

The Bay State Monthly — Volume 2, No. 1, October, 1884 eBook

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JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE.

In the long list of illustrious men who have held the high office of President of the United States, a few names stand out with such prominence as to be constantly before the American people. While Adams, Jefferson, Monroe, Jackson, Grant, and others, did the country service that never will be forgotten, it is indisputable that Washington, Lincoln, and Garfield gained a firmer hold upon the confidence and affection of the masses than any others. And now, as we approach another presidential campaign, the result of which is to place in the highest office of the nation a new man, it is alike a source of pride and satisfaction that the Republican party has put in nomination a man, who, if elected, will bring to the discharge of his duties as high a degree of honesty as Washington, as thorough an acquaintance with human nature as Lincoln, and as profound a knowledge of political economy as Garfield. Through all the years of his manhood he has been a central figure in American politics, and his achievements are indelibly written on almost every page of American history for the last quarter of a century. With such a man as a candidate the country may well congratulate itself that if he proves to be the choice of the majority he will, by his ability and experience, bring as great renown to the office as any of his predecessors, and that under his guidance the material prosperity and intellectual growth of the nation will be such as to gain for his administration great popular favor, the admiration of his friends, and the respect of all nations.

James Gillespie Blaine, the nominee of the Republican party for President of the United States, was born on January 31, 1830, in Washington County, in the southwestern corner of Pennsylvania, in West Brownsville, a village on the west bank of the Monongahela. Here Neil Gillespie, before the British army left America at the close of the Revolution, had established his family, purchasing the land of the Indians. Nearly twenty years later the Blaines came from Carlisle, seeking investment and development in this new West, and the father of James G. Blaine, who had left Carlisle when a child, married the daughter of Neil Gillespie the second.

The first of the Blaine family of whom much is known was Colonel Ephraim Blaine, who lived at Chester, and in the Revolution was purveyor-general of the Pennsylvania troops, and incidentally of the whole Revolutionary array. He married Rebekah Galbraith in 1765. Elaine is a well-known Scotch name. Galbraith and Gillespie are Scotch-Irish; in fact, the ancestors of James G. Blaine were nearly all Scotch and Irish. It is a circumstance worthy of comment that Blaine comes from a stock which has furnished the United States with many of her ablest public men, notably among them being Andrew Jackson and Horace Greeley.



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Colonel Ephraim Blaine had two sons named Robert and James, and each of these sons named his son for Colonel Ephraim Blaine. Old Ephraim Blaine did not leave his property to his sons, but to these two grandsons, (1) Ephraim, who remained in Carlisle, and (2) Ephraim Lyon Blaine, who grew up in western Pennsylvania. Ephraim Lyon Blaine was named for his mother, Miss Lyon, the daughter of Samuel Lyon from about Carlisle. Ephraim Lyon Blaine married Miss Gillespie, a devout member of the Roman Catholic Church, but most of their seven children—five boys and two girls—adhered to the traditional faith of the Blaines. The second of these sons, James Gillespie Blaine, is the subject of this sketch. He would have inherited large blended fortunes, had not his father, like his grandfather, been a spendthrift. Therefore, soon after James G. Blaine was born his parents had to move out of the big house which they could no longer keep up, and occupy a frame-house called the Pringle dwelling, also in West Brownsville, about a quarter of a mile distant. Here young Elaine lived and went to school both in Brownsville and in West Brownsville, until his father was elected prothonotary of the county, in 1843, when the whole family removed to Little Washington, twenty-four miles distant.

James G. entered Washington College in 1843, being then thirteen years of age, and became at once prominent as a scholar among the two or three hundred other lads from all parts of the country. He was also a leader in athletic sports. He was not a bookworm, but he was a close student and possessed the happy faculty of assimilating knowledge from books and tutors far more easily and quickly than most of his fellows. In debating-societies he held his own well, and was conspicuous by his ability to control and direct others.

After leaving college young Blaine started for Kentucky to carve out his own fortune. He went to Blue Lick Springs and became a professor in the Western Military Institute, in which there were about four hundred and fifty boys. A retired officer who was a student there at the time relates that Professor Blaine was a thin, handsome, earnest young man, with the same fascinating manners he has now. He was popular with the boys, who trusted him and made friends with him from the first. He knew the given name of every one, and he knew his shortcomings and his strong points. He was a man of great personal courage, and during a fight between the faculty of the school and the owners of the springs, involving some questions about the removal of the school, he behaved in the bravest manner, fighting hard but keeping cool. Revolvers and knives were freely used, but Blaine only used his well-disciplined muscle. Colonel Thornton F. Johnson was the principal of the school, and his wife had a young ladies' school at Millersburg, twenty miles distant. There Blaine met Miss Harriet Stanwood, who subsequently became his wife. She was a Maine girl of excellent family sent to Kentucky to be educated.



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After teaching for a while Blaine left Kentucky and went to Philadelphia to study law. While there he taught for a short time at the blind asylum and also wrote for the newspapers. He soon, however, was irresistibly attracted to the State of Maine, and left his native State for a home in the community with which his name is now indissolubly connected. It is somewhat remarkable that this ambitious young man should have gone East instead of West, choosing a State which the young men were fast leaving—one whose population in the last forty years has increased very little. He is, indeed, almost the only man who has gone East in the last half-century and risen to any prominence.

Mr. Blaine went to Maine in 1853, and soon afterward married Miss Stanwood, whose family are well known in New England. Through their influence he soon found an occupation in journalism, and until 1860 was actively engaged in editing at different times the Kennebec Journal and the Portland Daily Advertiser. He retained a part ownership in the Kennebec Journal until it began to hamper him in his political career, and then he sold out. A friend has said of him as a journalist: "I have often thought that a great editor, as great perhaps as Horace Greeley, was lost when Mr. Blaine went into politics. He possesses all the qualities of a great journalist: he has a phenomenal memory; he remembers circumstances, dates, names, and places more readily than any other man I ever met."

Wielding a strong, vigorous, aggressive pen, Mr. Blaine soon made its power felt among politicians. He went to Maine at a time when the Whig and Democratic parties were breaking up. Previous to 1854 the Democratic party had governed the State for a quarter of a century, but its power was broken in the September election of that year, through a temporary union of the anti-slavery and temperance elements. In 1855 the different wings of the new party were well consolidated, and in the famous Fremont campaign of 1856 they carried the State, electing Hannibal Hamlin governor by twenty-four thousand majority. Mr. Blaine, during all these exciting times, did not by any means confine himself to writing political leaders. He took an active part in politics, attending Republican meetings throughout the State, and soon made himself one of the recognized Republican leaders in Maine. Of this period of his career, the late Governor Kent, of Maine, who himself stood in the front rank of public men in his State, once wrote as follows:—

"Almost from the day of his assuming editorial charge of the Kennebec Journal, at the early age of twenty-three, Mr. Blaine sprang into a position of great influence in the politics and policy of Maine. At twenty-five he was a leading power in the councils of the Republican party, so recognized by Fessenden, Hamlin, the two Morrills, and others, then, and still, prominent in the State. Before he was twenty-nine he was chosen chairman of the executive committee

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of the Republican organization in Maine—a position he has held ever since, and from which he has practically shaped and directed every political campaign in the State, always leading his party to brilliant victory. Had Mr. Blaine been New-England born, he would probably not have received such rapid advancement at so early an age, even with the same ability he possessed. But there was a sort of Western *dash* about him that took with us Down-Easters; an expression of frankness, candor, and confidence, that gave him from the start a very strong and permanent hold on our people, and, as the foundation of all, a pure character and a masterly ability equal to all demands made upon him.”

Mr. Blaine's early political addresses, and especially the ability which he displayed in them as a debater, won him great local reputation, and, during the Fremont campaign, he achieved a distinction as a speaker which insured him a seat in the Legislature, in 1858, though he was not yet thirty years of age and had been but five years in his adopted State. The ability which he displayed as a legislator was so marked that his constituents returned him four years in succession, and the Legislature, recognizing his talents, elected him speaker in 1860 and 1861, a rare honor for so young a man. As a presiding officer he displayed those fine qualifications which afterward made him one of the most brilliant of the long line of able men who have occupied the speaker's chair in the National House of Representatives.

By this time Mr. Blaine had become a professional politician. In other words he had given up all other occupations and made politics his sole employment. This is a fact worthy of serious consideration, for few men in this country have avowedly chosen politics as a calling and succeeded in it as James G. Blaine has succeeded. Most of our statesmen, like Webster and Lincoln, have been eminent lawyers. Blaine studied law thoroughly, but never applied for admission at the bar. Some, like Greeley, have been eminent journalists. Blaine made journalism merely a means to an end, discarding it as soon as it had served his purpose. Blaine has made a systematic and thorough study of politics and political affairs. Constitutional history and international law he made it his business to master. Above all, he has studied men, has learned by careful observation how to handle, to mould, to use his fellow-beings. No man in America to-day is more learned in everything pertaining to the science of statesmanship than James G. Blaine. It is the fashion in this country to decry professional politicians, to uphold the doctrine that the office should seek the man and not the man the office. Yet there can be no more honorable profession than the service of one's country, and surely no man should be blamed for fitting himself for that service as thoroughly and as carefully as for any other profession.

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A man of Mr. Blaine's ability, of his rare knowledge of parliamentary usages, and, above all, of his ambitions, was not likely to remain long content with the position of a representative in the State Legislature. As early as 1859 he had an ambition to go to Congress, and he was talked of as a candidate in 1860. But Anson P. Morrill was nominated, Mr. Blaine not having strength enough to obtain the honor. In 1862 Mr. Blaine was nominated to the office, although he was not then so desirous of it as he had been two years before. His patriotic utterances in the convention which nominated him met with a hearty response, and he was elected over his Democratic competitor by the largest majority that had ever been given in his district, it exceeding three thousand. This majority he held in six succeeding and consecutive elections, running it up in one exciting contest to nearly four thousand.

During his first term in Congress Mr. Blaine gave himself up to study and observation, but in the next Congress, the Thirty-ninth, he gained some prominence, and from that time to the end of his congressional career he occupied a foremost place among the Republican leaders. His reputation was that of an exceedingly industrious committeeman. He was a member of the post-office and military committees, and of the committees on appropriations and rules. He paid close attention to the business of the committees, and took an active part in the debates of the House, manifesting practical ability and genius for details. The first remarkable speech which he made in Congress was on the subject of the assumption by the general government of the war debts of the States, in the course of which he urged that the North was abundantly able to carry on the war to a successful issue. This vigorous speech attracted so much attention that two hundred thousand copies of it were circulated in 1864 as a campaign document by the Republican party. In the winter of 1865-66 Mr. Blaine was very energetic in promoting the passage of reconstruction measures. In the early part of 1866 he proposed a resolution which finally became the basis of that part of the fourteenth amendment relating to congressional representation. In the second session of the Thirty-ninth Congress he also distinguished himself by the "Blaine amendment" to the military bill, which was universally discussed in the public press of the day.

In 1867 Mr. Blaine made a trip to Europe, returning in time to fight against the greenback heresy, of which he was the foremost opponent. In December he made an elaborate speech on the finances, in which he analyzed Mr. Pendleton's greenback theory. "The remedy for our financial troubles," said he, "will not be found in a superabundance of depreciated paper currency. It lies in the opposite direction, and the sooner the nation finds itself on a specie basis the sooner will the public treasury be freed from embarrassment and private business be relieved from discouragement. Instead, therefore, of entering upon a reckless and boundless issue of legal tenders, with their constant depreciation, if not destruction, of value, let us set resolutely to work and make those already in circulation equal to so many gold dollars."

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This was the last great question in the discussion of which Mr. Blaine took part on the floor of the House, his colleagues in 1869 electing him to the office of speaker, vacated by the promotion of Schuyler Colfax to the vice-presidency. The vote stood one hundred and thirty-five votes for Blaine to fifty-seven for Kerr, of Indiana. Mr. Blaine proved himself eminently fitted for the position. As a speaker he may be classed with Henry Clay and General Banks, who are acknowledged to have been the best speakers we have ever had. Blaine was their equal in every respect. The whole force of such a statement as this cannot be felt unless it is fully understood that the speaker of the House of Representatives stands next to the President in power and importance in the United States. The business of Congress is done largely by committees, and the committees of the House are appointed and shaped by the speaker. Then, to say that Blaine was one of our three ablest speakers is to say a great deal, for a long line of very able men have filled the speaker's chair. His quickness, his thorough knowledge of parliamentary law and of the rules, his firmness, clear voice, impressive manner, his ready comprehension of subjects and situations, and his dash and brilliancy, really made him a great presiding officer. He rose to a high place not only in the estimation of his Republican friends, but also of his Democratic opponents, and he was re-elected to the speakership in 1871 and again in 1873. In 1875, the Democratic majority took control, and Mr. Blaine resumed his place on the floor to win fresh laurels as a debater, and to discomfit the majority in many a projected scheme which his quick eye detected and his ready words exposed.

The governor of Maine, on the tenth of July, 1876, appointed Mr. Blaine to the national Senate, in place of Mr. Morrill, who had resigned to become secretary of the treasury. He was afterward elected for the unexpired term and the full term following. On his appointment he wrote to his constituents thus:—

Beginning with 1862, you have, by continuous elections, sent me as your representative to the Congress of the United States. For such marked confidence, I have endeavored to return the most zealous and devoted service in my power, and it is certainly not without a feeling of pain that I now surrender a trust by which I have always felt so signally honored. It has been my boast, in public and in private, that no man on the floor of Congress ever represented a constituency more distinguished for intelligence, for patriotism, for public and personal virtue. The cordial support you have so uniformly given me through these fourteen eventful years is the chief honor of my life. In closing the intimate relations I have so long held with the people of this district, it is a great satisfaction to me to know that with returning health I shall enter upon a field of duty in which I can still serve them

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in common with the larger constituency of which they form a part.

While in the Senate Mr. Blaine advocated the Chinese immigration bill, and opposed the electoral commission and Bland silver legislation. Here, as throughout his political career, he was never on the fence on any question. His position has always been clear and he has always taken strong grounds.

Mr. Blaine was a candidate for the presidential nomination in 1876, and came within twenty-seven votes of being successful. His vote increased from two hundred and ninety-one on the first ballot to three hundred and fifty-one on the seventh, but he was beaten by a combination against him of the delegates supporting Morton, Conkling, Hartranft, Bristow, and Hayes, who united upon Hayes, and made him the nominee. He was also one of the leading candidates for the presidential nomination at the Republican National Convention in Chicago, in June, 1880. Out of a total of seven hundred and fifty-five he received, on the first ballot, two hundred and eighty-four votes. On the thirteenth and fourteenth ballots he received his highest vote, two hundred and eighty-five, which very gradually declined to two hundred and fifty-seven on the thirty-fifth ballot. On the thirty-sixth ballot General Garfield was nominated by a combination of the elements opposed to General Grant and a third term. As before, Mr. Blaine yielded to the inevitable, remaining true to his party principles, and contributing his aid to the election of James A. Garfield.

When President Garfield made up his Cabinet he offered Mr. Blaine the control of the state department. This is how Mr. Blaine accepted the offer:

Washington, December 20, 1880.

My dear Garfield,—Your generous invitation to enter your Cabinet as secretary of state has been under consideration for more than three weeks. The thought had really never occurred to my mind until, at our late conference, you presented it with such cogent arguments in its favor, and with such warmth of personal friendship in aid of your kind offer. I know that an early answer is desirable, and I have waited only long enough to consider the subject in all its bearings, and to make up my mind, definitely and conclusively. I now say to you, in the same cordial spirit in which you have invited me, that I accept the position. It is no affectation for me to add that I make this decision, not for the honor of the promotion it gives me in the public service, but because I think I can be useful to the country and to the party; useful to you as the responsible leader of the party and the great head of the government. I am influenced somewhat, perhaps, by the shower of letters I have received urging me to accept, written to me in consequence of the mere unauthorized newspaper report that you had been pleased to offer me the place. While I have received these letters from all sections of the Union, I have been especially pleased, and even

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surprised, at the cordial and widely extended feeling in my favor throughout New England, where I had expected to encounter local jealousy and, perhaps, rival aspiration. In our new relation I shall give all that I am and all that I can hope to be, freely and joyfully, to your service. You need no pledge of my loyalty in heart and in act. I should be false to myself did I not prove true both to the great trust you confide to me and to your own personal and political fortunes in the present and in the future. Your administration must be made brilliantly successful and strong in the confidence and pride of the people, not at all directing its energies for re-election, and yet compelling that result by the logic of events and by the imperious necessities of the situation. To that most desirable consummation I feel that, next to yourself, I can possibly contribute as much influence as any other one man. I say this not from egotism or vainglory, but merely as a deduction from a plain analysis of the political forces which have been at work in the country for five years past, and which have been significantly shown in two great national conventions. I accept it as one of the happiest circumstances connected with this affair that in allying my political fortunes with yours—or, rather, for the time merging mine in yours—my heart goes with my head, and that I carry to you not only political support, but personal and devoted friendship. I can but regard it as somewhat remarkable that two men of the same age, entering Congress at the same time, influenced by the same aims and cherishing the same ambitions, should never, for a single moment in eighteen years of close intimacy, have had a misunderstanding or a coolness, and that our friendship has steadily grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength. It is this fact which has led me to the conclusion embodied in this letter; for however much, my dear Garfield, I might admire you as a statesman, I would not enter your Cabinet if I did not believe in you as a man and love you as a friend. Always faithfully yours,

James G. Blaine.

Mr. Blaine's diplomatic career began with his appointment as secretary of state on March 5, 1881, and ended with his resignation on December 19, three months after President Garfield's death. The two principal objects of his foreign policy, as defined by himself on September 1, 1882, were these: "First, to bring about peace, and prevent future wars in North and South America; second, to cultivate such friendly commercial relations with all American countries as would lead to a large increase in the export trade of the United States, by supplying those fabrics in which we are abundantly able to compete with the manufacturing nations of Europe." President Garfield, in his inaugural address, had repeated the declaration of his predecessor that it was "the right and duty of the United States to assert and maintain such supervision and authority

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over any interoceanic canal across the isthmus that connects North and South America as will protect our national interests.” This policy, which had received the direct approval of Congress, was vigorously upheld by Secretary Blaine. The Colombian Republic had proposed to the European powers to join in a guaranty of the neutrality of the proposed Panama Canal. One of President Garfield’s first acts under the advice of Secretary Blaine was to remind the European governments of the exclusive rights which the United States had secured with the country to be traversed by the interoceanic waterway. These exclusive rights rendered the prior guaranty of the United States government indispensable, and the powers were informed that any foreign guaranty would be not only an unnecessary but unfriendly act. As the United States had made, in the Clayton-Bulwer treaty of 1850, a special agreement with Great Britain on this subject, Secretary Blaine supplemented his memorandum to the powers by a formal proposal for the abrogation of all provisions of that convention which were not in accord with the guaranties and privileges covenanted for in the compact with the Colombian Republic. In this state paper, the most elaborate of the series receiving his signature as secretary of state, Mr. Blaine contended that the operation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty practically conceded to Great Britain the control of any canal which might be constructed in the isthmus, as that power was required, by its insular position and colonial possessions, to maintain a naval establishment with which the United States could not compete. As the American government had bound itself by its engagements in the Clayton-Bulwer treaty not to fight in the isthmus, nor to fortify the mouths of any waterway that might be constructed, the secretary argued that if any struggle for the control of the canal were to arise England would have an advantage at the outset which would prove decisive. “The treaty,” he remarked, “commands this government not to use a single regiment of troops to protect its interests in connection with the interoceanic canal, but to surrender the transit to the guardianship and control of the British navy.” The logic of this paper was unanswerable from an American point of view.

The war between Chili and Peru had virtually ended with the capture of Lima on January 17, 1881. The state department made strenuous exertions to bring about the conclusion of an early peace between Chili and the two prostrate states which had been crushed in war. The influence of the government was brought to bear upon victorious Chili in the interest of peace and magnanimity; but, owing to an unfortunate misapprehension of Mr. Blaine’s instructions, the United States ministers did not promote the ends of peace. Special envoys were accordingly sent to South America, accredited to the three governments, with general instructions which should enable them to bring those belligerent



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powers into friendly relations. After they had set out from New York Mr. Blaine resigned, and Mr. Frelinghuysen reversed the diplomatic policy with such precipitate haste that the envoys on arriving at their destination were informed by the Chilian minister of foreign affairs that their instructions had been countermanded, and that their mission was an idle farce. By this reversal of diplomatic methods and purposes the influence of the United States government on the South American coast was reduced to so low a point as to become insignificant. Mr. Blaine's policy had been at once strong and pacific. It was followed by a period of no policy, which enabled Chili to make a conqueror's terms with the conquered and to seize as much territory as pleased her rapacious generals.

The most conspicuous act of Mr. Blaine's administration of the state department was his invitation to the peace congress. The proposition was to invite all the independent governments of North and South America to meet in a peace congress at Washington on March 15, 1882. The representatives of all the minor governments on this continent were to agree, if possible, upon some comprehensive plan for averting war by means of arbitration, and for resisting the intrigues of European diplomacy. Invitations were sent on November 22, with the limitations and restrictions originally designed. Mr. Frelinghuysen lost no time in undermining this diplomatic congress, and the meeting never took place.

On the morning of Saturday, July 2, President Garfield was to start from Washington by the morning limited express for New York, en route for New England and a reunion with his old college mates at the Williams College commencement. His secretary of state accompanied him to the train, and has recorded the great, almost boyish, delight with which the President anticipated his holiday. They entered the waiting-room at the station, and a moment later Guiteau's revolver had done its work. The country still vividly remembers the devotion with which the head of the Cabinet watched at the President's bedside, and the calm dignity with which, during those long weeks of suspense, he discharged the painful duties of his position. On September 6 the President was removed from Washington to Elberon, whither he was followed the same day by Mr. Blaine and the rest of the Cabinet. The apparent improvement in the President's condition warranted the belief that he would continue to gain, and Mr. Blaine went for a short rest to his home in Augusta. He was on his way back to Elberon when the fatal moment came, and reached there the next morning. It is the universal testimony of the press and people that, during the weary weeks which intervened between the President's injury and death, Mr. Blaine's every action and constant demeanor were absolutely faultless. Selected by Congress to pronounce a formal eulogy upon President Garfield, Mr. Blaine, on February 19, 1882, before President Arthur and his Cabinet, both Houses of Congress, the Supreme Court, the foreign legations, and an audience of ladies and gentlemen which crowded the Hall of

Representatives, delivered a most just, comprehensive, and admirable address upon the martyr's great career and character.

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Since his withdrawal from President Arthur's Cabinet and his retirement to private life at Augusta, Mr. Blaine has busied himself with his history, entitled *Twenty Years of Congress*, the first volume of which was given to the public last April. When finished, this work will cover the period from Lincoln to Garfield, with a review of the events which led to the political revolution of 1860. The story he tells in his first volume is given with the simplicity and compactness of a trained journalist, and yet with sufficient fulness to make the picture distinct and clear in almost every detail. The book is as easy to read as a well-written novel; it is clear and interesting, and commands the attention throughout, the more for the absence of anything like oratorical display or forensic combativeness. In literary polish it is not beyond criticism, though occasional infelicities of expression and instances of carelessness do not outweigh the general clearness and force of style. It is not at all points unerring in portraiture, nor infallible in judgment, though the writer's impartiality of spirit and desire to be just are conspicuous, and he gives cogent reasons for opinions expressed. But in broad and comprehensive appreciation of the forces by which the development of public opinion has been affected, the work is one of great merit. It seems to be entirely free from those personal qualities which have characterized Mr. Blaine in politics. It is very remarkable that a man so prominent as a partisan in political affairs could have written a book so free from partisanship.

Mr. Blaine is now in his fifty-fifth year. Although above medium height, he is so compactly and powerfully built that he scarcely seems tall. His features are large and expressive; he is slightly bald and his neatly trimmed beard is prematurely gray; his brows are lowering—his eyes keen. On the floor of Congress he manifested marvelous power and nerve. His voice is rich and melodious; his delivery is fluent and vigorous; his gestures are full of grace and force; his self-possession is never lost. He has appeared on the stump in almost every Northern State, and is an exceedingly popular and effective campaign speaker. But it is not when on the platform, speaking alone, that he has shown his greatest strength. He is strongest when hard pressed by opponents in parliamentary debate. He is a thorough believer in the organization of men who think alike for advancing their views. He believes that in order to carry out any great project it is necessary to have a party organization, not for the purpose of advancing individual interests, but to push ahead a great line of policy. He is a positive with the courage of his convictions, and believes in aggressive politics. As a consequence of this he has always had both very strong friends and very bitter enemies. It is probable that no man in this country has had a stronger personal following since the days of Harry Clay.

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Blaine is a man of great physical capacities. He has great powers of application. His mind works quickly. He is as restless as the ocean and has the power of accomplishing an immense amount of work. Another quality which he possesses—rare but invaluable to a public man—is that of remembering names and faces, of remembering men and all about them. This ability is partly natural, partly the result of his training. He has made it a study to get acquainted with men.

His knowledge of facts, dates, events, men in our history, is not only remarkable, but almost unprecedented. It would be difficult to find a man in the United States who can, on the instant, without reference to book or note, give so many facts and statistics relating to the social and political history of our country. This has been the study of his life, and his memory is truly encyclopaedic.

Mr. Blaine was not a poor man when he entered Congress in 1863, and he is not a millionaire now. For twenty years he has owned a valuable coal tract of several hundred acres near Pittsburgh. This yielded him a handsome income before he entered Congress, and the investment has been a profitable one during his public life. He is said to have speculated more or less, and to have made and lost millions. Yet in general his business affairs have been managed with prudence and shrewdness, and he now has a handsome fortune. His home in Augusta, near the State House, is a plain two-story house. Several institutions in the State have received benefactions from him, and his charity and generosity are appreciated at home. He is a member of the Congregational Church in Augusta, and constant attendance at divine service is a practice that he has always inculcated upon his family. He has constantly refused to take religious matters into politics, but his respect for his mother's belief has made him tolerant and charitable toward all sects. In his own house he is a man of culture and refinement, a genial host, a courteous gentleman. No man in public life is more fortunate in his domestic relations. He is the companion and confidant of every one of his six children, and they fear him no more than they fear one of their own number. Mrs. Blaine is a model wife and mother. The eldest son, Walker Blaine, is a graduate of Yale College and of the Law School of Columbia College. He is a member of the bar of several States, and has been creditably engaged in public life in Washington. The second son, Emmons Blaine, is a graduate of Harvard College and the Cambridge Law School. The third is James G. Blaine, Jr., who was graduated from Exeter Academy last year. The three daughters are named Alice, Margaret, and Harriet. The eldest was married more than a year ago to Brevet-Colonel J.J. Coppinger, U.S.A.

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But however Mr. Blaine may have distinguished himself as an author, a diplomatist, or a man of varied experience and knowledge, in the present political campaign, in which he is destined to play so important a part, he will necessarily be largely judged in a political sense, and as a politician. What does the record show in these directions? Has he been true or false to his political convictions? Assuredly no man, be he friend or foe, can point to a single instance in Mr. Blaine's long and varied political career, in which he has betrayed his political trust or failed to respond to the demands of his political professions. Through the anti-slavery period; during the trying years of the war; through the boisterous struggle for reconstruction, and constantly since, Mr. Blaine's voice has always been heard pleading for the cause of equality, arguing for freedom, and combating all propositions that aimed to restrict human rights or fetter human progress. That he has sometimes been swayed by partisan rather than statesmanlike considerations is highly probable, but even that can but prove his zeal and devotion to party principles.

No one claims for him political infallibility, and his warmest admirer will admit that he, like other men, has faults. But those who look upon Mr. Blaine as an impetuous and rash politician have but to read his letter of acceptance to see how unjust that judgment is. Calm, dignified, and scholarly, it discusses with consummate ability the issues that to-day are engaging the attention of the American people, and whether it be the tariff question or our foreign policy, he shows a familiarity with the subject that at once stamps him as a man of remarkable versatility and rare accomplishments. As the standard-bearer of the great Republican party, he will unquestionably inspire in his followers great enthusiasm and determination, and, if elected to the high office to which he has been nominated, there is every reason to believe that he will make a Chief Magistrate of whom the entire people will justly be proud.

* * * * *

THE BOUNDARY LINES OF OLD GROTON.—III.

By the Hon. Samuel Abbott Green.

The running of the Provincial line in 1741 cut off a large part of Dunstable, and left it on the New Hampshire side of the boundary. It separated even the meeting-house from that portion of the town still remaining in Massachusetts, and this fact added not a little to the deep animosity felt by the inhabitants when the disputed question was settled. It is no exaggeration to say that, throughout the old township, the feelings and sympathies of the inhabitants on both sides of the line were entirely with Massachusetts. A short time before this period the town of Nottingham had been incorporated by the General Court, and its territory taken from Dunstable. It comprised all the lands of that town, lying on the easterly side of the Merrimack River; and the difficulty of attending public worship led to the division. When the Provincial line was established, it affected

Nottingham, like many other towns, most unfavorably. It divided its territory and left a tract of land in Massachusetts, too small for a separate township, but by its associations belonging to Dunstable. This tract is to-day that part of Tyngsborough lying east of the river.

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The question of a new meeting-house was now agitating the inhabitants of Dunstable. Their former building was in another Province, where different laws prevailed respecting the qualifications and settlement of ministers. It was clearly evident that another structure must be built, and the customary dispute of small communities arose in regard to its site. Some persons favored one locality, and others another; some wanted the centre of territory, and others the centre of population. Akin to this subject I give the words of the Reverend Joseph Emerson, of Pepperell,—as quoted by Mr. Butler, in his *History of Groton* (page 306),—taken from a sermon delivered on March 8, 1770, at the dedication of the second meeting-house in Pepperell: “It hath been observed that some of the hottest contentions in this land hath been about settling of ministers and building meeting-houses; and what is the reason? The devil is a great enemy to settling ministers and building meeting-houses; wherefore he sets on his own children to work and make difficulties, and to the utmost of his power stirs up the corruptions of the children of God in some way to oppose or obstruct so good a work.” This explanation was considered highly satisfactory, as the hand of the evil one was always seen in such disputes.

During this period of local excitement an effort was made to annex Nottingham to Dunstable; and at the same time Joint Grass to Dunstable. Joint Grass was a district in the northeastern part of Groton, settled by a few families, and so named from a brook running through the neighborhood. It is evident from the documents that the questions of annexation and the site of the meeting-house were closely connected. The petition in favor of annexation was granted by the General Court on certain conditions, which were not fulfilled, and consequently the attempt fell to the ground. Some of the papers relating to it are as follows:

A Petition of sundry Inhabitants of the most northerly Part of the first Parish in *Groton*, praying that they may be set off from said *Groton* to *Dunstable*, for the Reasons mentioned.

Read and *Ordered*, That the Petitioners serve the Towns of *Groton* and *Dunstable* with Copies of this Petition, that they show Cause, if any they have, on the first Friday of the next Sitting of this Court, why the Prayer thereof should not be granted.

Sent up for Concurrence.

[*Journal of the House of Representatives* (page 264), March 11, 1746.]

Francis Foxcroft, Esq; brought down the Petition of the northerly Part of *Groton*, as entred the 11th of *March* last, and refer'd. Pass'd in Council, *viz.* In Council *May* 29th 1747. Read again, together with the Answers of the Towns of *Groton* and *Dunstable*, and *Ordered*, That *Joseph Wilder* and *John Quincy*, Esqrs; together with such as the honourable House shall join, be a Committee to take under Consideration this Petition,

together with the other Petitions and Papers referring to the Affair within mentioned, and report what they judge proper for this Court to do thereon. Sent down for Concurrence.



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Read and concur'd, and Major *Jones*, Mr. *Fox*, and Col. *Gerrish*, are joined in the Affair.

[Journal of the House of Representatives (page 11), May 29, 1747.]

John Hill, Esq; brought down the Petition of the Inhabitants of *Groton* and *Nottingham*, with the Report of a Committee of both Houses thereon.

Signed *Joseph Wilder*, per Order.

Pass'd in Council, *viz.* In Council *June* 5th 1747. The within Report was read and accepted, and *Ordered*, That the Petition of *John Swallow* and others, Inhabitants of the northerly Part of *Groton* be so far granted, as that the Petitioners, with their Estates petition'd for, be set off from *Groton*, and annexed to the Town of *Dunstable*, agreeable to *Groton* Town Vote of the 18th of *May* last; and that the Petition of the Inhabitants of *Nottingham* be granted, and that that Part of *Nottingham* left to the Province, with the Inhabitants thereon, be annexed to said *Dunstable*, and that they thus Incorporated, do Duty and receive Priviledges as other Towns within this Province do or by Law ought to enjoy.

And it is further *Ordered*, That the House for publick Worship be placed two Hundred and forty eight Rods distant from Mr. *John Tyng's* North-East Corner, to run from said Corner North fifty two Degrees West, or as near that Place as the Land will admit of.

Sent down for Concurrence.

Read and concur'd with the Amendment, *viz.* instead of those Words, ... *And it is further Ordered, That the House for publick Worship be ...* insert the following Words ... *Provided that within one Year a House for the publick Worship of GOD be erected, and....*

Sent up for Concurrence.

[Journal of the House of Representatives (page 26), June 6, 1747.]

To his Excellency William Shirley Esquire Captain General and Governour in Chief in and over his Majestys Province of the Massachusetts Bay in New England The Hon'ble: the Council and Hon'ble: House of Representatives of the said Province in General Court Assembled at Boston the 31'st. of May 1749.

The petition of the Inhabitants of the Town of Dunstable in the Province of the Massachusetts Bay

Most Humbly Shew



That in the Year 1747, that part of Nottingham which lyes within this Government and part of the Town of Groton Called Joint Grass preferred two petitions to this Great and Hon'ble: Court praying that they might be Annexed to the Town of Dunstable which petitions Your Excellency and Honours were pleased to Grant upon Conditions that a meeting house for the Publick Worship of God should be built two hundred and forty Eight Rods 52 Deg's: West of the North from North East Corner of M. John Tyngs land But the Inhabitants of the Town Apprehending Your Excellency and Honours were not fully Acquainted with



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the Inconveniencys that would Attend placing the Meeting House there Soon after Convened in Publick Town Meeting Legally Called to Conclude upon a place for fixing said meeting house where it would best Accommodate all the Inhabitants at which meeting proposals were made by some of the Inhabitants to take the Advice and Assistance of three men of other Towns which proposal was Accepted by the Town and they accordingly made Choice of The Hon'ble: James Minot Esq'r. Maj'r: Lawrence and M'r. Brewer and then Adjourned the Meeting.

That the said Gentlemen mett at the Towns Request and Determined upon a place for fixing the said meeting house which was approved of by the Town and they Accordingly Voted to Raise the sum of one hundred pounds towards defraying the Charge of Building the said House But Upon Reviewing the Spot pitched upon as aforesaid many of the Inhabitants Apprehended it was more to the southward than the Committee Intended it should be And thereupon a Meeting was Called on the Twenty Sixth day of May last when the Town voted to Build the meeting house on the East side of the Road that leads from Cap't: Cummings's to M'r Simon Tompsons where some part of the Timber now lyes being about Forty Rods Northward of Isaac Colburns house which they Apprehended to be the Spot of Ground the Committee Intended to fix upon.

And for as much as the place Last Voted by the Town to Build their meeting house upon will best Accommodate all the Inhabitants,

Your pet'rs. therefore most humbly pray Your Excellency and Honours would be pleased to Confirm the said Vote of the Town of the 26'th: day of May last and order the meeting house for the Publick Worship of God to be Erected on the peice of Ground aforementioned,

And in duty bound they will ever pray &c.

Simon tompson
Eben Parkhurst

Com'tee for the
Town of Dunstable

[Massachusetts Archives, cxv, 507, 508.]

The Committee appointed on the Petition of a Committee for the Town of *Dunstable*, reported according to Order.

Read and accepted, and thereupon the following Order pass'd, *viz. In as much as the House for the publick Worship of GOD in Dunstable was not erected within the Line limitted in the Order of this Court of June 6th 1747, the Inhabitants of Groton and*

Nottingham *have lost the Benefit of Incorporation with the Town of Dunstable:*
Therefore

Voted, That a Meeting House for the publick Worship of GOD be erected as soon as may be on the East Side of the Road that leads from Capt. Cummins to Simon Thompson's, where the Timber for such a House now lies, agreeable to a Vote of the said Town of Dunstable on the 26th of May last; and that the said Inhabitants of Groton and Nottingham be and continue to be set off and annexed to the Town of Dunstable, to do

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Duty and receive Priviledge there, their Neglect of Compliance with the said Order of *June* 6th 1747, notwithstanding, unless the major Part of the Inhabitants and rateable Estate belonging to said *Groton* and *Nottingham* respectively, shall on or before the first Day of *September* next in writing under their Hands, transmit to the Secretary's Office their Desire not to continue so incorporated with the town of *Dunstable* as aforesaid; provided also, That in Case the said Inhabitants of *Groton* and *Nottingham* shall signify such their Desire in Manner and Time as aforesaid, they be nevertheless subjected to pay and discharge their Proportion of all Publick Town or Ministerial Rates or Taxes hitherto granted or regularly laid on them; excepting the last Sum granted for building a Meeting House. And that the present Town Officers stand and execute their Offices respectively until the Anniversary Town-Meeting at *Dunstable* in *March* next. Sent up for Concurrence.

[Journal of the House of Representatives (pages 46, 47), June 26, 1749.]

Whereas the Great & Generall Court of the the [*sic*] Province of the Massachusetts Bay in June Last, On the Petitions of Dunstable & Nottingham has Ordered that the Inhabitants of Groton and Nottingham, Which by Order of the s'd Court the 6th of June 1747 Were On Certain Conditions Annexed to s'd Dunstable & (Which Conditions not being Complied with) be Annexed to s'd. Dunstable to do duty & Receive priviledge there their neglect of Compliance notwithstanding, Unless the major part of the Inhabitants and ratale Estate belonging to the s'd. Groton & Nottingham respectively Shall on or before the first day of September next in Writing under their hands Transmitt to the Secretarys Office their desire not to Continue so Incorporated With the town of Dunstable as afores'd. Now therefore Wee the Subscribers Inhabitants of Groton & Nottingham Sett of as afores'd. do hereby Signifie Our desire not to Continue so Incorporated with the town of Dunstable as afores'd. but to be Sett at Liberty As tho that Order of Court had not ben passed

Dated the 10th day of July 1749

Inhabitants of Groton

Timothy Read
Joseph fletcher
John Swallow
Samuel Comings
Benjamin Robbins
Joseph Spalding iuner



Inhabitants of Nottingham

Samuell Gould Robert Fletcher Joseph perriaham Daken [Deacon?] iohn Collans
Zacheus Spaulding and ten others

[Massachusetts Archives, cxv, 515.]

A manuscript plan of Dunstable, made by Joseph Blanchard, in the autumn of 1748, and accompanying these papers among the Archives (cxv, 519), has considerable interest for the local antiquary.

In the course of a few years some of these Groton signers reconsidered the matter, and changed their minds. It appears from the following communication that the question of the site of the meeting-house had some influence in the matter:—



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Groton, May 10, 1753. We have concluded to Joine with Dunstable in settling the gospell and all other affairs hart & hand in case Dunstable woud meet us in erecting a meting house in center of Lands or center of Travel.

Joseph Spaulding jr.
John Swallow.
Timothy Read.
Samuel Cumings.
Joseph Parkhurst.

[Nason's History of Dunstable, page 85.]

The desired result of annexation was now brought about, and in this way Joint Grass became a part and portion of Dunstable. The following extracts give further particulars in regard to it:—

A Petition of a Committee in Behalf of the Inhabitants of *Dunstable*, within this Province, shewing, that that Part of *Dunstable* by the late running of the Line is small, and the Land much broken, unable to support the Ministry, and other necessary Charges; that there is a small Part of *Groton* contiguous, and well situated to be united to them in the same Incorporation, lying to the West and Northwest of them; that in the Year 1744, the Inhabitants there requested them that they might be incorporated with them, which was conceded to by the Town of *Groton*; that in Consequence of this, upon Application to this Court they were annexed to the Town of *Dunstable* with the following Proviso, viz. "That within one Year from that Time a House for the publick Worship of GOD should be erected at a certain Place therein mentioned": Which Place was esteemed by all Parties both in *Groton* and *Nottingham*, so incommodious, that it was not complied withal; that on a further Application to this Court to alter the Place, Liberty was given to the Inhabitants of *Groton* and *Nottingham*, to withdraw, whereby they are deprived of that contiguous and necessary Assistance which they expected: Now as the Reasons hold good in every Respect for their Incorporation with them, they humbly pray that the said Inhabitants of *Groton* by the same Bounds as in the former Order stated, may be reannexed to them, for the Reasons mentioned.

Read and *Ordered*, That the Petitioners serve the Inhabitants of *Groton* therein refer'd to, as also the Clerk of the Town of *Groton*, with Copies of this Petition, that so the said Inhabitants, as also the Town of *Groton*, shew Cause, if any they have, on the first Tuesday of the next *May* Session, why the Prayer thereof should not be granted.

Sent up for Concurrence.

[Journal of the House of Representatives (pages 138, 139), April 4, 1753.]



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John Hill, Esq; brought down the Petition of a Committee of the Town of *Dunstable*, as entred the 4th of *April* last, and refer'd. Pass'd in Council, *viz.* In Council *June* 5th 1753. Read again, together with the Answer of the Inhabitants of that Part of *Groton* commonly called *Joint-Grass*, and likewise *William Lawrence, Esq;* being heard in Behalf of the Town of *Groton*, and the Matter being fully considered, *Ordered*, That the Prayer of the Petition be so far granted, as that *Joseph Fletcher, Joseph Spaulding, Samuel Comings, Benjamin Rabbins, Timothy Read, John Swallow, Joseph Parkhurst, and Ebenezer Parkhurst, Jun.* with their Families and Estates, and other Lands petitioned for, be set off from the Town of *Groton*, and annexed to the town of *Dunstable*, agreeable to the Vote of the Town of *Groton* on the 18th of *May* 1747, to receive Priviledge and do Duty there, provided that *Timothy Read*, Constable for the Town of *Groton*, and Collector of the said Parish in said Town the last Year, and *Joseph Fletcher*, Constable for the said Town this present Year, finish their Collection of the Taxes committed or to be committed to them respectively; and also that the said Inhabitants pay their Proportion of the Taxes that are already due or shall be due to the said Town of *Groton* for the present Year, for which they may be taxed by the Assessors of *Groton*, as tho' this Order had not past: provided also that the Meeting-House for the publick Worship of GOD in *Dunstable* be erected agreeable to the Vote of *Dunstable* relating thereto in *May* 1753. Sent down for Concurrence.

Read and concur'd.

[Journal of the House of Representatives (page 21), June 7, 1753.]

The part of Nottingham, mentioned in these petitions, was not joined to Dunstable until a later period. On June 14, 1754, an order passed the House of Representatives, annexing "a very small Part of Nottingham now lying in this Province, unable to be made into a District, but very commodious for Dunstable;" but the matter was delayed in the Council, and it was a year or two before the end was brought about.

The west parish of Groton was set off as a precinct on November 26, 1742. It comprised that part of the town lying on the west side of the Nashua River, north of the road from Groton to Townsend. Its incorporation as a parish or precinct allowed the inhabitants to manage their own ecclesiastical affairs, while in all other matters they continued to act with the parent town. Its partial separation gave them the benefit of a settled minister in their neighborhood, which, in those days, was considered of great importance.

It is an interesting fact to note that, in early times, the main reason given in the petitions for dividing towns was the long distance to the meeting-house, by which the inhabitants were prevented from hearing the stated preaching of the gospel.



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The petitioners for the change first asked for a township, which was not granted; but subsequently they changed their request to a precinct instead, which was duly allowed. The papers relating to the matter are as follows:—

Province of The Massechuetts Bay in New England.

To His Excellency W'm: Shirley Esq'r: Goveinr in & over y'e Same And To The Hon'le: his Majestis Council & House of Representetives in Gen'll: Court Assembled June 1742:

The Petition of Sundry Inhabitants & Resendant in the Northerly Part of Groton Humbly Sheweth that the Town of Groton is at Least ten miles in Length North & South & seven miles in wedth East & West And that in Runing two miles Due North from the Present Meeting House & from thence to Run Due East to Dunstable West Line. And from the Ende of the S'd: two miles to Run West till it Comes to the Cuntry Rode that is Laide out to Townshend & soon S'd: Rode till it Comes to Townshend East Line then tur[n]ing & Runing Northly to Nestiquaset Corner which is for Groton & Townshend then tur[n]ing & Runing Easterly on Dunstable South Line & So on Dunstable Line till it comes to the Line first mentioned, Which Land Lyeth about Seven miles in Length & four miles & a Quarter in Wedth.

And Thare is Now Settled in those Lines here after mentioned is about the Number of Seventy families all Redy And may [many?] more ready to Settle there and as soon as scet off to the Petitioners & those families Settled in y'e Lines afore s'd: Would make A Good township & the Remaining Part of Groton Left in a regular forme And by reason of the great Distance your Petitioners are from the Present Meeting House are put to very Great Disadvantages in Attending the Public Worship of God many of Whom are Oblidged to travel Seven or Eight miles & that the Remaining Part of Groton Consisting of such good land & y'e Inhabitants so Numerous that thay Can by no means be Hurt Should your Petitioners & those families Settled in y'e Lines afore s'd: Be Erected to a Seprate & Distinct Township: That the in Contestable situation & accomodations on the s'd: Lands was y'e one great reason of your Petitioners Settling thare & Had Not those Prospects been so Clear to us We should by no means have under taken The Hardship We have already & must go Throu.

Wherefore Your Petitioners Would farther Shew that Part of y'e Land here Prayed for all Redy Voted of by the S'd town to be a Presinct & that the most of them that are in that Lines have Subscribed with us to be a Dest[i]ncte Township Wherefore Your Petitioners Humbly Pray your Honnors to Grante us our Desire according to This our Request as we in Duty Bound Shall Ever Pray &c.

Joseph Spaulding iur
Zachariah Lawrance
William Allen



Jeremiah Lawrance
William Blood
Nathaniel Parker
Enoch Lawrance
Samuel Right
James larwance
Josiah Tucker
Sam'll fisk
Soloman blood

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John Woods
Josiah Sartell
benj'n. Swallow
Elies Ellat
Richard Worner
Ebenezer Gillson
Ebenezer Parce
James Blood iu
Joseph Spaulding
Phinias Parker iur
Joseph Warner
Phineahas Chambrlin
Isaac laken
Isacc Williams
John Swallow
Joseph Swallow
Benj'n: Robins
Nathan Fisk
John Chamberlin
Jacob Lakin
Seth Phillips
John Cumings
Benj'n: Parker
Gersham Hobart
Joseph Lawrance
John Spaulding
Isaac Woods

In the House of Rep'ives June. 10, 1742.

Read and Ordered that the Pet'rs serve the Town of Groton with a Copy of this Pet'n that they shew cause if any they have on the first fryday of the next session of this Court why the Prayer thereof should not be granted

Sent up for concurrence

T Cushing Spkr

In Council June 15. 1742;



Read & Non Concur'd

J Willard Sec'ry

[Massachusetts Archives, cxiv, 779, 780.]

To his Excellency William Shirley Esq'r. Captain General and Governour in Cheiff in and over his Majesties Province of y'e. Massachusetts Bay in New England: To y'e. Honourable his Majesties Council and House of Representatives in General Court Assembled on y'e: Twenty sixth Day of May. A:D. 1742.

The Petition of as the Subscribers to your Excellency and Honours Humbley Sheweth that we are Proprietors and Inhabitants of y'e. Land Lying on y'e. Westerly Side Lancaster River (so called) [now known as the Nashua River] in y'e North west corner of y'e. Township of Groton: & Such of us as are Inhabitants thereon Live very Remote from ye Publick worship of God in s'd Town and at many Times and Season of y'e. year are Put to Great Difficulty to attend y'e. same: And the Lands Bounded as Followeth (viz) Southerly on Townshend Rode: Westerly on Townshend Line: Northerly on Dunstable West Precint, & old Town: and Easterly on said River as it now Runs to y'e. First mentioned Bounds, being of y'e. Contents of about Four Miles Square of Good Land, well Scituated for a Precint: And the Town of Groton hath been Petitioned to Set of y'e. Lands bounded as afores'd. to be a Distinct and Seperate Precint and at a Town Meeting of y'e. Inhabitants of s'd. Town of Groton Assembled on y'e Twenty Fifth Day of May Last Past The Town voted y'e Prayer of y'e. s'd. Petition and that y'e Lands before Described should be a Separate Precinct and that y'e. Inhabitants thereon and Such others as hereafter Shall Settle on s'd. Lands; should have y'e Powers and Priviledges that other Precincts in s'd. Province have or Do Enjoy: as p'r. a Copy from Groton Town Book herewith Exhibited may Appear: For the Reasons mentioned we the Subscribers as afores'd. Humbley Prayes your Excellency and Honours to Set off y'e s'd Lands bounded as afores'd. to be a Distinct and Seperate Precinct and Invest y'e Inhabitants thereon (Containing about y'e N'o. of Forty Famelies) and Such others as Shall hereafter Settle on s'd. Lands with Such Powers & Priviledges as other Precincts in s'd. Province have &c or Grant to your Petitioners Such other Releaf in y'e. Premises as your Excellency and Honours in your Great Wisdom Shall think Fit: and your Petitioners as in Duty bound Shall Ever pray &c.



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Benj Swallow
W'm: Spalden
Isaac Williams
Ebenezer Gilson
Elias Ellit
Samuel Shattuck iu
James Shattuck
David Shattuck
David Blood
Jonathan Woods
John Blood iuner
Josiah Parker
Jacob Ames
Jonas Varnum
Moses Woods
Zachery Lawrence Jun'r
Jeremiah Lawrence
John Mozier
Josiah Tucher
W'm Allen
John Shadd
Jam's. Green
John Kemp
Nehemiah Jewett
Eleazar Green
Jonathan Shattuck
Jonathan Shattuck Jun'r

In the House of Rep'tives Nov'r. 26. 1742

In Answer to the within Petition ordered that that Part of the Town of Groton Lying on the Westerly Side of Lancaster River within the following bounds viz't bounding Easterly on said River Southerly on Townsend Road so called Wisterly on Townsend line and Northerly on Dunstable West Precinct with the Inhabitants thereon be and hereby are Set off a distinct and seperate precinct and Vested with the powers & priviledges which Other Precincts do or by Law ought to enjoy Always provided that the Inhabitants Dwelling on the Lands abovementioned be subject to pay their Just part and proportions of all ministeriall Rates and Taxes in the Town of Groton already Granted or Assessed.

Sent up for Concurrence.

T Cushing Spk'r.



In Council Nov'r. 26 1742 Read and Concurr'd

J Willard Secry

Consented to, W Shirley,

[Massachusetts Archives, cxiv, 768, 769.]

When the new Provincial line was run between Massachusetts and New Hampshire, in the spring of 1741, it left a gore of land, previously belonging to the west parish of Dunstable, lying north of the territory of Groton and contiguous to it. It formed a narrow strip, perhaps three hundred rods in width at the western end, running easterly for three miles and tapering off to a point at the Nashua River, by which stream it was entirely separated from Dunstable. Shaped like a thin wedge, it lay along the border of the province, and belonged geographically to the west precinct or parish of Groton. Under these circumstances the second parish petitioned the General Court to have it annexed to their jurisdiction, which request was granted. William Prescott, one of the committee appointed to take charge of the matter, nearly a quarter of a century later was the commander of the American forces at the battle of Bunker Hill. It has been incorrectly stated by writers that this triangular parcel of land was the gore ceded, in the summer of 1736, to the proprietors of Groton, on the petition of Benjamin Prescott. The documents relating to this matter are as follows:—

To his Honnor Spencer Phipes Esq'r Cap't Geniorl and Commander In Cheaf in and ouer his majists prouince of the Massachusets Bay in New england and to The Hon'ble his majestys Counsel and House of Representatiues In Geniral Courte assambled at Boston The 26 of December 1751



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The Petition of Peleg Lawrance Jarimah Lawrance and william Prescott a Cum'ttee. for the Second Parish In Groton in The County of Middle sikes.

Humbly Shew That There is a strip of Land of about fiue or six hundred acors Lys ajoyning To The Town of Groton which be Longs To the town of Dunstable the said strip of land Lys near fouer mill in Length and bounds on the North Line of the said second Parrish in Groton and on the South Side of Newhampsher Line which Peeace by Runing the sd Line of Newhampsher was Intierly Cut off from the town of Dunstable from Receueing any Priuelidge their for it Lys not Less then aboute Eight mill from the Senter of the town of Dunstable and but about two mill and a half from the meeting house in the said second Parish in Groton so that they that settel on the sd Strip of Land may be much beter acommodated to be Joyned to ye town of Groton and to the sd second Parish than Euer thay Can any other way in this Prouince and the town of Dunstable being well sencable thare of haue at thare town meeting on the 19 Day of December Currant voted of the sd Strip of Land allso Jarnes Colburn who now Liues on sd Strip Land from the town of Dunstable to be annexed to the town of Groton and to the sd second Parish in sd town and the second Parish haue aCordingly voted to Recue the same all which may appear by the vote of sd Dunstable and said Parish which will be of Grate advantige to the owners of the sd. strip of Land and a benefit to the said second Parish in Groton so that your Petitioners Humbly Pray that the sd. strip of Land may be annexed to the said second Parish in Groton so far as Groton Nor west corner to do Duty and Recue Priulidge theare and your petionrs In Duty bound shall Euer Pray

Peleg Lawrence
Will'm Prescott
Jeremiah Lawrence

Dunstable December 24 1751

this may Certifye the Grate and Genirol Courte that I Liue on the slip of Land within mentioned and it tis my Desier that the prayer of this Petition be Granted

James Colburn

In the House of Rep'tives Jan'ry 4. 1752

Voted that the prayer of the Petition be so farr granted that the said strip of Land prayed for, that is the Jurisdiction of it be Annex'd to the Town of Groton & to y'e Second Precinct in said Town & to do dutys there & to recieve Priviledges from them.

Sent up for Concurrence

T. Hubbard Spk'r.



In Council Jan'y 6. 1752 Read & Concur'd

J Willard Secry.

Consented to

S Phips

[Massachusetts Archives, cxvi, 162, 163.]

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The west parish of Groton was made a district on April 12, 1753, the day the Act was signed by the Governor, which was a second step toward its final and complete separation. It then took the name of Pepperell, and was vested with still broader political powers. It was so called after Sir William Pepperrell, who had successfully commanded the New England troops against Louisburg; and the name was suggested, doubtless, by the Reverend Joseph Emerson, the first settled minister of the parish. He had accompanied that famous expedition in the capacity of chaplain, only the year before he had received a call for his settlement, and his associations with the commander were fresh in his memory. It will be noticed that the Act for incorporating the district leaves the name blank, which was customary in this kind of legislation at that period; and the governor, perhaps with the advice of his council, was in the habit subsequently of filling out the name.

Pepperell, for one "r" is dropped from the name, had now all the privileges of a town, except the right to choose a representative to the General Court, and this political connection with Groton was kept up until the beginning of the Revolution. In the session of the General Court which met at Watertown, on July 19, 1775, Pepperell was represented by a member, and in this way acquired the privileges of a town without any special act of incorporation. Other similar districts were likewise represented, in accordance with the precept calling that body together, and they thus obtained municipal rights without the usual formality. The precedent seems to have been set by the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, which was made up of delegates from the districts as well as from the towns. It was a revolutionary step taken outside of the law. On March 23, 1786, this anomalous condition of affairs was settled by an act of the Legislature, which declared all districts, incorporated before January 1, 1777, to be towns for all intents and purposes.

The act for the incorporation of Pepperell is as follows:—

Anno Regni Regis Georgij Secundi vicesimo Sexto

An Act for Erecting the second Precinct in the Town of Groton into a separate District

Be it enacted by the Leiu't. Gov'r: Council and House of Representatives

That the second Precinct in Groton bounding Southerly on the old Country Road leading to Townshend, Westerly on Townshend Line Northerly on the Line last run by the Governm't. of New Hampshire as the Boundary betwixt that Province and this Easterly to the middle of the River, called Lancaster [Nashua] River, from where the said Boundary Line crosses said River, so up the middle of y'e. said River to where the Bridge did stand, called Kemp's Bridge, to the Road first mentioned, be & hereby is erected into a separate District by the Name of ----- and that the said District be and hereby is invested with all the Priviledges Powers and Immunities that Towns in this Province

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by Law do or may enjoy, that of sending a Representative to the generall Assembly only excepted, and that the Inhabitants of said District shall have full power & Right from Time to time to joyn with the s'd: Town of Groton in the choice of Representative or Representatives, in which Choice they shall enjoy all the Priviledges which by Law they would have been entitled to, if this Act had not been made. And that the said District shall from Time to time pay their proportionable part of the Expençe of such Representative or Representatives According to their respective proportions of y'e. Province Tax.

And that the s'd. Town of Groton as often as they shall call a Meeting for the Choice of a Representative shall give seasonable Notice to the Clerk of said District for the Time being, of the Time and place of holding such Meeting, to the End that said District may join them therein, and the Clerk of said District shall set up in some publick place in s'd. District a Notification thereof accordingly or otherwise give Seasonable Notice, as the District shall determine.

Provided Nevertheless and be it further enacted That the said District shall pay their proportion: of all Town County and Province Taxes already set on or granted to be raised by s'd. Town as if this Act had not been made, and also be at one half the charge in building and repairing the Two Bridges on Lancaster River aforesaid in s'd: District.

Provided also and be it further Enacted That no poor Persons residing in said District and Who have been Warn'd by the Selectmen of said Groton to depart s'd: Town shall be understood as hereby exempted from any Process they would have been exposed to if this Act had not been made.

And be it further enacted that W'm Lawrence^[1] Esq'r Be and hereby is impowered to issue his Warrant directed to some principal Inhabitant in s'd. District requiring him to notify the Inhabitants of said District to meet at such Time & place as he shall appoint to choose all such Officers as by Law they are Impowered to Choose for conducting the Affairs for s'd. District.

In the House of Rep'tives April 5, 1753

Read three several times and pass'd to be Engross'd

Sent up for Concurrence

T. Hubbard Spk'r.

In Council April 5 1753 AM

Read a first and Second Time and pass'd a Concurrence



Tho's. Clarke Dp'ty. Secry

[Massachusetts Archives, cxvi, 360-362.]

[Footnote 1: This name apparently inserted after the original draft was made.]

* * * * *

THE BOSTON HERALD.

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The newspapers of America have had their greatest growth within the past quarter-century. Their progress in commercial prosperity during this period has been remarkable. Before the Civil War the journals in this country which returned large profits on the capital invested could almost be numbered upon the fingers of one hand. Now they can be counted up into the hundreds, and a well-established and successful newspaper is rated as one of the most profitable of business ventures. This advance in financial value has accompanied, and for the most part is due to, the improvement in the character of the publications, which has been going on steadily year by year. There has been a constant increase of enterprise in all directions, especially in that of gathering news, and with this has come the exercise of greater care and better taste in presenting the intelligence collected to the reading public. The quality of the work of reporters and correspondents has been vastly bettered, and the number of special writers engaged has been gradually enlarged; subjects which were once relegated to the monthlies and quarterlies for discussion are now treated by the daily press in a style which, if less ponderous, is nevertheless lucid and not unbefitting their importance. In short, the tone of the American newspaper has been elevated without the loss of its popular characteristics, and the tastes of its readers have thereby—unconsciously, perhaps, but none the less surely—been refined. For at least the length of time mentioned at the beginning of this article, journalism has been regarded as worthy to rank beside, if not exactly to be classed with, the “learned professions.” The newspaper writer has emerged from the confines of Bohemia, never to return, and has taken a recognized position in the literary world. His connection with a reputable journal gives him an unquestioned standing, of which his credentials are the diploma.

In view of these great changes in journalism, the record of the progress of a successful newspaper during the last four decades contains much matter of general interest, and if excuse were needed, this would warrant the publication here of a brief history of The Boston Herald.

Like most, if not all, of the leading journals of the country, The Boston Herald had a very humble origin. Forty years ago some journeymen printers on The Boston Daily Times began publishing a penny paper, called The American Eagle, in advocacy of the Native American or “Know-nothing” party.

Its publishers were “Baker, French, Harmon & Co.” The full list of proprietors was Albert Baker, John A. French, George W. Harmon, George H. Campbell, Amos C. Clapp, J.W. Monroe, Justin Andrews, Augustus A. Wallace, and James D. Stowers, and W.H. Waldron was subsequently associated with them. The Eagle was successful at the outset, but its fortunes declined with those of the party of which it was the exponent, and in the summer of 1846 it was found to

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be moribund. The proprietors had lost money and labor in the failing enterprise, and now lost interest. After many protracted discussions they resolved to establish an evening edition under another name, which should be neutral in politics, and, if it proved successful, to let the Eagle die. The Herald, therefore, came into existence on August 31, 1846, and an edition of two thousand was printed of its first number. The editor of the new sheet was William O. Eaton, a Bostonian, then but twenty-two years of age, of little previous experience in journalism.

The Herald, it must be admitted, was not a handsome sheet at the outset. Its four pages contained but five columns each, and measured only nine by fourteen inches. But, unpromising as was its appearance, it was really the liveliest of the Boston dailies from the hour of its birth, and received praise on all hands for the quality of its matter.

The total force of brain-workers consisted of but two men, Mr. Eaton having the assistance, after the middle of September, of Thomas W. Tucker. David Leavitt joined the "staff" later on, in 1847, and made a specialty of local news. The editorial, composing, and press rooms were the same as those of the Eagle, in Wilson's Lane, now Devonshire Street.

"Running a newspaper" in Boston in 1846 was a different thing altogether from journalism at the present day. The telegraph was in operation between Boston and New York, but the tolls were high and the dailies could not afford to use it except upon the most important occasions. Moreover, readers had not been educated up to the point of expecting to see reports of events in all parts of the world printed on the same day of their occurrence or, at the latest, the day following.

For several years before the extension of the wires overland to Nova Scotia, the newsgatherers of Boston and New York resorted to various devices in order to obtain the earliest reports from Europe. From 1846 to 1850 the revolutionary movements in many of the countries on the continent were of a nature to be especially interesting to the people of the United States, and this stimulated enterprise among the American newspapers. Mr. D.H. Craig, afterward widely known as agent of the Associated Press, conceived the idea of anticipating the news of each incoming ocean-steamer by means of a pigeon-express, which he put into successful operation in the year first named. He procured a number of carrier-pigeons, and several days before the expected arrival of every English mail-steamer took three of them to Halifax. There he boarded the vessels, procured the latest British papers, collated and summarized their news upon thin paper, secured the dispatches thus prepared to the pigeons, and fifty miles or so outside of Boston released the birds. The winged messengers, flying homeward, reached the city far in advance of the steamers, and the intelligence they brought was at once delivered to Mr. W.G. Blanchard, then connected with the Boston press, who had the brief dispatches "extended," put in type, and printed as an "extra" for all the papers

subscribing to the enterprise. Sheets bearing the head "New York Herald Extra" were also printed in Boston and sent to the metropolis by the Sound steamers, thus anticipating the arrival of the regular mail.

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It is interesting, in these days of lightning, to read an account of how the Herald beat its local rivals in getting out an account of the President's Message in 1849. A column synopsis was received by telegraph from New York, and published in the morning edition, and the second edition, issued a few hours later, contained the long document in full, and was put on the street at least a half-hour earlier than the other dailies. How the message was brought from Washington is thus described: J.F. Calhoun, of New Haven, was the messenger, and he started from the capital by rail at two o'clock on the morning of December 24; a steamtug in waiting conveyed him, on his arrival, from Jersey City to New York; a horse and chaise took him from the wharf to the New Haven depot, then in Thirty-second Street, where he mounted a special engine and at 10 P.M. started for Boston. He reached Boston at 6.20 the next morning, after an eventful journey, having lost a half-hour by a derailed tender and an hour and a half by the smashup of a freight-train.

The Herald, feeble as it was in many respects at first, managed to struggle through the financial diseases incident to newspaper infancy so stoutly that at the opening of 1847, when it had attained the age of four months, its sponsors were able to give it a New-Year dress of new type, to increase the size of its pages to seven columns, measuring twenty-one by seventeen inches, and to add a morning and a weekly edition. The paper in its new form, with a neat head in Roman letters replacing the former unsightly title, and printed on a new Adams press, presented a marked improvement.

Mr. Eaton continued in charge of the evening edition, while the new morning issue was placed in the hands of Mr. George W. Tyler. The Herald under this joint management presented its readers with from eight to ten columns of reading-matter daily. Two columns of editorials, four of local news, and two of clippings from "exchanges," were about the average. News by telegraph was not plenty, and, as has already been intimated, very little of it was printed during the first year. Yet, the Herald was a live and lively paper, and published nothing but "live matter." Much prominence was given to reports of affairs about home, and in consequence the circulation soon exhibited a marked improvement.

At this time the proprietors entered on a novel journalistic experiment. They allowed one editor to give "Whig" views and another to talk "Democracy." The public did not take kindly to this mixed diet, and Mr. Eaton, the purveyor of Democratic wisdom, was permitted to withdraw, leaving Mr. Tyler, the Whiggite, in possession of the field.

Meantime, Mr. French had bought out the original proprietors one by one, with the exception of Mr. Stowers, and in March their names appeared as publishers at the head of the paper. The publication-office was removed to more spacious quarters, and the press was thereafter run by steam-power rented from a neighboring manufactory. At the end of the month a statement of the circulation showed a total of eleven thousand two hundred and seventy.

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In May, 1847, The American Eagle died peacefully. About this period Messrs. Tucker and Tyler left the Herald, and Mr. Stowers disposed of his interest to Samuel K. Head. The new editor of the paper was William Joseph Snelling, who acquired considerable local fame as a bold and fearless writer. He died in the December of the following year. Under a new manager, Mr. Samuel R. Glen, the Herald developed into a successful news gatherer.

Special telegrams were regularly received from New York, a Washington correspondent was secured, and the paper covered a much broader field than it ever had before. Eight to ten columns of reading-matter were printed daily, and it was invariably bright and entertaining. The circulation showed a steady increase, and on August 17, 1848, was declared to be eighteen thousand seven hundred and fifteen daily, a figure from which it did not recede during the autumn and winter. After the death of Mr. Snelling, Mr. Tyler was recalled to the chief editorial chair, and heartily co-operated with Mr. Glen and the proprietors in keeping the paper abreast of the times. On April 2, 1849, the custom of printing four editions daily was inaugurated. The first was dated 5 o'clock, A.M., the second, 8, the third, 12 M., and the fourth, 2.30 P.M. That day the force of compositors was increased by four men, and the paper was for the first time printed on a Hoe double-cylinder press, run by steam-power, and capable of producing six thousand impressions an hour. Mr. Head withdrew from the firm about this time, and Mr. French was announced as sole proprietor throughout the remainder of the year. In October the announcement was made that the Herald had a larger circulation than any other paper published in Boston or elsewhere, and the publisher made a successful demand for the post-office advertising, which by law was to be given to the paper having the greatest circulation.

During this year (1849) the Herald distanced its competitors and accomplished a feat that was the talk of the town for a long time afterwards, by reporting in full the trial of Professor Webster for the murder of Dr. Parkman. Extras giving longhand reports of this extraordinary case were issued hourly during the day, and the morning edition contained a shorthand report of the testimony and proceedings of the day previous. The extras were issued in New York as well as in Boston, the report having been telegraphed sheet by sheet as fast as written, and printed there simultaneously with the Herald's. The type of the verbatim report was kept standing, and within an hour after the verdict was rendered pamphlets containing a complete record of the trial were for sale on the street. The year 1850 found the Herald as prosperous as it had been during the previous twelvemonth. In September, the editorial, composing, and press rooms were transferred to No. 6 Williams Court, where they remained until abandoned for the new Herald Building, February 9,

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1878, and the business-office was removed to No. 203 (now No. 241) Washington Street. Early in 1851, through some inexplicable cause, Mr. French suddenly found himself financially embarrassed. In July he disposed of the paper to John M. Barnard, and soon after retired to a farm in Maine. Mr. Tyler was retained in charge of the editorial department; but Mr. Glen resigned and was succeeded as managing editor by Mr. A.A. Wallace. During the remainder of the year the Herald did not display much enterprise in gathering news. Its special telegraphic reports were meagre and averaged no more than a "stickful" daily, and it was cut off from the privileges of the Associated Press dispatches. In 1852 there was a marked improvement in the paper, but it did not reach the standard it established in 1850. Two new presses, one of Hoe's and the other a Taylor's Napier, were this year put in use, which bettered the typography of the sheet. In 1853 the Herald was little more than a record of local events, its telegraphic reports being almost as brief and unsatisfactory as during the first year of its existence. But the circulation kept up wonderfully well, growing, according to the sworn statements of the proprietor, from sixteen thousand five hundred and five in January to twenty-three thousand two hundred and ten in December. The Herald of 1854 was a much better paper than that of the year previous, exerting far more energy in obtaining and printing news. On April 1 it was enlarged for the second time and came out with columns lengthened two inches, the pages measuring twenty-three by seventeen inches. The circulation continued to increase, and, by the sworn statements published, grew from twenty-five thousand two hundred and sixteen in January to thirty thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight in June. Success continued through the year 1855. In February, Mr. Barnard, while remaining proprietor, withdrew from active management, and Edwin C. Bailey and A. Milton Lawrence became the publishers. There were also some changes in the editorial and reportorial staff. Henry R. Tracy became assistant editor, and Charles H. Andrews (now one of the editors and proprietors) was engaged as a reporter. There were then engaged in the composing-room a foreman and eight compositors, one of whom, George G. Bailey, subsequently became foreman, and later one of the proprietors. Printers will be interested to know that the weekly composition bill averaged one hundred and seventy-five dollars. This year but one edition was published in the morning, while the first evening edition was dated 12 M., the second, 1.30 P.M., and a "postscript" was issued at 2.30 P.M., to contain the latest news for city circulation. Twelve to fourteen columns of reading-matter were printed daily, two of which were editorial, two news by telegraph, two gleanings from "exchanges," and the remainder local reports, correspondence, *etc.* The average daily circulation during 1855 was claimed to have been thirty thousand, but was probably something less.



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Early in 1856 a change took place in the proprietorship, Mr. Barnard selling out to Mr. Bailey, and Mr. Lawrence retiring.

Mr. Bailey brought to his new task a great deal of native energy and enterprise, and he was ably seconded by the other gentlemen connected with the paper, in his efforts to make the Herald a thoroughly live journal. He strengthened his staff by engaging as assistant editor, Justin Andrews, who had for some years held a similar position on The Daily Times, and who subsequently became one of the news-managers of the Herald, holding the office until, as one of the proprietors, he disposed of his interest in 1873.

During Mr. Bailey's first year as proprietor he enlarged the facilities for obtaining news, and paid particular attention to reporting the events of the political campaign when Fremont was run against Buchanan for the presidency. The result of the election was announced with a degree of detail never before displayed in the Herald's columns or in those of its contemporaries. The editorial course of the paper that year is perhaps best explained by the following paragraph, printed a few days after the election: "One of our contemporaries says the Herald has alternately pleased and displeased both parties during this campaign. That is our opinion. How could it be different if we told them the truth? And that was our only aim." The circulation during election week averaged forty-one thousand six hundred and ninety-three copies daily; throughout the year it was nearly thirty thousand—considerably larger than during the preceding year—and the boast that it was more than double that of any other paper in Boston undoubtedly was justified by the facts. Mechanically, the paper was well got up; in July the two presses which had been in use for a number of years were discarded, and a new four-cylinder Hoe press, having a capacity of ten thousand impressions an hour, was set up in their place. Ten compositors were employed, and the weekly composition bill averaged one hundred and sixty dollars. In 1857 the Herald was a much better paper than it had ever been, the Messrs. Andrews, upon whom the burden of its management devolved, sparing no effort to make it newsy and bright in every department. Beginning the year with a daily circulation of about thirty thousand, in April it reached forty-two thousand, and when on the twenty-third of that month the subscription list, carriers' routes, agencies, *etc.*, of The Daily Times were acquired by purchase, there was another considerable increase, the issue of May 30 reaching forty-five thousand one hundred and twenty. In 1858 the Herald continued its prosperous career in the same general direction. Its telegraphic facilities were improved, and events in all parts of the country were well reported, while local news was most carefully attended to. The editors and reporters this year numbered eleven, and the force in the mechanical departments was correspondingly

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increased. A new six-cylinder Hoe press was put in use, alongside the four-cylinder machine, and both were frequently taxed to their utmost capacity to print the large editions demanded by the public. The bills for white paper during the year were upwards of seventy thousand dollars, which, in those ante-war times, was a large sum. The circulation averaged over forty thousand per diem. In 1859 the system of keeping an accurate account of the circulation was inaugurated, and the actual figures of each day's issue were recorded and published. From this record it is learned that the Herald, from a circulation of forty-one thousand one hundred and ninety-three in January, rose to fifty-three thousand and twenty-six in December. Twelve compositors were regularly employed this year, and the weekly composition bill was two hundred dollars. The year 1860 brought the exciting presidential campaign which resulted in the election of Abraham Lincoln. Great pains were taken to keep the Herald's readers fully informed of the movements of all the political parties, and its long reports of the national conventions, meetings, speeches, *etc.*, in all parts of the country, especially in New England, brought it to the notice of many new readers. The average daily circulation for the year was a little over fifty-four thousand, and the issue on the morning after the November election reached seventy-three thousand seven hundred and fifty-two, the largest edition since the Webster trial. E.B. Haskell, now one of the proprietors, entered the office as a reporter in 1860, and was soon promoted to an editorial position. A year later R.M. Pulsifer, another of the present proprietors, entered the business department.

The breaking out of the Civil War in the spring of 1861 created a great demand for news, and an increase in the circulation of all the daily papers was the immediate result. It is hardly necessary to say here that the Herald warmly espoused the cause of the Union, and that the events of that stirring period were faithfully chronicled in its columns. To meet a call for news on Sunday, a morning edition for that day was established on May 26; the new sheet was received with favor by the reading public, and from an issue of ten thousand at the outset its circulation has reached, at the present time, nearly one hundred thousand. The Herald's enterprise was appreciated all through the war, and as there were no essential changes in the methods of its management or in the members of its staff, a recapitulation of statistics taken from its books will suffice here as a record of its progress. In 1861 the average circulation was sixty thousand; the largest edition (reporting the attack on the sixth Massachusetts regiment in Baltimore), ninety-two thousand four hundred and forty-eight; the white paper bill, one hundred and eight thousand dollars; the salary list, forty thousand dollars; telegraph tolls, sixty-five hundred dollars. In 1862 the



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average circulation was sixty-five thousand one hundred and sixteen; the largest edition, eighty-four thousand; the white paper bill, ninety-three thousand five hundred dollars; the salary list, forty-three thousand dollars; telegraph tolls, eight thousand dollars. In 1863 the average circulation was thirty-six thousand one hundred and twenty-eight; the largest issue, seventy-four thousand; the paper bill, ninety-five thousand dollars; salaries, forty-six thousand five hundred dollars; telegraphing, eight thousand dollars. In July the four-cylinder Hoe press was replaced by one with six cylinders, from the same maker. In 1864 the average circulation was thirty-seven thousand and eighty-eight; largest issue, fifty thousand eight hundred and eighty; paper bill, one hundred and twenty-eight thousand dollars; salaries, fifty-eight thousand dollars; telegraph, ten thousand five hundred dollars. The cost of white paper rose to such a figure that the proprietors of Boston dailies were compelled to increase the price of their journals, and a mutual agreement was made on August 15 whereby the Herald charged three cents a copy and the others five cents. On June 1, 1865, the price of the Herald was reduced to its former rate of two cents. The average circulation that year was thirty-seven thousand six hundred and seventeen; the largest day's issue, eighty-three thousand five hundred and twenty; the paper bill was about the same as in 1864, but the telegraphic expenses ran up to fifteen thousand dollars. The circulation in 1866 averaged forty-five thousand eight hundred and forty-eight, and on several occasions rose to seventy thousand and more. Twenty-one compositors were regularly employed, and the average weekly composition bill was five hundred dollars. Paper that year cost one hundred and fifty-two thousand dollars, and the telegraph bill was fifteen thousand five hundred dollars. In 1867 seventy persons were on the Herald's payroll, a larger number than ever before. The circulation showed a steady gain, and the average for the year was fifty-two thousand one hundred and eighteen. The paper bill was one hundred and fifty-six thousand dollars, and the expense of telegraphing, twenty-three thousand dollars. In 1868 the circulation continued to increase, and the daily average reached fifty-four thousand seven hundred and forty; white paper cost one hundred and fifty-three thousand dollars, and telegraphing, twenty-eight thousand dollars.

In 1869 occurred an important event in the Herald's history. Mr. Bailey, who had acquired an interest in 1855 and became sole proprietor a year later, decided to sell out, and on April 1 it was announced that he had disposed of the paper to Royal M. Pulsifer, Edwin B. Haskell, Charles H. Andrews, Justin Andrews, and George G. Bailey. All these gentlemen were at the time and had for some years previously been connected with the Herald: the first-named in the business department, the next three on the editorial staff,

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and the last as foreman of the composing-room. In announcing their purchase, the firm, which was then and ever since has been styled R.M. Pulsifer and Company, said in the editorial column: "We shall use our best endeavors to make the Herald strictly a newspaper, with the freshest and most trustworthy intelligence of all that is going on in this busy age; and to this end we shall spare no expense in any department.... The Herald will be in the future, as it has been in the past, essentially a people's paper, the organ of no clique or party, advocating at all proper times those measures which tend to promote the welfare of our country, and to secure the greatest good to the greatest number. It will exert its influence in favor of simplicity and economy in the administration of the government, and toleration and liberality in our social institutions. It will not hesitate to point out abuses or to commend good measures, from whatever source they come, and it will contain candid reports of all proceedings which go to make up the discussions of current topics. It will give its readers all the news, condensed when necessary and in an intelligible and readable form, with a free use of the telegraph by reliable reporters and correspondents." That these promises have been sacredly fulfilled up to the present moment cannot be denied even by readers and contemporary sheets whose opinions have been in direct opposition to those expressed in the Herald's editorial columns. No pains or expense have been spared to obtain the news from all quarters of the globe, and the paper's most violent opponent will find it impossible to substantiate a charge that the intelligence collected with such care and thoroughness has in a single instance been distorted or colored in the publication to suit the editorial policy pursued at the time. The expression of opinions has always, under the present management, been confined to the editorial columns, and here a course of absolute independence has been followed.

The Herald, immediately upon coming under the control of the new proprietors, showed a marked accession of enterprise, and that this change for the better was appreciated by the reading public was proved by the fact that during the year 1869 the circulation rose from a daily average of fifty-three thousand four hundred and sixty-five in January to sixty thousand five hundred and thirty-five in December, the increase having been regular and permanent, and not caused by any "spurts" arising from extraordinary events. On New Year's day, 1870, the Herald was enlarged for the third time, to its present size, by the addition of another column and lengthening the pages to correspond. On September 3, of that year, the circulation for the first time passed above one hundred thousand, the issue containing an account of the battle of Sedan reaching a sale of over one hundred and five thousand copies. The average daily circulation for the year was more than seventy-three



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thousand. Finding it impossible, from the growing circulation of the paper, to supply the demand with the two six-cylinder presses printing from type, it was determined, early in the year, to stereotype the forms, so that duplicate plates could be used simultaneously on both. The requisite machinery was introduced therefor, and on June 8, 1870, was put in use for the first time. For nearly ten years the Herald was the only paper in Boston printed from stereotype plates. In 1871 the average daily circulation was eighty-three thousand nine hundred, a gain of nearly eleven thousand over the previous year. On a number of occasions the edition reached as high as one hundred and twelve thousand. On October 1 George G. Bailey disposed of his interest in the paper to the other proprietors, and retired from the firm. In 1872 there was a further increase in the circulation, the daily average having been ninety-three thousand five hundred. One issue (after the Great Fire) reached two hundred and twenty thousand, and several were not much below that figure. The first Bullock perfecting-press ever used east of New York was put in operation in the Herald office in June, 1872; this press feeds itself from a continuous roll of paper, and prints both sides, cutting and delivering the papers complete. On January 1, 1873, Justin Andrews, who had been connected with the Herald, as one of its editors since 1856, and as one of the proprietors who succeeded Mr. Bailey in 1869, sold his interest to his partners, and retired from newspaper life altogether. Since that date, the ownership in the Herald has been vested in R.M. Pulsifer, E.B. Haskell, and Charles H. Andrews. The circulation in 1873 exceeded one hundred and one thousand daily; in 1874 one hundred and seven thousand; in 1875 one hundred and twelve thousand; in 1876 one hundred and sixteen thousand five hundred. On November 8, of that year, the day after the presidential election, the issue was two hundred and twenty-three thousand two hundred and fifty-six. The two six-cylinder Hoe presses had given place, in 1874, to two more Bullock machines, and a Mayall press was added in 1876; the four were run to their utmost capacity on the occasion just mentioned, and the magnitude of the day's work will be better understood when it is stated that between 4 A.M. and 11 P.M. fourteen tons of paper were printed and sold, an amount which would make a continuous sheet the width of the Herald two hundred and fifty miles long. In 1877 a fourth Bullock press was put in use, and the Mayall was removed to Hawley Street, where type, stands for fifty compositors, a complete apparatus for stereotyping, and all the necessary machinery, materials, and implements are kept in readiness to "start up" at any moment, in case a fire or other disaster prevents the issue of the regular editions in the main office.



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On February 9, 1878, the Herald was issued for the first time from the new building erected by its proprietors at No. 255 Washington Street. This structure has a lofty and ornate front of gray granite with trimmings of red granite; it covers an irregular shaped lot, something in the form of the letter L. From Washington Street, where it has a width of thirty-one feet nine inches, it extends back one hundred and seventy-nine feet, and from the rear a wing runs northward to Williams Court forty feet. This wing was originally twenty-five feet wide on the court; but in 1882 an adjoining lot, formerly occupied by the old Herald Building, was purchased and built upon, increasing the width of the wing and its frontage on the court to eighty-five feet. The structure forms one of the finest and most convenient newspaper-offices in the country. In the basement are the pressroom, where at the present time six Bullock perfecting-presses (two with folders attached) are run by two 45-horse-power engines; the stereotype-room, where the latest improvements in machinery have enabled the casting, finishing, and placing on the press of two plates in less than eight minutes after the receipt of a "form"; the two dynamos and the engine running them, which supply the electricity for the incandescent lights with which every room in the building is illuminated; and the storage-room for paper and other supplies. On the first floor are the business-office, a very handsome and spacious apartment facing Washington Street, and finished in mahogany, rare marbles, and brasswork; the delivery and mailing rooms, whence the editions are sent out for distribution at the Williams-court door. On the second floor are the reception-room, the library, and the apartments of the editor-in-chief, managing editor, and department editors. On the third floor are the general manager's office and the rooms of the news and city editors and the reporters. The entire fourth floor is used as a composing-room, where stand "frames" for ninety-six compositors; the foreman and his assistants have each a private office, and a private room is assigned to the proofreaders. All the editors' and reporters' rooms are spacious, well lighted, and admirably ventilated; they are finished in native woods, varnished, and are handsomely furnished. Electric call-bells, speaking-tubes, and pneumatic-tubes furnish means of communication with all the departments, and no expense has been spared in supplying every convenience for facilitating work and the comfort of the employees.

With increased facilities came continued prosperity. The business depression in 1877 affected the circulation of the Herald, as it did that of every newspaper in the country, and the circulation that year was not so large as during the year previous; still, the daily average was one hundred and three thousand copies.



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The array of men employed in the various departments of the Herald at the present time would astonish the founders of the paper. In 1846 the editorial and reportorial staff consisted of two men; now it comprises seventy-seven. Six compositors were employed then; now there are one hundred and forty-seven. One pressman and an assistant easily printed the Herald, and another daily paper as well, in those days, upon one small handpress; now forty men find constant employment in attending the engines and the six latest improved perfecting-presses required to issue the editions on time. The business department was then conducted with ease by one man, who generally found time to attend to the mailing and sale of papers; now twenty-one persons have plenty to do in the counting-room, and the delivery-room engages the services of twenty. Then stereotyping the forms of a daily newspaper was an unheard-of proceeding; now fourteen men are employed in the Herald's foundery. The salaries and bills for composition aggregated scarcely one hundred and fifty dollars a week then; now the weekly composition bill averages over three thousand dollars, and the payroll of the other departments reaches three thousand dollars every week, and frequently exceeds that sum. Then the Herald depended for outside news upon the meagre dispatches of telegraph agencies in New York (the Associated Press system was not inaugurated until 1848-49, and New England papers were not admitted to its privileges until some years later), and such occasional correspondence as its friends in this and other States sent in free of charge. Now it not only receives the full dispatches of the Associated Press, but has news bureaus of its own in London, Paris, New York, and Washington, and special correspondents in every city of any considerable size throughout the country. All these are in constant communication with the office and are instructed to use the telegraph without stint when the occasion demands. The Herald has grown from a little four-paged sheet, nine by fourteen inches in dimensions, to such an extent that daily supplements are required to do justice to readers as well as advertisers, and it is necessary to print an eight-paged edition as often as four times a week during the busy season of the year.

The Herald has achieved a great success; it has broadened from year to year since the present proprietors assumed control. It has been their steadily followed purpose gradually to elevate the tone of their paper, till it should reach the highest level of American journalism. They have done this, and, at the same time, they have retained their enormous constituency. The wonderful educating power of a great newspaper cannot easily be overestimated. It is the popular university to which thousands upon thousands of readers resort daily for intelligent comment on the events of the world—the great wars, the suggestions of science, the achievements of the engineers, home



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and foreign politics, *etc.* That such a great newspaper as the Herald, wherein the elucidating comment is kept up from day to day by cultivated writers trained in journalism, must perform many of the functions of a university is clear. The news columns of the Herald are a perfect mirror of the great world's busy life. The ocean-cable is employed to an extent which would have seemed recklessly extravagant ten years ago. It has its news bureaus in the great capitals of civilization; its roving correspondents may be found, at the date of this writing, exploring the Panama Canal, the interior of Mexico, studying the railway system of Great Britain, investigating Mormon homelife, scouring the vast level stretches of Dakota, traversing the great Central States of the Union for presidential "pointers," making a tour of the Southern States to secure trustworthy data as to the progress achieved in education there, and journeying along the coast of hundred-harbored Maine for the latest information as to the growth of the newer summer resorts in that picturesque region. In large and quiet rooms in the home office a force of copy-readers is preparing the correspondence from all over the world for the compositors; at the news desks trained men are working day and night over telegrams flashed from far and near, eliminating useless words, punctuating, putting on "heads," and otherwise dressing copy for the typesetters. The enormous amount of detail work in a great paper is not easily to be conveyed to the non-professional reader. From the managing editor, whose brain is employed in inventing new ideas for his subordinates to carry into execution, to that very important functionary, the proof-reader, who corrects the errors of the types, there is a distracting amount of detail work performed every day. The Herald is managed with very little friction; the great machine runs as if oiled. With an abundance of capital, an ungrudging expenditure of money in the pursuit of news, a great working-force well disciplined and systematized, it goes on weekday after weekday, turning out nine editions daily, and on Sundays giving to the public sixteen closely-crowded pages, an intellectual bill-of-fare from which all may select according to individual preference.

The organization of the Herald force is almost ideally perfect. Its three proprietors, all of whom are still on the ascending grade of the hill of life, share in the daily duties of their vast establishment. Colonel Royal M. Pulsifer is the publisher of the paper, and has charge of the counting-room, the delivery, press, and composition rooms, the three last departments being under competent foremen. A large share of the wonderful business success of the Herald is due to his sagacity and liberality. He is a publisher who expends at long range, not expecting immediate returns. Under this generous and wisely prudent policy of spending liberally for large future returns the Herald has grown to its present proportions.

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The editor-in-chief of the paper is Mr. Edwin B. Haskell, who directs the political and general editorial policy of the paper. He has the courage of his independence, and is independent even of the Independents. Since he assumed the editorial chair, the Herald has fought consistently for honest money, for a reformed civil service, for the purification of municipal politics, for freer trade, and local self-government. The editor of the Herald writes strong Saxon-English, believing that in a daily newspaper the people should be addressed in a plain, understandable style. He has an unexpected way of putting things, his arguments are enlivened by a rare humor, and clinched frequently by some anecdote or popular allusion. The third partner, Mr. Charles H. Andrews, is one of those newspaper men who are born journalists. He has the gift of common sense. His judgment is always sound. The news end of the Herald establishment is under control of Mr. Andrews, and to no man more than to him is due the wonderful development of the Herald's news features. The executive officer of the Herald ship is the managing editor, Mr. John H. Holmes, who is known to newspaper workers all over the country as a man of great journalistic ability. He has the cosmopolitan mind; is free from local prejudices, and can take in the value of news three thousand miles away as quickly as if the happening were at the office door. An untiring, sleepless man, prodigal of his energies in the development of the Herald into a great world-paper, Mr. Holmes is a type of that distinctively modern development, the "newspaper man." Men of adventurous minds, of breadth of view, and delighting in positive achievements, take to journalism in these days as in the sixteenth century they became navigators of the globe, explorers of distant regions, and founders of new empires.

Years ago the Herald outgrew the provincial idea that the happenings of the streets must be of more importance, and, consequently, demanding more space, than events of universal interest in the chief centres of the world. The policy of the paper has been, while neglecting nothing of news value at home, and while photographing all events of local importance with fulness and accuracy, to keep its readers *au courant* with the world's progress. In all departments of sporting intelligence the Herald is an acknowledged authority; its dramatic news is fuller than that of any paper in the country; it "covers," to use a newspaper technicality, the world's metropolis on the banks of the Thames not with a single correspondent, but with a corps of able writers; during the recent troubles in Ireland one of its special correspondents traversed that distracted country, giving to his paper the most graphic picture of Irish distress and discontent, and he capped the climax of journalistic achievement by interviewing the leading British statesmen on the Irish theme, making a long letter, which was cabled to the Herald and recabled

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back the same day to the London press, which had to take, at second-hand, the enterprise of the great New-England daily. At Paris, the world's pleasure capital, the chief seat of science, it is ably represented, and its Italian correspondence has been ample and excellent. When public attention was first drawn to Mexico by the opening up of that land of mystery and revolutions by American railway-builders, the Herald put three correspondents into that field, and made Mexico an open book to the reading public. It is one of the characteristics of the paper's policy to take up and exhaust all topics of great current interest, and then to pass quickly on to something new. In dealing with topics of interest of local importance, the paper has long been noted for exhaustive special articles by writers of accuracy and fitness for their task. Its New York City staff comprises a general correspondent, a political observer, a chronicler of business failures, an accomplished art critic, a fashion writer, a theatrical correspondent, and three general news correspondents, using the wires. The Herald is something more than a Boston paper. It has a wide reach, and employs electricity more freely than did the oldtime newspaper the post-horse.

In its closely-printed columns the Herald has, during the last decade, given to its readers a cyclopaedia of the world's daily doings. Portraits of men of affairs done by skilled writers, the fullest records of contemporaneous events, the gossip and news of the chief towns of the globe,—all this has made up a complete record to which the future historian may turn.

To manage such a paper requires a coordination of forces and an intellectual breadth of view deserving to be ranked with the work and attributes of a successful general. Not to wait for the slow processes of legislation, to be up and ahead of the government itself, to be alert and untiring—this is the newspaper ideal. How near the Herald has come to this, its enduring popularity, its great profits, and its wide fame and influence, best show.

* * * * *

WACHUSETT MOUNTAIN AND PRINCETON.

By Atherton P. Mason.

Almost the first land seen by a person on board a vessel approaching the Massachusetts coast is the summit of Wachusett Mountain; and any one standing upon its rocky top beholds more of Massachusetts than can be seen from any other mountain in the State. For these two reasons, if for no others, a short historical and scenographical description of this lonely and majestic eminence, and of the beautiful township in which it lies, would seem to be interesting.



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Wachusett, or "Great Watchusett Hill," as it was originally called, lies in the northern part of the township of Princeton, and is about fifty miles due west from Boston. The Nashaways, or Nashuas, originally held this tract and all the land west of the river that still bears their name, and they gave to this mountain and the region around its base the name of "Watchusett." Rising by a gradual ascent from its base, it has the appearance of a vast dome. The Reverend Peter Whitney^[2] speaking of its dimensions, says: "The circumference of this monstrous mass is about three miles, and its height is 3,012 feet above the level of the sea, as was found by the Hon. John Winthrop, Esq., LL.D., in the year 1777: and this must be 1,800 or 1,900 feet above the level of the adjacent country." More recent measurements have not materially changed these figures, so they may be regarded as substantially correct.

The first mention, and probably the first sight, of this mountain, or of any portion of the region now comprised in Worcester County, is recorded in Governor Winthrop's journal, in which, under the date of January 27, 1632, is written: "The Governour and some company with him, went up by Charles River about eight miles above Watertown." The party after climbing an eminence in the vicinity of their halting-place saw "a very high hill, due west about forty miles off, and to the N.W. the high hills by Merrimack, above sixty miles off," The "very high hill" seen by them for the first time was unquestionably Wachusett.

"On the 20th of October, 1759, the General Court of Massachusetts, passed an act for incorporating the east wing, so called, of Rutland, together with sundry farms and some publick lands contiguous thereto," as a district under the name of Prince Town, "to perpetuate the name and memory of the late Rev. Thomas Prince, colleague pastor of the Old South church in Boston, and a large proprietor of this tract of land." The district thus incorporated contained about nineteen thousand acres; but on April 24, 1771, its inhabitants petitioned the General Court, that it, "with all the lands adjoining said District, not included in any other town or District," be incorporated into a town by the name of Princeton; and by the granting of this petition, the area of the town was increased to twenty-two thousand acres.

The principal citizen of Princeton at this period was the Honorable Moses Gill, who married the daughter of the Reverend Thomas Prince. He was a man of considerable note in the county also, holding office as one of the judges of the court of common pleas for the county of Worcester, and being "for several years Counsellor of this Commonwealth." His country-seat, located at Princeton, was a very extensive estate, comprising nearly three thousand acres. Mr. Whitney appears to have been personally familiar with this place, and his description of it is so graphic and enthusiastic, that it may be interesting to quote a portion of it.

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“His noble and elegant seat is about one mile and a quarter from the meeting-house, to the south. The mansion-house is large, being fifty by fifty feet, with four stacks of chimneys. The farmhouse is forty feet by thirty-six. In a line with this stands the coach and chaise house, fifty feet by thirty-six. This is joined to the barn by a shed seventy feet in length—the barn is two hundred feet by thirty-two. Very elegant fences are erected around the mansion-house, the outhouses, and the garden. When we view this seat, these buildings, and this farm of so many hundred acres under a high degree of profitable cultivation, and are told that in the year 1776 it was a perfect wilderness, we are struck with wonder, admiration, and astonishment. Upon the whole, the seat of Judge Gill, all the agreeable circumstances respecting it being attentively considered, is not paralleled by any in the New England States: perhaps not by any this side the Delaware.”

Judge Gill was a very benevolent and enterprising man, and did much to advance the welfare of the town in its infancy. During the first thirty years of its existence, it increased rapidly in wealth and population, having in 1790 one thousand and sixteen inhabitants. For the next half-century it increased slowly, having in 1840 thirteen hundred and forty-seven inhabitants. Since then, like all our beautiful New-England farming-towns, it has fallen off in population, having at the present time but little over one thousand people dwelling within its limits. Yet neither the town nor the character of the people has degenerated in the last century. Persevering industry has brought into existence in this town some of the most beautiful farms in New England, and in 1875 the value of farm products was nearly a quarter of a million dollars. Manufacturing has never been carried on to any great extent in this town. “In Princeton there are four grist mills, five saw mills, and one fulling mill and clothiers’ works,” says Whitney in 1793. Now lumber and chair-stock are the principal manufactured products, and in 1875 the value of these, together with the products of other smaller manufacturing industries, was nearly seventy thousand dollars.

Princeton is the birthplace of several men who have become well known, among whom may be mentioned Edward Savage (1761-1817), noted as a skilful portrait-painter; David Everett (1770-1813), the journalist, and author of those familiar schoolboy verses beginning:—

“You’d scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage”;

and Leonard Woods, D.D., the eminent theologian.

This locality derives additional interest from the fact that Mrs. Rowlandson, in her book entitled *Twenty Removes*, designates it as the place where King Philip released her from captivity in the spring of 1676. Tradition still points out the spot where this release took place, in a meadow near a large boulder at the eastern base of the mountain. The boulder is known to this day as “Redemption Rock.” It is quite near the margin of

Wachusett Lake, a beautiful sheet of water covering over one hundred acres. This is a favorite place for picnic parties from neighboring towns, and the several excellent hotels and boarding-houses in the immediate vicinity afford accommodations for summer visitors, who frequent this locality in large numbers.



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The Indian history of this region is brief, but what there is of it is interesting to us on account of King Philip's connection with it. At the outbreak of the Narragansett War, in 1675, the Wachusetts, in spite of their solemn compact with the colonists, joined King Philip, and, after his defeat, "the lands about the Wachusetts" became one of his headquarters, and he was frequently in that region. For many years their wigwams were scattered about the base of the mountain and along the border of the lake, and tradition informs us that on a large flat rock near the lake their council-fires were often lighted.

Until 1751, but three families had settled in the Wachusett tract. In May of that year Robert Keyes, a noted hunter, settled there with his family, upon the eastern slope of the mountain, near where the present carriage-road to the summit begins. On April 14, 1755, a child of his named Lucy, about five years old, strayed away, presumably to follow her sisters who had gone to the lake, about a mile distant. She was never heard of again, though the woods were diligently searched for weeks. Whitney speaks of this incident, and concludes that "she was taken by the Indians and carried into their country, and soon forgot her relations, lost her native language, and became as one of the aborigines." In 1765 Keyes petitioned the General Court to grant him "ye easterly half of said Wachusett hill" in consideration of the loss of "100 pounds lawful money" incurred by him in seeking for his lost child. This petition was endorsed "negatived" in the handwriting of the secretary. With this one exception the early settlers of Princeton seem to have suffered very little at the hands of the Indians.

Princeton, in common with its neighbors, underwent much religious controversy during the first half-century of its existence. The first meeting-house, "50 foote long and 40 foote wide," was erected in 1762 "on the highest part of the land, near three pine trees, being near a large flat rock." This edifice was taken down in 1796, and replaced by a more "elegant" building, which in turn was removed in 1838. The three pine trees are now no more, but the flat rock remains, and on account of the fine sunset view obtained from it has been named "Sunset Rock."

The first minister in Princeton was the Reverend Timothy Fuller, settled in 1767. In 1768 the General Court granted him Wachusett Mountain to compensate him for his settlement over "a heavily burdened people in a wilderness country." It was certainly at that time neither a profitable nor useful gift, and it was a pity to have this grand old pile pass into private hands. Mr. Fuller continued as pastor until 1776. His successors were the Reverend Thomas Crafts, the Reverend Joseph Russell, and the Reverend James Murdock, D.D. At the time when Dr. Murdock left, in 1815, Unitarian sentiments had developed extensively, and "the town and a minority of the church" called the Reverend Samuel Clarke, who had been a pupil of Dr. Channing. The call was accepted and, as a result, a portion of the church seceded and built a small house of worship; but in 1836 the church and society reunited and have remained so ever since.



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In 1817 a Baptist society was organized, and had several pastors; but in 1844 the society began to diminish, and not long after ceased to exist. The meeting-house was sold and is now an hotel—the Prospect House. In 1839 a Methodist Episcopal Church was organized which still flourishes.

Besides Wachusett Mountain there are two other hills in Princeton that are deserving of mention—Pine Hill and Little Wachusett. The former is about two miles from the centre of the town and not far from Wachusett, and the latter is about half a mile to the north of the centre. Neither of these hills is large or high, their elevation being about one thousand feet less than that of Wachusett, but they appear like two beautiful children of the majestic father that looms above them. All these hills were once heavily wooded, but much timber has been cut off during the last century, and forest-fires have devastated portions at different times; yet there is still an abundance left. Whitney speaks of the region as abounding in oak of various kinds, chestnut, white ash, beech, birch, and maple, with some butternut and walnut trees. The vigorous growth of the primeval forest indicated the strength and richness of the soil which has since been turned to such profitable use by the farmers. The houses in which the people live are all substantial, convenient, and, in many cases, beautiful, being surrounded by neatly kept grounds and well-tilled land.

In a hilly country such as this is, springs and brooks of course abound. The height of land upon which Princeton is situated is a watershed between the Connecticut and Merrimack Rivers, and of the three beautiful brooks having their source in the township, one, Wachusett Brook, runs into Ware River, and thence to the Connecticut, while the other two, East Wachusett and Keyes Brooks, get to the Merrimack by Still River and the Nashua.

Mention has been made of Wachusett Lake. Properly speaking, this cannot perhaps be considered as being in Princeton, inasmuch as about four fifths of its surface lie in the adjoining township of Westminster. Besides Wachusett Lake there is another called Quinnepoxet, which lies in the southwestern part of the township, a small portion of it being in Holden. It is smaller than its northern neighbor, covering only about seventy acres, but it is a very charming sheet of water.

A brief account of the geology of this region may perhaps prove interesting. In the eastern portion of Princeton the underlying rock is a kind of micaceous schist, and in the western is granitic gneiss. The gneiss abounds in sulphuret of iron, and for this reason is peculiarly liable to undergo disintegration; hence the excellent character of the soil in this portion of Worcester County where naked rock is seldom seen in place, except in case of the summits of the hills scattered here and there; and these summits are rounded, and show the effects of weathering. As we go westerly upon this gneiss range, and get into



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the limits of Franklin and Hampshire Counties, a larger amount of naked rock appears, the hills are more craggy and precipitous, and in general the soil is poorer. The three principal elevations in Princeton are mainly composed of gneiss. This variety of rock is identical with granite in its composition, the distinctive point between the two being that gneiss has lines of stratification while granite has none. The rock of which Wachusett is mainly composed has rather obscure stratification, and hence may be called granitic gneiss. What stratification there is does not show the irregularity that one would suppose would result from the elevation of the mountain to so great a height above the surrounding country; on the other hand the rock does not differ essentially in hardness from that in the regions below, and hence the theory that all the adjacent land was once as high as the summit of the mountain, and was subsequently worn away by the action of water and weather, is hardly tenable. The gneiss of this region is not especially rich in other mineral contents. Some fine specimens of mica have however been obtained from the summit of Wachusett. The only other extraneous mineral found there to any great extent is the sulphuret of iron before mentioned. The common name of this mineral is iron pyrites, and being of a yellow color has in many localities in New England, in times past, caused a vast waste of time and money in a vain search for gold. It does not appear that the inhabitants of Princeton were ever thus deceived, though Whitney wrote in 1793: "Perhaps its bowels may contain very valuable hid treasure, which in some future period may be descried." In describing the summit of the mountain he speaks of it as "a flat rock, or ledge of rocks for some rods round; and there is a small pond of water generally upon the top of it, of two or three rods square; and where there is any earth it is covered with blueberry bushes for acres round." The small pond and blueberry bushes are visible at present, or were a year or two ago at any rate, but the area of bare rock has increased somewhat as time went on, though the top is not as bare as is that of its New Hampshire brother, Monadnock, nor are its sides so craggy and precipitous.

The people of Princeton have always kept abreast of the times. From the first they were ardent supporters of the measures of the Revolution, and foremost among them in patriotic spirit was the Honorable Moses Gill, previously mentioned in this paper, who, on account of his devotion to the good cause, was called by Samuel Adams "The Duke of Princeton." Their strong adherence to the "state rights" principle led the people of the town to vote against the adoption of the Constitution of the United States; but when it was adopted they abided by it, and when the Union was menaced in the recent Rebellion they nobly responded to the call of the nation with one hundred and twenty-seven men and nearly twenty thousand dollars in money—exceeding in both items the demand made upon them. Nor is their record in the pursuits of peace less honorable, for in dairy products and in the rearing of fine cattle they have earned an enviable and well-deserved reputation. As a community it is cultured and industrious, and has ever been in full sympathy with progress in education, religion, and social relations.



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But few towns in Massachusetts offer to summer visitors as many attractions as does Princeton. The air is clear and bracing, the landscape charming, and the pleasant, shady woodroads afford opportunities for drives through most picturesque scenery. Near at hand is the lake, and above it towers Wachusett. It has been proposed to run a railroad up to and around the mountain, but thus far, fortunately, nothing has come of it. A fine road of easy ascent winds up the mountain, and on the summit is a good hotel which is annually patronized by thousands of transient visitors.

The view from here is magnificent on a clear day. The misty blue of the Atlantic, the silver thread of the Connecticut, Mounts Tom and Holyoke, and cloud-clapped Monadnock, the cities of Worcester and Fitchburg—all these and many other beautiful objects are spread out before the spectator. But it cannot be described—it must be seen to be appreciated; and the throngs of visitors that flit through the town every summer afford abundant evidence that the love of the beautiful and grand in nature still lives in the hearts of the people.

Brief is the sketch of this beautiful mountain town, which is neither large nor possessed of very eventful history: but in its quiet seclusion dwell peace and prosperity, and its worthy inhabitants are most deeply attached to the beautiful heritage handed down to them by their ancestors.

[Footnote 2: History of Worcester County. Worcester: 1793.]

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WASHINGTON AND THE FLAG.

By Henry B. Carrington.

“Strike, strike! O Liberty, thy silver strings!”

NOTE—On a pavement slab in Brighton Chapel, Northamptonshire, England, the Washington coat-of-arms appears: a bird rising from nest (coronet), upon azure field with five-pointed stars, and parallel red-and-white bands on field below; suggesting origin of the national escutcheon.

I.

Strike, strike! O Liberty, thy silver strings;
And fill with melody the clear blue sky!
Give swell to chorus full,—to gladness wings,
And let swift heralds with the tidings fly!
Faint not, nor tire, but glorify the record



Which honors him who gave the nation life;
Fill up the story, and with one accord
Our people hush their conflicts—end their strife!

II.

Tell me, ye people, why doth this appeal
Go forth in measure swift as it has force,
To quicken souls, and make the nation's weal
Advance, unfettered, in its onward course,
Unless that they who live in these our times
May grasp the grand, o'erwhelming thought,
That he who led our troops in battle-lines,
But our best interests ever sought!

III.



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What is this story, thus redolent of praise?
Why challenge Liberty herself to lend her voice?
Why must ye hallelujah anthems raise,
And bid the world in plaudits loud rejoice?
Why lift the banner with its star-lit folds,
And give it honors, grandest and the best,
Unless its blood-stripes and its stars of gold
Bring ransom to the toilers—to the weary rest?

IV.

O yes, there's a secret in the stars and stripes:
It was the emblem of our nation's sire;
And from the record of his father's stripes,
He gathered zeal which did his youth inspire.
Fearless and keen in the border battle,
Careless of risk while dealing blow for blow,
What did he care for yell or rifle-rattle
If he in peril only duty e'er could know!

V.

As thus in youth he measured well his work,
And filled that measure ever full and true,
So then to him to lead the nation looked,
When all to arms in holy frenzy flew.
Great faith was that, to inspire our sires,
And honor him, so true, with chief command,
And fervid be our joy, while beacon-fires
Do honor to this hero through the land.

VI.

Strike, strike! O Liberty, thy silver strings!
Bid nations many in the contest try!
Tell them, O, tell, of all thy mercy brings
For all that languish, be it far or nigh!
For all oppressed the time shall surely come,
When, stripped of fear, and hushed each plaintive cry,
All, all, will find in Washington
The model guide, for now—for aye, for aye.



* * * * *

A SUMMER ON THE GREAT LAKES.

By Fred. Myron Colby.

Where shall we go this year? is the annual recurring question as the summer heats draw near. We must go somewhere, for it will be no less unwholesome than unfashionable to remain in town. The body needs rest; the brain, no less wearied, unites in the demand for change, for recreation. A relief from the wear and tear of professional life is a necessity. The seaside? Cape May and York Beach are among our first remembrances. We believe in change. The mountains? Their inexhaustible variety will never pall, but then we have "done" the White Mountains, explored the Catskills, and encamped among the Adirondacks in years gone by. Saratoga? We have never been there, but we have an abhorrence for a great fashionable crowd. To say the truth, we are heartily sick of "summer resorts," with their gambling, smoking, and drinking. The great watering-places hold no charms for us. "The world, the flesh, and the devil" there hold undisputed sway: we desire a gentler rule.

"What do you say to a trip on the Great Lakes?" suggests my friend, Ralph Vincent, with indefatigable patience.



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"I—I don't know," I answered, thoughtfully.

"Don't know!" cried "the Historian"—(we called Hugh Warren by that title from his ability to always give information on any mooted point). He was a walking encyclopaedia of historical lore. "Don't know! Yes, you do. It is just what we want. It will be a delightful voyage, with scenes of beauty at every sunset and every sunrise. The Sault de *Ste. Marie* with its fairy isles, the waters of Lake Huron so darkly, deeply, beautifully green, and the storied waves of Superior with their memories of the martyr missionaries, of old French broils and the musical flow of *Hiawatha*. The very thought is enough to make one enthusiastic. How came you to think of it, Vincent?"

"I never think: I scorn the imputation," replied Vincent, with a look of assumed disdain. "It was a inspiration."

"And you have inspired us to a glorious undertaking. The Crusades were nothing to it. Say, Montague," to me, "you are agreed?"

"Yes, I am agreed," I assented. "We will spend our summer on the Great Lakes. It will be novel, it will be refreshing, it will be classical."

So it was concluded. A week from that time found us at Oswego. Our proposed route was an elaborate one. It was to start at Oswego, take a beeline across Lake Ontario to Toronto, hence up the lake and through the Welland Canal into Lake Erie, along the shores of that historical inland sea, touching at Erie, Cleveland, Sandusky, and Toledo, up Detroit River, through the Lake and River of St. Clair, then gliding over the waters of Lake Huron, dash down along the shores of Lake Michigan to Chicago, and back past Milwaukee, through the Straits of Mackinaw and the ship-canal into the placid waves of Superior, making Duluth the terminus of our journey. Our return would be leisurely, stopping here and there, at out-of-the-way places, camping-out whenever the fancy seized us and the opportunity offered, to hunt, to fish, to rest, being for the time knight-errants of pleasure, or, as the Historian dubbed us, peripatetic philosophers, in search, not of the touchstone to make gold, but the touchstone to make health. Our trip was to occupy two months.

It was well toward the latter part of June in 1881, on one of the brightest of summer mornings, that our steamer, belonging to the regular daily line to Toronto, steamed slowly out from the harbor of Oswego. So we were at last on the "beautiful water," for that is the meaning of Ontario in the Indian tongue. Here, two hundred years before us, the war-canoes of De Champlain and his Huron allies had spurned the foaming tide. Here, a hundred years later the batteaux of that great soldier, Montcalm, had swept round the bluff to win the fortress on its height, then in English hands. Historic memories haunted it. The very waves sparkling in the morning sunshine whispered of romantic tales.



Seated at the stern of the boat we looked back upon the fading city. Hugh Warren was smoking, and his slow-moving blue eyes were fixed dreamily upon the shore. He did not seem to be gazing at anything, and yet we knew he saw more than any of us.

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“A centime for your thoughts, Hugh!” cried Vincent, rising and stretching his limbs.

“I was thinking,” said the Historian, “of that Frenchman, Montcalm, who one summer day came down on the English at Oswego unawares with his gunboats and Indians and gendarmes. Of the twenty-five thousand people in yonder city I don’t suppose there are a dozen who know what his plans were. They were grand ones. In no country on the face of the globe has nature traced outlines of internal navigation on so grand a scale as upon our American continent. Entering the mouth of the St. Lawrence we are carried by that river through the Great Lakes to the head of Lake Superior, a distance of more than two thousand miles. On the south we find the Mississippi pouring its waters into the Gulf of Mexico, within a few degrees of the tropics after a course of three thousand miles. ‘The Great Water,’ as its name signifies, and its numerous branches drain the surface of about one million one hundred thousand square miles, or an area twenty times greater than England and Wales. The tributaries of the Mississippi equal the largest rivers of Europe. The course of the Missouri is probably not less than twenty-five hundred miles. The Ohio winds above a thousand miles through fertile countries. The tributaries of *these* tributaries are great rivers. The Wabash, a feeder of the Ohio, has a course of above five hundred miles, four hundred of which are navigable. If the contemplated canal is ever completed which will unite Lake Michigan with the head of navigation on the Illinois River, it will be possible to proceed by lines of inland navigation from Quebec to New Orleans. There is space within the regions enjoying these advantages of water communication, and already peopled by the Anglo-Saxon race, for four hundred millions of the human race, or more than double the population of Europe at the present time. Imagination cannot conceive the new influences which will be exercised on the affairs of the world when the great valley of the Mississippi, and the continent from Lake Superior to New Orleans, is thronged with population. In the valley of the Mississippi alone there is abundant room for a population of a hundred million.

“In Montcalm’s day all this territory belonged to France. It was that soldier’s dream, and he was no less a statesman than a soldier, to make here a great nation. Toward that end a great chain of forts was to be built along the line from Ontario to New Orleans. Sandusky, Mackinaw, Detroit, Oswego, Du Quesne, were but a few links in the contemplated chain that was to bind the continent forever to French interests. It was for this he battled through all those bloody, brilliant campaigns of the old French war. But the English were too strong for him. Montcalm perished, and the power of France was at an end in the New World. But it almost overwhelms me at the thought of what a mighty empire was lost when the English huzza rose above the French clarion on the Plains of Abraham.”



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“Better for the continent and the world that England won,” said Vincent.

“Perhaps so,” allowed Hugh. “Though we cannot tell what might have been. But that does not concern this Ulysses and his crew. Onward, voyagers and voyageresses.”

“Your simile is an unfortunate one. Ulysses was wrecked off Circe’s island and at other places. Rather let us be the Argonauts in search of the Golden Fleece.”

“Mercenary wretch!” exclaimed Hugh. “My taste is different. I am going in search of a dinner.”

Hugh Warren’s ability for discovering anything of that sort was proverbially good, so we, having the same disposition, followed him below to the dining-saloon.

We arrived at Toronto, one hundred and sixty miles from Oswego, a little before dusk. This city, the capital of the province of Ontario, is situated on an arm of the lake. Its bay is a beautiful inlet about four miles long and two miles wide, forming a capacious and well-protected harbor. The site of the town is low, but rises gently from the water’s edge. The streets are regular and wide, crossing each other generally at right angles. There is an esplanade fronting the bay which extends for a distance of two miles. The population of the city has increased from twelve hundred in 1817 to nearly sixty thousand at present. In the morning we took a hurried survey of its chief buildings, visited Queen’s Park in the centre of the city, and got round in season to take the afternoon steamer for Buffalo.

The district situated between Lake Ontario and Lake Erie, as it has been longest settled, so also is it the best-cultivated part of Western Canada. The vicinity to the two Great Lakes renders the climate more agreeable, by diminishing the severity of the winters and tempering the summers’ heats. Fruits of various kind arrive at great perfection, cargoes of which are exported to Montreal, Quebec, and other places situated in the less genial parts of the eastern province. Mrs. Jameson speaks of this district as “superlatively beautiful.” The only place approaching a town in size and the number of inhabitants, from the Falls along the shores of Lake Erie for a great distance, beyond even Grand River, is Chippewa, situated on the river Welland, or Chippewa, which empties itself into Niagara Strait, just where the rapids commence and navigation terminates. One or more steamers run between Chippewa and Buffalo. Chippewa is still but a small village, but, as it lies directly on the great route from the Western States of the Union to the Falls of Niagara and the Eastern States, it will probably rise into importance. Its greatest celebrity at present arises from the fact of there having been a great battle fought near by between the British and Americans in the war of 1812.

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The line of navigation by the St. Lawrence did not extend beyond Lake Ontario until the Welland Canal was constructed. This important work is thirty-two miles long, and admits ships of one hundred and twenty-five guns, which is about the average tonnage of the trading-vessels on the lakes. The Niagara Strait is nearly parallel to the Welland Canal, and more than one third of it is not navigable. The canal, by opening this communication between Lake Ontario and Lake Erie, has conferred an immense benefit on all the districts west of Ontario. The great Erie Canal has been still more beneficial, by connecting the lakes with New York and the Atlantic by the Hudson River, which the canal joins after a course of three hundred and sixty miles. The effect of these two canals was quickly perceptible in the increased activity of commerce on Lake Erie, and the Erie Canal has rendered this lake the great line of transit from New York to the Western States.

Lake Erie is the most shallow of all the lakes, its average depth being only sixty or seventy feet. Owing to this shallowness the lake is readily disturbed by the wind; and for this reason, and for its paucity of good harbors, it has the reputation of being the most dangerous to navigate of any of the Great Lakes. Neither are its shores as picturesquely beautiful as those of Ontario, Huron, and Superior. Still it is a lovely and romantic body of water, and its historic memories are interesting and important. In this last respect all the Great Lakes are remarkable. Some of the most picturesque and interesting chapters of our colonial and military history have for their scenes the shores and the waters of these vast inland seas. A host of great names—Champlain, Frontenac, La Salle, Marquette, Perry, Tecumseh, and Harrison—has wreathed the lakes with glory. The scene of the stirring events in which Pontiac was the conspicuous figure is now marked on the map by such names as Detroit, Sandusky, Green Bay, and Mackinaw. The thunder of the battles of Lundy's Lane and the Thames was heard not far off, and the very waters of Lake Erie were once canopied with the sulphur smoke from the cannon of Perry's conquering fleet.

We spent two days in Buffalo, and they were days well spent. This city is the second in size of the five Great Lake ports, being outranked only by Chicago. Founded in 1801, it now boasts of a population of one hundred and sixty thousand souls. The site is a plain, which, from a point about two miles distant from the lake, slopes gently to the water's edge. The city has a water front of two and a half miles on the lake and of about the same extent on Niagara River. It has one of the finest harbors on the lake. The public buildings are costly and imposing edifices, and many of the private residences are elegant. The pride of the city is its public park of five hundred and thirty acres, laid out by Frederick Law Olmstead in 1870. It has the reputation of being the healthiest city of the United States.

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Buffalo was the home of Millard Fillmore, the thirteenth President of the United States. Here the great man spent the larger part of his life. He went there a poor youth of twenty, with four dollars in his pocket. He died there more than fifty years afterward worth one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and after having filled the highest offices his country could bestow upon him. He owned a beautiful and elegant residence in the city, situated on one of the avenues, with a frontage toward the lake, of which a fine view is obtained. It is a modern mansion, three stories in height, with large stately rooms. It looks very little different externally from some of its neighbors, but the fact that it was for thirty years the home of one of our Presidents gives it importance and invests it with historic charm.

On board a steamer bound for Detroit we again plowed the waves. The day was a delightful one; the morning had been cloudy and some rain had fallen, but by ten o'clock the sky was clear, and the sunbeams went dancing over the laughing waters. Hugh was on his high-horse, and full of historic reminiscences.

"Do you know that this year is the two hundredth anniversary of a remarkable event for this lake?" he began. "Well, it is. It was in 1681, in the summer of the year, that the keel of the first vessel launched in Western waters was laid at a point six miles this side of the Niagara Falls. She was built by Count Frontenac who named her the Griffen. I should like to have sailed in it."

"Its speed could hardly equal that of the Detroit," observed Vincent, complacently.

"You hard, cold utilitarian!" exclaimed the Historian; "who cares anything about that? It is the romance of the thing that would charm me."

"And the romance consists in its being distant. We always talk of the good old times as though they were really any better than our own age! It is a beautiful delusion. Don't you know how in walking the shady places are always behind us?"

The Historian's only answer to this banter was to shrug his shoulders scornfully and to light a fresh cigar.

Lake Erie is about two hundred and forty miles in length and has a mean breadth of forty miles. Its surface is three hundred and thirty feet above Lake Ontario, and five hundred and sixty-five above the level of the sea. It receives the waters of the upper lakes by means of the Detroit River, and discharges them again by the Niagara into Lake Ontario. Lake Erie has a shallow depth, but Ontario, which is five hundred and two feet deep, is two hundred and thirty feet below the tide level of the ocean, or as low as most parts of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the bottoms of Lakes Huron, Michigan, and Superior, although their surface is much higher, are all, from their vast depths, on a level with the bottom of Ontario. Now, as the discharge through Detroit River, after allowing all the probable portion carried off by evaporation,



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does not appear by any means equal to the quantity of water which the other three lakes receive, it has been conjectured that a subterranean river may run from Lake Ontario. This conjecture is not improbable, and accounts for the singular fact that salmon and herring are caught in all the lakes communicating with the St. Lawrence, but no others. As the Falls of Niagara must always have existed, it would puzzle the naturalists to say how those fish got into the upper lakes unless there is a subterranean river; moreover, any periodical obstruction of the river would furnish a not improbable solution of the mysterious flux and influx of the lakes.

Some after noon we steamed past a small city on the southern coast which had a large natural harbor.

“Erie and Presque Isle Bay,” announced the Historian. “A famous place. From it sailed Oliver Hazard Perry with his fleet of nine sail to most unmercifully drub the British lion on that tenth day of September, 1813. The battle took place some distance from here over against Sandusky. I will tell you all about it when we get there. My grandfather was one of the actors.”

He said no more, and for a long time the conversation was sustained by Vincent and myself. The steamer put in at Cleveland just at dusk. The stop was brief, however, and we left the beautiful and thriving city looking like a queen on the Ohio shore under the bridal veil of night. The evening was brilliant with moonlight. The lake was like a mirror or an enchanted sea. Hour after hour passed, and we still sat on deck gazing on the scene. Far to the south we saw the many lights of a city shining. It was Sandusky.

“How delightful it is!” murmured Vincent.

“Beautiful,” I replied. “If it were only the Ionian Sea, now, or the clear AEgean”—

“Those classic waters cannot match this lake,” interrupted Hugh. “The battle of Erie will outlive Salamis or Actium. The laurels of Themistokles and Augustus fade even now before those of Perry. He was a hero worth talking about, something more human altogether than any of Plutarch’s men. I feel it to be so now at least. It was right here somewhere that the battle raged.”

“He was quite a young man, I believe,” said I, glad to show that I knew something of the hero. I had seen his house at Newport many times, one of the old colonial kind, and his picture, that of a tall, slim man, with dash and bravery in his face, was not unfamiliar to me.

“Yes; only twenty-seven, and just married,” continued the Historian, settling down to work. “Before the battle he read over his wife’s letters for the last time, and then tore



them up, so that the enemy should not see those records of the heart, if victorious. 'This is the most important day of my life,' he said to his officers, as the first shot from the British came crashing among the sails of the Lawrence; 'but we know how to beat those fellows,' he added, with a laugh. He had nine vessels, with fifty-four guns and four hundred and ninety officers and men. The British had six ships mounting sixty-three guns, with five hundred and two officers and men.



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“In the beginning of the battle the British had the advantage. Their guns were of longer range, and Perry was exposed to their fire half an hour before he got in position where he could do execution. When he had succeeded in this the British concentrated their fire on his flag-ship. Enveloped in flame and smoke, Perry strove desperately to maintain his ground till the rest of his ships could get into action. For more than two hours he sustained the unequal conflict without flinching. It was his first battle, and, moreover, he was enfeebled by a fever from which he had just risen; but he never lost his ease and confidence. When most of his men had fallen, when his ship lay an unmanageable wreck on the water, ‘every brace and bowline shot away,’ and all his guns were rendered ineffective, he still remained calm and unmoved.

“Eighteen men out of one hundred stood alive on his deck; many of those were wounded. Lieutenant Yarnell, with a red handkerchief tied round his head and another round his neck to stanch the blood flowing from two wounds, stood bravely by his commander. But all seemed lost when, through the smoke, Perry saw the Niagara approaching uncrippled.

“‘If a victory is to be won I will win it,’ he said to the lieutenant. He tore down his flag with its glorious motto,—‘Don’t give up the ship,’—and leaping into a boat with half a dozen others, told the sailors to give way with a will. The Niagara was half a mile distant to the windward, and the enemy, as soon as they observed his movement, directed their fire upon his boat. Oars were splintered in the rowers’ hands by musketballs, and the men themselves covered with spray from the roundshot and grape that smote the water on every side. But they passed safely through the iron storm, and at last reached the deck of the Niagara, where they were welcomed with thundering cheers. Lieutenant Elliot of the Niagara, leaving his own ship, took command of the Somers, and brought up the smaller vessels of the fleet, which had as yet been little in the action. Perry ran up his signal for close action, and from vessel to vessel the answering signals went up in the sunlight and the cheers rang over the water. All together now bore down upon the enemy and, passing through his line, opened a raking crossfire. So close and terrible was that fire that the crew of the Lady Prevost ran below, leaving the wounded and stunned commander alone on the deck. Shrieks and groans rose from every side. In fifteen minutes from the time the signal was made Captain Barclay, the British commander, flung out the white flag. The firing then ceased; the smoke slowly cleared away, revealing the two fleets commingled, shattered, and torn, and the decks strewn with dead. The loss on each side was the same, one hundred and thirty-five killed and wounded. The combat had lasted about three hours. When Perry saw that victory was secure he wrote with a pencil on the back of an old letter, resting it on his navy cap, the despatch to General Harrison: ‘We have met the enemy, and they are ours: two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop.’

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“It was a great victory,” concluded the eloquent narrator. “The young conqueror did not sleep a wink that night. Until the morning light he was on the quarter-deck of the *Lawrence*, doing what he could to relieve his suffering comrades, while the stifled groans of the wounded men echoed from ship to ship. The next day the dead, both the British and the American, were buried in a wild and solitary spot on the shore. And there they sleep the sleep of the brave, with the sullen waves to sing their perpetual requiem.”

We sat in silence a long time after; no one was disposed to speak. It came to us with power there on the moonlit lake, a realization of the hard-fought battle, the gallant bearing of the young commander, his daring passage in an open boat through the enemy’s fire to the Niagara, the motto on his flag, the manner in which he carried his vessel alone through the enemy’s line, and then closed in half pistol-shot, his laconic account of the victory to his superior officer, the ships stripped of their spars and canvas, the groans of the wounded, and the mournful spectacle of the burial on the lake shore.

Our next stopping-place was at Detroit, the metropolis of Michigan, on the river of the same name, the colony of the old Frenchman De la Mothe Cadillac, the colonial Pontchartrain, the scene of Pontiac’s defeat and of Hull’s treachery, cowardice, or incapacity, grandly seated on the green Michigan shore, overlooking the best harbor on the Great Lakes, and with a population of more than one hundred thousand. Two stormy days kept us within doors most of the time. The third day we were again “on board,” steaming up Detroit River into Lake St. Clair. On and on we kept, till the green waters of Huron sparkled beneath the keel of our steamer. All the way over the lake we kept the shores of Michigan in sight, beaches of white sand alternating with others of limestone shingle, and the forests behind, a tangled growth of cedar, fir, and spruce in impenetrable swamps, or a scanty, scrubby growth upon a sandy soil. Two hours were spent at Thunder Bay, where the steamer stopped for a supply of wood, and we went steaming on toward Mackinaw, a hundred miles away. At sunset of that day the shores of the green rocky island dawned upon us. The steamer swept up to an excellent dock, as the sinking sun was pouring a stream of molten gold across the flood, out of the amber gates of the west.

“At last Mackinaw, great in history and story,” announced the Historian leaning on the taffrail and gazing at the clear pebbly bottom and through forty feet of water.

“My history consists of a series of statues and tableaux—statues of the great men, tableaux of the great events,” said Vincent. “Were there any such at Mackinaw?”

“Yes,” answered Hugh, “two statues and one tableau—the former Marquette and Maechene-ne-mock-qua, the latter the massacre at Fort Michilimakinack.”

“The event happened during Pontiac’s war, I believe,” I hastened to observe. “The Indians took the place by stratagem, did they not?”



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“They did. It was on the fourth of July, 1763. The fort contained a hundred soldiers under the command of Major Etherington. In the neighborhood were four hundred Indians apparently friendly. On the day specified the savages played a great game of ball or baggatiway on the parade before the fort. Many of the soldiers went out to witness it and the gate was left open. During the game the ball was many times pitched over the pickets of the fort. Instantly it was followed by the whole body of players, in the unrestrained pursuit of a rude athletic exercise. The garrison feared nothing; but suddenly the Indians drawing their concealed weapons began the massacre. No resistance was offered, so sudden and unexpected was the surprise. Seventy of the soldiers were murdered, the remainder were sold for slaves. Only one Englishman escaped. He was a trader named Henry. He was in his own house writing a letter to his Montreal friends by the canoe which was just on the eve of departure, when the massacre began. Only a low board fence separated his grounds from those of M. Longlade, a Frenchman, who had great influence with the savages. He obtained entrance into the house, where he was concealed by one of the women, and though the savages made vigorous search for him, he remained undiscovered. You can imagine the horrible sight the fort presented when the sun went down, the soldiers in their red uniforms lying there scalped and mangled, a ghastly heap under the summer sky. And to just think it was only a short time ago, a little more than a hundred years.”

We could hardly realize it as we gazed up the rocky eminence at the United States fort, one hundred and fifty feet high, overlooking the little village. And yet Mackinaw's history is very little different from that of most Western settlements and military Stations. Dark, sanguinary, and bloody tragedies were constantly enacted upon the frontiers for generations. As every one acquainted with our history must know, the war on the border has been an almost interminable one. As the tide of emigration has rolled westward it has ever met that fiery counter-surge, and only overcome it by incessant battling and effort. And even now, as the distant shores of the Pacific are wellnigh reached, that resisting wave still gives forth its lurid flashes of conflict.

Mackinaw Island is only about three miles long and two in breadth, with a circuit of nine miles in all. It rises out of the lake to an average height of three hundred feet, and is heavily wooded with cedar, beech, maple, and yew. Three of its sides are bold and rocky, the fourth slopes down gradually toward the north to meet the blue waters of the lake. The island is intersected in all directions with carriage-roads and paths, and in the bay are always to be seen the row and sail boats belonging to pleasure-seekers. From four to seven steamers call at the wharf daily, while fleets of sailing-vessels may at any time be descried from old Fort Holmes, creeping noiselessly on to the commercial marts of those great inland seas.

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Tradition lends its enchantment to the isle. According to the Indian legend it rose suddenly from the calm bosom of the lake at the sunset hour. In their fancy it took the form of a huge turtle, and so they bestowed upon it the name of Moc-che-ne-nock-e-nung. In the Ojibway mythology it became the home of the Great Fairies, and to this day it is said to be a sacred spot to all Indians who preserve the memory of the primal times. The fairies lived in a subterranean abode under the island, and an old sagamore, Chees-a-kee, is related to have been conducted *a la* Aeneas, in Virgil, to the halls of the spirits and to have seen them all assembled in the spacious wigwam. Had some bard taken up the tale of this fortunate individual, the literature of the red man might have boasted an epic ranking perhaps with the Aeneid or the Iliad.

From the walls of old Fort Holmes, two hundred feet above the lake, a fine view is obtained of the island and its surroundings. Westward is Point St. Ignace, a sharply defined cape running out from the mainland into the strait. There rest the bones of good Father Marquette, who, in 1671, erected a chapel on the island and began to Christianize the wild natives of this region. On the northwest we see the "Sitting Rabbits," two curious-looking rockhills which bear a singular resemblance to our common American hare. Eastward stretches away the boundless inland sea, a beautiful greenish-blue, to the horizon. The mountains of St. Martin, and the hills from which flow Carp and Pine Rivers meet the northern vision. To the south is Boisblanc Island, lying like an emerald paradise on the bosom of Lake Huron, and close beside it, as if seeking protection, is lovely Round Island. Among all these islands, and laving the shores of the adjacent mainland, are the rippling waves of the lake, now lying as if asleep in the flooding light, anon white-capped and angry, driven by the strong winds. Beneath us are the undulations of billowy green foliage, calm and cool, intersected with carriage-roads, and showing yonder the white stones of the soldiers' and citizens' graves. Here, down by the water, and close under the fort, the white, quaint houses lie wrapped in light and quiet. Breezes cool and delightful, breezes that have traversed the broad expanse of the lakes, blow over your face softly, as in Indian myth blows the wind from the Land of Souls. The scene and the hour lulls you into a sense of delicious quietude. You are aroused by the shrill whistle of a steamer, and you descend dockward to note the fresh arrivals.

Several days' excursions do not exhaust the island. One day we go to see Arch Rock, a beautiful natural bridge of rock spanning a chasm some eighty feet in height and forty in width. The summit is one hundred and fifty feet above the level. Another day we visit Sugar-loaf Rock, an isolated conical shape one hundred and forty feet high, rising from a plateau in the centre of the island. A hole half-way up its side is large enough to hold a dozen persons, and has in it the names of a hundred eager aspirants after immortality. On the southwest side of the island is a perpendicular rock bluff, rising one hundred and fifty feet from the lake and called "Lover's Leap." The legend was told us one afternoon by Hugh, as follows:—



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“In the ancient time, when the red men held their councils in this heart of the waters, and the lake around rippled to the canoe fleets of warrior tribes going and returning, a young Ojibway girl had her home on this sacred isle. Her name was Mae-che-ne-mock-qua, and she was beautiful as the sunrise of a summer morning. She had many lovers, but only to one brave did the blooming Indian girl give her heart. Often would Mae-che-ne-mock-qua wander to this solitary rock and gaze out upon the wide waters after the receding canoes of the combined Ojibway and Ottawa bands, speeding south for scalps and glory. There, too, she always watched for their return, for among them was the one she loved, an eagle-plumed warrior, Ge-win-e-gnon, the bravest of the brave. The west wind often wafted the shouts of the victorious braves far in advance of them as they returned from the mainland, and highest above all she always heard the voice of Ge-win-e-gnon. But one time, in the chorus of shouts, the maiden heard no longer the voice of her lover. Her heart told her that he had gone to the spirit-land behind the sunset, and she should no more behold his face among the chieftains. So it was: a Huron arrow had pierced his heart, and his last words were of his maiden in the Fairy Isle. Sad grew the heart of the lovely Mae-che-ne-mock-qua. She had no wish to live. She could only stand on the cliff and gaze at the west, where the form of her lover appeared beckoning her to follow him. One morning her mangled body was found at the foot of the cliff; she had gone to meet her lover in the spirit-land. So love gained its sacrifice and a maiden became immortal.”

A well-earned night's sleep, bathed in this highly ozoned lake atmosphere, which magically soothes every nerve and refreshes every sense like an elixir, and we are off again on the broad bosom of the Mackinaw strait, threading a verdant labyrinth of emerald islets and following the course of Father Jacques Marquette, who two hundred years before us had set off from the island in two canoes, with his friend Louis Joliet, to explore and Christianize the region of the Mississippi. We looked back upon the Fairy Island with regretful eyes, and as it sunk into the lake Hugh repeated the lines of the poet:—

“A gem amid gems, set in blue yielding waters,
Is Mackinac Island with cliffs girded round,
For her eagle-plumed braves and her true-hearted daughters;
Long, long ere the pale face came widely renowned.

“Tradition invests thee with Spirit and Fairy;
Thy dead soldiers' sleep shall no drum-beat awake,
While about thee the cool winds do lovingly tarry
And kiss thy green brows with the breath of the lake.

“Thy memory shall haunt me wherever life reaches,
Thy day-dreams of fancy, thy night's balmy sleep,
The splash of thy waters along the smooth beaches,
The shade of thine evergreens, grateful and deep.



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“O Mackinac Island! rest long in thy glory!
Sweet native to peacefulness, home of delight!
Beneath thy soft ministry, care and sad worry
Shall flee from the weary eyes blessed with thy sight.”

“That poet had taste,” remarked our friend when he had concluded. “Beautiful Isle! No wonder the great missionary wished his bones to rest within sight of its shores. Marquette never seemed to me so great as now. He was one of those Jesuits like Zinzendorf and Sebastian Ralle, wonderful men, all of them, full of energy and adventure and missionary zeal, and devoted to the welfare of their order. At the age of thirty he was sent among the Hurons as a missionary. He founded the mission of Sault de *Ste. Marie* in Lake Superior, in 1668, and three years later that of Mackinaw. In 1673, in company with Joliet and five other Frenchmen, the adventurous missionary set out on a voyage toward the South Sea. They followed the Mississippi to the Gulf, and returning, arrived at Green Bay in September. In four months they had traveled a distance of twenty-five hundred miles in an open canoe. Marquette was sick a whole year, but in 1674, at the solicitation of his superior, set out to preach to the Kaskaskia Indians. He was compelled to halt on the way by his infirmities, and remained all winter at the place, with only two Frenchmen to minister to his wants. As soon as it was spring, knowing full well that he could not live, he attempted to return to Mackinaw. He died on the way, on a small river that bears his name, which empties into Lake Michigan on the western shore. His memory en-wreathes the very names of Superior and Michigan with the halo of romance.”

“Thank you,” said Vincent, looking out over the dark water. “I can fancy his ghost haunting the lake at midnight.”

“Speak not of that down at the Queen City,” returned Hugh, with a tragic air. “Pork and grain are more substantial things than ghosts at Chicago, and they might look on you as an escaped lunatic. Nathless, it was a pretty idea to promulgate among the Indians two centuries ago. Observe how civilization has changed. Two hundred years ago we sent missionaries among them: now we send soldiers to shoot them down, after we have plundered them of their lands.”

Neither of us were disposed to discuss the Indian question with Hugh Warren, and the conversation dropped after a while.

At noon of the next day the steamer made Milwaukee, and the evening of the day after Chicago. These two cities are excellent types of the Western city, and both show, in a wonderful degree, the rapid growth of towns in the great West. Neither had an inhabitant before 1825, and now one has a population of one hundred thousand, and the other of five hundred thousand. Chicago is, in fact, a wonder of the world. Its unparalleled growth, its phoenix-like rise from the devastation of the great fire of 1871, and its cosmopolitan character, all contribute to render it a remarkable city.



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The city looks out upon the lake like a queen, as in fact she is, crowned by the triple diadem of beauty, wealth, and dignity. She is the commercial metropolis of the whole Northwest, an emporium second only to New York in the quantity of her imports and exports. The commodious harbor is thronged with shipping. Her water communication has a vast area. Foreign consuls from Austria, France, Great Britain, Belgium, Italy, Sweden, Germany, and the Netherlands, have their residence in the city. It is an art-centre, and almost equally with Brooklyn is entitled to be called a city of churches.

A week is a short time to devote to seeing all that this queen city has that is interesting, and that included every day we spent there. Neither in a sketch like the present shall we have space to give more than we have done—a general idea of the city. One day about noon we steamed out of the harbor, on a magnificent lake-steamer, bound for Duluth. We were to have a run of over seven hundred miles with but a single stopping-place the whole distance. It would be three days before we should step on land again.

“Farewell, a long farewell, to the city of the Indian sachem,” said Hugh, as the grand emporium and railway-centre grew dim in the distance. “By the way,” continued he, “are you aware that the correct etymology of the name Chicago is not generally known?”

Vincent and I confessed that we did not even know the supposed etymology of the name.

“No matter about that,” went on the Historian. “The name is undoubtedly Indian, corrupted from Chercaqua, the name of a long line of chiefs, meaning strong, also applied to a wild onion. Long before the white men knew the region the site of Chicago was a favorite rendezvous of several Indian tribes. The first geographical notice of the place occurs in a map dated Quebec, Canada, 1683, as ‘Fort Chicagon.’ Marquette camped on the site during the winter of 1674-5. A fort was built there by the French and afterward abandoned. So you see that Chicago has a history that is long anterior to the existence of the present city. Have a cigar, Montague?”

Clouds of fragrant tobacco-smoke soon obscured the view of the Queen City of the Northwest, busy with life above the graves of the Indian sagamores whose memories she has forgotten.

On the third day we steamed past Mackinaw, and soon made the ship-canal which was constructed for the passage of large ships, a channel a dozen miles long and half a mile wide. And now, hurrah! We are on the waters of Lake Superior, the “Gitche Gumee, the shining Big Sea-Water,” of Longfellow’s musical verse. The lake is a great sea. Its greatest length is three hundred and sixty miles, its greatest breadth one hundred and forty miles; the whole length of its coast is fifteen hundred miles. It has an area of thirty-two thousand square miles, and a mean depth of one thousand feet. These dimensions show it to be by far the largest body of fresh water on the globe.



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Nothing can be conceived more charming than a cruise on this lake in summer. The memories of the lake are striking and romantic in the extreme. There is a background of history and romance which renders Superior a classic water. It was a favorite fishing-ground for several tribes of Indians, and its aboriginal name Ojibwakechegun, was derived from one of these, the Ojibways, who lived on the southern shore when the lake first became known to white men. The waters of the lake vary in color from a dazzling green to a sea-blue, and are stocked with all kinds of excellent fish. Numerous islands are scattered about the lake, some low and green, others rocky and rising precipitately to great heights directly up from the deep water. The coast of the lake is for the most part rocky. Nowhere upon the inland waters of North America is the scenery so bold and grand as around Lake Superior. Famous among travelers are those precipitous walls of red sandstone on the south coast, described in all the earlier accounts of the lake as the "Pictured Rocks." They stand opposite the greatest width of the lake and exposed to the greatest force of the heavy storms from the north. The effect of the waves upon them is not only seen in their irregular shape, but the sand derived from their disintegration is swept down the coast below and raised by the winds into long lines of sandy cliffs. At the place called the Grand Sable these are from one hundred to three hundred feet high, and the region around consists of hills of drifting sand.

Half-way across the lake Keweenaw Point stretches out into the water. Here the steamer halted for wood. We landed on the shore in a beautiful grove. "What a place for a dinner!" cried one of the party.

"Glorious! glorious!" chimed in a dozen voices.

"How long has the boat to wait?" asked Hugh.

"One hour," was the answer of the weather-beaten son of Neptune.

"That gives us plenty of time," was the general verdict. So without more ado lunch-baskets were brought ashore. The steamer's steward was prevailed upon, by a silver dollar thrust slyly into his hand, to help us, and presently the whole party was feasting by the lakeside. And what a royal dining-room was that grove, its outer pillars rising from the very lake itself, its smooth brown floor of pine-needles, arabesqued with a flitting tracery of sun shadows and fluttering leaves, and giving through the true Gothic arches of its myriad windows glorious views of the lake that lay like an enchanted sea before us! And whoever dined more regally, more divinely, even, though upon nectar and ambrosia, than our merry-makers as they sat at their well-spread board, with such glowing, heaven-tinted pictures before their eyes, such balmy airs floating about their happy heads, and such music as the sunshiny waves made in their glad, listening ears? It was like a picture out of Hiawatha. At least it seemed to strike our young lady so, who in a voice of peculiar sweetness and power recited the opening of the twenty-second book of that poem:—



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“By the shore of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big Sea-Water,
At the doorway of his wigwam,
In the pleasant Summer morning,
Hiawatha stood and waited.

All the air was full of freshness.
All the earth was bright and joyous,
And before him, through the sunshine,
Westward toward the neighboring forest
Passed in golden swarms the Ahmo,
Passed the bees, the honey-makers,
Burning, singing in the sunshine.

Bright above him shone the heavens,
Level spread the lake before him;
From its bosom leaped the sturgeon,
Sparkling, flashing in the sunshine;
On its margin the great forest
Stood reflected in the water,
Every treetop had its shadow
Motionless beneath the water.”

“Thank you, Miss,” said Hugh, gallantly. “We only need a wigwam with smoke curling from it under these trees, and a ‘birch canoe with paddles, rising, sinking on the water, dripping, flashing in the sunshine,’ to complete the picture. It’s a pity the Indians ever left this shore.”

“So the settlers of Minnesota thought in ’62,” observed Vincent, ironically.

“The Indians would have been all right if the white man had stayed away,” replied the Historian, hotly.

“In that case we should not be here now, and, consequently”—

What promised to be quite a warm discussion was killed in the embryo by the captain’s clear cry, “All aboard!”

Once more we were steaming westward toward the land of the Dacotahs. That night we all sat up till after midnight to see the last of our lake, for in the morning Duluth would be in sight. It was a night never to be forgotten. The idle words and deeds of my companions have faded from my mind, but never will the memory of the bright lake rippling under that moonlit sky.



A city picturesquely situated on the side of a hill which overlooks the lake and rises gradually toward the northwest, reaching the height of six hundred feet a mile from the shore, with a river on one side. That is Duluth. The city takes its name from Juan du Luth, a French officer, who visited the region in 1679. In 1860 there were only seventy white inhabitants in the place, and in 1869 the number had not much increased. The selection of the village as the eastern terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad gave it an impetus, and now Duluth is a city of fifteen thousand inhabitants, and rapidly growing. The harbor is a good one, and is open about two hundred days in the year. Six regular lines of steamers run to Chicago, Cleveland, Canadian ports, and ports on the south shore of Lake Superior. The commerce of Duluth, situated as it is in the vicinity of the mineral districts on both shores of the lake, surrounded by a well-timbered country, and offering the most convenient outlet for the products of the wheat region further west, is of growing importance. In half a century Duluth will be outranked in wealth and population by no more than a dozen cities in America.



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Our stay at Duluth was protracted many days. One finds himself at home in this new Western city, and there are a thousand ways in which to amuse yourself. If you are disposed for a walk, there are any number of delightful woodpaths leading to famous bits of beach where you may sit and dream the livelong day without fear of interruption or notice. If you would try camping-out, there are guides and canoes right at your hand, and the choice of scores of beautiful and delightful spots within easy reach of your hotel or along the shore of the lake and its numerous beautiful islands, or as far away into the forest as you care to penetrate. Lastly, if piscatorially inclined, here is a boathouse with every kind of boat from the steam-yacht down to the birch canoe, and there is the lake, full of "lakers," sturgeon, whitefish, and speckled trout, some of the latter weighing from thirty to forty pounds apiece,—a condition of things alike satisfactory and tempting to every owner of a rod and line.

The guides, of whom there are large numbers to be found at Duluth, as indeed at all of the northern border towns, are a class of men too interesting and peculiar to be passed over without more than a cursory notice. These men are mostly French-Canadians and Indians, with now and then a native, and for hardihood, skill, and reliability, cannot be surpassed by any other similar class of men the world over. They are usually men of many parts, can act equally well as guide, boatman, baggage-carrier, purveyor, and cook. They are respectful and chivalrous: no woman, be she old or young, fair or faded, fails to receive the most polite and courteous treatment at their hands, and with these qualities they possess a manly independence that is as far removed from servility as forwardness. Some of these men are strikingly handsome, with shapely statuesque figures that recall the Antinous and the Apollo Belvidere. Their life is necessarily a hard one, exposed as they are to all sorts of weather and the dangers incidental to their profession. At a comparatively early age they break down, and extended excursions are left to the younger and more active members of the fraternity.

Camping-out, provided the weather is reasonably agreeable, is one of the most delightful and healthful ways to spend vacation. It is a sort of woodman's or frontier life. It means living in a tent, sleeping on boughs or leaves, cooking your own meals, washing your own dishes and clothes perhaps, getting up your own fuel, making your own fire, and foraging for your own provender. It means activity, variety, novelty, and fun alive; and the more you have of it the more you like it; and the longer you stay the less willing you are to give it up. There is a freedom in it that you do not get elsewhere. All the stiff formalities of conventional life are put aside: you are left free to enjoy yourself as you choose. All in all, it is the very best way we know to enjoy a "glorious vacation."



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At Duluth, at Sault de *Ste. Marie*, at Mackinaw, at Saginaw, we wandered away days at a time, with nothing but our birch canoe, rifles, and fishing-rods, and for provisions, hard bread, pork, potatoes, coffee, tea, rice, butter, and sugar, closely packed. Any camper-out can make himself comfortable with an outfit as simple as the one named. How memory clings around some of those bright spots we visited! I pass over them again, in thought, as I write these lines, longing to nestle amid them forever.

Following along the coast, now in small yachts hired for the occasion, now in a birch canoe of our own, we passed from one village to another. Wherever we happened to be at night, we encamped. Many a time it was on a lonely shore. Standing at sunset on a pleasant strand, more than once we saw the glow of the vanished sun behind the western mountains or the western waves, darkly piled in mist and shadow along the sky; near at hand, the dead pine, mighty in decay, stretching its ragged arms athwart the burning heavens, the crow perched on its top like an image carved in jet; and aloft, the night-hawk, circling in his flight, and, with a strange whining sound, diving through the air each moment for the insects he makes his prey.

But all good things, as well as others, have an end. The season drew to a close at last. August nights are chilly for sleeping in tents. Our flitting must cease, and our thoughts and steps turn homeward. But a few days are still left us. At Buffalo once more we go to see the Falls. Then by boat to Hamilton, thence to Kingston at the foot of the lake, and so on through the Thousand Isles to Montreal, and finally to Quebec,—a tour as fascinating in its innumerable and singularly wild and beautiful “sights” as heart could desire.

* * * * *

OUR NATIONAL CEMETERIES.

By Charles Cowley, LL.D.

There are circumstances generally attending the death of the soldier or the sailor, whether on battle-field or gun-deck, whether in the captives' prison, the cockpit, or the field-hospital, which touch our sensibilities far more deeply than any circumstances which usually attend the death of men of any other class; moving within us mingled emotions of pathos and pity, of mystery and awe.

“There is a tear for all that die,
A mourner o'er the humblest grave;
But nations swell the funeral cry,
And freedom weeps above the brave;



“For them is sorrow’s purest sigh,
O’er ocean’s heaving bosom sent;
In vain their bones unburied lie,—
All earth becomes their monument.

“A tomb is their’s on every page;
An epitaph on every tongue;
The present hours, the future age,
Nor them bewail, to them belong.

“A theme to crowds that knew them not,
Lamented by admiring foes,
Who would not share their glorious lot?
Who would not die the death they chose?”

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A similar halo invests our National Cemeteries—which are the most permanent mementos of our sanguinary Civil War.

Nature labors diligently to cover up her scars. Most of the battle-fields of the Rebellion now show growths of use and beauty. Many of the structures of that great conflict have already ceased to be. Some of them have been swept away by the winds or overgrown with weeds; others, like Fort Wagner, have been washed away by the waves. But neither winds nor waves are likely to disturb the monuments or the cemeteries of our soldiers and sailors. Where they were placed, there they remain; “and there they will remain forever.”

The seventy-eight National Cemeteries distributed over the country contain the remains of three hundred and eighteen thousand four hundred and fifty-five men, classed as follows: known, 170,960; unknown, 147,495; total, 318,455. And these are not half of those whose deaths are attributable to their service in the armies and navies of the United States and the Confederate States, who are buried in all sections of the Union and in foreign lands.

In some of these cemeteries, as at Gettysburg, Antietam, City Point, Winchester, Marietta, Woodlawn, Hampton, and Beaufort, by means of public appropriations and private subscriptions, statues and other monuments have at different times been erected; and many others doubtless will be erected in them hereafter. Some of them are in secluded situations, where for many miles the population is sparse, and the few people that live near them cherish tenderer recollections of the “Lost Cause” than of that which finally won. But such of them as are contiguous to cities are places of interest to more or less of the neighboring population; and, in some of them, there are commemorative services upon Memorial Days.

These cemeteries have many features in common; and much that may be said of one of them may also be said of the others—merely changing the names.

It happened to the present writer to visit the National Cemetery at Beaufort, South Carolina, to deliver an oration on Memorial Day, 1881, in the midst of ten thousand graves of the soldiers and sailors of the department of the South and South Atlantic blockading squadron. The dead interred in these thirty acres of graves are: known, 4,748, unknown, 4,493; total, 9,241. Among the trees planted in this cemetery is a willow, grown from a branch of the historic tree which once overshadowed the grave of Napoleon at St. Helena.

Generals Thomas W. Sherman and John G. Foster, who commanded that department, and Admirals Dupont and Dahlgren, who commanded that squadron, all died in their Northern homes since the peace, and their graves are not to be looked for here. The same may be said of hundreds of military and naval officers who performed valuable

services on these shores and along these coasts, and have since “passed over to the great majority.”



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That neither General Strong nor General Schimmelfennig is buried here might be accounted for by the fact that, though they died by reason of their having served in this department, they died at the North. But even General Mitchell, whose flag of command was last unfurled in this department, who died in Beaufort, and was originally buried under the sycamores of the Episcopal churchyard, now sleeps in the shades of Greenwood, and not (as he would probably have preferred, could he have foreseen this cemetery) among the brave men whom he commanded.

The best known names among those here buried (to use a pardonable Hibernianism) are among the "unknown." For here, as we may believe, in unknown graves, rest the remains of Colonel Robert G. Shaw, of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts (colored), Colonel Haldimand S. Putnam, of the Seventh New Hampshire, Lieutenant-Colonel James M. Green, of the Forty-eighth New York, and many other gallant officers and men who were killed in the assault on Fort Wagner, July 18, 1863, and who were first buried by the Confederates in the sands of Morris Island.

Many a Northern college is represented here. Among those to whom tablets have been erected in the Memorial Hall of Harvard University, who are buried here, besides Colonel Shaw, are Captains Winthrop P. Boynton and William D. Crane, who were killed at Honey Hill, November 30, 1864; and Captain Cabot J. Russell, who fell with Shaw at Fort Wagner. Yet these are but the beginning of the list of the sons of Massachusetts who rest in this "garden of graves."

Among the many gallant men of the navy buried here is Acting-Master Charles W. Howard, of the ironclad steam-frigate *New Ironsides*, whom Lieutenant Glassell shot during his bold attempt to blow up the *New Ironsides* with the torpedo steamer *David*, October 5, 1863. Another is Thomas Jackson, coxswain of the *Wabash*, the *beau ideal* of an American sailor, who was killed in the battle of Port Royal, November 7, 1861.

Death, like a true democrat, levels all distinctions. Still, it may be mentioned that Lieutenant-Colonel William N. Reed, who was mortally wounded at Olustee while in command of the Thirty-fifth United States colored troops, February 20, 1864, was, while living, the highest officer in rank, whose grave is known here. Other gallant officers, killed at Olustee, are buried near him. Among these, probably, is Colonel Charles W. Fribley, of the Eighth United States colored troops; though he may be still sleeping beneath the sighing pines of Olustee.

As far as practicable, all Federal soldiers and sailors buried along the seaboard of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, have been removed to Beaufort Cemetery; and, as Governor Alexander H. Bullock said: "Wherever they offered up their lives, amid the thunder of battle, or on the exhausting march, in victory or in defeat, in hospital or in prison, officers and privates, soldiers and sailors, patriots all, they fell like the beauty of Israel on their high places, burying all distinctions of rank in the august equality of death."

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One section of the cemetery is devoted to the Confederates. There are more than a hundred of these, including several commissioned officers; and on Memorial Days the same ladies who decorate the graves of the Federals decorate also in the same manner the graves of the Confederates; recognizing that, though in life they were arrayed as mortal enemies, they are now reconciled in “the awful but kindly brotherhood of death.” Sir Walter Scott enjoins:—

“Speak not for those a separate doom,
Whom fate made brothers in the tomb.”

And One infinitely greater than Sir Walter has inculcated still loftier sentiments.

Among the graves to which the attention of the writer was particularly attracted was that of Charley ——, a boy of Colonel Putnam’s regiment, who had now been dead more years than he had lived. His parents, living on the shores of Lake Winnipiseogee, and walking daily over the paths which he had often trod, had plucked the earliest flower of their northern clime and sent it to the superintendent of the cemetery, to be planted at Charley’s grave. The burning sun of South Carolina had not spared that flower; but something of it still remained. Its mute eloquence spoke to the heart of the tender recollections of a father and of a mother’s undying love. How truly does Wordsworth say,—

“The meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.”

For us who have survived the perils of battle and the far more fatal diseases that wasted our forces, and for all who cherish the memory of these dead, it will always be a consoling thought that the Federal government has done so much to provide honorable sepulture for those who fell in defence of the Union. We can all appreciate Lord Byron’s lament for the great Florentine poet and patriot;—

“Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar,
Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore.”

But we can have no such regret for our lost comrades, buried not upon a foreign, nor upon an unfriendly shore, but in the bosom of the soil which their blood redeemed. Sacred is the tear that is shed for the unreturning brave.

“’T is the tear through many a long day wept,
’T is life’s whole path o’ershaded;
’T is the one remembrance, fondly kept,
When all lighter griefs have faded.”

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