

# OLD-TIME NEW ENGLAND

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and Minor Antiquities of the New England People*

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## A Philadelphian Looks at New England—1820

*Excerpts from "Journal of a Journey by Sea from Philadelphia to Boston" by William Wood Thackara, 1791-1839, edited by Robert Donald Crompton, in whose wife's family the manuscript has been handed down for several generations.*

SON of a well-known engraver, James Thackara, and nephew of James Trenchard, engraving coproprietor of the famous *Columbian Magazine* (Philadelphia, 1786-1792), William W. Thackara naturally turned to engraving as his first choice of a profession. But his talents early expanded themselves to keeping written and illustrated accounts of episodes of his life, and while only three such volumes survive today, cross reference is made to many more. Thackara apparently was en route to Hampstead, New Hampshire, via Boston, with his bride of eight months, Frances (Gordon) Thackara, of Hampstead, for a family visit when he penned the more than 150-page account of their voyage on the Boston-based schooner *Delaware*, Timothy House, master, and subsequent experiences in the City of Boston. In doing so, he left behind a val-

EDITOR'S NOTE: Punctuation has been modernized somewhat for the convenience of the reader.

uable account of Boston and environs of that day, and, more important, perhaps, what is described as the finest existing illustration of the birthplace of Benjamin Franklin, in Boston.

Mrs. Thackara (1799-1864), daughter of John and Mary Johnson Gordon, of Hampstead, was returning to New England for "a visit to her relations, as well as for the purpose of settling with her guardian the business relating to her estate," according to her husband. "My wife has not seen and indeed has scarcely heard of her relations . . . since she left them in September, 1817," Thackara wrote early in the "Journal." "She will now meet them under other circumstances than when she departed from them, with a new name, and a companion they have never had any knowledge of."

At the time of their journey, the couple was living in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts building on Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, where James Thackara was the curator. In 1825, W.

W. Thackara gave up engraving and went into partnership with his first cousin, Samuel Wilton Thackara, in the conveying business. Later he became a member of the Board of Education and of City Council, and was a director of The Mechanic's Bank. He died suddenly on April 19, 1839, leaving his widow, five children, and his aged father. He is interred with his father, and wife, in Old St. Peter's Churchyard, 3rd and Pine streets, Philadelphia. (More of father and son is found in "James Thackara, American Engraver," by Robert D. Crompton, *Antiques*, November, 1958).

William Wood Thackara must have anticipated this first public presentation of his "Journal of a Journey" when he wrote, in the first page: "The recollections of past occurrences of life, whether painful, hazardous or agreeable, have sufficient interest in them to be kept alive for future day; and more than repay the labour of reciting them, by the interest we feel, and the importance we attach to scenes of former days, scenes, that when mellowed by time, shine more luxuriantly than any the present day affords."

The first fifty pages of the "Journal" deal with descriptions of points along the Delaware River from Philadelphia to the ocean, and include a dramatic account of the death of a distinguished fellow passenger by drowning just after the ship departed from the dock. This was William Charles, engraver, caricaturist, and publisher of children's books, who had set out for Boston to sell some of his works.

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*Sunday 13<sup>th</sup>, August 1820*

At 9 A.M. we were close up with the mottled front of "Gay-head": a sort of peninsula, on the S. W. end of Martha's

Vineyard, about three miles long; and almost separated from the Island, by a large pond. It rises very steep from the Sea; the sides in many places, as square as though it were the work of art, are formed of different strata of variagated clay;—which, when the sun shines as clearly as it does at present, affords a rich, glowing prospect.—Connected with the various traditions relating to this spot and the neighbouring island, it affords considerable speculation as to its former situation and appearance and inhabitants, as well as much gratification and amusement in their contrast with the present.

According to description, several craters of extinguished volcanoes are plainly to be seen on this peninsula.—The Devil's den, the most southerly, and supposed to be of the greatest antiquity, is a curiosity.—It is now covered with grass, and is "twenty rods over at the top fourteen and a half at the bottom, and full one hundred and thirty feet at the sides, except that which is next the sea, where it is open".

Captain House says, there are people on the island whose grandfather's and grandmothers recollect seeing a light on Gay-head at night, and that the whalers formerly used it as a guide.

There is a light house now upon it. About two hundred Indians are left whose houses are scattered about, unclosed and desolate. The soil is good; and a church is now building for their use. . . .

At ½ past 3. P. M. we were abreast of Falmouth, on the N. E. Part of the sound; a smart looking town, seventy seven miles S. E. by S. of Boston.—A number of vessels belong to this place, five or six of which are whaling ships; the remainder carry on the lumber business, extensively. I was surprised to see a windmill in operation, in a New-Eng-

land town, on the *Sabbath day*. . . .

After it grew too dark, to distinguish objects on the shore, Hentz,\* for our amusement, opened his trunk, and produced a case containing some accurate and highly finished drawings that he had made of the different kinds of spiders he had seen in the United States. He has already collected fifty one different sorts, some very rare and singular in their appearance. They are drawn and coloured from nature with dissections of the head and parts, to each one. He intends to extend his collection, as far as possible, then class and arrange them, and present it to the French Museum, in Paris: to whom he had a year or two since already presented a collection of the Birds of this Country. . . .

*Monday, 14<sup>th</sup> August 1820* [Tisbury]

There being no hope, nor prospect of preceeding to sea, for twelve hours, we concluded to go ashore to breakfast, and to spend the day. As our boatman did not come off, as he promised to do, when he left us last evening, we hoisted a signal for another, who was soon alongside, and demanded no more than ninepence (12½ cents) to take us ashore, and return us when we chose; just one fourth of what the fellow wanted, when we first arrived, for the same service; 50 cents each being *his* moderate demand.

A heavy swell set into the cove, but these boats are so well constructed, for riding a sea, and sailing, that we were but a few minutes in getting a-shore.

We directed our steps to the "Marine

\* Nicholas Marcellus Hentz, 1797-1856, miniature painter who came to America shortly after the fall of Napoleon, of whom he was a staunch admirer, according to Thackara. Hentz was a pioneer in American entomology, and after 1816 taught at schools in Philadelphia, and Boston, and at the Round Hill School, in Northampton, Mass.

Hotel", a two storied wooden building, at the east end of the town; and after thumping at the door, for 15 or 20 minutes, roused the sleepy inmates. An old woman, rubbing her eyes, and but partially equipped for the day's drudgery, opened the door, and ushered us into the best parlor. We ordered breakfast, and she immediately set about preparing it for us. Whilst it was getting ready, we had time to look about us. This building has a store, in one end of it, so that our landlord is at once both merchant and tavernkeeper.

All the floors are painted with a thick coating of yellow ochre; which (as we afterwards discovered, on walking through the place) seems to be the prevailing fashion.

Falmouth is distinctly seen from the front of the house.

It looked comfortable, to see a clean table cloth spread out, with clean plates, cups, knives, forks, spoons, etc. As they brought breakfast in, our host made his appearance, followed by his new wife, whom, as he informed us, he had brought home but the preceding day. They sat down to table with us, and she seemed to feel perfectly at home. She is a stout, bouncing lass, as raw-boned as a porter; was well-dressed, and decked out with a profusion of trinkets: in fact, nature had done so little for her, on the score of beauty, that she required some assistance from art, to set her off, to advantage. She is only twenty years of age, too, and is from Belfast, in the State of Maine. Our Boniface, who was as communicative as curiosity could wish, told us that his name was Dunham: let us into the secret of his being fifty seven years of age, and, of his having already buried two wives. He followed the sea for twenty years, and was, for a long time, master of a vessel out of Boston. Five of his

daughters waited upon table, not presuming to sit down, and one of them looked full old enough to have been the Mother of his new *Cara-Sposa*. She answers the idea as it is usually received, of a buxom sailor's lass.

A good cup of coffee, after the wretched potions manufactured by our Steward, (notwithstanding he was provided with the best materials) relished extremely well, and soft bread, which we were out of, was a kind of luxury.

Our breakfast room was ornamented with an old fashioned looking glass, a genuine antique, as its appearance would certainly fix the date of its origin, 150 years back; a wretched likeness of Washington, and, it is an astonishing fact, that the most execrable things that have ever been manufactured, as likenesses of that extraordinary man, can always be immediately recognised; and some profile likenesses, particularly one of our host, with a huge pipe projecting from his mouth, like the bowsprit of a man of war, a tremendous hat on his head, and a queue of equal dimensions with the pipe, and his two former wives, one on each side of him.

I observed a piece of furniture, in the back parlor or sitting room of the family, entirely new to me, but whose utility could not be questioned. A chintz curtain extended entirely around the room, about half a yard in width, the bottom of which touched the wainscott or surbase, bidding defiance to all the dirty, greasy heads in the place. . . .

Fanny and I took a walk through the Town of Tisbury, and around its neighbourhood. It contained sixty or seventy houses, the greater part of them a story and a half high. There are several good looking two story houses, two or three of which may be called handsome. It is

composed principally of sand, and the buildings, starting within from fifty to eighty yards of the sea, are mostly upon streets crossing a hill that rises forty or fifty feet above high water mark.

In the Town, there is scarcely a garden, a tree, or a shrub to be seen, and it looks as naked as though the place was but newly settled. The buildings are covered with shingles, the sides as well as the roof; and paint is rarely seen on any of them. . . .

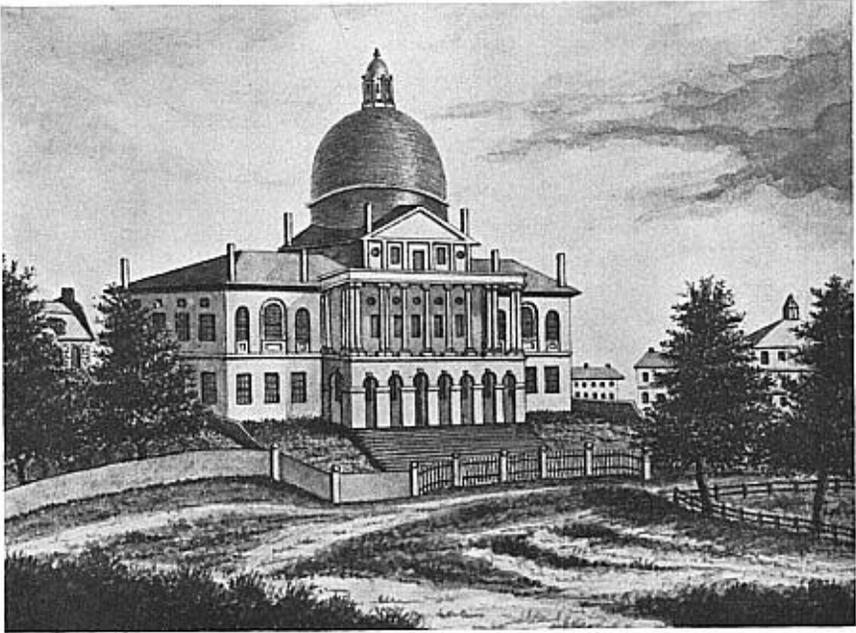
I was surprised to see such a number of stores, in so small a place. Like the taverns in the City of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, there appears to be one in almost every other house. The sign boards over the shop doors hang out as ostentatiously as though the place contained many thousand inhabitants; "Variety Store" appears to be a favorite title, as almost every one had it: but what amused me, as much as any thing I met with was "D. Emmers"—or some such name "Merchant Taylor"—over the door of a little one story frame, not much bigger than a Doghouse, of the dimensions of about eight feet by twelve. What constitutes the Merchant, I am at a loss to determine, as there were neither shelves in the place, nor goods to put upon them. I suspect most of his customers furnish the materials for the garments he manufactures for them. A sounding title appears to be of as much importance to a Taylor as to his Excellency the President, or the Governor, his *Honor* the Mayor, or the Honorable Mr. — of the Senate, etc., or any of the innumerable *Esquires*, strewed thro' every quarter of our immense territory; if we are to judge from the daily specimens we see exhibited.

The salt works to the South of the town, attracted our attention, and we reached them with little difficulty. They

are composed of six pans, or rather square boxes 200 feet long, 12 feet wide, and about a foot in depth, raised upon trussels about 5 feet from the ground, and placed parallel to each other, at 3 or 4 feet distance. They are fixed upon a flat beach 100 feet, or more, from the water's edge, and are supplied from a well

very little attention, in the manufacture. Salt was made during the last war, in this place, by boiling. . . .

The Original proprietors of the soil, the Indians, of whose descendants very few remain, scarcely 400, gave to this Island the name of Nope or Capawoc, which it bore till Gosnold, in 1602, gave



STATEHOUSE, BOSTON, IN 1820  
Drawing by William Wood Thackara.

dug in the sand, in which a pump is fixed, worked by a wind-sail, in the same manner as a wind-mill, and carried from pan to pan by means of spouts. The salt is made by the sun. In case of rain, or bad weather, they have a roof, or cover, to slide over each pan, to protect it.

One pan belongs to three or four individuals; the remainder to one person. I am told the Salt pays them 15 Per Ct. clear profit. Certain it is, it requires but

it its present name; since which it has been called alternately by either, though known only to Europeans by that of "Martha's Vineyard".

Among the various traditions that exist, respecting these islands, that of the formation of Nantucket pleases me as much as any other; and while passing Gay-Head, I almost fancied that I could see the gigantic figure of Manshop perched upon its most elevated point,

his huge pipe protruding some hundreds of fathoms over the Ocean, from the extremity of which rose huge Columns of dense smoke which still seem to hover around the neighbourhood to this day, in impenetrable banks of fog; whilst the unoffending and dismayed natives, crouching around in wondering adoration, finished the picture.

The tradition runs thus, On the West end of Martha's Vineyard are high cliffs of variegated coloured earths, known by the name of Gay-Head. On the top of the hill, is a large cavity, which has the appearance of the Crater of an extinguished volcano, and there are evident marks of former subterraneous fires. The Indians, who live about this spot, have a tradition, that a certain deity resided there before the Europeans came into America; that his name was Manshop; that he used to step out on a ledge of rocks, which ran into the sea, and take up a whale, which he broiled for his own eating on the coals of the aforesaid volcano, and often invited the Indians to dine with him, or gave them the relics of his meal. That once, to shew their gratitude to Manshop for his very great kindness to them, they made an offering to him of all the tobacco which grew upon the island for one season. This was scarcely sufficient to fill his great pipe, but he received the present very graciously, smoked his pipe, and turned out the ashes into the sea, which formed the island of Nantucket. Upon the coming of the Europeans into America, Manshop retired in disgust, and has never since been seen.\* Though tradition says nothing about it, I should suppose he had, either then, or at a subsequent period, dropped some of the contents of his huge pipe nearer to his accustomed

seat, and produced no-man's land, also.

A good cup of tea, furnished by our landlady, who endeavours to make things agreeable, was quite refreshing, and with the addition of fresh bread, something of a treat. The charge was moderate, if the fare was not in the best style; for breakfast, dinner and supper, for Fanny and myself, I paid but \$1.07 or eighteen cents a meal. . . .

Thursday 17<sup>th</sup> August 1820

Although we cannot boast much of the lodging part of the accommodations of the "*Marine Hotel*" of Tisbury, yet as they were *motionless* and *tranquil*, and more spacious than what we have had for six days past, we rested well. A low-post bedstead, bed, and *one* chair, comprised the entire furniture of the room. I suppose, however, it was *not* the best, as the *bride* is so newly brought home. The bed was tolerable, and the linen *clean*; a most excellent quality. . . .

Saturday 19<sup>th</sup> August 1820

At day-break this morning, we were within a few miles of the light house, beating in with the wind ahead, at N. W. and blowing disagreeably cold.

We left Philadelphia with a S. W. wind, and since then, we have had it from every point of the Compass, and in almost every variety;—light,—squally,—agale,—fresh breezes,—and calm. The *light* winds only, were fair, and we have crept along thus far, in *eleven* days. We have had the pleasure of outsailing every vessel we saw, if there is any consolation in that idea. The Schooner sails remarkably well.

On entering Massachusetts bay, a number of objects strike the attention, which combine to make it a beautiful and pleasing prospect. The great number of

\* Reide. American Museum for 1787.

Islands, rocks and Beacons; The Castle, Fort, and vessels of every size and description, in motion, or at anchor, and in every variety of position; the faint outline of the distant town, the dome of whose State-house towers above every other object; and occasionally, a view of Charlestown, the Navy-yard, and Ships of War, with the turrets and spires of both towns, constantly before the eye, afford a rich, lively and animated view, that the approach to Philadelphia cannot boast of. . . .

At half past two P. M. the tide changed, and the anchor was weighed for the last time, but as there was no wind we merely drifted along with the tide, till we got to *Central Wharf*—where these packets usually lay—when a line was carried a-shore, and the Schooner washed into the dock. Owing to the number of vessels laying there, and the lowness of the tide, there was no likelihood of her getting alongside of the wharf, for an hour or more; so that having paid the Captain the amount of our passage money, Twentyfour dollars, twelve each, I concluded to go, before the packet hawled into the wharf, in search of good accommodations to board, during the short stay we should make; and, for the first time in my life, set my foot on shore, in the goodly town of BOSTON for that purpose, leaving my wife aboard till my return. Hentz, W.....rs and the Captain went also at the same time, the two former in one direction, and the Captain with me, to show me boarding houses in central parts of the town; but I did not like their appearance, or accommodations. One was in a confined Street or Court; another, the house was large and convenient, but our room would have been rather too *elevated*, on the fourth story; in fact, *none* were just the thing,

so I set out by myself to make a search, in the hope of being more successful. From Central Street, I found my way into State Street, peering at the doors and windows of every pleasant looking house, to discover a sign, with the important notice "*genteel boarding*" upon it. I saw several, but none that I ventured upon. From State Street, I found my way into Court Street, but neither State nor Court produced what I was in quest of. *Tremont* Street next took my attention, in passing along which, towards the mall, I discovered, in large letters, on the corner of a fine looking building, *four* stories high, "*HOVEY'S COFFEE-HOUSE.*" I stepped in to enquire where I should be able to find boarding, for a few days, for my wife and myself. The young man in the bar was very civil and polite, and gave me all the information upon the subject that he was master of; which amounted to no more than this; that it was a difficult matter for a lady and gentleman to get boarding in a private family, anywhere, for so short a time as a week or two; most houses were full; and they all calculated upon gentlemen boarders. After mentioning a number of places, including those I had seen, as being likely to afford us accommodation, if any of them would, he suggested, that if I like the situation (which really appears a charming one,) or accommodations of their house, he thought they would probably take us, for the time I talked of remaining in Boston.

It was exactly what I wished. He made enquiry of *Mrs. Hovey*; I looked over the house; chose my rooms, and we closed immediately. I was to pay *Eleven* dollars a week, and to have the use of a handsome parlor upstairs, elegantly furnished; a large and cool chamber, on the same floor, carpetted, and furnished very

neatly and comfortably; and, when we wished it a separate table. I was indeed surprised at the moderation of the charge; the least I calculated upon, being a dollar a day for each of us. . . .

When we saw *our* baggage safe, and had taken possession of our apartments, with which Mrs. T. was much pleased, as well as with the situation of the house, we set out to take a walk, having a little time to spare before tea, around the mall, etc. and back to our lodgings.

In the neighbourhood of the State-house, whilst admiring a handsome house that was erecting, of a light grey stone, a respectable, good-natured, elderly looking old gentleman, came along. He stopped near us. Addressing him, I enquired, "if it was a public building." He politely bowed, and told us, "that Mr. . . . (the name has entirely slipped my memory) was building it for a dwelling house, that it had already cost him a large sum, and before it was finished would exhaust a great deal more. "However," said he, "he is regardless of money; he has already spent one fortune; he got a handsome property by his wife, which the world says is going pretty rapidly; whilst it costs he will enjoy it, nevertheless." I asked whose plan it was. "It is designed by a carpenter, who has now turned Sculptor;" was the reply; "those Scroll ornaments, in Bas-relief, over the windows are done by him, and are called here, beautiful, and exquisitely executed." . . .

There was a sarcastic dryness about our new elderly acquaintance, that pleased us, and when as we were about continuing our walk, he observed, that, "if it did not intrude upon our time, or arrangements, he would be pleased to walk with us, as his way lay in the direction we appeared to be going;" we as-

sured him, it would give us much gratification to have the pleasure of his company. . . .

Following along Beacon Street to the Water, brought us to an extensive new work, the Boston and Roxbury Mill-dam; now nearly compleated, and which, it is calculated, will be the great *Western-Avenue* to the town. It is certainly a work of great magnitude and cost, and the *Bostomians* say is exceeded *only* in the United States by the *Grand Canal of New York*. It may be so. It will require, it is supposed, but a few months to complete it. The stone for the Sluice ways is collecting upon the dam, being first dressed at the *quarries*, and brought thither on cars, dragged by the workmen. A car requires seventy or eighty men to draw it. . . .

Having seen all that was to be seen, and heard all that was to be said about the Mill-dam, we renewed our walk across the *Common*, to the *Mall*, and came into it, nearly opposite to St. Paul's Church, on Common Street, a little South of Winter Street. This is a new Church, not yet finished, built of the Chelmsford Stone. The Plan is that of one of the ancient Grecian Temples, of the Doric Order, and does credit to the town and to those whose liberality and good taste have been the means of erecting it. The height of the pediment detracts from the beauty of the building; and to destroy it still more, they talk of placing the Statues of St. Peter and St. Paul on each side of the pediment.

I said "I hoped they would not think of such a thing." "Aye, but they are already in a State of forwardness, by that very individual Carpenter that we have been talking about, whose *genius* you have already seen *specimens* of." "Are they to be in Wood?" said I. "No truly,

they are to be in good honest *marble*; whether he *studies* from the life, I cannot say, replied he. It is an Episcopal establishment, and the Rev. Doctor Jarvis is to be the Pastor; at least, so says our companion. . . .

*Sunday 20<sup>th</sup> August 1820*

It appears that we have taken up our quarters in the very heart of the antiquities of the town; and the center of fashion.

Sir *Henry Vane's* house, the oldest in Boston, is directly opposite to us; and adjoining to the South is the Spot where Governor Bellingham's house stood, now occupied by the mansion of the present *Lieutenant* Governor of Massachusetts . . . . . Phillips. The house that the *Lieut. Gov.* occupies is among the handsomest in the town, and was built by Mr. Faneuil, uncle to him who built the hall known by his name. It stands back, about eighty feet from the street, and has a beautiful little garden in front of it, filled with a choice selection of shrubs, protected from the street by a neat railing, raised upon a wall the height of the terrace. Both the houses just mentioned, belong to Mr. Phillips.

On a hill to the right, or North of us, where formerly an *Indian Golgotha* was discovered, and where Dr. Mather (the celebrated Cotton Mather) saw, when he was a youth, *three hundred* skull bones dug up; once stood Governor Endicott's house. Gardiner Greene's house and garden are now located there, and as they are said to be beautiful, indeed, the handsomest in the place, we purpose going tomorrow to see them.

"Our Antiquities", says a New-England writer, "are merely degrees of infancy, compared with the cities of Europe, while in respect to some of the

towns that sprung up last year, or last week in various parts of the Union, they claim a most venerable superiority. Owing to the early habit of constructing with wood, there are few buildings more than a century old, and not many even of that age. The oldest is a dwelling house in Tremont Street built by the celebrated Sir Henry Vane, about one hundred and fifty years since, and this is probably the most ancient dwelling in the United States; it has been modernized, but is still a substantial, handsome house."

Being directly before our parlour windows, opposite, as I have already mentioned, to where we board, it took my attention the first thing this morning. The back part of the building, still carries all its marks of antiquity about it, particularly in the small, diamond-glazed, leaden sashed windows; which do one good to look at.

Our Landlord is the owner of a Steam-boat, that runs to Nahant and Salem, and as there was sufficient time *before Meeting let in*, Hentz and I went down to the wharf to see her start. She is a dumpling little boat, her beam, apparently, as great as her length, owing to the width of the platform on each side over the wheels, and reminded me of the famous boat in which Mynheer Hudson made his voyage up the East River, which sailed sideways, as well as any other way. The Engine is of twenty five horse power. Her accommodations are tolerable, but much cannot be said of her beauty. The number of passengers was considerable; and to see such a number of people, collected together on the Lord's day, for a *party of pleasure*, or a frolick; and from this town, too! "Lanks, lanks! what a change!". . .

The Steam boat at last dropped off—but, as the steam was not *quite* up, she

did not move along very majestically. There are only *two* boats of the kind here, and not employment enough for *them*, though there is sufficient for their owners to keep them in repair. The Eagle, just spoken of, is the best boat of the two. She was *old*, however, when our Landlord purchased her a year ago, in New York. He exchanged his *half* of a *Cotton-Manufactory* for her, and in the opinion of some that we have heard speaking of it, made a very foolish bargain! This boat, however, has the greatest share of patronage. The other is so *very old*, and crazy, and constantly out of repair, that if she runs one day, it requires *two* or *three* afterward to repair; and she is, therefore, never to be depended upon. They run to Nahant and Salem, three days in the week, and three days to Hingham, Hull &c. On Sundays, they run to Nahant only. . . .

My friend, Abel Vinton, previous to leaving home, told me, if I wanted to hear *good* preaching, to go to *Park-Street-Church*, and I would hear the *best* in Boston. I am always anxious to *see* and *hear* the *best* of everything. My wife was ready when we called for her, and we went there. . . .

This is a Congregational Church, charmingly situated at the Corner of Park and Common Streets, commanding an extensive view of the *Common*, and the scenery beyond it, Southwestwardly, to a great distance. It is built of brick, and ornamented with columns, but it stands so completely on the Street, that much of the fine effect is lost. The height of the spire to the top of the vane is 217 feet. The different stories from the tower, beginning with the *Bell-chamber*, to the base for the spire, are finished with Doric, Ionic, Corinthian and Composite

Columns and pilasters, and have a pretty effect.

As on this day every body appears in the "best bib and tucker," as the saying is, we amused ourselves after meeting, at our parlor window, in observing the fashions. The occasional remarks of my wife, drew my attention, as the dresses of the ladies caught her eye, to many a gossamer dress, and many a sprightly dame, tripping along on "light fantastic toe." "How abominably ugly those *long waists* are, that appear to be all the fashion here; I do hope we shall never get them in Philadelphia." "Oh Dear! do but look at the *broad belt* that little woman has on; how preposterous it is." "Do you see those little children with *Satin Spencers* on, dressed like women of twenty years of age? How ridiculous! Bless me! how that tall lady with the *yellow* dress and *black* spenser struts along; her spenser is cut so low in the neck, she ought to be ashamed to walk the streets!" These and many other exclamations from her, showed the difference in the dress and general appearance of the Ladies in *this* town and *ours*. They say that they get the fashions from Europe a season sooner than we do, and that *we* always *follow* them. If it is so, I am something like my wife, and should not wish to see this fashion introduced with us; for I do not think it exhibits much taste, or sets the person off to much advantage. To my *unaccustomed eye*, it appears in many instances unbecoming, and gives a vulgar awkward appearance to the wearer. The Gentlemen, generally appear plain, and somewhat slovenly; for though their clothes are made of the best materials, they want that appearance of neatness and elegance that you constantly meet with in the cities further south. . . .

The rigid strictness that formerly prevailed here, even till lately, with regard to the Sabbath, has worn away; and it is as common a thing for jaunts of pleasure, and journies of business to be undertaken, as it is any where south of it. The Steam-boats are crowded when the weather is good, and carriages and *chaises* are seen going in all directions and at all hours. I observe that it is very common for *three* grown persons to ride in a chaise, in this direction, judging from the numbers of them I have seen passing today. . . .

Monday 21<sup>st</sup> August 1820

Some of the modern streets are straight and sufficiently spacious, for a Bostonian, unaccustomed to width and regularity in their streets; but to a Philadelphian, there appears to be scarcely a spacious street within the whole circumference of the town; and we may even include Charlestown and South Boston. As for pavements or foot ways, they are in proportion to the spaciousness of the Streets, and vary in width from *twelve inches* to *three feet*, which appears to be the most common width. Some may be found, occasionally, in the newer parts of the town, seven, eight, ten, but very rarely twelve feet, extending in length a few hundred feet. And into these, the door steps of ten jut out *six* or *seven* feet, to the great annoyance of passengers.

In the most frequented streets, cellar doors open into the footway, being level with the pavement, the whole width of it, even to the water drain, so that a stranger passing in the night is in continual danger of falling into a victuallying cellar or *gin shop*, perhaps, with a broken limb. . . .

As our fellow traveller, N. M. Hentz,

does not leave here till tomorrow, we set out immediately after breakfast, to see the *lions*. The first in order, especially as we had been directed to it, was the "*Columbian Museum*," in a square building that stands back of the Atheneum, on Tremont Street, a few doors to the South, from our lodgings, and facing the new Courthouse. . . .

There are some good and curious things here, but mixed up with as great a collection of trash and rubbish as can any where be found. Hentz's "*Oh my!*" frequently introduced the wreck of some really curious animal, or rare bird or insect, open and exposed to the air and dust; a paltry wax figure *carefully* enclosed; or a *carricature*, or *show box*. . . .

As we were about leaving the place, I observed a straw of a dozen tumblers, taken from the ruins of the fire at Portsmouth. They were melted and pressed flat together, and the straw within them, although perfectly charred, and black, retained the shape unbroken, and was really curious.

Our next walk was to the *New State* house, whose exterior we saw yesterday, and on Saturday. Today we mounted to the highest pinnacle; as high as we *could* to, in the dome; and saw the extended landscape spread out before us, forming a most beautiful panoramic spectacle.

This building has one of the finest and most commanding situations in the town; and is at one, its *boast*, and ornament, though far from being a fine specimen of architecture. The original plan is said to have been a good one; but, "the *Committee* were alarmed at the idea of expense, and therefore ordered *ten* feet of solid wall to be left out of each wing in the length, and a proportionate quantity in the width: this of course gives it a

lantern-like appearance, and made the dome so out of proportion, as to crush the edifice. It is hardly worth while to criticize a building of brick with wooden ornaments; but from its commanding situation, and general outline, it produces at a distance a much better effect than many more costly and handsome buildings." . . .

After dinner we walked over to Gardner Greene's garden, the back part of which is nearly opposite to Hoveys, and situated or fronting on that part of Tremont Street where it runs to the N.W. from the head of Court Street.

It is a beautiful spot, upon one of the highest hills in Boston, and commands a fine view of the town, the bay and islands, Charlestown, and a great variety of charming prospects. The house is a handsome frame edifice, on the side of the hill, about twenty feet above the street; and the garden rises in a succession of terraces behind it, sixty or seventy feet above its foundation, and above one hundred from high-water mark.

It is well laid out, but has a poor collection of plants and shrubs, considering the celebrity it has, and the wealth of its owner. There is no green house, and but one or two small hot-beds. The owner is not only one of the wealthiest, but the most penurious, or rather the *smuggest* man in Boston; and, it is a matter of surprise, with those who know him, that he expends *any* money upon a garden, at all.

His gardener, an intelligent Scotchman of the name of Wyatt, paid us a great deal of attention. He brought us a telescope, that we might examine the different prospects from the top of the hill; presented us with some of the best fruit we have tasted since we left home; and as we were going away, presented Fanny a nosegay, composed of the Choicest of

his roses and other flowers, then in bloom in flower pots.

Whilst looking over some valuable botanical works, that he took us into his lodge to see; he told us, that "Mr. Greene was a good man, but set no value upon a garden: a moss-rose possesses no greater beauty in his eyes, than a cabbage!"

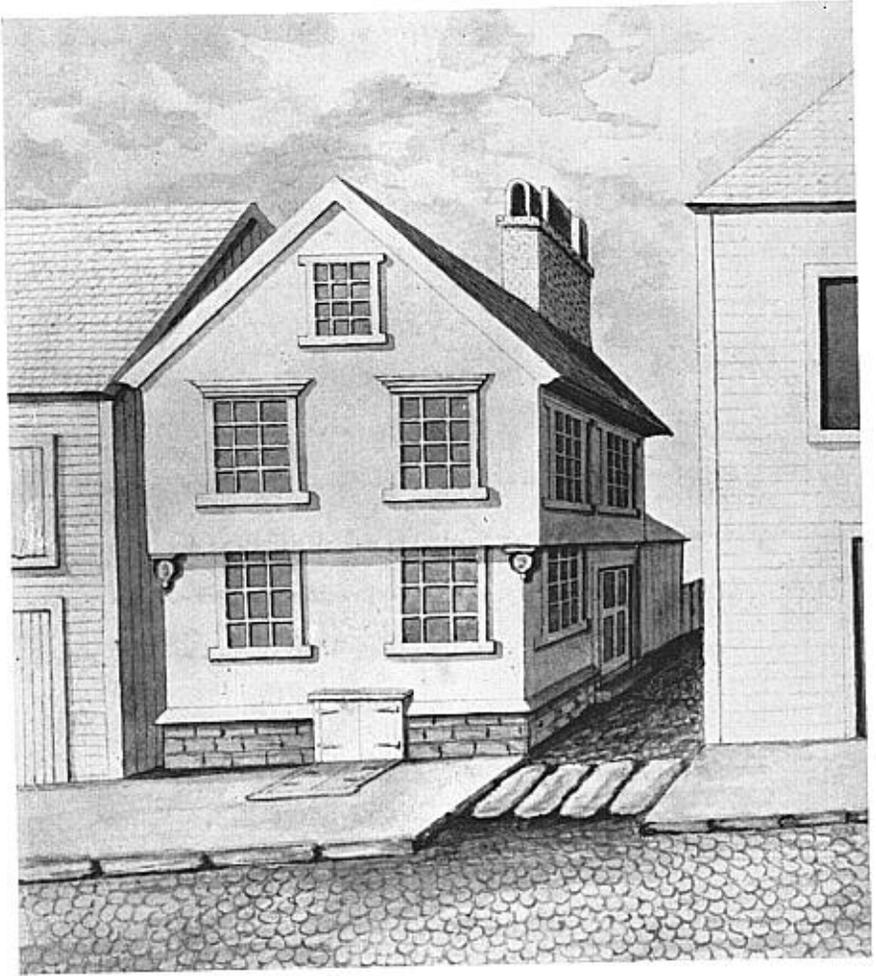
This garden will not bear comparison with Lemon-hill (Pratt's place) upon the Schuykill, as to situation; nor has it a collection of plants, equal to Joshua Longstreth's, in the heart of Our City. Having no green-house, the collection of tender, rare plants, must of course be small.

Its situation is its chief excellence. It is daily visited by the people of the town, and travellers. Any one who has a genteel, respectable appearance, can always gain admission. . . .

The continuation of our walk, brought us to *Faneuil Hall*, or *Fannel Hall* as it is more commonly called or pronounced here, on Market Square, near Dock Square, on a spot formerly appropriated for the sale of provisions. . . . The cellars are rented by butcher's and others, and used principally for salting and storing their meat; whilst the ground floor is appropriated according to the original intention, and used as a meat market.

The hall above, where public meetings are held and where most of the town business is transacted is nearly the whole size of the building, 25 feet high, and has galleries on three sides, supported by doric columns. The ceiling is supported by Ionic Columns, and the walls finished with pilasters, and the windows with architraves.

On the West end of the hall, are the full length portraits of Washington,



FRANKLIN'S BIRTHPLACE, MILK STREET, BOSTON

Drawing by William Wood Thackara, "copied from a pencil drawing . . . taken on the spot . . . a short time before it was destroyed."

painted by G. Stuart, and Peter Faneuil Esq. by Col. Sargent, copied from an Original of smaller size, I believe by Copley.

They are both good pictures. The former appears to be more finished than the generality of Stuart's pictures, judging from those I have seen; *he* is represented

in the field; the white horse at the side of the general stands in an awkward position, is badly drawn, and will not stand the test of criticism.

I don't know what our Major Jackson would say, was he to see *his friend* General Washington placed to the left of a merchant!

Over this hall is another 76 feet long, and 30 wide, for the military corps to exercise in, and a number of apartments on each side for depositing their arms and equipments. There are also in the building, Offices for the Select-men, Board of Health, Assessors, and Town-Treasurer. . . .

We had fixed upon visiting the Museum, in Court Street, near our lodgings, this evening, and it was past 8 o'clock when we got there. It is kept by Mr. Greenwood, and is in every respect *superior* to the *Columbian*, which was pointed out to us as the best. It occupies the second and third stories of part of a range of buildings between Market and Brattle Streets. It is kept tolerably well lighted. Each visitor is also furnished with a small lamp, to carry in the hand, which is highly necessary, serviceable and convenient. This collection is not so extensive as Peale's in Philadelphia but is well arranged, and the different articles well preserved, and properly taken care of.

A few articles, particularly attracted my attention, having never seen them in any collection before: they are

The *Sea-Serpent* or horse-mackerel. Whilst looking at this large, clumsy looking fish, something like a grampus, and measuring as much in circumference as in length, I could not but wonder, if this *could* be the *wonderful Sea-serpent*, of which such marvellous descriptions are in constant circulation. I looked in vain for the large protuberances on the back—the neck or body, with the horses head upon it, shooting up like the mast of a vessel 10 or 12 feet above the surface of the water, as has been so often attested by worthy ship-masters, and others on their return from sea. If this be the "great

Leviathan" that has given so much uneasiness to Mariners and other sojourners on the great deep, they must have had wonderful imagination who described it, and withal been exceedingly terrified.

A *Swan from the Chesapeake*, a beautiful bird, and the only American Swan I have seen. I believe Peale has one in his collection, though I have not seen it.

Some *Tomb-Stones* found in Beacon Street of a very early date.

The *Handle of the Sword* which Commodore Perry used in the battle on Lake Erie. It is roughly manufactured of iron, and resembles very much the handle of a cleaver, only, not quite so large: it was exchanged, after the battle, if not for a better, for a more costly one, as the *blade* was found to be of good stuff.

A sett of *Natural History Coat Buttons*; each button containing a different insect, carefully prepared and preserved under a crystal; they are of french manufacture.

A *Knife, used by Canute!!!* It is indeed ugly enough to have been manufactured in the time of the Danish king; and would be a wonderful contrast to the knife lately manufactured, less than *one tenth* of its size, containing one thousand blades, instruments &c. It will require a stretch of the imagination, however, to carry it back to *that* owner, or to the eleventh century!

A *Guillotine knife*, used during the french revolution. Hentz looked at it, shrugged up his shoulders, and passed on with a sigh. It brought to his recollection the sufferings of his own family!

The collection of Birds is small, but well selected, and arranged with considerable taste.

The collection of Insects is likewise small, but beautifully arranged, in small glass cases. They were prepared by a

frenchman, and Hentz was particularly pleased with them; being in *his* own way.

The animals are not numerous, but in remarkably good preservation; and some of them disposed of with much taste, particularly a few in one of the upper rooms, the end of which, with scenery and trees introduced, represents a kind of menagerie, where they appear to be sporting about with life and liberty.

In the same room is a long double row of portraits. Four of the early Governors, and Leverett, painted by Savage, from the originals, hold a conspicuous place. . . .

Next to them, are Reverend gentlemen innumerable, and to close the procession, Governors Hancock and Adams, and Generals Warren and Ward. All, except the first four governors, are painted by the proprietor Mr. Greenwood. Amongst the preachers are some rigid, furious looking presbyterians, under whose administrations, I feel well assured, I should not like to have been cast.

They appear to be very decently executed, as far as one can judge by night; but being manufactured so by wholesale, and some, evidently copied from bad originals, I suspect they wont bear a critical examination by day-light; although they may be tolerably accurate likenesses.

Here, as at the other place, prints of all subjects, and of every description, "good, bad and indifferent," are stuck against the walls, without frames or glass, unless a narrow strip of paper-hanging-border pasted on the edges of each print can be called a frame.

Wax figures, too, are displayed, in all the majesty and splendour of tinsel and rags! Show-boxes, hand-organs, bass-drums, and screeching-parrots, are

to be found in both places. I wonder at respectable institutions of the kind having them. They may be amusing to children, country-people and servants, but must certainly annoy, as they did us, others who visit the place. . . .

*Tuesday 22<sup>nd</sup> August 1820*

I should have noticed, when speaking of the baptism of Benjamin Franklin, that the dwelling of his parents stood nearly opposite to the Old South meeting house, in Milk Street, at the corner of a small alley between Marlborough and Hawley Streets. It was surrounded with barns; and in 1810 was destroyed by fire. The annexed drawing is perhaps the only view of it, now in existence, and was copied from a pencil drawing, almost obliterated, which was taken on the spot, by a gentleman a short time before it was destroyed. The Franklin Music-warehouse, a handsome four story brick building, now stands upon the spot.

At noon, N. M. Hentz took leave of us, to pursue his journey. He went in the packet for Hallowell, Maine, where his father, whom he had not seen for several years, resides. He is an estimable young man, well educated, possessing numerous acquirements, much general information, and a most amiable disposition. The family had suffered much, during the French revolution, and had escaped to this country, with the wreck of their property. We regret to lose his company. I accompanied him to the Packet, which started from the North side of long-wharf, or that part of it called the T, with a number of passengers on board.

[Following some remarks on the wharves and Boston Tea Party, the journal ends abruptly.]