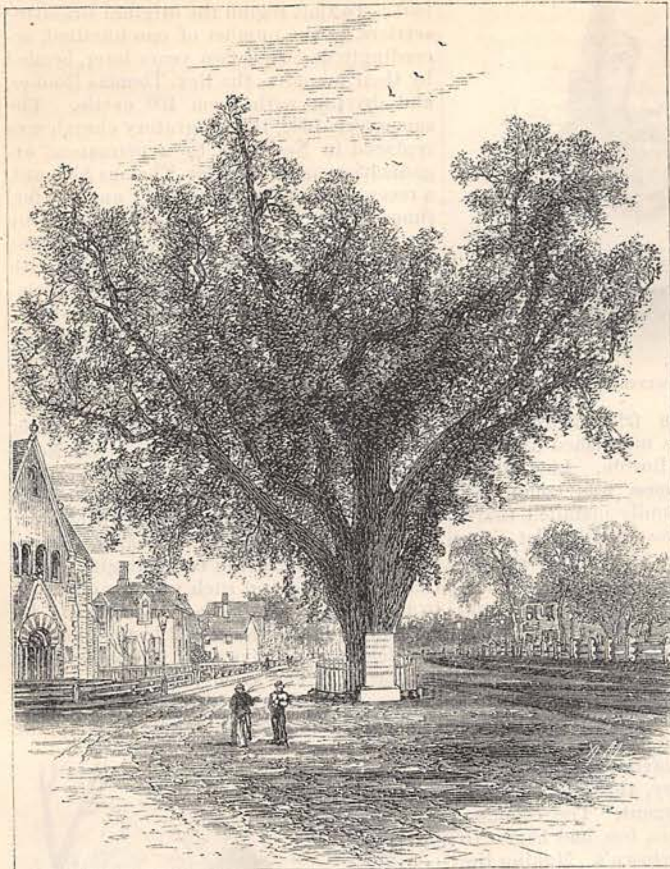
CAMBRIDGE ON THE CHARLES.



THE WASHINGTON ELM.

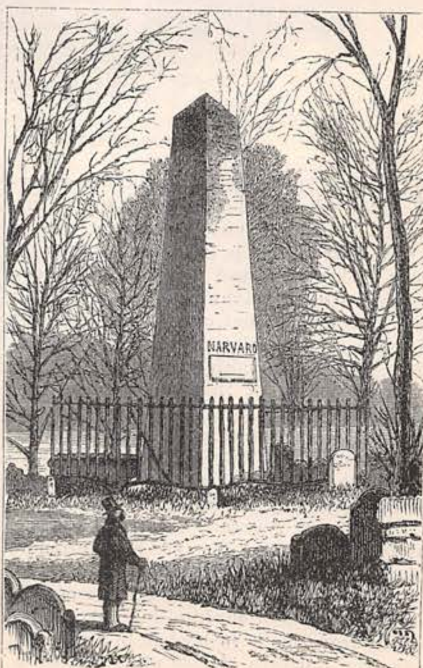
THE English colonists, Puritan and Cavalier, who peopled our coast in the early part of the seventeenth century were always shrewd in the selection of sites for their little towns and cities. Commercial or agricultural advantages guided their choice, as a rule; but once in a while they picked out some select location for the express purpose of making it a colonial capital. Something of the sort was the case with the Massachusetts village of Newtown, which has since developed into the American Cambridge. It was not exactly born great, but Governor Winthrop and his associates early tried to thrust greatness upon it. A scholar generally calm and discreet lately declared that the pre-Revolutionary Cambridge was "the first capital of our infant republic, the cradle of our nascent liberty, the hearth of our kindling patriotism." At any rate, this is just what, in a different sense, the Puritans of 1630 wanted it to be. Boston, then a small town with no special advantages save its excellent harbor, had not at that time been fixed upon as the seat of government; and one day in 1630, accordingly, Governor Winthrop and Lieutenant-Governor Dudley jumped on horseback and explored the plains and swamps and forests to the westward in search of a capital. The spot they finally picked out, with the help of some assistant magnates, lay about three miles west of Charlestown, on the banks of the tortuous little river since sung by poets, and already named the Charles by Captain John Smith, who never saw it. The elect location seemed to Winthrop "a fit place for a beautiful town;" and accordingly, on the 29th day of December a goodly number of persons bound themselves to build houses there early in the spring of the following year. The village they named Newtown, and laid out regularly in squares, the streets bearing such simple names as Creek, Wood, and Water, while there were, as lesser ways, Marsh Lane, Back Lane, and Crooked Lane. That was before the days of aristocratic thoroughfares like Brattle and Craigie and Ellery and Fayerweather streets.

Early in 1631 the houses began to rise, and Governor Winthrop set up the frame of his dwelling on the very spot where he had first pitched his tent. But the people of Boston had been promised by the Governor at the very first that he would never move away any where unless they accompanied him, and of this promise they now reminded him in pretty strenuous terms. Bound by two solemn agreements, and under the necessity of breaking one of them, Winthrop's conscience gave preference to the one first made; and so in the fall of 1631 he disap-

GOVERNOR WINTHROP.

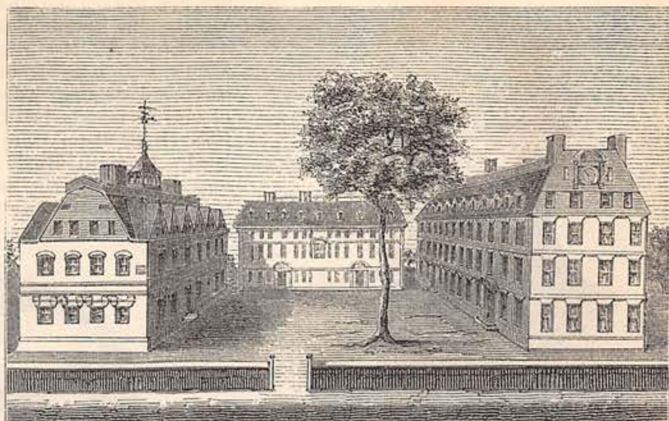
pointed his Newtown friends by taking down the frame of his unfinished dwelling and setting it up in Boston. Lieutenant-Governor Dudley's house was completed, meanwhile, and his family installed therein; and he and the rest frigidly let Winthrop return to Boston without offering to accompany him. This affair, as was natural, caused a coolness between Winthrop and Dudley, which was not removed for several years. The Governor's excuse for quitting Newtown was somewhat strengthened in his own mind by the fact that Chickatabut, the chief of the neighboring Indians, had promised to be friendly, so that the necessity of having a fortified settlement in the country, three miles west, was somewhat less urgent. The commercial prospects of Boston, too, had begun to look brighter than Newtown's. Making the best of their opportunities, the remaining settlers proved so thrifty, and courtly too, that they soon began to deserve the praise accorded them by an English writer some years afterward, who warmly described the place as "one of the neatest and best-compacted towns in New England, having many fair structures, with many handsome-contrived streets." "The inhabitants," added this complimentary tourist, "are most of them very rich." In 1632 a number of settlers from Braintree, England, came to Newtown. The quarrel between Winthrop and Dudley continuing, the ministers justified the Lieutenant-Governor by ordering Winthrop to get a clergyman for the town, failing in which he should pay Dudley £20. This sum Winthrop had to render, but the pacified Dudley was magnanimous in his triumph, and returned it with a polite note in which he courteously intimated that he would rather lose £100 than Winthrop's friendship. Their difficulties settled, the two magnates lived on friendly terms thereafter.

By 1634 the Newtown people began to complain of being overcrowded, and loudly talked, some of them, of moving to Connecticut. To that region the original Braintree settlers, to the number of one hundred, accordingly departed two years later, headed by their minister, the Rev. Thomas Hooker, and driving with them 160 cattle. The same year, 1636, this migratory church was replaced in Newtown by a permanent organization under the Rev. Thomas Shepard, a recent arrival from England; and the fortunes of the town were also bettered by the establishment in it of the colony's first school, endowed by the General Court with £400. Nearly all the ministers of the colony happened to be from the University of Cambridge in England, and the most of them, too, from a single one of its colleges, Emanuel. The neighboring Charlestown clergyman, the Rev. John Harvard, a scholarly and gentle graduate of Emanuel, took from the first a hearty interest in the Newtown school; and dying in 1638, he left to it his well-selected library of three hundred volumes and half his fortune. This bequest amounted, it is supposed, to nearly £800, or twice as much as the original gift of the General Court; and such was the effect of so magnificent a gift that the colonists determined to raise the school to the grade of a college, and to give to it the name of its benefactor. The same year, too, the Cambridge graduates concluded to express their esteem for their own university by changing



HARVARD MONUMENT.

the name of the village from Newtown to Cambridge. The scholarly fortunes of the town were also aided by the establishment in it of the first printing-office in America north of Mexico, which was set up in Cambridge in 1639, and the place soon began to be quite a centre of influence both in theology and religion. In 1640 Charlestown Ferry was given to the college, which held it for a hundred and fifty years; in 1650 an act of incorporation was granted the president and fellows; in 1652 the first inn was established, one Andrew Belcher being granted liberty "to sell beare and bread;" in 1660 a bridge was built over Charles River, making the distance to Boston eight miles; and in 1732 a portion of the territory of Cambridge, on the northwest, was set off into a separate town, Newton—a process repeated in subsequent years. The rest of the civic history of Cambridge is dull. It became a city in 1846; and early in the present century its trivial commerce induced the government to make it a port of entry, whence Lechmere's Point, one of the settlements within the town limits, became Cambridgeport.



HARVARD COLLEGE, 1720.

The history of Harvard College is so closely connected with the literary and architectural annals of Cambridge that it is not worth while to try to dissever them. The Rev. Mr. Harvard, as we have seen, died in 1638, his malady being consumption. Little is known about his personal history, and antiquarian research has not thrown much light upon it. He graduated at Emanuel College in 1631, and came to Charlestown only a year before his death. The graduates of the college built him a plain monument in Charlestown in 1828. His widow married Thomas Allen, her husband's successor in the Charlestown pastorate, in 1639, and the two returned to England some eleven years later. Before this time the college Harvard endowed had become the principal object of interest in Cambridge, and his bequest had led others to follow his example. Who managed the affairs of the college during the first four years of its existence is not known. In 1640, however, there arrived from England the Rev. Henry Dunster, whose qualifications for the office of president seem to have been so apparent that he was elected almost by acclamation. Dunster was poor, and he had not only to look after his own support, but also to beg for the college and for some of the more needy of his students. Thus he was the prototype of the little army of presidential mendicants who have succeeded him. His administration of affairs was a prosperous one, however, and in 1642 he sent forth his first class of nine members, one of whom became an Oxford D.D., one an Oxford fellow, and one a Leyden M.D. The most illustrious of the nine was George Downing, who became knight, baronet, and minister of Cromwell in Holland, where his success seems to have been great enough to have led to his retention in office by Charles II. A grandson of this Downing was the founder of the youngest of the schools in the English Cambridge, Downing College. Dunster ruled with an iron rod, the students being compelled to stand in hatless silence before their superiors and elders. They had also to talk Latin within the college walls, and, on occasion, to be publicly whipped at prayers. He was a prudent manager of the little chest of the college, and once lent some money just received from England to the General Court, getting something over nine per cent. interest for it. This sum was not repaid until 1713, when interest from 1685 was added to the principal. But all Dunster's thrift, energy, and scholarship did not save him. Long suspected of Baptist, or rather of anti-pedobaptist, opinions, he at length avowed them, and the theological cudgels of the zealous Puritans rang so smartly about his ears that he was compelled to resign, and took up his abode in Scituate. His love for the college did not die out, and on his death his body was buried, at his request, in the graveyard in Cambridge just opposite the college grounds.

Dunster's successor, Charles Chauncy, was also a heretic, but at the other extreme of the pendulum's swing. Chauncy firmly believed in infant baptism, but held that

PRESIDENT QUINCY.

such baptism was invalid unless performed by immersion. Another of his ideas—illustrating a sort of High-Church Puritanism—was that the Lord's Supper ought only to be administered in the evening. If Dunster took away from the creed of the majority of the colonists, Chauncy added to it, and was consequently compelled to endure something of the persecution which surrounded his predecessor. He held his own, however, and died in office in 1672. During

PRESIDENT EVERETT.

his rule the London Society for the Propagation of the Gospel erected a wooden building for the instruction of Indian youth, which stood nearly on the present site of Grays Hall. Only one of the red men ever graduated, the individual who stands in solitary state in the triennial catalogue as "Caleb Cheeshahteaumuck, Indus." He became a Bachelor of Arts in 1665, and promptly died of consumption the next year. Many of the Indian students returned to savage life, and toward the close of the seventeenth century the Indian college seems to have been used for the printing establishment, Eliot's Indian Bible having perhaps been there struck off. The list of succeeding presidents may be briefly mentioned. From 1672 all of them were graduates of Harvard. Leonard Hoar (1672–75) was very unpopular with the students, and resigning, passed his closing years in melancholy obscurity. His successor, the Rev. Urian

PRESIDENT SPARKS.

Oakes, pastor of the church in Cambridge, was suspected of conspiring for Hoar's seat, but proved to be a useful president until his death, in 1681. John Rogers, Oakes's successor, was the first layman to fill the office. In June, 1685, the celebrated Increase Mather took the chair, but rather neglected the college. "Priest, politician, and president," Mather retained until his death the pastorate of the North Church, Boston, and was once in Europe on a political mission.

PRESIDENT WALKER.

PRESIDENT FELTON.

The colony, after all, was nearer his heart than the college, and to it he gave his more profitable counsels and services. Before his death, however, Harvard received what was then its largest gift, £1000 from Lieutenant-Governor William Stoughton, of the province, a member of the class of 1650. All this time, and for many years after, the college was clerical in its management, and the principal source from which the pulpits of New England were filled. In 1696, out of 121 clergymen in the eleven neighboring counties, 104 were Harvard men. It was still poor, and on one occasion the corporation "voted that six leather chairs be forthwith provided for the use of the library, and six more before the Commencement, in case the treasury will allow of it." This body now determined, warned by Mather's course, to compel the presidents to live in Cambridge. But the Rev. Samuel Willard, their next choice, was minister of the Old South, Boston, and he evaded the new rule by assuming the title of vice-president simply.

Willard's successors were most of them men of industry and faithfulness. John Leverett (1708–24), preacher, lawyer, councilor, judge, politician, and scientist; Benjamin Wadsworth (1725–37), minister of the First Church, Boston; Edward Holyoke (1737–69), minister in Marblehead; Samuel Locke (1770–73), compelled to resign in consequence of immorality; Samuel Langdon (1774–80); Joseph Willard (1781–1804), minister in Beverly; and Samuel Webber (1806–10), mathematician and natural philosopher. In Leverett's time there was a fierce clerical fight over the seats in the corporation—a quarrel repeated in the present century. Wadsworth was annoyed by the attempt of the Episcopal ministers of King's Chapel, Boston, and Christ Church, Cambridge, to claim a place in the Board of Overseers as "teaching elders." Holyoke's administration embraced the time of Whitefield's bitter attacks upon the New England seminaries, and Harvard in particular, for irreligion—attacks vigorously repelled by the Harvard professors, headed by Edward Wigglesworth, Hollis professor of divinity. In President Langdon's time the affairs of the college were greatly troubled by the Revolution. The buildings were occupied by the provincial troops in 1775–76, the few remaining students were transferred to Concord, and the library and apparatus carted to Concord and Andover. Then, too, John Hancock, treasurer from 1773 to 1777, proved himself a much better patriot than financier, and greatly annoyed the college authorities by carrying their bonds to Philadelphia, and refusing either to give an account or to resign. When the Revolution was over, the nominal property of the college was $100,100, its real property $25,787. About the only gain it received from the war was a few books from the General Court, which that body found among some confiscated Tory property, and gave away, perhaps as a sop to conscience for goods ill-gotten. The other presidents of Harvard have been John Thornton Kirkland (1810–28), who somewhat revived the literary spirit in Cambridge, Josiah Quincy (1829–45), Edward Everett (1846–49), Jared Sparks (1849–53), James Walker (1853–60), C. C. Felton (1860–62), and Thomas Hill (1862–68). President Kirkland was personally a great favorite with his students, and was a man of a good deal of dry wit. The

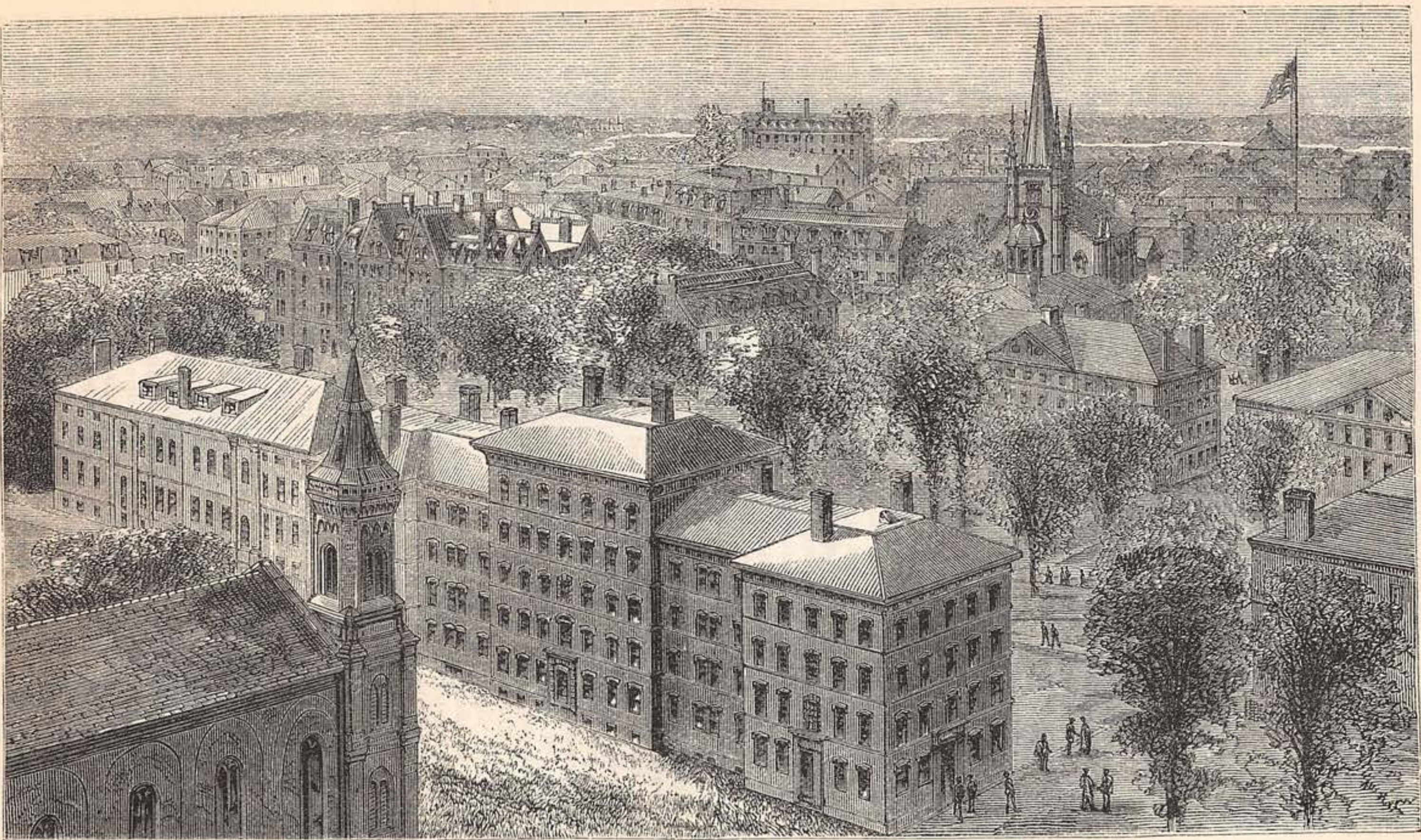
PRESIDENT ELIOT.

WADSWORTH HOUSE.

famous old tavern on Harvard Square, now the horse-car office, was in his day a great resort of students, whose favorite beverage was "flip," a palatable drink, made more grateful by being stirred with a red-hot poker. Once Kirkland repaired to this tavern and solemnly called for a mug of the beverage, which he drank in silence. Setting down the mug, he remarked to the publican, "I understand the students come here a good deal to drink flip." "Yes, Sir," was the frank reply. "Well," said Kirkland, "I should think they would," and walked away.

By an unexampled experience Presidents Quincy, Everett, Sparks, Walker, and Felton were alive at the same time, and these five heads of the college sit side by side in a portrait hung in the office of their successor, the present occupant of the presidential chair, Charles W. Eliot. President Eliot was inaugurated on May 19, 1869, and was the youngest to sit in Parson Turell's legacy, with the exception of President Locke. A Boston boy, the son of a former treasurer of Harvard, President Eliot graduated from the Boston Latin School in 1849, and from the college in 1853. Before his election he had been tutor and assistant professor in the college, and had also taught in the Institute of Technology in Boston. Probably the event in his pre-presidential life upon which his under-graduates look with most enthusiasm is the fact that he once sat (while a tutor) in a university boat.

The centre of Cambridge is Harvard Square, around which the college buildings cluster so closely that the student, as he takes some country friend into the "yard," finds it hard to divest his descriptions of the guide-book manner. This so-called square is a somnolent triangle, three miles from Boston, whose natural state of calm is vexed only by the bells of the horse-cars that trundle through it, or by the scream of their wheels as they round the curve. Once in a while, too, its dust is stirred by some mortuary procession of cattle on their way to the neighboring *abattoirs*. At the eastern end of the triangle, just where the street begins to widen, stands a generous old gambrel-roofed wooden building, now known as Wadsworth House, which was built in 1726 for the official residence of the presidents of the college. Wadsworth was the first to occupy it, the house having been completed the year after his inauguration. The elms which overtop its venerable roof were set out by President Willard sixty years after the last brick was laid on the chimneys, but they are quite successful in feigning to be coeval with the mansion itself. For a hundred and twenty years the dwelling was occupied by the successive presidents, Wadsworth, Holyoke, Locke, Langdon, Willard, Webber, Kirkland, Quincy, and Everett having dwelt in it. Presidents Sparks and Walker lived in their own houses, and Felton was the first to occupy the new president's house on Quincy Street, at the eastern end of the yard, a modest brick edifice erected a dozen years ago by Peter C. Brooks, of Boston. No building in Cambridge has sheltered so many people of eminence, probably, as Wadsworth House. Washington slept here several times before taking the Vassall House as his permanent



GENERAL VIEW OF THE UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS, CAMBRIDGE.

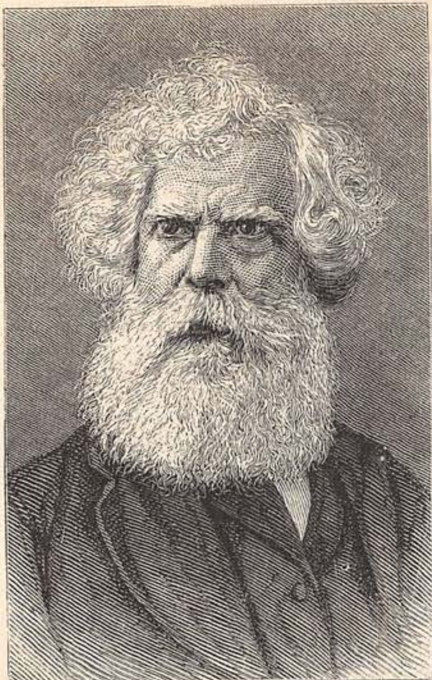
head-quarters in 1775; and here he was received when he visited Cambridge in 1789. When President Everett, its last occupant, held his final reception, he stood at one door of the generous drawing-room to receive the guests, while the equally courtly Webster welcomed them at the other. In good preservation, the ancient edifice is now used as a dormitory, while the office of the college bursar is in a little brick addition, built in President Webber's time, and lately transferred from the western to the northern side.

Near by, but farther to the west, stands Dane Hall, a rather ugly brick building, built in 1832 for the law school, then just established. Judge Story's lectures attracted so many students that it had subsequently to be enlarged; and in 1870, when the foundations of Matthews Hall were laid, Dane was moved bodily to the southward and denuded of its unpleasing classic portico. Near by stood all the edifices of the First Congregational Church save the present one, a wooden Gothic building on the other side of the street, built the year after Dane Hall was completed. Matthews, mentioned above, was finished in 1872 at the cost of a Boston merchant, whose only condition in giving it was that half the revenues from its rooms should be devoted to the support of students in the college designing to enter the Episcopal ministry. It is built somewhat after the pattern of many of the Oxford colleges, in Elizabethan architecture. North of Matthews and at right angles to the street is Massachusetts Hall, the oldest of the existing buildings. Built in 1720, it originally contained "thirty-two rooms and sixty-four studies," which were occupied as dormitories until 1870, when the four stories were made into two, and the structure began to be used as a reading-room and a place for examinations. The same year a new railing was put upon the roof, which has so caught the spirit of the place that it looks as old as the pile it surmounts. The eastern gable used to contain the college clock, traces of the face of which may still be seen. Tradition accounts for the wooden patch where the clock used to be by averring that the devil, once summoned into Massachusetts Hall by the incantations of students, burst his way out through the attic bricks, and that the hole he made had subsequently to be patched up with wood.

Harvard Hall, just opposite, and also at right angles with the street, was built in 1766 to replace a predecessor of the same name and on the same site, destroyed in 1764. That year the General Court, scared by the small-pox in Boston, came out to Cambridge to sit, occupying this hall for its deliberations; and one cold winter's night, the students being of course absent, the building caught fire from the legislative stove, and burned to the ground, with the college library and apparatus. President Holyoke delicately hinted that since the hall had been destroyed in the service of the commonwealth, it would be proper for the commonwealth to rebuild it, which was done two years later. But much of the loss was irreparable. This fire not only endangered Massachusetts Hall, but also Hollis Hall, built the previous year, just north. Hollis is in excellent preservation, and is still used as a dormitory for students. In its ancient rooms many an eminent man has lived during his college days, of such occupants being Edward Everett, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Charles Francis Adams, J. G. Palfrey, Prescott, Sumner, Wendell Phillips, Thoreau, and Judge B. R. Curtis. Hollis Hall was struck by lightning in 1768. The shapely old building commemorates a generous family of Baptists in England—Thomas, John, Nathaniel, Timothy, Thomas a nephew, and Thomas his son, all benefactors of the college, which received from them gifts of books, apparatus, and money, and the foundation for professorships of mathematics and divinity. This last endowment caused a fierce theological controversy at the beginning of the present century. The third Thomas Hollis was a man of much eccentricity. He stamped his coat of arms—an owl—on the back of his books, expressing his disapproval of a volume by turning the bird upside down. Several of these condemned works are now contained in the college library. On his death Hollis was buried, by his direction, ten feet deep, in the centre of a field, which was then plowed and sowed with grain.

The next building north of Hollis in the old row is Stoughton Hall, built in 1805 to replace a building of the same name which stood behind Massachusetts and Harvard, and which, having become insecure, was torn down in 1780. This first Stoughton Hall was built in 1699. Stoughton, like Hollis, has had illustrious occupants, rooms within its walls having been occupied by Josiah Quincy, Caleb Cushing, Oliver Wendell Holmes, President Felton, W. H. Furness, E. R. Hoar, Edward E. Hale, and Charles T. Brooks. Everett and Sumner roomed here as well as in Hollis. Between the two halls stands Holden Chapel—a small but beautifully proportioned building, erected in 1744 by the widow and daughters of a London merchant, and originally used as a chapel. Afterward it became in turn a carpenter's shop and a chemical lecture-room, in which latter capacity it was used by Professor John White Webster, the murderer of Parkman.

These various buildings form the west side of the college quadrangle, the northern end of which is filled by Holworthy Hall, built in 1812 from the proceeds of a lottery



EVANGELINUS APOSTOLIDES SOPHOCLES.

authorized by the State. Holworthy has always been a favorite dormitory and the head-quarters of the Senior Class—a precedence which the newer and more elegant buildings have not stolen from it. The Prince of Wales visited room No. 12 in 1860, and left there his autograph and portrait, a process repeated by the Grand Duke Alexis in 1871. In the westernmost room of the second story has lived for many years Evangelinus Apostolides Sophocles, University Professor of Greek. Himself a native of Greece, Sophocles came to the United States under the auspices of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, studied for a time in Monson Academy and Amherst College, taught in Hartford, and ultimately settled at Harvard as tutor in Greek. He lives in the simplest manner, his room being furnished with Spartan severity; and the students tell many a story concerning his eccentricities and encyclopedic knowledge. A Harvard professor living in his old age within grim and unadorned bachelor walls, and with frugal economy sending his earnings home to Lycabettus or the banks of the Ilissus, is surely a noticeable person. The scholarly attainments of Professor Sophocles honor his adopted country, and his face, framed in hair and beard as venerable as Bryant's, reminds one of what might have been seen any day in the groves of the Academe. Half of the Greek philosophers, probably, looked less Platonic or Socratic than this their modern expounder.

Turning the corner and passing down the eastern side of what ambitious collegians are already beginning to call the "quad," the first building is Thayer Hall, built in 1870 by Nathaniel Thayer, of Boston, to commemorate his father, old Dr. Thayer, and his brother, John Eliot Thayer. Mr. Thayer will be remembered as the generous patron of Agassiz, who made his Brazilian tour at Mr. Thayer's expense. Next is University Hall, built in 1814, of white Chelmsford granite, and bitterly criticised at the time of its erection. University has a bright and new appearance, and contains the offices of the president, college dean, etc. Weld Hall, just opposite Matthews, was built in 1872 by a Boston merchant in memory of his brother, and, like Matthews, is of English collegiate architecture. The southern end of the triangle is filled by Grays Hall, built in 1863—a modest brick building, which commemorates the gifts of three men of the name of Gray—Francis Calley, John Chip-

GORE HALL.

LOUIS AGASSIZ.

man, and William. The other edifices within the college inclosure—which contains twenty-two acres—are, besides a row of houses on Quincy Street, mostly occupied by members of the faculty, Boylston Hall (1858), a jail-like structure, containing cabinets and chemical laboratories; Gore Hall (1842), the library; and Appleton Chapel (1858). Gore pretends to be a copy of King's College Chapel in the English Cambridge; but it can not be called a very successful rival of that celebrated building. With its tall and meaningless minarets, it not inaptly suggests to others as well as to James Russell Lowell the similitude of a North River steamboat. The building, in fact, is a somewhat melancholy failure. Its towers began to tumble down before they had been built half a dozen years; it contains no officers' rooms, not even one for the librarian; its books suffer from dampness, and its occupants from the stifling heat of a furnace. Appleton Chapel has been about as unlucky. Sixty or seventy thousand dollars were spent when it was built, in 1858, but its acoustic properties proved to be bad, and it was generally ill heated in winter. A few years ago, however, it was restored throughout, two galleries and some stained-glass windows were put in, and now the students enjoy the unwonted privilege of *hearing* the Gospel within its walls.

The university buildings outside the college yard are College House, a long brick structure occupied as a dormitory in all save its lower story; Holyoke House, built by the corporation in 1871 as a hotel, but now occupied by students; Divinity Hall (1826), an eighth of a mile to the northeast, on a pleasant elm-shaded avenue, the seat of the Unitarian divinity school; the observatory, half a mile west; the herbarium, near by the observatory, in a large botanic garden; Lawrence Hall (1848), just opposite Holworthy, the location of the scientific department, founded by Abbott Lawrence; the medical and dental schools, in Boston; the gymnasium, small and shabby; and the Bussey Institution, an agricultural and horticultural school in West Roxbury. The observatory has been fully described in previous numbers of this Magazine.

Near Divinity Hall, and not far from Norton's Woods (called by the name of Andrews Norton, Unitarian theologian), stands the building of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, so dear to the heart of Agassiz, and densely stored with his priceless collections. As it stands, it is but a single wing of a projected building conceived on so vast a plan that it probably will never be completed. Agassiz dwelt in a house at the corner of Quincy Street and Cambridge Street, now occupied by his son Alexander. Few Cambridge students will soon forget his enthusiastic face and his pleasant voice as he used to expound some favorite theory in the lecture-room of the museum. Agassiz's personal appearance was very fine; he looked well and hearty, and his enthusiasm was contagious. Despite his long residence in Amer-

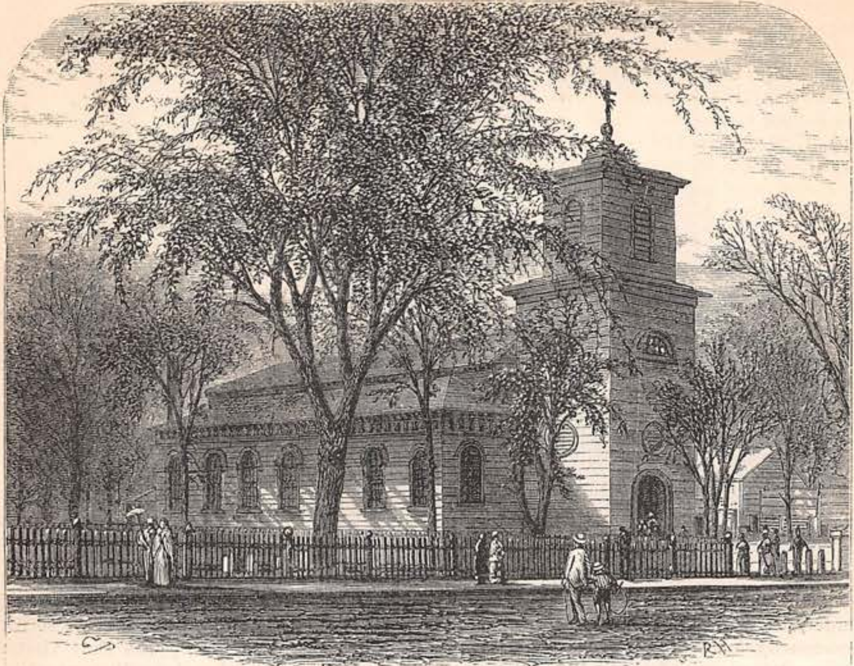
MUSEUM OF COMPARATIVE ZOOLOGY.

MEMORIAL HALL.

ica, his English pronunciation was quaintly imperfect: thus *laboratory*, a word he must necessarily have pronounced ten thousand times, always came from his lips labo*rat*ory. He was a splendid drill-master for his students and assistants; and his renown was greatly enhanced by the skill with which he utilized their clumsier investigations.

Pretty much the only Harvard building we have thus far omitted to mention is the new Memorial Hall. The *alumni* of the college, when the civil war was over, at once felt a desire to commemorate those who had died in service. After some debate, the erection of a hall was decided on; the triangular plot of ground called the Delta, used by the students as a ball ground, was selected as the site, and the corner-stone was laid in 1870, Judge Hoar delivering the oration, and Phillips Brooks offering the prayer. The building, erected after the designs of two Boston architects, comprehends a large dining hall, a memorial hall with tablets, and an academic theatre for public exercises. The first two are now completed, and the dining hall, adorned with the university's portraits and busts, is used by about five hundred students, organized into a club, which is only indirectly controlled by the corporation. In the memorial hall proper, which is at right angles with the dining hall, is inscribed the name of every graduate or member of the college or professional schools who died in battle or from ailments contracted in the field. The architectural proportions of the building, which has cost over half a million dollars, are, on the whole, pleasing, despite some manifest defects, and its lofty tower is visible for many miles around. The dining hall is a room of imposing size, and the sight of a great body of students at commons has become so rare in this country of late years that visitors not infrequently enter the gallery overhead for the sake of watching Harvard eat, or, as the boys themselves express it, to "see the animals feed."

By the middle of the seventeenth century Cambridge had won the reputation of being a favorite abode of courtly as well as scholarly people, not all of whom, by any means, were connected with the college. A hundred years later, curiously enough, the majority of the houses in Old Cambridge were occupied by members of the Church of England, who had little doctrinal, social, or political sympathy with the college authorities, and who were regarded by them, in turn, with considerable suspicion as enemies of the Congregational Church polity, and possible possessors of the hard-won Puritan birthright. Once, as we have seen, an attempt to get seats in the Board of Overseers was made by the Episcopalians, which was repelled by the existing managers with a speed which betrayed their anxiety. Could these worthy men have foreseen that Harvard's increasing catholicity would accept a dormitory from an Episcopalian, and maintain therefrom twelve Episcopal scholarships, their concern would have known no bounds. The Church of England men, most of them persons of considerable wealth, satisfied their social conscience by giving, each of them, an annual entertainment to the president and instructors, while for the rest of the year they confined themselves to their own social clique. The faculty, on their part, considered that they were doing quite enough in the way of Christian charity when they



CHRIST CHURCH.

accepted these stately invitations every twelvemonth. "Church Row" was the name popularly applied to the homes of these polite citizens, loyal to their king and their Church, most of whom lived on Brattle Street. Their ecclesiastical home, Christ Church, was built in 1761, just opposite the common, its architect being Peter Harrison, who had designed King's Chapel, Boston, seven years before. Its organ was made in London by the renowned Snetzler, and during the Revolution some of its pipes were melted into bullets. Between Christ Church and the Unitarian church lies the old village cemetery, celebrated in the verse of Longfellow and Holmes, in which are buried Presidents Dunster, Chauncey, Leverett, Wadsworth, Holyoke, Willard, and Webber; Andrew Belcher, Cambridge's first inn-keeper; Stephen Day and Samuel Green, the first printers; Thomas Shepard, the first minister; and many another man of the elder day. The first rector of Christ Church was the Rev. East Apthorp, a native of Boston, who wanted, the Congregationalists thought, to be appointed Bishop of New England. Apthorp built a large and beautiful house on Main Street, just opposite the present Gore Hall, which is still called the Bishop's Palace. He was disappointed in his aspirations for the rochet, and was so sensitive to the coldness and the somewhat persecuting antagonism of his theological opponents that he resigned and moved to England in 1764. In his house General Burgoyne was imprisoned after his capture. Subsequently a new proprietor built a third story, for the accommodation, it is supposed, of his household slaves.

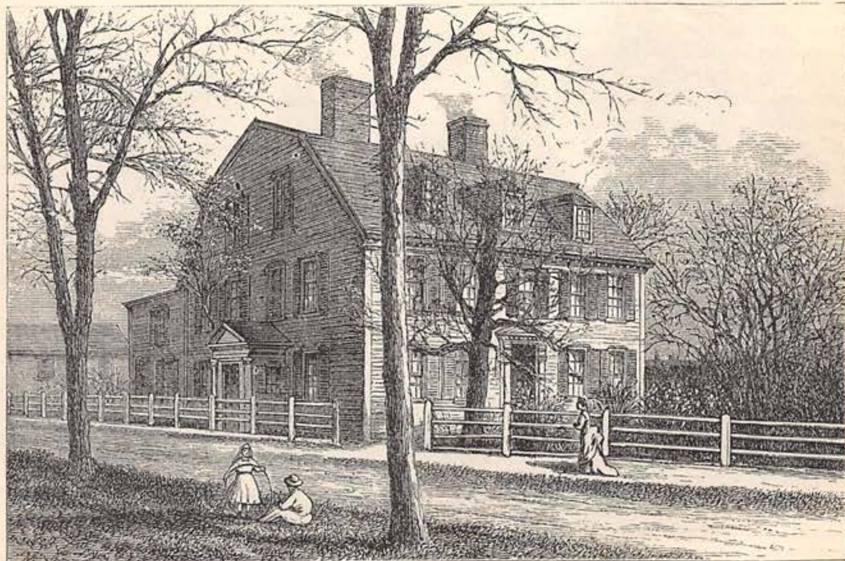
Christ Church presents its ancient and shapely front toward Cambridge Common, over which a chime of bells, placed in the tower in 1860, pleasantly rings every Sunday. The common contains some twenty acres, and will always be remembered as the place where the American troops mustered and encamped in 1775. Every morning there started from this now peaceful inclosure the guards for Lechmere's Point, Winter Hill, and the other posts, and here the roughly equipped and poorly drilled provincial troops prepared to lay siege to Boston, held by ten thousand experienced and well-prepared soldiers. At the western end stands the elm under which Washington on July 3, 1775, formally assumed his position as general-in-chief of the Continental army. This venerable tree is, it is thought, of an age far greater than a hundred years. It is surrounded by a simple iron fence, and a plain granite slab tersely records the fact that "Under this tree Washington first took command of the American army, July 3, 1775." Just behind stands the new granite edifice of the Shepard Congregational Church, the pulpit in whose chapel is partly made of wood from a branch of the elm necessarily removed. In the mid-

dle of the common, facing the college buildings, is a costly but very ugly monument erected to commemorate the men of Cambridge who fell in the rebellion.

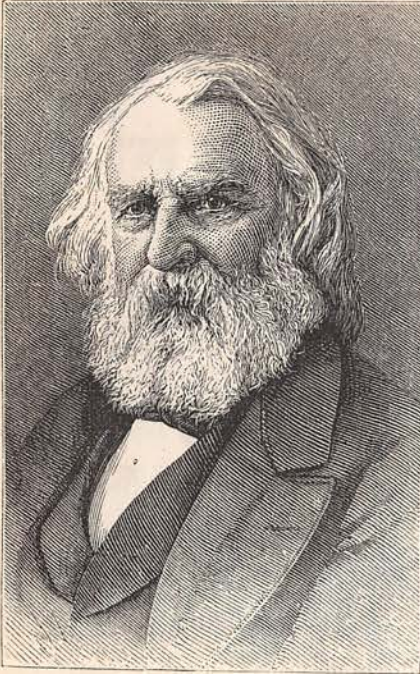
North of the common stands a gambrel-roofed old house, near where the sign of the Red Lion Inn used to swing, which was the home of Abiel Holmes, the annalist of New England, and the birth-place of his more famous son, Oliver Wendell Holmes. To the readers of the doctor's books the house and its surroundings are not unfamiliar. About a hundred and fifty years old, it had among its proprietors before Dr. Abiel, Jabez Fox, tailor, of Boston, Jonathan Hastings, farmer, and Jonathan, his son, college steward. During the ownership of the latter the building was occupied by the Committee of Safety, who established themselves in it in 1775, and formed plans for the collection and management of the provincial forces. In one of the ground rooms Benedict Arnold received his commission as colonel; and here, probably, were the headquarters of General Ward. Washington dwelt in it for three days. It is now owned by the college, and occupied by William Everett, a son of Edward. When Dr. Holmes lived in it the house was in the heyday of its architectural glory, and although it proved a few years ago to be somewhat decayed, recent repairs have pretty much restored it to its old strength. Although the eminent author of the *Autocrat* has always lived in Boston, he has never lost patriotism for his birth-place, in which he seems to consider himself fortunate to have been born. The foundations of his literary reputation were laid here; for in 1829, the year of his graduation, when he was but twenty years old, he sat in one of its attic rooms and scribbled in pencil his poem on the threatened destruction of the frigate *Constitution*, or "Old Ironsides:"

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

> "And one who listened to the tale of shame,
> Whose heart still answered to that sacred name,
> Whose eye still followed o'er his country's tides
> Thy glorious flag, our brave Old Ironsides!
> From yon lone attic, on a summer's morn,
> Thus mocked the spoilers with his school-boy scorn."



HOLMES'S HOUSE.

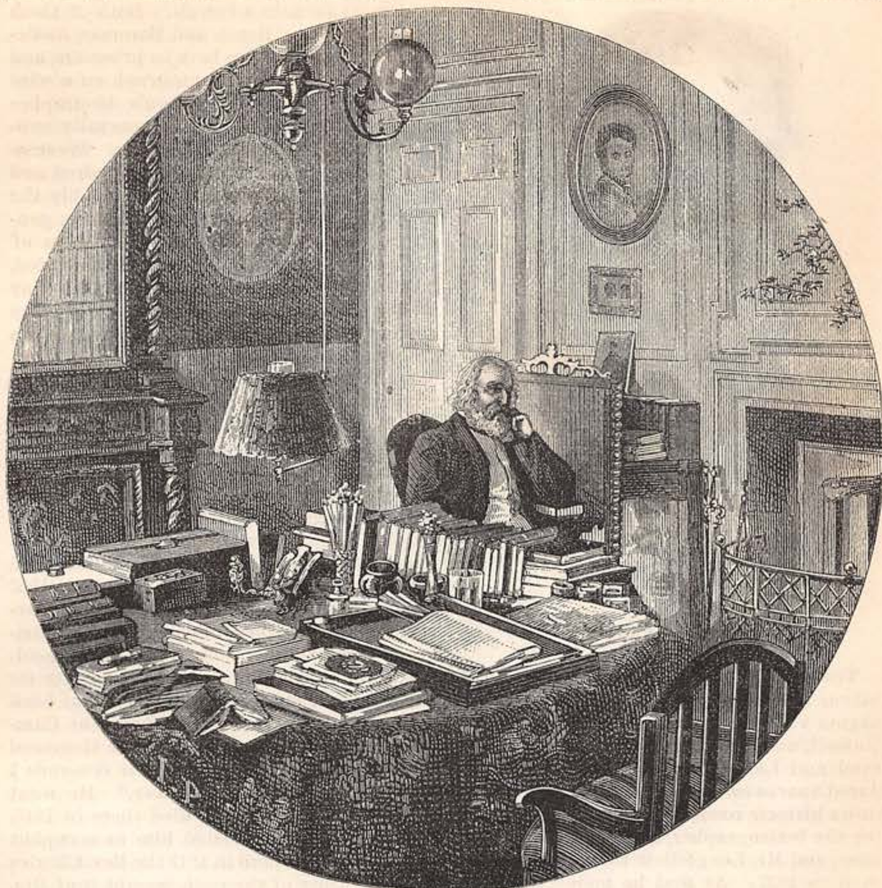


HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Brattle Street, which begins at the University Press and extends in a westerly direction, is one of the most venerable of American thoroughfares. The winding course of the street was caused by the necessary avoidance on the part of the Puritan road-makers of the worst parts of the marsh which used to cover this portion of the town. Nearest the university printing establishment is the Brattle House, formerly owned by Thomas Brattle, a Boston merchant, who founded the Brattle Street or "Manifesto" Church in that city. It was the head-quarters of General Mifflin, quartermaster of the colonial troops. In later times Margaret Fuller lived in it, and in her optimistic philosophy "accepted the universe." Judge Story's residence, in which dwelt, too, his son William, the sculptor and poet, is near by. Farther down the street, on the southern side, is one of the most venerable mansions in the country, certainly built during the reign of Queen Anne. Before 1720 it was the home of the Belcher family, one of whom, Jonathan, was Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts Bay from 1730 to 1741, and then Governor of New Jersey until his death, in 1757. Its present owner retains, at the age of ninety-one, his physical vigor and his literary tastes, and spends much of his time in his large and choice library. Nearly opposite this ancient mansion, which stands in generous grounds, are the three new buildings of the Episcopal Theological School, established in 1867 by Benjamin T. Reed, of Boston. The pretty St. John's Chapel, pertaining to the school, was built by Robert M. Mason, of the same city, in memory of several members of his family, of whom his father, Jeremiah, of the New Hampshire bar, was the most distinguished.

Few private houses in the United States are so well known as the residence of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, so often has it been described by affectionate antiquarians and enthusiastic pilgrims. It is not only the

LONGFELLOW'S RESIDENCE.



LONGFELLOW IN HIS STUDY.

home of our most celebrated poet, it also surpasses in historic interest any building in New England, with the sole exception of Faneuil Hall. Its age, as compared with that of other Cambridge houses, is not great. It was built in 1759 by Colonel John Vassall, a firm loyalist, who fled to England in 1775, his property in Cambridge and Boston having been confiscated. Its next occupant was Colonel John Glover, a bold little Marblehead soldier, who quartered some of his troops in the spacious structure. When Washington rode into Cambridge on Sunday, June 2, 1775, he was greatly pleased with the appearance of the house, and having had it cleaned, he established himself therein during the same month. Martha Washington arrived at the house in December, and Washington remained in it until April of the following year. The southeast room on the first floor Washington took for his study, in which the councils of war were all held during the stay of the commander-in-chief in Cambridge. He slept just overhead, always retiring at nine o'clock. The spacious room behind the study, which Mr. Longfellow now uses for his library, was occupied by Washington's military family, as a rule a pretty large one. A general's "military family," in English parlance, comprised his whole staff. Washington was not averse to a certain amount of official splendor, and was luckily rich enough to carry out his whim in the matter of making his assistants a part of his ordinary household. Trumbull, the artist, complained rather sarcastically that he, for one, could not keep his head up in the magnificent society of the house. "I now found myself," he averred, "in the family of one of the most distinguished men of the age, surrounded at his table by the principal officers of the army, and in constant intercourse with them. It was further my duty to receive company and do the honors of the house to many of the first people of the country." But Washington was thrifty and frugal personally; and his generous maintenance at his own cost of a sort of court was of great service to the colonial cause.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The owners of the house after the Revolution were Nathaniel Tracy (whom Washington visited for an hour in 1789), Thomas Russell, and Dr. Andrew Craigie. Talleyrand and Lafayette slept in it, and in 1833 Jared Sparks commenced to keep house within its historic rooms. Everett, and Worcester the lexicographer, also occupied it for a time, and Mr. Longfellow took up his abode in it in 1837. At first he merely rented a room, establishing himself in Washington's southeast bed-chamber. Here he wrote "Hyperion" and "Voices of the Night." In the dwelling, in one room and another, almost all his books, save the two which date from his Bowdoin professorship, have been produced. Longfellow had not long been an occupant of the house before he bought it. Its timbers are perfectly sound. The lawn in front is neatly kept; and across the street there stretches a green meadow as far as the banks of the Charles, bought by the poet to preserve his view. Mr. Longfellow himself, as he draws near seventy, is a fine picture of beautiful manhood. It has been remarked by his friends that his health has much improved since he delivered his poem, "Morituri Salutamus," at the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation. And all Cambridge, down to coal-heavers and hod-carriers, reveres him for his benignity, and remembers him not only as a poet, but as a kind and gentle man.

The Lechmere House, on the same Brattle Street, used to bear a certain resemblance to Mr. Longfellow's. It was built in 1760, or thereabouts, by Richard Lechmere, who sold it to Jonathan Sewall. Both of them were royalists. Baron and Baroness Riedesel had their quarters here as prisoners, and one of them wrote an autograph on a window-pane, which the baron's biographer claims as his, but which is generally supposed to be that of the baroness. West of this Lechmere mansion, lately repaired and raised a story, stands what is probably the oldest house in Cambridge, a building generally supposed to date from the days of Charles II. Its foundations are cemented, like those of the Belcher House, with clay mixed with pulverized oyster shells, since mortar was unknown at the time of its erection.

Quitting this shady and venerable thoroughfare, one sees between Brattle and Mount Auburn streets what is, on the whole, about the most attractive of all the residences of American authors—Elmwood, the home of James Russell Lowell. Save the porter's lodge, an entire square is occupied by the wide grounds surrounding the old house, which is of wood, nearly square, and three stories high. It was built about 1760 by Thomas Oliver, the last Lieutenant-Governor of the province. Four thousand patriots mobbed the house in 1774, and demanded Oliver's resignation; and he, fearing for the safety of his family, handed them back a paper signed thus: "My house at Cambridge being surrounded by four thousand people, in compliance with their demands I sign my name, Thomas Oliver." He went to England in 1776, and died there in 1815. Elbridge Gerry succeeded him as occupant some years later, and in 1817 the Rev. Charles Lowell, father of the poet, bought it of Mrs. Gerry, the Vice-President's widow. Mr. Lowell was pastor of the West Church, Boston, a Unitarian organization, which in these days, under Dr. Bartol, has become a headquarters of the Free Religious wing of that denomination. Mr. Lowell, however, was hardly so radical in his views, and never permitted himself to be called a Unitarian. He preached in the old edifice for the great space of fifty years. James Russell Lowell was born in the house on Washington's birthday, 1819, only two years after his father occupied it, and he has had the somewhat rare good fortune, for this country, of living all his life in his birth-place. He graduated at Harvard in 1838, in the class with Nathan Hale, W. W. Story, Dr. Rufus Ellis, of Boston, Dr. E. A. Washburn, of New York, and Professor Eustis, of the Lawrence Scientific School. R. H. Dana, Jun., and Henry D. Thoreau were in the class before him, and Edward E. Hale in the succeeding one.

Few remember that Oliver Wendell Holmes began life as a law student, and not many more care to know that Lowell did the same thing, and was actually admitted to the bar and opened an office in Boston. Whether

his legal duties were arduous or not, he soon relinquished them, and four or five years after his graduation entered the field of periodical literature as editor, with Robert Carter, at present also a resident of Cambridge, of *The Pioneer*, a very æsthetic magazine, for which Poe and Hawthorne wrote, and which went to the tomb after the publication of three numbers. In this magazine William W. Story, then a Boston lawyer, made his first essays in art in the shape of some outlines in the Flaxman manner. Lowell's early volumes were almost all published at Cambridge. Mr. John Owen, who first issued them, and also Longfellow's "Voices of the Night," "Ballads," "Poems on Slavery," and "The Belfry of Bruges," is still alive, and as he walks around Cambridge, with long white hair and venerable beard, is one of the most noticeable of its citizens. One of Mr. Lowell's first books was dedicated to William Page, the artist, in language of the most extravagant sentimentalism. Those were the days of sentimental friendships; but Page, Lowell, and Mr. Charles F. Briggs, who then formed a triad of kindred minds, still retain their mutual esteem. In 1853 died Mr. Lowell's wife, Maria White, of Watertown, herself a poet; and the next year Longfellow commemorated the event by publishing in Mr. Briggs's magazine "The Two Angels," one of his best poems. From his Elmwood windows Mr. Lowell can look across the flats stretching toward Boston, four miles away, while on the other side lies Mount Auburn. The grounds are not adorned with any modern landscape gardening, but stand in simple beauty, while the tall trees to the westward are almost sombre when the night-breeze blows through them. The old yellow house is a poet's home, and thither bards, as well as birds, seem naturally to fly. When the owner was in Europe lately for a couple of years he gave his keys, for occupancy of the house, to Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, whose dainty verse was written meanwhile to the crooning of the Elmwood chimneys mentioned somewhere by the elder poet. Mr. Lowell himself is now in the full vigor of middle life. His hair and beard are tinged with auburn and streaked with gray; but he is a muscular bard, in perfect health, and of uniform courtesy and good nature. In his personal appearance, as in the management of his affairs, there is nothing of the traditional heedlessness of the poet. The poetical nature, he thinks, is akin to order, and in his own case certainly the opinion is true.

ELMWOOD.

Many of the old houses in Cambridge have been torn down or moved away, and not a few have been turned over to Celtic occupants. Of the former the most celebrated is the Inman House, in Cambridgeport, Putnam's head-quarters, now standing on a strange street, and so transformed as to be scarcely recognizable. But of dwellings built in the present century which have already acquired some little interest there are not a few. Thus, Dr. A. P. Peabody, preacher to the university, and well known as an orthodox Unitarian theologian, occupies the large house on the corner of Quincy and Harvard streets, within the college inclosure. It was once used as an observatory, the late George P. Bond having thus occupied it while professor in the college. Dr. Peabody's predecessor in his official chair, Dr. Huntington, now Bishop of Central New York, also preceded him as occupant of this house. Without great age, it presents a stately and dignified appearance well befitting the home of a professor of Christian morals. The town, too, seems to-day quite as attractive as of yore to men of letters, several of its present residents being of our younger authors, not graduates of Harvard, but drawn hither by their literary tastes, and readily domesticated in the old haunts. The most eminent of these newer settlers is William D. Howells. Mr. Howells is an Ohio man, who never went to college, but acquired his education at the compositor's case and the country editor's desk. President Lincoln sent him to Venice, where the duties of a somewhat unimportant consu-

WILLIAM D. HOWELLS.

late left him ample opportunity for study and thought amidst specially attractive and romantic surroundings. He likes, we imagine, his poetry better than his prose, but the public chooses to rank him as one of our best masters of style, and most delicately witty tellers of tales. A man of medium height, of a temperament so happy as almost to seem jovial, he lives in his own house on Concord Avenue, under wide-spreading trees, and not far from the Washington Elm and the historic common. Toward the town Mr. Howells has proved a most dutiful adopted son, his *Suburban Sketches* having celebrated anew, in agreeable prose, many of her old and new features.

Cambridge contains some cabinet organ, glass, and other factories; but, curiously enough, the only industries by which it is known to the outside world are its printing establishments. The first press in the colonies was set up here in 1639, and the University Press of to-day claims to be the direct successor of Stephen Day's office. The late Charles Folsom made an attempt to organize an establishment which should be after the pattern of the University Press at Cambridge, England, and the Clarendon Press at Oxford, but he failed; and the present University Press is such only in name, not even printing all the college catalogues. There are two other printing houses, the Riverside Press, occupying handsome brick buildings on the banks of the Charles, and John Wilson and Sons', domiciled in an old wooden structure on Dunster Street. The late Mr. Wilson, a Scotchman, was an author as well as a printer, having written a couple of books on punctuation and several treatises in defense of the religious faith he professed.

We have thus traced the records of an old New England town from its foundation in struggle and poverty to its calm and modest prosperity of to-day. In a country none too rich in historic landmarks it has something to remind one of a creditable past. Perhaps Sir Charles Dilke was not unduly enthusiastic when he wrote of it: "Our English universities have not about them the classic repose, the air of study, which belong to Cambridge, Massachusetts......Even the English Cambridge has a breathing street or two, and a weekly market-day; while Cambridge in New England is one great academic grove, buried in a philosophic calm which our universities can not rival as long as men resort to them for other purposes than work."

A VOICE IN THE DESERT.

The west was gorgeous with the sunset splendor—
The gathered flowers of Light's resplendent crown;
Bloom after bloom did Paradise surrender,
As if the Gardens of the Blest came down.

The east was piled with clouds of storm and thunder—
Huge mountains seamed with bolts of hurtling fire—
Now swept by gales that tore their cliffs asunder,
And then in weird convulsions heaving higher.

O'er the sun's couch the roses still kept blowing,
And royal lilies, starred with purple eyes;
And banks of golden daffodils kept growing,
Soft ridge on ridge, along the glowing skies.

But down the gorges of the storm's sierras
The rain and hail in roaring cascades fell;
The lightning, playing like a dance of Furies,
Pictured the nameless scenery of hell.

On the vast plains where I beheld the vision,
On one side beauty, on the other dread—
Between the Tempest and the scene Elysian—
An antelope unfrighted bowed its head.

Beside a stunted shrub, alone, unfriended,
It waited 'midst the awful desert place,
As if at home and tenderly defended,
Eve's radiance and the storm-glare on its face.

I saw the dying of the western splendor,
I saw the darkness of the tempest fall,
And heard a mystic voice, in accents tender,
Out of the brooding Terror to me call:

"O wanderer o'er Life's deserts and its mountains,
In storm and sunshine, with uncertain feet,
Pining for joy of the immortal fountains,
And clinging still to all of earth that's sweet,

"One heart is in the thunder and the roses,
One hand the honey and the gall distills:
He who upon the INFINITE reposes
His place in Heaven's grand order meetly fills.

"Whate'er his path, however sad its seeming,
The glory or the darkness overhead,
Upon it Love's unchanging smile is beaming,
And to the perfect GOOD his steps are led."