appears in the Williston house on Berkeley Street. The Horsford house on Craigie Street, corner of Sparks, however, has a symmetry and an elegance that bring it closer to the true Italian villa.

In surprising contrast to the Greek inspirations appeared the carved gables and arched windows of a few Gothic houses. Yet each type was the expression of a strain in our national temperament. The dignity and order of the Greek Revival represented our early passion for discussing politics, making laws, arguing religion. The irregularity of the Gothic appealed to our restless individuality, as its historical memories appealed to our sentiment.

The style in America was an offshoot of the Gothic Revival in England. It was first introduced into Cambridge to express special character in two different buildings: the First Parish Church, of 1833, a remarkable effort for that date; and the old College Library, Gore Hall,

begun in 1838, an adaptation of King's College Chapel in England. I suppose we can hardly imagine what an impression these examples, however imperfect, of old world architecture must have created in our provincial, Georgian town.

Somewhat later, arose here and there throughout the country the Gothic cottages of the forties and fifties. They were never numerous, except in the Hudson River Valley, but you may still find a few submerged in the suburbs of Boston or New York, and in old prosperous towns such as Dedham or Concord. In Cambridge there exist several survivors, of differing types.

A Gothic "cottage," as it was at first called, always had a projecting gable, on which could be displayed its principal adornment, the carved verge-board and finial (Figure 9). Very well carved they often were, of good three-inch boards whose thickness gave almost the effect of the English originals. The doorway was set under a pointed arch; the windows were crowned with Gothic mouldings; the roof was steeper than before and broken by gables and dormers to produce a highly picturesque outline.

The house of Tudor type, on Brattle Street at the corner of Mason, is more Gothic in its nature (Figure 10). Its plan is irregular, its entrance door in an odd corner, its wings set forward and back. These are radical departures from the symmetry of the first attempts, which were merely "Gothic Colonial." Even the wall is made to resemble stone. Several pleasing examples like this are also to be found in the Cottage Farm region of Brookline.

I have lingered somewhat on the few relics of the Gothic episode because, though remote from all that was normal in our tradition, they stand for an ideal. They represent in visible wood and stone all the aspirations of the Romantic Era. They were the heart's desire

of individualists, the people of imagination, the lovers of Scott's medieval tales, of Irving's Bracebridge Hall. Probably these men owned some of the many illustrated books on British castles and manor houses, or kept engravings of Turner's paintings in portfolios. Without doubt they studied the American works of Andrew Jackson Downing, whose writings on horticulture and English cottages had an astonishing vogue in the forties.

But the Romantic ideal, which is typified by these examples, did

42

not depart from the American house with the passing of pointed arches and broken roofs. It lingers on even today — in the constant desire for informal plans and for picturesque grouping of windows and gables, for all that is cosy and sentimental in a home.

In the latter forties, after the enthusiasms of the Greek Revival proved to be but illusions, there occurred an interval of ten years or more when designs were chosen from the most varied sources. We have seen the modified Greek temples, the Italian villas, the Gothic cottages. There were now individual designs, of which perhaps the most striking was the Davis house on Quincy Street (Figure 11). You will remember its sympathetic description in a previous paper by Mr. Pottinger, its plan of the Federal period, its interiors of the Greek Revival. Its ornamented cornice and the colonnettes of its porch seem to be derived from the rather unorthodox "carpenter's Gothic" of this period.

The house of Dr. Henry Walcott (Figure 12) on Waterhouse Street (1845) was a return to the colonial, including the brick ends. Its roof seems to combine the ample space of a mansard with the simple construction of an earlier gambrel roof. In case anyone wishes to clarify his idea of this type of roof, I refer him to the Autocrat of Dr. Holmes:

Gambrel? Gambrel? Let me beg You'll look at a horse's hinder leg — First great angle above the hoof — That's the gambrel; hence gambrel roof.

You may wonder why so traditional and convenient a type never was more widely used. But before we have finished you will realize that Cambridge in the nineteenth century built for ideals and fashions far more than for function.

The boldest of our several Victorian ventures was the mansard, of the sixties and seventies. It came to us from Paris, where Napoleon III was then carrying out his lavish building program. It was a part of a living style, in contrast to the revivals of Greek and of Gothic with which we had just been experimenting. It seemed to meet the needs of our fast expanding incomes and our desires for foreign culture, where the two revivals had failed.

These houses are in themselves a page of our history. From them we may read as plainly as in an economic history of Cambridge the

43

record of an active building era. Indeed there was almost a boom in certain parts of the town. To be sure, there were only three or four on lower Brattle Street: the Withey house and the Brattle Inn, companions on opposite corners of Story Street; Mrs. Greenleaf's stately residence opposite Mason Street, now the house of the President of Radcliffe; the austere but elegant mansion at the corner of Craigie Street, long the home of Doctor Denman W. Ross. On Craigie Street itself mansard houses formed an almost continuous line. Lower Broadway too seems to have been largely developed in this period. On old Main Street a series of large mansard houses were built on the south side of the roadway, indicating perhaps that the great estates on its north side, that formerly stretched from the high ground over to the river, must have been divided at this time. And on what was North Avenue, now upper Massachusetts Avenue, the mansards formed a world of their own — based, one may surmise, on new possibilities of commuting to Boston from Porter's Station.

The mansard house is recognized first of all by its roof line, whether a straight upward slant or a long raking curve; secondly by the serpentine brackets that support its wide cornice. In such a finished example as the Denman Ross house (Figure 13), these brackets and the smaller ones that decorate the porch and the heads of the windows lend it an air of elaboration, which is indeed out of all proportion to their number — or their cost. That was in fact the intention, for it was the hope of the owners that they should appear, in the phrase of the day, "handsome and elegant."

But there was much more in this type of house than its ornament. It was formal of shape; if there were an ell, this did not count in the design. It was, in effect, two stories high, with a third story in the roof. It conveyed the dignity and the richness of stone, either from a flat wooden surface marked as with stone joints, or from a stucco facing that was not only marked but colored to represent fine masonry. This was formerly the case in the Greenleaf house (Figure 14).

The mansard house had more virtues than its style to justify its universal adoption and its long popularity. Its square plan excelled the long and narrow Georgian plan with one or more ells, the "telescope" house so-called. It excelled also the oblong plan which belonged to the Greek temple house, with its narrow end toward the street. And its com-

pactness not only saved building cost; it made service easier, and it made the new central heating possible.

Even more satisfying was its provision for a third story with rooms of almost full height. This third story had always been an unsolved problem. When under the roof it had been cramped; when the roof had been raised above it, the house looked too high. But the mansard roof gave a house a low, pleasing proportion, apparently only two stories in height. The dormers now seemed a decoration rather than a makeshift. As for the roof itself, its long sweeping curve shed snow and rain easily; and the roof, for the first time, played a leading part in the beauty of our facades.

Yet there were inherent objections to the mansard type, for such a rambling town as Cambridge. It was too much the city house; in fact it was a design based on stone, here adapted to wood or imitated in stucco. Its formality was appropriate only to this period —

when the hoop skirt was worn at breakfast and the Abe Lincoln stovepipe hat throughout the day.

And how the style was misused in the seventies. More ornament accumulated on its porch, bay windows projected from its walls, iron crestings flourished on its roof. It is these follies of its declining years, rather than the formal pride of its youth, which have given it an odious reputation. But what finally banned it socially was a change of taste. People no longer liked symmetry, nor order; they abhorred the suggestion of expensive material. They craved the picturesque. This craving was to be amply met in the seventies and eighties, by two more novelties in style, Victorian Gothic and Queen Anne.

What were the causes for such a change of mind as is shown by the Van Brunt house (Figure 15)? If we could have talked to householders of the seventies, we should have found them under the spell of William Morris, that great craftsman in printing, wall papers, and tapestry; that apostle of handwork, that passionate devotee of the Middle Ages. And they were now reading Ruskin. From him they learned about the "Lamp of Truth," which came to mean a cult of the various building materials. They learned also the charms of Venetian Gothic. (It was unfortunate that Ruskin was so sensitive to the English winter; otherwise it might have been English Gothic.) Most recently, all these house-owners would have been studying a new book on "Household Taste," just published by

45

Mr. Eastlake. In it he showed carpenters how to build those over-mantels of cherry encumbered with shelves and spindles, and incited the ladies to embroider and jigsaw. There was besides a vogue of the picturesque, for its own sake. It is an overworked term but it really means "like the art of painting," not "like the art of building."

But we should have had to talk to the architects, for they were now beginning to have a hand in many of the houses; where they did not, their ideas were followed by the builders. They would have spoken of a freer plan; they would probably have said that it corresponded to the new needs of the client, his less formal way of living. And they would have sincerely believed that the broken, irregular lines of their houses expressed these plans and the owners' informal habits.

But architects are very human fellows. For nearly a hundred years they had been talking of fitness and its external expression. And we have seen this evening what varied results they have arrived at. Knowing so many of them personally, I think I can tell you the reason: they worked out plans from their logic; they designed facades from their sketchbooks.

In the early seventies their hobby was "Victorian Gothic." And Boston, because it had such cultivated and learned architects as Charles Cummings and Henry Van Brunt, was its center. In Boston, too, were three of the masterworks of this style: the Museum of Fine Arts that stood on Copley Square, the new Old South Church, and our Memorial Hall. Perhaps I should include the Boston and Providence Station! How these must have stirred the imagination of the Cambridge householder who saw them all building at once, between 1871 and 1876. How different they must have seemed from anything in his Past —and how "artistic"!

Of this style, two carefully designed houses remain, the house of William Cook and a similar one on Reservoir Street near Fayerweather. In the Cook house, Ruskin's Italian hand appears in the pointed arch at the foot of the chimney, a purely decorative addition to recall the window arches around the corner. The hand of his followers — or is it that of Mr. Cummings in his book on "Italian Architecture" — is plainly revealed in the brick patterns that became the signatures of the style, those black diagonals under the eaves, those projecting corners of bricks that mark the second floor level. William Morris has his part in the open carved beams of the porch, the metal finial on the roof line.

46

It seems strange that, in the presence of such large public buildings in the style, there should have been so few dwellings. However, we may almost count among them the famous Beck Hall, and the brick block on Sparks Street. Perhaps also the Brattle Square Police Station — but I pass over that lightly.

In the eighties, the architects themselves renounced all revivals. They intended to rely for effect only on the essential features of a house, that is to say its walls and roofs and windows. From these essentials, and from the natural effects to be got from wood and brick and slate, they might have produced a fine and lasting style. But they attempted the picturesque — and produced the Queen Anne. All previous conventions of design were discarded; there was no limit to the shapes of the roofs, the projections of the bays, the number of dormers. Sober Cambridge dwellings became a blend of Ann Hathaway's cottage and the White Horse Inn.

A fortunate aspect of this movement was the return to our tradition of designing in wood. For wood seems to be our native medium. We are in fact the greatest wood builders in history; even our skyscraper construction is carpentry in steel. But when we gave ourselves a free hand, to get the most picturesque effect out of shingles and clapboards, we intermingled them in fussy panels and bands; we got texture for our shingles by cutting them in waves or in fish-scales. We set half-timber work in the peaks of all gables. We vied with each other in the fanciful posts of our porches. We pushed out bays everywhere. Finally we adopted red paint inside and out, with dark green for trimming. For was not William Morris's own villa named the Red House?

The Queen Anne style seemed to be the natural one for Buckingham Street. It suited those steep slopes and that winding road; it seemed made for the literary retreat of a Samuel Scudder or a Thomas Wentworth Higginson. The street even included a specimen of the Swiss chalet type, with ostentatious bracing and carpentered brackets. This was in fact a descendant of the chalets dear to the Romantic period, which was pleased to recall the wildness of the Alps.

If I now overstep my Victorian boundaries for a last example, it will be only to show you the one house that we possess from the hand of the great genius of the time — Judge Stoughton's house, now Mrs. Hurlbut's, designed by Richardson (Figure 16). Avoiding all the whimsies of the

47

Queen Anne, these long horizontal lines, plain shingle surfaces, and big simple masses, are a characteristic creation of his latest manner. This is the type of design, even in wood, that is now considered his true contribution to our architectural growth. For us tonight, it is also the introduction to a new phase in houses, that of the familiar shingle dwelling of dark stained walls and simple trim, of unbroken lines in walls and roof. Unassuming, informal, economical, this type emerged from the vagaries and uncertainties of the Victorian century, to become the forerunner of the twentieth.

48

THE GARDENS AND HOMES OF THE LOYALISTS

BY RUPERT B. LILLIE

Read June 6, 1940

[The following is based on three years of research in the landscape architecture of pre-Revolutionary Cambridge. The models referred to are restoration models for the estates of John Vassall, Jr., Henry Vassall, William Brattle, and Joseph Lee, reproduced accurately at the scale of one inch equals twenty feet. The author exhibited these models at the meeting.]

MADAME RIEDESEL wrote in her Letters, referring to the time that she was quartered here, "Never had I chanced upon any such agreeable situation. Seven families, who were connected with each other partly by the ties of relationship and partly by affection, had here farms, gardens, and magnificent houses, and not far off plantations of fruit." ¹ Her comment regarding the relationship of these Loyalist families living on Brattle Street at this time is very true. All were related, except one, and that family was connected by strong ties of friendship.

Lieutenant Governor Spencer Phips purchased a house and land in Cambridge in 1714 ² on the site of the present Saint Paul's Church. Here, he raised his large family. The house is believed to have been erected about 1650 ³ and commanded a beautiful prospect over the Charles River. The approach to the house, near the point where Bow Street joins Arrow Street, was guarded by "life-sized wooden figures of Indians." ⁴

Three daughters of Lieutenant Governor Phips are of particular interest to us. Elizabeth Phips ⁵married John Vassall, who came from the

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¹ Letters and memoirs of Madame de Riedesel as quoted in Mary C. Crawford: The Romance of Old New England Rooftrees (Boston, 1903), 134.

See also Madame de Riedesel: Letters and Memoirs, translated from the original German by J. Wallenstein (New York, 1827), 195.

² *Paige, Lucius R.: History of Cambridge (Boston, 1877), 627.*

³ *Daughters of the American Revolution (Hannah Winthrop Chapter): Historic Guide to Cambridge, (Cambridge, 1907), 82.*

⁴ *Ibid.*

⁵ *Paige: op. cit., 627.*

West Indies and purchased the estate at the corner of Brattle and Ash Streets in 1736,⁶ now the home of Mrs. Vosburgh.

Mary Phips⁷ married Richard Lechmere, relative of Thomas Lechmere, surveyor general of His Majesty's customs in the northern department.⁸ Richard built the Riedesel House about the time of his marriage; this house is now the home of Mr. and Mrs. Brown.

Rebecca Phips⁹ married Joseph Lee, who later was appointed one of the mandamus councilors just preceding the Revolution.¹⁰ He purchased the Lee-Nichols House,¹¹ the present home of Professor and Mrs. Emerson.

John Vassall sold his estate to Henry, his brother, in 1741.¹² John moved to an estate of fifty acres which lay south of Brattle Street, bounded on the east by the marshes of Henry Vassall and bounded on the west by Cornelius Waldo and Stephen Coolidge.¹³ In general, this comprised the southern part of the Longfellow estate. John also purchased six and one-half acres on the opposite side of Brattle Street;¹⁴ this is the site of the Longfellow House.¹⁵ He had three children, among whom were John Vassall, Jr. and Elizabeth Vassall.¹⁶ As John, Sr. died before his son came of age, John was placed under the guardianship of his grandfather, Lieutenant Governor Spencer Phips.¹⁷ John built the Longfellow House two years after his graduation from Harvard College.¹⁸

Brother and sister married sister and brother. John Vassall married Elizabeth Oliver in 1761, and Elizabeth Vassall married Thomas Oliver in 1760.¹⁹ Thomas Oliver is believed to have built Elmwood a few years

⁶ *Batchelder, Samuel F.: Notes on Colonel Henry Vassall, 1721-1769 (Cambridge, 1917), 9.*

⁷ *Paige: op. cit., 627.*

⁸ *Andrews, Charles McL.: The Colonial Period in American History (New Haven, 1938), IV, 202.*

Pierce, Edward L.: Letters and Diary of John Rowe, 1759-1762, 1764-1779 (Boston, 1903), 396-398, 401, 402.

⁹ *Paige: op. cit., 627.*

¹⁰ *Ibid., 151.*

¹¹ *Paige, Lucius R.: MS. 145, 146 (drawer 49, Cambridge Public Library).*

^{12.} *Batchelder, op. cit., 10.*

^{13.} *Cambridge Historical Society: Proceedings for the Year 1918 (Cambridge, 1925), XIII, 83.*

^{14.} *Harris, Edward D.: The Vassalls of New England (Albany, 1862), 10.*

^{15.} *Ibid., 18.*

^{16.} *Batchelder, op. cit., Appendix.*

^{17.} *Ibid., 27, 28.*

^{18.} *Harris, op. cit., 17.*

^{19.} *Batchelder, op. cit., Appendix.*

later. ²⁰ Shortly before the Revolution, he was appointed Lieutenant Governor of the colony by the Crown. ²¹ Later, this was the home of James Russell Lowell; now the home of Mrs. Porter.

Susanna Vassall, ²² sister of John, Sr. and Henry, married Captain George Ruggles of Jamaica in 1742. He bought the Fayerweather House in 1764, ²³ which is now owned by Professor Merriman.

The seventh family is that of William Brattle, who built the Brattle House about 1727. ²⁴

These gentlemen were either merchants or persons of note, attracted by Harvard College and the fertile countryside ²⁵ convenient to Boston, the metropolis. Most of them already possessed town residences in Boston and chose to develop these places as country estates and retreats from business affairs during the summer. They had kindred interest in the Church of England, for we find the names of several on the building committee of Christ Church. ²⁶ This committee was headed by Reverend East Apthorp, ²⁷ who was the son of Charles Apthorp, a wealthy merchant of Boston. ²⁸ Apthorp married Elizabeth Hutchinson, niece of Thomas Hutchinson, Governor of Massachusetts Bay Colony. ²⁹ He had been appointed as missionary by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts and was first rector of Christ Church. ³⁰ He built Apthorp House in 1760. ³¹

These estates with their houses and gardens are indicated on a map made by Henry Pelham for the British Crown, 1775-1776. ³² Pelham was

^{20.} Jackson, Robert T.: *History of the Oliver, Vassall, and Royall Houses in Dorchester, Cambridge, and Medford (Boston, 1907), 8.*

^{21.} *Paige: op. cit., 619.*

^{22.} *Batchelder; op. cit., Appendix.*

^{23.} *Paige: MS, 153.*

^{24.} *D.A.R.: op. cit., 85.*

^{25.} *Birket, James: Some Cursory Remarks Made by James Eirket in his Voyage to North America, 1750-1751 (New Haven, 1916), 18.*

^{26.} *Paige: op. cit., 307.*

^{27.} *Ibid.*

^{28.} *D.A.R.: op. cit., 76.*

^{29.} *Ibid.*

^{30.} *Paige: op. cit., 307.*

^{31.} *Ibid., 565.*

^{32.} See "A Plan of Boston in New England," by Henry Pelham, London, June 2, 1777, signed copy (map room, Widener Library).

Massachusetts Historical Society: Letters and Papers of John Singleton Copley and Henry Pelham, 1739-1776 (Boston, 1914), 346, 347, 356, 357, 357n.

51

an artist³³ and surveyor.³⁴ He was familiar with the town of Old Cambridge³⁵ and knew the Loyalist families well.³⁶ Several had sat for portraits³⁷ done by his half-brother, John Singleton Copley. Pelham supervised both the construction and the landscape planting for the home of Copley³⁸ on Beacon Hill while the latter was in New York. Henry Pelham was a forerunner of the present-day landscape architect.

Life in Cambridge at this time was ideal. Protection from the French and Indians was assured. There is record of various trips along the coast³⁹ and to the West Indies.⁴⁰ During the course of these business trips and occasional friendly visits, these gentlemen had the opportunity to visit the estates of relatives and friends who had already made fortunes. Suggestions for the development of the gardens were freely borrowed and exchanged. Moreover, they had contact with England and had access to books on husbandry and architecture which contained illustrative plates, showing the prevailing taste in landscape architecture.⁴¹ These gardens were predominantly formal and as extensive as those that existed in the South at this time.

The garden of John Vassall, Jr. was one of the largest. It occupied one and one-half acres and evidently was developed shortly after the building of the house. John Vassall built his fine Georgian residence "all of a piece" in 1759.⁴² Evidence shows that it was set up on two especially constructed terraces⁴³ on a site commanding a sweeping view of the

^{33.} *Ibid., XXII.*

^{34.} *Ibid., 346.*

^{35.} *Ibid., 146.*

^{36.} *Brattle, ibid., 359; Lechmere, ibid., 123; Lee, ibid., 213, 215, 266, 276, 277, 280, 290-292; Ruggles, ibid., 347; Vassall, ibid., 359.*

^{37.} *Rev. East Apthorp; Museum of Fine Arts: John Singleton Copley, American Portraits (Boston, 1938), 25; Bayley, Frank W.: The Life and Works of John Singleton Copley (Boston, 1915), 46.*

Phoebe Borland; ibid., 232.

Gen. William Brattle; M.F.A., op. cit., 47, 48; pi. 10; Bayley, op. cit., 65.

Henry Vassall; Batchelder, op. cit., 8, frontispiece, quotes authority of Frank W. Bayley.

Penelope Vassall; ibid., op. cit., 44.

^{38.} *M.H.S.: op. cit., 122, 123, 126, 146, 147, 156, 158, 160, 170, 179, 234, 235.*

^{39.} *Birket: op. cit., 25-28*

Batchelder: op. cit., 26, 27, 36, 37.

Pierce: op. cit., 80.

^{40.} *Ibid., 82; Batchelder, op. cit., 27, 28.*

^{41.} *See footnote 78.*

^{42.} *D.A.R.: op. cit., 100.*

^{43.} *Historic American Buildings Survey, Survey No. Mass. 169, sheet 2 of 13.*

Charles River valley. Approaching the house was a forecourt of symmetrically placed American elms. ⁴⁴ A brick wall ⁴⁵ separated the forecourt from the public road. A broad path led from the gate, up the forecourt to the sandstone steps in the terraces, and thence to the house entrance. Passing through the spacious hall and the large door on the far side, one had a prospect to the garden. A large paved service court separated the garden from the house. On the far side of the court, and facing the house, were symmetrically placed outbuildings. ⁴⁶ These buildings had similar architectural treatment, ⁴⁷ the barn or stables being on the left, and the slave quarters ⁴⁸ on the right. The garden path descended the terraces from the house, leapt the court, and passed through the two outbuildings. The entrance of the garden was accented by two American elms which still stand. The path continued on through the garden and is believed to have been terminated by the summerhouse which stood in another part of the grounds at a later period. ⁴⁹ This building was designed with space for the storage of ice below. ⁵⁰ On some occasion while you are visiting the Longfellow House, I would suggest that you take a walk down through the garden to the two elms, turn around, and admire the beautiful garden door. Notice the three dormers that overlooked the garden; the center dormer is designed with a rounded head. This terminated the garden vista from the summerhouse. The west side of the house overlooked an attractive view to the small lake or "fishpond" ⁵¹ with an island in its center. ⁵² This pond was used for the cutting of ice in the winter and is marked by the depression in

the lawn which we may observe from the porch this afternoon. Farm buildings were located in

^{44.} *Ibid.*, sheet 13 of 13.

^{45.} *Evidence on the site.*

^{46.} *H.A.B.S.: op. cit.*, sheet 2 of 13; *Boston Daily Evening Transcript*, Thursday, April 16, 1840, No. 2982, 2.

^{47.} See "*Perspective Presentation of Mr. Craigie's House*," by William A. Warner, 1815 (mathematical thesis, archives, Widener Library); see, also, "*Plan of Boston*," by H. Pelham, 1777.

^{48.} *Batchelder: op. cit.*, 68, 69, 69n.

^{49.} See "*The Survey of a Tract of Land in Cambridge and a Perspective Delineation of the Summer House Thereon*," by Charles Saunders, 1802 (mathematical thesis, archives, Widener Library); see also, "*Perspective Presentation*," by W. A. Warner.

^{50.} *Amory, Thomas C.: Old Cambridge and New (Boston, 1871)*, 27.

^{51.} See "*Survey of the Roads in Cambridge*," by James Hayward, 1837 (engineer's office, Cambridge City Hall); *Higginson, Thomas W.: Old Cambridge (London, 1899)*, 22.

^{52.} *H.A.B.S.: op. cit.*, sheet 13 of 13; *D.A.R.: op. cit.*, 103.

*other parts of the grounds. One was the little, old house occupied by the tenant farmer*⁵³ *near the southeast corner of Sparks Street and Huron Avenue. The orchard extended along the east side of Sparks from Brattle Street towards the rise of Observatory Hill.*⁵⁴ *It is evident that Tony Vassall lived with his family, 1777-1781, in the slave quarters on the John Vassall place.*⁵⁵ *He was left behind to care for the estates of John and Henry Vassall when the families fled from the colony.*⁵⁶

*Henry Vassall married Penelope Royall,*⁵⁷ *sister of Isaac Royall of Medford, one year after buying his brother's estate on Brattle and Ash Streets. The house was originally built about 1636*⁵⁸ *and was enlarged from time to time. Henry had gained considerable fortune and, in the prevailing taste of the time, built the east wing of the house in 1746.*⁵⁹ *This wing was symmetrical, having a central hall leading directly to the garden. From the garden door proceeded a central path and at the terminus of this was placed the summerhouse.*⁶⁰ *In the inventory of Henry Vassall's estate in 1769 is recorded "6 Old Chairs in ye Summer-house."*⁶¹ *From the summerhouse one might gaze back at the wing and admire its well-designed garden door, overlooked by five dormers.*⁶² *The garden door still exists but is covered by a vestibule. A brick wall separated the garden from the public road*⁶³ *and along this wall from the boundary of the present Longfellow Park to Ash Street were planted one hundred acacias or black locust trees.*⁶⁴ *This was a clever arrangement, for locusts are very thorny and difficult to approach. In the garden, paths paved with beachstones ran between beds patterned in boxwood.*⁶⁵ *In the beds were planted fruit trees imported from England*

^{53.} See "The Survey of a Tract of Land," by C. Saunders; record of Dr. Frederick Haven Pratt and Miss Mary Deane Dexter.

^{54.} Record of Mr. W. C. Abbott.

^{55.} Batchelder: *op. cit.*, 68, 69.

^{56.} *Ibid.*, 68, 68n.

^{57.} *Ibid.*, 14-16.

^{58.} D.A.R.: *op. cit.*, 94.

^{59.} Batchelder: *op. cit.*, 10, 10n, 36.

^{60.} Record of Mrs. Charles P. Vosburgh.

^{61.} Batchelder: *op. cit.*, 82.

^{62.} D.A.R.: *op. cit.*, 98.

^{63.} Batchelder: *op. cit.*, II n.

^{64.} *Ibid.*, II, II n.

^{65.} *Ibid.*, II; Cambridge Tercentenary Committee: *Historical Houses in Cambridge (Cambridge, 1930), The Vassall House, 2.*

and France. ⁶⁶ One path, ⁶⁷ on the edge of the garden, ran from the door in the base of the "U" shaped house plan to the "Brick Wharffe," ⁶⁸ where both Henry Vassall and William Brattle landed their slaves and goods brought up the river. On the west, the service court [69] paralleled the long, old-fashioned wing ⁷⁰ of the house. It was paved with cobblestones. There is an entry for purchasing paving stones in Henry's little account book. ⁷¹ On the north, a gate in the brick wall gave entrance, and along the western boundary another thorny hedge — a hedge of hawthorn ⁷² — was planted. At the head of the court stood the barn or stables ⁷³ and along the west side were smaller buildings for housing the coach, ⁷⁴ fire-engine, ⁷⁵ etc. To care for his garden, Henry had a gardener, "Griggs," ⁷⁶ a rolling stone, and garden tools. ⁷⁷ In his library, he had books on husbandry. ⁷⁸ Copies of two books listed in the inventory are in Widener Library. ⁷⁹ Comparison of the layout of these estates with the frontispiece of one of these volumes ⁸⁰ is striking, for here we find the formal forecourt enclosed by trees, separated from the road by a wall with entrance steps, and the long entrance walk. Moreover, we find extensive gardens beyond the house, laid out in parterres or patterned beds in the French manner and symmetrically placed outbuildings on either side. Henry Vassall had a number of slaves, among whom was the famous Tony. ⁸¹ There is mention of "Mr. Vassells Little house" ⁸² in connection with Tony. This house is shown below the garden in the

^{66.} D.A.R.: *op. cit.*, 95.

- ⁶⁷. *Record of Mrs. Charles P. Vosburgh; C.T.C.: op. cit., 2.*
- ⁶⁸. *Batchelder: op. cit., IIn.*
- ⁶⁹. *Batchelder: op. cit., 12.*
- ⁷⁰. *City of Cambridge: Atlas, 1873, 17; Batchelder: op. cit., see plan opp. p. 68.*
- ⁷¹. *Ibid., see illus. opp. p. 22.*
- ⁷². *D.A.R.: op. cit., 95.*
- ⁷³. *Batchelder: op. cit., 12.*
- ⁷⁴. *D.A.R.: op. cit., 99; record of Mrs. Charles P. Vosburgh; Batchelder: op. cit., see illus. opp. p. 32.* ⁷⁵. *Paige: op. cit., 134.*
- ⁷⁶. *Batchelder: op. cit., 24.*
- ⁷⁷. *Ibid., 82.*
- ⁷⁸. *Ibid., 84.*
- ⁷⁹. *Bradley, R[ichard]: A Complete Body of Husbandry (London, 1727); Mortimer, John: The Whole Art of Husbandry (London, fourth edition, 1716).*
- ⁸⁰. *Ibid., frontispiece.*
- ⁸¹. *Batchelder: op. cit., 61-64, 82.*
- ⁸². *Ibid 67.*

model and is believed to have been the quarters of Tony, the coachman.

The adjacent estate was that of William Brattle, a gentleman of great versatility. ⁸³ His house stood in a "square of English Lindens." ⁸⁴ A brick wall separated the grounds from the road. ⁸⁵ Behind the house extended the ell, at the end of which was the "Studdy." ⁸⁶ Paralleling the ell on the west and extending from the garden door of the house was a path, serving as one of the lateral paths of the garden. This garden was evidently developed at a later date than the original construction of the house. In the garden was topiary work of carved yew trees. ⁸⁷ South of the garden was the "fishpond," ⁸⁸ fed by a stream, passing through the grounds. ⁸⁹ This stream passing from the pond became the southern boundary of the estate and emptied into the Town Creek at the "Watering Place." ⁹⁰ On the east of the Brattle House was the service court. ⁹¹ Near its entrance stood the Town Spring ⁹² flowing below a stone arch to the Town Creek. ⁹³ A stone curb about the spring replaced the arch at a later date. ⁹⁴ You will notice in the model that the entrance gate to the grounds has been left open; which was quite necessary. The service court was enclosed by a group of farm buildings, ⁹⁵ consisting of barn (sometimes called fruit house), poultry house, dairy, etc. ⁹⁶ The roofs of the buildings on the east were curved. ⁹⁷

⁸³ *Paige: op. cit., 499, 500.*

⁸⁴ *Winsor, Justin: The Memorial History of Boston (Boston, 1881), IV, 628.*

⁸⁵ *Higginson: op. cit., 22.*

⁸⁶ *Batchelder: op. cit., 66.*

⁸⁷ *Higginson: op. cit., 22.*

⁸⁸ *Ibid.; D.A.R.: op. cit., 84; The Essex Institute: Diary of Reverend William Bentley (Salem, 1905), I, 398; Winsor: op. cit., 628.*

⁸⁹ *Hastings, Lewis M.: The Streets of Cambridge, an Account of Their Origin and History (Cambridge, 1921), (see plan showing Cambridge highways in 1700); C.H.S.: op. cit., XIII, 17 (see plan of Cambridge and vicinity).*

⁹⁰ *Paige: MS, 162.*

⁹¹ *D.A.R.: op. cit., 86.*

⁹² *Paige: op. cit., 54; Essex Inst.: op. cit., I, 398.*

⁹³ *Paige: op. cit., 9, 9n; Paige: MS, 138; see "Plan of Cambridge Adapted to the Year 1635," by J[ohn] W[inthrop], 1801 (map room, Widener Library); see, also, "Survey of the Roads in Cambridge," by J. Hayward; Morison, Samuel Eliot: The Founding of Harvard College (Cambridge, 1935), opp. p. 192 (plan of Cambridge around 1638).*

⁹⁴ *D.A.R.: op. cit., 84; record of Mr. Charles N. Cogswell, architect.*

⁹⁵ *D.A.R.: op.cit., S6.*

⁹⁶ *Cambridge Collection: Appraisal of Brattle Estate (drawer 26, Cambridge Public Library); Essex Inst.: op. cit., I, 398. op. cit., 86.*

The estate of Richard Lechmere was at the corner of Sparks and Brattle Streets. The house ⁹⁸now stands on the northwest corner of Riedesel Avenue and Brattle Street in a much altered condition.⁹⁹ On its original site, ¹⁰⁰ it was approached by a forecourt enclosed by magnificent lindens; ¹⁰¹ these were standing until the recent hurricane. It is believed that the forecourt was separated from the road by means of a well-designed fence of which five of the delicately carved pineapple finials still exist. ¹⁰² A broad path laid with slabs of bluestone led from the gate to the steps in the terrace and thence to the attractive portico. This portico is now attached to a house at the corner of Main and Sawyer Streets in Cohasset. ¹⁰³ At the opposite end of the large entrance hall, one passed through the garden door and descended into the garden. ¹⁰⁴ The central path led from this door to an arbor at the end of the garden. The stumps of the cedar posts were found imbedded on either side of this path by the present owners of the site. ¹⁰⁵ Madame Riedesel, who was quartered with

her family here during the Revolution, gave a ball and supper in celebration of the birthday of her husband. She writes, "Our courtyard and garden were illuminated." ¹⁰⁶ Beyond the garden stood the orchard. ¹⁰⁷ On the east of the house was the service court, dominated by the large barn, ¹⁰⁸ designed to harmonize with the architecture of the residence.

Nearby was the residence of Richard Lechmere's brother-in-law, Joseph Lee. When the place was purchased in 1758, ¹⁰⁹ the Lee-Nichols House consisted of two and one-half stories with a lean-to. ¹¹⁰ You will

^{98.} *D.A.R.: op. cit., 105, illus. opp. no. 110*

^{99.} *Ibid., 108; record of Mrs. George E. Brown.*

^{100.} *Cambridge: Atlas, 20, 21.*

^{101.} *Paced survey made May, 1938.*

^{102.} *Record of Mrs. P. T. Jackson.*

^{103.} *Record of Mrs. George E. Brown.*

^{104.} *See "A Plan of Boston," by H. Pelham.*

^{105.} *Record of Mrs. P. T. Jackson.*

^{106.} *Letters and memoirs of Madame de Riedesel as quoted in Mary C. Crawford: The Romance of Old New England Rooftrees (Boston, 1903), 137; see, also, Madame de Riedesel: Letters and Memoirs, translated from the original German by J. Wallenstein (New York, 1827), 199; (the term "yard," as translated here, means an entrance or approach court, or forecourt).*

^{107.} *Record of Mrs. P. T. Jackson.*

^{108.} *D.A.R.: op. cit., illus. opp. 104; Cambridge: Atlas, 20, 21.*

^{109.} *Paige: MS, 145, 146.*

^{110.} *Record of Mrs. William Emerson.*

see in the model a three story building, for about 1760 he enlarged the house ¹¹¹ and at this time, or somewhat later, a garden was developed on the east side of the house. ¹¹² It was overlooked by the windows of the library ¹¹³ and was deviously approached from either the front door or the rear door of the house. The service court with its barn and sheds was behind the house. ¹¹⁴ Nearby was the orchard.

The Fayerweather House ¹¹⁵ was built about 1760 by Amos Marrett ¹¹⁶ who sold it to George Ruggles in 1764. ¹¹⁷ On the garden side of the house were symmetrically placed two outbuildings of similar design, ¹¹⁸ one of which was probably the slave quarters. The garden was laid out in a pattern of beds ¹¹⁹ between the buildings and ascended the hill in a series

of terraces. Evidence and information concerning this garden are limited. The farm buildings ¹²⁰ were placed at a distance from the house group.

Elmwood, the home of Thomas Oliver, takes its name from the English elms which enclosed the forecourt. ¹²¹ A path led from the gate to the brownstone steps in the terrace and thence to the house. When the townsmen demanded his resignation as Lieutenant Governor of the colony and President of the Mandamus Council, ¹²² Thomas Oliver signed the resignation under pressure. He wrote that after signing, "I walked into the court yard and declared I would do no more, though they should put me to death." ¹²³ This is the forecourt that exists today, enclosed in part by the remaining elms. One passed down the dignified hall through the attractive garden door. The central path, leading from the door, descended the terrace, and led into the extensive garden laid out in formal parterres. ¹²⁴ To the right of the garden were located the service court,

111. *Ibid.*

112. See "A Plan of Boston," by H. Pelham; record of Mrs. William Emerson.

113. *Ibid.*

114. *Ibid.*

115 See "A Perspective View of the House of Mr. Fayerweather," by Benj[amin] Hodges, 1803 (mathematical thesis, archives, Widener Library).

116. C.H.S.: *op. cit.*, 25.

117. Paige: MS, 153.

118. See "A Plan of Boston," by H. Pelham.

119. *Ibid*

120. Cambridge: Atlas, 20, 21. 121. Paced survey made May, 1938. 122. Paige: *op. cit.*, 155, 156.

123. D.A.R.: *op. cit.*, 113

124. See "A Plan of Boston," by H. Pelham.

the barn, and other outbuildings. ¹²⁵ Evidence and information concerning the garden are limited.

In the town of Cambridge, stood the residence of Reverend East Apthorp, now the residence of the master of Adams House, built not far from the church. Tradition tells us that the elegance of this house evoked so much envy on the part of the townsmen that it was dubbed "The Bishop's Palace." ¹²⁶ Religious feeling ran so high that he left Cambridge in 1764, ¹²⁷ selling the estate to John Borland. ¹²⁸ The latter had married Anna Vassall, half-sister of Susanna, Henry, and John Vassall, Sr. ¹²⁹ The site selected by the rector for his home was a most excellent one, overlooking the river and the estate of his friend, David Phips. ¹³⁰ The house stood eleven feet above the road. ¹³¹ It is believed that it was

approached by a forecourt similar to that of the John Vassall and Richard Lechmere houses and Elmwood. A broad path led from the gate at the road to the lower terrace and ascended to the house entrance. One stepped from the door at the rear of the lovely hall into the garden and followed the central garden path ¹³² to its terminus at the road, then Braintree Street. This was opposite the entrance of "the Fellows' Orchard," ¹³³ owned by Harvard College. Looking back at this point, one could admire the garden facade of the house, crowned by a group of three dormers, of which the center one was round-headed. These dormers are still existing. The service court was located at the left of the garden, ¹³⁴ approached by a road from Holyoke Street. Tradition says that this exceptionally well-designed residence of two and one-half stories was altered by Borland by enlargement to three stories for the accommodation of his slaves on the third floor. This is most absurd, for a man of John Borland's wealth ¹³⁵ most certainly would not have had

^{125.} *Cambridge: Atlas, 24, 25; Winsor: op. cit., III, 114, see illus.*

^{126.} *D.A.R.: op. cit., 75.*

^{127.} *Paige: op. cit., 309n.*

^{128.} *Ibid., 493.*

^{129.} *Batchelder: op. cit., Appendix.*

^{130.} *Paige: op. cit., 627.*

^{131.} *Survey of February, 1940.*

^{132.} *Cambridge: Atlas, 10, n. 133. Morison: op. cit., 290, 290n, 291, 29111; plan opp. 192.*

^{134.} See "Plan of the Village in Old Cambridge," by Alex[ander] Wadsworth, 1833 (engineer's office, Cambridge City Hall).

^{135.} *Batchelder: op. cit., 41n.*

slaves in the house itself. Outside quarters were provided at the John Vassall and George Ruggles houses. The examples of the estates of Isaac Royall in Medford and of Governor Thomas Hutchinson in Milton might be mentioned also. This enlargement was evidently done in response to the need of additional space for entertaining and in accordance with the prevailing taste for a three story residence. Such houses were being erected in Boston. We have already seen the examples in the houses of Joseph Lee, George Ruggles, and Thomas Oliver.

In 1775, the Provincial Congress ordered these houses "to be cleared" [136] for the quartering of General Washington and his staff and for accommodation of hospitals. This was doubtless extended to the clearing of the gardens as a war-time emergency. We also find mention in English letters at this time of the general destruction of orchards in Cambridge. There was a scarcity of firewood, and all available material was utilized.

In spite of the disappearance of the gardens, the Loyalists left the imprint of their culture and refinement in the stately houses which stand today.

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¹³⁶ *paige: op. cit., 417, 418.*

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THE DANA SAGA

BY H. W. L. DANA

Read October 22, 1940

THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, in 1640, a number of young men set sail from England to cross the Atlantic Ocean and join friends of theirs at Cambridge in New England.

They knew that further south, in the Old Dominion of Virginia, certain Englishmen had settled during the reign of James I at Jamestown on the James River; and that here, in the Massachusetts Bay Colony to which they were going, other Englishmen had settled during the reign of Charles I at Charlestown on the Charles River. Three miles further inland along this same River Charles, where there was a clearing in the forest and a raised bit of land, a site had been selected for a New Town in 1630. Those who were approaching the stern and rock-bound coast of New England ten years later, in 1640, had heard that the English settlers had chosen this place for their first college in the New World, the first flower of their wilderness, and that this pleasant town by the winding river had come to be called Cambridge.

RICHARD DANA (1617-1690)

Among these new comers to Cambridge, three hundred years ago, was a young man by the name of Richard Dana. At first engaged as a servant in such humble tasks as mowing hay on the salt marshes along the river, he gradually rose to positions of some importance and, at his death fifty years later, left behind him a large family, from whom in turn have come innumerable Dana descendants scattered today through the length and breadth of this country.

Since there seems to have been no one else by the name of Dana to have settled in America, practically all the Danas in America are descended from this one pioneer ancestor. These various members of the Dana family have succeeded in tracing their ancestry back to him and

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have naturally been anxious to find out more about him and his origins.

Until recently, however, nothing was known of where this progenitor of the Dana family in America came from or of the origins of the name Dana.¹ Many wild guesses have been made. It is now abundantly clear, however, that this Richard Dana, who came to America in 1640, is the same Richard Dana as the one whose name has been found in the old

manuscript Parish Register of the Collegiate Church at Manchester in England. There, among those who had been christened on October 31, 1617, some twenty-three years earlier than Richard Dana's coming to Cambridge, there is found listed the name of

"Richard sonne to Robte Dana of Manchester."

His father, Robert Dana (1571-1644), was a tanner living in "Ye Old Mylne Gate" (Mill Gate) in the town of Manchester. This form of the name, "Dana," was exceedingly rare in England at that time. Apparently Robert Dana had adopted that spelling of his name only after he had come to Manchester, perhaps to bring it in accord with the way in which the vowels were pronounced in that part of England. For in the north of England, in the Parish of Kendal in Westmorland, where he had been born, he had been christened by the name of Robert Dawney.

With the spelling Dawney or Daunay the name is common enough in Westmorland, in Yorkshire, and elsewhere in England. Indeed we have been able to trace the name Daunay as far back as 1328, in the second year of the reign of Edward III. This form of the name,

¹ *All sorts of theories as to the origin of the name Dana have been advanced. Some assert that the name Dana is of French origin. Others claim that the form of the name suggests rather that it comes from Italy or perhaps from Spain where so many names end in "-ana." Others again have suggested that Dana might be a Greek name or connected with the town of Dana in Asia Minor, referred to by Xenophon. It has even been conjectured, how seriously I do not know, that this mysterious tribe of Danas were in reality "the lost tribe of Dan," one of the twelve branches of the children of Israel mentioned in the Hebrew Scriptures. To offset this, others, actuated by the Nordic Myth, claim instead a Scandinavian origin, that the family is really Danish, and that the name Dana is merely a continuation of the old Anglo-Saxon word "Dana" for a Dane, as it occurs, for example, in the opening line of the Anglo-Saxon poem of Beowulf. Still others have turned to the Celtic Other World and suggested that the name Dana was the old Celtic name meaning "bold" or "daring." It all seems as mysterious as in Rudyard Kipling's "The Sending of Dana Da" — Dana Da who "came from nowhere." Kipling, to be sure, refers to "Dana of the New York Sun"; but says that the name is "neither Finn, Chin, Bhil, Bengali, Lap, Nair, Gond, Romaney, Magh, Bokhariot, Kurd, Armenian, Levantine, Jew, Persian, Punjabi, Madrasi, Parsee, nor anything else known to ethnologists."*

"Daunay," would seem to have been derived from the French form "D'Aunay" which might perhaps have been the name of the family coming from the town of Aunay in Normandy. This little town of Aunay was near the town of Falaise, the birthplace of William the Conqueror, and it might be tempting to put in a claim for a remote Dana ancestor, spelling his name "d'Aunay," coming from Aunay with William of Normandy to England in 1066 and all that.

No such extravagant or aristocratic claim, however, has been made for the ancestors of the humble tanner of Manchester, England, or his son mowing hay in the salt marshes of Cambridge here in New England, or for any of their many descendants. If persons write of the "aristocratic background" and the "patrician pattern of mind" of the Dana family, it may be all very nattering; but I feel sure that the titled aristocracy of the iyth Century would have regarded these early Danas as sturdy members of the working class or perhaps of the middle class, but certainly not as members of the aristocracy.

Indeed there is a good deal to indicate the very humble background from which this Richard Dana came. He was the next to youngest of the eleven children of Robert Dana, the tanner in the Mylne Gate. There was apparently a good deal of hardship for that large family and, as time went on, increasing poverty. In 1622, when Richard was five years old, his father paid in goods, probably in leather hides, a small tax, worth £3, 4S; but from then on, he seems to have been too poor to pay any tax at all; and the names of some of the Danas appear later among the lists of poor persons in the town of Manchester, to whom money was distributed from time to time.

The Old Mylne Gate where the Dana family lived was a picturesque street with its old half-timber houses, its "Sun Tavern," and its "Poets' Corner." At one end of the street stood the Manchester Collegiate Church, later Manchester Cathedral, where Richard had been baptised, and at the other end the old arched Gate leading out to the mill and the open fields beyond.

Here in the Old Mylne Gate, Richard's father and his oldest brother, Edward, were busily engaged in their work as tanners. The Records of the Manor of Manchester of that period indicate some of the mild excitements that must have come into the boyhood of Richard Dana. When he was six or seven years old, some of the skins of his father and his

65

brother Edward were forfeited because they had been insufficiently tanned. At about the same time, two men were apprehended by a certain Oswald Moseley "for stealing 10 Calve skines from Edward Dana." Richard's father and brother were sometimes called upon to perform various services. His father more than once served as "juror," as "bylaw-man," as "skevinger." When young Richard Dana was seven years old, his brother Edward, like his father before him, was appointed one of the

"Officers in the milnegate for mastidogs and bitches and great mun-grell Curs that goe abroad in the Streets to be kept cheyned up continually or musled."²

It was among these surroundings of tanned hides and mastiff dogs³ that Richard Dana was brought up as a boy. Among his schoolmates at the Grammar School near the Old Gate, were two boys, Henry Sewall and Robert Walker, who lived in houses just opposite each other in this same Mylne Gate.⁴ A little later these boys may have heard glowing accounts of the New World from those who had already left Manchester and settled at the New Town on the banks of the Charles River in New England. In 1635 William Wood in his New England's Prospect had written of that New Town as being

"One of the neatest and best compacted towns in New England, having many faire structures, with many handsome contrived streets. The inhabitants most of them are very rich, and well stored with Cattell of all sorts; having many hundred Acres of ground paied in with one generall fence, which is about a mile and a halfe long, which secures all their weaker Cattle from the wilde beasts."

No doubt, like some modern prospectuses of the "Come to New England!" type, this account was somewhat exaggerated — especially that

² *The Court Leet Records of the Manor of Manchester, Vol. III, Manchester, 1886, pp. 16, 83, 173, 178. See also Elizabeth Ellery Dana, The Dana Family in America, Cambridge, 1941, pp. 11-34. Miss Dana objected to having this early ancestor of hers referred to as a "dog-catcher," and it must be admitted that this account sounds more like one of the Twelve Labors of Hercules, than a mere task of your common or garden dog catcher.*

³ *This atmosphere of hides and mastiffs we shall find again two centuries later, when one of his descendants, the author of Two Years Before the Mast, handles hides on the shore of California and helps rescue a large English mastiff dog from the burning ship "Mastiff." (Richard H. Dana, Jr., "The Ship Mastiff Burned at Sea," San Francisco Times, October 22, 1859.)*

⁴ *Deposition of Robert Walker concerning Henry Sewall, 1697, printed in the New England Historical and Genealogical Register, Vol. VII, p. 46.*

66

remark about most of the inhabitants of that town being very rich. Nonetheless, these youths in the Mylne Gate at Manchester must have felt the lure of this call and we find all three of them, when they have come of age, trying their fate in America and settling at this town on the banks of the Charles.

When Richard Dana was fourteen years old, there seems to be some indication that his father was compelled to leave the town of Manchester ⁵ and the boy may have gone to school at a small village called Bury, some eight miles to the north of Manchester. It was to this same village of Bury that a certain Mr. Henry Dunster, who had been born there, returned to teach school after receiving the Degree of Master of Arts at Cambridge University in England.⁶ In 1640 this Henry Dunster was suddenly and unexpectedly chosen to be the first regular President of Harvard College in the Cambridge overseas.

By this time, Richard Dana may have been more than ready to leave Manchester. Of the eleven children in the Dana family there, seven had died young and his two remaining brothers had died in 1633. By 1640, Richard Dana seems to have been the only son still living and, discouraged by the hard struggle for existence in Manchester, may readily have been induced to try his fate across the sea at Cambridge in New England.

It is possible, then, that Richard Dana may have sailed with Henry Dunster to America and come with him to Cambridge. Or it may be that it was at Dunster's suggestion that he came there; for Dunster's father, who remained in England, wrote a letter at that time referring to those whom Henry Dunster in Cambridge had "sent for."⁷ The fact that Henry Dunster's wife, Elizabeth Atkinson, had come from the same Parish at Kendal in Westmorland, from which Richard Dana's father had come, may have been a further bond of friendship between the Danas and the Dunsters.

Later, when they were both living in Cambridge, we find their names signed in the same document⁸ and Richard Dana's name appears as one

⁵ *The Constables' Accounts of the Manor of Manchester, Manchester, 1891, Vol. I, p. 285. "Oct. 4, 1631, Christopher Shuttleboth[am], wth his surtie Robertt Dana bound by obligac in xxl; to Sr Cecill Trafford K' . . . compelled to remove outt of this towne since the 4* of octobr 1631."*

⁶ Samuel Eliot Morison, *The Founding of Harvard College*, Cambridge, 1935, p. 242.

⁷ Manuscript letter in the Dunster Papers in Harvard College Library. Printed in the Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, 4th Series, Vol. XXXII, 1854, p. 191.

⁸ Middlesex County Court Files for October 28, 1647.

of the modest early donors to that Harvard College, where so many of his descendants were to go during the three centuries to come.⁹

One of the earliest records still preserved in the court files of Cambridge is a deposition signed by Richard Dana. This document dating from October 28, 1647, indicates that Richard Dana and William Taylor had for some time been working as servants to a certain Roger Shaw. This Roger Shaw was town clerk of Cambridge in 1642 and for four years a selectman. He lived at what today would be the corner of Bow Street and Mount Auburn Street, but he also owned some farm land out on Graves' Neck, where East Cambridge is today. Thomas Graves, for whom this place had been called "Graves his Neck," had sold his land to one of the Assistants of the General Court, named Atherton Haugh. This was next to Roger Shaw's farm land and Richard Dana bore testimony that, as one of Shaw's men mowing hay there, he used to meet with Haugh's men at the dividing line between the two fields. The document gives a rather pleasant picture of the good-neighbor policy of the Cambridge of that day; for, if the men on one side mowed a little further than they should have done, they were apparently in the habit of making up a small haycock or two of what they had mowed on the other man's land, leaving it there for the others to carry home. The manuscript, which is preserved in the East Cambridge Court House on the very spot where the mowing took place, reads as follows:

"Wee whose names are here under written being formerly servants to Roger Shaw of Cambridge do testify that when the sd Roger Shaw had bought that land adjoining to Mr Haughs farme, Mr Haughs men & goodman Shawes men used for three or foure yeares to meete together in their mowing about a rod or two on Mr Haughs side of the Creeke, also that for divers yeares there was no disagreement in that place, for Mr Haughs men haveing mowed a little further than they were wont of their owne accord they made it up in a smale Cock or two & left it for Mr goodman Shawe to carry home.

RICHARD DANA & WILLIAM TAYLOR. . . .

Sworne before the Court 28 (8) 1647.

Copia vera William Aspinwall, the Recorder" ¹⁰

⁹ Manuscript in the Harvard College Archives, "Colledge Booke No 3," 1654, pp. 16, 47.

¹⁰ Middlesex County Court Files for October 28, 1647. Miss Elizabeth Ellery Dana always insisted that if I mentioned Richard Dana as having been Roger Shaw's "servant," I should add a footnote to explain that "servant" did not mean then what it does today and that the word "in the early days was used for those who served as bookkeepers, agents, and superintendents, as well as day laborers." To please her I have put in this footnote. Yet I cannot imagine anything more creditable than to have begun his fifty years of life in Cambridge

as a young man of twenty-three mowing hay in the salt marshes. Even if he was a "superintendent," I am glad he mowed the hay.

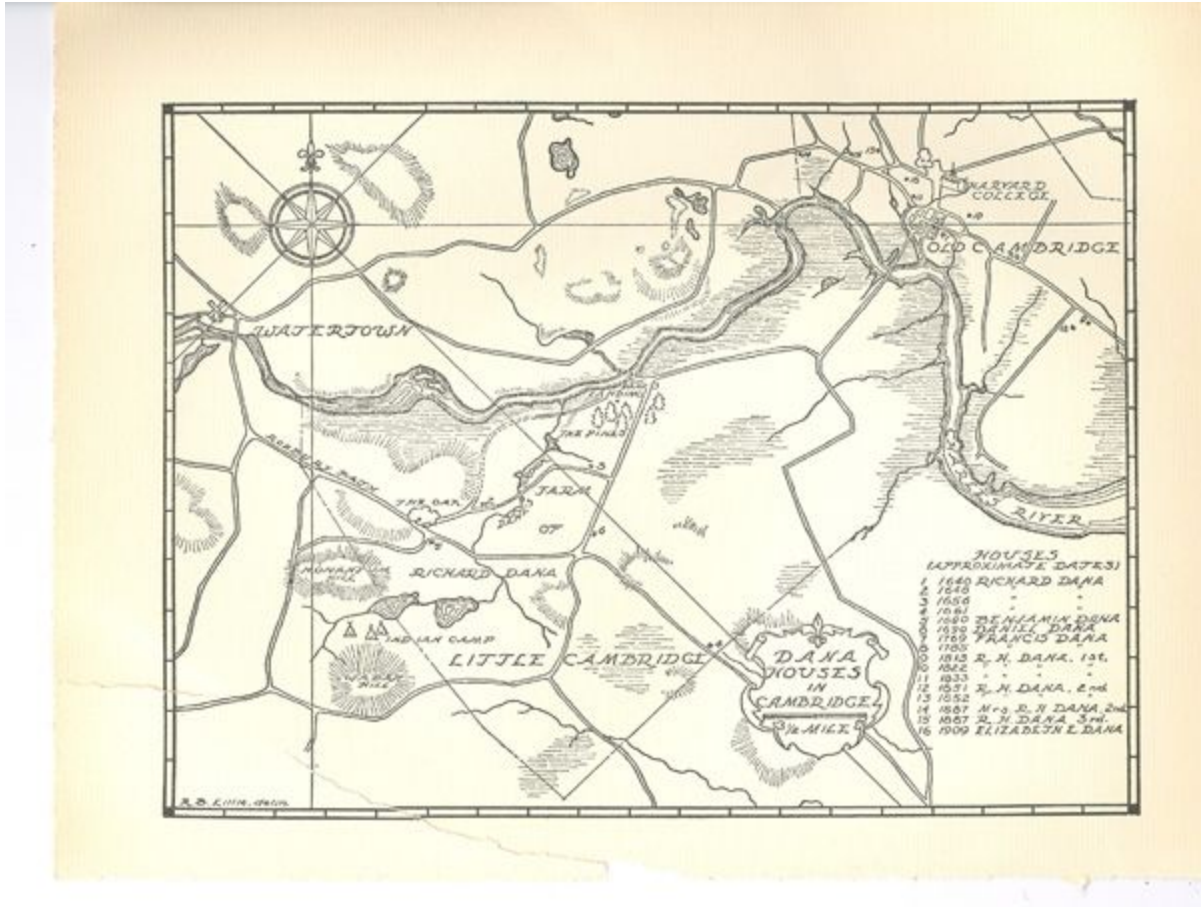
It is probable that, during the first seven years in Cambridge, Richard Dana lived in the house on Bow Street which belonged to the Roger Shaw for whom he worked, or in one of the houses near by in the old part of Cambridge between the college and the river. [No. I on the Map of Dana Houses in Cambridge prepared for this article by Rupert B. Lillie.]

In 1647, however, after Richard Dana had been in Cambridge for some seven years, he received from the General Court of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, as did Richard Champney and Nathaniel Sparhawk, a grant of land across the Charles River where Brighton is today, but which was then a part of Cambridge and called "Little Cambridge."

Richard Dana's estate there on the south side of the Charles River was nearly a mile in extent and consisted of over a hundred acres. As far as we are able to reconstruct it, it must have been then quite an idyllic region. The point nearest to the older part of Cambridge was at a bit of rising land which came to be an important landing place called "Dana's Landing." The banks of the river on both sides up to this point were very low and marshy, often flooded at high tide and leaving mud flats at low tide. This was the first point up the river where the banks were high on both sides and where there was at all tides a good opportunity to land.¹¹

Near this landing was a spot called "The Pines" and among these pines there was a bubbling spring of fresh water. From there Richard Dana's farm stretched towards the south and the west. At the farther end of this region were, in the rainy season, two large ponds, sometimes called the "Dana Ponds." They were drained by a winding brook, which wound its way through the Dana land and entered into the Charles River.

¹¹ *This was one of the first places to be chosen for a ferry across the Charles River and was later the site of a bridge on the road going from Brighton to Watertown. Perhaps the spot can be most easily identified today by the tall chimney of the slaughter-house which now stands there, although this may make it all the more difficult to reconstruct in the imagination the pleasant atmosphere of "The Pines" and the spring of fresh water that were there three hundred years ago.*



Where this brook, which came to be called "Dana Brook," crossed the old lower road that skirted along the southern bank of the Charles, there was a ford and a spot to water horses. Judge Samuel Sewall, in his famous diary, gives the following rather amusing account of what happened to him in crossing Dana's Brook at this point:

"I drove through Dana's Brook to let the Mare drink, and she lay down in it; so that Joseph and I were fain to jump into the Water up to the ankles and then had much adoe to get her out." ¹²

Towards the west, Richard Dana's farm was walled in on the other side of the two ponds by the wooded slopes of Nonantum Hill and Waban Hill.

The stretch of land between these two hills and along the shores of the Dana Ponds was the happy hunting ground of the tribe of Nonantum Indians. "Nonantum" itself signified in the Indian language "Rejoicing," and they seem to have been a happy and contented lot. They camped about the wigwam of their chief, the Sachem Waban, for whom the other hill was named Waban Hill. From beside the ponds, they could watch the sun setting behind the wooded slopes of the two hills.

Under the Great Oak at the base of Nonantum Hill, towards the western end of Dana's farm, long held in reverence as the largest oak in the colony, John Eliot, "The Apostle to the Indians," used to preach to the Nonantum Indians in a language which they understood, but which has since been long forgotten.¹³

*Thou ancient oak! whose myriad leaves are loud
With sounds of unintelligible speech,
Sounds as of surges on a shingly beach,
Or multitudinous murmurs of a crowd;
With some mysterious gift of tongues endowed,
Thou speakest a different dialect to each;
To me a language that no man can teach,
Of a lost race, long vanished like a cloud.
For underneath thy shade, in days remote,
Seated like Abraham at eventide*

¹² *Diary of Samuel Sewall, published by the Massachusetts Historical Society, Boston, 1878-1882, Vol. II, p. 234. Traces of "Dana's Brook" can still be seen.*

¹³ *Samuel Eliot Morison, Builders of the Bay Colony, Boston, 1930, pp. 289-219.*

*Beneath the oaks of Mamre, the unknown
Apostle of the Indians, Eliot, wrote
His Bible in a language that hath died
And is forgotten, save by thee alone.¹⁴*

From this John Eliot, the oak came to be called "Eliot's Oak"; and the crossroads, at that point, came to be called "Oak Square."

For nearly thirty years Richard Dana found these Christianized Indians quiet and friendly neighbors with whom he had no quarrels. Finally, however, in 1675, at the outbreak of King Philip's War, the Provincial Powers drove these Nonantum Indians away from the spot they had come to love so well, embarked them at Dana's landing place near "The Pines," and transported them in boats down the Charles River and out into Boston Harbor, where they were kept, almost as though in a prison, on Deer Island.¹⁵

After Richard Dana had moved across the Charles River in 1647 to this new land in Little Cambridge, he occupied in succession at least three different houses. For the first eight years he lived in a house [No. 2 on the map] on the lower road to Nonantum near to the point where that way joined the Roxbury Path.¹⁶ In 1656, this old lower road through the marshes was abandoned and a new straight road, leading from "The Pines" southward to join the Roxbury Path, was built.¹⁷ This ran for its entire length of nearly a mile on Dana's estate and served thereafter to separate his land from that of the Sparhawks to the east.¹⁸ From a point halfway along this road, another road was laid out following an old Indian trail which ran through the middle of Dana's farm, curving along the edge of the higher land well above the marshes and joining the Roxbury Path at the Great Oak.¹⁹ It was on this new crossroad, near to the point where it met the road to "The Pines," that Dana's second house [No. 3 on the map] in Little Cambridge was located.²⁰

¹⁴"Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, "Eliot's Oak," Sonnet written in 1876.

¹⁵ J. P. C. Winship, *Historical Brighton, Boston, 1899, Vol. I, p. 8.*

¹⁶ *Middlesex County Deeds, preserved in the Court House in East Cambridge, Vol. II, p. n, and Vol. IV, pp. 61, 64. This is what was later known as the Hunnewell Farm.*

¹⁷ *The Records of the Town of Cambridge, Massachusetts, Cambridge, 1901, pp. 82, 110-111*

¹⁸ *This road was later called Meeting House Lane and still later Market Street.*

¹⁹ *This road was later called Faneuil Street, because of the house built here about 1750 by Benjamin Faneuil, brother of the better known Peter Faneuil, for whom Faneuil Hall in Boston was named.*

²⁰ *Middlesex County Deeds, Vol. II, pp. 294-296.*

After three or four years, however, Richard Dana moved again to a house [No. 4 on the map] a mile or so along the Roxbury Path towards Roxbury and Boston.²¹ Here he lived for nearly thirty years, from 1661 until his death in 1690. The old Dana Homestead here, with the lean-to and the barns behind it, was a familiar object in the landscape for two hundred and twenty years and was still standing in 1875 when a sketch of it was made.²²

In addition to this land in Little Cambridge, Richard Dana acquired from time to time various lots of land in the main part of Cambridge to the north of the Charles River, some land out in the direction of Concord, and other pieces of land at Shawshine, or Billerica, as it is now called.²³

During these thirty years, from 1661 until his death in 1690, Richard Dana apparently held a number of different positions.²⁴

At various town meetings or meetings of the Selectmen he was elected or appointed: Constable in 1661, Viewer of Fences in 1664, Surveyor of Highways in 1665, Hog Reeve in 1674 and 1677, and Tithing Man in 1678 and 1680.²⁵ Such positions gave him an

opportunity of displaying what some would say had become a strong Dana characteristic — a talent, amounting almost to a genius, for pointing out the mistakes of others.

Towards the end of his life, however, he held positions of more importance. In 1679 and again in 1689, the year before his death, he was appointed one of the Grand Jury in the Court of Assistants which then exercised jurisdiction over the whole Massachusetts Bay Colony.²⁶

Meanwhile the records of Cambridge reveal the name of this Richard Dana on various different legal documents and petitions.

After the restoration of the Stuarts in England in 1660, the Massa-

²¹ *Middlesex County Deeds, Vol. II, p. 28.*

²² *This sketch of the Dana Homestead with the barns behind it was reproduced in J. P. C. Winship, Historical Brighton, Boston, 1899, Vol. I, p. 201.*

²³ *For the details of these various grants of land to Richard Dana, see Elizabeth Ellery Dana, The Dana Family in America, Cambridge, 1940, pp. 41-42.*

²⁴ *The Records of the Town of Cambridge, Massachusetts, Cambridge, 1901, pp. 135, 151, 158, 164, 217, 227, 233, 237. For a more complete account of the emigrant Richard Dana, the positions he held, and the petitions he signed, see Elizabeth Ellery Dana, The Dana Family in America, Cambridge, 1940, pp. 35-48.*

²⁵ *Middlesex County Court Files for April 2, 1678, and March 30, 1680.*

²⁶ *Records of the Court of Assistants, Vol. I, pp. 133, 233, 302.*

chusetts Colony wanted to continue the rights that it had enjoyed under Cromwell and the Commonwealth. We find Richard Dana's name — not merely his mark as in the case of some twenty-five others — signed to the "Cambridge Petition" of 1664, urging the General Court to plead with Charles II that the colonists might retain their original charter. The petition ended with the following ringing phrases:

"We or our fathers ventured over the ocean into this wilderness through great hazards, changes, and difficulties; and we humbly desire our honored General Court would address themselves by humble petition to his majesty for his royal favour in the continuance of the present establishment and of all the privileges thereof, and that we may not be subjected to the arbitrary power of any who are not chosen by this people according to their patent,

Cambridge the 17th of the 8. 1664."²⁷

Here, the first Dana to come to America was already laying down the principles of self-government and of opposition to royal governors whom the colonists had not elected

and to taxation without representation, which later characterized the bold words and deeds of his grandsons and his great-grandsons at the time of the American Revolution.

At about the time when Richard Dana had first moved across the Charles River to Little Cambridge in 1647, he had married Anne Billiard of Watertown. One of eleven children himself, eleven children in turn were born to him by this devoted wife. Each Sunday he took her and the ever-growing number of their children across the Charles River to attend the Meeting House in the older part of Cambridge, rowing across the river by boat in summer or crossing over the ice in winter. When their beloved pastor there, "the soul-ravishing Mr. Shepard," was, in the language of that day, "translated hence into the Church Triumphant," his place in the church on earth was taken by "the matchless Mr. Mitchell," who drew up a list of all the members of the Dana family that were then in full communion, adding later on the names of other Dana children as he baptized them.²⁸

There was something patriarchal about this first Dana, who came to America and raised this large family here, which reminds one of the old

²⁷ Suffolk County Court Files for October 17, 1664.

²⁸ Manuscript Record Book preserved at the First Parish Church in Cambridge.

Hebrew patriarchs. In contrast with his own Anglo-Saxon and non-biblical first name of Richard, the very names he gave to his sons in Puritan New England — John, Samuel, Jacob, Joseph, Abiah, Benjamin, Daniel — call to mind the twelve sons whom Jacob summoned to him on his death bed to give to them his final admonitions and blessings. On the title-page of the first published genealogy of the Dana family, made seventy-five years ago and recording the great number of descendants of Richard Dana already in existence at that time, is printed as a motto the saying which the sons of Jacob used of their father:

WE ARE ALL ONE MAN'S SONS.²⁹

This same motto, written large, appears above an elaborate Dana Family Tree, made sixty years ago. This, like a magnificent Jesse Tree of medieval sculpture or stained-glass window, shows the main trunk of the tree rising from Richard Dana with certain large branches coming out from the center, and then smaller and smaller boughs, down to the tiny twigs of the present generation and buds of generations yet to grow up.³⁰

Finally, on April 2, 1690, Richard Dana seems to have fallen from the top of a ladder or some scaffolding in the barn behind his house. There his dead body was found.³¹ Judge Samuel Sewall in his diary for that same day, writes:

"Father Dana falls from a scaffold in his Barn and dies." ³²

This piece of ill fortune, coming to the progenitor of all the Danas in America at the height of his prosperity, contains in it — so Mr. Bliss Perry suggests — something "which a Hawthorne might find symbolic of the fate of some of his descendants." ³³

It is true that in the 18th and 19th Centuries — among the Danas who continued to live in Cambridge, perhaps more than among those who went to live elsewhere — are to be found more than one instance of high ambitions disappointed: appointments as Minister, in one case to

²⁹ *Memoranda of Some of the Descendants of Richard Dana, Compiled by Rev. John Jay Dana. "We are all one man's sons." Genesis, 42:11. Boston: Printed by Wm. H. Chandler & Co., 1865. 64 pp.*

³⁰ *Manuscript chart of the Dana Family Tree arranged by William D. Dana in 1881.*

³¹ *Middlesex County Court Files for April 2, 1690.*

³² *Diary of Samuel Sewall, published by the Massachusetts Historical Society, Boston, 1878-1882, Vol. I, p. 316.*

³³ *Bliss Perry, Richard Henry Dana: 1851-1931, Boston, 1933, p. 5.*

75

Russia and in another to England, failing to be confirmed; nominations for public office, in one case for Congress and in another for Mayor, meeting defeat at the polls; life-long labors devoted to poetry, to art, to international law, to civil service reform, to genealogy, cut short by death and never reaching fulfilment.

There was in these very cases, a persistence to their tasks through thick and thin and a courage in facing these disappointments, which seemed to them themselves merely consistency, but which may have seemed to others obstinacy.

A descendant of the New York branch of the Dana family, the successful Charles A. Dana, of the New York Tribune and the New York Sun, is supposed to have said:

"The Cambridge Danas are admirable people. The only trouble with them is that they would rather be dead than be right."³⁴

It was Henry Clay who, in the year of the Compromise of 1850, said: "I would rather be right than be President!"

But somehow these Danas would not compromise either to be right — or to be President. There is a rumor that the Adamses, of whom more than one became President, said of the Danas: "They would rather be wrong than be President!" For the Adamses, perhaps, being "wrong" meant not agreeing with the Adamses — and not being President.

Among the innumerable descendants of this pioneer ancestor, Richard Dana, who came to this country three hundred years ago, are to be found many who carried on his traditions of hard work and ceaseless energy, many who served as "Minute Men" at the time of the American Revolution, at least one who fought at the Battle of Bunker Hill, many who became pioneers in other New England towns and in the West, and many who achieved distinction in various fields of human endeavor. Among them are to be found distinguished divines, such as James Dana (1735-1812) and Joseph Dana (1742-1827); a United States Senator, such as Samuel Whittelsey Dana (1760-1830) of Connecticut; noted chemists,

such as the two brothers James Freeman Dana (1793-1827) and Samuel Luther Dana (1795-1868); famous geologists, such as James Dwight Dana (1813-1895) and his son Edward Salisbury Dana (1849-1935), both of them professors at Yale University; a brilliant writer and

³⁴ Bliss Perry, *Richard Henry Dana: 1851-1931*, Boston, 1933, p. 3.

editor, such as Charles Anderson Dana (1819-1897); a well known Civil War general, such as General Napoleon Jackson Tecumseh Dana (1822-1905); a prominent artist, such as William Parsons Dana (1833-1927); a learned professor of medicine, such as Charles Loomis Dana (1852-1935); and an outstanding librarian such as John Cotton Dana (1856–1929).

*It is obviously impossible to cover this whole field in the present paper. Accounts of these and other Danas and the relationships between them can be found in the complete Dana genealogy given by the late Miss Elizabeth Ellery Dana in the book called *The Dana Family in America*. Here it will be possible to follow only one single line of descent and, for our purposes, a branch will be followed that has continued to be closely connected with Cambridge. From the original Richard Dana, we shall pass through his youngest son Daniel to his son, the early patriot, Richard Dana; to his son, Francis Dana, the Chief Justice of Massachusetts; and so to the series of Richard Henry Danas: Richard Henry Dana the poet; his son, Richard Henry Dana, Jr., the author of *Two Years Before the Mast*; and so on to the eighth and ninth generation in descent from the original Richard Dana who came here to Cambridge three hundred years ago.*

DANIEL DANA (1664-1749)

Richard Dana's youngest son, Daniel Dana, was born in the Dana homestead on the Roxbury Path. After his father's death, Richard Dana's older brother, Jacob, continued to live on in the old Dana homestead with the widowed mother. Another brother, Benjamin, came to occupy a house [No. 5 on the map] near the Great Oak.³⁵ This house passed later into the hands of his grandson, Colonel Stephen Dana, who fought in the Revolution and came to be called the "Father of Brighton."

Meanwhile Daniel Dana occupied a house [No. 6 on the map] on the road leading from the Roxbury Path to "The Pines" by the Charles River. Here he became, as his father had before him, a farmer and one of the surveyors of Boston highways, or one of the "Boston Parambula-tors," as they were then called. He also made a living as a cooper and was in the military service.

³⁵ Middlesex County Probate Court Files for April 10, 1690. Printed in full in the Appendix of Elizabeth Ellery Dana, *The Dana Family in America*, Cambridge, 1940.

As his father had been one of the early donors to Harvard College, so Daniel Dana did what he could to encourage education in Little Cambridge by giving in 1728 a part of his land on the Roxbury Path, a little to the east of the corner of the road to "The Pines," as a gift to "The Inhabitants" for the first schoolhouse in that region.³⁶ Later, the first Meeting House of Brighton was built between this schoolhouse and the corner and the road from there to "The Pines" came to be called "Meeting House Lane."

In 1749, when Daniel Dana died, he was buried in the burying ground in the older part of Cambridge across the river. There, in the part of the graveyard farthest from the road, his beautiful slate grave stone can be seen today and, beside it, that of his wife, by birth Naomi Crosswell of Charlestown, who died a year later. Near the bend in what is today Garden Street is to be found in the same graveyard the tomb of his elder brother Benjamin, together with the tombs of Benjamin Dana's son and daughter-in-law. It was near here that there came to be built later the large Dana family vault where so many of the descendants of this Daniel Dana were to be buried.³⁷ It is possible that the original Richard Dana is also buried in this same old Cambridge burying ground, in which his sons were buried, though there is no stone there today marking his grave.

RICHARD DANA (1700-1772)

After his father, the original Richard, Daniel Dana had named one of his sons Richard Dana. This second Richard Dana was born in 1700, with the birth of the 18th Century, and grew up through all the troublous period leading up to the American Revolution.

The first of innumerable Danas to go to Harvard College, he became a school teacher and later a magistrate. He was one of the original members of the "Sons of Liberty" and spoke out boldly for American independence in the thrilling meetings of that time in the Old South Meeting House and in Faneuil Hall — "The Cradle of Liberty."

*Among the cases which came before Richard Dana as magistrate were one or two of particular interest. In 1754, when a printer named Daniel Fowle had been arrested for printing *The Monster of Monsters*, a pamphlet attacking an oppressive excise bill, Richard Dana as Justice of the*

³⁶ *Middlesex County Deeds, Vol. II, p. 216: December 28, 1728.*

³⁷ *Epitaphs from the Old Burying-Ground in Cambridge. With Notes by William Thaddeus Harris, Cambridge, 1845, pp. 86, 99, 101.*

Peace upheld the freedom of the press and the right to criticize the British government; and in 1760 a case came before "Justice Dana," as he was sometimes called, involving the now famous Paul Revere.

A portrait of Richard Dana was painted by Copley, showing him as an imposing figure in his legal robes and white wig, with his right hand spread out upon his chest and a manly face

full of sturdy vigor, and assured courage, and a dignity that comes close to being "pomposity." Of this painting, a Signer of the Declaration of Independence, William Ellery, whose daughter had married Richard Dana's son, wrote:

"By the gown and band with which this portrait is dressed I am inclined to think he was or had been a Judge."

As far as we know, this Richard Dana had never been elected to any office higher than that of Magistrate or Justice of the Peace, but apparently he had such an impressive personality in these robes that many used to call him "Judge Dana."

William Ellery goes on to fill out the portrait of this "Judge" Dana with a few picturesque details. He tells us that Dana's "corporeal appetite was as keen, as were his mental passions" and that "he seemed not to eat to live; but to live to eat." When the wife of Judge Edmund Trowbridge asked once why so many dishes of food and bottles and tankards had been put out on her sideboard, the negro servant replied: "La — Missey, Massa Dana is in the office and is going to dine with us."

Of Richard Dana's mental and emotional character, William Ellery gives the following account:

"He was a good classical scholar, and was well acquainted with Jurisprudence, and general literature and a zealous & intrepid son or father of Liberty. He had, in a robust body, a sound and vigorous mind. — his passions were strong, and when excited, they bursted forth in ardent and energetic expressions" ³⁸

Ellery goes on to give an example of what happened when the bad Dana blood boiled over. He describes Dana's burst of fury against the reactionary Tory Lieutenant Governor Hutchinson as follows:

"Mr. D[ana] who was a bitter [foe] to him, was all on fire: his face was inflated and empurpled, he thunder'd & lightned."

³⁸ Autograph letter of William Ellery to his grandson, Richard Henry Dana, ist, written from Newport, R.I., March 10, 1819.

Richard Dana on this occasion, we are told by his grandson, sprang to his feet, struck his clenched fist upon the table, and called out in a voice of thunder: "Stand still, Sir, and hear me curse him."

There is a story that when the infuriated populace sacked the Hutchin-son mansion, they took out from its beautiful frame, said to have been made by Paul Revere, the portrait of Hutchinson, and put in its place the Copley portrait of Richard Dana.³⁹ It is probably this which William Ellery alludes to when he adds slyly.

"To the frame that incloses his portrait hangs a tale; — but mum for that. -"

Perhaps even more than Hutchinson, it was Andrew Oliver, the administrator of the hated Stamp Act, that excited the indignation of this early patriot, Richard Dana. He wrote to his son in England on November 4, 1765, urging the repeal of the Act and adding:

"If it be not done I expect dreadfull times by mobbs up & down in ye country as well as in great & Seaport towns. The people are everywhere so universally incensed against it, that if it continues there will be no living here in peace."

Mobs did hang this Andrew Oliver in effigy; and finally on December 17th, a summons was issued in the name of the whole people, and the Stamp Commissioner was haled by two thousand "Sons of Liberty" to Judge Dana's house, before which stood the "Liberty Tree" bearing the inscription:

Cursed be he

Who cuts this tree.

Seated as Magistrate in an arm chair under this tree, Richard Dana forced the Stamp Act Deputy to make an oath renouncing even more strongly

³⁹ *This portrait hangs today in the house of Richard Dana's great-great-great-great-grandson, Richard Henry Dana, 5th. With this portrait in mind, some of the Dana family are in the habit of distinguishing this particular Richard Dana from the others by referring to him as "Copley Richard." The frame on this Copley portrait today includes the Dana Coat-of-Arms. There is accordingly some doubt whether this frame could have been the one from Governor Hutchin-son's portrait. Miss Elizabeth Ellery Dana would neither affirm nor deny this story about the frame, but left it forever hanging in the dim limbo of discreet uncertainty. Another, tamer variant of this story says that the portrait of Hutchinson was in the house of Judge Trowbridge in Cambridge and that it was there that Richard Dana's portrait was substituted for it.*

80

than he had done on the previous day all further enforcing of the Stamp Act in America. This declaration, signed by Andrew Oliver and countersigned by Richard Dana as Justice of the Peace, ran as follows:

"Whereas a Declaration was yesterday inserted in my name and at my desire in some of the Boston News Papers, that I would not act as Distributor of Stamps within this Province, which Declaration I am informed is not satisfactory.

I do hereby in the most explicit and unreserved manner declare, that I have never taken any measures in consequence of my Deputation for that purpose, to act in the Office: and that I never will directly or indirectly, by myself or any under me, make use of the said Deputation, or take any measures for enforcing the Stamp Act in America, which is so grievous to the People.

And^w Oliver.

Boston 17. Decemr. 1765

Suffolk Ss Boston, Decemr. 17. 1765. The honble Andrew Oliver esq'. subscriber to ye above writing, made oath to ye same.

Cor Ri Dana, Just^a pacis" ⁴⁰

When the unpopular Stamp Commissioner had taken this oath before Richard Dana, the two thousand "Sons of Liberty" cheered and shouted for joy at having asserted in this way their fierce spirit of independence from British tyranny.⁴¹

It was in this same spirit that four years later, on November 4, 1769, Richard Dana signed, with Samuel Adams, John Adams, and John Hancock, a secret letter to John Wilkes, the revolutionary leader in London. In this letter, which has recently been found among the Wilkes Papers in the British Museum, these Boston "Sons of Liberty" congratulate Wilkes upon his bold return to London after four years of exile in Paris, describe

⁴⁰ *Manuscript document owned by H. W. L. Dana. "Cor." of course stands for "coram," the Latin for "in the presence of"; and "Just" pacis" for "Justice of the Peace." This document was found among old Dana papers in 1872 by Richard Henry Dana, Jr., who referred to the conduct of Richard Dana as "an act of high treason ... in which his descendants may now take some satisfaction." Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society for June 6, 1872, Vol. X, pp. 246-247.*

⁴¹ *It is this scene that Nathaniel Hawthorne describes in Grandfather's Chair, Part III, Chapter iii, imagining that on this occasion Richard Dana was sitting in the same old armchair that had been used by John Eliot when he preached to the Indians under the Great Oak, and which was to be used later by General George Washington in his headquarters at Cambridge.*

81

to him the growing oppression of the British Government in Boston, appeal for help from the London revolutionists under Wilkes, and even suggest that France and Spain, in hopes of regaining the possessions in America which the British had taken from them, might join in this movement. In this seditious document, there is also mention of sending over some young American emissaries and it is possible that it was for this purpose that Richard Dana's son, Francis Dana, was sent over a few years later.

Four months after the sending of this document, there occurred on March 5, 1770, another act of British provocation in Boston, by which we find Richard Dana was again deeply stirred.

"In connection with the Boston Massacre of 1770, he played a brave part, sitting as committing magistrate with another patriot judge ... in the legal inquiry that ensued. They boldly sent the unfortunate British Captain Preston to Gaol . . . having evidence sufficient to commit him on his ordering the soldiers to fire."⁴²

Richard Dana was appointed with Samuel Adams, John Hancock, and others, one of a Boston Committee who on July 7, 1770, protested against "the most gross misrepresentations having been sent home to his Majesty & the Ministry" by Captain Preston, which these citizens of Boston looked upon as a part of "a conspiracy that has long been form'd against the rights & liberties of the people & more especially of this Town."

Two years later, at an anniversary meeting of the Boston Massacre held in Faneuil Hall, Richard Dana presided as chairman, and on that occasion spoke out strongly for the rights of the American Colonists. He did not live, however, to see the triumph of the cause of the

Colonists, but died on the eve of the outbreak of the American Revolution. Had he lived, he would have been, with Samuel Adams and John Adams and John Hancock, one of the great leaders from Massachusetts during the War of Independence. The Boston Gazette of June 1, 1772, shortly after his death, declared that he had been

"A very steady and strenuous, and, it must be confessed, many times a passionate opposer of all those (even from the highest to the lowest, but

⁴² *W.P. Cresson, Francis Dana, New York, 1030, pp. 18-19. For the letter to Wilkes see British Museum, Add. Ms. 30870, and Raymond William Postgate, That Devil Wilkes, New York, 1929, p. 177. For the letter to Captain Preston, see Randolph G. Adams, New Light on the Boston Massacre, American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, 1937, pp. 58-61, 65-66.*

82

especially the former), who, in his judgment, were enemies to the civil and religious rights of his country; and he very well understood what these rights were."

Later on, when John Adams became President of the United States, he spoke of Richard Dana as

"One who, had he not been cut off by death, would have furnished one of the immortal names of the Revolution." ⁴³

FRANCIS DANA (1743-1811)

His son, Francis Dana, was, like his father, one of the Sons of Liberty; but fortunately lived to take an active part in the American Revolution and especially in its foreign diplomacy.

On April 16, 1775, only a few days before the Battle of Lexington and Concord, he had been sent to England on a secret mission, attempting to secure sympathy there in one way or another for the Colonists in America. His brother, Edmund Dana, had married the daughter of Lord Kinnaird, and through him and his peers, Francis Dana did what he could to bring about reconciliation between England and the Colonies.

Young Dana, then, got in touch with the revolutionist, John Wilkes, to whom his father had written earlier. To the British Tories he was "That Devil Wilkes"; but for the American "Sons of Liberty," the cry was: "Wilkes and Liberty!" William Palfrey had written: "The fate of Wilkes and America must stand or fall together." Towns and counties and children in America were named for Wilkes. In memory of his famous "Number 45" of The North Britain, the mysterious Number "45" had been chalked up on houses throughout Boston. The poet Campbell had prophesied of Wilkes that "future ages would his name adore." Francis Dana also made the acquaintance of the famous Dr. Richard Price and gave him information about America for his Observations on Civil Liberty and other pamphlets in favor of American Independence.

In London, Francis Dana and his companion, Mr. Temple of New

⁴³ Cresson, p. 19. According to the *Vital Records of Cambridge, Boston, 1915*, p. 521, and the *Grave Records*, this Richard Dana was buried in the old burying ground opposite the gateway to Harvard College. This seems very likely since his father and mother, his wife, and so many of his children and grandchildren are buried there.

Hampshire, came upon the former Governor Thomas Hutchinson, who by this time had returned to England after his unhappy experiences in Boston. Francis Dana remembered the fury that his father had felt towards this Hutchinson and how his father's portrait by Copley was now in the frame where Hutchinson's portrait had been. The old Governor questioned these young Americans much on their affairs. They assured him: "The Americans would fight till 3/4 of them were slain before they would submit." "Aye," said the Governor sneeringly, "Perhaps N. England may, but the southern Colonies will not." They, Hutchinson seemed to think, "will joyn the Kings Troops."

These New Englanders found that "the King objected to treat with the Congress, let the consequence be what it would," that "the Ministry & Parl't have no Intention of Accomodation," and that they were sending "Gen. Howe and his Myrmidons" to crush the Colonies into submission.

After spending most of the first year of the American Revolution in London, Francis Dana returned to America convinced that reconciliation with the British was impossible and that the only solution for American Colonies lay in complete independence.

He landed in New York early in March, 1776, and reported at once to the Continental Congress at Philadelphia. Washington was then still at his Headquarters on the old Tory Row in Cambridge, where he had been for more than eight months, but news of his final triumph in driving the British out of Boston soon came to the Congress at Philadelphia and John Adams sent Francis Dana to General Washington with the following letter of introduction:

"Dear Sir,

Philadelphia, April 1, 1776

The bearer of this letter (Francis Dana, Esq., of Cambridge) is a gentleman of family, fortune, and education, returned in the last packet from London, where he has been about a year. He has ever maintained an excellent character in his country, and a warm friendship for the American cause. He returns to share with his friends in their dangers and their triumphs. I have done myself the honor to give him this letter for the sake of introducing him to your acquaintance, as he has frequently expressed to me a desire to embrace the opportunity of paying his respects to a character so highly esteemed and so justly admired throughout all Europe as well as America. Mr. Dana will satisfy you that we have no reason to expect peace from Britain. . . ."

George Washington. One night at Valley Forge he encountered the General strolling in the darkness. Washington turned to Dana and muttered:

"Congress, sir, does not trust me — I cannot continue thus." ⁴⁵

Francis Dana tried to reassure him as best he could; and on returning to the Continental Congress, urged measures to help Washington reorganize the army, continuing to defend him from the Congressmen who were attacking him during this Valley Forge period — the darkest and most critical in Washington's career.

On June 4, 1778, the Continental Congress passed a resolution appointing Francis Dana to assist in arranging the army and a few days later he received the following letter from George Washington:

"Head Quarters, Valley Forge, June 9, 1778.

Dr. Sir:

I was favoured with a Resolution of Congress of the 4th Inst. by which you are appointed to assist in the arranging of the Army. As so important a matter ought not to be delayed, I would be glad to see you at Camp, as soon as possible, and to know when I can have that pleasure. I am, &c. George Washington"

⁴⁵ W. P. Cresson, *Francis Dana*, New York, 1934, p. 46. For James Lovell's two letters see *Letters of Members of the Continental Congress*, Edited by Edmund C. Burnett, Washington, D. C., 1926, Vol. III, p. 31 and p. 42. For the letters from George Washington, from Francis Dana, and from Samuel Adams, which follow, see *The Writings of George Washington*, Edited by J. C. Fitzpatrick, Washington, D. C., 1937, Vol. 12, p. 38, Vol. 16, p. 493, and Vol. 23, p. 262; *Correspondence of the American Revolution*, Edited by Jared Sparks, Boston, 1853, Vol. II, pp. 137-138; *Letters of Members of the Continental Congress*, Edited by Edmund C. Burnett, Washington, D. C., 1926, Vol. III, p. 340.

In reply Francis Dana wrote Washington a letter beginning:

"York, 11 June, 1778.,

Dear Sir,

I had the honor, last evening, of your favor of the pth instant: requesting me to repair to camp to assist in the business of arranging the army, as soon as possible. Altho' I am impressed with the necessity of that business being finished without delay, yet I cannot, in duty to the State I represent quit Congress till the Confederation is ratified, which I hope will be done in a few days. In the mean time, the arrangement may go on, as General Reed will doubtless be at hand to assist you."

Francis Dana continued to be, with Gouverneur Morris, a strong supporter of Washington and yet managed to remain on friendly terms with some of those who were at that time criticizing Washington. He held at the same time the approval of men so different from each other as the two Boston Adamses: Samuel Adams and John Adams. For example in a letter

written in the following month, on July 20, 1778, we find Samuel Adams writing to James Warren:

"I find Mr. Dana an excellent Member of Congress. He is a thorough Republican, and an able Supporter of our great Cause. I am satisfied it would be for the great Benefit of our Country if you and he were to form an intimate Connection with each other."

John Adams, on the other hand, was equally anxious to get the assistance of Francis Dana in the field of foreign diplomacy and on October 20, 1779, we find Washington writing to Lafayette:

"Mr. John Adams returns to your Court for special purposes and Mr. Dana goes as his secretary."

The names of Adams and Dana were so linked together in the mind of Washington that later, when they were for a time both in Holland, we find Washington in his General Orders of October 24, 1781, honoring them by using their names together as a password when, to the Parole "Holland," the Countersigns were "Adams, Dana."

On November 13, 1779, in the very middle of the seven years' struggle for American independence, Francis Dana was sent with John Adams on a European mission, and they sailed together from Boston across the Atlantic. While Franklin was acting as Minister to France and John

Adams as Minister to Holland, Francis Dana was appointed on December 19, 1780, Minister to the Imperial Russia of Catherine the Great. For two years the Empress Catherine kept him waiting in St. Petersburg. She refused to recognize any envoy who represented the American Revolution. At that time it was the Russians who expressed their strong disapproval of the revolutionary doctrines of the Americans.⁴⁶ In vain did Francis Dana plead:

*"This is the greatest Revolution that has ever taken place in the world."*⁴⁷

It was enough for the Empress that the Americans had overthrown the government of the King by force and violence. In vain Francis Dana argued:

*"The influence of America upon all the Systems of Europe is irre-sistable and will universally overthrow them."*⁴⁸

That is just what she feared, and it is no wonder that "the Imperial Volcano" went into convulsions and refused to see him.

When John Adams sent Francis Dana upon this almost impossible mission, he sent along his young son, "Master Johnny," to act as private secretary. "Master Johnny" was, of course, John Quincy Adams, a most brilliant youth who soon learned Russian as he had the other European languages, although he was only 14 years of age. It was he who later became one of the brainiest Presidents that the United States has ever known.

While Francis Dana and young John Quincy Adams were waiting those two years in the fog and damp of St. Petersburg, as obscure and obtuse as the policies of the Imperial Court

there, they became more and more disgusted with the ways of Russian diplomacy at that time. To get anything done, they found they were expected, as the English and French were doing, to pay a bribe of something like 6,000 rubles to every one of Catherine's Ministers. This, their American honesty, or, if you wish, their New England frugality, forbade them to do. The other method of approach to Catherine, the "Semiramis of the North," -the notorious

⁴⁶ *W. P. Cresson, Francis Dana, New York, 1934, p. 284.*

⁴⁷ *Letter to John Adams, written from St. Petersburg, Russia, on October n, 1781.*

⁴⁸ *Letter to John Adams, written from St. Petersburg, on April 29, 1782.*

88

method of personable young foreign envoys, so delightfully satirized in Bernard Shaw's comedy The Great Catherine — was quite as repugnant to the New England consciences of these two descendants of the Puritans as was the offering of bribes.

The elder Adams, realizing what a hard bargain one had to drive in European Courts, wrote to Dana:

"I had rather drive trucks in the Town of Boston." ⁴⁹

Equally disgusted with the life of an American diplomat under European monarchs, Francis Dana had written:

"May Heaven preserve us from Kings, Princes, and Stadtholders. The People are the best Guardians of their own Liberties and Interests." ⁵⁰

It has been said: "Diplomacy is the art of doing nothing gracefully." If so, the very failure of Dana's mission to Russia was its success. He saw that if he made any treaty with Catherine the Great, he was in danger of being a sort of "diplomatic Laocoon," ⁵¹ caught in the coils of serpentine intrigues from which he could not extricate himself. Dana wrote home that the wisdom of America was

"to hold herself free from the entangled Systems of Europe and all their Wars." ⁵²

In this the Congress of the United States concurred, writing:

"The true interests of these States require that they should be as little as possible entangled in the politics and controversies of European nations." ⁵³

Indeed, the use of the word "entangled" in these two passages would seem to be the earliest use of that word, later familiar in the much quoted — and still more often misquoted — phrase "no entangling alliances."

⁴⁹ Letter of John Adams to Francis Dana, written from Paris, France, March 24, 1783.

⁵⁰ Letter of Francis Dana to Jonathan Jackson, written from The Hague, Holland, November n, 1780.

⁵¹ W.P. Cresson, *Francis Dana: A Puritan Diplomat at the Court of Catherine the Great*, New York, 1930, Chap. XII, "A Diplomatic Laocoon," pp. 183-195.

⁵² Letter of Francis Dana to Judge Parsons, April 23, 1780.

⁵³ Report on Armed Neutrality by James Madison, Alexander Hamilton, etc., published in Francis Wharton, *The Revolutionary Diplomatic Correspondence of the United States*, Washington, 1889, Vol. VI, p. 482: June 12, 1783.

Meanwhile, to Dana and young Adams in St. Petersburg, came at last the news of the surrender at Yorktown. It was no longer necessary to seek the alliance of Russia against England and Congress asked Francis Dana to return to America. He was delighted to get, as he called it, "out of the vortex"; and only too glad that they had not made any compromising treaty with Imperial Russia. Accordingly he packed his trunk for the homeward journey, bringing with him the letters that he had received from John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, and others. These have been carefully kept by his descendants, together with the richly embroidered waistcoat and the gold-headed cane that had been used by this American revolutionist at the Russian Court.

Francis Dana's experience of these two years at the Russian Court was a very different one from that of his grandson's "Two Years Before the Mast"; and on recrossing the ocean, Francis Dana's exclamation that he was a "miserable wretch on the sea" and his saying "I was not made for that unstable element" ⁵⁴ offers a striking contrast to his grandson's remark: "I believe I was made for the sea, and that all my life on shore is a mistake." ⁵⁵

When at last Francis Dana reached Cambridge in December 1783, Mrs. John Adams wrote excitedly to her husband: "Mr. Dana has arrived! — Mr. Dana has arrived!" ⁵⁶ Returning to the quiet and well behaved Cambridge of that period, after his exasperating experiences at the Imperial Court of St. Petersburg, Francis Dana settled down to the tasks of government in the newly established Republic.

During 1787 and 1788 it was this Francis Dana who was most active in persuading the Massachusetts Legislature to adopt the American Constitution. William Ellery later paid this tribute to the part played in this ratification by Francis Dana:

"When the present constitution was on the tapis, by his influence he fixed in its favor, the wavering mind. . . . He spoke pertinently, and eloquently, with a round, rolling, manly tone of voice, to the satisfaction of his hearers. . . . During the repeated Sessions of the Convention he

⁵⁴ Letter of Francis Dana to John Adams, September 29, 1783.

⁵⁵ Richard Henry Dana, Jr., letter to his wife written from Manchester-by-the-Sea on September 3, 1854.

⁵⁶ Letter of Abigail Adams to her husband John Adams, written from Boston on December 18, 1783.

strenuously asserted himself in favour of its adoption. In one of his speeches on the subject, he declared, that he would rather be annihilated than give his voice for, or sign his name to a Constitution which in the least should betray the liberties or interests of his country."

Thereafter, for fifteen years, from 1791 to 1806, he served with dignity and nobility as Chief Justice of Massachusetts.

Before the Revolution, Francis Dana had lived for a time in a house [No. 7 on the map] at the southeast corner of what today would be Mount Auburn and Dunster Streets. After his return from Russia, however, he had built in 1785 a large and impressive mansion [No. 8 on the map] on the top of what was from then on called "Dana Hill." From this Dana Mansion on Dana Hill, the Chief Justice commanded an extensive view over the whole region of what is today Cambridgeport and, as he gradually succeeded in acquiring most of the land to the east of Harvard College, he was in a sense monarch of all he surveyed.

Within the Dana Mansion he collected a remarkable library of books, beautifully bound in leather, and each containing his now very valuable bookplate, displaying what purported to be the Dana Coat-of-Arms.⁵⁷ William Ellery, the signer of the Declaration of Independence, whose daughter, Elizabeth Ellery, Francis Dana had married, wrote of the Chief Justice and his house:

"He was a man of feeling, and from his mansion, streams of charity constantly flowed which made glad the hearts of the poor and needy."⁵⁸

All this magnificence and munificence, however, was, before long, to diminish and vanish. One of his sons, who had taken charge of family affairs, during Francis Dana's old age, had become convinced that the Charles River Basin would become the most important seaport in America

⁵⁷ Miss Elizabeth Ellery Dana, with her punctilious care not to claim for the Danas anything more than was their due, felt that the Dana family, with their humble origin, had no right to bear this Coat-of-Arms. I confess I am rather relieved by this; for I never liked that Crest of a Fox or that motto "Cavendo Tutus," which would seem to mean "being safe through being cautious." The Danas were rarely safe and never cautious. This is the same Coat-of-Arms as that on the frame of the Copley portrait of Richard Dana the father of this Francis Dana. Another device sometimes put forward as a Dana Coat-of-Arms (Arms — Sable, on a bend argent three chevrons vert. Crest — A bull's head aff rontee.) is, if possible, even more spurious.

⁵⁸ Autograph letter of William Ellery to his grandson, Richard Henry Dana, ist, written from Newport, R.I., March 10, 1819.

and accordingly had speculated in the building of docks, wharves, and other improvements in Cambridgeport, in preparation for an expected boom, which never came. Shipping interests found East Boston and South Boston more convenient for ships of deep draft, or moved to New York and other harbors. The value of the unused wharves in Cambridge-port

depreciated and the fortune put into them was dissipated. The rest of the family had to make sacrifices. Horses and carriages were sold. Servants were given up. The daughters of the family themselves undertook the household tasks. Little by little the large Dana estate was broken up and sold and sacrificed to pay off the debt and make good the losses.

This cloud hung over the declining years of Francis Dana. He was described by one who saw him at this time as follows:

"He was a man of common stature, thin person, stooping a little, and of studious face. ... In winter, he wore a white corduroy surtout, lined with fur, and a large muff; probably Russian acquisitions." ⁵⁹

The glacial winds of a Cambridge winter on Dana Hill made him glad of the Russian shuba he had bought long before to protect himself during those two winters in dark and foggy St. Petersburg. As he wrapped his furs about him, he was perhaps warmed also by a pride in that romantic mission to Russia which he had undertaken during the American Revolution. The following description is given of him during his last days:

"Dana seems to have withdrawn into a mysterious twilight of invalid-ism. A slender figure, wrapped in his Russian furs, he was still occasionally seen in the streets of Cambridge." ⁶⁰

Life seems to have passed him by and he was all but forgotten by a younger generation of Americans.

The Adams family, however, remained faithful to Francis Dana to the end. Remembering Dana's former services, John Adams, when President, offered him in vain a position as Minister to France. In 1807 John Quincy Adams showed his devotion to Francis Dana by giving one of his sons the name of Francis as a middle name. In his journal for September 13th, 1807, John Quincy Adams wrote:

⁵⁹ William Sullivan, *Familiar Letters on Public Characters*, Boston, 1834, p. 112; *The Public Men of the Revolution*, Philadelphia, 1847, p. 143.

⁶⁰ W. P. Cresson, *Francis Dana*, New York, 1930, p. 385.

"My child, born on the 18th of last month, was this afternoon baptized by Mr. Emerson and received the names of Charles-Francis — the first of which I gave him in remembrance of my deceased brother and the second, as a token of honour to my old friend and patron judge Dana." ⁶¹

Two years later, in 1809, Francis Dana had the satisfaction of knowing that John Quincy Adams, who nearly thirty years before had served as his fifteen-year-old secretary when they were rebuffed at the Court of Catherine the Great, was now officially recognized as the American Ambassador by the Tsar Alexander I. Francis Dana had lived long enough to see his Russian mission at last fulfilled.

After another two years, in 1811, Francis Dana quietly passed away. Almost unnoticed his remains were laid in the family vault in the Old Cambridge Burying Ground where in course

of time some twenty-six of his relatives came to be buried about him. Mrs. John Adams, the mother of John Quincy Adams, regretted that more honor had not been paid to Francis Dana at the time of his death and wrote: "If my absent son had been in America the grave would not have thus silently closed over him." She adds this final tribute to the memory of Francis Dana:

"The sweet recollection still flourishes, though he sleeps in dust." ⁶²

This phrase was almost an exact echo of the beautiful epitaph on one of the older Dana tombs not far from the vault where Francis Dana was buried:

The sweet remembrance of the just

Shall flourish when they sleep in dust.⁶³

⁶¹ *This Charles Francis Adams (1807-1886) was United States Minister to England during the Civil War. His son, Charles Francis Adams, Jr. (1835-1915), wrote the biography of Francis Dana's grandson, Richard Henry Dana, Jr., the author of *Two Years Before the Mast*. It is the son of this Charles Francis Adams, Jr., Henry Adams, who has kindly given me a photostat of the passage in his great-grandfather's journal quoted above.*

⁶² *Letter of Mrs. John Adams to the wife of Judge Gushing, written on May 22, 1811.*

⁶³ *Epitaphs from the Old Burying-Ground in Cambridge. With Notes by William Thaddeus Harris, Cambridge, 1845, p. 115. The tomb of Mary Green Dana (1717-1763).*

In the large family tomb in which Chief Justice Francis Dana is buried, are also buried his mother (Lydia Trowbridge), his uncle and aunt (Judge Edmund Trowbridge and his wife Martha Remington), Francis Dana's sister, his wife (Elizabeth Ellery), all seven of his children (including Richard Henry Dana the poet), his three daughters-in-law, his son-in-law (Washington AUston), six of Francis Dana's grandchildren and four of his great-grandchildren. A granite recumbent cross was placed over this tomb in 1886 by his great-grandson, Richard Henry Dana, 3rd, with the name DANA carved in large letters at one end and with the names of all twenty-seven persons who are buried there carved with the dates of their births and deaths around the sides. In reading these names and middle names and the names on some of the other stones not far away, it almost seems as if the names of the cross streets between Harvard Square and Central Square — Remington, Trowbridge, Ellery, Dana, etc. — were gathered together on this family tomb in the old Cambridge Burying Ground.

*After Francis Dana's death, the Dana House on Dana Hill was sold; and a few years later, in 1826, the extensive view that had been enjoyed by the elderly and sedate Judge Dana was enjoyed by one who, from almost every point of view, was his exact opposite. This was none other than Margaret Fuller, at that time a brilliant young girl of sixteen, whose family had come to occupy the old Dana mansion. She was enraptured with the outlook from the front room and wrote in her *Memoirs*:*

"Its window overlooked wide fields, gentle slopes, a rich and smiling country whose aspect pleased without much occupying the eye, while a range of blue hills, rising at about twelve miles' distance allured to reverie. . . . My eye was constantly allured to that distant blue range, and I would sit, lost in fancies, till tears fell on my cheek."

Such was Cambridgeport a hundred years ago in the eyes of this remarkable and emotional young lady.

Some years later, in 1839, the house caught fire and burned to the ground. Among those who tried in vain to fight the fire was a young man who was seen to climb the ladders with the agility of a sailor. This was one of Francis Dana's grandsons, a Richard Henry Dana, Jr., who had shortly before returned from a voyage of two years before the mast.

It was this same grandson who later wrote the following beautiful description of Chief Justice Francis Dana:

"He was slight of figure, very erect, remarkably well-featured, with a fair complexion, an eloquent mouth, an eye of light blue, full of expression, capable of showing fire when under excitement, and his whole countenance exhibiting what may be called an illumination, when under the influence of emotion. His voice was musical and attractive in conversation, and in ordinary public speech, but when deeply moved, especially if by moral indignation, it had, without any explosion or

increase in volume, something in it that thrilled every hearer, and brought to a dead silence the most excited assemblies." ⁶⁴

RICHARD HENRY DANA, 1ST (1787-1879)

Francis Dana's son, Richard Henry Dana, was born in the Dana Mansion on Dana Hill and as a boy brooded among the books in the library there, preparing himself for Harvard College.

From his father and his grandfather, this first Richard Henry Dana inherited a revolutionary tradition; but, in comparison with the world-shaking events of the American Revolution in which his father and grandfather were involved, the "Rotten Cabbage Rebellion," in which he became implicated in college, seems to come as rather an anti-climax. On account of this "riot" in protest against the bad food given the students in the College Commons, Richard Henry Dana was expelled from Harvard and was not given his Degree of Bachelor of Arts until fifty-eight years later. To his brother, Edmund, who had been expelled in another earlier Harvard rebellion, the Degree of A.B. was not granted by the college authorities until eighty years after his leaving college and twenty years after his death. These long delays of academic recognition tended a little to embitter these two promising scholars.

In the "Black Death" of 1817 which ravished Cambridge, both Richard and his brother Edmund volunteered to risk their own lives by helping to put a plague-smitten man into a hot bath, which was then thought to

⁶⁴ *In course of time, as new streets came to be laid out running through the extensive estates in Cambridge that had belonged to Francis Dana, many of these were named for him or for his relatives. In 1835, a street laid out just beyond his old house on Dana Hill was given the name of Dana Street in honor of Francis Dana. A few years later, in 1838, two new streets were built between this Dana Street and Harvard College: one called Ellery Street, in honor of Francis Dana's wife, Elizabeth Ellery; the other, called Trowbridge Street, in honor of Judge Edmund Trowbridge, Francis Dana's uncle. In the same year, in the southern part of Cambridgeport, a street was named Allston Street in honor of Washington Allston, the artist who had married Francis Dana's*

daughter. In 1844, a short street between Trowbridge Street and Harvard College was called Remington Street in honor of Judge Jonathan Remington, the grandfather of Francis Dana's wife. Finally, in 1852, another street in Cambridgeport was named Kinnaird Street after Lord Kinnaird, whose daughter had married Francis Dana's brother, Edmund Dana. Thus there is quite a network of streets named for these various branches of the Dana family, covering the land which once they owned, but which has now passed entirely from their hands. All the family possessions seem in the course of time to have melted away like fields of snow in the summer sun, and the children and grandchildren of Francis Dana had to earn their own way in life.

95

be the only way to save his life. Richard contracted the disease and, though he managed to recover, it left him for the rest of his life with a very sensitive and melancholy disposition. To add to this, the two Foster brothers, James and George, who were engaged to Dana's two sisters, both died of this plague, a tragedy that weighed heavily on Richard Henry Dana.

His melancholy was at one with that of the mal de siècle, the Weltschmerz of the Romantic Movement in literature, in which this older Richard Henry Dana played an important part in America. Rebelling against the Pseudo-Classical school of poetry which was then still in vogue in this country, he longed to introduce some of the melancholy and mystery of the Romanticism that was now springing up in England and in Europe. He had great ambitions to be the torch-bearer of this new imaginative poetry in America. Knowing that his great-great-grandmother, Anne Bradstreet, the daughter of the original settler, Governor Dudley, had been the first to write poetry in the English Colonies and had earned the title of "The Tenth Muse," Richard Henry Dana hoped that, under the impetus of the new Romantic Movement, he might himself become, if not the first, at least the greatest poet of America.

*In 1815, he was one of the originators and early editors of the North American Review, where he tried to promulgate his ideas. It is greatly to his credit that he should have been the first to recognize the genius of the young American poet, William Cullen Bryant, and should have published some of Bryant's earliest poems in the North American Review. The reviews which Dana himself published there attacked the artificial school of Alexander Pope and his followers and championed instead Wordsworth, Coleridge, and the other English Romantic poets. When we remember that this was before Keats had published his first volume of poems, we can realize how daring this revolt was at that time. Indeed Dana's marked disrespect for the older school of poetry led to a breach with the more conservative sponsors of the North American Review, and Dana started his own review called *The Idle Man*, in which to carry on his campaign.*

*He turned from the Classical, as was later said of him by his son, "to the Gothic mind and the Gothic poetry, architecture, and legends." This was a part of the Gothic Revival; and Dana's prose tales, *Paul**

96

*Felton, Tom Thornton, etc., have much of the weird and morbid and harping on death, characteristic of the so-called "Gothic Romances." His best known poem, *The Buccaneer*, is a long romantic poem in the manner of *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, full of the mystery of the sea. The buccaneer is a pirate and murderer who is haunted by the pale spectre of a*

white horse that finally carries him off on its back across a sea lit by the lurid light of red flames from a ship that is forever burning but never consumed.

*And, nigh, the tall ship's burning on,
With red, hot spars and crackling flame;
From hull to gallant, nothing's gone; —
She burns, and yet's the same!
Her hot, red flame is beating, all the night,
On man and Horse, in their cold, phospor light.*

When The Buccaneer was first published in 1827 in a tiny volume with merely "DANA'S POEMS" printed on the outside of the orange-colored cover, it was hailed as one of the greatest of American poems. Even "Christopher North," the severe Scottish critic, described this poem in Blackwood's Magazine at that time as "by far the most powerful and original of American compositions."

Dana, then, was for a time regarded as one of the most important, if not the most important, of American poets. In Griswold's Poets and Poetry of America, first published in 1843, of the five American poets represented in the ornate frontispiece, it is Dana who holds the commanding position. In Cheever's Poets of America, published in 1847, more pages are devoted to Dana's poems than to those of any other American poet, the editor saying:

"We are disposed to rank Mr. Dana at the head of all the American poets, not excepting Bryant; and we think this is the judgment which posterity will pass upon his writings."

Unfortunately posterity seems to have passed a very different judgment. There are probably few poets whose reputation has suffered so much with the passing of time. From having been regarded as one of America's first poets, the critics of today have come to regard him, if they pay any attention to him at all, as one of the worst poets. I remember recently asking some critics, who were discussing American poets, if Longfellow really were, as they seemed to think, the "W.W.P." —

that is to say the World's Worst Poet. I said: "Surely, if you went through literature with a fine-tooth comb, you could find someone still worse than Longfellow." To this, one of the young critics, who had not caught my name, replied: "Well! There is the elder Dana!"

Dana's romantic revolt, it is true, had a tendency to become sidetracked. The American Revolution, which his father and grandfather had struggled for, had become an established fact. The only revolution left was a revolution against the Revolution. Accordingly, Richard Henry Dana found himself making a romantic plea for a return to monarchy and aristocracy, to the "established orders" and the "established church." He spent much of his time doing nothing and then would suddenly go off at half cock. He seemed to have a talent for saying the wrong thing at the wrong time. With a certain lack of tact and appropriateness, but it

must be admitted with also a certain courage, he took the occasion of a Fourth of July Oration which he was asked to give in the town of Salem, to advocate an hereditary monarchy and a House of Peers — to the great consternation of the patriotic Salem citizens. As early as 1825, a critic had put his finger on the weak spot of the poet Dana:

"Dana is pure, and sound — uncommon genius — very lazy — very — hangs fire — is timid; and when he has a chance for a dead shot, shuts the wrong eye." ⁶⁵

This laziness, or perhaps it should be called indolence, was the besetting danger of the elder Richard Henry Dana and of his intimate circle of friends and relatives. He and his brother and his brother-in-law made a trio of disgruntled geniuses immersed in profound conversation and wreathed in clouds of tobacco smoke. His brother, Edmund, had started out on the "Grand Tour" of Europe, but when the family funds failed, never made anything out of all the culture he had acquired. He had a reputation of being a "brilliant conversationalist," but never managed to get anything of importance printed. He gave to his native Cambridge land for a "Cambridge Athenaeum" to be used for lectures and for a library which for twenty-three years was called the "Dana Library";⁶⁶

⁶⁵ *The Atheneum; or, Spirit of the English Magazines, April 1, 1825, Vol. III, Second Series, p. 13.*

⁶⁶ *Edmund Trowbridge Dana gave 10,000 square feet of his land near Central Square for this library which bore his name from 1856 to 1879, though from then on it has been called the Cambridge Public Library and in 1887 was moved into its present building on Broadway near Cambridge Street.*

and he left land in Cambridgeport for a park which is still called "Dana Park." ⁶⁷ He did little else, however, to make his name remembered today.

Their brother-in-law was the painter Washington Allston, the friend of Coleridge, who like so many of the Danas was forever planning a great masterpiece that was never completed. His gigantic painting of "Belshazzar's Feast," forever unfinished, was concealed from public gaze in his ivy-covered studio in Cambridgeport and a mystery still seems to haunt the part of the town where he lived. After Washington Allston's death, Longfellow wrote:

"One man may sweeten a whole town. I never pass through Cambridgeport without thinking of Allston. His memory is the quince in the drawer and perfumes the atmosphere." ⁶⁸

Part of the purpose of this present paper is to try to give to Brighton, where the earliest Danas had lived in this country, and to Cambridgeport, where these later Danas lived for a time, something of the aroma of old romance, something of this "perfume of the quince."

*Like the painter Allston, the poet Dana, in "his procrastination and his pride," never completed the masterpiece that he was forever contemplating. During the 92 years of his life, he only got himself to publish 20 poems; and during the last 46 years of his life, only 5 short poems. In an ill-guarded moment, he had called the periodical in which he published his essays and tales *The Idle Man* — a title which James Russell Lowell could not resist applying to Dana himself. In *A Fable for Critics* Lowell gives us his well-known analysis of the weakness of Dana as a poet:*

*That he once was the Idle Man none will deplore,
But I fear he will never be anything more;
The ocean of song heaves and glitters before him,
The depth and the vastness and longing sweep o'er him,
He knows every breaker and shoal on the chart,
He has the Coast Pilot and so on by heart,
Yet he spends his whole life, like the man in the fable,
In learning to swim on his library-table.*

⁶⁷ In a deed dated December 5, 1855, Edmund Trowbridge Dana gave the land bounded by Magazine Street, Lawrence (formerly Brook) Street, Niagara (formerly Warren) Street, and Lake Street, to the city of Cambridge.

⁶⁸ Longfellow autograph letter, October 26, 1860.

The elder Richard Henry Dana was fond of the sea — but still more fond of his library table. Once, on the old road to Gloucester, he heard the sea pounding on a beach out of sight beyond the forest. Leaving the road, he made his way toward the sound. The spot where he got the first view of the ocean, he christened "Prima Vista"; another still more beautiful view from among the pines, "Buona Vista." He was so enchanted that he decided to buy the whole beach and the island beyond, which have been since then called "Dana Beach" and "Dana Island."

This region was a part of what was called Manchester, but this Richard Henry Dana probably never knew that his great-great-grandfather, Richard Dana, had come from Manchester in England. An enthusiastic description of Dana Beach at this Manchester-by-the-Sea in New England is given by Richard Henry Dana, Jr., the son of the poet:

"It is inexpressibly beautiful. There is no such plac«. The grand and ever-changing sea, the islands and light-houses and indented coast, the beach at high tide, the beach at low tide, the rocks, the woods and their smells, the unbroken quiet and the full moon on the waters!" ⁶⁹

The elder Dana loved the ocean — as seen from the land. It was not he, but his son, who was to set sail before the mast. A portrait by William Morris Hunt represents Richard Henry Dana, _Sr., at a time when melancholy was settling down upon him and has been said to make him look like "a dyspeptic Uncle Sam." An entry in his grandson's journal offers us an accidentally revealing remark:

"Today Grandfather was not more despondent than usual."

In his extreme old age, the elderly Dana came to look curiously like Titian's Portrait of an Old Man. He continued to give lectures on Shakespeare, which were said to be so profound that no one understood them and which have never been published, though they have been preserved in manuscript. William Henry Channing, after visiting the aged poet at Manchester-by-the-Sea, wrote:

"As I entered, the sun fell over his long silvery locks and beard, hanging down upon his shoulders and breast, and gave him a look of almost transparent spirituality as he smiled on me with his soft blue eyes, and extended his white hand in welcome."

⁶⁹ Charles Francis Adams, *Richard Henry Dana: A Biography*, Boston, 1890. Vol. II. p. 149.

100

When he died, in 1779, in the 92nd year of his life, he was buried among the other Danas in the Old Burying Ground between the two church towers, the "Sentinel" and the "Nun," in the midst of the slowly falling snow.

*In the old churchyard of his native town,
And in the ancestral tomb beside the wall,
We laid him in the sleep that comes to all,
And left him to his rest and his renown.*

*The snow was falling, as if Heaven dropped down
White flowers of Paradise to strew his pall; —
The dead around him seemed to wake, and call
His name, as worthy of so white a crown.⁷⁰*

RICHARD HENRY DANA, 2ND (1815-1882)

*The oldest son of this Richard Henry Dana, the poet, was Richard Henry Dana, Jr., the author of *Two Years Before the Mast*. He had been born at the far end of Green Street [No. 9 on the map] in lower Cambridgeport within a block of what is now Lafayette Square. Later on, some of the citizens of this same Cambridgeport used to call him an "aristocrat," mock him as "the duke of Cambridge," and accuse the Dana family of having come from what has been called "Cambridge Preferred" — in other words something beyond "Cambridge Common." Yet it is well to remember that this second Richard Henry Dana had been born in the heart of Cambridgeport, as was his only son after him. Indeed, all three Richard Henry Danas were born to the East of what might be called the "Trowbridge-Ellery Line."*

In the life of Richard Henry Dana, Jr., several early traits show a tendency to break away from the shut-in and morose aloofness into which his father had sunk, and to seek a

rougher and sturdier life and to sympathize with oppressed sailors and negroes — traits which were to characterize the later life of this author of Two Years Before the Mast. In his journal he tells us of his earliest recollections of his childhood in that Cambridgeport house:

⁷⁰ See *Memoir of William Henry Channing* by O. B. Frothingharn, Boston, 1886, p. 404; and Longfellow's sonnet, "The Burial of the Poet," written February 10, 1879.

101

"The very earliest I have been able to summon up is, upon recovery from the croup, being held up at the window & having the hens & chickens pointed out to me as they were walking about apparently in perfect health, bare-footed, in the open air."

Apparently it was a discovery that it was possible to go in perfect health barefooted in the open air and he longed to be permitted to do so himself. Of his boyhood, he tells us in his journal a little later:

"I went where I was told not to go, played with boys whom I was warned against as vulgar, was always found out & wondered how people got their knowledge of my doings. ... I was a noted wanderer; was frequently picked up at incredible distances from home."

After living in four different houses in Cambridgeport, including half of a little brick house at the corner of Columbia Street and Broadway, the family moved to the old 17th Century Wigglesworth House in the Harvard Yard, one of the few houses still standing then in Cambridge of those that had been there when his ancestor, the pioneer settler, had come in 1640. It was in that picturesque old house that his mother died when young Richard was six years old and of this he writes:

"I remember the scene of her taking leave of us. It was in the East chamber of the old Wigglesworth House. I remember only the bed, the pale face and white robe. I was probably just too young to remember the words."

After his mother's death and that of his baby sister, killed by a fall, the family moved from this gloomy old dilapidated house into a new house that had recently been built nearby on the rising bit of land in the corner of the Harvard Yard on Quincy Street [No. 10 on the map]. It was in this spacious Dana House, with its veranda supported by a row of columns, that Richard passed the impressionable years of his life from seven to seventeen.⁷¹ There was no mother to look after him

⁷¹ It was this Dana House at 11 Quincy Street that was later used as the first Harvard Observatory with a revolving turret added on the top of the house. Professor Felton used to say that old Professor Bond, the astronomer who lived there, was paid "for keeping watch on the stars," adding:

"There is a caboose set up on the house, with a telescope that commands an unobstructed view of all the chambers in the neighborhood."

102

*here and there was a certain grim New England stoicism with which his solemn father sent his son forth from this house to his first school, uttering by way of parting words merely this foreboding admonition: "Put your bones to it, my boy!"*⁷²

Young Richard did put his bones to it! At the school to which he was sent in Cambridgeport there was much to test the boy's fibre. An angry teacher pulled his ear so hard that the skin connecting it with the head was torn and his face became covered with blood. At another school an evil-tempered teacher used regularly to flog the boys and at that early age Dana developed that dislike for flogging which he was to feel later when he saw his fellow sailors flogged by the ship's captain.

From such schools, it was something of a relief to be transferred to a new private school which had been opened in Cambridge under no less a person than Ralph Waldo Emerson, who, far from being a strict disciplinarian, seemed to be carrying out the principle of his oft-quoted remark:

"Send your son to school and the boys will teach him."

*At one of these Cambridgeport schools, among the students five or six years older than the Dana boy, was Margaret Fuller and also Oliver Wendell Holmes, who describes him at that time as "a little rosy-faced sturdy boy."*⁷³

A later schoolmate, in this case some four years younger than himself, was James Russell Lowell, who looked up to Richard with admiration and who, in his "Cambridge Thirty Years Ago," recalls

"Those first essays at navigation on the Winthrop Duck-pond, of the plucky boy who was afterwards to serve two famous years before the mast."

(Letter of Cornelius Conway Felton to Francis Bowen, December 27, 1839.) Later Felton himself came to live here, and James Russell Lowell, in the suppressed passage from The Biglow Papers, refers to this as the house

Where Felton puns in English or in Greek,

And shakes with laughter until the timbers creak.

The house was later the home of Professor Andrew Preston Peabody and still later of Professor George Herbert Palmer. Today this house, the first one which a prospective Harvard student sees as he comes from Boston to the Harvard Yard, is appropriately occupied by the Chairman of the Committee on Admission to Harvard.

⁷² Richard Henry Dana, Jr., *Speeches in Stirring Times*, Boston, 1910, pp. 10-12.

⁷³ *Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society*, January, 1882, Vol. XIX, p. 198.

In a passage, which was unfortunately omitted from the published version of The Biglow Papers, Lowell again tells how

On the green duck-pond's sea, where water fails

In droughty times, replenished then with pails,

Richard the Second from their moorings cast

His shingle fleets, and served before the mast.⁷⁴

In this same rejected passage, Lowell relates the almost incredible story of riding on the back of his shaggy Shetland pony through the front door of the Dana House on Quincy Street and almost up the stairs. The elder Dana, who seems to have rather encouraged than prevented this prank, speaks of his own son and the "heartly, frankly-sounding laugh which he had when a mere boy." He was apparently anxious that his son should escape from the fatal futility of his own morbid introspection; and urged him as much as possible to an active out-of-door life. Once, when one of Richard's playmates, with whom he had been swimming in the Charles River, was drowned, he asked his father whether he should go back and swim in the same spot, to which the father replied grimly: "Why not?" Little Richard never knew how anxiously the father walked the floor of his study back and forth until his son's safe return. In his journal he relates another incident:

"One holiday I heard a little black boy complaining that a big white boy had taken his money from him, & I was so much overcome by thinking of it that my father was obliged to turn back, walk a long distance, hunt the boy up & give him some money, before I could be comforted."

Here you can find, if you wish, a foretaste of the sympathy which he was later to show for the Negro slaves and the indignation which he was to feel for racial injustice.

At times Richard used to visit the house of his uncle Barney Smith on Milton Hill, where, he says in his journal,

"Many of the happiest days of my life were spent. Looking through the great telescope that stood in the hall at the shipping in the harbour

⁷⁴ Lines omitted from James Russell Lowell's *The Biglow Papers*, but printed in Horace Elisha Scudder, *James Russell Lowell: A Biography*, Boston, 1901, Vol. I.

and watching the sentries at the fort opened a new world to my young mind."⁷⁵

He already longed to set sail some day before the mast.

At the age of sixteen he entered Harvard College. During his Freshman year he became implicated in one of the College "Riots," as his father and uncle had before him. As a point of honor, he refused to tell on the classmate who was really guilty of the disturbance,

thereby letting the blame fall upon himself. In the record of a Meeting of the Harvard Overseers on March 5, 1832, we read:

"Voted that Dana, being concerned in making noises in chapel on Friday evening the 2d instant, be suspended and be directed to pursue his studies, in some place out of the limits of the town of Cambridge."

After a period of "rustication" at Andover, Dana was at length allowed to return to Cambridge.

During one of the College vacations, he took, what he had so much longed for, a sailing trip, of which he shows his delight in a letter written home. This trip was only as far as Plymouth, but it served to whet his appetite for a longer voyage. While on this trip to Plymouth, he caught the measles and was left with eyesight too weakened to pursue his college studies. Here was his opportunity.

His uncle Edmund, when expelled from Harvard, had set sail as a midshipman on the frigate "Congress," when she encountered a storm in which a lieutenant and five men were lost.⁷⁵ Nothing daunted, young Richard wanted to sail as a common sailor before the mast and at length a berth was found for him on a brig bound for California. He jumped at this chance to get away from the stifling atmosphere of that Cambridge to which his father had for all his life been confined. The transformation which he underwent he describes as:

⁷⁵ The mother of the author of *Two Years Before the Mast* had been a Ruth Charlotte Smith, one of whose uncles was this Barney Smith, while another was the Abiel Smith who founded the Smith Professorship of Belles Lettres, which was later held by Professor Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

⁷⁶ Another midshipman on board the "Congress" at the time of this same disaster was Henry Wadsworth, who was killed a few years later in the Siege of Tripoli in 1804. These two midshipmen probably little realized that the great-nephew of one would later come to marry the great-niece of the other.

"The change from the tight frock coat, silk hat, and kid gloves of an undergraduate at Harvard to the loose duck trousers, checked shirt, and tarpaulin hat of a sailor."⁷⁷

It was in this new garb that he said farewell to his father who had by this time moved to a house on Brattle Street on the corner of Church Street [No. n on the map]. It was from this house that, when he was only 19 years old, he left to sail two years before the mast.⁷⁸

It was on August 14, 1834, that Dana set sail from Boston Harbor on the small brig of only 180 tons called the "Pilgrim." During the very first night out, the wind stiffened and there was a heavy head sea beating against the bows of the boat. The Harvard student had not yet got his "sea legs on" and he was dreadfully seasick. Nevertheless when he was ordered aloft in the pitch darkness to reef the topsails, he climbed up as best he could and "laid out" on the topsail yard, holding on with all his strength and, as he says, "making wild vomits into the black night." He stuck it out there until he had made all snug aloft, before he descended again to the deck.

Some three months later, on November 9th, in rounding Cape Horn, their tiny brig struck a tremendous storm which made it necessary to take in their jib. While the rest of the crew hesitated, it was young Dana who had the pluck to spring past them and, with one other sailor, laid out on the bowsprit in snow, hail, and sleet. While the vessel was diving into one huge wave after another, plunging him into the icy water up to his chin, he held on for dear life until they had finally succeeded in furling the jib. This was the ice bath in which his body and soul were tempered for life.

After reaching California in January of the next year, it was Dana again who led the other sailors in carrying the hides on his head through the surf and risking his life to climb down the cliffs at San Juan Capistrano to retrieve some of the hides that had become lodged half way down.⁷⁹

⁷⁷ For this and the following quotations, see *Two Years Before the Mast*, Chapters I, V, XIV, XV, XXIV, XXXIII, XXXVI.

⁷⁸ This house at 47 Brattle Street had been built in 1817 by a Jacob Hill Bates for his daughter Mary, who married Horatio Cook Meriam. Later it was occupied by Dr. Francis Dana until his death in 1872. For a time it served as the office of the Harvard Medical Inspector and the Harvard Law School Club "Lincoln's Inn" had a club table there until the house was unfortunately torn down in 1927 and an Economy grocery store built in its place.

⁷⁹ Little did he realize that that cliff would come to be called "Dana Point" or that, almost a century later, a great-grandson, Peter Dana, would fly over that point many times in an aeroplane in preparation for his record flight from California to Massachusetts in May, 1935, at the age of 19; the same age at which the author of *Two Years Before the Mast* had set sail on his trip.

The episode, however, which seems to have made the deepest impression on him was that of the flogging of his fellow sailors by the captain. Like the flogging of his fellow schoolboys by the teacher some years before, this aroused his resentment. As he said:

"I vowed that, if God should give me the means, I would do something to redress the grievances and relieve the sufferings of that class of beings with whom my lot had so long been cast."

He resolved to devote himself to helping to do away with flogging, either in school or on board ship, once and for all and for ever. In the very account that he gives of this flogging, there is a detail that shows how he associated the flogging of sailors at sea with whipping of slaves on land. He represents the captain, swelling with rage, treating his white sailors much as a slave driver might treat his Negro slaves and shouting:

"You've got a driver over you! Yes, a slave-driver, — a nigger-driver! I'll see who'll tell me he isn't a NIGGER slave!"

Here, again, we can find a premonition of the way in which Dana was later to take up the cudgels, not only for the maltreated sailors, but also for the oppressed Negroes.

On the return voyage from California, there were again storms and other hardships to be encountered. But in contrast to all these there was one night in the tropics when the light trade-wind was gently and steadily breathing from astern. Young Dana went out to the end

of the flying-jib-boom and from there looked back upon the ship as at a separate vessel. He saw the sails spread out, wide and high, like a pyramid of canvas, while above the dark blue sky was studded with the tropical stars. So still was the sea and so steady the breeze, that if these sails had been sculptured marble they could not have been more motionless:

"How quietly they do their work!"

They doubled the Horn once more and finally, after more than two years had passed, young Dana was approaching once more the rock-bound

107

coast of New England, from which he had sailed in the tiny brig "Pilgrim" and to which he was now returning in the larger 398 ton ship called the "Alert."

The very names of the two vessels, the "Pilgrim" and the "Alert," seem symbolic of the spirit in which he had undertaken this voyage. In contrast to the home-loving and inactive spirit of his father, his was the spirit of the early Pilgrim who had set sail from Plymouth in England two centuries before. In contrast to the dreamy aloofness and oblivion of his father, he was keenly "alert" to all that was going on.

He arrived back in Boston Harbor on September 20, 1836, a very different man from the pale, frail youth who had sailed away from there two years before. He was now, as he himself put it,

"A 'rough-alley' looking fellow, with duck trousers and red shirt, long hair, and face burnt as dark as an Indian's."

While on this voyage, which influenced all his later life, Dana had carefully kept a brief log and also a longer journal, in which he had written out in detail his impressions during those two years at sea. In the excitement of his return home, the trunk containing the longer journal was lost. With the help of the small log, however, he was able to reconstruct once more the fuller account. In this process of re-writing, only the most vivid scenes were recalled: so that the loss of the more detailed journal may really have proved a blessing in disguise and may have been a part of the secret of the success of his book.

During the time when young Dana was preparing the story of his voyage for publication, he met and fell in love with a Miss Sarah Watson: so that that period was for them both filled with an atmosphere of romance. On June 2, 1840, he sent her an engagement ring of an emerald set in gold, saying:

"It is the color of the sea, & among all the precious stones always represents the sea. Whenever you look at it remember whatever associations you may have attached to the ocean, & among them if you call to mind one who wandered over it, then unknown to you, why — it will be one reason for which I gave it to you."

For her, his two years' voyage had been purely one of romance. For him, too, the sea had at first been full of nothing but romance; but in his letter

108

of January 18, 1839, he had tried to explain to her how his voyage had brought him in touch with reality and altered his feelings towards the sea:

"The enthusiasm you express for the sea. I can understand it all & felt it all, before I made a sailor of myself, & sometimes think that I can now; yet I assure you that habit & familiarity wear away all the romance. Such was my feeling, & such associations had I with it, that it became almost sacred, & I thought that being out of the sight of land — blue above Si blue below — sun rising & setting in the water — the solitude, grandeur, & change, must impress themselves upon the whole character; yet I do not know that I was ever in a more completely matter-of-fact, humdrum, state of mind than when on a long voyage. I have been months without seeing land or sail, nothing but sea & sky, & yet not realized in the least that I was in a peculiar or romantic situation; & I assure you that in a storm I thought more of a wet jacket, & losing a nice sleep, than I did of the sublimity of the scene. Perhaps it may be different with passengers, & those who have nothing to do but to be romantic.

Again, on August 20, 1840, he contrasted romantic outbursts by Byron and Wordsworth about the ocean with the realism of his own experience:

"Shall we never be together on the sea shore, & alone? How could I sit with you there for hours & days & give ourselves up to all those thoughts & feelings which it would excite in both of us, & listen to its music, & feel its breath, & 'lay our hand upon its mane,' & 'hear its mighty waters rolling evermore.' This is the romance of the sea, my dear child, & all you will ever have to know of it. Its reality, with the exception of a few moments — few & far between — of high excitement & new, strange feelings, — is privation, hardship, tyranny, & irksome & disgusting details."

This twenty-five year old youth, then, was not trying to romanticize the ocean as his father had, but was merely trying to give in his prose account a straightforward record of actual happenings on a real voyage. It is perhaps for that reason that his book has come to be a more permanent contribution than most of the romantic literary efforts of his father and other writers of that period. He was not trying to be "literary," and that perhaps is just why his book proved to be literature.

*It was in 1840, two hundred years after the first Dana had landed in America, and a hundred years ago today, that his re-written account first appeared in print. It was entitled *Two Years Before the Mast. A Per-**

*sonal Narrative of Life at Sea. No name of the author appeared on the title page, though the introductory chapter was signed "R. H. D., Jr." It was a very unpretentious small volume bound in tan cloth and on the cover the words "HARPERS' FAMILY LIBRARY. No. CVI" were printed in larger type than the name of the book. The book published in this same series just before this had been *Travels of Mungo Park*; and the book just after it, *Parry's Voyages*. For his manuscript, the publishers gave Dana the lump sum of \$250, and refused to grant him any royalties. The book became popular almost immediately. It revealed the two great powers which Mr. Adams says that Dana possessed:*

"His faculty of seeing things clearly himself, and then making others see them as he saw them."

80

*This realism, or perhaps we should say reality, came as something of a novelty in the American literature of that time. Compared with his father's misty and romantic poem of a ship at sea, *The Buccaneer*, with its phantoms and spectres, this truthful prose narrative of *Two Years Before the Mast* seemed to bring to the readers the real tang of salt spray and the actual talk of the seamen's forecandle. Young Dana's book marked in 1840 a revolt from Romanticism to Realism, much as his father's earlier poem had marked the revolt of Romanticism from Classicism. Like Dumas, père and fils, in France, the Danas, father and son, in America, represented the transition from the Romanticism of the early 19th Century to the Realism of the middle of the century.⁸¹*

Coming at a time when the public were getting tired of the Romanticism that had told them life was but an empty dream, the public were glad to turn to something which showed them that life is real, life is earnest, that they should not be sunk in a dead past, but be "up and doing."⁸²

⁸⁰ Charles Francis Adams, *Richard Henry Dana: A Biography*, Boston, 1890, Vol. II, p. 138.

⁸¹ Some have been shocked in our day by what seemed to them the daring novelty of the realism in Eugene O'Neill's "Hairy Ape" and other plays on the life of sailors. Yet a hundred years ago, in the Early Victorian Era, we find in *Two Years Before the Mast* a similar realistic transcript of the talk of the forecandle, including an unblushing reference to calling a sailor "a son of a bitch."

⁸² These are of course the popular slogans of that day from Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," which had been published in *Voices of the Night* in December, 1839, only a few months earlier than *Two Years Before the Mast*.

Two Years Before the Mast, giving a realistic account of action in the living present, achieved a popularity that was almost embarrassing to the author and especially to his father. The elder Dana writes on December 10, 1840, to his son's bride to tell her how everyone is congratulating him on the success of his son's book — a success which none of his own writings had ever gained. He says that young people ask about the author and "wonder whether he looks like Robinson Crusoe." In families where the boys have read *Two Years Before the Mast*, there are no longer "puddings" on table - "all the puddings are duff with them now." The young author himself writes his fiancée on January 30, 1841:

"This matter of the book is getting to be perfectly absurd. I literally cannot move without hearing of it. The other day a man was taken up for stealing it, & the jailer & his family, the turnkeys & all had read the book before it was returned to the owner, & the jailer stopped me to know where he could get some copies. The young ladies inquire after the handsome 'Bill Jackson,' & those who are more intellectual ask what I have heard of Tom Harris.' &c. &c."

*During the hundred years that have passed since this book was first published in its modest form, innumerable other editions have appeared, ranging from paper covered editions at ten cents to elaborate editions de luxe for ten dollars or more. In the late 1840's, *Two Years Before the Mast* served as a sort of guide to California for the "forty-niners" at the time of*

the gold rush, and to later generations has proved a constant stimulus for a strenuous life and a spirit of adventure.

*When the book had first appeared, a Miss Frances Appleton of Boston sent a copy to England, to her sister who had recently married an Englishman. She could scarcely have guessed then that a daughter of hers would later marry the author's son. The British publisher, Moxon, immediately got out a London edition, voluntarily offering the author far more than the American publishers had. The book had a remarkable reception in England. Dickens, Samuel Rogers, Bulwer, and others praised it to the sky. It was even quoted in the House of Lords, an honor at that time usually reserved for Horace or Virgil or other Classics. For years all English battleships were required to have a copy in the ship's library. Some of these British editions bore the sub-title *A Voice -from the Forecastle. Being a Sailor's Life at Sea. An Authentic Narrative;**

111

interpolated sailors' songs and chanties that were not in the original; and added an appendix on "Glimpses of a Life of a Sailor" which was not written by Dana.

*Because of its clarity and absence of long words, extracts from the original text of *Two Years Before the Mast* were used by oculists and are still to be found printed on cards devised with different sizes of type to test the eyesight. Perhaps the most curious indication of the popularity of the book, however, is the way in which other authors tried to vie with *Two Years Before the Mast* by publishing books called *Five Years Before the Mast*, *Twenty-five Years Before the Mast*, *Thirty Years Before the Mast*, etc., hoping to surpass the original book, if not in its quality, at least in the quantity of years purported to have been spent before the mast.*

*Dana himself had followed up the success of his *Two Years Before the Mast* by putting out in the following year, 1841, a companion book entitled *The Seaman's Friend: Containing a Treatise on Practical Seamanship, with Plates; A Dictionary of Sea Terms; Customs and Usages of the Merchant Service; Laws Relating to the Practical Duties of Master and Mariners*. This was published in England under the title of *The Seaman's Manual*. In a review, written probably by Edgar Allan Poe, of *The Seaman's Friend*, it was pointed out that *Two Years Before the Mast* had given "all the racy spirit, as this present volume conveys the exact letter of the sea." 83*

Meanwhile Richard Henry Dana, Jr., had graduated at the head of his class in Harvard College, had passed through the Harvard Law School, and had been admitted to the bar. He had not, however, lost contact with his fellow sailors among the crew of the "Pilgrim" and the "Alert." Proving that he was, true to the title of his book, the "seaman's friend," whenever any of them turned up in the port of Boston, he did not wait for them to come to him, but energetically looked them up himself. Even Harvard had not made him less democratic.

*His first publication, printed even earlier than *Two Years Before the Mast*, was a pamphlet called *Cruelty to Seamen*, in which he took up the cudgels for the oppressed sailors, refuting the arguments of his law professor, Judge Story. When he opened his law office, he often took up for small fees the cases of seamen against the rich ship owners and mer-*

⁸³ *Graham's Magazine*, December, 1841, p. 306.

chants. Naturally this did not make the young lawyer popular with the rich merchants and ship owners.⁸⁴ As Charles Francis Adams wrote:

"His office was apt to be crowded with unkempt, roughly dressed seamen, and it smelled on such occasions much like a forcastle."⁸⁵

A little later, after the passing of the Fugitive Slave Law, Dana took up without pay the cases of several of the fugitive slaves and still further antagonized the rich Boston cotton manufacturers, who at this time sympathized with the owners of the southern cotton plantations. Indeed, after the attempted rescue of Anthony Burns, in which one man was killed and Thomas Wentworth Higginson wounded with a cutlass, Mr. Dana, who had defended the fugitive slave in court, was on his way home after dark, when he was set upon by thugs hired by one of the agents of the slave owners, struck down and nearly killed. Here is a clipping from a newspaper of the time:

THE BOSTON SLAVE CASE,

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE

RICHARD H. DANA.

Boston, Saturday, June 3, 1854.

*Richard H. Dana, one of the counsel for Anthony Burns, was knocked down in the street last night with a slung shot and badly hurt.*⁸⁶

*Like his friend Charles Sumner, he took upon his own head the blows meant for the negro slaves.*⁸⁷

With all his supposed aristocratic or patrician tendencies, in the acid test his sympathies were with the underdogs — the oppressed seamen or the fugitive slaves. As was finely said of him:

⁸⁴ As an indication of the hostility of the rich Boston merchants to Dana as a lawyer, see the series of articles attacking Dana and advising others not to employ him as a lawyer, signed "By a Son of a Merchant," and published in the *Daily Commonwealth*, June 5 and 16, and in the *Weekly Messenger*, July 30, 1851.

⁸⁵ Charles Francis Adams, *Richard Henry Dana: A Biography*, Boston, 1890, Vol. I, p. 27.

⁸⁶ *New York Daily Tribune*, June 5, 1854.

⁸⁷ Less than two years later, on May 22, 1856, Charles Sumner was struck down in the Senate Chamber by a Southern sympathizer. See Longfellow's poem on Charles Sumner:

"He took

*Into his manly breast
The sheaf of hostile spears, and broke
A path for the oppressed."*

113

"With Dana, the world was God's great ship, and his place was always 'before the mast.' " ⁸⁸

To these law cases Dana devoted himself with a zest for hard work which Charles Francis Adams, who worked in Dana's law office, refers to as "cheerful drudgery." ⁸⁹ We are told that

"In Harvard Square, promptly at eight o'clock every morning, one saw Dana, green bag in hand, waiting for the Boston omnibus." ⁹⁰

He did not return from his office in Boston to his house in Cambridge until after dark. After a "heavy tea" with his family "Dana would disappear into his library, the green bag would be emptied of its papers, and the lawyer would be immersed in the study of his case." ⁹¹ Charles Francis Adams speaks with particular enthusiasm of the role which Richard Henry Dana, Jr., played in the Fugitive Slave Cases of 1853-1854:

"His connection with those cases was the one great professional and political act of his life. It was simply superb. There is nothing fairer or nobler in the long, rich archives of the law; and the man who holds that record in his hand may stand with head erect at the bar of final judgment itself."

Later, perhaps unwisely, he was persuaded to run for Congress against the popular, if unscrupulous, Ben Butler. When all other arguments failed, Dana's opponent tried to stir up prejudice against him by calling him "one of those damn literary fellers" ⁹² and making much of his "aristocracy." To this charge of being an aristocrat, Dana retorted as follows:

"Aristocracy which goes to sea before the mast; aristocracy which lives in ships' forecastles; aristocracy which cures hides in vats, and takes them on its head through the surf to the boats, and is paid for its two years' service at five dollars a month; aristocracy that, in the legal profession,

⁸⁸ *The Watchman Examiner, July 14, 1921.*

⁸⁹ *Charles Francis Adams, Richard Henry Dana: A Biography, Boston, 1890, Vol. II, p. 135.*

⁹⁰ *Van Wyck Brooks, The Flowering of New England, New York, 1936, p. 310.*

⁹¹ *Charles Francis Adams, Richard Henry Dana: A Biography, Boston, 1890, Vol. II, pp. 136-137. For the quotation which follows see Vol. I, pp. 132-133.*

⁹² *Charles Francis Adams, Richard Henry Dana: A Biography, Boston, 1890, Vol. II, p. 376.*

114

*devotes its earliest labors to the cause of seamen against the wealthy and influential owners and masters; aristocracy that takes up the cause of Negro slaves, and gave its best years, in a small and poor minority, to a contest against the only oligarchy this nation ever saw; aristocracy that goes afoot, and has not a dollar it did not earn; let me simply suggest to you, that such aristocracy is not dangerous to American liberties."*⁹³

Such remarks seemed only to arouse feeling against him all the more and he was defeated at the polls. No doubt this failure in politics hurt him more than he let anyone know. Yet the very day after the election, he briskly entered the court room to take up a new case as though nothing had happened. As Adams said of him: "He did not know when he was beaten."

Still later, when he was appointed Minister to England, his political and legal opponents brought charges against him at a secret session of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs. When he was urged to go to Washington to defend himself against such charges, he somewhat stubbornly refused, saying that he would rather

*"Go down with flags flying and guns firing. ... I have made many mistakes in life, but this is not one of them."*⁹⁴

To his son, Richard Henry Dana, 3rd, he wrote:

*"I cannot do it; my father could not do it; my grandfather could not have done it; nor his father; and my son would not have done it."*⁹⁵

He was right: the Richard Dana who was a Magistrate at the time of the Stamp Act, Francis Dana at the court of Catherine the Great, and the other Danas would rather have been thought "wrong" than defend themselves from charges such as these.

To his son again, who had suffered at about this same time a series of exasperating defeats, he wrote with tenderness but with stern New England stoicism, saying:

"My dear boy, it may be better for you in the end, not to have been victorious. It is a discipline to your moral character."

⁹³ *Speech of October 26, 1868, at Middleton, Massachusetts. Printed in Supplement to the Salem Gazette of October 30, 1868.*

⁹⁴ *Letter to his son Richard written in March, 1876.*

⁹⁵ *Ibid*

The author of Two Years Before the Mast knew this discipline of disappointment; but he would not allow his rejection by the United States Senate to embitter him or to dim his patriotism towards the government. To his son who took this action of the Senate much to heart he wrote:

"Don't let this make you any less patriotic. It only shows you how much more the country needs the services of good men, — how much the rising generation has to do for their state."⁹⁶

Perhaps the finest tribute to his own courage under adversity was that paid to him by his former law partner, who wrote of Mr. Dana after his death:

"Baffled as he had been for more than twenty years, disappointed in every high ambition of his life, fallen on evil times and evil tongues, how bravely he kept his courage!"⁹⁷

What Dana once wrote in his journal for July 22, 1842, was true in more senses than one:

"The worse the weather the better I felt."

Before long Richard Henry Dana, Jr., sailed abroad again. In every great crisis of his life he seemed to get consolation and a new impetus from a sea voyage. If, in Greek mythology, the giant Antaeus gained fresh strength by each renewed contact with his mother earth, so Dana was always revigorated by renewed contacts with the water which he had learned to love as a boy of nineteen on his long voyage. Indeed he wrote on one occasion:

"I believe I was made for the sea, and that all my life on shore is a mistake."⁹⁸

On April 22, 1873, he wrote in retrospect:

"I have done a good deal in life. But nevertheless, my life has been a failure compared to what I might and ought to have done. My great success — my book — was a boy's work, done before I came to the Bar."

⁹⁶ Letter written to his son Richard in April, 1876.

⁹⁷ Letter from Francis Edward Parker written after Dana's death in January, 1882.

⁹⁸ Letter to his wife written from Manchester-by-the-Sea on September 3, 1854.

He took up his abode at Rome in Italy and there, in the Eternal City, the center of so much of the world's history, he undertook the gigantic task of writing an entirely new book on International Law which he hoped would be the crowning work of his life. This might have obliterated the painful copyright controversy over his Notes on Wheaton and given to the world an original masterpiece of Dana's own. Yet in this, too, he was to be defeated; and he died there in Rome before the work was finished. He was buried in the Protestant Cemetery on the outskirts of Rome, in a spot not far from the tombs of the English poets, Shelley and Keats, in a place so beautiful that it would almost make one "in love with death" — a "spot where one would wish to lie forever."

One of his sisters became a convert to Roman Catholicism. This sister, Ruth Charlotte Dana, was a truly remarkable character. She received an extraordinary series of fourteen letters about the Catholic Faith, written to her by none other than Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. Miss R. C. Dana had come to seem so much the personification of the Roman Catholic church, that to some of her nephews and nieces her

very initials, "R.C.," seemed to stand for "Roman Catholic." When she died, the good Irish Catholic priest pronounced a eulogy on her in which he paid the ultimate tribute from what has become the dominating group in our community to the Dana family, telling his faithful Catholic congregation that Miss Dana had come from a family that was "respectable though Protestant."⁹⁹

RICHARD HENRY DANA, 3RD (1851-1931)

*When the only son of the author of *Two Years Before the Mast* was born in 1851, he was duly christened Richard Henry Dana, 3rd. When his grandfather and father, Richard Henry Dana, 1st, and Richard Henry Dana, 2nd, had signed the register at the Church of the Advent, the Episcopal Rector exclaimed superbly:*

"May there ever be a Richard Henry Dana to stand before the Lord!"¹⁰⁰

This prophecy of nearly ninety years ago has been well carried out to

⁹⁹ Bliss Perry, *Richard Henry Dana: 1851-1931*, Boston, 1933, p. 28.

¹⁰⁰ *ibid.*, p. 2.

the present day and bids fair to be so in the future. Already for five generations in succession, the eldest son has been called Richard Henry Dana and one is tempted to cry out:

"What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?"

Perhaps, in the world chaos of today, it may be the crack of doom that will come first.

The third Richard Henry Dana became conscious of the record of his ancestors in the long history of the struggle for freedom in America. Later he wrote: "I found myself a member of a family with a tradition of service and sacrifice." "Service and sacrifice," however, did not mean being a "patrician" or "aristocrat." On the contrary, in his case, "service" meant giving himself to public service for innumerable worthy causes; and "sacrifice" meant the sacrifice which that involved of any chances for individual eminence for himself.

Like his father before him, Richard Henry Dana was born in Cambridgeport and so, like him, was by birth a "Port Chuck." The house [No. 12 on the map] was one, where his family was for a time living with their aunt, Mrs. Washington Allston, on Auburn Street, near the corner of Magazine Street. For years his parents had lived in small houses or half-houses in Cambridgeport or in rooms in small hotels or boarding-houses. At last, however, they had saved up enough money to build a house of their own [No. 13 on the map] in Cambridge. This stood at the end of Phillips Place, upon which it originally opened. It was only later, when a new street had been put through to Craigie Street and named at his father's suggestion after the philosopher Berkeley, that the entrance was put on that side, and the house became No. 2 Berkeley Street. It was really a very simple house, yet during the seventeen years that the family lived there the father had become so fond of it that he

wrote to his wife saying "it is a beautiful house" and speaking of "our seventeen years there when our children were infants and little girls and we were almost young." ¹⁰¹

The rear of the Dana land on Berkeley Street almost adjoined the grounds behind the nearby Craigie House and the Danas' first visitor in their new house was Mr. Longfellow. In the grounds between the two

¹⁰¹ Letter to his wife written on Christmas Eve, 1871.

houses the Dana and Longfellow children played together and at the time of Mrs. Longfellow's tragic death, Mrs. Dana invited the two younger Longfellow children to stay overnight in the nearby Dana House.¹⁰² On Sundays the children could see Charles Sumner in his long black coat, coming from the Longfellow House where he had taken dinner, passing through the little gate at the back of the grounds, and dropping in for a cup of tea with Mr. Dana, his ever-flowing stream of oratory shifting from the realm of poetry into the field of politics.¹⁰³ Sometimes the Dana children contributed to *The Secret*, a manuscript magazine edited in 1865-1866 by Edith Longfellow with occasional contributions from her father.

Then, of course, there were theatricals in which the children of both families took part. There has been preserved an amusing picture made by one of the children of their performance of Margery Daw acted at the Craigie House in the winter of 1866-1867. For this occasion, the poet of the Craigie House wrote a Prologue, hitherto unpublished, beginning:

*Our life is but a mimic show,
We all are actors here below;
And so our Comedy to-day
Will be a Play within a Play.*

In 1862, "Scenes from Dickens" were presented, in which young Dick Dana, then eleven years old, acted the part of young David Copper-field. Apparently the makers of the program had overlooked the half-forgotten grandfather, for the boy's name was entered as "R. H. Dana, Jr.," instead of "R. H. Dana, 3rd."

This Richard the 3rd, however, soon came into his own in Shakespeare's *Richard III*, which was acted by the Dana and Longfellow children in 1866. In the final scene, at the Battle of Bosworth Field, Edith Longfellow entered as King Richard's enemy, the Earl of Richmond. Fighting with a clash of wooden swords, Richard III cried excitedly:

*"A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse! . . .
I think there be six Richmonds in the field!"*

¹⁰² *Henrietta Dana Skinner, An Echo From Parnassus: Being Girlhood Memories of Longfellow and His Friends, New York, 1928, pp. 8-17.*

¹⁰³ *Charles Francis Adams, Richard Henry Dana: A Biography, Boston, 1890, Vol. I, p. 214.*

Thereupon Edith slew her Richard, but she was a generous conqueror, and cried:

"We will unite the white rose with the red."

And twelve years later they were happily married.

*After his marriage in 1878, Richard Henry Dana, 3rd, lived for several years at 33 Mt. Vernon Street in Boston, under the shadow of the dome of the State House. In 1887, his mother, the widow of the author of *Two Years Before the Mast*, built a house at 152 Brattle Street in Cambridge [No. 14 on the map] and in the same year, Mr. Dana moved to the house [No. 15 on the map] which he had built on the land belonging to his wife, next to the Longfellow House in Cambridge. Here Mr. Dana was not far away from the little old house [No. 16 on the map] at 15 Appian Way, to which his sister Miss Elizabeth Ellery Dana moved in 1908. In Mr. Dana's house on Thanksgiving and Christmas and Easter each year, his cousins and sisters and aunts were all invited to take part in the large family dinners and entertainments, not to mention the children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren of this Richard Henry Dana, 3rd, down to his death in 1931.*

In 1940, his house at 113 Brattle Street was sold, passing into excellent hands, but out of the hands of the Dana family. With it went the last remaining bit of land that at one time or another had belonged to the Dana family in Cambridge: land that had been acquired in the 17th Century in Little Cambridge, in the 18th Century in Cambridgeport, and in the 19th Century in Old Cambridge. This passing of the last Dana house and land out of the family in 1940, just 300 years after the coming of the first Dana to Cambridge, marks the close of the three centuries when the various Danas and Dana houses played a not unimportant part in Cambridge life.

THE DANA SAGA

So ends the three-hundred-year long story of the Dana Family in Cambridge: out of the darkness of history a young Englishman emerging, RICHARD DANA, never so English as when shaking the dust of England forever from his feet, turning his face towards the west, crossing an ocean to find a newer and freer world in America, mowing hay along the

salt marshes of the River Charles, building his farm facing westward towards the sunset beyond Nonantum Hill, garnering the produce of these fields into his barn, raising a large family, rising to positions of importance in the New England colony, signing petitions to preserve the liberties of these colonists, and dying of a fall from the scaffold in his barn;

—his son, DANIEL DANA, training in the early colonial militia, giving land for a school, laying out roads among the Newton Hills, roads that led ultimately farther and farther west across the continent; — his son, a "Son of Liberty," RICHARD DANA, defending Anglo-Saxon rights against an English king, forcing a Stamp Act to be repealed, flinging the facts of a Boston Massacre in the face of his fellow Englishmen in England, dying on the eve of an American Revolution; — his son, FRANCIS DANA, again a "Son of Liberty," in the midst of this Revolution seeking help in England from English Revolutionists, returning to America to urge a Declaration of Independence, visiting Washington during the darkest days at Valley Forge, championing him when others were attacking him in the Continental Congress, seeking recognition for revolutionary America in reactionary Russia, pleading with a reluctant Massachusetts Legislature for support of the American Constitution and the Bill of Rights, gathering his library of books in the Dana Mansion on Dana Hill, and dying there among his books almost forgotten;— RICHARD HENRY DANA, brought up among those books, leading a literary revolution for Romanticism in American Poetry, seated aloof at his library table, loving the melancholy and the mystery of the sea; — his son, RICHARD HENRY DANA, Jr. learning the reality of that sea, sailing as a common seaman two years before the mast, defending the oppressed sailors and the fugitive slaves, sacrificing a lucrative legal career, championing in a skeptical New England the presidency of Abraham Lincoln, as his grandfather had championed George Washington, planning in Rome a masterpiece on international law, and buried among the cypresses of the Protestant Cemetery at Rome; — his son, RICHARD HENRY DANA, 3rd, conscious of having less literary ability than his father or grandfather, devoting himself to advocating fundamental reforms, the reform of the ballot system so as to make elections democratic, the reform of the civil service so as to make democracy efficient, sacrificing his own chances for personal eminence by giving himself in countless worthy causes to the public service of the community at large; — his

children and grandchildren, in turn, shaking the dust of Cambridge from their feet, following the roads that lead westward to Connecticut and New York and California, raising families, building houses and schools, building the world's largest bridges, driving automobiles and flying aeroplanes far afield from Canada to Mexico and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, leaving lingering behind the last of the Cambridge Danas, childless, in this harsh world drawing his breath in pain to tell their story.

Such is the Saga of the Cambridge Danas. Like Galsworthy's Forsyte Saga or Eugene O'Neill's Tale of the Possessors Self-Dispossessed, the Dana Saga is, from the material point of view, a story of the rise of the Man of Property, the story of the accumulation and the gradual loss of that property. From another angle, however, it is the story of a series of men struggling against almost insurmountable difficulties, seeking to bring about order and justice and intelligence in a world filled with confusion and inequality and ignorance — a series of men baffled and disappointed in their highest ambitions, but bravely keeping their courage.

The story of this gradually disappearing race of Cambridge Danas is set against the background of a rapidly increasing new Cambridge. Something has been charmingly written of the art of "being little in Cambridge when everyone else was big." ¹⁰⁴ In this survey of three centuries of the Dana Family in Cambridge, we have passed from the time when the

Danas were big people in Little Cambridge, down to the time when we are – all – little people in what has become a Big Cambridge.¹⁰⁵

¹⁰⁴ *Eleanor Hallowell Abbott, Being Little in Cambridge When Everyone Else Was Big, New York, 1936.*

¹⁰⁵ *My indebtedness in this paper to my aunt, Miss Elizabeth Ellery Dana, will be obvious to all who know her devoted and painstaking work on Dana Genealogy. Beginning some seventy-five years ago, as a girl of nineteen, by making corrections and additions on the margins and interleaved pages of the Memoranda of Some of the Descendants of Richard Dana, which was published in 1865, she continued throughout her life accumulating more and more masses of genealogical data. It was a life-long labor of love. Finally, shortly before her death, in 1939, in the 9jrd year of her life, she asked me to complete the work for her. It will now soon be published as a large book of over 600 pages, to be entitled The Dana Family in America, and will include pictures of old Dana houses, old portraits, maps, charts, and an index of over 10,000 Dana descendants of whom accounts are given. Miss Dana left to me to write for her the first part of the book (about the pioneer ancestor in America) and the last part (about her own immediate family). It is these parts that form the basis of the present paper; but among the innumerable branches of the Dana Family, it has been possible to follow here only a single line of descent, threading its way like a narrow stream through a vast plain, – a line of descent that may be indicated by the following table:*

122

d'Aunay? (From Aunay in Normandy, France?)

fl.1332 John Daunay (Kendal Parish, England).

fl.1369 William Daunay (Kendal Parish, England).

1535-1611 Edward Dawney (Kendal Parish, England).

1571-1644 Robert Dawney [Dana] (Tanner in Manchester, England) m. Elizabeth Barlowe.

1617-1690 RICHARD DANA (Came to America 1640) m. Anne Bullard.

1664-1749 DANIEL DANA (Farmer in Little Cambridge) m. Naomi Crowwell.

II 1700-1772 RICHARD DANA (Magistrate abolishing Stamp Act) m. Lydia Trowbridge.

II 1743-1811 FRANCIS DANA (Chief Justice of Massachusetts) m. Elizabeth Ellery.

1787-1879 RICHARD HENRY DANA, 1st. (Poet and Essayist) m. Ruth Charlotte Smith.

1815-1882 RICHARD HENRY DANA, 2nd. (Author and Lawyer) m. Sarah Watson.

1851-1931 RICHARD HENRY DANA, 3rd. (Civil Service Reformer) m. Edith Longfellow.

1879-1933 RICHARD HENRY DANA, 4th. (Architect) m. Ethel Nathalie Smith.

1912- RICHARD HENRY DANA, 5th. (Publisher: Music Press).

123

[To see the Annual Reports, Members, and By Laws please [click here](#) and go to page 403]