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JOHN ALBION ANDREW

THE "WAR-GOVERNOR" OF MASSACHUSETTS

John Albion Andrew, the twenty-first Governor of Massachusetts, was born, May 31, 1818, at Windham, a small town near Portland, Maine. His father was Jonathan Andrew, who had established himself in Windham as a small trader; his mother was Nancy Green Pierce, of New Hampshire, who was a teacher in the celebrated academy at Fryeburg, where Daniel Webster was once employed in the same capacity.

Jonathan is described as having been "a quiet, reticent man, of much intelligence and a keen perception of the ludicrous," while his wife was "well educated, with great sweetness of temper, and altogether highly prepossessing in appearance." There never was a more united and happy family. The father possessed ample means for their education, and left his household to the good management of his wife, who was admirable in her domestic arrangements, judicious, sensible, energetic, and a rigid disciplinarian of her children. There was a rare union of gentleness and force in this woman, which made her generally attractive, and especially endeared her to all who came under the influence of her character.

Mrs. Andrew died on the 7th of March, 1832. Shortly afterwards the husband sold out his property in Windham and removed to a farm in Boxford, in the county where he was born. He died in September, 1849.

John Albion, the oldest son, entered Bowdoin College in 1833, where he pursued a course in no way remarkable. He was a studious youth, applied himself closely to his books, and appeared to take no lively interest in athletic sports. Notwithstanding his studiousness, he was ranked among the lowest of his class, and was allotted no part at Commencement. Among his fellows he was, however, exceedingly popular, and his happy temperament, his genial nature, won him friendship which after years only made stronger and more enduring.

After his graduation the young man came to Boston and entered the office of the late Henry H. Fuller, as a student of law. The attraction between him and young Andrew was mutual, and they became almost like brothers. It was while serving his novitiate under Mr. Fuller that Andrew became interested in many of the reform movements of the day, and was as firm and peculiar in one direction as his friend was in another.

Andrew rose slowly at the bar. To his clients he simply did his duty, and that was all. He was not a learned lawyer, nor was he in any sense a great lawyer, and yet he expended great care and industry in looking up his cases, and probably never lost a client who had once employed him. We are told by one of his biographers that, "during all these years he was not what was called a student, but was never idle." He entered largely into the moral questions of that day; was greatly interested in the preaching of James Freeman Clarke; a constant attendant at meeting and the Bible-classes. Occasional lay-preaching being the custom of that church, young Andrew sometimes occupied the pulpit and conducted the services to the general acceptance of the people.

Andrew did not become actively interested in politics until his admission to the bar, and then he joined the Whig party, and became thoroughly in earnest in advocating the Anti-Slavery movement. In 1859 he was chosen to the lower branch of the Legislature and at once took a prominent position. In 1860 he was nominated for Governor of the Commonwealth, by a general popular impulse which

overwhelmed the old political managers, who regarded him as an intruder upon the arena, and had laid other plans. He was called to the position of chief magistrate of Massachusetts at a most momentous time, but he was found equal to the emergency, and early acquired, by general consent, the title of "The Great War-Governor."

It was just on the eve of the Rebellion, and the whole North was excited by the events which had already transpired. In his inaugural address in January, '61, Governor Andrew advised that a portion of the militia should be placed on a footing of activity, in order that, "in the possible contingencies of the future the State might be ready without inconvenient delay to contribute her share of force in any exigency of public danger," and immediately despatched a confidential messenger to the Governors of Maine and New Hampshire to inform them of his determination to prepare for instant service the militia of Massachusetts, and to invite their coöperation.

This is not the place nor the time to give even a *résumé* of Governor Andrew's administration. He retired from office at the close of 1865, after a service of unexampled interest and importance in the history of the Commonwealth. He retired with honor to himself and to the regret of all who had known him best. We have already alluded to Governor Andrew's interest in the question of Anti-Slavery, and it should be stated that in regard to the emancipation of the slaves he was among the first, as he was the most persistent advocate of a measure which he considered the greatest blow that could be struck at the enemy, fully justified as a measure of war and demanded by every consideration of justice and humanity.

Apropos of his impatience on this subject the following incident related by one of the Governor's friends is worth recalling:—

"It was the summer of 1862, when emancipation was being talked a great deal. We had not had any great successes, and everybody had a notion that emancipation ought to come. One day the Governor sent for me to come up to the State-House. I went up to his room, and I never shall forget how I met him. He was signing some kind of bonds, standing at a tall desk in the Council Chamber, in his shirt-sleeves, his fingers all covered with ink. He said, 'How do you do? I want you to go to Washington.'—'Why, Governor,' said I, 'I can't go to Washington on any such notice as this; I am busy, and it is impossible for me to go.'—'All my folks are serving their country,' said he; and he mentioned the various services the members of his staff were engaged in, and said with emphasis, 'Somebody must go to Washington.'—'Well, Governor, I don't see how I can.' Said he, 'I command you to go!—'Well,' said I, 'Governor, put it in that way and I shall go, of course.'—'There is something going on,' he remarked. 'This is a momentous time.' He turned suddenly towards me and said, 'You believe in prayer, don't you?' I said, 'Why, of course.'—'Then let us pray;' and he knelt right down at the chair that was placed there; we both kneeled down, and I never heard such a prayer in all my life. I never was so near the throne of God, except when my mother died, as I was then. I said to the Governor, 'I am profoundly impressed; and I will start this afternoon for Washington.' I soon found out that emancipation was in everybody's mouth, and when I got to Washington and called upon Sumner, he began to talk emancipation. He asked me to go and see the President, and tell him how the people of Boston and New England regarded it. I went to the White House that evening and met the President. We first talked about everything but emancipation, and finally he asked me what I thought about emancipation. I told him what I thought about it, and said that Governor Andrew was so far interested in it that I had no doubt he had sent me on there to post the President in regard to what the class of people I met in Boston and New York thought of it, and then I repeated to him, as I had previously to Sumner, this prayer of the Governor's, as well as I could remember it. The President said, 'When we have the Governor of Massachusetts to send us troops in the way he has, and when we have him to utter such prayers for us, I have no doubt that we shall succeed.' In September the Governor sent for me. He had a despatch that emancipation would be proclaimed, and it was done the next day. You remember the President made proclamation in September to take effect in January. Well, he and I were together alone again in the Council Chamber. Said he, 'You remember

when I wanted you to go on to Washington?' I said, 'Yes, I remember it very well.'—'Well,' said he, 'I didn't know exactly what I wanted you to go for then. Now I will tell you what let's do; you sing "Coronation," and I'll join with you.' So we sang together the old tune, and also "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." Then I sang "Old John Brown," he marching around the room and joining in the chorus after each verse."

After the war had begun, Governor Andrew insisted on every measure to defeat the Confederate armies that was consistent with the laws of war. He was especially strenuous in demanding the emancipation of the slaves, as the following quotation from a sketch by Mr. Albert G. Browne, Jr., the Governor's military secretary, will show:—

"Over the bodies of our soldiers who were killed at Baltimore he had recorded a prayer that he might live to see the end of the war, and a vow that, so long as he should govern Massachusetts, and so far as Massachusetts could control the issue, it should not end without freeing every slave in America. He believed, at the first, in the policy of emancipation as a war measure. Finding that timid counsels controlled the government at Washington, and the then commander of the Army of the Potomac, so that there was no light in that quarter, he hailed the action of Fremont in Missouri in proclaiming freedom to the Western slaves. Through all the reverses which afterwards befell that officer he never varied from this friendship; and when at last Fremont retired from the Army of Virginia, the Governor offered him the command of a Massachusetts regiment, and vainly urged him to take the field again under our State flag. Just so, afterwards, he welcomed the similar action of Hunter in South Carolina, and wrote in his defence the famous letter in which he urged 'to fire at the enemy's magazine.' He was deeply disappointed when the administration disavowed Hunter's act, for he had hoped much from the personal friendship which was known to exist between the General and the President. Soon followed the great reverses of McClellan before Richmond.

"The feelings of the Governor at this time, on the subject of emancipation, are well expressed in a speech which he made on Aug. 10, 1862, at the Methodist camp-meeting on Martha's Vineyard. It was the same speech in which occurs his remark since so often quoted:—

"I know not what record of sin awaits me in the other world, but this I know, that I was never mean enough to despise any man because he was black.'

"Referring to slavery, he said:—

"I have never believed it to be possible that this controversy should end and peace resume her sway until that dreadful iniquity has been trodden beneath our feet. I believe it cannot, and I have noticed, my friends (although I am not superstitious, I believe), that, from the day our government turned its back on the proclamation of General Hunter, the blessing of God has been withdrawn from our arms. We were marching on conquering and to conquer; post after post had fallen before our victorious arms; but since that day I have seen no such victories. But I have seen no discouragement. I bate not one jot of hope. I believe that God rules above, and that he will rule in the hearts of men, and that, either with our aid or against it, he has determined to let the people go. But the confidence I have in my own mind that the appointed hour has nearly come makes me feel all the more confidence in the certain and final triumph of our Union arms, because I do not believe that this great investment of Providence is to be wasted."

Governor Andrew retired from office January 5, 1866, and, returning to private life, he again entered upon a large practice at the bar, which was lucrative as well.

On the 30th of October, 1867, he died suddenly of apoplexy, after tea, at his own home on Charles street, Boston. The body was laid in Mount Auburn Cemetery, but was afterwards removed to the old burial-place in Hingham, where a fine statue has since been erected over his grave.

Governor Andrew was married Christmas evening, December, 1848, to Miss Eliza Jane, daughter of Charles Hersey, of Hingham. They had four children living at the time of his death,—John Forrester, born Nov. 26, 1850; Elizabeth Loring, born July 29, 1852; Edith, born April 5, 1854; Henry Hersey, born April 28, 1858.

Mr. Edwin P. Whipple, who was first chosen as the most competent person to write the biography of Governor Andrew, after examining the Governor's private and official correspondence, affirmed that he could discover nothing in his most private notes which was not honorable.

Says Mr. Peleg W. Chandler, in his "Memoir and Reminiscences of Governor Andrew,"¹ a most charming volume, from which largely this sketch has been prepared:—

"He passed more than twenty years in an arduous profession, and never earned more than enough for the decent and comfortable support of his family. He devoted his best years to the country, and lost his life in her service. His highest ambition was to do his duty in simple faith and honest endeavor, of such a character the well-known lines of Sir Henry Watton are eminently applicable:—

"This man was free from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet had all."

¹ Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

THE CITY OF WORCESTER—THE HEART OF THE COMMONWEALTH

By Fanny Bullock Workman

The city of Worcester, forty-four miles west of Boston, lies in a valley surrounded on all sides by hills, and covers an area which may be roughly estimated as extending four miles in length by two in breadth, its long axis running north and south. It is the second city in the State in point of population, while in enterprise it yields the palm to none of its size in the country, sending to all parts of the world its manufactured products, the excellence of which has established the reputation of the place in which they were produced.

Worcester was first settled in the spring of 1675, under the name of Quinsigamond. The original order of the General Court, granted Oct. 11th, 1665, was as follows:—

This Court, understanding by the petition of Thomas Noyes, John Haynes of Sudbury, and Nathaniel Treadaway of Watertown, hereunto affixed, that there is a meete place for a Plantation about ten miles from Marlborow, westward, at or near Quansetamug Pond, which, that it may be improved for that end, and not spoiled by the grantinge of farms, in answer to the forsaid petition, This Court doth order, that there should he a quantitie of eight miles square layd out and reserved thereabout, in the Courts dispose, for a plantation, for the encouragement of such persons as shall appear, any time within three years from the date hereof, beeing men approved by this Court; and that Capt. Edward Johnson, Lieut. Joshua Fisher, and Lieut. Thomas Noyes, shall, and are herby appointed and empowered to lay out the same, and to be payd by such persons as shall appear within the terme above expressed. The Deputies have passed this with reference to the consent of our honored Magistrates hereto.

WILLIAM TORREY *clerk*

The Magistrates consent to a survey of the place petitioned for, and that Capt. Gookin doe joine with those mentioned of our brethren the deputies, and make return of their survey to the next General Court of Elections, who may take order therein as they shall see meete, their brethren the deputies hereto consenting.

EDWARD RAWSON *Sect'y.*

WILLIAM TORREY *Cleric.* Consented to by the deputies.

At that time several persons occupied lands that had been granted them, and built houses. This infant settlement was strangled almost at its birth by the outbreak of King Philip's War, which spread in that year throughout Massachusetts. The colonists, few in number, and without adequate means of protection against the hostile savages, soon abandoned their buildings, which were burned by the Indians, December 2, 1675. In 1684 some of the former proprietors returned to their lands, accompanied by new settlers, and a second plantation was formed; this time under the name of Worcester. The records relating to the fortunes of this plantation are very meagre; but it continued to exist till 1700, or 1702, when, during the progress of the French and Indian hostilities, owing to its exposed position, it was again deserted by its inhabitants. One man only, Digory Serjent, remained with his family, refusing to give up to the Indians the fields his labor had brought under cultivation. For a time he was unmolested. The authorities sent messengers to warn him of the danger he incurred by his rash course, and to advise his removal with his family to a place of safety. But the warning and admonition were alike disregarded. At last, early in the winter of 1702, an armed force was sent to

compel him to depart. They marched with due expedition, but, being detained overnight by a severe snow-storm at a blockhouse about two miles from his residence, they arrived too late to attain their object, and found his body, scarcely yet cold, lying on the floor, and his family carried captive by the Indians. Thus terminated the second attempt at a settlement on this spot, which was again given over for several years to desolation and decay.

The principal seat of the Indians in this vicinity was Pakachoag Hill, a little south of where now stands the College of the Holy Cross. They were called Nipmuck Indians, and consisted of about twenty families, numbering about one hundred persons, under Sagamore John. Another tribe, of about the same number, dwelt on Tatnuck Hill, under Sagamore Solomon. John Eliot, the famous apostle to the Indians, with General Daniel Gookins, visited these tribes in 1674; but he did not fully reclaim them to peaceful habits, although many of them professed Christianity.

In 1713 the inhabitants, not discouraged by their former experience, one after another returned again to take possession of their property; and this time they returned to stay. They were joined by others, and the population began to increase. In 1722 Worcester was incorporated as a town, and henceforth assumed its share of responsibility with the other towns in adopting measures for the general welfare, and contributed its proportion of men and supplies for the common defence. Through the stormy period preceding the War of the Revolution, the public sentiment of Worcester sustained the rights of the Colonies, and when, on the 19th of April, 1773, the messenger of war, on his white horse, dashed through the town, shouting, "To arms! to arms! the war is begun," the response was immediate; the bell was rung, cannon fired, and the minute-men, true to name, rallied on the Common, where they were paraded by Capt. Timothy Bigelow. At about five o'clock in the afternoon they took up their line of march. Capt. Benjamin Flagg soon followed, with thirty-one men,—a total of one hundred and eight men. Capt. Bigelow having halted at Sudbury, to rest his men, was met by Capt. Flagg, when they both pushed on to Cambridge, where the organization of the army was being made. Timothy Bigelow, whose abilities were at once recognized, was appointed Major in Col. Jonathan Ward's regiment. On the 24th of April another company, of fifty-nine men, all from Worcester, enlisted under Capt. Jonas Hubbard. During the seven dark years that followed, this town never wavered in its devotion to the cause of liberty, and was represented on many of the most important battle-fields, as well as at the surrender of Yorktown, which terminated the struggle for independence. Saturday, the 14th of July, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was received. It was publicly read, for the first time on Massachusetts soil, from the porch of the Old South Church, by Isaiah Thomas, to the assembled crowd. On Sunday, after divine service, it was read in the church. Measures were adopted for a proper celebration of the event, and on the Monday following, the earliest commemoration of the occasion, since hallowed as the national anniversary, took place in the town.

Worcester continued to increase both in size and importance during the first half of the present century, till, in 1848, having outgrown the limits of a town, it was made a city, and the first city government inaugurated, with Ex-Gov. Levi Lincoln, Mayor, and the following Aldermen: Parley Goddard, Benjamin F. Thomas, John W. Lincoln, James S. Woodworth, William B. Fox, James Estabrook, Isaac Davis, and Stephen Salisbury. The City Clerk was Charles A. Hamilton; the City Treasurer, John Boyden; and the City Marshal, George Jones. Since then it has made rapid strides in growth, influence, and prosperity. When the call for troops to defend Washington came, in 1861, Worcester as a city was true to her record as a town; for within twelve hours a company started for the seat of war, and passed through Baltimore with the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, on the memorable 19th of April, just eighty-six years from the first shedding of Massachusetts blood at Lexington.

In 1800 the population of Worcester was 2,411; in 1820 it was 2,962; in 1840, 7,500; in 1850, 17,049; in 1860, about 25,000; in 1870, about 41,000. At the present time it is about 70,000. The first event of consequence that gave an impetus to the growth of the town was the opening of the Blackstone Canal, in 1828, connecting Worcester with tide-water at Providence. This,

although considered at the time a marvel of engineering skill, and undoubtedly of great benefit to the public, was not a successful enterprise, and on the establishment of railroads a few years later was discontinued.

In 1831 the Boston and Worcester Railroad was incorporated and soon built, followed at short intervals by the Western Railroad, the Norwich and Worcester, the Nashua and Worcester, Fitchburg and Worcester, and the Providence and Worcester railroads; thus making a centre from which one could travel in any direction. Later the Barre and Gardner Railroad was built, and the Boston and Worcester consolidated with the Western Railroad. By this last corporation the Union Passenger Station was erected, in 1877, which is one of the most costly, elegant, and convenient edifices devoted to this business in the country. About seventy-five trains arrive and depart daily. The advantage thus given to Worcester over other towns in the county was great, and the results were striking and immediate, as may be seen by reference to the figures of population above given. The facility of communication thus afforded caused capitalists to settle here, and manufactures rapidly sprang up and flourished, drawing to this spot thousands of laborers, who otherwise would have gone elsewhere. At the present time the chief interests of the city centre in its manufactures, which embrace almost every variety of articles made in iron, steel, and wire cotton and woollen fabrics, leather, wood, and chemicals.

Among the multitude of manufactured products it is almost useless to attempt to specify any particular ones. The same is true of the manufacturing establishments and corporations. Mention may be made, however, of the Washburn & Moen Wire Works, which give employment to about three thousand operatives, established in 1831, and having a capital of two million dollars. The power used in manufacturing is almost exclusively steam, but water is used somewhat in the outskirts, where streams have been dammed to make reservoirs.

Connected with the growth of Worcester it is interesting to note that the increase in the population has been largely from the ranks of the laboring classes. The manner in which the city is built shows this to the most casual observer. There are but few large estates or imposing residences, surrounded with extensive grounds. The great majority of the houses are made of wood, are of small size, and stand in small enclosures. As mechanics have prospered they have bought land, and built such houses as were suitable to their means, obtaining loans of the savings-banks, which they have paid off gradually. This has been especially the case the last few years, during which time the city has extended in every direction in the manner indicated; and it is said the greater part of the deposits in the savings-banks, as well as their loans, have been made by and to people of the laboring class. This shows a general prosperity, and indicates a permanency of population not seen in many cities. During the last twenty years many people who began life with the most modest means, or with none at all, have become wealthy; and in almost every such case their prosperity has been due to their connection with manufacturing interests.

Worcester is exceptionally fortunate in its water-supply. This is derived from two large reservoirs fed by running streams, each about five miles distant from the city. One of these, called the Lynde-Brook Reservoir, is situated in the township of Leicester. It was built in 1864, has a watershed of 1,870 acres, and a storage capacity of 681,000,000 gallons, and an elevation of 481 feet above the City Hall. The dam of this reservoir gave way in February, 1876, during a freshet, and the immense mass of water was precipitated, with an unearthly roar, into the valley below, destroying everything in its path, and carrying rocks, earth, trees, and *débris* to a distance of several miles. The other, called the Holden Reservoir, is in the township of Holden. This was built in 1883, has a watershed of 3,148 acres, a storage capacity of 450,000,000 gallons, and lies 260 feet above the City Hall. There are also three distributing reservoirs at elevations of 177 to 184 feet above the level of Main street, and supplied from the two principal reservoirs. Thirty-inch mains connect the reservoirs with the city. The height of the water-supply gives a pressure in the pipes at the City Hall of from sixty to seventy-five pounds to the square inch, which is sufficient to throw a stream of water to the tops of the

highest buildings,—a great advantage in case of fire, rendering the employment of steam fire-engines unnecessary in those parts of the city provided with hydrants. The water is of excellent quality, being remarkably free from impurities, either organic or mineral. The total amount expended on the water-works from 1864 to December 1, 1884, is \$1,653,456, and the income from water-rates for the year ending December, 1884, was \$107,515. The uneven character of the ground upon which Worcester is built is favorable to drainage, and advantage has been taken of this fact to construct an excellent system of sewers, which thoroughly drain the greater parts of the city. All abutters are obliged to enter the sewers; and no surface-drainage nor cesspools are allowed. The result is that Worcester is a very clean city, and few places can be found either in the city itself or in the suburbs where surface accumulations exhale unpleasant or noxious odors. To the influence of pure water and good drainage may partly be ascribed the general good health of the inhabitants, and the absence, during the last few years, of anything like an epidemic of diseases dependent upon unsanitary conditions. The sewers all converge upon one large common sewer, which discharges its contents into the Blackstone river at Quinsigamond.

In Worcester, as in most of the smaller cities of New England, the Main street is the chief thoroughfare and the site of many of the prominent buildings. This street runs north and south, and is about two and a half miles long. Near the north end, at Lincoln square, are the Court-House and the American Antiquarian Society building. The latter contains a large number of valuable and rare books, much sought after for reference by students. Farther on toward the business centre are the Bay State House—Worcester's principal hotel—and Mechanics' Hall. This hall is one of the handsomest and largest in the State, and has a seating capacity of about two thousand. In the centre of the city, bordering upon Main street, is the Old Common, the original park of Worcester, now a small breathing-place of the working class, where band concerts are frequently given in summer. Here stand the Soldiers' Monument, designed by Randolph Rogers, of Rome, and the Bigelow Monument, erected to Timothy Bigelow, who commanded the minute-men who marched to Cambridge upon receipt of the news of the Battle of Lexington, and served throughout the Revolution as colonel of the Fifteenth Massachusetts Regiment. At one corner of the Common, facing Main street, is the City Hall, a small, unimposing structure, hardly worthy of the city. The question of erecting a new one has been lately agitated. Near by stands the Old South Church, built in 1763. The business portion of Main street is well lined with large blocks, and the south end is laid out for residences.

Upon one of the hills, at the west side, stands the City Hospital, which is well managed and kept up, and has a visiting staff of the best physicians in the city. In connection with this institution, a training-school for nurses has lately been established.

The city's most imposing building is the Worcester State Lunatic Asylum, which can be seen from the trains on the Boston and Albany Railroad. A picturesque edifice in itself it crowns a hill about two miles east of Worcester, and overlooks the blue waters of Lake Quinsigamond, and also a charming stretch of hill and dale beyond. Were the softening charms of nature a potent remedy for the diseased mind, speedy cures might be effected in this sequestered retreat. It contains generally over seven hundred inmates, and can accommodate more. The building, begun in 1873, was completed in 1877, is handsomely fitted up throughout, and very spacious. It cost one million and a quarter dollars.

On Summer street is the Asylum for the Chronic Insane. For many years it was the only asylum, but upon the completion of the new building the chronic cases were removed there, and it has since been devoted to their needs only. The Technical School, or Free Institute, is situated on a pretty wooded acclivity on the west side. Founded in 1865, it was endowed, through the liberality of John Boynton, of Templeton, with \$100,000, which he left as a legacy for that purpose. This school is more particularly for mechanics, chemists, and engineers, and is conducted on the plan of the polytechnic schools of Europe. It is the aim of the institution to train young men in such branches as are not usually taught in the high schools, that any mechanic or civil engineer on leaving the establishment may be fitted in a thoroughly scientific manner to pursue his life-work. The institution is free to

Worcester-county residents; to those outside of the county the price of tuition is \$150. The number of students accommodated is one hundred and twenty-six. The Free Public Library, founded in 1859, is one of the best in the State, has a circulating department of 26,000 and an intermediate department of 14,000 books; also a reference collection of over 20,000 volumes, bequeathed by the late Dr. John Green. An endowment fund, left by this gentleman for the latter collection, is used to the best advantage in procuring a great variety of encyclopædias and other desirable books of reference. That Worcester citizens appreciate their opportunities in this line is indicated by the large daily patronage. Connected with the Public Library is a well-arranged reading-room, supplied with periodicals and daily papers, accessible at all times to the public; also the valuable library of the Worcester District Medical Society, containing about 6,000 volumes. The able and accomplished librarian is Mr. S.S. Green, who not only supplies its shelves with the newest and most desirable books for reading and reference, but is a fountain-head of information in himself, and ever ready and willing to answer the many questions put to him constantly by a steady concourse of applicants.

The public-school system has been the occasion of much compliment, and is regarded both here and elsewhere as a model one. In 1733 it was voted, "that a school-house be built in the centre half, and that said school house be 24 feet long, 16 feet wide, and 7 feet stud, and be completely finished with good chimney glass," This was the first school-house built in Worcester, and it stood at the north end of Main street, near the middle of

the present street, and there remained until after the close of the Revolution. In 1740 £100 were granted for the support of schools. The first Grammar school was established in 1752. In 1755 John Adams, afterward President of the United States, taught the Latin Grammar school here, and remained until 1758. There are now twenty-six different school-houses, including the High School, a large effective building, situated on Walnut street. Further accommodations at the present time are greatly needed, the existing houses being overcrowded. The amount last appropriated for the schools was \$184,500 for maintenance, and \$20,000 for the purchase of free textbooks. Beside the public schools there are several large and well-known educational institutions,—the College of the Holy Cross, the Free Institute, the Worcester Academy, the Highland Military Academy, the Oread Institute, the State Normal School, and the Roman Catholic Parochial schools. There are also several private schools of note. The educational interests of the city have kept pace with its rapid and astonishing growth.

Worcester has seven national banks, four savings-banks, and one safety deposit and trust company.

Among a number of newspapers the chief ones have been the "Spy" and "Evening Gazette." The "Massachusetts Spy" is one of the oldest papers in this country, and has been published with unbroken numbers for 115 years. It was established in Boston, in July, 1770, but was removed to Worcester by its proprietor, Isaiah Thomas, in May, 1775. It was in those days outspoken with regard to the difficulties between the mother country and the colonies, and, owing to its urgent appeals for freedom from tyranny, it became necessary to remove press and paper. Mr. Thomas was certainly one of the most remarkable men of his day. His patriotism never waned during the most trying days of the Revolution, and the "Massachusetts Spy" and its editor are a part of the history of the country. July 22, 1845, the "Daily Spy" was first issued. The first number was on a sheet 18 by 23 inches, a trifle larger than the first number of the "Massachusetts Spy," which was 16 by 20 inches. It has been enlarged several times. The "National Ægis," published in 1801, in 1833 merged into the "Massachusetts Yeoman," a paper started in 1823. The name was changed to the "Worcester Palladium." In 1829 the "Worcester County Republican" was started, and also merged into the "Palladium," in 1834. It was a successful paper for years, but in 1876 it was sold to the "Spy." The "Gazette," begun in 1801 as a weekly, became a daily in 1843, and is now an eight-page paper, the only one in the city. In 1851 the "Daily Morning Transcript" was issued. Early in 1866 its name was changed to the "Evening

Gazette," and it is now the representative afternoon sheet of the city. There are two able and well-conducted French weekly journals,—*"Le Travailleur,"* and *"Le Courier de Worcester."*

In 1719 the first church was built, near the present Old South Church, on Main street. Previous to that time the inhabitants had held service in their different houses, where their prayers were often interrupted by the presence of hostile Indians, who took the occasion when the people were absorbed in their devotions to molest them. In 1763 the present Old South Meeting-House was built. The original dimensions were seventy feet long, fifty-five wide, with a tower on the north side surmounted by a spire one hundred and thirty feet high. It was commenced June 21, 1763, and first occupied Dec. 8, 1763. There were sixty-one large square box pews and seven long ones on each side of the broad aisle, which were free. The building committee consisted of John Chandler, Joshua Bigelow, Josiah Brewer, John Curtis, James Putnam, Daniel Boyden, James Goodwin, Jacob Hemmenway, David Bigelow, Samuel Moore, and Elisha Smith. The entire expense of the building was £1,542.

Since the date of its erection there have been many changes and additions, so that it now presents but little of the appearance of its former self.

The bell now in use was cast in 1802, and has this inscription:—

"The living to the church I call,
And to the grave I summon all."

In 1786, owing to certain disagreements, a division occurred in the parish, some of its members leaving and forming an organization of their own, with the Rev. Mr. Bancroft as rector. This society dedicated its first church January 1, 1722, and this was replaced by a new structure, of brick, in 1829, which is still in use. Since this first division new societies have sprung up and new churches have been built, until to-day there are forty-eight different houses of worship, among which are eleven Congregational, eight Methodist Episcopal, seven Baptist, seven Roman Catholic, three Protestant Episcopal, two Universalist, and two Unitarian churches.

On account of the encircling hills the climate of Worcester is hot in summer, but somewhat more temperate and less subject to east winds in winter than that of Boston.

The surrounding country has all the charms that cultivated soil and undulating hill-and-valley scenery can give. Good roads run in various directions to the adjacent towns, and strangers often speak of the many different and delightful drives to be found about Worcester.

Three miles east of the city is the beautiful sheet of water called Lake Quinsigamond. It is a narrow lake, about five miles long, with thickly wooded banks, and its surface dotted with picturesque little islands. Along its shores the Nipmuck Indians are said to have lived and hunted; and on Wigwam Hill, a wooded eminence overlooking the water, where one of their encampments is supposed to have been, are still occasionally found specimens of their rude house utensils.

A large tract of land bordering on the lake has lately been given to the city by two Worcester gentlemen, and it is expected that in the near future it will be cleared away and made into a public park. The only park that the city now possesses, besides the Common, before alluded to, is a small affair on the west side, at the foot of Elm street, one of the principal residence streets.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By George Lowell Austin

There is something eminently satisfactory in the reflection that, when the new faith, "That all men are created equal," and that "Governments are instituted among men deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed," was finally assailed by the slave-power of America, and had to pass the ordeal of four years of war, a man born and reared in poverty, deficient in education, unused to the etiquette even of ordinary society, and untutored in the art of diplomacy and deception, had been selected by the people of the United States to become the representative of the new faith, and the defender of the government established upon it. This man was Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, the record of whose life, at once important, eventful, and tragic, it is pleasant to recall.

There are, in my judgment, at least four men associated with the period of the civil war, who, in their early lives, their struggles, their training, and their future callings, ought forever to command the admiration of this people: Lincoln, the lowly, the exalted, the pure man in rude marble, the plain cover to a gentle nature, the giant frame and noble intellect; Grant, the defender of the Federal Union, the unflinching soldier, around whose dying couch a whole nation now lingers, whose light will shine down through future ages a warning to conspirators, to freemen a pledge, and to the oppressed a beacon of hope; Stanton, the lion of Buchanan's cabinet, the collaborator of Lincoln, the supporter of Grant, gifted with the far-seeing eye of a Carnot, spotless in character, incorruptible in integrity, great in talent and learning, and a fit object of unhesitating trust; and John Rogers, the American sculptor, who has offered, in his beautiful and famous group of statuary, "The Council of War," an undying tribute to these three great leaders in American history, and is himself worthy to be grouped with them in our remembrance.

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!"

If we could have looked into a rude log-cabin in Hardin county, Kentucky, on the morning of the 12th of February, 1809, we should have seen an infant just born,—and with what promise of future greatness? Looking ahead ten years, we should have discerned this infant, Abraham, developing into youth, still living in the old log-cabin, with neither doors nor windows, with wolves and bears for neighbors, with a shiftless father. But his mother was dead! Still this mother had left her impress, and she had become in that boy's heart "an angel of a mother." She made him what he afterwards proved himself to be. Follow Abraham Lincoln where we will,—from the cradle to the grave,—and we shall find honesty and kindness ever distinguishing him. In his boyhood, among boys, he was always fighting the battle of the offended and the weak; in manhood, he was always protecting the fugitive from an angry mob; as a lawyer, saving the widow's son from the gallows, and declining the rich fee of an unrighteous cause; as a public debater, the fairest ever met in the political arena; and as president of the republic, honest in his convictions and kind to his bitterest enemies.

Let us not forget the difficulties which it was his lot and his good fortune to surmount. He never was six months at school in his life; and yet, by the use of a single book and the occasional aid of a village schoolmaster, he became an expert surveyor in six weeks! At the age of twenty-one he accompanied his family to Illinois. One morning, when seated at the breakfast-table of his employer,

Lincoln was told that a man living six miles away had a copy of an English grammar. He left the table at once, and went and borrowed the book. During the long winter evenings that followed, in the light of the village cooper's shop, he pored over the pages of that book,—studying the science of language, the theory of human speech, and qualifying himself to become the author of one of the three great State papers of modern times, by the light of burning shavings!

But we leave that early life of his, which, in rude simplicity, repeats "the short and simple annals of the poor."

In 1832 Black Hawk, the celebrated Indian chief, then in his sixty-seventh year, crossed the Mississippi to regain the Rock River valley,—the scene of his early trials and triumphs. His coming meant war upon the pale-faced stranger, that had ventured to possess the hunting-grounds of the red men. Several companies of volunteers were raised to meet him, and Abraham Lincoln served as captain of one of them.

When the war was over Lincoln returned to New Salem, his home in Illinois, and shortly afterwards began the study of the law. He was still poor in purse, his clothing was threadbare, but his ambition was immense. He often pursued his study in the shade of a tree. One day Squire Godbey—a very good man he was, too, so we are told—saw him seated on a pile of wood, absorbed in a book, when, according to the squire, the following dialogue took place: "Says I, 'Abe, what are you studying?'—'Law,' says he. 'Great God Almighty!' says I." Studying law astride of a wood-pile, probably barefooted, was too great a shock for the squire's susceptible nature. He continued to study, then to practise a little without fee, and finally was admitted to the bar in 1836.

Judge Davis, once on the Supreme Bench of the United States, a man spotless alike upon the throne of justice and in his daily walk, was upon intimate terms with Lincoln for upwards of twenty years, and during more than half of that period sat upon the judicial bench before which Lincoln most frequently practised. No one is abler than he to speak of Lincoln as a lawyer,—a lawyer who became one of the first of the Western bar,—a bar that can proudly point to its Carpenter, its Trumbull, its Ryan, and its Davis. He says:—

"The framework of Lincoln's mental and moral being was honesty; and a wrong cause was poorly defended by him. The ability which some eminent lawyers possess of explaining away the bad points of a cause by ingenious sophistry was denied him. In order to bring into full activity his great powers it was necessary that he should be convinced of the right and justice of the matter which he advocated. When so convinced, whether the cause was great or small, he was usually successful.

"He hated wrong and oppression everywhere; and many a man whose fraudulent conduct was undergoing review in a court of justice has writhed under his terrific indignation and rebukes. He was the most simple and unostentatious of men in his habits, having few wants, and those easily supplied."

In 1837 Mr. Lincoln removed to Springfield, Ill., where he entered into partnership with his old friend, John T. Stuart; and this partnership continued until 1841. In 1834 he had been elected to the Legislature, and after his removal to Springfield he was again chosen to that body. It was during this period that he found the nerve, when it did require courage, to express and record his protest against the injustice of slavery. Twice as a youth he had made a trip to New Orleans,—in 1828 and 1831,—and on his second visit had for the first time observed slavery in its most brutal and revolting form. He had gone into the very centre of a slave mart, had seen families sold, the separation forever of husband and wife, of parent and child. When we recall how deeply he always sympathized with suffering, brute as well as human, and his strong love of justice, we can realize how deeply he was affected by these things. His companions on this trip have attempted to describe his indignation and grief. They said. "His heart bled. He was mad, thoughtful, abstracted, sad, and depressed."

The years which Mr. Lincoln passed in Springfield were the preparatory years of his future greatness. From this time onward he was ever a busy man.

He was once associated with Mr. Swett in defending a man accused of murder. He listened to the testimony which witness after witness gave against his client until his honest heart could stand it no longer; then, turning to his associate, he said: "Swett, the man is guilty; you defend him: I can't." Swett *did* defend him, and the man was acquitted. When proffered his share of the large fee Lincoln most emphatically declined it, on the ground that "all of it belonged to Mr. Swett, whose ardor and eloquence saved a *guilty* man from justice."

At another time, when a would-be client had stated the facts of his case, Mr. Lincoln replied: "Yes; there is no reasonable doubt but I can gain your case for you. I can set a whole neighborhood at loggerheads. I can distress a widowed mother and her six fatherless children, and thereby get for you \$600, which rightfully belongs, it seems to me, as much to the woman and her children as it does to you. You must remember that some things that are *legally* right are not *morally* right. I shall not take your case, but will give you a little advice, for which I will charge you nothing. You appear to be a sprightly, energetic man: I would advise you to try your hand at making \$600 some other way."

I turn now to another phase of his nature, and recall that he had not grown up to manhood without the usual experiences of the tender passion. It was while he was yet living at New Salem that his heart opened to a fair, sweet-tempered, and intelligent girl, with the romantic name of Anne Rutledge. They were engaged to be married as soon as he should be admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court. But in August, 1835, she died. Her beauty and her attractions and her early death made a very deep impression upon him. We are told that he idealized her memory, and in his recollections of her there was a poetry of sentiment, which might possibly have been lessened, had she lived, by the prosaic realities of life. With all his love of fun and frolic, with all his wit and humor, with all his laughter and anecdotes, Lincoln, from his youth, was a man of deep feeling. We have it on the authority of the most reliable of his biographers, that he always associated with the memory of Anne Rutledge the poem which, in his hours of despondency, he so often repeated:—

"Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift fleeting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

"The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie."

I never read this beautiful poem, so full of the true philosophy of life, so suggestive of the rich promises of the hereafter, that I do not think of the great president. He first found it in the columns of a newspaper, cut it out, carried it in his pocket, and treasured it in his memory for many years without knowing who was its author.

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