GLAZIER WILLARD W.

OCEAN TO OCEAN ON HORSEBACK

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Содержание

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PREFACE

It was the intention of the writer to publish a narrative

descriptive of his overland tour from the Atlantic to the Pacific soon after returning from California in 1876, and his excuse for the delay in publication is that a variety of circumstances compelled him to postpone for a time the duty of arranging the contents of his journal until other pressing matters had been satisfactorily attended to. Again, considerable unfinished literary work, set aside when he began preparation for crossing the Continent, had to be resumed, and for these reasons the story of his journey from "Ocean to Ocean on Horseback" is only now ready for the printer. In view of this delay in going to press, the author will endeavor to show a due regard for the changes time has wrought along his line of march, and while noting the incidents of his long ride from day to day, it has been his aim so far as possible to discuss the regions traversed, the growth of cities and the development of their industries from the standpoint of the present.

Albany, New York,
August 22, 1895.

CHAPTER I.
INTRODUCTORY

From earliest boyhood it had been my earnest desire to see and learn from personal observation all that was possible of the wonderful land of my birth. Passing from the schoolroom to the War of the Rebellion and thence back to the employments of peace, the old longing to make a series of journeys over the American Continent again took possession of me and was the controlling incentive of all my ambitions and struggles for many years.

To see New England – the home of my ancestors; to visit the Middle and Western States; to look upon the majestic Mississippi; to cross the Great Plains; to scale the mountains and to look through the Golden Gate upon the far-off Pacific were among the cherished desires through which my fancy wandered before leaving the Old Home and village school in Northern New York.

The want of an education and the want of money were two serious obstacles which confronted me for a time. Without the former I could not prosecute my journeys intelligently and for want of the latter I could not even attempt them.

Aspiring to an academic and collegiate course of study, but being at that period entirely without means for the

accomplishment of my purpose, I left the district school of my native town and sought to raise the necessary funds by trapping for mink and other fur-bearing animals along the Oswegatchie and its tributary streams. This venture proving successful I entered the academy at Gouverneur in August, 1857, from which institution I was appointed to the State Normal College at Albany in the fall of 1859.

I had been in Albany but six weeks when it became apparent that if I continued at the Normal I would soon be compelled to part with my last dollar for board and clothing.

The years 1859-60 were spent alternately at Albany as student and in the village schools of Rensselaer County as teacher – the latter course being resorted to whenever money was needed with which to meet current expenses at the Normal School.

Then came our great Civil Conflict overriding every other consideration. Books were thrown aside and the pursuits of the student and teacher supplanted by the sterner and more arduous duties of the soldier.

During my three years of camping and campaigning with the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac I was enabled to gratify to some extent my desire for travel and to see much of interest as the shifting scenes of war led Bayard, Stoneman, Pleasonton, Gregg, Custer, Davies and Kilpatrick and their followers over the hills and through the valleys of Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania.

Being captured in a cavalry battle between Kilpatrick and Stuart in October, 1863, I was imprisoned successively

at Richmond, Danville, Macon, Savannah, Charleston and Columbia, from which last prison I escaped in November, 1864; was recaptured and escaped a second and third time, traversing the States of South Carolina and Georgia in my long tramp from Columbia to Savannah.

The marches, raids, battles, captures and escapes of those days seem to have increased rather than diminished my ardor for travel and adventure and hence it is possibly not strange that on leaving the army I still looked forward to more extended journeys in the East and exploratory tours beyond the Mississippi.

With the close of the war and mustering out of service came new duties and responsibilities which I had hardly contemplated during my school days. The question of ways and means again confronted me. I desired first to continue the course of study which had been interrupted by my enlistment, and secondly to carry out my cherished plans for exploration. Having a journal kept during my incarceration in and escapes from Southern prisons, I was advised and decided to amplify and publish it if possible with a view to promoting these projects.

Going to New York, I at once sought the leading publishers. My manuscript was submitted to the Harpers, Appletons, Scribners, and some others, but as I was entirely unknown, few cared to undertake the publication and none seemed disposed to allow a royalty which to me at least seemed consistent with the time and labor expended in preparation. I had now spent my last dollar in the Metropolis in pursuit of a publisher, and in this

dilemma it was thought best to return to Albany, where I had friends and perhaps some credit, and endeavor to bring out the book by subscription. This course would compel me to assume the cost of production, but if successful would prove much more lucrative than if issued in the usual way through the trade.

Fully resolved upon retracing my steps to Albany, I was most fortunate in meeting an old comrade and friend to whom I frankly stated my plans and circumstances. He immediately loaned me twenty dollars with which to continue my search for a publisher and to meet in the meantime necessary current expenses.

On reaching Albany an attic room and meals were secured for a trifling sum, arrangements made with a publisher, and the work of getting out the book begun. While the printer was engaged in composing, stereotyping, printing and binding the work, I employed my spare time in a door-to-door canvass of the city for subscriptions, promising to deliver on the orders as soon as the books came from the press. In this way the start was made and before the close of the year hundreds of agencies were established throughout the country.

The venture proved successful beyond my most sanguine expectations, and where I had expected to dispose of two or three editions and to realize a few hundred dollars from the sale of "Capture, Prison-Pen and Escape," the book had a sale of over 400,000 copies and netted me $75,000, This remarkable success, rivalling in its financial results even "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which had just had a run of 300,000 copies, was most gratifying and

led to the publication, at intervals, of "Three Years in the Federal Cavalry," "Battles for the Union," and "Heroes of Three Wars."

The temptation to make the most of my literary ventures lured me on from year to year until 1875, when I laid down the pen and began preparation for my long contemplated and oft deferred journey across the Continent. Being now possessed of ample means, I proposed to ride at leisure on a tour of observation from OCEAN TO OCEAN ON HORSEBACK.

My preference for an equestrian journey was in a great measure due to early associations with the horse, in jaunts along country highways and over the hills after the cows, as well as numerous boyhood adventures in which this noblest of animals frequently played a conspicuous part. Then, too, my experience in the cavalry largely influenced me to adopt the saddle as the best suited to my purpose.

Reflecting further upon the various modes of travel, I was led to conclude as the result of much experience that he who looks at the country from the windows of a railway car, can at best have only an imperfect idea of the many objects of interest which are constantly brought to his notice. Again, a journey in the saddle, wherein the rider mounts and dismounts at will as he jogs along over the highway, chatting with an occasional farmer, talking with the people in town and gazing upon rural scenes at his pleasure, presents many attractive features to the student and tourist who wishes to view the landscape, to commune with nature, to see men and note the products of their toil and to learn

something of their manners and customs.

Having therefore decided to make my journey in the saddle, I at once set about to secure such a horse as was likely to meet the requirements of my undertaking. As soon as my purpose was known, horses of every grade, weight and shade were thrust upon my attention and after some three weeks spent in advertising, talks with horse fanciers and in the livery and sale stables of Boston, my choice fell upon a Kentucky Black Hawk, one of the finest animals I had ever seen and, as was subsequently established, just the horse I wanted for my long ride from sea to sea.

His color was coal black, with a white star in the forehead and four white feet; long mane and tail; height fifteen hands; weight between ten and eleven hundred pounds, with an easy and graceful movement under the saddle; his make-up was all that could be desired for the objects I had in view. The price asked for this beautiful animal was promptly paid, and it was generally conceded that I had shown excellent judgment in the selection of my equine companion.

A few days after my purchase I learned that my four-legged friend had been but a short time before the property of an ex-governor of Massachusetts and that the reason he had but recently found his way into a livery stable on Portland street, was that he had acquired the very bad habit of running away whenever he saw a railway train or anything else, in short, that tended to disturb his naturally excitable nature. This information led to no

regrets, however, nor did it even lessen my regard for the noble animal which was destined soon to be my sole companion in many a lonely ride and adventure.

The unsavory reputation he had made, and possibly of which he was very proud, of running away upon the slightest provocation, smashing up vehicles and scattering their occupants to the four winds, was considered by his new master a virtue rather than a fault, so long as he ran in the direction of San Francisco, and did not precipitate him from his position in the saddle.

As soon as I was in possession of my horse the question of a suitable name arose and it was agreed after some discussion among friends that he should be christened *Paul Revere*, after that stirring patriot of the Revolution who won undying fame by his ride from Boston and appeals to the yeomanry the night before the Battle of Lexington.

CHAPTER II.
BOSTON AND ITS ENVIRONS

The month of April, 1876, found myself and horse fully equipped and ready to leave Boston, but I will not ride away from the metropolis of New England without some reference to its early history and remarkable development, nor without telling the reader of my lecture at Tremont Temple and other contemplated lectures in the leading cities and towns along my route.

Boston, standing on her three hills with the torch of learning in her hand for the illumination of North, South, East and West, is not one of your ordinary every-day cities, to be approached without due introduction. Like some ancient dame of historic lineage, her truest hospitality and friendliest face are for those who know her story and properly appreciate her greatness, past and present. Before visiting her, therefore, I recalled to memory those facts which touch us no more nearly than a dream on the pages of written history, but when studied from the living models and relics gain much life, color and verisimilitude.

Boston Harbor, with its waters lying in azure placidity over the buried boxes of tea which the hasty hands of the angered patriots hurled to a watery grave; Boston Common, whose turf grows velvet-green over ground once blackened by the fires of the grim colonial days of witch-burning, and again trampled

down by innumerable soldierly feet in Revolutionary times; the Old State House, from whose east window the governor's haughty command, "Disperse, ye rebels!" sounded on the occasion of the "Boston Massacre," the first shedding of American blood by the British military; and the monument of Bunker Hill – these, with a thousand and one other reminders of the city's brilliant historical record, compose the Old Boston which I was prepared to see. The first vision, however, of that many-sided city was almost bewilderingly different from the mental picture. Where was the quaint Puritan town of the colonial romances? Where were its crooked, winding streets, its plain uncompromising meeting-houses, darkened with time, its curious gabled houses, stooping with age? Around me everything was shining with newness – the smooth wide streets, beautifully paved, the splendid examples of *fin de siècle* architecture in churches, public buildings, school houses and dwellings.

Afterwards I realized that there was a New Boston, risen Phoenix-like from the ashes of its many conflagrations, and an Old Boston, whose "outward and visible signs" are best studied in that picturesque, shabby stronghold of ancient story, now rapidly degenerating into a "slum" district – the North End.

Boston, viewed without regard to its history, is indeed "Hamlet presented without the part of Hamlet." It would be interesting to conjecture what the city's present place and condition might be, had Governor Winthrop's and Deputy-Governor Dudley's plan of making "New-towne" – the

Cambridge of to-day – the Bay Colony's principal settlement, been executed. Instead, and fortunately, Governor Winthrop became convinced of the superiority of Boston as an embryo "county seat." "Trimountain," as it was first called, was bought in 1630 from Rev. William Blackstone, who dwelt somewhere between the Charles River and what is now Louisburg Square, and held the proprietary right of the entire Boston Peninsula – a sort of American Selkirk, "monarch of all he surveyed, and whose right there was none to dispute." He was "bought off," however, for the modest sum of £30, and retired to what was then the wilderness, on the banks of the Blackstone River – named after him – and left "Trimountain" to the settlers. Then Boston began to grow, almost with the quickness of Jack's fabled beanstalk. Always one of the most important of colonial towns, it conducted itself in sturdy Puritan style, fearing God, honoring the King – with reservations – burning witches and Quakers, waxing prosperous on codfish, and placing education above every earthly thing in value, until the exciting events of the Revolution, which has left behind it relics which make Boston a veritable "old curiosity shop" for the antiquarian, or indeed the ordinary loyal American, who can spend a happy day, or week, or month, prowling around the picturesque narrow streets, crooked as the proverbial ram's horn, of Old Boston.

He will perhaps turn first, as I did, to the "cradle of Liberty" – Faneuil Hall. A slight shock will await him, possibly, in the discovery that under the ancient structure, round which hover

so many imperishable memories of America's early struggles for freedom, is a market-house, where thrifty housewives and still more thrifty farmers chaffer, chat and drive bargains the year round, and which brings into the city a comfortable annual income of $20,000. But the presence of the money-changers in the temple of Freedom does not disturb the "solid men of Boston," who are practical as well as public-spirited. The market itself is as old as the hall, which was erected by the city in 1762, to take the place of the old market-house, which Peter Faneuil had built at his own expense and presented to the city in 1742, and which was burned down in 1761.

The building is an unpretending but substantial structure, plainly showing its age both in the exterior and the interior. Its size – seventy-four feet long by seventy-five feet wide – is apparently increased by the lack of seats on the main floor and even in the gallery, where only a few of these indispensable adjuncts to the comfort of a later luxurious generation are provided. The hall is granted rent free for such public or political meetings as the city authorities may approve, and probably is only used for gatherings where, as in the old days, the participants bring with them such an excess of effervescent enthusiasm as would make them unwilling to keep their seats if they had any. The walls are embellished by portraits of Hancock, Washington, Adams, Everett, Lincoln, and other great personages, and by Healy's immense painting – sixteen by thirty feet – of "Webster Replying to Hayne."

For a short time Faneuil Hall was occupied by the Boston Post Office, while that institution, whose early days were somewhat restless ones, was seeking a more permanent home. For thirty years after the Revolution, it was moved about from pillar to post, occupying at one time a building on the site of Boston's first meeting-house, and at another the Merchants' Exchange Building, whence it was driven by the great fire of 1872. Faneuil Hall was next selected as the temporary headquarters, next the Old South Church, after which the Post Office – a veritable Wandering Jew among Boston public institutions – was finally and suitably housed under its own roof-tree, the present fine building on Post Office Square.

To the Old South Church itself, the sightseer next turns, if still bent on historical pilgrimages. This venerable building of unadorned brick, whose name figures so prominently in Revolutionary annals, stands at the corner of Washington and Milk streets. Rows of business structures, some of them new and clean as a whistle and almost impertinently eloquent of the importance of this world and its goods, cluster around the old church and hem it in, but are unable to jostle it out of the quiet dignity with which it holds its place, its heavenward-pointing spire preaching the sermons against worldliness which are no longer heard within its ancient walls. To every window the fanciful mind can summon a ghost – that of Benjamin Franklin, who was baptized and attended service here; Whitfield, who here delivered some of the soul-searching, soul-reaching

sermons, which swept America like a Pentecostal flame; Warren, who here uttered his famous words on the anniversary of the Boston Massacre; of the patriot-orators of the Revolution and the organizers of the Boston Tea-Party, which first took place as a definite scheme within these walls. Here and there a red-coated figure would be faintly outlined – one of the lawless troop of British soldiers who in 1775 desecrated the church by using it as a riding-school.

At present the church is used as a museum, where antique curiosities and historical relics are on exhibition to the public, and the Old South Preservation Committee is making strenuous efforts to save the building from the iconoclastic hand of Progress, which has dealt blows in so many directions in Boston, destroying a large number of interesting landmarks. Its congregation left it long ago, in obedience to that inexorable law of change and removal, which leaves so many old churches stranded amid the business sections of so many of our prominent cities, and settled in the "New Old South Church" at Dartmouth and Boylston streets.

It is curious and in its way disappointing to us visitors from other cities to see what "a clean sweep" the broom of improvement has been permitted in a city so intensely and justly proud of its historical associations as Boston. Year by year the old landmarks disappear and fine new buildings rise in their places and Boston is apparently satisfied that all is for the best. The historic Beacon, for which Beacon Hill was

named and which was erected in 1634 to give alarm to the country round about in case of invasion, is not only gone, but the very mound where it stood has been levelled, this step having been taken in 1811. The Beacon had disappeared ten years before and a shaft sixty feet high, dedicated to the fallen heroes of Bunker Hill, had been erected on the spot and of course removed when the mound was levelled. The site of Washington's old lodgings at Court and Hanover street – a fine colonial mansion, later occupied by Daniel Webster and by Harrison Gray Otis, the celebrated lawyer – is now taken up by an immense wholesale and retail grocery store; the splendid Hancock mansion, where the Revolutionary patriot entertained Lafayette, D'Estaing, and many other notabilities of the day, was torn down in 1863, despite the protests of antiquarian enthusiasts. The double house, in one part of which Lafayette lived in 1825, is still standing; the other half of it was occupied during his lifetime by a distinguished member of that unsurpassed group of *literati* who helped win for Boston so much of her intellectual pre-eminence – George Ticknor, the Spanish historian, the friend of Holmes, Lowell, Whittier and Longfellow, from whom the latter is supposed to have drawn his portrait of the "Historian" in his "Tales of a Wayside Inn." The Boston Public Library, that magnificent institution, which has done so much to spread "sweetness and light," to use Matthew Arnolds' celebrated definition of culture, among the people of the "Hub," counts Mr. Ticknor among the most generous of its

benefactors.

One interesting spot for the historical pilgrim is the oldest inn in Boston, the "Hancock House," near Faneuil Hall, which sheltered Talleyrand and Louis Philippe during the French reign of terror.

In addition to the fever for improvement, Boston owes the loss of many of her time-hallowed buildings to a more disastrous agency – that of the conflagrations which have visited her with strange frequency. A fire in 1811, which swept away the little house on Milk street where Franklin was born – and which is now occupied by the Boston *Post*– another in 1874, in which more than one hundred buildings were destroyed; and the "Great Boston Fire" of 1872, followed by conflagrations in 1873, 1874, 1877 and 1878, seemed to indicate that the fire fiend had selected Boston as his especial prey. To the terrible fire of 1872 many precious lives, property valued at eighty millions of dollars, and the entire section of the city enclosed by Summer, Washington, Milk and Broad streets were sacrificed. The scene was one a witness never could forget. Mingled with the alarum of the fire-bells and the screams and shouts of a fear-stricken people came the sound of terrific explosions, those of the buildings which were blown up in the hope of thus "starving out" the fire by making gaps which it could not overstep, and to still further complete the desolation, the gas was shut off, leaving the city in a horror of darkness; but the flames swept on like a pursuing Fury, wrapping the doomed city still closer in her embrace of death,

and who was not satisfied until she had left the business centre of Boston a charred and blackened ruin.

This same district is to-day, however, the most prosperous and architecturally prepossessing of the business sections of the city, practically illustrating another phase of that same spirit of improvement and civic pride which has overturned so many ancient idols and to-day threatens others. Indeed, it would be a churlish disposition which would lament the disappearance of the old edifices, the straightening of the thoroughfares, the alterations without number which have taken place, and which have resulted in the Boston of to-day, one of the most beautiful, prosperous and public-spirited cities in the world. The intelligence and local loyalty, for which her citizens are renowned, have been set to work to attain one object – the modest goal of perfection. Obstacles which some cities might have contentedly accepted as unavoidable have been swept away; advantages with which other cities might have been satisfied have been still further extended and improved. The 783 acres originally purchased by the settlers of Boston from William Blaxton for £30 has been increased over thirty times, until the city limits comprise 23,661 acres; this not by magic as it would seem, but by annexation of adjoining boroughs – Roxbury, Dorchester, Charlestown, and others – and by reclamation of the seemingly hopeless marshy land to the north and south of the city. The "Back-Bay" district, the very centre of Boston's wealth, fashion and refinement, the handsomest residence quarter in

America, is built upon this "made land," which it cost the city about $1,750,000 to fill in and otherwise render solid.

All good Bostonians, like the rest of their countrymen, may wish to go to Paris when they die – that point cannot be settled; but it is certain that they all wish to go to the Back-Bay while they live. And who can wonder? To drive at night down Commonwealth avenue, the most aristocratic street in this aristocratic quarter, is to view a scene from fairyland. "The Avenue" itself is 250 feet wide from house to house and 175 feet wide from curb to curb, and in the centre a picturesque strip of parkland, adorned with statues and bordered with ornamental trees and shrubs, follows its entire length. On either side of the street stand palatial hotels and magnificent private residences, from whose innumerable windows twinkle innumerable lights, which, mingling with the quadruple row of gas-lamps which look like a winding ribbon of light, make the vista perfectly dazzling in its beauty. By day, when the Back Bay Park, the Public Garden, the fine bridge over the park water-way extension and the handsome surrounding and intersecting streets can be seen, the view is even more attractive.

In the newer parts of Boston the reproach of crooked streets, which has given her sister cities opportunity for so much good-natured "chaff," is removed, and the thoroughfares are laid out with such precision that "the wayfaring man, though a fool," can hardly "err therein." In the business district much money has been spent on the straightening process, a fact whose knowledge

prompts the bewildered stranger to exclaim, "Were they ever worse than this?" Stories aimed at this little peculiarity of the "Hub" are innumerable, the visitor being told with perfect gravity that if he follows a street in a straight line he will find himself at his original starting-point – a statement the writer's experience can pretty nearly verify. The best, if not the most credible, of these tales relates how a puzzled pedestrian, becoming "mixed up in his tracks," endeavored to overtake a man who was walking ahead of him, and inquire his way. The faster he walked, however, the faster the other man walked, until it became a regular chase, and the now thoroughly confused stranger had but one idea – to catch his fellow-pedestrian by the coat-tails, if need be, and demand to be set on his homeward way. Finally, by making a frantic forward lurch, he succeeded – and discovered that the coat-tails he was grasping were his own!

The true Bostonian is secretly rather proud, however, of this distinguished trait of his beloved city, and is willing to go "all around Robin Hood's barn" to get to his destination.

But the thing of which the Bostonian is proudest of all is his famous Common, whose green turf and noble shade-trees have formed a stage and background for so many of the most exciting scenes of Colonial and Revolutionary history. Among the troops which have been mustered and drilled upon it were a portion of the forces which captured Quebec and Louisburg; and the rehearsals for the grim drama of war, which later was partly performed on the same ground by red-coat and continental,

took place here. It was at the Common's foot that the hated "lobster-backs" assembled before embarking for Lexington; on the Common that they marshalled their forces for the conflict at Bunker Hill. It has been covered with white tents during the British occupation of Boston; dotted with earthworks behind which the enemy crouched, expecting an attack by Washington upon their stronghold. It was on Boston Common that the school-boys constructed their snowmen, whose destruction by the insolent red-coats sent an indignant deputation of young Bostonians to complain to General Gage, who, stunned by what the young Bostonian of to-day would designate as "the cheek of the thing," promised them redress, and exclaimed, "These boys seem to take in the love of liberty with the very air they breathe."

There are other interesting historical incidents, recorded in connection with the Common, but space forbids their narration. I would rather describe it as it first appeared to me, a beautiful surprise, a gracious spot of greenness and of silvery waters and splendid shade-trees, in the heart of the busy brick-bound city. Here the children play and coast, as they did in the days of General Gage; here the lovers walk, on the five beautiful broad pathways, the Tremont street, Park street, Beacon street, Charles street and Boylston street malls. Here the invalids and old folks rest on the numerous benches; here the people congregate on summer evenings to enjoy the free open-air concerts, which are given from the band-stand. "Frog Pond," a pretty lakelet, near Flagstaff Hill, and a fine deer-park in the vicinity of the Boylston

street mall, are great attractions. The Common covers forty-eight acres, with 1000 stately old shade-trees, and the iron fence by which it is inclosed measures 5932 feet.

In addition to its natural beauties, the Common has two fine pieces of statuary, the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument on Flagstaff Hill, and the Brener Fountain. The former was erected in 1871 at a cost of $75,000. It is a majestic granite shaft in the Roman-Doric style, seventy feet high, surmounted by a bronze figure of the Genius of America, eleven feet in height. At the base of the shaft are grouped alto-relievo figures representing the North, the South, the East, and the West. Four other bronze figures, representing Peace, History, the Army and the Navy, stand on projecting pedestals around the foundation. The monument, which was executed by Martin Milmore, was Boston's tribute to her fallen heroes of the Civil War. The Brener Fountain is a beautiful bronze casting designed by Lienard, of Paris, with bronze figures representing Neptune, Amphitrite, Acis, and Galatea grouped round the base. The late Gardner Brener presented it to the city in 1868.

To forget the Old Elm in describing the Common, would be rank disrespect to that hoary "oldest inhabitant," albeit nothing remains of it now but its memory. An iron fence surrounds the spot where once it stood, and a vigorous young sapling has providentially sprung up in its place, as a successor. The Old Elm was ancient in 1630, when the town was settled, and was one of its most interesting landmarks up to 1876, when it was blown

down.

The Public Garden, from which the beautiful Commonwealth avenue begins, the Back-Bay Park, which cost a million of dollars, and the Arnold Arboretum, where Harvard University has planted and maintained a fine horticultural collection for the pleasure of the public, are lovely spots on whose beauty the mind would fain linger, but whose descriptions must be omitted, for all Boston's splendid public buildings wait in stately array their share of attention. Nowhere has the skilled artist-architect been so freely permitted to carry out his designs unhampered by stupidity and stinginess as in Boston, and the result has been a collection of public buildings unsurpassed by those of any modern city. The Boston State House comes first, of course – did not the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" term it, with loving exaggeration, the "Hub of the Solar System?" From Beacon Hill, the most prominent coign of vantage which could be selected for it, its gilded dome rises majestically against the blue sky and imperiously beckons the visitor to come and pay his respects to this most venerated of Boston institutions. The State House stands, at a height of 110 feet, at the junction of Beacon and Mt. Vernon streets and Hancock avenue, on a lot which Governor Hancock once used for pasturing his cows, and was erected in 1795, beginning its existence in a blaze of glory, with the corner-stone laid by Paul Revere, then Grand Master of the Masons, and an oration by Samuel Adams. The building contains Doric Hall, which is approached by a fine series of stone terraces from

Beacon street; Hall of Representatives, the Senate Chamber, the Government Room, and the State Library.

It abounds in relics, among which are the tattered shreds of flags brought back by Massachusetts soldiers from Southern battle-fields – a sight which must stir every loyal heart, to whatsoever State it owes allegiance; the guns carried by the Concord minute-men in the Revolutionary conflict; and duplicates of the gift to the State by Charles Sumner, of the memorial tablets of the Washington family in England. Doric Hall contains busts of Sumner, Adams, Lincoln, and other great men, and several fine statues – one of Washington, by Chantrey, and one by Thomas Ball; a speaking likeness in marble of John A. Andrew, the indomitable old War Governor of Massachusetts.

On the handsome terraces in front of the building stand two superb bronzes, one is the Horace Mann statue, by Emma Stebbins, which was erected in 1865, and paid for by contributions from teachers and school children all over Massachusetts; the other Hiram Powers' statue of Daniel Webster, which cost $10,000. It was erected in 1859, and was the second statue of Webster which the famous sculptor wrought, the first, the product of so much toil and pains and the embodiment of so much genius, having been lost at sea.

Last, but very far from least in importance, may be mentioned the historic codfish, which hangs from the ceiling of Assembly Hall, dangling before the eyes of the legislators in perpetual reminder of the source of Massachusetts' present greatness, for

the codfish might by a stretch of Hibernian rhetoric be described as the patron saint of the Bay State.

I must confess to having been one of the 50,000 curious ones who, it is computed, annually ascend into the gilded cupola and "view the landscape o'er." The spectacle unrolled panorama-like before the sight is indeed a feast to the eyes.

The Old State House of 1748, built on the site of Boston's earliest town hall, is now used as a historical museum under the auspices of the Bostonian Society. Careful restoration has perpetuated many of the old associations which hallow the ancient fane, sacred to loyalty and to liberty. The old council-chambers have been given much of their original appearance, and the great carving of the Lion and the Unicorn, which savored of offence to patriotic nostrils and so was taken down from its gables in Revolutionary times, has been replaced. To visit this building is a liberal education in local history.

The Boston Post Office, of whose migrations I have spoken earlier, is now settled for good and all in a magnificent structure of Cape Ann granite, built in Renaissance style, whose corner-stone was laid in 1871 and which was just ready for the addition of the roof when the Great Fire of 1872 descended upon it and beat upon it so fiercely that even to-day the traces of the intense heat are visible on parts of the edifice. Damage to the amount of $175,000 was done. The Sub-Treasury, the United States courts, the pension and internal revenue offices are domiciled here, and it is considered the handsomest public building in all

New England, having cost $6,000,000. The interior furnishings are sumptuous in the extreme, the doors and windows in the Sub-Treasury apartments being of solid mahogany, beautifully polished. The "marble cash-room" is a splendid hall, decorated in Greek style, with wall-slabbing of dark and light shades of Sienna marble and graceful pilasters of Sicilian marble.

The City Hall, on School street, is the seat of the municipal housekeeping. Here the departments of streets, water, lighting, police, and public printing have their offices, and Common Council sits in august assemblage. It is a commanding structure of granite, fireproof, and in the Renaissance style. Its cost was $500,000. Two fine bronze statues, one by Greenough, of Franklin, one by Ball, of Josiah Quincy, ornament the grassy square in front of the building.

No picture of Boston would be complete without that old landmark, Tremont Temple. It occupies the former site of the Tremont Theatre and contains one of the largest halls in the city. The building itself, however, sinks into insignificance before the crowd of associations that stir the blood at its very name. For years it has been the rallying point of Boston's most notable gatherings – political, intellectual, and religious. If, instead of colorless words, we could photograph upon this page the pictures those old walls have looked upon, we might revel in a gallery of famous portraits such as the world has rarely seen. Edward Everett, Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, Joseph Cook, Phillips Brooks, and other master-spirits of the

age, would be there. And there, too, would be a sprinkling of that other sex, no longer handicapped by the epithet "gentler."

But, could we press the phonograph as well as the camera into our service, and hear again the thunders of stormy oratory, the clash of political warfare, and the pleading tenderness of religious eloquence that has often resounded under that old roof, then indeed we might well forget the world of to-day in the fascination of this drama of the past.

Architecturally, Boston combines in the happiest way all that is beautiful and dignified in the classic models and all that is fresh and original in modern canons of building. A magnificent group of buildings, in the vicinity of Boylston and Huntingdon streets and Copley Square, fairly takes the breath away with its beauty. Trinity Church and the Museum of Fine Arts, the "New Old South Church" and the new Boston Public Library, form such a quartet of splendid edifices as even the travelled eye seldom sees. The Public Library is an embodied Triumph – the symbol of that great heritage of culture which the city pours out on her denizens as lavishly and as freely as water, and which, like "the gentle dew from heaven, blesseth him that gives and him that takes," returning to enrich the community with its diffused presence, like the showers which return to the bosom of the river, the moisture the sun only borrowed for a space. Bostonians have always been proud of their Public Library, from its foundation in 1852. By 1885, the Boylston street building, with accommodations for 250,000 volumes, was

too contracted a space to hold the largest public library in the world, and with characteristic promptness the city rose to the occasion and embodied its thought that "nothing can be too good for the people" in the beautiful new library in Copley Square, which cost the royal sum of $2,600,000.

The long chapter of description which this splendid enterprise merits must be reluctantly crowded into a few lines. Nothing, however, save personal observation, can give an adequate perception of its outward loveliness; its exterior of soft cream-gray granite, with a succession of noble arched windows ranged along its fine façades; its arches, pillars and floorings of rare marbles, and its mosaics, panels and carvings. The grand staircase of splendid Sienna marble, opposite the main entrance, is one of the finest in the world; and scholar or philosopher could ask no more attractive spot for thoughtful promenade than the beautiful open court, with its marble basin and MacMonnies fountain in the centre, the soft green of its surrounding turf affording grateful rest to book-wearied eyes, and the pensive beauty of the cloister-like colonnade forming an ideal retreat.

The foremost artists of the world are represented in the interior decoration. The famous St. Gaudens seal, designed by Kenyon Cox and executed by Augustus St. Gaudens, ornaments the central arch of the main vestibule; the bronze doors are by Daniel G. French; the splendid marble lions in the staircase hall – erected as memorials to their martyred comrades by two regiments of Massachusetts volunteers – are by Louis St.

Gaudens; and Puvis de Chavannes, James McNeil Whistler, Edwin A. Abbey and John S. Sargent are among the celebrated artists who have contributed to the mural decorations, friezes and ceiling frescoes.

Six hundred and fifty thousand volumes at present constitute the stock of the library – a vast treasure-house of information, instruction and pleasure to which any citizen of Boston can have access by simply registering his name, and which among other valuable special collections includes the Brown musical library of 12,000 volumes and rare autograph manuscripts; the Barton Shaksperian library, one of the finest collections of Shakesperiana extant, valued at $250,000; the Bowditch mathematical library and the splendid Chamberlain collection of autographs, which is worth $60,000 and represents a lifetime of work on the part of the donor. The wonderful pneumatic and electric system of tubes and railways which connects the delivery and stackrooms and keeps this vast collection of books, pamphlets and magazines in circulation, smacks almost of the conjurer's craft. Whatever else must be crowded out of a visit to Boston, the Public Library assuredly should not be passed by.

Trinity Church stands within hailing distance of the Public Library, on Boylston and Clarendon streets – an imposing and beautiful edifice of granite and freestone, built in French Romanesque style, with a tower 211 feet high. Far outside of Boston has the fame of Trinity Church penetrated, owing not to the fact that it is one of the most splendid, costly and fashionable

churches in the country, but to its ever-revered and ever-mourned rector, the late Phillips Brooks, Bishop of Massachusetts, whose massive figure will stand out against the horizon for many a year as the most striking speaker and deeply spiritual thinker America has ever known.

From Copley Square, not far from Trinity, rise the spires of the "New Old South" Church, a superb structure in North Italian Gothic style, rich in beautiful stone-work, carvings and stained glass. It was erected at a cost of over half a million of dollars to take the place of the disused "Old South" on Washington street. Another prominent church is the First Church, at Marlborough and Berkeley streets, the lineal descendant of the humble little mud-walled meeting-house which was the first consecrated roof under which the good folk of Boston gathered for divine worship. The congregation of that day could scarce believe their sober Puritan eyes could they behold the $325,000 church which was built in 1868 to continue the succession which had begun with the little mud meeting-house of 1632.

King's Chapel, with its ancient burying-ground, is one of the most famous churches in Boston, having been the chapel of the royal governor, officers of the army and navy, and other official representatives of the "principalities and powers" of the mother country. Massive, almost sombre, in its exterior, and quaint and picturesque within, the old church stands, with few changes, as erected in 1749, with its old-fashioned pulpit and sounding-board, prim, straight pillars, and antique high-backed

pews which recall the remark of the little girl, that when she went to church she "went into a cupboard and climbed up on the shelf." Its burying-ground is believed to be the oldest in the city. Christ Church, built in 1723, is the oldest church edifice in the city. Its age-mellowed chime of bells was the first ever brought into this country, and the first American Sunday-school was established there in 1816. To-day its tall steeple, which on the eve of Lexington's conflict bore the signal lanterns of Paul Revere, is the most conspicuous object in the North End, where the old-time aristocrats who worshipped in Christ Church have given place to a poverty-stricken foreign population to whom the church is little and its traditions less. Churches which well deserve more extended mention, could space permit, are the beautiful Gothic Cathedral of the Holy Cross, with its fine organ and splendid high-altar of onyx and marble; Tremont Temple, whose hall is the largest in Boston; and the South Congregational Church, presided over by Rev. Edward Everett Hale, author of "The Man without a Country" and other world-famous literary productions, and originator of the equally famous "Ten Times One" clubs.

Boston's religious history is most interesting, although almost kaleidoscopic in its changes. From being the stronghold of Puritan orthodoxy it has become the headquarters of liberal Unitarianism. King's Chapel is a curious instance; originally an Episcopal church and congregation, it became Unitarian in 1787, retaining the Episcopal liturgy with necessary changes, and now

doctrines are preached over the tombs of the dead dignitaries interred beneath the church floor, diametrically opposed to those in which they lived, died and were buried. Though all denominations of course flourish within her walls, Boston is still strongly Congregational in her leanings.

From the churches to the schools is a natural transition. The founders of Boston's greatness placed the two influences side by side in importance, and their wisdom in doing so has had its justification. The current "poking of fun" at the "Boston school-ma'am," her glasses, her learning and her devotion to Browning; and the Boston infant, who converses in polysyllables almost from his birth, has its foundation in the fact, everywhere admitted, that nowhere are intelligence and culture so widely diffused in all ranks of life as in Boston. The free-school system, an experiment which she was the first American city to inaugurate, is considered by educators to lead the world. The city's annual expenditures for her public schools, of which there are over 500, amount to about $2,000,000, and from the kindergarten to the High School, where the pupils can be prepared for college, the youth of the city are carefully watched, trained, instructed, and all that is best in them drawn out. Even in summer, "vacation schools" are held, where the children who would otherwise be running wild in the streets can learn sewing, box-making, cooking and other useful branches.

The English High and Latin School is the largest free public school building in the world, being 423 feet long by 220 feet

wide. It is a fine structure in Renaissance style, with every advantage and improvement looking to health and convenience that even the progressive Boston mind could think of. It would be a sluggish soul indeed that would not be thrilled by the sight of the entire school-battalion going through its exercises in the immense drill-room, and realize the hopeful future for this vast army of coming citizens, who are thus early and thus admirably taught the priceless lesson of discipline.

The Boston Normal School, the Girls' High School and the Public Latin School for girls, fully cover the demand for the higher education of women. The latter institution is the fruit of the efforts of the Society for the University Education of Women, and its graduates enter the female colleges with ease. Wellesley, the "College Beautiful," as its students have fondly christened it, is situated close to Boston in the beautiful village of Wellesley, where feminine education is conducted almost on ideal lines. No woman's college in the world has so many students, or so beautiful a home in which to shelter the fair heads, inwardly crammed and running over with knowledge, and outwardly adorned, either in fact or in prospective, with the scholastic cap of learning. Since its opening in 1875, Wellesley has almost created a new era in woman's education, and its curriculum is the same as those of the most advanced male colleges. The College Aid Society, which at an annual cost of from $6000 to $7000 helps ambitious girlhood, for whom straitened means would otherwise render a university education impossible, is an interesting feature

of the college.

What Wellesley has for twenty years been to American girlhood, Harvard University has for 150 years been to American young manhood, and though its chief departments are located at Cambridge, it may still be fairly ranked with Bostonian institutions. The tie which connects the Cambridge University and the capital of Massachusetts is closer than that existing between mere neighbors – it is a veritable bond of kinship. It might be said that from the opening of the University in 1638, Boston made Harvard and Harvard Boston. Its illustrious founder, John Harvard, was a resident of Charlestown, now a part of Boston – and his monument, erected by subscriptions of Harvard graduates, is one of the principal "sights" of that district, where it stands near the Old State Prison. To its classic groves Boston has sent, and from them received again, the noblest of her sons; and three of her departments, the Bussey Institution of Agriculture, the Medical School and the Dental School, are situated within the limits of Boston proper. Harvard University at present owns property valued at $6,000,000, and accommodates nearly 2000 pupils. In addition to the departments already mentioned and which are located in Boston, the principal sections are Harvard College, the Jefferson Laboratory, the Lawrence Scientific School, the new Law School, the Divinity School, the Harvard Library, Botanical Gardens, Observatory, Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, Peabody Museum of Archæology and Ethnology,

Agassiz Museum, Hemenway Gymnasium and Memorial Hall. To wander through its ancient halls, the oldest of which dates back to 1720, and which have been used by Congress, is to visit the cradle of university education in America.

Boston University, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, one of the best scientific colleges on the continent, Tufts College and the celebrated Chauncy Hall School, are among the finest of Boston's many admirable educational institutions.

Mention has been made of the Harvard Monument, but not of the others among the scores of fine examples of the sculptor's art which are scattered throughout the city in generous profusion for the delight and the education of the public eye. The famous Bunker Hill Monument was naturally one of the first objects sought out by the writer on the occasion of his first visit to Boston. This splendid shaft of granite was dedicated to the fallen patriots of Bunker Hill in 1841, the corner-stone having been laid in 1825 by General Lafayette – Daniel Webster delivering the orations on both occasions. Its site, on Monument Square, Breed's Hill, is the spot where the Americans threw up the redoubt on the night before the memorable battle, and a tablet at its foot marks the place where the illustrious Warren fell.

The monument is 221-1/6 feet high – a fact fully realized only by climbing the 259 steps of the spiral staircase of stone in the interior of the shaft which leads to a small chamber near the apex, from which four windows look out upon the surrounding country – a superb vista. The cost of this monument was $150,000.

In the Public Gardens, in the Back Bay district, across from Commonwealth avenue, may be seen one of the largest pieces of statuary in America, and, according to some connoisseurs, the handsomest in Boston. This is Ball's huge statue of Washington, which measures twenty-two feet in height. The statue was unveiled in 1869, and it is said that not a stroke of work was laid upon it by any hand of artisan or artist outside of Massachusetts. The Beacon street side of the Public Gardens contains another famous statue – that of Edward Everett, by W. W. Story. Other great citizens whose memory has been perpetuated in life-like marble are Samuel Adams, William Lloyd Garrison and Colonel William Prescott. The Emancipation Group is a duplicate of the "Freedman's Memorial" statue in Washington. The soldiers' monuments in Dorchester, Charlestown, Roxbury, West Roxbury and Brighton commemorate the unnamed, uncounted, but not unhonored dead who laid down their lives on the battlefields of the Civil War.

> "The bravely dumb who did their deed,
> And scorned to blot it with a name;
> Men of the plain, heroic breed,
> Who loved Heaven's silence more than fame."

An interesting object is the Ether Monument on the Arlington street side of the Public Gardens erected in recognition of the fact that it was in the Massachusetts General Hospital – in the face of terrible opposition and coldness and discouragement, as

history tells us, though the marble does not – that Dr. Sims first gave the world his wonderful discovery of the power of ether to cause insensibility to pain.

That there should be so many of these fine pieces in Boston's parks and public places is matter for congratulation but scarcely for surprise. As a patron of music, literature, art and all the external graces of civilization she has so long and so easily held her supremacy that one is half inclined to believe that at least a delegation of the Muses, if not the whole sisterhood, had exchanged the lonely and unappreciated grandeur of Parnassus for a seat on one of Boston's three hills. The Handel and Haydn Society, the oldest musical society in the United States; the Harvard Musical Association; the famous Boston Symphony Orchestra and the Orpheus Club, speak – and right musically – of Boston's love for the art of which Cecilia was patron saint. Music Hall, an immense edifice near Tremont street, is the home of music in Boston. Here the symphony concerts are held weekly, and here all the musical "stars" whose orbit includes Boston make their first appearance before a critical "Hub" audience. Its great organ, with over 5,000 pipes, is one of the largest ever made.

The idea of a national university of music – sneered at and scouted when a few enthusiasts first talked and dreamed of it – took shape in 1867 in the now famous New England Conservatory of Music, founded by Eben Tourjée. It is a magnificent school in a magnificent home – the old St. James' Hotel on Franklin Square – with a hundred teachers from the

very foremost rank of their profession. The conservatory has possibly done more for New England culture than any other influence save Harvard University.

The literary life of Boston needs neither chronicler nor comment. Such men as Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Francis Parkman, Prescott, the historian, Longfellow, Lowell and countless others who, living, have made the city their home, or, dead, sleep in its chambers of Peace, have cast a glamour of books and bookmen and book-life around her until her title of "The Athens of America" has passed from jest to earnest. The earliest newspaper in America was the Boston *News Letter*; and to-day its many newspapers maintain the highest standard of "up-to-date" journalism in the dignified, not the degrading sense of the word. Boston is indeed a "bookworm's paradise," with its splendid free lending library and low-priced book-stores, making access to the best authors possible to the poorest. The *Atlantic Monthly*, which for so many years has occupied a place unique and unapproachable among American magazines, is published here.

Art is represented by the magnificent Museum of Fine Arts, with its beautiful exterior and interior decorations and fine collection of antiques and art objects; the Art Club, the Sketch and the Paint and Clay clubs, as well as by the innumerable paintings and statues appearing in public places; by the Athenæum, the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, the Boston Society of Natural History, the Warren Museum and

the Lowell Institute free lectures.

To draw this brief study of Boston to a close without mentioning her countless charities would be a grave omission, since these form so large a part of the city's life and activities. As is always the case in great towns, two hands are ever outstretched – that of Lazarus, pleading, demanding, and that of Dives – more unselfish now than in the days of the parable – giving again and yet again. Boston's philanthropists flatter themselves that *there* the giving is rather more judicious, as well as generous, than is frequently the case; and that "the pauperizing of the poor," that consummation devoutly to be avoided, is a minimized danger. The "Central Charity Bureau" and the "Associated Charities" systematize the work of relief, prevent imposture and duplication of charity, and do an invaluable service to the different organizations. Private subscriptions of citizens maintain the work, which is carried on in three fine buildings of brick and stone on Chardon street, one of which is used as a temporary home for destitute women and children. The Massachusetts General Hospital – which, save for the Pennsylvania Hospital, is the oldest in the country – the Boston City Hospital, the New England Hospital for Women and Children, and a number of other finely-organized institutions care efficiently for the city's sick and suffering. Orphan asylums, reform schools, missions of various sorts, and retreats for the aged and indigent, are numerous.

One of the most unique and interesting among these charities

is "The Children's Mission to the Children of the Destitute," which aims to bring the little ones of these two sadly separated classes, the poor and the well-to-do, in contact for their mutual benefit. By its agency the forlorn little waifs of the streets are provided with home and friends, religious and secular instruction, and employment whenever necessary or advisable. Still more unique is the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association, whose vast building and hall on Huntingdon avenue occupies an area of over 110,000 square feet. As early as 1795 this association was founded to extend a helping hand to mechanics in difficulties, to establish libraries and classes for apprentices, offer premiums for inventions and improvements in trades, and give every encouragement to the tradesman. The building is a beautiful as well as a vast structure, and eight thousand people can be seated in the grand hall. The mechanics' festivals, fairs, and exhibitions of industry are held here from time to time, when there is much awarding of medals, prizes and honors.

On Boston's commercial greatness there is no space to touch. Nor is it needed. Could her schools, her churches, her charities, her institutions, public and private, which have here been outlined, flourish without the backbone of Puritan thrift and the framework of prosperity which have made her one of the wealthiest of cities? The solid business foundation is apparent to all who visit her teeming marts and exchanges. But the "power behind the throne" is kept with rare judgment in the background;

and when the visitor comes to kiss the hand of the "Queen of the Commonwealth" he sees only her chosen handmaids – Ambition, Culture, Philanthropy, Religion. On these, finally, she rests her claims to greatness.

CHAPTER III.
LECTURE AT TREMONT TEMPLE

Lecturing in the towns I purposed visiting was an after consideration of secondary importance – a sort of adjunct to the journey and the objects I had in view. It was thought that it might afford some facilities for meeting large numbers of people face to face in the different sections of the country through which I designed to pass, and thus enable me the better to learn something of their social customs, industries and general progress in the arts of civilization.

The subject decided upon for the lecture was "Echoes from the Revolution," and was intended to be in keeping with the spirit of the Centennial year. The fact that I had been a cavalryman during the War of the Rebellion and the novelty of an equestrian journey of such magnitude would, I estimated, very naturally awaken considerable interest and a desire on the part of many to hear what I had to say of the heroes of "76."

My lecture was a retrospective view of the leading incidents of the Revolution, with especial reference to some of the sturdy heroes and stirring scenes of that most eventful period in American History. Briefly referring to the causes which led up to the war, I started with the Ride of Paul Revere from Boston the night before the Battle of Lexington, and closed with the

Surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

It was not my wish or intention to derive any pecuniary benefit from my lectures; but being a member of the Grand Army of the Republic, and thoroughly in sympathy with the aims and benevolent projects of my soldier friends, it was proposed to donate the proceeds to the Relief Fund of that patriotic organization.

Fully equipped, the weather favorable and roads in good condition, I was anxious to begin my journey early in May. It was therefore arranged, as previously suggested, that I should lecture at Tremont Temple on the evening of May eighth under the auspices and for the benefit of the G. A. R. Relief Fund.

The subjoined fraternal and highly complimentary letter of introduction from Captain Frank M. Clark of New York was received by the committee of arrangements soon after my arrival in Boston.

4 Irving Place,
New York, April 20, 1876.

To Comrades of the G. A. R.:

I have been intimately acquainted with Captain Willard Glazier, a comrade in good standing of Post No. 29, Department of New York, Grand Army of the Republic, for the past eight years, and know him to be worthy the confidence of every loyal man. He is an intelligent and courteous gentleman, an author of good repute, a soldier whose record is without a stain, and a true comrade of the

"Grand Army." I bespeak for him the earnest and cordial support of all comrades of the Order.

Yours very truly in F., C. and L.,
Frank M. Clark,
Late A. A. G. Department of New York, G. A. R.

I may add that, as this was the first occasion of any importance on which I had been expected to appear before a public assemblage, I was strongly recommended to deliver my initial lecture before a smaller and less critical audience than I was likely to confront in Boston, and thus prepare myself for a later appearance in the literary capital; but I reasoned from the standpoint of a soldier that, as lecturing was a new experience to me, my military training dictated that if I could carry the strongest position in the line I need have but little, if any, concern for the weaker ones, and hence resolved to deliver my first lecture at Tremont Temple. I was introduced by Captain Theodore L. Kelly, commander of Post 15, Department of Massachusetts, G. A. R., and was honored by the presence on the platform of representatives from nearly all of the Posts of Boston and adjacent cities. In presenting me to my audience Captain Kelly spoke in the following terms:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: It gives me pleasure to have the honor of introducing to you one who, by his services in the field and by the works of his pen, is entitled to your consideration, and the confidence of all comrades of the 'Grand Army of the Republic.' I desire to say that he comes well accredited, furnished with the proper vouchers

and documents, and highly endorsed and recommended by the officers of the Department of the State of New York. Though young in years, his life has been one of varied and exciting experience. Born in the wilds of St. Lawrence County, New York, his education was drawn from the great book of Nature; and from his surroundings he early imbibed a love of liberty. His early associations naturally invested him with a fondness for adventure and excitement and when the call of war was heard he at once responded, and enlisted in the Harris Light Cavalry, with which corps he passed through many exciting scenes of march and fray. His experience amid the various vicissitudes of the war, in camp and field and prison, have been vividly portrayed by his pen in his various publications. Still inspired by this love of adventure, he proposes to undertake the novelty of a journey across the Continent in the saddle. His objects are manifold. While visiting scenes and becoming more familiar with his own country, he will collect facts and information for a new book, and at his various stopping-places he will lecture under the auspices and for the benefit of the 'Grand Army of the Republic,' to whose fraternal regard he is most warmly commended. Allow me then, ladies and gentlemen, without further ceremony, to present to you the Soldier-Author, and our comrade, Willard Glazier."

I was much gratified on the morning of the ninth to find commendatory reference to my lecture in the leading journals of Boston, for I will frankly admit that I had had some misgivings as to the verdict of the critics, and rather expected to be "handled

without gloves" in some of the first cities on the programme. Of the dailies which came to my notice the *Globe* said: —

> "A very fair audience considering the unfair condition of the elements, was gathered in Tremont Temple last night to hear Captain Willard Glazier's lecture upon 'Echoes from the Revolution.' The frequent applause of the audience evinced not only a sympathy with the subject, but an evident liking of the manner in which it was delivered. The lecture itself was a retrospective view of the leading incidents of the Revolution. It would have been unfair to expect to hear anything very new upon a subject with which the veriest school-boy is familiar; but Captain Glazier wove the events together in a manner which freed the lecture from that most unpardonable of all faults, which can be committed upon the platform – dulness. He passed over, in his consideration of the Revolution, the old scenes up to the time when Cornwallis surrendered up his sword and command to George Washington. 'The year 1876,' said Captain Glazier, 're-echoes the scenes and events of a hundred years ago. In imagination we make a pilgrimage back to the Revolution. We visit the fields whereon our ancestors fought for liberty and a republic. We follow patriots from Lexington to Yorktown. I see them pushing their way through the ice of the Delaware – I see them at Saratoga, at Bennington, at Princeton, and at Monmouth. I follow Marion and his daring troopers through the swamps of Georgia and the Carolinas;' and in following them up, the lecturer interspersed his exciting narrative with sundry droll

episodes. Treating of the battles of Trenton and Princeton, he expatiated upon the devoted heroism of John Stark, and briefly traced his career until, at Bennington, Burgoyne's victor announced to his comrades, 'We must conquer to-day, my boys, or to-night Molly Stark's a widow.' One battle after another was handled by the lecturer in a pleasing manner, showing that he was thoroughly familiar with the subject he had chosen for his theme. After speaking in a most zealous manner of the troops on land, Captain Glazier remarked: 'Our victories on the ocean during the war of the Revolution were not less decisive and glorious than those achieved on land. John Paul Jones and the gallant tars who, under his leadership, braved the dangers of the deep, and wrested from proud Britain, once queen of the sea, that illustrious motto which may be seen high on our banner beside the stars and stripes.'

"Captain Glazier made special mention of the naval engagement between the Bon Homme Richard and the British man-of-war Serapis, which took place in September, 1789. He described in glowing words the fierce nature of that memorable contest, until the captain of the Serapis, with his own hand, struck the flag of England to the free Stars and Stripes of young America. Captain Glazier has elements in him which, carefully matured and nurtured, will make him successful on the platform, as he has already proved himself in the field of literature. He has a strong and melodious voice, a gentlemanly address, and unassuming confidence. He was presented to the audience by Commandant Kelly, of Post 15, Grand Army of the

Republic, in a brief but eloquent speech. Captain Glazier will start on his long ride to San Francisco, from the Revere House, this morning, at 9.30, and will be accompanied to Bunker Hill and thence to Brighton, by several distinguished members of the 'Grand Army,' and other gentlemen, who wish the Captain success on his long journey from Ocean to Ocean."

The lecture proved a success financially, and in fulfilment of my purpose I donated the entire proceeds to the Relief Fund of Posts 7 and 15, as I was largely indebted to the comrades of these organizations for the hearty co-operation which insured a full house at Tremont Temple. The letter below was addressed to the Assistant Adjutant-General of the Department.

Revere House,
Boston, Massachusetts,
May 9, 1876.

Captain Charles W. Thompson, A. A. G. Department of Mass., G. A. R.

Comrade: I find pleasure in handing you the net proceeds of my lecture, delivered at Tremont Temple last night, which I desire to be divided equally between Posts 7 and 15, G. A. R., of Boston, for the benefit of our disabled comrades, and the needy and destitute wards of the "Grand Army," Gratefully acknowledging many favors and courtesies, extended to me in your patriotic city,

I am yours in F., C. and L.,
Willard Glazier.

My letter to Captain Thompson elicited responses from the Posts to which donations were made, and the following from the Adjutant of John A. Andrew, Post 15, is introduced to show their appreciation of my efforts in behalf of their Relief Fund.

Headquarters,
Post 15, Department of Massachusetts, G. A. R.,
Boston, May 12, 1876.

Captain Willard Glazier:

Comrade: In obedience to a vote of this Post, I am pleased to transmit to you a vote of thanks for the money generously donated by you, through our Commander, as our quota of the proceeds of your lecture in this city; and also the best wishes of the comrades of this Post for you personally, and for the success of your lecture tour from sea to sea.

Yours in F., C. and L.,
Edward F. Rollins,
Adjutant of Post.

It is only justice to the comrades of Posts 7 and 15 to say that on my arrival in Boston they were most cordial in their reception, most zealous in their co-operation with my advance agents and most solicitous for the success of my journey and its objects. In short they were true comrades in the best sense of the term, and my delightful sojourn in their generous and patriotic city was largely due to their numerous courtesies.

CHAPTER IV.
BOSTON TO ALBANY

First Day

South Framingham House,
South Framingham, Massachusetts,
May 9, 1876.

The initial step in my journey from Ocean to Ocean was taken at ten o'clock on the morning of the above date when I mounted my horse in front of the Revere House, Boston, and started for Worcester, where it had been announced I would lecture on the following evening. The Revere House was fixed upon by comrades of the G. A. R. as a rendezvous before starting. Here I found a large gathering of the Order. A rain storm setting in as I put my foot into the stirrup, hasty adieus were said to the Boys in Blue and others as I was about riding away from the "Revere."

I was escorted to Bunker Hill and thence to Brighton by many comrades and friends, among them Colonels John F. Finley and E. A. Williston, who were mounted; and Captain Charles W. Thompson, adjutant-general Department of Massachusetts; Captain Theodore L. Kelly, commander of Post 15; Grafton Fenno, adjutant, Post 7, G. A. R., and many others in carriages.

Our route from Boston was by way of Charlestown and Cambridge to Brighton. A short halt was made at Bunker Hill. After a hurried look at the Monument we rode around it and then headed for Brighton. The rain was now falling in torrents and quickening our pace we passed rapidly through Cambridge, glancing hastily at the University Buildings as we galloped down the main thoroughfare of the city.

Brighton was reached between twelve and one o'clock. Owing to the storm our short journey to this place was anything but agreeable and when we dismounted at the Cattle Fair Hotel all who were not in covered conveyances were drenched to the skin. Here the entire party had dinner, after which I took leave of my friendly escort, who one and all took me by the hand and wished me Godspeed.

Pushing on through Newton and some smaller towns and villages I pulled up in front of the South Framingham House a few minutes after five o'clock in the evening. My clothing was thoroughly soaked and my cavalry boots filled to overflowing. Having secured accommodations for the night, *Paul* was fed and groomed; clothing and equipments hung up to dry and the first day of my long ride from sea to sea was off the calendar.

Second Day

Bay State House,
Worcester, Massachusetts,
May Tenth.

I slept soundly at the South Framingham House and was up and out to the hotel stable at an early hour in the morning. I found *Paul Revere*, my equine companion, in good spirits and fancied that the significant look he gave me was an assurance that he would be ready for the road when called for.

After a hearty breakfast and a few questions concerning the beautiful little city in which I had spent the first night of my journey, I mounted *Paul* and rode out towards the Boston and Albany Turnpike. Being impressed with the appearance and enterprise of the place, while passing through some of its streets especial inquiry was made concerning its population, schools and industries. I learned that South Framingham is twenty-one miles from Boston, at the junction of the Boston and Albany and Old Colony Railways. Its population at that time was about 10,000. Its graded schools are among the first in the State. It supports several banks and newspapers and is engaged in the manufacture of woollens, rubber goods, boots and shoes, harness and machinery.

The ride from South Framingham to Worcester was uneventful if I except the pelting rain which from drizzle to

down-pour followed me from start to finish. Indeed, it really seemed as though the first days of my journey were to be baptismal days and I regret exceedingly that these early stages of the trip were not more propitious; for, had the weather been less disagreeable, I should have seen Eastern Massachusetts under much more favorable circumstances.

The city limits of Worcester were reached at four o'clock in the afternoon and a half hour later I was registered at the Bay State House. Many relatives called upon me here, most of whom were residents of the city and vicinity. Lectured at the Opera House in the evening, being introduced to my audience by Colonel Finley of Charlestown, to whom previous reference has been made, and with whom I had arranged to accompany me as far as Syracuse, New York, and further if my advance agents should think it advisable for him to do so.

The fact that both my father and mother were natives of Worcester County and that most of our ancestors for several generations had been residents of Worcester and vicinity made that city of unusual interest to me, and I trust the reader will be indulgent if I allot too much space or seem too partial in my description of this early landmark in my journey.

Worcester, nestling among the hills along the Blackstone River, the second city in Massachusetts, the heart of the Commonwealth, has a population of about 85,000.

Shut in by its wall of hills, it seemed, as I first came into it, something like a little miniature world in itself. It possesses some

share of all the good we know. Nature, that "comely mother," has laid her caressing hand upon it. Art has made many a beautiful structure to adorn its streets. Commerce smiles upon it. While its wonderful manufactures seem to form a great living, throbbing heart for the city.

Sauntering up from the depot, through Front street, five minutes' walk brought me to the Old Common. There I found, what one so frequently finds in Massachusetts towns and cities – namely, a War Monument. Apparently that mighty five years' struggle, that brilliant victory, bringing freedom to two million fellow-creatures, bringing power, union, glory to the nation, has burned itself into the very heart of the Old Bay State; and lest posterity might forget the lessons she learned from 1861 to 1865, everywhere she has planted her war monuments, to remind her children that

"Simple duty has no place for fear."

In the shade of Worcester Common is another object of interest. A little plot of ground, wherein stands a grand old tomb. It is the resting-place of Timothy Bigelow, the early patriot of Worcester. Here in the sunshine and the twilight, in the bloom of summer, and under the soft falling snows of winter, he perpetually manifests to the world

"How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest."

A sturdy old New Englander was Colonel Bigelow. "When the news of the destruction of the tea in Boston Harbor reached him, he was at work in his blacksmith shop, near the spot now called Lincoln Square. He immediately laid aside his tools, proceeded directly to his house, opened the closet, and took from it a canister of tea, went to the fire-place, and poured the contents into the flames. As if feeling that everything which had come in contact with British legislative tyranny should be purified by fire, the canister followed the tea; and then he covered both with coals.

"Before noon on the nineteenth of April, 1775, an express came to town, shouting, as he passed through the street at full speed, 'To arms! to arms! – the war's begun.' His white horse, bloody with spurring, and dripping with sweat, fell exhausted by the church. Another was instantly procured, and the tidings went on. The bell rang out the alarm, cannon were fired, and messengers were sent to every part of the town to collect the soldiery. As the news spread, the implements of husbandry were thrown by in the field; and the citizens left their homes, with no longer delay than to seize their arms. In a short time, the 'minute-men' were paraded on the green, under Captain Timothy Bigelow. After fervent prayer by Rev. Mr. Maccarty, they took up their line of march to the scene of conflict." Such was Bigelow's zeal and ardor in the great cause of the times, that he appeared on the following morning, at the head of his "minute-men," in the square at Watertown, having marched them there,

a distance of over thirty miles, during that one short night.

On the nineteenth of April, 1861, the Bigelow Monument was dedicated. At the very hour of the consecration exercises, the Massachusetts Sixth Regiment was engaged in its memorable struggle and triumphant passage through the blockaded streets of Baltimore at the beginning of the Civil War.

Along the west side of the Old Common runs Main street, just out of which, in Pearl street, is the Post Office. I have seen a curious computation with regard to that Post Office development, which aptly illustrates the rapid growth of Worcester. The number of letters sent out in 1809 was about 4,400. The number of letters taken out fifty years later was 523,808. Main street reaches Lincoln Square, where stand the two court houses. The old one has been removed a few feet, and refitted. In it the criminal courts are held; there too are the offices of the court of probate and insolvency.

The New Court House was built in 1845 of Quincy granite, at a cost of about one hundred thousand dollars. In it the civil terms of the courts are held, with numerous ante-rooms for the jurors and for consultation. The lower floor is occupied by the office of the register of deeds, and by the clerk's and treasurer's offices.

Close neighbor to the court houses is the building containing the rooms of the American Antiquarian Society, one of the leading learned bodies of our country. It was founded in 1812. It possesses a very valuable library, especially rich on subjects of local interest to Americans. The newspapers filed here include

over four thousand volumes, beginning with the Boston *News Letter* of 1804, and closing with the great journals of to-day. This same society also possesses a very interesting collection of pre-historic American relics.

In Lincoln Square stands the old Salisbury mansion, an interesting specimen of a colonial house, which has been standing a century or so, since the time when those substantial buildings, with their wide halls, high ceilings, and strong walls, were built on honor. There it has stood in its dignity, more flimsy, more showy architecture springing up around it, until now the *fin de siècle* eye discovers that nothing is more to be desired than one of these same sturdy old colonial houses.

Main street contains many churches. On it is the large, ugly-looking, but justly celebrated, Clark University, which is devoted to scientific research, with its wonderfully equipped chemical laboratory.

Any one who wants a bird's-eye view of Worcester and its environments, can easily have it by strolling out Highland street to Newton Hill. It is only about a mile from Lincoln Park, but it is six hundred and seventy feet above the sea level, and from it "the whole world, and the glory thereof," seems spread out at one's feet.

On Salisbury street, one mile from the square, stands the house in which George Bancroft, the historian, dear to American hearts, was born.

A mile and a half from the square, on Salisbury Pond, are

located the famous Wire Works of Washburn and Moen.

There are many buildings to interest the visitor in Worcester. The State Lunatic Asylum, with its one thousand patients; the free Public Library on Elm street, containing eighty thousand volumes; the High School on Walnut street; the Museum of the National Historical Society, on Foster street; All Saint's Church; the Polytechnic Institute; the College of the Holy Cross, six hundred and ninety feet above the sea, and many another place of interest, calling on the passers-by to look, and learn of the world's advancement.

Standing on one of the heights overlooking the little river, the surrounding hills, the busy city, throbbing with its many manufactories, it seemed to me I had before my eyes an object lesson of the wonderful resources, the vim, the power of making "all things work together for good," which I take to be the vital characteristic of American manhood.

I remembered reading that in 1767 a committee was appointed to decide whether it would be wise to attempt to locate a village on the present site of Worcester.

They reported that the place was one day's journey from Boston, and one day's journey from Springfield, that the place was well watered by streams and brooks, and that in eight miles square there was enough meadow to warrant the settling of sixty families, adding these words: "We recommend that a prudent and able committee be appointed to lay it out, and that due care be taken by said committee that a good minister of God's Word be

placed there, as soon as may be, that such people as be there planted may not live like lambs in a large place."

That was only a little more than a century ago. As I stood overlooking it all, "thickly dotted with the homes of the husbandmen, and the villages of the manufacturer, traversed by canal and railway, and supporting a dense population," proving so strong a contrast between the past generation's humble anticipations, and our overflowing prosperity, I asked myself what those old Puritans would have thought of our railroads, our electric cars, our modern machines, our telephones; and I said, with a spirit of self-gratulation,

> "We are living, we are dwelling,
> In a grand and awful time;
> In an age on ages telling,
> To be living is sublime."

There is little doubt that future generations will look back upon this age as the brightest in the world's history.

Third and Fourth Days

Bates House,
Springfield, Massachusetts,
May Eleventh.

Lowering clouds and a slight fall of rain again confronted me as I mounted *Paul* at seven o'clock on the morning of the Third Day in front of the Bay State House, Worcester, and rode out to the Boston and Albany Turnpike. The prospect of meeting my wife and daughter, whom I had not seen for several months, and the lecture appointment for Springfield made this one of the memorable days of my journey for speed and endurance. Fifty-four miles were whirled off in eight hours and the fact established that *Paul* could be relied upon to do all that was required of him.

I had hardly dismounted in front of the Bates House when Mrs. Glazier and Alice came running from the hotel to greet me. They had been visiting in Hartford and had come up to Springfield early in the morning, reaching the city several hours before my arrival. This visit with my family at Springfield was one of the pleasant episodes of my journey and long to be remembered in connection with my ride across the Bay State.

My lecture was delivered at the Haynes Opera House, whither I was escorted by comrades of the G. A. R. The introduction was by Captain Smith, Commander of the Springfield Post, who spoke pleasantly of my army and prison experiences and of the

objects of my lecture tour.

Hastening back to the Bates House after the lecture, the remainder of the evening was spent with my wife and daughter and a few friends who had called for a social talk and to tell me something of the early history of Springfield and vicinity.

As the lecture appointment for Pittsfield was set for the fifteenth I readily discovered by a simple calculation that I could easily spend another day with Hattie and Alice and still reach Pittsfield early in the afternoon of the fifteenth. The leisure thus found was devoted to strolls in and around Springfield and a careful study of the city and its environs.

When King Charles the First had dissolved his third parliament, thus putting his head on the bleeding heart of puritanism, there lived in Springfield, England, a warden of the established church. "He was thirty-nine years of age, of gentle birth, acute, restive, and singularly self-assertive. He had seen some of the stoutest men of the realm break into tears when the King had cut off free speech in the Commons; he had seen ritualism, like an iron collar, clasped upon the neck of the church, while a young jewelled courtier, the Duke of Buckingham, dangled the reputation of sober England at his waistcoat. A colonial enterprise, pushed by some Lincolnshire gentlemen, had been noised abroad, and the warden joined his fortunes with them, and thus became one of the original incorporators mentioned in the Royal Charter of the Massachusetts Bay Company in America. This was William Pinchon." After

reaching this country he became treasurer of the colony, and a member of the general court. He formed plans for a coast trade, and for a trade with the Indians.

Such was the man of mark, who in 1636, with a colony of friends, made a settlement on the fertile meadows of the Indian Agawam. The spot was obtained by a deed signed by thirteen Indians, and Pinchon, in loving remembrance of his old English home, christened the new settlement Springfield. From the little we can glean of them, the ancient inhabitants of the village must have been a grim old race.

Hugh Parsons, and Mary, his wife, were tried for witchcraft.

Goodwife Hunter was gagged and made to stand in the stocks for "Sundry exhorbitance of ye toung."

Men were fined for not attending town meeting and voting.

In August, 1734, the Rev. Robert Breck was called to the church in Springfield.

Shortly before that he had used the following words in one of his sermons: "What will become of the heathen who never heard of the gospel, I do not pretend to say, but I cannot but indulge a hope that God, in his boundless benevolence, will find out a way whereby those heathen who act up to the light they have may be saved."

The news of this alarming hope came to Springfield, and a few other so-called unorthodox utterances were attributed to him. "In the minds of the River Gods heterodoxy was his crime. For this the Rev. gentleman was not only tried by a council of the church,

but a sheriff and his posse appeared and arrested Mr. Breck in his Majesty's name, and the prisoner was taken first to the town-house, and afterward to New London for trial."

The early Springfield settlers had few of the articles which we consider the commonest comforts of life.

Hon. John Worthington, "One of the Gods of the Connecticut Valley," owned the first umbrella in Springfield. He never profaned the article by carrying it in the rain, but used it as a sun-shade only.

In 1753 there was but one clock in Springfield. It was considered a great curiosity, and people used to stop to hear it strike.

As early as about 1774 that wonderful innovation, a cooking-stove, made its appearance in Springfield. The stove was made in Philadelphia, and weighed eight or nine hundred pounds.

It was 1810 when David Ames brought the first piano into the little settlement.

We are furnished with a description of Springfield in 1789 by the journal of the Great Washington. Under the date of October twenty-first he wrote, "There is a great equality in the people of this State. Few or no opulent men, and no poor. Great similitude in their buildings, the general fashion of which is a chimney – always of brick or stone – and a door in the middle, with a staircase fronting the latter, and running up by the side of the former; two flush stories, with a very good show of sash and glass windows; the size generally from thirty to fifty feet in length, and

from twenty to thirty in width, exclusive of a back shed, which seems to be added as the family increases."

Much later in our national history, Springfield became one of the most important stations of the "Underground Railroad."

In a back room on Main street can still be seen a fire-place, preserved as a memento of stirring days, when many a negro was pushed up through it, to be secreted in the great chimney above.

Springfield has had many noted citizens. The historian Bancroft lived there at one time; so did John Brown, of Harper's Ferry fame.

George Ashman, a brilliant member of the local bar, was made chairman of the famous Chicago convention of 1860 which nominated Abraham Lincoln for President. Mr. Ashman also had the honor to convey the formal notice of the nomination to Lincoln in Springfield, Illinois.

Dr. J. G. Holland lived in Springfield, where all of his prose works first made their appearance, in the columns of the *Springfield Republican*.

No spot in Springfield is more interesting to those fortunate enough to see it than the United States Arsenal.

Springfield Armory was established by act of Congress, April, 1794, its site having been accepted by Washington in 1789. The plant consists of the Armory and Arsenal on the hill, and the water shops, distant about two miles, on Mill River. Main Arsenal is on a bluff overlooking the city, and is one hundred and sixty feet above the river. It is a partial copy of East India

House in London. From its tower there is a wonderful view of the surrounding country, and one which was greatly admired by Charles Dickens during his visit to America.

The Main Arsenal is two hundred feet by seventy, and is three stories high, each floor having storage capacity for one hundred thousand stand of arms.

Longfellow's lines have made this a classic spot:

> "This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
> Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
> But from the silent pipes no anthem pealing
> Startles the villages with strange alarms.
>
> "Oh! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
> When the death angel touches those swift keys!
> What loud lament and dismal miserere
> Will mingle with those awful symphonies!
>
> "Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
> The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies;
> But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
> The holy melodies of love arise."

Beside the Main Arsenal, two other buildings are used for the storage of arms.

In 1795 Uncle Sam made his first musket. That year forty or fifty men were employed, and 245 muskets were made. Between that and the present time over 2,000,000 weapons have been

turned out. During that time $32,500,000 have been expended. When Sumter was fired on about 1,000 weapons per month were being made. Three months later, 3,000 were made each month. In 1864, 1,000 muskets were completed each day, and 3,400 men were employed, with pay roll sometimes amounting to $200,000 per month. At present only 400 men are employed.

From Springfield stock have come eight college presidents, namely of Yale, Harvard, Columbia, Amherst, Princeton, Trinity, Beloit, and Dickinson.

Springfield of to-day is a thriving city of about 50,000, and is the county seat of Hampden County. Some one, I think, has called it the "city of homes." Its streets are broad, and well shaded by elms and maples; many of its residences are detached, and as a whole it bears the stamp of taste and refinement.

Springfield is within easy reach of many points of interest. It is ninety-eight miles from Boston, one hundred and twenty miles from New York, and twenty-six miles from Hartford.

The growth of the Springfield Street Railroad Company has been phenomenal. In 1869 this company started out with only $50,000 capital stock. Its length was only about two miles. It had only four cars and twenty-five horses. Three years ago horses were displaced by electricity. Now, in the busy season, the daily mileage of transit on the thirty-five miles of track is equal to the distance from Springfield to San Francisco and half-way back. During the fiscal year closing October first, 1892, 7,500,000 fares were taken.

The stores of Springfield are remarkably large and tasteful. Haynes & Company have the largest clothing house in Massachusetts, out of Boston.

In 1875 Meakins & Packard started in business with only one boy to help them. Now their building is one hundred feet square, and seven stories high, while they now have over one hundred employees.

Springfield has three great manufactories, Smith & Wesson Pistol Works; R. F. Hawkins Iron Works; and the Wesson Car Manufactory. Smith & Wesson employ about 500 men, with an annual output of 80,000 weapons. They ship goods to Russia and other countries. The Wesson Car Company in 1860 sent $300,000 worth of goods to the Egyptian government. They have also done considerable work for South America. They have done $150,000 worth for the New Jersey Central Railroad, and $1,700,000 worth for the Central Pacific Railroad.

The City Library was built at a cost of $100,000, and contains 80,000 books. Adjoining the library is the beautiful new art building, containing a rare and costly collection of curiosities.

The City Hall is a building in the Romanesque style. It contains a public hall with a seating capacity of 2,700.

The Court House is an imposing structure, is built of granite, and cost $200,000.

The city has many a lovely spot in which to recreate. Imagine four hundred acres, woodland alternating with highly cultivated lawns, and stretches of blooming plants. Imagine in the midst of

this a deep ravine, with a brawling little brook through it. Imagine five lakelets covered by Egyptian lotus, and the different varieties of water-lilies. Through all this loveliness, think of seven miles of charming drives, winding in and out like a ribbon, and you have in your mind a picture of Springfield's enchanting Forest Park.

Fifth Day

Russell House,
Russell, Massachusetts,
May Thirteenth.

My wife and daughter were not easily reconciled to my leavetaking of Springfield, but yielding to the inevitable, adieus were quickly said, *Paul* was mounted and I rode slowly away from the Bates House, turning occasionally in the saddle until entirely out of sight of my loved ones, then putting spurs to my horse galloped out to the turnpike and headed for Russell, the evening objective.

Considerable rain fell during the day and the roads at this time through Western Massachusetts were in a wretched condition. With clothing thoroughly soaked and mud anywhere from ankle to knee deep, the trip from Springfield to Russell was anything but what I had pictured when planning my overland tour in the saddle. Some consolation was found, however, in recalling similar experiences in the army and I resolved to allow nothing to depress or turn me from my original purpose. A halt was made for dinner during this day's ride, at a country inn or tavern ten miles west of Springfield.

Notwithstanding the fact that I did not leave Springfield until nearly ten o'clock in the morning, and that I was out of the saddle over an hour on account of dinner, and compelled to face a

pelting storm throughout the day, I did well to advance eighteen miles by four o'clock, the time of dismounting at the Russell House.

Russell is one of the most beautiful of the numerous villages of Hampden County, and is picturesquely situated among the Berkshire Hills in the western part of the State. It stands on the banks of the Westfield River, upon which it relies for water-power in the manufacture of paper, its only industry. It has direct communication with Eastern and Western Massachusetts through the Boston and Albany Railway, and while it is not likely that it will ever come to anything pretentious, it will always be, in appearance at least, a rugged and romantic-looking little village.

Sixth Day

Becket House,
Becket, Massachusetts,
May Fourteenth.

Mounted *Paul* in front of the hotel at Russell at nine o'clock in the morning to ride towards Chester, along the bank of the Westfield River. This swift branch of the Connecticut runs along between its green banks fertilizing the meadows and turning the factory wheels that here and there dip down into its busy current. The Indian name "Agawam," by which it is known nearer its mouth, seems more appropriate for the wild little stream, and often, while I was following its course, I thought of the banished Red Men who had given it this musical name and who had once built their wigwams along its shores.

On this morning the air was fresh and the view pleasing under the magical influence of spring, and both were none the less enjoyed by the assurance that dinner could be had at our next stopping-place. Upon dismounting, I found that the ride could not have been as agreeable to *Paul* as to his master, for his back was in a very sore condition. Everything was done for his comfort; cold water and castile soap being applied to relieve the injured parts, and the cumbersome saddle-cloth which had been doing duty since we left Boston was discarded for a simple blanket such as I had used while in the cavalry service. This

was a change for the better and was made at the right time, for, as I afterwards had some difficulty in keeping the direct road, the equipment of my horse relieved what might have proved a fatiguing day's ride. As it was, the novelty of being lost, which was my experience on this occasion, had its advantages, for a wanderer in the Berkshire Hills finds much to suit the fancy and to please the eye. At six o'clock, notwithstanding the delay, we came into Becket, where Edwin Lee, the proprietor of the hotel of the place, told me I was the only guest.

Becket is an enterprising little village, thirty-seven miles northwest of Springfield, having a graded school and several manufactories. The scenery throughout the region is rugged and attractive, a charming characteristic of the Bay State.

Seventh Day

Berkshire House,
Pittsfield, Massachusetts,
May Fifteenth.

Rode away from Becket at eight o'clock in the morning, and on the way found it necessary to favor *Paul* in this day's ride; so I dismounted and walked several miles. This was not a disagreeable task, for my journey lay over the picturesque Hoosac Mountains whose wooded sides and fertile valleys were almost a fairyland of loveliness at this season. Owing to this delay, Pittsfield was not reached until one o'clock. Here I delivered my fourth lecture at the Academy of Music, Captain Brewster, commander of the Pittsfield Post, G. A. R., introducing me.

Eighth Day

Berkshire House,
Pittsfield, Massachusetts,
May Sixteenth.

Spent the morning at the "Berkshire," posting my journal and attending to private and business correspondence. The afternoon was passed in a stroll through the town, where I saw much that was of interest and gathered some information concerning its early history, progress and present condition.

Of the fourteen counties of Massachusetts, the most strongly marked and highly favored is Berkshire, with its four cardinal boundaries, formed by four different states. To one who sees, for the first time, the luxuriance of its vegetation, the beauty of its forest-covered hills, the broad shady avenues of its villages, with their palatial homes, it seems as if Nature and wealth had combined to make this spot a veritable "Garden of the Gods."

In the exact centre of all this loveliness, more than 1,000 feet above the level of the sea, lies the little city of Pittsfield, containing about 16,000 inhabitants. Its principal streets form a cross, North, South, East, and West streets meeting at an elliptical grove of stately elms forming a small park. Here in old days stood one central tree, its height one hundred and twenty-eight feet, its bare shaft ninety feet, with many a memory of the French and Indian wars attached to it. In 1841, it was struck by

lightning. In 1861 it was cut down, even stern men weeping at its fall. It was replaced by a fountain, whose stream may be raised to the height of the old tree. This park also holds a huge shaft of granite, upon which stands the bronze figure of a soldier, flag in hand. On the granite are cut the words, "For the dead a tribute, for the living a memory, for posterity an emblem of devotion to their country's flag." To the west of the park is Pittsfield's large brownstone Post Office, it being the first building on North street, a small business thoroughfare, whose stores, with their dainty wares and tasteful fabrics, would do credit to many a large city.

On the south of the park stands the Athenæum, a building of rough stone, erected at the cost of $100,000 as a "tribute to art, science, and literature," and presented to his fellow-townspeople by Thomas Allen. It contains a large free library, an art gallery, and a very entertaining museum of curiosities. Next door to the Athenæum is the large white Court House, said to have cost $400,000. Across from the Court House, in a little corner of the park, is a tiny music house, gay with colored electric lights, where open air evening concerts are given all through the summer.

On the north of the park stand two of the handsomest of Pittsfield's eleven churches.

The city's manufactories are large and thrifty, but they, and the operatives who manipulate them, are tucked away in a corner, so to speak, where they may not offend the eyes of the opulent inhabitants. Only in the riotous jostle of Saturday night in the

store is one brought face to face with the fact that beauty, leisure and wealth do not hold a monopoly of the sweet Berkshire air. For everything appears so lovely. The streets are very wide, great stately avenues, where beautiful strips of the finest lawn border each edge of the sidewalk. Society is the choicest, for the summer residences of New York's four hundred intermingle with the magnificent old mansions owned by the staunchest of Massachusetts' old blue-blooded sons and daughters. Cropping out through the elegance of this little city are some queer old Yankee traits. Lawlessness there is none. No policemen guard the park, with its ideal lawns, but a polite notice informs passers-by that this being no thoroughfare, trespassing will not be tolerated, and there is none. When the concerts are in full blast, people gather in the walks and drives only. Whole rows of little street Arabs may be seen on these occasions, drawn up with their little bare toes touching the very edge of the precious grass. The open music house is always left full of chairs, which no one steals, nay, which no one uses. The entrance to the Court House is filled with blooming plants. No child, no dog even, is ill-bred enough to break one.

But the peculiarities of the people, the beauty of the dwellings, the magnificence of the equipages, the tide of fashionable life which pours in, summer and fall, *all*, ALL is forgotten as, from some point of vantage, the spectator takes in the beauty surrounding him. "On the west sweep the Taconics, in that majestic curve, whose grace travelers, familiar with the mountain

scenery of both hemispheres, pronounce unequaled. On the east the Hoosacs stretch their unbroken battlements, with white villages at their feet, and, if the sunlight favors, paths of mingled lawn and wood, enticing to their summits; while from the south, 'Greylock, cloud-girdled on his purple throne' looks grandly across the valley to the giant heights, keeping watch and ward over the pass where the mountains throw wide their everlasting gates, to let the winding Housatonic flow peacefully toward the sea."

Thus, in taking leave of Massachusetts, I looked back to the starting-point, and thought with pleasure of the many beautiful links in the chain connecting Boston with Pittsfield, none more beautiful than the last.

Ninth Day

Nassau House,
Nassau, New York,
May Seventeenth.

Ordered my horse at ten in the morning, and before riding on stopped at the office of the *Berkshire Eagle* to talk a few minutes with the editor. The route from Pittsfield lay over the Boston and Albany Turnpike, one of the villages on the way being West Lebanon. Here we had dinner. While quietly pursuing my journey afterwards, in crossing the Pittsfield Mountain, I overtook Egbert Jolls, a farmer, with whom I had a long and interesting conversation. He amused me with stories of the Lebanon Shakers, among whom he had lived many years, and whose peculiar belief and customs have always set them widely apart from other sects. Perhaps the most singular point in their doctrine is that God is dual, combining in the One Person the eternal Father and Mother of all generated nature. They believe that the revelation of God is progressive, and in its last aspect the manifestation was God revealed in the character of Mother, as an evidence of Divine affection. Ann Lee, the daughter of a Manchester blacksmith, is the founder of the sect, and considered from her holy life to be the human representation of this Divine duality. This is a strange belief, and one that is not generally known, but its adherents have among other good traits one which

commends them to the respect of those who know anything of them, and that is their sober and industrious habits.

Soon after crossing the State line between Massachusetts and New York, we passed the home of Governor Samuel J. Tilden. Two years before, this popular Democrat was elected governor, by a plurality of 50,000 votes above his fellow-candidate, John A. Dix. He won popular attention by his strong opposition to certain political abuses; notably the Tweed Charter of 1870; and by incessant activity he was, in 1876, beginning to reap the laurels of a career which began while he was a student at Yale.

CHAPTER V.
FOUR DAYS AT ALBANY

Started from Nassau at eleven o'clock, still following the Boston and Albany Turnpike, and soon reached the Old Barringer Homestead. It was with this family that I spent my first night in Rensselaer County sixteen years before, when a lad of seventeen, I was looking for a school commissioner and a school to teach. Brockway's was another well-known landmark which I could not pass without stopping, for it was here that I boarded the first week after opening my school at Schodack Centre in the autumn of 1859. At the school, too, I dismounted, and found that the teacher was one of my old scholars. The Lewis family, at the hotel just beyond, were waiting my approach with wide-open door; for Oscar Lewis had gone to Albany and had said before he left: "Keep a sharp lookout for Captain Glazier, as he will surely pass this way." It was very pleasant to be met so cordially, although the sight of well-known faces and landmarks brought back the past and made me feel like another Rip Van Winkle.

In crossing the river between Greenbush and Albany, *Paul* seemed disinclined to stay on board, so the bars had to be put up and every precaution taken. It may have been that the shades of the ferrymen who had run the little craft for the last two hundred years came back to vex us. Perhaps the particular

ghost of Hendrick Albertsen, who, two hundred and eight years ago bargained with Killian Van Rensselaer for the privilege of running his boat; but whatever the cause of the disturbance we reached *terra firma* without accident, and were soon in the familiar streets of the old Dutch town; the day's journey agreeably ended with our trip across the Hudson by the oldest ferry in the United States.

From the river the view of Albany is picturesque in the extreme, where the eye catches the first glimpse of the city, rising from the water's edge, and surmounted then by its brown-domed Capitol. It was a sight that had always had a singular charm for me, for many of the pleasantest hours of my early life were spent here, where my sisters and I were educated. Here I left school to enlist at the opening of the Civil War, and here I published my first book, "Capture, Prison-Pen and Escape." But even if the city had no claim other than its own peculiar attractiveness it would hold an enviable place among its sister cities. The irregularity of its older streets, the tone of its architecture, the lack of the usual push and bustle of an American town, give it an old-world air that makes it interesting. There is a Common in the centre of the city, shaded by old elms, and around this stand the public buildings – the State Hall for state offices and the City Hall for city offices – both of marble and fronting on the Common. The Albany Academy, where Joseph Henry, one of its professors from 1826 to 1832, first demonstrated his theory of the magnetic telegraph. A few squares west of the Common

was the stretch of green that has since been set apart for a public park, where the good people of Albany may find an agreeable change of scene and an hour's pleasant recreation.

The New Capitol, on the site of the Old Capitol, is a magnificent edifice in the renaissance style, built of New England granite, at a cost to the State of many millions. On passing quaint bits of architecture or the suggestive aspect of some out-of-the way corner, one turns naturally to the days of wigs and kneebreeches, before the capital of the Empire State was thought of, and when the forests of fair Columbia were overrun by the bronzed warriors who still held undisputed sway. It was back in these days that Henry Hudson, sent from Holland by the Dutch East India Company, in sailing up the "Grande" River in search of a passage to India and China, found that he could not send his ship beyond the point where the city of Hudson now stands. This was discouraging, but sure that the desired passage was found, he and a few of his men pushed farther on in a small craft, landing, it is believed, on the present site of Albany. Later, Hudson and his men returned, assured that the noble river could not take them where they had hoped it might. After them came Dutch traders, led by an enterprising Hollander who had been with Hudson on his first voyage, and who saw a promising field in the red man's country. They established a trading-post where the "Half Moon" had been moored before, and from here carried on their barter with the Indians, exchanging attractive trifles for furs. Other traders

followed these, and then came the colonists; a brave little band full of hope and eager to try their fortune in the New World. Their leader was none other than Killian Van Rensselaer, the wealthy pearl merchant of Amsterdam, and one of the directors of the West India Company, who had received a grant from the Prince of Orange for a large tract of land about the Upper Hudson, including the present site of Albany. Here he established his "patroonship," guarding the affairs of the colony, and providing his tenants with comfortable houses and ample barns. And more than this, their spiritual welfare was promoted through the services of the Reverend Doctor Joanes Megapolensis. From his personal accounts we read that the good Dominie found his life among the 'wilden' as full of peril and unceasing labor as that of his flock; for he undertook not only the guidance of his own people, but the enlightenment and conversion of the Indians. To this end he threw himself into the task of mastering their language with true missionary zeal; a task which in those days meant not only difficulty but danger.

Under the shelter of the handsome churches that grace the streets of the Albany of to-day, we see a striking contrast in the primitive house where this pioneer clergyman preached; and from the security of long-established peace, we look back upon those sturdy people of Rensselaerwyck who sowed and reaped and went to church under the protection of the Patroon's guns.

But there came a day when English ships sailed up to the harbor at Manhatoes, and demanded the surrender of the

Dutch colonies in the name of the Duke of York and Albany. The terrified people at sight of the guns refused to withstand an attack, and the English quietly came into possession. Van Rensselaer sent down his papers, and Fort Orange surrendered on the twenty-fourth of September, 1664, soon after receiving its new name in honor of the Duke's second title. Twenty-two years later, Albany had the satisfaction of sending two of her representatives, Peter Schuyler and Robert Livingston, to New York to claim her charter as a city; which, upon their return, was received, according to the old chronicler, "with all ye joy and acclamation imaginable."

Through the strength of their new dignity and influence we can trace the spirit of independence which was beginning to rise in opposition to the unjust English rule; and it was here in 1754 that the first General Congress was held to discuss arrangements for the national defence, when Franklin and his compatriots "signed the first plan for American Union and proclaimed to the colonies that they were one people, fit to govern and able to protect themselves." Later, when the storm of the Revolution broke, this place, where the first threatenings were heard, was the most impoverished by the contest and the most persevering in the fight; but she came out triumphant, with a record well meriting the honors received in 1797, when she was made the capital of the Empire State. After peace was again established and the routine of business taken up, Albany became the centre of the entire trade of Western New York.

Fulton's steamboats began to run between Albany and New York as early as 1809, and this commercial activity and contact with the world gave an impulse to the city which has made itself felt all along the Hudson. Since then it has grown rapidly, and has in its steady advancement an influential future to which its citizens may look forward with pardonable pride.

My arrival in Albany and lecture at Tweddle Hall on the evening of the eighteenth were to me among the notable events of my journey. Colonel J. M. Finley, who accompanied me from Boston, a veteran of the late war and manager of my lecture course from Boston to Buffalo, introduced me.

Called at the Capitol on the nineteenth to see the adjutant-general in relation to my lecturing in the interest of the fund for the erection of a Soldiers' Home which at that time interested persons had proposed to build at Bath, New York. I was presented to General Townsend by Colonel Taylor, assistant adjutant-general, whom I had known for several years. Found that General Townsend was not, as I had been informed, the treasurer of the fund. Colonel Taylor then went with me up Washington avenue in search of Captain John Palmer, Past Department Commander, G. A. R., whom I was advised to consult on the subject.

These matters attended to, I went in pursuit of Captain William Blasie and Lieutenant Arthur Richardson – acquaintances of many years and both of whom had been the companions of my captivity in Southern prisons during the War

of the Rebellion.

My stay in Albany was prolonged by preparation for lectures at Troy and Schenectady, and by needed information concerning the early history and development of the former city. The second Sunday of my journey found me here and I went in the morning to the Presbyterian Church at the corner of Hudson and Philip streets.

CHAPTER VI.
ALBANY TO SYRACUSE

Fourteenth Day

Given's Hotel,
Schenectady, New York,
May 22, 1876.

Left Albany at eleven o'clock. My journey to this city led me over the Schenectady Turnpike. Was compelled to ride between showers all day as a rainstorm had set in just as I was leaving Albany. Stopped for dinner at Peter Lansing's, whose farm is about midway between the two cities. This genial gentleman of old Knickerbocker stock greatly amused me with his blunt manner and dry jokes. I was sorry to leave the shelter of his hospitable roof, especially as the weather was exceedingly disagreeable, but my engagement to lecture in Schenectady obliged me to go on. I found it necessary to ride the last three miles at a gallop in order to avoid an approaching shower. Reached my hotel at four o'clock in the afternoon, and lectured in the evening at Union Hall under the auspices of Post 14, G. A. R. Several representatives of the city press were with me on the platform, and among them was Colonel S. G. Hamlin, a fellow-

prisoner in "Libby" during the war, and now editor of the *Union*. In the morning Colonel Finley went over to Troy to assist Mr. Farrington, my advance agent, in arranging for my lecture in that city.

Fifteenth and Sixteenth Days

91 Centre Street,
Schenectady, New York,
May Twenty-third – Twenty-fourth.

Accepting an invitation to spend a day or two with friends, I went to 91 Centre street after my lecture. While here I was occupied chiefly in posting my journal and in attending to business and private correspondence. A telegram from Colonel Finley told me that he had fixed upon the next evening for my lecture at Harmony Hall, Troy. Acting upon this plan I went over to Troy the following afternoon by way of Albany. Called on Captain Palmer in the latter city, and handed him the proceeds of my lecture at Schenectady, which he at once transmitted to the fund in aid of the Soldiers' Home. While in Troy I met R. H. Ferguson, Hon. Martin I. Townsend, the McCoys and many other friends and acquaintances of Auld Lang Syne. I may add that this was the only instance in my journey thus far in which I had deviated from a direct line of march.

Seventeenth Day

91 Centre Street,
Schenectady, New York,
May Twenty-fifth.

Returned to Schenectady by way of Albany after my lecture at Troy. Was very busy at this time in organizing for my lecture campaign between Schenectady and Buffalo. There was rather a surprising announcement in the afternoon's *Union* to the effect that I had left for Little Falls. I did not learn from what source Comrade Hamlin of that paper received his information. Colonel Finley went on to Utica, where he was joined by Mr. Farrington.

During my stay here I became interested in the place and found that Schenectady was as rich in legends and story as her neighbors. She counts her birthday among the historic dates of America, having begun her career in 1620, when the Mohawks were still holding their councils of war and spreading the terror of their name. Here in their very haunts a band of courageous Dutchmen established a trading-post and began the work of civilization. This brave colony did not find life as peaceful as the innocent aspect of Nature would suggest, however, for in the winter of 1690 the French and Indians began their terrible work, burning the houses and massacreing the inhabitants. It was only through a baptism of blood that the small trading-post developed into a city. Now it was one of the most flourishing

and important towns in the valley; and the transformation was so complete that it is almost impossible to realize that this was the scene of so many struggles. The Schenectady of to-day is a busy manufacturing town, with a prosperous farming district about it, whose cornfields and orchards attest the richness of the soil. It is the seat of Union College, a well-known institution of rich endowments and possessing a handsome library of 15,000 volumes. The college was founded in 1795 by a union of several religious sects. Its buildings are plain and substantial, their stuccoed walls suggestive of the good solid work that is accomplished within them from year to year.

Eighteenth Day

Union Hotel,
Fonda, New York,
May Twenty-sixth.

Moved from Schenectady at eight o'clock in the morning. Found the weather delightful and the scenery charming. On either side were the meadows dotted with spring flowers and fertilized by the river, whose shore line of willows and elms was bright with new green. If I were to except the Berkshire Hills, I saw nothing in Massachusetts to surpass, or even equal, the Valley of the Mohawk. It surprised me that poet and novelist had apparently found so little here for legendary romance.

Had dinner at Amsterdam, sixteen miles from Schenectady, and while halted here had *Paul* shod for the first time since leaving Boston. Resumed my journey at four o'clock and reached Fonda two hours later. Made twenty-six miles during the day and was now 243 miles from the "Hub." Through the courtesy of Mr. Fisher, my landlord at this place, I was given a verbal sketch of Fonda which made a pleasant addition to my own small store of information. There were no striking characteristics here to attract the traveller's eye and history had not chronicled its modest advancement, but for those who enjoy the sight of peace and prosperity, Fonda has a charm of its own. Around it on all sides the grain fields were under excellent cultivation, with

here and there a well-stocked farm, suggesting an agricultural and dairying centre. I found a good night's rest here, envied the people their peaceful existence, and rode away with a sense of complete refreshment.

Nineteenth Day

Briggs House,
Saint Johnsville, New York,
May Twenty-seventh.

Called for *Paul* at eight o'clock, and after halting a moment at the office of the *Mohawk Valley Democrat*, crossed the river to Fultonville, which is connected with Fonda by a substantial iron bridge. Passing through this town, an enterprising one for its size, I continued my journey along the south bank of the Mohawk until I reached Canajoharie, where I stopped at the Eldridge House for dinner.

Here I met another Socrates who had a "favorite prescription" for healing the sore on *Paul's* back. Spent an hour very pleasantly in the office of the *Mohawk Valley Register* at Fort Plain, where I learned that Charles W. Elliott of this paper is a son of George W. Elliott, author of "Bonnie Eloise." For many years this song was a great favorite, not only along the Mohawk, but all over the country, and is certainly one of the sweetest ballads of America. There is a swing to the rhythm and charm in the lines which keeps it in memory, and in riding along through the scenes it describes, my thoughts go back to the old days in Rensselaer County, where as a boy I first heard the words.

"O sweet is the vale where the Mohawk gently glides,

On its clear winding way to the sea;
And dearer than all storied streams on earth besides,
Is this bright rolling river to me.

But sweeter, dearer, yes, dearer far than these,
Who charms when others all fail,
Is blue-eyed, bonnie, bonnie Eloise,
The belle of the Mohawk vale.

"O sweet are the scenes of my boyhood's sunny years
That bespangle the gay valley o'er;
And dear are the friends, seen through memory's fond tears,
That have lived in the blest days of yore.

But sweeter, dearer, yes, dearer far than these, etc.

"O sweet are the moments when dreaming I roam
Through my loved haunts now mossy and gray;
And dearer than all is my childhood's hallowed home
That is crumbling now slowly away.

But sweeter, dearer, yes, dearer far than these, etc."

Reached this place at seven o'clock in the evening and will go on to Little Falls after dinner to-morrow. In the morning I had an opportunity to look about me and admire the unusually fine scenery whose romantic aspect was heightened by a rugged tip of the Adirondacks which runs down into the valley at that

point. At the foot of the mountain lies the brisk little town of Saint Johnsville, whose manufacturing interests have given it a reputation for miles around.

Twentieth Day

Girvan House,
Little Falls, New York,
May Twenty-eighth.

Rode to this place from Saint Johnsville after five o'clock in the afternoon, taking the north bank of the river. The effect of the scene in front of me as I traced my way along the valley was most striking. Nearer the town my eye caught the picturesque masses of rock lifting their rugged sides to a height of five hundred feet, the swift waters of the Mohawk rushing along between them. The homes perched all along on the steep hills suggested Swiss scenes and Alpine journeys, but the busy hum and characteristic American push soon dissipated these fancies. The rapid fall of the river here is of great benefit to the manufacturers who are making good use of their excellent water-power in the paper and woollen mills.

Soon after my arrival, several citizens came into the hotel to learn the particulars of my journey, but before I had time to register, Postmaster Stafford made himself known and introduced me to several of his friends and acquaintances, among them General Curtis and Major Lintner. A laughable story was related which afforded considerable amusement soon after I rode into town. It seems that a credulous old lady from the country had been led to believe that a cavalryman would ride through

the place that night on the horse which General Washington rode during the Revolution. A story suggested, no doubt, by the subject of my lecture. She had come in to sell her firkin of butter and had waited until long after dark for the rider and his ancient steed, while the objects of her misguided interest were resting in Saint Johnsville unconscious of the disappointment they were causing.

Let us hope that she never discovered her mistake, for the old are often sensitive on such points. It is better at times to suffer keen disappointment than to find we have been too credulous.

Twenty-first Day

12 Cornelia Street,
Utica, New York,
May Twenty-ninth.

After considerable trouble in finding a saddle blanket for *Paul*, to take the place of the saddle cloth used until we reached Little Falls, I started from that romantic town at nine o'clock, halting at Ilion for dinner. This village, well known through the firm of the Remingtons, is on the south bank of the Mohawk, twelve miles from Utica. From here the famous Remington machines and rifles are sent all over the world.

Farrington met me two miles east of Utica and escorted me back to the city, conducting Colonel Finley and myself to rooms which had been engaged for us through the hospitality of J. C. Bates.

Left my pleasant quarters here to make a few observations about town, and found much to arrest my attention. A century ago Utica was known as "Old Fort Schuyler" from a small stockade of that name, built on the site in 1750. As the country grew more peaceful, and the life of the future city began, the name was changed. A gradual slope of the land from the river gave from the more elevated parts some very fine views; and the public parks with their shade trees and gay flowers made a rich adornment to a naturally attractive city. The great Erie Canal passes through

the centre of the city and is joined by the Chenango Canal at this point. Among the landmarks are the homes of Roscoe Conkling and Horatio Seymour.

Twenty-second Day

Stanwix Hall,
Rome, New York,
May Thirtieth.

Was compelled to remain in Utica until four o'clock in the afternoon in order to have my saddle padded. This brief delay, while favoring my equine friend, was in some particulars also favorable to his rider, as it afforded me an excellent opportunity to gather information I desired concerning the growth of this enterprising town.

Rode up to Rome on the south bank of the Mohawk. Soon after my arrival at the Stanwix I met a large number of Grand Army comrades. Room "14" had been engaged and made a rendezvous, and here until a late hour the experiences of the late war were told over again and our battles re-fought. This gathering of comrades to celebrate Memorial Day was marked by deep and enthusiastic feeling; and, although my day's journey had somewhat fatigued me, I felt this was no time to show a lack of spirit; so I cheerfully yielded to the old maxim, "When in Rome do as the Romans do." Through the courtesy of Captain Joseph Porter, then Commander of Skillen Post 47, I was introduced to Hon. H. J. Coggeshall, of Waterville, Colonel G. A. Cantine, Hon. W. F. Bliss, Mr. Taylor, editor of the *Sentinel*, and many others.

Rome lies on a level stretch of land at the head of the valley, whence I could see its spires as I approached. On its site once stood old Fort Stanwix, of Revolutionary fame, which cost the British £660,000 sterling. It was built as a defence against the French in Canada, and was the first settlement before the French War. From that time until the close of the Revolution it was an important frontier post. Rome is the centre of a large dairying interest, the cheese factory system having originated here.

Twenty-third Day

Chittenango House,
Chittenango, New York,
May Thirty-first.

Had a late breakfast at the Stanwix and, after a stroll through the streets of Rome, called for my horse at ten o'clock, and bidding adieu to Grand Army comrades who had assembled to see me start from their city, mounted and rode out of town. The journey, as usual, since leaving Albany, lay along the New York Central. The roads were dry and favorable, the weather settled, and the scenery through this section of the Empire State such as to make my journey most enjoyable. Chittenango was not reached until ten o'clock, as the distance from Rome made this one of the longest rides noted in a single day. The twinkling lights of the village looked very pleasant as I neared my destination, marking here and there the homes of its hundreds of inhabitants. I found upon inquiry at the Chittenango House that I was the only guest, which augured well for a good night's sleep.

CHAPTER VII.
TWO DAYS AT SYRACUSE

Had an early breakfast at Chittenango and calling for *Paul* at eight o'clock mounted and rode forward, with the city of Syracuse as my evening destination. Nothing of especial interest occurred to vary the day's journey. Syracuse was reached at four o'clock in the afternoon, and the remainder of the day was spent in walks and drives through the city which I had visited several times in former years, and of whose history I had a fair knowledge. Long before the white man came, a band of Iroquois had built their wigwams in the low basin, almost entirely surrounded by hills, that lies to the south of Lake Onondaga, and from here followed the pursuits of war and peace. We first hear of this Indian village in 1653 through the Jesuit missionary, Father Le Moyne, who had come to establish good feeling between the Iroquois and other Indian tribes; and we see strange evidences of a counteracting influence made probably by his own countrymen in the discovery of European weapons and ammunition, that were distributed among the red men about the same time. For more than a hundred years after this, the present site of Syracuse, then an unpromising stretch of swamps, was the home of the wolf and bear. Over its dreary waste the cry of the wild cat, the warning of the rattlesnake and the hooting of the owl

lent their sounds to the weird chorus of Nature, and it was here that the wily Indian came to seek his game. It was through Father Le Moyne, too, that we hear of the great Salt Springs, which he visited at the southern end of the lake in company with some Huron and Onondaga chiefs. The Indians, unable to comprehend the strange effect of salt and clear water bubbling from the same fountain, had a superstition that the springs were possessed by an evil spirit and were afraid to drink from them; but when the white man began to share their old haunts, we hear of the bewitched water being fearlessly used, and the evil spirit converted into a propitious one. It was Major Asa Danforth and his companion, Colonel Comfort Tyler, who began early in the present century the enterprise which has since proved such a splendid success. These two pioneers started out afoot for the springs with no other implements than an axe, chain and kettle, which seem primitive enough to us who know of the means that are now employed in the making of this great staple. Arrived at the springs, two young trees were cut, a stout branch placed in their crochets and on this the kettle was hung. When the work was finished, the men hid their implements in the bushes for safety, shouldered their rich possession and started home over the ground that in a few years was to be the scene of such striking and sudden changes.

Joshua Forman was the first man who saw a promising field in the unhealthy land south of Lake Onondaga, and it was he who first thought of a plan for its improvement.

With characteristic persistency he carried out his ideas, and

with the co-operation of James Geddes, a surveyor and fellow-townsman, did more to convince men of the practicability of laying a canal route through central New York than any other man. At that time the advocate of such an undertaking was considered mad. Even the President shared the public view of the matter, and when the zealous member from Onondaga laid the plans before this incredulous gentleman, Jefferson remarked: "It is a splendid project, and may be executed a century hence." It must have been a satisfaction to Judge Forman to see this inland water-course completed a few years later, and to realize the success of the great enterprise.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.