

BOSTON TOWN

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Boston town by Horace E. Scudder

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HORACE E. SCUDDER

BOSTON TOWN

BOSTON TOWN

BY

HORACE E. SCUDDER

AUTHOR OF THE BOBBY BOOKS

WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS ON WOOD

"See, saw, saeradown:
Which is the way to Boston Town?
One foot up, the other foot down,
That is the way to Boston Town."



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CONTENTS.

CHAP.	PAGE
I. GRANDFATHER'S GRANDFATHER	9
II. THE MAN BEFORE TRITAYUS	25
III. THE HERMIT OF BOSTON	42
IV. A DAY WITH JOHN WINTHROP	56
V. THE RED INDIAN AND THE PALE FACE	71
VI. THE LITTLE REVOLUTION	81
VII. BOSTON PIRATES AND TREASURE-HUNTERS	99
VIII. THE PROVINCE HOUSE	123
IX. A BOSTON BOY OF THE LAST CENTURY	145
X. FANEUIL HALL AND SAM ADAMS	174
XI. A SMALL TEA-PARTY	203
XII. BOSTON CITY	230

50 4/65

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
CHEEVER'S LATIN SCHOOL	11
MASTER LOVELL	12
JOHN HANCOCK	16
THE HANCOCK HOUSE	18
STATUE OF WINTHROP IN SCOLLAY SQUARE	26
THE STATE HOUSE	30
FANEUIL HALL AND QUINCY MARKET	36
THE FIRST CHURCH	37
THE OLD STATE HOUSE	38
THE OLD COCKED HAT	39
BLACKSTONE'S HOUSE	49
STATUE OF WINTHROP AT MOUNT AUBURN	69
A STOCKADE	76
LATIN AND ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOLS	79
BONNER'S MAP OF BOSTON	97
NIX'S MATE	118
THE OLD PROVINCE HOUSE	125
BEACON STREET MALL, BOSTON COMMON	133
THE OLD ELM	136
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN	146
FRANKLIN STREET JUST BEFORE THE FIRE	150

FRANKLIN'S BIRTHPLACE	152
BOSTON STONE	172
SAM ADAMS	175
THE FANEUIL HALL OF THE REVOLUTION	176
LIBERTY TREE	185
JOHN ADAMS	198
VIEW AT THE HEAD OF STATE STREET	205
THE OLD SOUTH BEFORE THE FIRE	211
JOSEPH WARREN	218
CHRIST CHURCH	220
HANGING THE LANTERNS	224
COMMONWEALTH AVENUE	231
MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS	233
THE BEACON	237
TRINITY CHURCH	239

BOSTON TOWN.

CHAPTER I.

GRANDFATHER'S GRANDFATHER.

WHEN Mr. Benjamin Callender came down to breakfast at his house in Mount Vernon Street, Boston, at half after seven o'clock on the morning of Thursday, November 11, 1880, he found his two grandsons, Benjy and Jeffries, at work at their Latin grammars, snatching a few moments, while waiting for the rest of the family, to freshen their recollection of the morning lesson, which they had been studying over night. They were Latin school boys, as their father had been before them, and their Grandfather Callender. Nay, his father and grandfather had been Latin school boys before him, and his father's grandfather, who died before he was born, was in the Latin school from 1680 to 1683; while his grandfather's grandfather was a member of the very first class of the school when it was established in 1635. The boys gave him a good-morning.

"How was the dinner, grandfather?" asked Benjy.

"Were you an old boy?" asked Jeff.

"I was not the oldest. There were two or three older. Yes, the dinner was a good one."

"Did you make a speech?"

"Tut, tut; you should n't ask too many questions, Jeff. What should your old grandfather have to say?"

"Oh, I know you made a speech, then. I wish I had gone to school with you, grandpa. We'd have had great fun. Mother," said Jeff, as a lady entered the room, "grandfather made a speech at the Latin School Dinner last night. I know he did, and I'm sure it's in the paper. I'm going to see what he said." But grandfather held the morning paper high over his head, out of the boy's reach.

"Come, it's time for all my boys to sit down at the breakfast table," said Jeff's mother. "You must set your younger brothers a good example, papa. Tell us about your dinner at the Latin School Association last night."

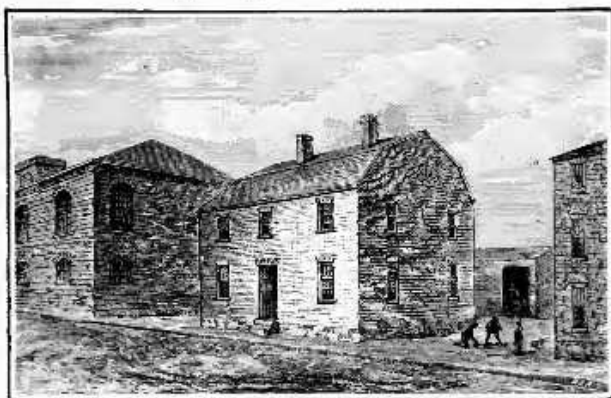
"Oh, there's nothing to tell. We dined as usual on the ruins of the old Latin school. Benjy, Jeff, *Deponite libros.*"

"What do you mean?"

"Did you not know that Parker's stands about where the school building was before the school was moved to Bedford Street? To be sure; that's the reason it's called School Street. I went to school

there when I was a boy, and so did your father; for it was not moved till 1844. Master Bigelow and Master Gould were there in my day, and Master Hunt before them. Benjy, Jeff, did n't you hear me, — *Deponite libros*, I say."

"We have n't got as far as that," said Benjy, who was still conning his grammar at the table.



Chenier Latin School in School Street.

"Go to the Latin school, and don't know what that means! Why, what does your teacher say, when school's over and you lay aside your books?"

"Why, he says, 'Boys, put your books away; and then we all clatter the desk covers.'"

"You might as well be at an English school. We used Latin, when I was at the Latin school, and it did n't take long to learn what *Deponite libros* meant.