

**ST. BOTOLPH'S
TOWN AND OTHER
STORIES**

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St. Botolph's Town and Other Stories by Various

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Illustrated

See



The Werner Company

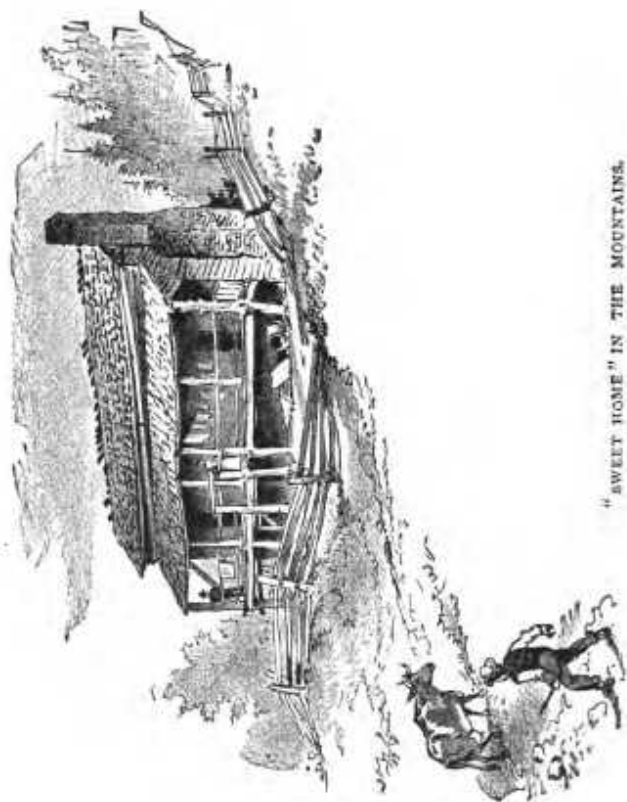
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1899

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"SWEET HOME" IN THE MOUNTAINS.

ST. BOTOLPH'S TOWN.

LONG time ago, there were in England, as well as in many other countries, certain pious men and women who, for their eminent wisdom, charitable works, or lives of purity and usefulness, came to be called Saints.

Among these was a Saxon monk, the Abbot of Ikanho, St. Botolph by name, who lived about the middle of the seventh century.

Botolph belonged to a noble English family. After having been educated at one of the religious houses in what was then called Belgic Gaul, he came back to England, and begged of King Ethelmund a barren spot on which to build a monastery; and here, on the Witham River, near the eastern coast of England, in what is now called Lincolnshire, he built his priory, and founded a town to which was given the name, St. Botolph's Town.

ST. BOTOLPH'S TOWN.

Here is what an unknown poet says of it in Longfellow's *Poems of Places* :

" St. Botolph's Town ! — Hither across the plains
And fens of Lincolnshire, in garb austere,
There came a Saxon monk, and founded here
A priory, pillaged by marauding Danes,
So that thereof no vestige now remains ;
Only a name, that spoken loud and clear,
And echoed in another hemisphere,
Survives the sculptured walls and painted panes.
St. Botolph's Town ! — Far over leagues of land
And leagues of sea looks forth its noble tower,
And far around the chiming bells are heard."

Now as the English people have a queer way of shortening names, as the years go on, that reminds one of the riddle :

" Little Nan Etticoat has a white petticoat
And a red nose.
The longer she stands the shorter she grows."

In process of time old St. Botolph's Town became reduced to simply *Boston*.*

So now you see that that "echo in another hemisphere" of St. Botolph's Town is, of course, the name of our own Boston, so called by its early English set-

*St. Botolph's Bridge in Huntingdonshire is now called Bottle-Bride !

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

tlers in memory of the English Boston they had left behind them; though, as those of you who have read Higginson's History know, it had at first borne the name of Trimountain, because of its three hills; its Indian name having been Mushauwomuck, shortened, English fashion, to Shawmut. Boston school-boys, never forget that the original Indian name meant Free-country, or Free-land!

The name Botolph means "*Boat-help*;" and so, in those old times St. Botolph came to be deemed the patron saint of mariners; and as both Bostons are commercial cities by the sea, it is eminently appropriate that they should bear the old Boat-helper's name. Perhaps, too, that is why "Simon Kempthorn, Mariner," in Longfellow's *New England Tragedy of John Endicott*, cries out, when a fire is kindled in Boston's Market Place, in the year 1656, to burn the religious books of the persecuted Quakers:

"Rain, rain, rain,
Bones of St. Botolph, and put out this fire!"

(Would not that quotation make a capital motto for
the Boston Fire Company!)

ST. BOTOLPH'S TOWN.

The English Boston has a high church-tower, one
of the most beautiful in England,

"The loftiest tower of Britain's isle,
In valley or on steep,"

It resembles the tower of Antwerp Cathedral, and
is crowned by a beautiful octagonal lantern, that can
be seen forty miles off. It serves, therefore, as a
landmark for seamen.

Another poet in *Poems of Places* says :

"Beneath that lordly tower
A simple chapel stands,
In days long gone it caught the sound
Of Cotton's earnest tongue."

For the Reverend John Cotton, one of Boston's
earliest ministers, came from Boston, England; and it
is of him that "Norton" says, in the *Tragedy of John
Endicott*:

"The lantern of St. Botolph's ceased to burn
When from the portals of that church he came
To be a burning and a shining light
Here in the wilderness."

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

And now I have to tell you of what seems to me a pleasing and surprising coincidence:

In the Catholic calendar each saint has his special day; thus, you know we have St. Valentine's Day, on Feb. 14th, when you send the pretty valentines; St. Patrick's Day, March 17th, when our Irish citizens march in processions, "wearing of the green;" St. John's Day, June 24th, when the Canadians among us make wreaths and garlands of the fresh young maple-leaves, because the maple is the Canadian emblem. Now it so happens that St. Botolph's Day is, of all days in the year for the American Boston's patron saint—what do you think? *The Seventeenth of June!*

That Seventeenth of June, when Boston puts on her very best gala dress, when the bells all ring, and the Fire Companies form into processions, and the Military march, and the orators make speeches, and the children sing, and the great organ makes grand patriotic music, and the stars and stripes are flung to the "Boston east-winds," and the holiday is a jolly day!

Now do not you agree with me that we have found