



THE PAUL REVERE HOUSE, NORTH SQUARE

BOSTON CLINGS TO ITS INDIVIDUALITY



A BIT OF OLD LONG WHARF

ROBABLY no American city has quite the marked individuality that Boston boasts of. Twentieth century progress and improvement has done but little to obliterate its picturesque aspects, for which antiquarians are duly thankful. One of them, Edward M. Bacon, has written a book about it. He calls it "Rambles Around Old Boston." The publishers are Little, Brown & Co.

We were three—a visiting Englishman, the Artist, and Antiquary, says Mr. Bacon. The Artist and Antiquary were the gossiping guides; the Englishman the guided. The Englishman would "do" Old Boston exclusively. He had "done" the blend of the Old and New, and now would hark back to the Old and review it in leisurely strolls among its landmarks. He had asked the Artist and Antiquary to pilot him companionably, and they would meet his wishes, and gladly, for the personal conducting of a stranger so saturated with Old Boston lore as he appeared to be could not be other than agreeable.

Beyond the few measured historic memorials, the landmarks he especially would seek were many of them long ago annihilated in those repeated marches of progress or of improvement common to all growing cities, or effaced in the manifold markings over the topography of the Old Town, than which none other in Christendom has undergone more. Still, if not the identical things, the sites of a select number of them could be identified for him, and their story or legend rehearsed, while the Artist's pencil would reproduce yet remaining bits of the Old jumbled with the New.

Properly our initial ramble was within the narrow bounds of the beginnings of the Puritan capital, the "metropolis of the wilderness," hanging on the harbor's edge of the little "pear-shaped," bebilied peninsula, for which the founders, those "well-educated, polite persons of good estate," took Old Boston in England for its name and London for its model. The Lincolnshire borough on the Fitham was to be its prototype only in name. The founders would have their capital town be to New England in its humble way what London was to Old England. So Boston was builded, a likeness in miniature to London.

This London look and Old England aspect, we remarked, remained to and through the Revolution; and in a shadowy way remains today, as our guest would see. It was indeed a natural family likeness, for, as the record shows, Boston from the beginning was the central point of the most thoroughly English community in the New World. There was no infusion of a foreign element of consequence until the end of the colony period and the close of the seventeenth century. Then the French Huguenots had begun to appear and mingle with the native Puritans. But while early in the province period this element became sufficient in numbers to set up a church of its own and to bring about some softening of the old austerities of the Puritan town life, it did not impair the English stamp. These French Huguenots easily assimilated in the community, which welcomed them, and in time these competent artisans and merchants, the Bowdoin's, the Faneulls, Chardons, Sigourneys, Reveres, Molineuxes, Greenleaves, became almost as English, or American English, as the rest. Nor was the stamp impaired by the infusion of Scotch and Irish into the colony in increasing numbers during the latter half of the seventeenth and the early eighteenth centuries; nor by the floating population of various nationalities naturally drawn to a port of consequence, as Boston was, the chief in the colonies from the outset. These floaters coming and going merely lent variety and picturesqueness—or brought temporary trouble—to the sober streets. Up to the Revolution the population remained homogeneous, with the dominating influences distinctively of English lineage. When with the Revolution the English yoke was thrown off and the "Bostonians" tore down every emblem of royalty and every sign of a Tory and burned them in a huge bonfire in front of the old statehouse and afterward renamed King street "State" and Queen street "Court," they could not blot out its English mark. And well into the nineteenth century, when in 1822 Boston emerged from a town to a city, the population was still "singularly homogeneous;" it came to cityhood slowly and somewhat reluctantly after repeated attempts, the first early in the colony period. Edmund Quincy in his fascinating life of his distinguished father, Josiah Quincy, writing of the municipality in 1823 during Josiah Quincy's first administration as mayor—

—he was the city's second mayor—observes: "The great Irish and German emigration had not then set in. The city was eminently English in its character and appearance, and probably no town of its size in England had a population of such unmingled English descent as the Boston of that day. It was Anglis Ipsis Anglor—more English than the English themselves. The inhabitants of New England at that time were descended, with scarcely any admixture of foreign blood, from the Puritan emigration of the seventeenth century."

As the founders and settlers brought with them all their beloved old home characteristics and would transplant them, as was possible, in their new home, so we find their earliest "crooked little streets" with old London names. So the earlier social life, grim though it was with its Puritanical tinge, is seen to have been old English in a smaller and narrower way.



CHURCH STREET

And today, as we ramble about the shadowy precincts of the Colony Town, we chance delectably here and there upon a twisting street yet holding its first given London name—a London-like old court, byway, or alley; a Londonish foot passage making short cut between thoroughfares; an arched way through buildings in old London style. So, too, we find yet lingering, though long since in disguise, an old London fashioned underground passage or two between courts or one-time habitations suggestive of smuggling days and of romance. Such is that grim, underground passage between old Providence court and Harvard place issuing on Washington street opposite the old South Meeting house, which starts in the court near a plumbing shop and runs alongside the huge granite foundations of the rear wall of the old Province house, seat of the royal governors, now long gone save its side wall of Holland brick, which still remains intact. This passage must have eluded Hawthorne, else surely it would have figured in one of his incomparable "legends" of this rare place of provincial pomp and elegance. Then there was, until recent years, that other and more significant passage, opening from this one, and extending under the Province house and the highway in front, eastward toward the sea. Gossip tradition has it or some latter-day discoverer has fancied that by this passage some of Howe's men made their escape to the waterfront at the evacuation. Others call it smuggler's passage. In that day the water came up Milk street to the present Library square and southward to old Church Green, which used to be at the junction of Summer and Bedford streets. An explorer of this passage—the engineer of the tavern which now occupies the site of the Province house orchard (a genuine antiquary this engineer, who during service with the tavern from its erection has delved deep into colonial history of this neighborhood)—says that its outlet apparently was somewhere near Church Green. It was closed up in part in late years by building operations, and further by the construction of the Washington street tunnel.

The peninsula as the colonists found it we recalled from the familiar description of the local historians. It was a neck of land jutting out at the bottom of Massachusetts bay with a fine harbor on its sea side; at its back, the Charles river, uniting at its north end with the Mystic river as it enters the harbor from the north side of Charlestown; its whole territory only about four miles in circuit; its less than eight hundred acres comprising several abrupt elevations, with valleys between. The loftiest elevation was the three-peaked hill in its heart, which gave it its first English name of Trimountain, and became Beacon, on the river side; the next in height, on the harbor front, were the north and south promontories of a great cove, which became respectively Copp's hill and Fort Hill.

The town was begun round about the Market place, which was at the head of the present State street, where is now the old statehouse. About the Market place the first homes were built and the first highways struck out. Thence meandered the earliest of those legendary "cow paths," the lanes from which evolved the "crooked little streets" leading to the home lots and gardens of settlers. State street and Washington street were the first highways, the one "The Great Street to the Sea," the other "The High Way to Roxberrie," where the peninsula joined the mainland, perhaps along Indian trails. At the outset the "High Way" reached only as far as School

and Milk streets, where is now the old South Meeting house, and this was early called Cornhill. Soon, however, a further advance was made to Summer, this extension later being called Marlborough street, in commemoration of the victory of Blenheim. In a few years a third street was added, toward Essex and Boylston streets, named Newbury. The "sea" then came up in the Great cove from the harbor fairly close to the present square of State street, for high-water mark was at the present Kilby street on the South side and Merchants row on the North side. The Great cove swept inside of these streets. Merchants row followed the shore northward to a smaller cove, stretching from where is now North Market street and the Quincy market (the first Mayor Quincy's monument) and over the site of Faneuil hall to Dock square, which became the Town dock. Other pioneer highways were the nucleus of the present Tremont street, originally running along the northeastern spur of the then broad-spreading Beacon hill and passing through the Common; Hanover street, at first a narrow lane, from what is now Scollay square, and Ann, afterward North street, from Dock square, both leading to the ferries by Copp's hill, where tradition says the Indians had their ferry. Court street was first Prison lane, from the Market place to the prison, a gruesome dungeon, early set up, where now stands the modern City Hall annex. In its day it harbored pirates and Quakers, and Hawthorne fancied it for the opening scenes of his "Scarlet Letter." School street took its name from the first schoolhouse and the first school, whence sprang the Boston Latin school, which felicitates itself that it antedates the university at Cambridge and "dandled Harvard college on its knee." Milk street, first "Fort lane," was the first way to Fort hill on the harbor front. Summer street, first "Mylne lane," led to "Widow Tutill's Windmill," near where was Church Green, up to which the water came. "Cow lane," now High street, led from Church Green, or Mill lane, to the foot of Fort Hill. Essex street was originally at its eastern end part of the first cartway to the Neck and Roxbury, a beach road that ran along the south shore of the South cove, another expansive indentation, extending from the harbor on the south side of Fort Hill to the Neck. Boylston street, originally "Frog lane," and holding fast to this bucolic appellation into the nineteenth century was a swampy way running westward along the south side of Boston Common toward the open Back bay—the back basin of the Charles—then flowing up to a pebbly beach at the Common's western edge and to the present Park square.

Here, then, on the levels about the Great cove, in the form of a crescent, facing the sea and backed by the three-peaked hill, the town was established.

The first occupation was within the scant territory bounded, generally speaking, on the east side by State street at the high-water line of the Great cove; northerly by Merchants row around to near the site of Faneuil hall; north-westerly by Dock square and Hanover street; westerly by the great hill and Tremont street; southerly by School and Milk streets; and Milk street again to the water, then working up toward the present Liberty square at the junction of Kilby, water and Batterymarch streets. Soon, however, the limits expanded, reaching southward to Summer street, and not long after to Essex and Boylston streets; eastward, to the harbor front at and around Fort Hill; westward and northward, about another broad cove—this the North cove, later the "Mill cove" with busy mills about it, an indentation on the north of Beacon hill by the widening of the Charles river at its mouth, and covering the space now Haymarket square; and northward, over the peninsula's north end, which early became the seat of gentility.

No further expansion of moment was made through the colony period, and the extension was slight during the Province period. Beacon hill, except its slopes, remained till after the Revolution in its primitive state, its long western reach a place of pastures over which the cows roamed, and the barberry and the wild rose grew.

The foot of the Common on the margin of the glistening Back bay was the town's west boundary till after the Revolution and into the nineteenth century. Till then the tide of the Back bay flowed up the present Beacon street, some 200 feet above the present Charles street. The town's southern limit, except a few houses toward the Neck on the fourth link of the highway to Roxbury (called Orange street in honor of the house or Orange), was still Essex and Boylston streets. The one landway to the mainland, till after the second decade of the nineteenth century, remained the long, lean Neck to Roxbury. The only waterway, at the beginning of the town, was by means of ships, boats, afterward by scows. No bridge from Boston was built till the Revolution was two years past.

So the "storied town" remained, till the close of the historic chapter, a little one, the built-up territory of which could easily be covered in a stroll of a day or two.

From its establishment as the capital Boston's history was so interwoven with that of the Colony that in England the Colony came early to be designated the "Bostonians," and the charter which the founders brought with them, and for the retention of which the colonists were in an almost constant struggle, was termed the "Boston Charter."

In the PUBLIC EYE

SUPERSTITION OF MR. MORTON

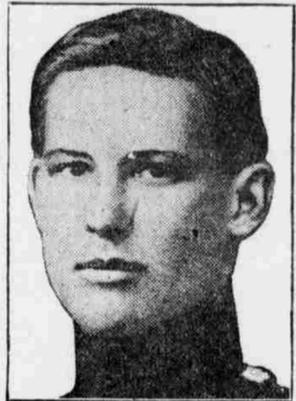


Levi P. Morton, vice-president under the second President Harrison, who has just celebrated his ninety-first birthday, has successfully weathered a superstition, over which he is congratulating himself as much as over the fact that he is well on the way to a full century of life. When eighty-nine years old he wanted to live in a new house in Washington, which he had determined upon as his winter residence, giving up New York city, where he had lived. He also wished to have the house on the site of the one he had occupied while vice-president and which he owned. He was aware, however, of the superstition that when a man pulls down an old home of his and displaces it with a new house he is likely to die in it in the course of the first year of his occupation of it. Nevertheless he was determined to have the new house, and to get around the superstition used some of the old walls in the new

house, fate being thus vetoed, according to the tradition governing it. And all this was done. Washington was surprised to see the old Morton house go down, for old though it was, it was still one of the great houses of Washington. It stood on Scott Circle, occupying a whole triangular block and imposing in its mass of pressed red brick, the whole treated in Queen Anne style. Here in his day Mr. Morton has entertained lavishly, for he is many times a millionaire.

HEIR TO GREEK THRONE

Should death be the result of the illness of King Constantine of Greece, it will bring to the throne one of the most soldierly young princes of Europe's young royalty. Crown Prince George, the oldest son of King Constantine and Queen Sophia, saw service in the two Balkan wars and gained a reputation for bravery and valorous performance. He was wounded in action at Janina. Until the present war he enjoyed the distinction of being the only heir to a European throne who bore the scars of battle. He is twenty-five years old.



Reports conflict as to the stand Prince George takes concerning the great European war now going on. One has it that the heir apparent has been identified with the war party and is an intimate friend of ex-Premier Eleutherios Venizelos, who resigned recently as head of the Greek cabinet because the king was not in sympathy with the allies. This report also carried the prediction that in the event of King Constantine's death the new monarch would at once summon Venizelos to form a cabinet, a course which would be tantamount to the entry of Greece into the war.

On the other hand, the sympathies of the crown prince in the present struggle are said to be on the side of Germany. This report gains credence from the facts of his German kinship and German education and military training. His mother, the queen, is a sister of Kaiser Wilhelm. The king was also educated in Germany and received his military training there.

BOUGHT WINDOW DISPLAY



An interesting story is being told in Washington about Mr. John R. McLean. Mr. McLean is very fond of taking walks downtown in the business district, disdaining the use of any automobile or carriage, as a rule, when he wishes to go from one place to another, or to take the air in a saunter along the crowded thoroughfares. The other day he was strolling down F street and happened to see in a photographer's display window a complete collection of photographs of all the prominent persons who have been identified with the controversy between the Riggs National bank and officials of the treasury department. A fancy struck Mr. McLean to have the collection, and he marched himself into the photographer's and bought the collection outright, having it sent home, and thus breaking up one of the most interesting window displays on F street.

Intimate friends of Mr. McLean are anxious to know just why the millionaire publisher desired this collection of pictures of some more or less noted persons.

LEADER OF WOMAN LABORERS

Once there was an eager little German girl, of whom, perhaps, you could find traces in the brave, forceful face of Emma Steghagen, labor leader, delegate to the recent convention of the National Women's Trade Union league at New York. You might find a suggestion of the thin, emotional child in the figure, bowed by factory labor, yet energetic with the spirit of protest.



This little girl lived before woman suffrage had become a national issue, before the arduous magazines were producing arduous suffrage issues, even before the cartoons were exploiting the "suffragette"—yet in her own mind she had evolved the theory that women had a right to suffrage and to labor organization. She was only fourteen when the time came for her to stop school and go to work in the factory.

"I was miserable at the time," said Miss Steghagen, in telling the story, "for it was my ambition to be a schoolteacher, which was, of course, impossible, since my father was a laborer. One of the things which I have to be thankful for in life is that I did not realize this ambition; that I was able to champion the cause of labor from the laborer's standpoint. I was bound to have devoted my life to this work of organizing the woman workers, and my usefulness has been increased tenfold because I have been a boot-and-shoe worker myself for twenty-five years."