TREMONT HOUSE, TREMONT STREET, BOSTON
Photograph by William Halliday, about 1895.

Boston's Greatest Hotel

By HENRY LEE

FEW people now recall that Boston was the site of the world's first luxury hotel—the Tremont House. Erected in 1829 at the corner of Tremont and Beacon Streets, this remarkable hostelry was the wonder of its day, exceeding in its accommodations and service anything yet seen in this country or in Europe. As the model and prototype of the modern city hotel, it generated a revolution in the art of innkeeping and introduced to American life a new and distinctive amenity.

For several decades the Tremont House reigned supreme in Boston, accommodating almost every noted visitor to the city and serving as a focal point of civic and social entertainment. Accounts of travelers in these years ring with lyrical praise of its extraordinary comforts, cuisine, and architectural beauty.[1] Like all models, however, it was soon imitated and eventually surpassed. By the 1860's the hotel's halcyon days were over, and in the years following it faded into gradual obscurity, outmoded as the primitive inns it had replaced. When the building was at last destroyed in 1894, its fame was already a distant memory, its enduring legacy all but forgotten. Unfortunately there is no contemporary account of the hotel and no existing records, but we do have copies of the architectural drawings plus some pictures of the façade, and here and there enough anecdotes and descriptions to afford at least a glimpse of the operation and history of this pioneer enterprise.[2]

In 1829, Boston, like all other American cities, had no large and comfortable hotel. The only suitable accommodation, the Exchange Coffee House, had burned down in 1818, and transients had thereafter to rely on inns and taverns where single rooms were unknown and single beds a considerable luxury.[3] Long-term visitors put up at boarding houses where they lived family style with hosts and other boarders. Such small accommodations had served European cities for several centuries, but Americans were a remarkably footloose people and the commercial traveler already a familiar part of business life. Recognizing the need for a larger and more impressive facility, the General Court in the session of 1824-1825 had incorporated a company to construct "a building or buildings to be used as a Public Hotel." Nothing was done, however, until 1828 when a group of merchants—William H. Eliot, Samuel A. Eliot, Thomas H. Perkins, James Perkins, Jr., and Andrew E. Belknap —took matters into their own hands, formed a proprietorship, and soon raised the necessary funds. That these men succeeded so promptly speaks much of the faith and civic spirit of the subscribers, for they had no precedent to guide them and, despite the city's recent growth and prosperity, no assurance that Boston could support so large an enterprise. Indeed, the Exchange Coffee House, a more

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modest effort, had proved a ruinous investment long before its destruction. Nonetheless, once it was under way, the Tremont House became a matter of intense community pride. The cornerstone was laid with public ceremony on July 4, 1828, and by October of the next year the work was completed. Dwight Boyden, member of a well-known innkeeping family, became the first manager, and on October 16, 1829, the hotel launched its historic venture with a subscription banquet for 120 city leaders. The bill of fare for this occasion, a copy of which still exists, listed five courses and forty-four items, a sumptuous offering even by nineteenth-century standards. Mayor Josiah Quincy and Daniel Webster attended, while Edward Everett served as toastmaster.[4] Several days later the mechanics of Boston gave another large dinner, also attended by the Mayor and Mr. Webster, at which, it was reported, "the tables seemed to groan under the weight of choice dishes."[5] On the twenty-second the hotel formally opened for business.

The building itself soon became a city landmark, extravagantly, at times perhaps excessively, praised by contemporaries.[6] Its designer was Isaiah Rogers, a leader of Boston's classical school and known in later years as the father of the American hotel. Such designation was well deserved, since in the Tremont House he produced not merely a popular and much-copied example of Greek Revival architecture but also a new and highly influential concept of hotel construction.[7]

The main portion of the building fronting on Tremont Street (now number 73) was of Quincy granite, a material first used extensively by the Greek Revivalists. One hundred and sixty feet long and four stories high, with a strict, classical façade and simple Doric portico, it presented an appearance of dignity and stateliness that perfectly conformed to the taste of the times. Two brick wings, also four stories, extended to the rear, one along Beacon Street. Bounded by these extensions, by the main block, and at the rear by a two-story segment, was an inner courtyard overlooked by an arcaded gallery. Traditionally the courtyard of an inn had been a center of activity, but, in a step reflecting changes in city life and transportation, that of the Tremont House formed a quiet garden closed both to the public and to vehicles and horses.

Arriving at the main entrance a visitor passed through handsome folding doors, sixteen feet high, ascended a short flight of stairs, and emerged into a circular foyer partly lighted by a high dome of stained glass. Here he found himself not in the bar as customary in other inns, but in a newly devised area to be known as the lobby. Off this rotunda were the office and reception rooms and, via corridors, those necessities of the period, the ladies' parlor, ladies' dining room, and gentlemen's smoker. On the same floor was a well-stocked reading room, extremely useful before the advent of libraries and magazine stands.

These public rooms were regarded as the last word in opulence and style. Lit by gas lamps, they included such luxurious appointments as Turkish carpets, crystal chandeliers, French ormolu clocks, and specially designed local and imported furniture. Several floors were of marble mosaic, and the stained-glass skylight for the lobby, the work of John L. Race, was one of the earliest and most elaborate produced in America. A further pride of the establishment, and perhaps its greatest amenity, was the baths in the basement and eight water closets on the rear side of

the court. Such inside conveniences had been unknown in public hostelries, and though the Tremont House did not solve for some years the problem of bringing plumbing above the first floor, its facilities seemed at the time marvels of ingenuity and modernity.[8] Apparently the baths were also a boon to favored local residents. In *One Boy's Boston*, Samuel Eliot Morison records that the Otis children who lived in their grandfather's Bulfinch mansion at 45 Beacon Street, having no plumbing at home, were taken weekly to the Tremont House for a tub bath.

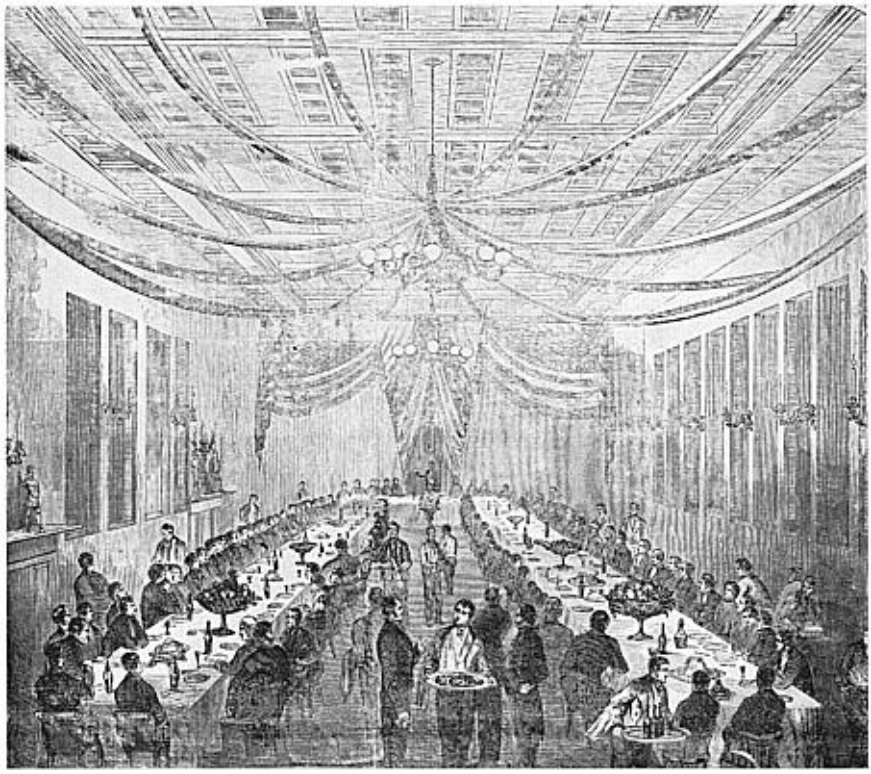
To guard against fire, a traditional scourge in Boston, Rogers provided four staircases of unusual width, inserted thick partitions between sections, and encased each room in mortar. When danger came, however, it was probably the slate and coppered roof that saved the day. On the morning of March 31, 1852, the Tremont Temple (formerly theater) burned to the ground, but the Tremont House, a street width away, survived unscathed. Among the valuables destroyed in the conflagration was $45,000 worth of paintings and sculpture belonging to a Mr. Thomas Thompson who was then staying at the Tremont House and had the double agony of watching from his hotel window as the flames consumed his uninsured and irreplaceable collection.

Though it would seem almost diminutive today, the Tremont House, with its 170 rooms, was for some years the largest first-class hotel in America. Its immediate success both vindicated the faith of its promoters and proved to more cautious cities the practicality of large, luxury establishments. Within six years New York had its Astor House described as "at once a duplication and an elaboration of the Tremont, made of the same material, designed by the same architect, and run by the Boyden family."[9] The Tremont House likewise broke with tradition by introducing single and double rooms as standard accommodations, something hitherto regarded as an absurd waste of space. Suites were also provided for families and long-term guests. Each bedroom was equipped with a whale-oil lamp (gas being adjudged too dangerous), a wardrobe, a bowl and pitcher, and free soap—all new and highly prized conveniences.

Daily arrivals in the early years of the hotel often reached a hundred or more, but the management took great pains to maintain an atmosphere of personal attention. The innkeeper or one of his clerks would meet newcomers at the entrance and ceremoniously escort them to a reception room. Here, as their accommodations were prepared, they would find refreshments, and the gentlemen could exchange their high boots for slippers supplied by the hotel. Every bedroom had its own individual key plus a newly invented bell system connecting to the manager's office by which guests could obtain "room service." An additional facility was the hairdressing salon for men situated in the basement, a custom even to location followed ever since in large city hotels. Many of these innovations, of course, were soon dated, but the principle that a first-class hotel owed its patrons not merely a place to lay their heads but every possible comfort and convenience would henceforth govern the operation of all such establishments.

One of the most interesting features of the Tremont House was the public dining. The main hall, situated in the Beacon Street wing, was large and resplendent, being 73 feet long and 30 feet wide, with six great windows on the street side and two large fireplaces on the other.

Ionic columns supported a coffered ceiling, and crystal chandeliers hung above the long "perfectly appointed" tables. Although meals were always available in private apartments, those in the ladies' dining room and in the main hall, or a Chinese gong resounded through the hotel so loudly, according to Charles Dickens, that it "shook the very window-frames." As the guests were answering this summons (sometimes as many as 200 in the men's ordinary), Mr. Boyden or



BANQUET TO COLONEL N. A. THOMPSON, AT THE TREMONT HOUSE, BOSTON
Wood-engraving from *Gleason's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion* for February 7, 1852.

men's ordinary as it was called, were table d'hôte and offered at specific hours —2:30 for dinner, 6:00 for tea, and 9:00 for supper.[10] In departure from previous custom, however, the entire meal was not placed on the table at once, but served course by course with an elaborate and precise formality. At the appointed times an assistant would take his place at the buffet, dressed in a long white apron, while a line of waiters formed at one end of the room. From a participant in a Tremont dinner we have a graphic description of what followed next:

"At the sound of a bell one waiter seized upon a quantity of plates, another

knives, a third forks, a fourth a lot of large spoons, and a fifth the smaller spoons. At the second sound of the bell, they moved into line, and at the third marched with sedate step behind the chairs of the guests and simultaneously these bearers of plates, knives, forks, and spoons with a flourish of the hand, placed the various articles upon the table before the guests, and then gracefully stepped back into line ready to carry out their orders."[11] This curious and unnerving drill became for some years accepted practice in leading hotels, dying out only with the introduction of the à la carte menu.

The fare was bounteous, and for a hotel of the day apparently very good. The head chef for many years, Ferdinando Gori, had been trained in Paris, a claim universal among chefs most of whom had never seen a kitchen before coming to America, but in Gori's case probably valid. Tyrone Power, the Irish writer and actor, pronounced the cuisine the best he tasted on his American travels, and even the fussy William Charles Macready had a meal he thought worthy of the famed Trois Freres restaurant.[12] Dinner generally began with a substantial soup, sometimes from the recipes of the French émigré, Julien, whose earlier "restorator" had given Bostonians their first taste of Gallic cooking. There followed the fish course, though on occasion the meal also included raw oysters, a delicacy that seacoast Americans ate with incredible zest. Thackeray, while dining for the first time at the Tremont House, was served six of these famous bivalves each looking, he said, like the ear of Malchus after it was cut off.[13] Even when this specialty was lacking in its natural state, it would inevitably appear later in the meal in various other forms.

After the fish, or sometimes combined with it, came a course known as "boiled," usually fowl and meats. Then arrived the so-called side dishes, a true measure of the chef's virtuosity. A table d'hôte carte of 1844, still extant, lists twelve of these offerings including pigeons en compote, fricandeau de veau glacée, amourette de moutons, and escallopes d'huitres.[14] With these preliminaries out of the way, the diners moved on to the roast meats and game, sometimes indulging in several portions of each. Dessert followed, always elaborate, sweet, and heavy; and finally, when available, came a variety of fresh fruit.[15] Bordeaux, Rhine, and Spanish wines would accompany the meal, followed of course by Madeira, without which no Boston dinner was ever complete. Long into the afternoon, when the cloth had been removed, guests would remain at the table enjoying their bottles of Bual or Sercial, a custom that may have speeded the onset of gout but doubtless had many compensations. Afterwards the diners might take a walk to the harbor or a carriage ride along the Mill Dam, returning just in time for a hearty tea.

But the old ways began to pass and, as the century wore on, the tempo of life increased, meals became less leisurely, and the hotel even introduced an "express table" for those catching trains. Gradually the locus of conviviality shifted from the dining room to the bar, a stone-floored room with its own street entrance, which by the 1850's became a rendezvous of Boston's gilded youth. There of an evening the young men about town (no ladies, as yet) would enjoy such potations as the gin sling, timber doodle, sangarees, and straw-tickled sherry cobbler; or more commonly perhaps a pint or two of ale, a whiskey toddy, or a glass of

Medford rum. Every New Year's Day, Billy Pitcher, the bar's custodian (whose name so aptly fitted his task), would serve all transient boarders as much sherry as they wished free of charge and all regular boarders free eggnog, which he mixed in a great bowl labeled *Happy New Year.*[16]

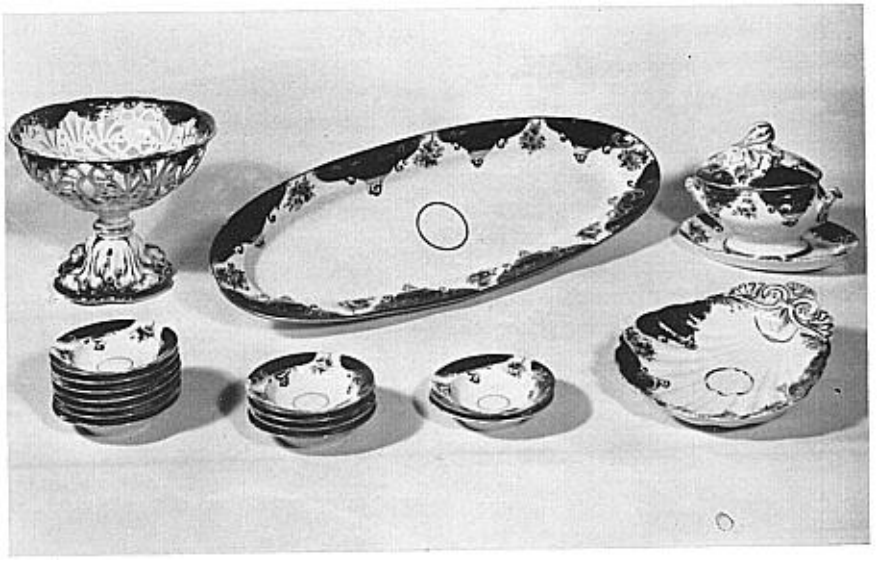
In addition to being a luxury inn the Tremont House served to a degree probably unequaled by any successor as a center of social activity. The most characteristic entertainment of the time was the dinner party, sometimes a large civic affair, more often a smaller private gathering in one of the public rooms. In 1852 Ralph Waldo Emerson, himself an occasional resident, gave a notable dinner for the English poet Arthur Hugh Clough attended by such luminaries as Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, Theodore Parker, Samuel Ward, Ellery Channing, and the sculptor Horatio Greenough.[17] James T. Fields, the famous publisher, entertained Thackeray the same year. One finds references to a "bachelor's ball and supper a la francaise," to private dances and "coming out" parties, political receptions, club meetings, and innumerable other gatherings. So familiar, indeed, was the hotel's public image that a book of fictional stories appeared in 1833 entitled *Sayings and Doings at the Tremont House,* and the *Evening Transcript* ran for some years a column of humorous dialogue between two gentlemen easily identified as the manager and chief clerk.

The list of notables who stayed at the Tremont House during its heyday provides a virtual panorama of the period and abundant evidence of the hotel's world reputation. The perspicacious French travelers, De Tocqueville and Beaumont, were early visitors. "We are lodged here in the best inn in the city," wrote Beaumont to his brother, "Everything in it is on a great scale . . . you are magnificently served and it is scarcely more dear than elsewhere."[18] Charles Dickens stayed three weeks in 1842, receiving in his apartment the homage of virtually every intellectual figure in Boston. There, the French artist, Pierre Morand, sketched him, and Henry Dexter modeled a bust of him that Mrs. Dickens considered a beautiful likeness. Not everything about the hotel, of course, wholly pleased the great novelist. He thought the building overheated and his rooms, though spacious and airy, a trifle too bare; he deplored, too, the custom of having steak at breakfast and cranberries as a side dish to every other meal. But in sum his observations were surprisingly generous, and in *American Notes,* certainly no encomium, he declared the service "excellent" and the meals "capital."[19]

During their engagements in Boston almost all the leading stage performers seem to have resided at the Tremont House. Anna Cora Mowatt was a guest while giving her popular "elocutionary readings" as was John Howard Payne, the playwright, now best remembered as the composer of "Home Sweet Home." Fanny Kemble when she appeared with her father in 1833 and Fanny Elssler, the famous French dancer, seven years later, each created such a sensation that young admirers clustered about the streets outside the hotel at all hours waiting for a glimpse of them. Other well-known residents included the prima donnas Henrietta Sontag, Fortunata Tedesco, and Signora Truffi, the pianist Maurice Strakosch, actors Charles John Keen, Edwin Forrest and his brawny mistress Josephine Clayton, Charlotte Cushman, W. C. Macready, J. Sheridan Knowles, Edwin

Booth and brother John Wilkes of later infamy. An oft-repeated tale of the Tremont House concerned a popular young dancer named Fanny Jones who, while living at the hotel under the auspices of an elderly admirer, fell in love with the chief clerk, Mr. J. D. Olmstead. In the end love conquered all, as Miss Jones, with the blessings of her protector, married young Olmstead and, after a grand farewell performance, retired forever from the stage.[20]

A more serious event in the hotel's history was the visit in 1833 of Andrew Jackson. Accompanied by Vice-President Van Buren and several members of his cabinet, the president was making a political tour of the eastern states and New England. He arrived at the Tremont House exhausted and suffering from a throat and chest infection, but for several days kept to his scheduled rounds surprising Whig hosts by his courteous and dignified bearing. On the third day, however, he became too ill to leave his hotel room, and while all Boston waited in anxiety, Dr. John C. Warren rushed to the president's bedside, bled him, and administered a mild purgative. By will or fortune, Jackson recovered and two days later journeyed to Cambridge to receive an honorary degree from Harvard, went on to additional ceremonies at Bunker Hill, and in the late afternoon drove off to Salem where, grey with fatigue, he was again put to bed.[21]



PART OF THE SHOW SET OF ROYAL WORCESTER CHINA AT THE TREMONT HOUSE, BOSTON
From the Society's museum collections.

Less fortunate was Hugh S. Legaré, Attorney General and interim Secretary of State, who accompanied President Tyler to Boston in 1843 for the dedication of the Bunker Hill Monument. From the time of his arrival at the Tremont House,

Legaré was confined to his bed, and after several days removed to the Park Street house of his friend George Ticknor where he died of intestinal constriction. Despite this sad event, the hotel's second presidential visit proved highly successful. Special suites were redecorated for the occasion, perhaps the first time a president and his whole cabinet had stayed under one roof and a rare nonpartisan interlude in Tyler's unhappy administration.[22]

Among distinguished foreigners to enjoy the great hotel's hospitality was the Prince de Joinville, son of Louis Philippe, whose visit was the occasion for a grand ball at Faneuil Hall, described at the time as the most magnificent in the city's history.[23] Lord Ashburton, who had many friends among Boston merchants, was feted at the Tremont House on his way back to England after concluding the Webster-Ashburton Treaty in 1842; and, in 1851, the hotel was filled to capacity with Canadian and American officials attending a Jubilee celebration that included a civic dinner for 200 in the main dining hall.[24]

Perhaps the most important guest, though little noted at the time, was Abraham Lincoln, who stayed three nights in 1848 while speaking at Whig rallies in Dorchester, Cambridge, and Boston. On the last occasion he shared the platform with William Seward, destined to be his Secretary of State, but in these years a better-known political figure. Seward in his address firmly opposed the extension of slavery into new states, and later, as the two men talked together at the Tremont House, Lincoln remarked to him, "I have been thinking about what you said in your speech. I reckon you are right. We have got to deal with the slavery question, and got to give much more attention to it than we have been doing." When they met again in 1860, Lincoln still recalled their conversation of twelve years earlier and its prophetic ring.[25]

The Tremont House was refurbished in 1852 and, under the management of Colonel Paran Stevens, the first chain hotel operator, it retained for some years more a sort of sunset glory. But its days of eminence were clearly drawing to a close. A visitor in 1857 found the food and service still good, but the halls "empty and cavernous" and the atmosphere one of "chilling gloom and solemnity."[26] By the time of the Civil War the Revere House in Bowdoin Square was far more fashionable, the Adams and Winthrop Houses probably as good, and the United States Hotel larger and busier. Even the dining and bar facilities were soon exceeded by those of Parker's Restaurant and Hotel across the street.[27] When the Prince of Wales, the future Edward VII, came to Boston in 1860, he stayed at the Revere, and Charles Dickens on his second visit in 1868 chose Parker's Hotel.

Through the seventies and eighties the Tremont House slipped into genteel decay until, in the last decade of the century, it stood on the edge of Boston's commercial district a strange and almost forgotten anachronism, its accommodations shabby and outmoded, even its classical façade curiously out of place amidst taller and more ornate neighbors. When the decision came in 1894 to raze the building so proudly hailed sixty-five years earlier, there seems to have been little or no regret. Times and tastes had changed, and where the Tremont House had replaced a pleasant wooden residence with its shaded garden, so a large business office now supplanted the Grecian frame of the old hotel.

The last manager, Mr. R. E. Stranahan, proposed as a farewell gesture to

give a dinner in exact replica of that served on October 16, 1829, but he could find no copy of the original menu. It was just as well, for he could scarcely have duplicated that Lucullan feast or matched its distinguished guest list.

The Tremont House closed its doors on December 2, 1894. The following day its furnishings went on the auction block. In January the wreckers took over, and America's first great hotel passed out of existence.[28]

NOTES

[1] See for example: Charles Augustus Murray, *Travels in North America during the Years 1834, 1835 & 1836* (London, 1839), I, 101-102; Henry Tudor, *Narrative of a Tour in North America in a Series of Letters, 1831-32* (London, 1834), I, 356; Tyrone Power, *Impressions of America during the years 1833, 1834, and 1835* (Philadelphia, 1836), I, 77; E. T. Coke, *A Subaltern's Furlough* (London, 1833), p. 205.

[2] The drawings together with a brief description of the hotel's architectural features and the circumstances of its establishment may be found in *A Description of the Tremont House*, text by William Havard Eliot, illustrations by Isaiah Rogers (Boston, 1830).

[3] Other hotels in name, such as the Albion, the Marlborough, and the City Hotel, existed in Boston prior to the Tremont House, but none was of comparable standard. On the Exchange Coffee House, in many respects a precursor of the Tremont House, see Justin Winsor, ed., *Memorial History of Boston*, IV, 55, 58; Albert W. Mann, ed., *Walks and Talks About Historic Boston* (Boston, 1916), pp. 311-313.

[4] *Daily Advertiser*, October 21, 1829. The dinner is also described in Benjamin F. Stevens, "The Tremont House, The Exit of an Old Landmark," *The Bostonian*, I (Jan., 1895), 332. Dwight Boyden's father, Simeon Boyden, ran the City Hotel in Boston and was later the first proprietor of the Astor House in New York. A brother, Frederick, operated the New England Coffee House in Boston, then assisted his father at the Astor House, and in 1841 became the first manager of the Exchange Hotel in Richmond, Virginia. *Thomas Boyden and his Descendants*, compiled by Wallace D. Boyden, Merrill N. Boyden, and Amos J. Boyden (Boston, 1901), pp. 55, 110-111.

[5] *Columbian Centinel*, October 21, 1829.

[6] Even at the time several visitors wrote that so effusive had been the praise of respected critics, they were disappointed to find the building something less than perfection. See Murray, *Travels in North America*, I, 101; Thomas Hamilton, *Men and Manners in America* (Philadelphia, 1833), I, 91.

[7] Other hotels designed by Rogers included the Astor House in New York; Exchange Hotel, Richmond; St. Charles House, New Orleans; Burnett House, Cincinnati; Maxwell House, Nashville; and the Bangor House, Bangor. See Montgomery Schuyler, "The Old Greek Revival," *The American Architect*, May 3, 1911, pp. 164-168.

[8] Descriptions of the hotel, its decorations and novelties, appear in Jefferson Williamson, *The American Hotel, An Anecdotal History* (New York, 1930), pp. 15-24; Walter H. Kilham, *Boston After Bulfinch* (Cambridge, 1946), pp. 33-34; Lucius Beebe, *Boston and the Boston Legend* (New York, 1935), p. 273; Marjorie Drake Ross, *The Book of Boston—The Federal Period 1775-1837* (New York, 1961), pp. 160-161.

[9] Williamson, *The American Hotel*, p. 25.

[10] By the 1850's the dinner hour had changed to 3:30 on week days, 1:30 on Sunday, with supper apparently à la carte 9 to 12.

[11] Stevens, *The Tremont House*, p. 335; Beebe, *Boston and the Boston Legend*, p. 273.

[12] Power, *Impressions of America*, I, 78; William Toynbee, ed., *The Diaries of William Charles Macready 1833-1851* (New York, 1912), II, 224.

[13] Eyre Crowe, *With Thackeray in America* (London, 1893), p. 20; James T. Field, *Yesterday With Authors* (Boston, 1872), pp. 20-21.

[14] This menu and one of 1853 are in the Arnold Shurcliffe Menu Collection, New York Historical Society.

[15] Tudor speaks of a meal ending with "pines, grapes, nectarines, peaches, apples, and a variety of other fruits." *Narrative of a Tour of North America*, I, 356.

[16] Stevens, *The Tremont House*, p. 337; John T. Morse, Jr., "Recollections of Boston and Harvard Before the Civil War," *Massachusetts Historical Society Proceedings*, 65 (Oct., 1933), 156.

[17] *The Poems and Prose Remains of Arthur Hugh Clough*, edited by his wife (London, 1869), p. 186.

[18] George Wilson Pierson, *Tocqueville and Beaumont in America* (New York, 1938), p. 363.

[19] Charles Dickens, *American Notes* (New York, 1898), pp. 27, 70-71; Edward F. Payne, *Dickens Days in Boston* (Boston, 1927), *passim.*

[20] *Evening Transcript*, January 7, 1846; Payne, *Dickens Days in Boston*, pp. 39-40.

[21] John Spencer Bassett, "Notes on Jackson's Visit to New England, June, 1833," *Massachusetts Historical Society Proceedings*, 56 (1923), 244-260; Fletcher M. Green, "On Tour with President Andrew Jackson," *New England Quarterly*, June, 1963, pp. 222-226.

[22] *Evening Transcript*, June 16-22, 1843.

[23] *The Atlas*, November 25, 1841.

[24] *Evening Transcript*, August 25, 1842; September 20, 1851.

[25] Frederick W. Seward, ed., *Seward at Washington as Senator and Secretary of State —a Memoir of his Life with Selections from his Letters, 1846-1861* (New York, 1891), pp. 79-80.

[26] John Phoenix (Captain George H. Derby), *The Squibbob Papers* (New York, 1865), p. 139.

[27] On the Parker House see Mann, *Walks and Talks about Historic Boston*, pp. 447-448; James W. Spring, *Boston and the Parker House* (Boston, 1927), p. 141.

[28] *Evening Transcript*, December 2-4, 1894.