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PROCEEDINGS

OF

The Cambridge Historical Society

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTH MEETING

TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL MEETING

THE TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL MEETING of the Cambridge Historical Society was held in the Parish House of Christ Church on January 17, 1934. About sixty members were present.

President Walcott called the meeting to order at 8:05 o'clock. The President stated that the Secretary had been called out of town; upon motion of Mr. J. T. G. Nichols, Mr. Walter B. Briggs was chosen Secretary *pro tem*.

The records of the meetings of January 17, April 25, and October 17, 1933 were read and approved.

The President read the report of the Council and of the Secretary for 1933, and it was voted that it be accepted and placed on file.

The President also read the reports of the Treasurer and of the Auditor. These were accepted and ordered placed on file.

The Curator read the report of the Curator and also the report of the Committee on Descendants of Early Settlers of Cambridge. These were accepted and placed on file.

The President then called for the report of the Nominating Committee but as no member of that Committee was present, the President stated that he understood the nominations were as follows:

PresidentROBERT WALCOTT

Vice-Presidents.....MRS. S. M. DE GOZZALDI,

JOSEPH H. BEALE,

FRANK GAYLORD COOK

Secretary ELDON R. JAMES

TreasurerWILLARD H. SPRAGUE

CuratorWALTER B. BRIGGS

EditorDAVID T. POTTINGER

Council: the above and

H. W. L. DANA, REV. SAMUEL A. ELIOT

ROGER GILMAN, REV. C. LESLIE GLENN

JOHN T. G. NICHOLS JAMES L. PAINE

It was moved that subject to correction and verification by the Nominating Committee and a confirming vote at the April meeting of the Society, the persons named be elected. This motion was seconded and voted unanimously.

The President called attention to the meeting of the Bay State Historical League at Winthrop on January 20th, at one o'clock in the Deane Winthrop House.

Mr. JOHN PERKINS BROWN was then introduced by the President. Mr. Brown gave a most interesting talk, illustrated by lantern slides, on the history of Christ Church, especially of its original architecture both outside and inside, based upon the investigations recently carried on by him.[1]

The President expressed the thanks of the Society to Mr. Brown

The Meeting was adjourned, after which refreshments were served

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTH MEETING

THE ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTH MEETING of the Cambridge Historical Society was held on Tuesday, April 17, 1934, at 38 Quincy Street. About sixty members and guests were present. The meeting was called to order by President Walcott at 8:15 o'clock.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

In accordance with the resolution adopted at the meeting of the Society on January 17, 1934, it was voted to confirm the election of the following as Officers of the Society for 1934:

President --- ROBERT WALCOTT

Vice-Presidents --- MRS. S. M. DE GOZZALDI,

JOSEPH H. BEALE

FRANK GAYLORD COOK

Secretary --- ELDON R. JAMES

Treasurer --- WILLARD H. SPRAGUE

Curator --- WALTER B. BRIGGS

Editor --- DAVID T. POTTINGER

Council: the above and

H. W. L. DANA,

REV. C. LESLIE GLENN

REV. SAMUEL A. ELIOT,

JOHN T. G. NICHOLS

ROGER GILMAN

JAMES L. PAINE

The President spoke of the work which had been done in making the Old Burying Place more sightly, and briefly sketched the plans for future work.

The Secretary then read the notice of the next meeting of the Bay State Historical League, to be held at Fitchburg on April 21, 1934. He also read an invitation from the Georgian Society of America to the members of the Cambridge Historical Society to attend its annual meeting in Robinson Hall Annex on Thursday evening, May 3, 1934.

The President called attention to the volume of Proceedings just issued and stated that the Council had voted to authorize the combination of the Proceedings for two years into a single volume to be published as funds became available.

Professor Hart mentioned the tablet he proposed to have erected to mark the site of the house of his ancestor Stephen Hart, and requested the cooperation of the Society. The President stated that by vote of the Society at the meeting of April 7, 1933, the Society had expressed its willingness to cooperate with Professor Hart.

Mr. DAVID T. POTTINGER then read his delightful paper, "38 Quincy Street." [1]

The thanks of the Society were voted to Mr. Pottinger for his paper and to Mr. and Mrs. Pottinger for their hospitality.

The meeting adjourned, after which refreshments were served.

1. See post, pp.24-48.

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTH MEETING

THE JUNE MEETING of the Cambridge Historical Society was held on June 7, 1934, at the residence of Miss Bertha H. Vaughn, 57 Garden Street. The meeting was called to order by President Walcott at 4:30 P.M.

After a brief statement as to the work being done at the Old Burying Place, President Walcott introduced the Honorable ROBERT GRANT, who read from the manuscript of his forthcoming volume of reminiscences[1] a delightful account of his life as a student in Cambridge from 1869 to 1879.

After a vote of thanks to Judge Grant and to Miss Vaughn, the meeting adjourned.

1. The complete volume of Judge Grant's reminiscences has been published by Houghton Mifflin Co.

ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTH MEETING

THE AUTUMN MEETING of the Cambridge Historical Society was held on October 23, 1934, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Eldon R. James, 114 Brattle Street. The meeting was called to order by President Walcott at 8:20 P.M.

The President made several announcements, after which he spoke of the work being done at Fort Washington under the auspices of the Georgian Society by E. R. A. workers. He called the attention of the Society to the fact that within the past year two Massachusetts local historical societies had been given houses for their permanent occupation, and expressed a hope that a similar gift might be made to this Society.

The President appointed the following as a committee to nominate officers for the Society for next year, to report at the January meeting: Messrs. Usher and Nichols and Mrs. Greene.

The Secretary then read two papers prepared and edited by Mrs. GOZZALDI, one of which consisted of extracts from the diary of her mother, Mrs. Isabella Batchelder James, and the other reminiscences of James Russell Lowell by Mrs. James.[1]

After a vote of thanks to Mrs. Gozzaldi, the meeting adjourned.

1. See post, pp. 49-66.

ONE HUNDRED AND NINTH MEETING

THIRTIETH ANNUAL MEETING

THE THIRTIETH ANNUAL MEETING of the Cambridge Historical Society was held in the Upper Parish Hall of the First Church (Congregational), on January 22, 1935. About fifty members and guests were present.

In the absence of President Walcott, the chair was taken by Vice-President Beale, who called the meeting to order at 8:10 P.M.

The minutes of the October meeting were read and approved. The Secretary read the report of the Council and Secretary for the calendar year 1934. It was voted that it be accepted and placed on file.

The Auditor, Mr. Cook, read the report of the Treasurer and the Auditor. It was voted that these reports be accepted and placed on file.

The Curator then made an oral report, accompanied by the display of a large number of interesting gifts made during the year to the Society.

The Chair then called for the report of the Nominating Committee. The Secretary then read a letter from Mr. Usher, the Chairman of that committee, as follows:

Dear Professor James,

As Chairman of the Nominating Committee of the Cambridge Historical Society I am pleased to report regarding the officers for the coming year. It is the wish of the Committee that you cast one ballot at the January meeting, re-electing unanimously the present officers for another year, with the one exception of Mr. John T. G. Nichols, who desires to withdraw from the Council. This will leave the required number of five members.

Sincerely yours,

KENNETH S. USHER

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The Cambridge Historical Society

The Chair called for other nominations. There being none, it was unanimously voted that the Secretary cast one ballot for the present officers and members of the Council, with the exception of Mr. Nichols. This having been done, the Chair declared the following officers and members of the Council elected to their respective positions for the ensuing year:

President --- ROBERT WALCOTT

Vice-Presidents --- MRS. S. M. DE GOZZALDI, JOSEPH H. BEALE, FRANK GAYLORD COOK

Secretary --- ELDON R. JAMES

Treasurer --- WILLARD H. SPRAGUE

Curator --- WALTER B. BRIGGS

Editor --- DAVID T. POTTINGER

Council: the above and

H. W. L. DANA,

REV. C. LESLIE GLENN

REV. SAMUEL A. ELIOT

JAMES L. PAINE

ROGER GILMAN

Rev. RAYMOND CALKINS, minister of the First Church in Cambridge (Congregational), then read an account of the life of the Rev. Dr. Alexander McKenzie, formerly Minister of the First Church in Cambridge (Congregational), and of his friendships.[1] Dr. Calkins's interesting address was listened to with great attention.

At the conclusion, the Chair inquired whether any of those present who knew Dr. McKenzie, cared to add anything to Dr. Calkins's remarks. Dr. Eliot, Rev. Mr. MacNair, and Mr. Gilman responded with interesting accounts of incidents in Dr. McKenzie's life with which they were personally acquainted.

After a vote of thanks to Dr. Calkins, the meeting adjourned.

1. Dr. Calkins's biography of Alexander McKenzie has been published by the Harvard University Press.

ONE HUNDRED AND TENTH MEETING

THE ONE HUNDRED AND TENTH MEETING of the Society was held on March 12, 1935, at the residence of Rev. and Mrs. Samuel A. Eliot, 25 Reservoir Street. The meeting was called to order by President Walcott at 8:20 P.M. There were more than one hundred members and guests present.

The Secretary read a letter from Rev. C. Leslie Glenn inviting the Society to attend a meeting at Christ Church on May 23, 1935, to be addressed by Sir Edward Undeunter and Canon Waddey on "The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and the Colonial Church in Massachusetts."

The Secretary then read the following minute, prepared by Rev. Samuel A. Eliot:

EPHRAIM EMERTON

Ephraim Emerton, President of the Cambridge Historical Society for the years 1921-1928, died at his home in Cambridge on March 1, 1935, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. He graduated at Harvard in 1871, studied at Leipzig, and joined the teaching staff at Harvard in 1876. In 1882 he was appointed to the newly established Winn Professorship of Ecclesiastical History, which he held for thirty-six years, becoming Professor Emeritus in 1918. He was a thorough and productive scholar, a stimulating teacher, the author and translator of many books, a good citizen, and a beloved neighbor. As our presiding officer he joined unflinching courtesy and felicitous speech to alacrity and firmness in the despatch of business. The Society

honors the memory of a learned and distinguished historian, a wise counsellor, and a genial and helpful friend.

It was voted that this memorial be entered in the minutes of this meeting.

Mr. Eliot then spoke briefly of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, whose lamented death occurred on March 6, 1935.[1] Mr. Eliot read extracts from

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the address of Mr. Justice Holmes at the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the First Church in Cambridge.

The President then introduced Rev. Dr. FRANCIS GREENWOOD PEABODY, who read a delightful paper on "Harvard in the Sixties - A Boy's-Eye Point of View." [2] At the conclusion of the paper, the thanks of the Society were extended to Dr. Peabody, and to Dr. and Mrs. Eliot for their generous hospitality.

1. See post, pp. 67-71. 2. Dr. Peabody's paper was privately printed in pamphlet form and copies were distributed to members of the Society.

ONE HUNDRED AND ELEVENTH MEETING

THE JUNE MEETING and Lawn Party of the Society was held at the residence of Miss Frances Fowler, 4 Kirkland Place, on June 6, 1935. About seventy members were present. The meeting was called to order by President Walcott at 4:45 P.M.

The President presented a memorial of the late Mrs. Gozzaldi, First Vice-President of the Society.[1]

The Curator, Mr. Briggs, reported that Mrs. Gozzaldi had bequeathed to the Society a portrait of Washington Allston by Chester Harding, Lieutenant Kingston's manuscript list of the Convention prisoners, Pope's "Pioneers of Massachusetts," and a selection of historical books from her library. With the kind cooperation of Mrs. Richard W. Hall, about one hundred volumes had been so selected.

Mr. Briggs also reported several other gifts.

Miss FOWLER then read a delightful paper on "Kirkland Place" and its interesting residents.[2]

At the conclusion, the thanks of the Society were voted to Miss Fowler both for her paper and for her generous hospitality.

1. See *post*, pp. 72-75. 2. See *post*, pp. 76-94.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWELFTH MEETING

THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWELFTH MEETING of the Society was held on October 15, 1935, at the residence of President and Mrs. Walcott, 152 Brattle Street. About sixty members and guests were present.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The President stated that at a meeting of the Council held on July 2, 1935, the sum of \$300 had been appropriated for the purchase of supplies in connection with the E. R. A. project for the preservation of the records and papers of the County Court of Middlesex County, beginning in 1649. Professor Beale, as Chairman of the Committee in charge of the matter, reported that the work was progressing. Mr. Briggs reported that of the \$300 voted, only about \$60 had been spent. The work began early in July. Miss Eva Moore, with experience in handling such documents, had been appointed supervisor, and under her there were five workers. The work was suspended shortly afterwards, but was resumed on September 9th. It is now in process of being transferred from the E. R. A. to the W. P. A., and work is done only on two days of the week. There is every likelihood that the work will be continued for nine months more.

The President reported the resignation of Miss Maria Bowen, a matter of great sorrow to everyone.

The Curator, Mr. Briggs, reported a number of interesting gifts.

The President announced the appointment of Frank Gaylord Cook, Esq., as Auditor; and Mr. Fay, Mr. Little, and Miss Mary Deane Dexter as a Nominating Committee.

The President then introduced Professor WALTER R. SPALDING, who gave an interesting and entertaining account of Cambridge personalities with musical interests.[1]

After a vote of thanks to the speaker and to President and Mrs. Walcott for their generous hospitality, the meeting adjourned.

1. The complete volume of Professor Spalding's reminiscences has been published by Coward-McCann.

CHRIST CHURCH, CAMBRIDGE[1]

By JOHN PERKINS BROWN

Read January 17, 1934

FOUNDING OF CHURCH

ON THE TWENTY-FIFTH OF APRIL, 1759, a group of prominent Cambridge men led by Henry Vassall, Esq. sent a petition to the London headquarters of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts requesting that the Society permit them to erect a church and establish a new parish in Cambridge, Massachusetts. This, however, was not the first attempt to establish a church in Cambridge. As early as 1746 we find the same Henry Vassall unsuccessfully undertaking a building subscription among his rich Tory friends.

The reasons for the founding of this new parish are so interestingly put forth in the London petition that a part of the document is quoted here:

"There is no church nearer to us than Boston, which is from some of us eight, from others ten and twelve miles distant; unless, for shortening the way, we submit to the inconvenience of a large ferry, which in stormy weather, and in the winter season especially, is very troublesome, and sometimes impracticable. The Society will easily conceive the difficulty of conveying whole families to a place of public worship at such a distance, and attended by such

obstructions. To remedy which, we have agreed to build a Church at Cambridge, which, as it is in the center, may indifferently serve the neighboring places of Charlestown, Watertown, and Newtowne: besides providing for the Gentlemen who are students at the College here, many of whom, as they have been brought up in the Church of England, are desirous of attending the worship of it."

The petition had hardly started on its long journey across the Atlantic before the subscribers, with the exception of Robert Temple, Ralph Inman, and James Apthorp, calling themselves a building committee, proceeded to solicit subscriptions for a new church. They also engaged young East Apthorp as rector for the, as yet, non-existent Cambridge parish, and made him a member of the above committee.

PETER HARRISON

Henry Vassall and his committee received a reply to their petition on the twelfth of August, 1759. Their request for a new parish had been duly approved, and permission to proceed at once with the erection of the church building had been extended. Accordingly they set out to procure an architect. Their obvious choice was Peter Harrison of Newport who, a decade before, had done such a noble piece of work in designing the new King's Chapel in Boston, where most of the Cambridge subscribers had been worshipping up to this time. At a meeting of the committee on September 29, 1759, it was voted, "that a letter be wrote to Mr. Harrison of Newport, requesting a Plan and Elevation of the Outside and Inside, and of the Pulpit and Vestry of the Church; and that, if Mr. Harrison approves of it, there be no Steeple, only a Tower with a Belfry, and that he be informed of the dimensions of a Picture designed for the Chancel." The further requirements were "that the extreme dimensions of the Church, including the thickness of the Walls, but exclusive of the Chancel and Tower, be sixty Feet in Length, and Forty-five Feet in Breadth. That the Architect be at liberty to make any alterations in the above named dimensions of sixty feet by Forty-five, provided he does not enlarge the Area of the Church. That the Expence of erecting

the whole building is not to exceed Five hundred pounds sterling. That the building be of wood, and covered on the outside with Rough-cast; that there be only one tier of Windows, and no Galleries, except an Organ Loft." The committee felt every confidence that they had selected the right man. "We have applied to a masterly Architect for a plan, and purpose to build a handsome Church of Wood," they wrote to London, seeking the usual benefactions thence. We shall see later how far Harrison followed their requirements.

THE SITE

While Harrison was taking his time with the plans for the new building, - and we find letters sent to him repeatedly by the impatient committee - much thought was given to the selection of a suitable site for the church. At first the corner of what is now Appian Way and Garden Street was chosen; but finally after much deliberation, the present lot was purchased. The lot was made up from the rear part of the estate of James Read, whose house still stands at the corner of Farwell Place and Brattle Street, and from the "Common Lands" of the Town of Cambridge. This latter part, which included the Town Pound, was an ungainly projection of the Common, and its sale to the Church straightened what is now Garden Street.

FOUNDATIONS

With the purchase of a lot and the much-delayed arrival of Harrison's plans from Newport, the Committee proceeded to rush along the work of the foundations. In the Treasurer's book for August 1761 we note the item;

"Pd. Robishew digging the Cellar and 13 days work Acco't £16-8"

Aaron Hill was the mason, and James Brackett furnished nearly £70 worth of foundation stones, which were carted by John Hicks for £32. As the only good building stone in this section of the country had to be hauled from Quincy, as had been done in the construction of King's Chapel, the Committee followed the more

economical plan of buying ballast from trading vessels to Boston. In the fact that many of these ships were from Quebec, may be the origin of the tradition that foundations of Christ Church are from the old French fortifications there. Hence the following curious items:

"To John McClarry for 2 load Ballast dd Crump in Excha for Stones taken out of his Vessell £2.8."

"1759 Novr To Cash pd the Sailors picking Large Stones out of the Vessell from Quebec 9/."

THE CORNERSTONE

The cornerstone was laid "with some ceremony" in August 1760, more than a year after the building subscription had been begun. Sir Francis Bernard, Baronet, newly appointed governor of the province of Massachusetts Bay, was present on this occasion and contributed a guinea toward the "remembering" of the masons. The Governor donated ten guineas for the church building, as well. A copy of the inscription on the stone, probably composed by East Apthorp, follows:

DEO. AETERNO

PATRI. FILIO. SPIRITUI. S

HANC. AEDEM.

SUB. AUSPICIIS. ILLUSTRISS. SOCIETATIS.

PROMOVENDO. EVANGELIO.

IN PARTIBUS. TRANSMARINIS.

INSTITUTAE.

CONSECRABANT. CANTABRIGIENSIS.

ECCLESIAE. ANGLICANAE. FILII.

IN.

CHRISTIANAE. FIDEI. ET. CHARITATIS.

INCREMENTUM.

A.D. MDCCLX

PROVINCIAM. PROCURANTE

V. CL.

FRANCISCO. BERNARDO.

Brown: Christ Church, Cambridge

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In the fact that the stone is not visible in the foundations, and much digging by zealous members of the congregation has failed to locate it, may have been the origin of many stories that the stone was stolen by patriotic Tories during the Revolution, or that it was removed and destroyed in the nineteenth century additions to the church fabric, and so on. But it must be remembered that it was the custom in the eighteenth century to place a cornerstone face down in the mortar of the foundations to preserve the inscription for all time. We have records that the cornerstone of King's Chapel, 1749, second Harvard Hall, 1764, and University Hall, 1813, were laid in this manner. Therefore, the cornerstone of Christ Church is probably still in the place where it was laid in 1760, with only the thickness of the stone showing in the foundations.

THE PLAN

The similarity in plan and detail of Christ Church and King's Chapel is to be expected for several reasons. In the first place, more than half of the members of the new parish had been connected with the older one in Boston. As such they would naturally want a building very much like their "Mother" church, which was considered one of the most beautiful and stately in America. The use of the same architect, especially when he was to have only five works to his credit, would further imply significant parallels. In addition, records show that the same artisans, including Temple Decoster, housewright, Edward Burbeck and W. Austin, woodcarvers, were employed on both projects. As the architect of this time left most of the carrying out of small details to the master workmen, it is not strange to find identical moulding forms in both structures.

The original plan of Christ Church as carried out in 1761 was that of a simple three-aisled basilica 45'-0" by 60'-0". A semicircular apse extended at the East end of the Nave, with a small vestry adjoining, and there was an entrance tower at the West. Four beautifully turned columns on either side of the nave separated it from the aisles. The shafts and plinths of these were of

one piece; and according to existing documents, these and the smaller columns under the gallery were made from huge logs cut on the upper Charles. They were floated as rafts down to the Common where they were turned in an old mill which stood until 1795 at what is now the corner of Waterhouse Street and Concord Avenue. Because of the increased cost of the building, the present Ionic capitals, carved by Isaiah Rogers, were not added until 1826.

The ceiling over the aisles and apse was flat, while that over the nave was as it now exists, in section, a truncated barrel vault. The central section was painted that curious chalky blue found in many eighteenth century buildings, and used by Harrison in the Synagogue at Newport. The floor of the nave was divided into box pews 5'-0" by 5'-6" on either side of the 6'-0" centre aisle. The two on the West end of this centre aisle, in front of the Gallery columns, not as large as the others, were reserved for the Wardens and held their wands of office. Against the wall on either side of the church and returning to the gallery columns in the West end was a series of wall pews, which, in the opinion of Governor Bernard's wife, were very "airy." In the central bay of the nave on the left side of the middle aisle was originally the Governor's pew, occupying the entire space between the two centre columns. Records show that the pew had the canopy and parapet customary in such pews. Under the panelled covering of the plinth of the left centre column may still be seen the outline of the parapet. The Governor's pew, however, was torn down before 1770 for some unknown reason, and the space it occupied was filled with much needed pews.

LIGHTING

Nothing remains of the first chandelier used to light the Church in the eighteenth century. That there was a chandelier has been proved without a doubt. There still exists in the roof beams a crudely forged iron hook in what was the centre of the church before the enlargement of 1859. There has also been found recently a heavy iron rod 64" long with a hook at either end which extended from the above hook to the plaster ceiling below. From

The lamps referred to were rush lamps bought in 1811 to substitute whale oil for the more expensive and less efficient candles.[2] If the chandelier had been of brass, it seems unlikely that these lamps which were made to fit into the candle sockets would have been painted and varnished.

From the brief notes and evidence which we have, we may therefore safely conclude that the first chandelier was a simple wood cored type with twelve wire arms, suspended from the ceiling by an iron chain. In 1811 whale oil lamps were used in the fixture in place of candles, until 1859 when gas was introduced and new fixtures installed.

1. As it is very difficult and well-nigh impossible to remember in 1937 what was said in a lecture in 1934, especially when there was no manuscript for the same, the Editor has kindly permitted me to use excerpts from my own nearly completed "Architectural Monograph of Christ Church, Cambridge" in the volume of proceedings of the Society for the years 1934-1935. While these excerpts do not cover the two years of architectural and documentary research at Christ Church, which was the subject of the lecture on January 17, 1934, they may serve as an acceptable substitute for the now-forgotten material of the latter, and give some added interest to the history of one of the most architecturally important 18th century church edifices in New England. - J. P. B. 2. Two of these lamps were recently found by the author and are now preserved at the Church.

THIRTY-EIGHT QUINCY STREET

BY DAVID T. POTTINGER

Read April 17, 1934

WHEN THE HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS transferred its publishing department in July, 1932, from Randall Hall to the house at the corner of Quincy Street and Broadway, we naturally began to inquire about our predecessors. The investigation has clothed the house with associations that are unusually rich and varied even for Cambridge. Architecturally it is almost exactly the same as when it was first built but from every other point of view it has constantly changed. The story of the house must become the story of its occupants, each one of whom has contributed a distinct element to the unique aura within its walls. For nearly a century the most diverse sorts of people have gone forth from this spot on voyages to the ends of the earth, on excursions into the realms of thought; and always they have looked back hither and have seen these gracious rooms as home. Serene in the dignity of a day long departed, the house provides a frame in which to enclose the picture of their lives.

The lot bounded by Prescott, Cambridge, and Quincy Streets and Broadway, which formed a part of the extensive Foxcroft farm at the time of the Revolution, came into the possession successively of Abraham Bigelow, John Ripley Bigelow, and Thomas B. Curtis during the early part of the nineteenth century. Curtis conveyed the westerly half to Lieutenant Charles Henry Davis, U.S.N., by a deed dated December 28, 1846; the price was \$2081.50. The premises are described in two parcels, the first on the corner of Quincy Street and Broadway, the second on the corner of Quincy and Cambridge Streets. The line on Quincy Street measures 172 feet, six inches; the depth is 104 feet, two inches; the back line is 228 feet. The second parcel was subject to two rather curious restrictions: first, that no building should be

38 Quincy Street

erected on it for the term of ten years next following; and second, that no building erected thereon after the expiration of ten years should ever be used for any trade or manufacturing purpose whatsoever. As a matter of fact it was nearly sixty years before any building occupied the site, not, that is, until the Langdell house was moved in the summer of 1900 to make room for Robinson Hall on the southwest corner of Quincy Street and Broadway.

Evidently there were no restrictions on the southerly parcel conveyed to Lieutenant Davis, for he is listed in the Cambridge Directory of 1848 as living on Quincy Street and more specifically located in the 1849 Directory on Quincy Street, corner of Broadway. His son's statement that he built the house in 1846, seems inaccurate since he did not obtain possession of the land until the end of December in that year. The whole transaction was evidently brought about in a most natural way. Davis, having married five years before, found an opportunity to settle down in the community which had already been his temporary abode for a number of years. His wife, Harriette Blake Mills, was the daughter of Senator Elijah Hunt Mills of Northampton, and the sister-in-law of Benjamin Peirce, the mathematician. The long-standing friendship between Davis and Peirce was thus all the more strongly cemented by marriage. Peirce was living a little farther down on Quincy Street in a house where Sever Hall now stands. Davis accordingly bought the nearest available spot for establishing his own home.

When the house was erected, the neighborhood must have looked like any of the "developments" we associate with the cutting up of large estates. Here was the extensive Forcroft farm being divided by new and rather sketchy streets, with lots staked out and sold, and an occasional house built in the newest style. We must forget the trim orderliness of warrenite pavements, curbstones, and Yard fence; forget the massive outlines of the Fogg Museum, Robinson Hall, the new fire-station or even the old gymnasium, and Memorial Hall. To the east of this unaccepted lane stretched the unbroken fields, and past the side of Dana Hill the family could see from the windows the glistening dome of the State House over

in Boston. Broadway was a country road; Cambridge Street a muddy, or a dusty, highway down to the Court House and to Craigie's bridge. Westward, the fields and ponds stretched over to the Common, the Fay house in a straight line ahead and the few houses along Kirkland street bounding the view on the right. Although the scene is familiar to every reader of local history, yet we need continually to be reminded of how much our city has changed in the past eighty years as compared with the preceding two hundred years.

Lieutenant Davis secured the services of the architect Henry Greenough, who put up much the same sort of "Federal" house he had already built for other Cambridge clients. The front door opens into a hallway divided about half way down by a door that conceals the staircase and the back rooms.

The front room on the right, with two long windows opening onto a piazza, was used as a parlor; it was as formal as only a mid-Victorian parlor could be. The room behind this, the "back-parlor" or living-room, was furnished in a rather simpler way with book-cases and easy chairs, and was the usual gathering place for the family. Davis's descendants stoutly deny that the Admiral specified that the eastern wall of this room should be a semicircle to remind him of the stern of a ship; but aside from the consideration that it would take a good deal of fancy to attain any such result, picturesqueness must yield to the fact that the device was a common one in this style of architecture. On the left of the front door there are two square rooms opening into each other. Every room is provided with a fire-place. In the drawing-room and the dining room there are now open hearths and the pillared mantels of forty years ago; in all the other rooms, both upstairs and down, the original coal grates and simple marble or wooden mantels still remain. In the more public rooms the eye is at once attracted by the flattened arches of the double doors, by the great wooden canopies over doors and windows, and by the heavy cornice work. It is just the sort of dignified mansion one would expect from a glance at the exterior.

Such was the establishment, then, to which Davis — now a mature man of forty — brought his wife and two children. He had

been born on January 16, 1807, in the house on Somerset Street in Boston built by his father and at one time occupied by the New England Historic-Genealogical Society. His mother was Lois Freeman, the sister of Rev. James Freeman who, as the first minister of King's Chapel after the Revolution, reformed the liturgy of that ancient parish and changed the oldest Episcopalian church in the northern colonies to the first Unitarian congregation in the country. In 1800 Davis's father, whose family was settled in Barnstable County as early as 1630, had moved to Boston from Portland and Falmouth, where he had lived as Solicitor-General for the Province of Maine in the State of Massachusetts. He had thirteen children, the oldest being Louisa, who married William Minot, and the youngest being the future admiral.

Charles Henry Davis prepared for college at the Boston Latin School, entered Harvard in 1821 (at the age of fourteen!), and remained through the first two years. Among his class-mates were the first Charles Francis Adams, John Langdon Sibley, Horatio Alger, and Giles Lodge. In the summer of 1823, when he was appointed a midshipman in the United States Navy, he began a period of seventeen years' experience in the hazardous, responsible, and romantic duties of that branch of the Service. Joining the frigate *United States* at Norfolk, he finally set out under Commodore Hull for the Pacific station. The ship touched at Rio de Janeiro and at Valparaiso and then proceeded to Peru, where Davis was transferred to the small armed schooner *Dolphin*.

On August 18, 1825, the *Dolphin*, under command of Lieutenant John Percival, a famous character in the old Navy popularly known as "Mad Jack" Percival, set out on a long voyage to bring to justice the crew of the whaleship *Globe*, who a year before had mutinied, murdered the officers, and carried the ship to the Mulgrave Islands, where they proposed to form a settlement. The first Lieutenant of the punitive expedition was Hiram Paulding (afterwards Admiral), whose *Narrative* of this voyage is a story of hair-raising suspense, primitive danger, and incredible bravery. Imagine a little schooner of 180 tons setting sail into the uncharted Pacific Ocean bound for a pack of desperate murderers

who themselves had faced the perils of cannibals among the coral reefs! No wonder Admiral Davis in later years told and retold with gusto the thrilling details of these adventures he had lived through before he was nineteen years of age.

After returning from the Pacific, Davis spent three months at his father's home in Boston and then was attached to the sloop-of-war *Erie* for nearly a year in the West Indies. In August, 1829, he sailed from New York as acting sailing-master of the *Ontario* on a three years' cruise to the Mediterranean. He filled the leisure of this period by becoming proficient in navigation and the duties of his profession and acquiring a thorough knowledge of French and Spanish with a good smattering of Italian. Next came a year of leisure in Boston, a few months of receiving-ship duty, another cruise around the Horn to Ecuador, a few months of mathematical study in Cambridge with Benjamin Peirce, and — to bring to a close the period of his early career in the Navy — a cruise of over three years on the *Independence* to England, Denmark, Russia, Madeira, Brazil, and the Argentine. In April, 1840, after seventeen years, most of which were spent at sea, he returned to Cambridge and, for the next seventeen years, had very little active duty in the Navy.

During his final cruise Davis kept up a correspondence with Peirce so that on his return home he was eager to resume his study of mathematics. He took his A.B. at Harvard in 1841, "as of 1825," and he always retained his membership in the class of 1825. At the same time he received his Master's degree. In April, 1842, he was appointed an assistant on the Coast Survey. For the next seven years he made studies of the tides at various important points along the Atlantic coast, surveyed Boston harbor and the Nantucket Shoals, investigated the current of the Gulf Stream, and gained much distinction as an hydrographer. In July, 1849, when the "American Ephemeris and Nautical Almanac" was established, he was placed in charge of the work. "Perhaps no one achievement of his life," says his son, "has entitled him to higher fame or has left a more lasting impression. ... It may be safely said that, except the coast survey, of which the vast scope of

course gives it preeminence, no scientific work which has been carried on in this country has redounded more largely to the national credit." In 1854 he received his Commander's commission. In 1856 he went on active duty again, serving on the Pacific station and on the coast of Central America. In 1859 he got back home and settled down to the old life in Cambridge, with occasional trips to Washington.

By this time the gathering storm of the Civil War was ready to break. The spring and summer of 1861 found him on duty at the offices of the Navy Department in Washington as executive head of the Bureau of Detail and as secretary of a secret board which was virtually a board of admiralty. Like most other busy men he found time to do much besides his regular work. In addition to maintaining the "Nautical Almanac" and the Coast Survey, he was, for instance, a member of the board of ironclad ships, the famous board which authorized the building of the *Monitor*. During this period he lived alone in lodgings in Washington, the family remaining in Cambridge partly because New England was safer but more because the children were at school. The letters which he wrote home almost every day, make an intimate commentary on the conduct of the war and give a vivid picture of life in the capital at a time when it was more hectic than ever before or since.

On September 18, 1861, Davis was freed from all this sort of work and was appointed fleet captain and chief of staff of the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron, under the command of Flag

Officer Dupont. The Squadron first undertook, in conjunction with a small military detachment, an expedition to Hatteras Inlet, on the coast of North Carolina, where piratical depredations had become extremely annoying. Success at Hatteras was followed up after some delay by an expedition to Port Royal, where a battle took place on November 7th. On board Dupont's flagship, the *Wabash*, there was not only Captain Davis but also a young Lieutenant, Stephen B. Luce, whose son many years later married Davis's daughter Louisa. Luce, who was in command of one of the gun batteries, was mentioned in dispatches for his efficiency and gallantry and, as a result, was shortly afterwards promoted to

Lieutenant Commander. As Dupont's Chief of Staff, Davis was largely responsible for the very successful tactics employed in the battle, tactics which Dewey repeated thirty-seven years later at Manila after he had carried the entrance to the Bay. Davis used to say that Lieutenant Luce was the only other officer who had thought out a plan for the battle before it took place. Unfortunately, however, the Union victory could not be consolidated by the vigorous sort of action that Davis wanted and that would doubtless have dealt a body-blow to the South. During the campaign Davis had been promoted to the rank of Captain, then the highest grade in the Navy. In March he was back again in Washington for departmental duty.

He was soon again, however, in the midst of active service; on the ninth of May, 1862, he relieved Flag Officer Foote in front of Fort Pillow, eighty miles above Memphis, on the Mississippi. Farragut's squadron had meanwhile passed the forts below New Orleans, and it now became the immediate naval policy of the campaign to draw the two squadrons together towards Vicksburg. The very day Davis arrived at Fort Pillow, the Confederate commander made an attack. The Union victory on May tenth crippled the hostile fleet to such an extent that the Fort itself was abandoned early in June. On the sixth, a heavy engagement before Memphis annihilated the Confederate naval power on the Mississippi, gave the North control of that important city and thus protected the rear of Halleck's army at Corinth, and opened the whole river from Cairo to Vicksburg.

Vicksburg was, however, impregnable without the support and cooperation of a sufficient land force and so the Navy Department was obliged to abandon its project for the reduction of the city. Davis now returned to Cairo, the headquarters of the flotilla, for conference with the military authorities and for a general repair of his ships during the period of inactivity necessitated by the low stage of the waters. During most of the summer he was seriously ill with river fever. On July 16, 1862, he became Commodore; and in November, at the insistence of the Department he went back to Washington as head of the Bureau of Navigation,

one of the principal administrative branches of the Navy Department. The plan for it was to bring under one head all the scientific departments related to hydrography, astronomy, navigation, and surveying with their correlative details; to include the "Nautical Almanac," the Observatory, and the Naval Academy; the latter not only as an educational institution which might properly be classed among the scientific establishments of the service, but also because the Academy had been endowed with an excellently equipped astronomical observatory, from which something serious in the way of scientific investigation and collaboration with the Naval Observatory in Washington, was confidently expected. Furthermore, by act of the Department, the Bureau was also made to include the Office of

Detail. But the duties of this position were only part of Davis's activities during the next two and a half years: the list of boards and commissions on which he served is bewildering. One of them, however, is of particular importance and interest because it led to the establishment of the National Academy of Sciences. Meanwhile Congress recognized his victories at Fort Pillow and Memphis by a vote of thanks, which was signed by Lincoln on February 7, 1863. This Act also made Davis a Rear-Admiral. During the autumn of 1863 he made a tour of the Great Lakes, in which Mrs. Davis accompanied him, on business connected with lighthouses. Much of the summer of 1864 he passed in Cambridge because of a return of malarial poisoning. In that winter his family moved to Washington, the home in Cambridge was broken up, and the house was rented. In April, 1865, he served in Lincoln's funeral on the Guard of Honor, that guard of veteran commanders of the army and navy which kept unceasing watch at the head of the bier until the day of the burial. Shortly after this, he resigned from the Bureau of Navigation to assume the superintendency of the Naval Observatory, the highest scientific post in the Navy.

The last event of Davis's career at sea was a two years' cruise (1867-1869) to South America as commander-in-chief of the Brazil Station. There he was called upon to act for the protection of American interests in the war that was going on between Brazil,

the Argentine, and Uruguay on the one side and Paraguay on the other. On his return he passed the summer of 1869 with his family in the woods of Maine, the first period of actual rest and recreation he had ever had. During his absence in Brazil, Harvard had conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws, a rare honor to a naval officer. In 1870-74 he was in command of the Norfolk Navy Yard. The last few years of his life he resided with his family in Washington and made occasional visits to Nahant in the summer months. In spite of recurrent attacks-of malaria he was extremely busy all this time and right up to the day before his death, which took place at the Naval Observatory in Washington on February 18, 1877. He was buried in the Cambridge Cemetery. To the very last, according to Henry Cabot Lodge, "age and years appeared to have no relation to him. The freshness of the dawn was ever upon him, and when, paying at last the long-delayed penalty of his hard service in the war, he suddenly broke down at the age of seventy, it seemed to all that he had died prematurely and in the flush of youth." In Memorial Hall, where — alas — forgetfulness is cherished rather than memory, a stained glass window was placed in his honor. It is the third window from the door on the south wall, and contains appropriately enough a full length figure of Columbus on the left half and of Blake on the right. The inscription, written by his friend Professor George M. Lane, commemorates the fact that he was the oldest representative of the University, and the senior in rank, who served during the Civil War.

When one considers this brief and inadequate survey of Davis's life, one is struck by the richness of the man's experiences. He was faithful in his duty, and he not merely stood before kings but conversed at his ease with more than one crowned head. As a leader in science, he was an intimate friend of Agassiz, Bache, Horsford, Peirce, Winlock, and dozens of others. To name his associates and friends in the army, the navy, or the government would be to call the roll of all those from Abraham Lincoln downward who made American history during the middle decades of the nineteenth century. Many of them were entertained at 38 Quincy

Street, and the brilliant group of Harvard scientists were almost daily callers. Literary men, too, were frequent visitors, especially John Lothrop Motley, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and William Wetmore Story. And no wonder; for anyone who reads his letters is aware of the breadth of his mind, the quickness of his perception, the force of his imagination, and the charm of his personality. He quotes Shakespeare and the classics and nursery rhymes to illustrate his descriptions of battles and of war-time scenes. He was never a pedant, never pompous, never haughty or insolent because of his eminence. The house must have sparkled with wit and flowed with geniality whenever he was in it; life cannot have been gloomy or petty.

At his death there were tributes in plenty, but the one which seems to have the greatest depth of feeling is from his son-in-law, Henry Cabot Lodge, written over thirty-five years later. "When I first knew him," says Senator Lodge, "he had just returned from a three years' cruise in command of our South American squadron. Handsome and distinguished-looking, of pronounced military bearing, I have never known any man more charming or more lovable. In his perfect sympathy, in his absolute courage, in his purity of mind and generosity of spirit, he always made me think of Colonel Newcome. But, unlike Thackeray's hero, he was a man of the world in the best sense, of high professional ability and unusual intellectual force. A more delightful friend and companion it would be difficult to imagine. He had seen cities and men, he had been in all parts of the world, and had looked upon it with a broad sympathy and a complete understanding. His manners were not only delightful, but I thought then, and think still, were quite perfect. . . . Admiral Davis had also traveled in 'the realms of gold' as widely as among the kingdoms of earth, and he loved literature and learning in every form. He was a scholar in the old-fashioned sense, and the Latin classics were more with him almost than those of his own speech, or of any of the modern tongues in which he was versed, for he was an accomplished linguist. This love of letters never waned. He told me that he meant to take up his Greek again when he had retired from active service — a time,

alas, which never came — and devote himself to that great literature which he felt that he had too much neglected. His favorite book was Shakespeare, whom he seemed to know almost by heart, the fruit of long voyages, when he read again and again the few books which he could take with him on his ship. His second love was Virgil, and the Virgilian lines were constantly on his lips. ... But more than all his accomplishments was the nature of the man himself. No mean or low thought ever crossed his mind. ... He had an infinite humor and a love of nonsense and fun. One could say of him, with the slight change which sex commands, as Steele said of Lady Elizabeth Hastings, that to know him was a liberal education."

Admiral Davis had six children, Constant Freeman; Charles Henry, Jr.; Frank Du Pont; Anna ("Nannie"), who married Henry Cabot Lodge in 1871; Evelyn ("Daisy"), who married Brooks Adams in 1889; and Louisa ("Isa"), who in 1886 married John D. Henley Luce of the firm of Kidder, Peabody & Co. and later the President of the Central Aguirre Sugar Co. in Puerto Rico. Constant was three years old when he came to live at 38 Quincy Street. The only other child not born there was Louisa, who first saw the light in July, 1860, in the big, handsome house that stood on the present site of St. Paul's Roman Catholic Church. In that year, for some reason or other, the family boarded at that address while their own house was rented to Mr. Stephen Hopkins Bullard, whose wife, Elizabeth Lyman Eliot, was the sister of President Eliot. Their daughter Mary, now the wife of Francis H. Day of Rochester, England, was born in August 1860, so that Louisa Davis, who became one of her bosom friends, was justified in her joke that Mary had cheated her out of her birthplace.

Constant Davis graduated from Harvard in 1864 as First Marshal of his class. He comes nearer to us when we recollect that among his classmates were George Herbert Palmer and Dr. William Lambert Richardson, who were still with us only a few months ago. He received his LL.B. from the Harvard Law School in 1866. Early in that year ill-health forced him to leave Cambridge, and he went down to Washington to stay with his father.

Thinking that a more complete change of climate might be beneficial, he consented to spend a year of travel with the Lodge family and to act as tutor for the future statesman. Mr. Lodge says, "He was one of the best, one of the most fortunate and most salutary influences which ever came into my life." On his return home, his father was just about to sail for South America and so he embarked on a further voyage, as his father's secretary, or "ship's writer." It soon became evident that he did not have long to live. He was, however, able to go about the ship until within a few days of his death; and he kept up a regular course of reading till the very last. He died at Rio de Janeiro on December 12, 1867 and the body was sent home for burial in the family lot in Cambridge Cemetery.

The Admiral's second son, Charles Henry, Jr., graduated from the Naval Academy in 1864. He too attained the highest rank in the Navy. His biography of his father is an excellent piece of work that contains much material of importance to students of naval history. His son, in turn, the third Charles Henry Davis, is at present a Commander in the Navy, so that the name has been continuously in the Naval Register for a hundred and ten years. A fourth Charles Henry Davis, the Commander's son, is a boy of sixteen; it would be interesting if he were to continue the tradition.

There is an amusing story told about the second Admiral by Mrs. Arthur W. Blake, whose husband was a cousin of the Davis family and who is herself a daughter of Horatio Greenough. When she was a little girl, she once came out to Quincy Street for dinner with the Davis children. Harry came in with a slate and said, "See, mamma, what I have drawn!" When his mother saw that the slate was entirely bare, she protested, "But there's nothing on it." "Oh, yes," answered Harry, "there's a full-blooded negro, dressed in deep mourning, chasing a black cat on a dark night." He could not have been, says Mrs. Blake, more than seven or eight years old at the time. The story is all the more interesting in view of the fact that after he had retired from the Navy at the age of sixty-two, as the law then required, he took up an old hobby of his and became a water-colorist of real merit, with a ready market

for his paintings. When he died, in December, 1921, the committal at the Cambridge Cemetery was a full military service with the escort proper to the rank of Admiral, three volleys over the grave, and the bugler blowing "Taps" as the coffin was lowered. That kind of service does not happen so very often in peaceful Cambridge!

The third son, Frank Du Pont Davis, was in the Harvard class of 1870, the class which gave the College the beautiful gate and sun dial behind Holden Chapel. Upon graduating he entered the banking house of Blake Bros. & Co. in Boston and later went to their New York office. In 1875 he formed a partnership with F. P. Olcott, but too steady devotion to business impaired his health so that in 1878 he was obliged to give up everything and go to France. His mother and his sisters Evelyn and Louisa went with him to Nice, saw him comfortably established there, and, as he was thought to be

improving steadily, came home for the summer. There came a sudden turn for the worse; and although his brother Harry, whose ship was at Lisbon, and his intimate friend Frank Chadwick, who was living in Paris, were summoned by telegraph, they did not arrive until after his death. He is buried in the Protestant cemetery at Nice. His god-daughter (and niece) Mrs. Williams planted a hedge of roses round the grave in 1893 and arranged for perpetual care.

It is certainly time now to recall the charming and extraordinarily capable mother of this family, on whom heavy household cares seem to have rested so lightly. The deafness which began to afflict her early in her married life made her so sensitive that she refused to go out in general society but led a quiet and retired life. Yet she never lost her great charm and she kept to the end the admiration and devotion of such girlhood admirers as Oliver Wendell Holmes. With her husband away from home so constantly, she must have had unusual ability to train six brilliant children with such great success. We can imagine the perfection of her hospitality as she welcomed, first their young companions like Mrs. Gozzaldi and Francis Greenwood Peabody, and later the college chums of the boys and the suitors of the girls. Her grand-

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children remember her from a much later time, when the whimsicalities of old age emphasized the urbanity she had developed through years of travel and large-hearted living.

Mrs. Williams (Constance Lodge) recalls that for a number of years in the eighties, she and her brother Bay (George Cabot Lodge) used to be sent out to Quincy street for Sunday dinner every week. They both hated it because of the ride in the horse-cars, which took over three-quarters of an hour. In winter the terrible smell of the wet, dirty straw on the floor of the car usually made little Constance very sick. Their grandmother had two pets, a Skye terrier, named Ben; and a grey parrot with a red tail, named Poppy, whose cage was kept in the dining-room. He was an African bird that had been brought home by Harry Davis from one of his cruises in the Mediterranean. Constance and Bay, listening to his remarkably clear talk, regarded him as a sort of devil or familiar, an idea that was not at all dispelled by hearing their grandmother converse with him as though he were a human being. Every day she used to give him a spoonful or so of coffee, of which he was very fond, and after that he would stand on his perch, and bow, and bob his head. Once Constance was told that she might safely scratch his head, but Poppy seized her finger and bit it to the bone. That completely wrecked the child's confidence in her grandmother!

The old lady's deafness led occasionally to amusing consequences. One evening, for instance, when Mr. Luce called on Louisa for the first time, he heard the Irish maid yell to Mrs. Davis in the room across the hall, and evidently in reply to a question, "The saints be praised, Mrs. Davis, Miss Isa's got a beau at last!"

Another story gives a hint of the intimacy with the neighbors on the opposite corner, who of course shared many of the Admiral's scientific interests. Once Mrs. Davis came into the parlor and found Louis Agassiz examining a small statue of Victory which she had brought home from the Crystal Palace Exhibition in New York, and which she was very proud of. It was a seated figure, holding a wreath in her hand, and with great wings sprouting from

her shoulders. Mrs. Davis, thinking Agassiz was admiring it, asked him what he thought of it. He replied, in his strong Swiss accent, "It is an anatomical impossibility!"

Admiral Davis's name appears for the last time in the Cambridge Directory for 1863-1864. His duties in Washington and elsewhere called him permanently away from the town after that date, and he seems to have closed the house until things could become more settled for the family. In 1866 and 1867 he was living at the Naval Observatory in Washington; Constant was abroad with the Lodge family; Harry had just finished his course at the Naval Academy and was on a cruise; Frank was a freshman at Harvard; the girls were still youngsters. Along in 1867 the family was still more scattered when the Admiral began his tour of duty on the South American station. In view of all these circumstances it is not surprising to find that they rented their house — furnished, I suspect — to Mrs. William E. Wyatt, a widow from Baltimore who was bringing her only son north to prepare for Harvard and to take his college course here. They lived at 38 Quincy Street from 1865 on through the year 1870.

James Bosley Noel Wyatt took his A.B. with the class of 1870 and, after studying architecture in Boston and Paris, returned to his native city, where he became a leading member of his profession. Among the buildings designed by his firm were the court house in Baltimore, the Fifth Regiment Armory, and the tuberculosis hospital. He was President of the Harvard Club of Maryland, a lecturer at Johns Hopkins, a member of the Advisory Board for the development of the new site for Johns Hopkins, and secretary of the Baltimore City Art Commission. Near the end of his life, as he looked over the years, he wrote: "Whatever little good there may have developed in my span of life, I feel deeply that I owe it in a large part to a wise and devoted mother who, more than a half century ago, here in Baltimore, just after the Civil War, and dangerously near the so-called Southern line, felt so keenly the spirit of Harvard, four hundred miles away, and the 'state of mind' of the community of Boston, that she determined that it should be the influence to bear upon her only boy."

When the Wyatts left, after some five years of tenancy, the Davises returned for a brief period. On June 29, 1871, the day after Commencement, came the first wedding in the family. The ceremony uniting Henry Cabot Lodge and Anna Davis^[1] was performed in Christ Church; the reception was held at the house on Quincy Street. In August they sailed for Europe, taking Evelyn Davis with them. The wedding was the last festive occasion for the Davises at the house during the Admiral's life-time; for now there were no family ties to bind them to Cambridge and they did not return for ten years.

The next tenant brought back some of the Admiral's spirit; for he was Col. Theodore A. Dodge, a native of Pittsfield who had been educated in Germany and England and had returned home to enlist when the Civil War broke out. On the first day of Gettysburg he was so severely wounded that his right leg had to be amputated below the knee. He nevertheless continued in the service until 1870. Meanwhile, in 1865, he had married Jane Marshall Neil of Columbus, Ohio. The fact that he was only thirty when he came here reminds us of the old saying that the Civil War was fought by boys, and it also gives a clue to his preference for Cambridge as a place of residence. Young Col. Dodge now made up his mind that he would go into business, get rich as quickly as possible, and thus have leisure and means "for the more congenial pursuit of letters." He became treasurer and manager of the McKay Sewing Machine Co. and, later, president of the Boston Woven Hose Co. His spare time at 38 Quincy Street

was spent in writing two books, *The Campaign of Chancellorsville* and *A Bird's Eye View of Our Civil War*; but he also wrote numerous essays, reviews, and even verses. In 1878 he went abroad for two years to study European campaigns. Here, perhaps, since he was no longer connected with the Davis house, he should fade from our sight, and yet I cannot easily bid so summary a farewell to a man who for physical vigor, intellectual attainments, and general success had only the Admiral himself for a rival. Col. Dodge was the author of no less than ten books, one of them being a four-volume life of Napoleon. He delivered a series of Lowell Institute Lectures in 1889, he was elected to membership in the Massachusetts Historical Society, and he was a visiting lecturer at Harvard. He died in France in 1909 and was buried in the Arlington National Cemetery.

With his departure the literary activities at 38 Quincy Street took on a gayer hue. During 1879 it was occupied by another Boston business man, James H. Clement, whose wife, Clara Erskine Clement, was a widely known writer on art. They had four sons and one daughter. Of the older children, Frank was in business with his father; George was a senior in the Harvard Medical School; and Hazen was a freshman in college. It was decidedly a family of young people, Mrs. Clement herself being only forty-five; and the inevitable gaiety of the house was enhanced by frequent visits from that connoisseur of good living and high art, Lawrence Hutton. He and Mrs. Clement were busy that year seeing through the press their very successful two-volume book, *Artists of the Nineteenth Century*. Mrs. Clement's *Rome and Christianity*, *Marcus Aurelius*, *Egypt*, *Charlotte Cushman*, and her translation of Kenan's *English Conferences*, all of which were published within the next year or two, must also have been either begun or worked upon at this time.

For a year after the Clements left, the house was vacant, and then Mrs. Davis returned in 1881 for a stay of nine years. During this time came the second wedding in the house when Louisa was married on June 2, 1886 to Henley Luce, the son of Rear-Admiral Stephen B. Luce, the founder and first President of the

Naval War College at Newport, R. I. The ceremony at Christ Church was followed by a reception at the house. A little over three years later, on September 7, 1889, Evelyn married Brooks Adams at Nahant. After that Mrs. Davis made her winter home with the Luce family in Boston and her summer home with the Lodges at Nahant. She died in October, 1892. For the year 1891 the house was occupied by Rev. Theodore F. Wright, a professor in the New Church Theological School. Meanwhile, on April 18, 1891, Mrs. Davis conveyed the premises by a full warranty deed to Henry Clarke Warren; and on January 28, 1892, Mr. Warren conveyed the property to the President and Fellows of Harvard College.

Cambridge tradition still has some curious stories to tell of Henry Clarke Warren, the brilliant and eccentric young Sanskrit scholar who died early in 1892. He lived alone in the house farther down on Quincy Street, now known as Warren House, for many years the headquarters of the English Department. At his death he also bequeathed to the College much other real estate and a fund of a quarter million dollars to establish the Harvard Oriental Series, a series of publications which, under Professor Lanman's distinguished editorship, has brought much credit to the University.

For two years, 1892 and 1893, the house was unoccupied. Then in the autumn of 1893 came a new tenant, a young German of twenty-nine who had accepted a three-year appointment from

Harvard and was already a happy member of the wonderful group of philosophers that included James, Royce, Palmer, and Santayana. Hugo Münsterberg and his wife had been here a year, living in a small furnished house on Sumner Road. Now, to quote his daughter's biography of him, "Münsterberg moved into a typical Cambridge house with a broad yard, on Quincy Street, the street on which only the President and professors lived. Opposite this house was the large, old residence of Mrs. Louis Agassiz, who became a most attentive and stimulating neighbor, and whose friendship was highly valued and always gratefully remembered. Louis Agassiz, the greatest American naturalist, who had left his native

land to bestow the treasures of his mind and the fruits of his toil on another country, stood for a noble precedent to which young Münsterberg turned with special interest; and thus the cordial intercourse with Agassiz's widow was a particular source of inspiration. ... The ampler quarters of the Quincy Street house offered more facilities for the entertaining in which Münsterberg always took such distinct pleasure. A visit from the great physicist Helmholtz, in the year of the Chicago Exposition, marked the first of a long stream of visits of eminent scholars from abroad to whom Münsterberg presented his Harvard colleagues in his own house." Miss Münsterberg gives, on another page, a hint of this trait: "So friendly was the tone among the philosophers and so simple the social life that Professor Royce jocosely wrote to Münsterberg, whose turn it was to entertain students at his house after a conference, that he must uphold the noble ideal of plain living and high thinking and warned him lest 'ice cream or salad, or any such pernicious luxury should creep into our suppers.' The fact that he had allowed a little bit of sherry to appear at his conference meeting he excused, saying that he 'wanted only to display my dark red decanter.'"

In June, 1895, the Münsterbergs departed for Germany, with no thought that after all America would become their permanent home. Again for over a year 38 Quincy Street stood vacant; but on September 2, 1896, William James wrote to Münsterberg, "Your old house has a tenant at last and looks less lonesome." The new family was that of John Henry Wright, who had been Professor of Greek at Harvard since 1887 and had been appointed Dean of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences in 1895. At this time he was forty-four years old, having been born in 1852 in Persia, where his father was a missionary. He was a graduate of Dartmouth in the class of 1873, had studied in Leipzig, and had taught at Ohio State University, Dartmouth, and Johns Hopkins. He was already distinguished as an editor and as the author of articles in various professional magazines. "With us," says Professor Smyth, "he had ampler opportunities to press toward his ultimate goal: the vision of the many-splendored whole of classical antiquity

in its simple and severe outlines, its forms, its ideas, its ideals. The corporate endeavor of Harvard 'to image the whole, then execute the parts' was realized in him by reason of his extraordinary versatility. ... In his relations with the students he was a wise and friendly counsellor, catholic and unprejudiced, helpful, appreciative, and inexhaustibly patient. His advice was alike valued by them, whether it concerned the direction of their studies or the conduct of their lives." Quiet, dignified, tactful, and courteous in his dealings with his colleagues, he made the atmosphere of his home glow with the geniality and kindness of the true gentleman and scholar. While living on Quincy street he was editor-in-chief of the "American Journal of Archaeology," the official organ of the Archaeological Institute of America and one of the best journals of its kind in the world. Most of his work on the

Journal was, of course, done in his study on the left of the front door. In the same room, too, the Archaeological Club held many of its early meetings. Another group that often met here was the original Shop Club which lasted for over forty years (1884-1926) and numbered among its members William Morris Davis, Ephraim Emerton, Le Baron Russell Briggs, Edwin Herbert Hall, Charles Herbert Moore, E. L. Mark, W. S. Chaplin, E. S. Sheldon, Frank W. Taussig, Edwin Francis Gay, Kuno Francke, Wm. Wallace Fenn, Benjamin O. Peirce, E. K. Rand, and David Gordon Lyon. Dean Wright's comparatively early death on November 25, 1908, when he was only fifty-six, deprived the University of one of its most distinguished teachers and the city of one of its finest citizens.

While Dean Wright maintained the scholarship of the house, his wife, Mary Tappan Wright, carried the more distinctly literary traditions to even higher levels. She was the daughter of President Eli Todd Tappan of Kenyon College, and thus familiar all her life with academic surroundings. Her first literary ventures were short stories, several of which were collected in the volume *A Truce and Other Stories*, published by Scribners in 1895. At 38 Quincy Street she wrote, in addition to various other short stories, three novels: *Aliens* (1902), *The Test* (1904), and *The Tower* (1906), and did a good deal of work on *Charioteers*, which appeared in

1912. They are all entertaining and show a keen insight into character, a power of analysis that Münsterberg himself must have enjoyed. If they now seem somewhat old-fashioned, it is because they often emphasize points of etiquette or conditions of society that have completely changed in the past twenty years, not because their technical skill suffers by comparison with later novels. They were very successful in their day and must be taken into account in any survey of American novels of the early twentieth century.

The other members of this brilliant family were two boys, John and Austin. The former has written me some recollections of the house which are so delightful they must be quoted. I had asked him about the moving of the Langdell house from the southwest corner of Broadway and Quincy Street over to its present position at number 40. "That," he says, "was indeed a great event in my childhood. ... There were some huge trees in our yard, one especially big one in the southwest corner. I remember the crash they made when they were cut down and how exciting it was playing about in the dense foliage of the fallen trees. The Langdell house came across the street in the summer while I was away, but my father was at home at the time and told us about it. They had to turn it completely around. They took it across the car tracks on Broadway in the middle of the night without interrupting traffic. ... The only addition made (to the house) when we were there, was that of the two maid's rooms constituting the third storey of the back part of the house. When we were there, one of the panes in the north window of the north-east room in the second-storey back was inscribed with the signature of a Davis. ... There were no electric lights during the period we were there; no telephone until about 1903; heat was supplied by a hot-air furnace which filled the house with poisonous gases after it had been stoked; there was only one bathroom. The open fire in the parlor occasionally used to set fire to the soot in the chimney. It would always burn out without causing any damage, as the roof was slated. We took it more or less as a matter of course. Mr. Alexander Agassiz was riding by on his horse one day, saw dense clouds of smoke and sparks pouring out of our chimney, and came rush-

ing in, in the greatest excitement, saying our house was on fire. He was much disgusted at the calm manner in which my mother took the news. ... As boys our great joy was climbing. We got a wonderful thrill by lifting ourselves out through the skylight in the back attic and scrambling along the ridge-pole to the balcony on the roof, which seemed enormously high. We would pretend it was the bridge of a ship. We also used to walk along the top of the high trellis fence that used to, and perhaps still does, shut in the clothes-yard from the public view. This connected with the Langdell house, and we could make our way by a precarious foothold around the edge of that house and look in the windows. It was not a very polite thing to do; and after Mrs. Langdell objected, we did so no more.

"Perhaps some of the things that happened at 38 Quincy Street may be of interest. My mother wrote four novels while living there. In one, *The Tower*, the hero — a college professor — lived in a tower overlooking the house of the heroine, the president's daughter. The prototype of the tower was of course Memorial Hall, though the topography of Great Dulwich was quite different in every other respect from that of Cambridge. Despite the scorn of the true lovers of architecture, we became much attached to Mem tower, and it figures — in a rather sublimated form, to be sure — in some poetic descriptions in my mother's book. The picture in my mind's eye is indelible of the tower rising beyond the Langdells' roof, with pigeons circling about and brown smoke issuing in a mighty column from the top.

"I well remember when Prince Henry of Prussia visited Cambridge. He was scheduled to pass by our house, and so I brought practically the entire prep department of Browne & Nichols School over to see him. We crowded the front porch and the roof of the front porch and all the front windows, and gave a piercing cheer when H. R. H. drove by in an open carriage. He gave us a pleasant smile and a salute, and I thought he looked like a 'very nice man,' something like a college professor, with his beard.

"The Boston Authors Club met at 38 Quincy Street once. Mark

Twain, Julia Ward Howe, Col. Higginson, and a whole lot of other celebrities were there. Mrs. Howe read a poem, but after she started she couldn't see to continue and Mark Twain had to hold a candle up near her. As he took the candle, he remarked: 'I never thought I could hold a candle to the Battle Hymn of the Republic.'

"In my father's study, on one of the white-painted boards that make the framework of the door, we marked the heights of members of the family and friends and of all particularly tall visitors. For a long while my father's cousin, Alan Hazen, the sanitary engineer, held the record; but he had to take second place when Eduard Meyer, the great historian, came along. His record was never beaten. He thought it was highly entertaining to have to stand against the wall while someone placed a book on the top of his head.

"Before the Langdell house 'butted in,' we had a fine big yard between us and Cambridge Street. I dimly remember an occasion about 1897 when my brother was thirteen or fourteen. He and a friend rigged themselves out as knights with great wooden shields and swords and flowing costumes. They used bicycles for steeds and had a sanguinary tournament in the yard. My mother used to say that a crowd of students and high-school children six-deep gathered at the fence to watch."

When the Wrights moved over to 32 Hawthorn Street on April 5, 1909, the house was taken for a year (1910) by Mr. and Mrs. Jerome D. Greene and then for two years (1911-1912) by Professor

and Mrs. George Grafton Wilson. During 1913 it was empty again before Mrs. Sarah W. Dodd and her two daughters began their seventeen years of occupancy, the longest period that any one family has ever lived without interruption in the house. They hired the back part to students, mostly from the Law School, the School of Architecture, and the School of Landscape Architecture. Owing to the arrangement of rooms and doors, they were able to cut off the students' rooms from their own so that the students were thus as free to come and go as they would have been in a college dormitory and far more comfortable. Excellent manage-

ment and tactful lack of restraint soon brought the house a high reputation. Graduate students were as eager to live there as undergraduates were to live in that other famous house at 9 Bow Street, so long managed by Miss Katherine and Miss Julia Mullen.

Most of Mrs. Dodd's roomers are still too young to have had an opportunity to rival earlier residents. A little reflected glory may belong perhaps to a student in 1924, George Philip Wells, "Gip" Wells as his friends called him, son of the famous H. G. Wells. He was a very genial, agreeable, cosmopolitan sort of fellow, so unassuming that he made a special arrangement with Miss Dodd for protection from reporters, camera men, and publicity cranks. Toward the end of his year one of the other boys came to Miss Dodd in much excitement and said that the evening before he had had a hot argument with a young lady who insisted that Gip was the son of H. G. Wells. "Yes, he is," answered Miss Dodd. "Gee," exclaimed the student, "he's just like any of us!" In 1912-13 two rooms were rented to a young law student, Archibald Macleish, now one of the leading poets of America. According to gossip, no one would ever have guessed that poetry was to be his path to fame.

The Misses Dodd gave up the house in the summer of 1931, after which it stood in lonely dignity for another year, the lilies-of-the-valley, the jonquils, and the irises the only testimony to its ancient friendliness. During this time Mr. Harold Murdock, the Director of the Harvard University Press, who had been considering various possible quarters for the expanding publishing department, looked at the place two or three times and at length decided to hire it from the college. A few minor repairs, a great deal of cleaning, and a new sign-board made from drawings by the well-known artist Mr. Walt Harris, were sufficient preparation for moving desks and files and records in July, 1932. Thus far we use only the rooms on the first floor and one or two on the second; and all is so slightly changed that Admiral Davis or Col. Dodge or Dean Wright would probably still feel at home. Scarcely another house in Cambridge — and that is saying a great deal — could offer a more suitable background for the publishing office of the University. Every department of human knowledge has been

cultivated by one or another previous occupant; within these walls have been written a host of books and articles on every conceivable subject, from the most abstract mathematical astronomy to poetry and fiction. Practically any book that the Press can ever publish will here meet a companionable ghost from the past. And the people who shall work here in all the years to come, are going to be surrounded by the dignity, the urbanity, the largeness of mind and the joyousness of spirit inalienably bequeathed to them by the sages and heroes, the great-hearted men and the charming women, the groping students and the romping children who for eighty-five years looked upon 38 Quincy Street as home.

1. "Forget any praises I may have bestowed on others. She was the most charming woman I have ever known; an exquisite presence in this workaday world. She had unusual beauty, a pale face with regular features, and dark eyes the color of the sky when stars begin to twinkle. She had great wit; it was the only weapon she ever used in self-defense, and Cabot was a little afraid of its winged shafts. Daughter and sister to Admirals, she had perhaps caught from them a certain sense of discipline, some secret code of high behavior that guided her action but was never imposed on others. Gay and hospitable, she took delight in all that was delightful, yet never lost her bearings in fogs of enthusiasm. She combined the usually contrasting qualities of keen intelligence and warm-heartedness. I never found another human instrument so delicately tuned to understand and sympathize. She was one of the shining ones." — Mrs. Winthrop Chanler: *Roman Spring*, pp. 192, 193.

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EXTRACTS FROM THE REMINISCENCES OF ISABELLA (BATCHELDER) JAMES

BY MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI

Read October 23, 1934

ISABELLA BATCHELDER was born September 2, 1819 in the house her father built in 1815 on the Keene turnpike in New Ipswich, New Hampshire. She was the fifth child of Samuel and Mary (Montgomery) Batchelder. Born four months after Queen Victoria, she died August 6, 1901, a few months after the Queen; living through the whole Victorian era, her recollections of that period may be of interest.

Her grandfather, Samuel Batchelder, was a Minute-man and rode with his father, Jonathan Batchelder, from their home at Riall Side, Beverly, to Lexington on the Alarm, April 18, 1775. Later he served in the army of Washington as a sergeant during the siege of Boston and was quartered in Hollis Hall. After the war he married Elizabeth Woodbury and they went to live in Jaffrey and in New Ipswich, New Hampshire. He died at the latter town in 1814.

Her mother, Mary Montgomery, was the eldest daughter of Brigadier-General John Montgomery, of Haverhill, New Hampshire, who commanded the New Hampshire men at Portsmouth during the War of 1812. Her father, Samuel Batchelder, Jr. was fitted for Harvard at the Appleton Academy, New Ipswich, but would not go to college, as his father wished, because he was so much interested in manufacturing. He and Nathan Appleton built a mill on the river at New Ipswich and later he built the Hamilton Mills at Lowell and the York mills at Saco, Maine. In 1841 he bought the Vassall House still owned by his grand-daughter, on the east corner of Brattle and Hawthorn Streets, where he died, February 5, 1879, in his ninety-fifth year. He was called the Nestor of cotton manufacturing. Up to the last months of his life he wrote editorials for the "Daily Advertiser."

In 1824, when I was not quite five years old, I accompanied my father and mother to East Chelmsford [now Lowell] with Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Appleton, their daughter Mary, afterwards Mrs. McIntosh, and son Thomas, since widely known as a patron of art.

It was desired by the capitalists who were building up Lowell, that my father, who was already manufacturing cotton at New Ipswich, should take charge of the corporations there. Mr. Appleton, who was a native of New Ipswich, came to discuss the subject with him and wished to take him to view the wonderful water power of the Falls of the Merrimack River.

I was a delicate child just recovering from some illness and was always taken on any proposed trip on account of my health, although younger and older brothers and sister were passed over in my favor. My parents started in a two-wheeled chaise, as it was called before the time of buggies, and I was seated on a footstool, then called a cricket, at their foot. A small trunk was fastened by straps under the body of the vehicle. When we were a short distance on the road, Mr. Appleton proposed that my mother and I should join his family in the carriage and he would take our place so as to have an opportunity of talking over with my father the plan for the new manufacturing town. I had never before been in a grand closed carriage with two horses and a coachman, and I dare say that is one reason that the journey made such an impression upon me. It was a summer's day, bright and warm, and I remember my delight at seeing green fields, trees, and flowers as we travelled on.

My grand-children may like to know how a girl of my age was dressed at that time. The frock was long, reaching to the ankle, the skirt was gored and three small tucks were made above the hem, the waist was full and low-necked gathered into a belt, the sleeves were full and short, gathered into a band above the elbow. Over the neck a Vandyke was worn. This was a small cape of white lawn with a frill all round it plaited with fine plaits in the ironing; long white sleeves were fastened by buttons on to the

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band of the short sleeves. I have never since seen anything like the material. It was of China crepe, printed in oblong blocks in purple, olive-green, and yellow, very soft in color and texture. I fancy that it was brought from India by my father's uncle. On my head was an embroidered muslin cap with a real lace border, tied under the chin with ribbons. This dress would look quaint now, but I dare say I was thought pretty in it, as I had a fair skin, deep blue eyes, and light hair cut short in the neck and slightly curled.

Tom Appleton rode on the box with the coachman, boy-like. As I was always thirsty, he was very kind getting a drink for me every time we stopped, and when I complained of thirst, stopping to obtain water at a wayside farm. I seized the glass, tin dipper, or wooden mug with delight. My mother apologized for my being so troublesome, which I thought quite unnecessary. Tom Appleton was my first hero.

Mr. Appleton and my father stopped to look at the Falls and ordered the carriage to stop that we might enjoy the sight. I suppose it was the first view of pretty water that I had seen and the blue river dashing in white foam over the rocks in the July sunlight formed a picture not yet faded from my mind. We stopped at Tyler's, a stage house, near the Concord River bridge going to Belvedere.

The next day we resumed the journey going to Nahant, and crossing the beach and seeing my father pick up shells for me was a new delight. The Nahant Hotel had then been recently erected and

the elite of Boston at once went there; the house seemed full of people and I have a vivid recollection of their gathering in the drawing-room to watch the great fire on Beacon Street, Boston, which occurred that day, and of the excited conversation of the ladies who were watching their own houses in flames and my fear that somebody's children were being burnt up in them. Probably some one talked of such a catastrophe. I, however, was quite pleased when some gentleman took me up in his arms that I might see that distant blaze glowing on the western horizon. This took place on Wednesday, July 7th, 1824, and was caused by some shavings taking fire in a carpenter's shop on Charles Street.

I was delighted with the excitement of hotel life and urged my father to stay longer there; and his answer that he must go to Boston on business and that the place was expensive and he could not remain there long, made an impression, and was my first lesson in economy. I am not sure that the Appletons went with us to Nahant, but I think that they did and that their house was one injured by the fire.

In 1824 I went to Concord, New Hampshire, to the house of my Aunt West, as my mother was to have her portrait painted by Morse, afterwards the inventor of the electric telegraph. He was then thought to be an excellent portrait painter, his execution was very fine, and delicate, and is now considered too much so for effective work in oils. I was allowed to run about the room at my pleasure and Morse would let me watch his work, which seemed to be wonderful as I saw the face growing upon the canvas.

The likeness was good, excepting the mouth, and Morse promised to improve that at some future day as he did not consider the picture finished. He was called away to paint, for New York City, I think, a portrait of Lafayette, who had just arrived in this country on his last visit to the scene of his early labours.

In January 1825 we removed from our pleasant home in New Ipswich to East Chelmsford. My father hired a stage-coach for the journey which accommodated us all. Our belongings were transported in two great wagons, which I fancy preceded us by some hours or a day, for when not very far from our journey's end one of my brothers on the box announced to us inside he could see the wagons and Abram Brigham, our hired man, and the teamsters. The two women servants rode inside with us. I remember the bleak winter journey over hard frozen roads, there was no snow; and passing the Episcopal church, St. Anne's, then just finished, and how cold and grey it looked in the dark January afternoon.

My father had taken the only house available on the side of the town where his mills were to be built, nearly opposite the road to Hurd's woolen mills, while he was erecting a handsome residence, later turned into a nunnery. He had named his Corporation Hamilton, after Alexander Hamilton, whose political opinions coincided with his own.

A very hot summer made the change from the pure air of New Hampshire hills and a roomy house to a contracted one too great a change for the health of the family, and the excavations for the canals and buildings tainted the air so typhus fever entered our home; my father was for months

prostrated with it and my eldest brother's life was despaired of. Mr. Boott brought down from Boston, quite unsolicited, Dr. Jackson and Dr. Warren, the two most distinguished medical men of that city, who said my brother's case was hopeless but my father with great care might recover. Both did.

I remember the first time I saw Edward Everett. It was at Lowell in 1828 or 1829 when he delivered a Fourth of July oration there. His calm, pale face impressed me, but I can only remember one sentence of his speech, which was received with great applause. He had related some anecdote about pins and ended as follows: "But the citizens of Lowell know how to do something more than sharpen the point of a pin."

I afterwards met him sometimes at the house of his sister, Mrs. Nathan Hale, in Boston, and when he returned from England, where he had been minister at the Court of St. James, and was appointed President of Harvard I became quite acquainted with him. Many parties were given in his honor in Cambridge, at which he always talked with me. His voice and his pure English had a great charm. I attended the Inauguration Reception he gave in the old president's house [Wadsworth] in 1845. It was a tremendous crush; on getting out of the carriage and entering the gate to walk up the short path to the door, I was literally taken off my feet and borne over the threshold by the crowd.

Mr. Everett was called cold and haughty as he had no small talk, but he always appeared the courteous gentleman with the quiet manners of a well-bred Englishman. With this new president there came a change in the old mansion where Josiah Quincy and his pleasant elderly wife and three maiden daughters had dispensed hospitality in their old-fashioned way. Charlotte, the only surviving daughter of Mr. Everett, was young, gay, and fond of dancing; it was currently reported (perhaps for the American market) that she was considered the best dancer at Almack's, the small Assem-

blies of the nobility in London. It was she who introduced the Class Day receptions at the President's house, which were only for the graduating class, their lady friends, and such young people as she chose to invite. Charlotte Everett called to ask me and my brothers and explained her plan; she thought Class Day was for the young, and as there was a band out for the occasion of the afternoon performance it might be kept for the evening and dancing and promenading allowed out of doors and thus finish off a gay day. This Class Day reception was a success and is still continued. Commencement Receptions had been for everyone who came to the exercises and wished to pay their respects to the president and his family.

One feature of life in Lowell dear to us children was the arrival of the Boston Daily Stage. It was a high swinging vehicle, after the English pattern, painted a bright yellow, with seats for passengers on the top. It was drawn by six horses, who came at a gallop down the hill on the Boston road, by the Methodist chapel, its top covered with passengers; a pile of trunks strapped on behind. We could watch the dust it stirred up from our windows and would beg to go out and see it stop at the tavern in Central Street; where its tired and foaming horses were unharnessed and led into a field back of the house to roll and run about at pleasure. This stage brought the mail twice a week only, and my father was instrumental, through Edward Everett then in Congress, in obtaining from the postmaster-general a daily mail from Boston to Lowell.

My second brother, William, entered Harvard College from Mr. Carter's school in Lancaster in August, 1830. At the end of his first term he was suspended for having engaged with some other students in taking down the chapel bell, and he never returned to his studies there. One of the stories he delighted to tell me was about Dr. Popkin, the Greek professor, commonly called by the irreverent

students "Old Pop." He was a character and no doubt the butt of many a jest. He lived an old bachelor, with a sister and niece, to a great age. I have heard it said that in his youth he was deeply in love with Miss Mary Hilliard and was greatly disappointed when she married the Spanish tutor, Mr. Sales. She

lived a very retired life and was a great contrast to her sister Harriet, the wife of Professor Peck, who was called the "Cambridge Pudding Stick" because she went from house to house stirring everybody up. Mrs. Sales lived to a good age and died leaving a daughter, who was known to my daughters in her old age. It is said that Dr. Popkin attended the funeral of Mrs. Sales, hiding his broken heart in as much incognito as he could; and remained to weep over the grave after the husband and daughter had left it.

But to proceed with my psychological story. William used to put on a long, solemn face and in a slow pompous tone, imitating the Greek professor, say, "The other day somebody asked me if I had read 'The Last of the Mohicans' and I told him I hadn't read the first yet." In 1842 when I was living in Cambridge and my brother Frank was a junior at Harvard I went with him to Boston in the hourly omnibus. At the end of the bus sat our neighbor, Mr. Worcester, the lexicographer, and next to him, opposite to me, was an old man wearing a many-caped blue coat and holding between his knees a green umbrella; thin grey locks straggling from under his hat. He was reading and seemed quite unconscious of any other passengers. I asked my brother who this odd looking man was and received his answer in a low tone that it was Professor Popkin. Immediately the only thing I had ever heard about this man, William's story and his way of telling it, flashed into my mind. I gazed at his furrowed face and large silver spectacles intently, laughing inwardly, and fancying how he would look saying it.

In a minute or two what was my surprise to see the old professor lay down his book and turning to Mr. Worcester, who was trying his eyes as usual reading a newspaper, attracting his attention so that he put down his respectable daily, he said slowly and solemnly, "The other day somebody asked me if I had read 'The Last of the Mohicans' and I told him I had not read the first yet," and finished with a ho, ho, ho, just as my brother used to. Mr. Worcester joined in the laugh, took up his paper without a word, and Professor Popkin resumed his book, leaving me breathless with astonishment. In relating the incident to William he was greatly

surprised as he had never believed that Old Pop had said it, thought it was a joke fathered on the Greek professor. Had my thoughts penetrated the tough Greek roots of his mind and brought up the joke (at least twelve years old), perhaps his only one? I asked Mr. Worcester and Dr. Hoppin, two of his intimate friends, if they had ever heard him tell this joke and they never had even heard of it.

In later days Dr. Popkin's figure was quite familiar to me at Christ Church for, although a Unitarian minister, he became an Episcopalian and was at one time warden of Christ Church, sitting in the raised seats at the porch end of the broad aisle, provided for these officers. These seats were surrounded by moreen curtains and in front of each of the two pews was a place for a long round stick, the warden's wand, said to be for the correction of unruly or sleepy children; never used in my day. Dr. Popkin's sonorous voice was always heard in the responses, being three or four words behind the rest of the congregation. I used to see him crossing the common at a dog-trot from his home on

North Avenue, wearing his light-blue many-caped coat of the fashion of 1818, which seemed to have a perennial existence as well as his large pale green umbrella, his constant companion in summer's heat and winter's snows.

In reading the sad memoirs of Delia Bacon by her nephew, I am reminded that I attended one of her lectures as a child. I think some Boston lady brought her to Lowell hoping to form a class for her there. My aunt was invited to attend and took me with her. This must have been not later than 1830. Delia Bacon seemed old to me; she was thin and looked ill. She sat on a platform with a chronological chart before her and held a wand to point with. I think she called her lecture "The Stream of Time." Her proposed class came to nothing. When she gave her lectures in Cambridge in 1851, I was married and living in Philadelphia.

In 1841 Samuel Batchelder bought the Vassall House from Mrs. Samuel Haven of Dedham, who was Elizabeth Craigie, daughter of Bossenger Foster. She had inherited it from her uncle, Andrew Craigie, and our family removed from Saco, Maine, to Cambridge.

We stayed two weeks at the boarding-house of Miss Upham on Kirkland Street, while the old house was being put in order; it had been in the hands of carpenters, painters, and paperers for six months to repair the damage it had sustained by fire in the spring. The house was let, when my father bought it, to a Mr. Bright, who had married for his second wife a niece of Bishop Griswold. She had in her service a black girl who it was supposed set the fires, as they had previously been started in two places and extinguished. The daughter of Mr. Bright married Hudson, the Shakespearian lecturer, and I think it was under her cradle that the imp of a Topsy lighted the blaze which seriously burned the eastern side of the house. The dormer windows on that side were not replaced.

We were pleasantly received by Cambridge people and as my brother was in college I soon made the acquaintance of many students. Like all university towns, Cambridge was full of girls, many of whom were agreeable companions. That winter a set of cotillions was formed, meeting at different houses; as it was still a small town, a large parlor was sufficient for the eligibles to dance in. The piano was played by a professional from Boston or by one of the ladies of the house. These parties were called sociables. The first one I attended with my brother Frank was at the house of Mr. Charles C. Foster, 7 Kirkland Street. Mr. Foster had three daughters; the youngest one became the wife of my brother, Francis Lowell Batchelder.

In the spring of 1824, before we came to live in Cambridge, I made a visit to Mrs. Nathan Hale in Hamilton Place, Boston. Mr. Hale was an early and intimate friend of my father before either of them was married. I was just a year older than Lucretia Hale, our birthdays being September 2nd. Sarah, the eldest daughter, was three years older. Edward Everett Hale was then in the Divinity School, and I heard his first sermon in Mr. Barnard's chapel. I saw many of the friends of Nathan Hale, Jr., who had graduated two or three years earlier. There was William Story, the sculptor, poet, and novelist; James Russell Lowell; William White, to whose sister Maria White, Lowell was then engaged;

Samuel Longfellow, who had graduated but not begun his course in the Divinity School. Story was very attentive to Sarah Hale and everyone thought it would be a match. His sister, Mary Story, later

the wife of George Ticknor Curtis, was the intimate friend of Sarah. It was an intellectual band and included three or four who made their mark on their generation.

In May 1846 I went with my father and Frank to Washington. The Mexican War was declared while we were there and I heard much of the excitement aroused by it and some of the speeches in Congress. Polk was President. Miss M. Estelle Cutts, who was first cousin to my brother William's wife, took me to see her aunt, Mrs. Madison, who was then quite old, and wore a white turban but was an agreeable woman. She told me how when the English army entered Washington she and the president were about dining. When they heard the news, she seized a knife from the table and cut out the portraits of Washington and Madison and some other celebrities and carried them away in their flight. I do not remember any other interesting fact as she talked of the olden time. We spent an evening at the White House and found Mr. and Mrs. Polk agreeable. He was a Democrat and we thought him to blame for the Mexican War. I visited the various public buildings. Washington had not a city-look, rather it was a straggling village of magnificent distances.

Some few years before this my old teacher, Miss Fanny Inglis, had married Senor Don Calderon de la Barca, the Spanish minister to this country, and they lived in Washington in a style befitting his position. Madame Calderon was very polite to us; we dined with her and I was taken about to several fine estates in the vicinity in her elegant carriage, horses and men wearing the colors of Spain. It was quite a change for her, as when I went to her mother's school, on the corner of Park and Beacon Streets, Boston, I shared her room, with a screen between our beds and toilets. She was an accomplished woman, playing both harp and piano finely and speaking several languages. Lydia Inglis, her sister, was living with her and I went to some small parties with her. At one I met Anna Cora Mowatt, the actress, who had just

married Mr. Ritchie, an F. F. V. Senor Calderon returned to Spain and after his death his widow became the governess of the Infanta, the eldest daughter of Queen Isabella of Spain. She sent me a photograph of the Infanta as she was the same age as my eldest daughter. Madame Calderon became a Roman Catholic and after the death of Queen Isabella I heard entered a convent. Calderon was at one time Minister to Mexico. His wife wrote a book in two volumes entitled "Life in Mexico." In it she lost no opportunity of speaking against the Roman Catholics; after her conversion she bought up all the editions of her book and destroyed them. Madame Calderon wrote several other books. I understood that she was the author of "An Attache in Madrid" which gives an account of court life. She was very unpopular in Mexico, and her outspoken opinions caused the recall of her husband and his appointment as minister to Washington.

December 3rd, 1851, I was married, by Rev. Nicholas Hoppin in Christ Church, to Thomas Potts James, of Philadelphia, and left home the same afternoon. Arriving in New York we found the hotel at which we stopped making great preparations for the coming of Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot; and I later saw the procession in his honor in Philadelphia. I had been prejudiced against this blatant patriot by Professor Bowen of Harvard, who both wrote in the North American Review of him and lectured on him, declaring him a humbug. In the following summer we met him, his wife and party, on a steamer going from Philadelphia to Burlington; a friend wished to introduce us to them but I declined. They were a most bedraggled, dirty-looking set; Madame Kossuth and her lady friend wore white sun-bonnets and looked like very common people. Kossuth with his well known hat, that was afterwards fashionable, looked the most civilized of the number, but even he had not a pleasant face. They went to make a visit at Burlington without taking night-clothes or dressing materials, which were

loaned to them by the family where they stayed. A young and romantic member of the family thought the garments they had worn might be kept as relics, suggesting this to her grandmother. The ancient dame exclaimed, "Have them washed at

once." The American people made themselves very foolish over Kossuth.

We had been invited to go on our wedding journey to Alexandria, Virginia, by Mr. James' cousin, Dr. May, who was professor in the Episcopal Seminary there. Mrs. May was a sister of Bishop Bowman, a very cultivated and delightful woman. The first Sunday of our stay we went to Pohick Church where Braddock's army encamped on their way to destruction. This became a hospital and was the scene of terrible suffering after the Battle of Bull Run. Little did we think that its beautiful oaks would witness such scenes of blood and death.

While we were there, the afterwards renowned General Robert E. Lee came to see us and was very desirous that we should drive over to his house and spend a day with him. I always regretted that I could not do this, being prevented by a sneezing cold, for his house contained many relics of Washington, and he himself became so famous. His appearance did not impress me as that of a soldier; he was delicate, thin, and meagre, more like an overworked scholar than a warrior, and his face showed no great force of character, yet for the four years of the bloody struggle between the North and the South, he was the leader of the southern chivalry.

A visitor to our shores in 1850 was Frederica Bremer. Her name had become a household word through the translation of her novels, which were very popular in Boston as opening up Swedish home life, then unknown to us. There was a certain similarity in it to our New England homes which was very taking, and much curiosity was expressed to see her. While in Cambridge she was the guest of James Russell Lowell and so I had the opportunity of meeting her.

She was a short, stout woman with a pleasant motherly face, not at all intellectual. Her most prominent feature was a large nose; and I thought the sorrows and mortification of Petrea in one of her novels, who was cursed with just such a feature, must have been drawn from her own youthful experience. Her one great beauty was a small white hand. Her manners were simple and

Gozzaldi: Isabella James

refined. She was delighted with America and revelled in our rich and delicious preserved fruits, although she said they gave her indigestion.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL AS I KNEW HIM

BY ISABELLA BATCHELDER JAMES

I have been reading the biographical sketches of Russell Lowell, as he is now called, but who was when I was so well acquainted with him, familiarly known as Jim Lowell. So many errors have crept into the press that I am tempted to set some of them right. He was a few months my senior and

we both belonged to the same "set" in the university town of Cambridge, Massachusetts, to which I went as a young lady. When I read the remark of an Englishman quoted in an American newspaper that "as a youth he was grave and melancholy-looking, and might have sat as a model for Goethe's Faust," I was much amazed and amused.

I first met Mr. Lowell in 1841, just after he had graduated from the Law School, and while he was contributing to the *Boston*

Miscellany, edited by his classmate, Nathan Hale, Junior. I can recall perfectly his personal appearance at that period. He was, I thought, the handsomest man I ever saw, and far from being grave and melancholy-looking, he was eminently gay and debonair. In the fashion of the gilded youth of that day, he wore his dark hair parted in the middle, waving down on either side, and poetically lengthy, in a style suggestive of the old cavaliers. His broad-brimmed, low-crowned Panama hat shaded his handsome face, giving a most picturesque effect. In after years his pepper-and-salt pea-jacket and scarlet necktie marked him out from the other grave and reverend professors of Harvard University, who were clad in more somber garments.

At my first acquaintance with him he had not been appointed to the chair of modern languages and belles-lettres. He was at that time just engaged to his first wife, Maria White, and was a hero in the eyes of us young people; for the course of his true love did not run smoothly. Her cruel father, not liking the nascent poet for a son-in-law, was only persuaded to permit Jim Lowell to call at the Whites' home once a week, so that the lovers were glad to meet at the houses of mutual friends. It was at these social gatherings that I began to know him intimately.

He had already published his first volume of poems, and his fiancée went every week or two to the publishers to inquire how the book sold. I believe only a small edition was printed and the sale was slow.

Lowell's relatives would have much preferred his taking rank in college to his wasting his time over rhymes, which at first were not recognized as of remarkable ability. His most partial friend, or most ardent admirer, would never have ventured to prophesy his brilliant career. In the gay student and budding poet they did not recognize the man whose verses would stir the hearts and rouse the attention of the people, whose essays and criticisms were to win the admiration of the learned, whose fluent oratory was to attract the applause of multitudes, and whose knowledge of languages and brilliant conversational powers were to make him *persona grata* at foreign courts.

While he was in college his neglect of his appointed studies for desultory reading led to his being rusticated to Concord, that self-styled "Home of Philosophy." His acquaintance with the Transcendental clique then made, became the source of much amusement to his friends, when he graphically portrayed the absurdities of Emerson and Margaret Fuller. The circle in which he moved was what Cabot Lodge has styled "respectable Boston." Nathan Hale, Senior, at whose house I so often met him, was the editor of the "respectable Daily" otherwise the Boston Advertiser. Such people as these had little sympathy with the vagaries of the "philosophers" and we could only see the ludicrous side of Brook Farm, where Hawthorne's ability was supposed to be sufficient to enable him to

act as hostler, and Margaret Fuller's intellect was profound enough to be employed in shelling peas for the family dinner.

But to return to James Lowell, I remember on one occasion he entered a room full of young ladies with a ponderous volume under his arm, which excited their curiosity; but when he informed them that it was Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," a shout of laughter went up that one so jocund in air and conversation should find the study of such a subject to his taste.

Many a pleasant evening can I recall when Lowell and W. W. Story, now the celebrated sculptor, displayed their histrionic talent in the then fashionable game of "Charades" in which they both excelled, while "Questions and Answers" brought out to perfection Lowell's powers of brilliant repartee. In all these games the funny parts were given to him as they suited him better than that of Faust or kindred characters. But oft-times Lowell would steal away to a quiet corner to have a cosy chat with his fiancée, and many were the plans laid to leave the young lovers together; for they were looked upon with sympathy and admiration by their companions.

The beauty of his first wife has been eulogized in the biographical notices, but she was then only considered a pretty girl, pleasing and gentle in her manners, but without the least claim to beauty, while to one of her sisters was generally conceded greater praise in that direction. In these Philistine days, Mrs. Lowell would

probably be described as sentimental and lackadaisical. She was, however, very domestic in her habits and the two were devoted to each other, mingling little in society and inviting but few guests to their house. Mr. Lowell took his bride to his father's home, where she brightened up the colonial mansion. His mother had been for long years an invalid, and his father was absent much of the time in Boston attending to his parish duties; to us younger people old Mr. Lowell was considered only a prosy Unitarian minister. The elder Mrs. Lowell may have had a vivid imagination, but we never knew of her poetic temperament; for her long and painful illness had thrown a shadow over the home, which made us all marvel that James Lowell with such saddening surroundings preserved so cheerful a countenance.

The young couple's first child was named Blanche, in remembrance of Mrs. Lowell's maiden name of White, and I can now see vividly the little babe in her quaint cradle painted white and green, with her name inscribed on the front. Her life was very brief but it inspired the pretty poem entitled, "The Morning Glory," which appeared in Lowell's second volume of poems. A critical acquaintance meeting the poet one day, remarked that the only good poem in the whole volume was the one above mentioned, which drew out the confession that this was written by his wife. My acquaintance with Mrs. Lowell was most agreeable and is recalled with pleasure. Her loss was seriously felt by her husband, who was left with a young daughter to mourn for her. He almost immediately after her death went abroad and during his long absence and my own removal to a distant city, I lost sight of him, though by this time he was beginning to make his name known.

While Lowell was far too sensible to fall in with the Transcendental craze, his friends in respectable Boston looked askance at the adoption of the cry of the Abolitionists, who were then considered most unreasonable in their demands. We who approved of the noble cause, thanked Lowell for his successful advocacy of it. But his family were Conservative to the backbone and Aunt Sally

Lowell, as she was called, disapproved of the erratic conduct of her talented nephew. Often have I heard her dilate upon his

failings, from his falling in love with one who was not of the blue blood of Boston, down to his taste for poetry and kindred subjects. To the conservative Bostonians like the Lowells, the abolition of slavery was considered thoroughly unconstitutional and therefore not to be suggested as feasible; but ere the war began they had been largely converted to a different view of the subject, partly, I almost venture to say, on account of Lowell's writings.

For the moment let me pause to call attention to the fact that James Lowell was not descended from the founder of the Lowell Institute; as I have seen stated in the London *Times*. He was only a distant cousin. I have often heard from my father, who knew John Lowell, the pathetic tale of his bereavement of both his wife and children. This left him in possession of a large income, which enabled him to endow that munificent institution. The Lowells themselves were not then wealthy people but in their veins ran the bluest blood of aristocratic Boston, which gave them a high position in society there.

Lowell's poetic and literary successes are too well known to need comment from my pen. Although I occasionally met him after his second marriage, our acquaintance slumbered, owing to my long absence from Cambridge. Just before his diplomatic career began, I saw him at the funeral of a connection by marriage of his and mine. He then wore the same pleasant air and had the same agreeable manner so familiar to me many years previous. Again he passed out of my ken till fate landed us on British soil, while he was still minister at the Court of St. James's. To my amazement, I found the Americans I met complaining of him; he was, according to them, brusque, discourteous, not the right kind of minister at all, in fact. I could scarce believe my ears. Was not Lowell just the man for the place, one endowed with tact and diplomacy, the gift of tongues, and with a large amount of genuine patriotism which would cause him to do his best for his country? Was he not an American of the best sort, perhaps not typical of the vast majority but rather of the New Englanders? Did he not show his talents to the honour of his country? Was it not well to have a minister who resembled in a measure and cer-

tainly loved the people to whom he was accredited, where was the fault, I enquired. "He does not keep open house. He is too English. He did not get me tickets to the House of Lords. He received me with a stony stare and did not seem to care in the least to see me." Such were the comments I heard. Unless a minister has private means, he cannot keep open house with such a scant salary as is allowed to our diplomatic representatives. Lowell, too, was in a measure excusable as he had an invalid wife, so the first complaint was unreasonable. I soon found that there was a class of my fellow countrymen who thought that the chief duty of man as a minister was to supply them with opportunities to see great functions to which the public have not easy access. And why under the sun should he receive an utter stranger with marked cordiality? In this instance I admired his taste, or rather distaste, for our compatriot. Then came the Irish question to raise a prejudice against him. He certainly acted in that case as an ambassador' should; at all events, as he should in accord with the

traditions of his home friends, for the New Englanders are imbued with a dislike for the race which tries to dominate them all.

Having heard of Lowell's stony stare I rather feared it might be assumed when I met him, but on the contrary, when I called on one of his reception days I found him the same charming man, full of reminiscences of old times in Cambridge, and ready to be of service to me in his official capacity if I wished it. It was pleasant to see that the fame which had come to him since I knew him made no change in him to his old friends, that he did not place himself on a pedestal and frown down upon us from his height; to me he was unaltered from the gay and debonair youth, except in such manner as the added years warranted. It was a great satisfaction to me to find my English friends so appreciative of his merits, and to hear his praise echoing through the press, his popularity with the English daily increasing, those very Englishmen who disliked, and almost distrusted, everything American being loudest in his praise. I was proud that one of my countrymen had risen to such honour, while I was surprised that the light hearted youth I had known so long ago had developed talent that made him world famed.

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MR. JUSTICE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

BY SAMUEL A. ELIOT

Read March 12, 1935

WHEN A GREAT MAN, long identified with the life of Cambridge, dies, it is fitting that a word about him should be spoken at a meeting of the Cambridge Historical Society. The roots of the life of Mr. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes went deep into our Cambridge soil. His grandfather was the Minister of our First Church in Cambridge and the author of the history of the town. His father was born in the fine old mansion that stood on Holmes Place and was long known as the Holmes House. In Cambridge Judge Holmes went to school and to College, graduating at Harvard in 1861. To Cambridge he returned after his distinguished service in the army in the Civil War and graduated at the Law School in 1866. Here in 1872 he married the daughter of one of the noteworthy Cambridge families and here for the next ten years he served as Instructor in the College and Professor in the Law School. In 1882 he was appointed to the Massachusetts Supreme Court and in 1902 entered upon his great career in Washington which closed only a short time ago.

It was my privilege to come early into relations with him, for in my youth he was often a guest at my father's house and my wife's father was his schoolmate and College classmate. He was always one of my heroes. He had very little use for ministers but even after I deserted the law for the ministry he still, probably because of these family associations, admitted me to the admiring circle of younger men who gathered about him.

The man's mere physical presence captivated one: the tall, lithe and, until recent years, erect figure, the soldierly bearing, the rapid stride. I'm long legged and used to be sound in the wind, but it was hard to keep up with him when he wanted to stretch his legs. And what an impression of distinctive and distinguished person-

ality he made. Wherever you happened to meet him, on the railroad platform at Beverly Farms or at a White House reception, *he* was the outstanding person in the place, and however crowded the room it seemed empty when he went away. His voice too had the ringing vibrant quality that made your backbone quiver, and his face was richly expressive of changing emotions. One recalls the shaggy eyebrows, the bristling white moustache, the piercing eyes — eyes that could cut a diamond but which readily twinkled into merriment — all declaring an alert and vivid personality.

He was one of the most brilliant and fascinating talkers I have ever met. His father, Dr. Holmes, excelled him in spontaneous gayety and in whimsical and piquant turns of speech, but the judge had the same agility and audacity of mind and there was more weight and thrust in the flashes of his wit. I suspect that even the grave deliberations of the Supreme Court were occasionally enlivened by Holmes' irrepressible drollery. In knowledge of every part of the world and every subject of human interest, James Bryce was his superior as a conversationalist. Lord Bryce could talk all day and any day on any subject and always so entrancingly that one was sorry to have him stop. Judge Holmes had too an amazing acquaintance with all sorts and conditions of life, and his mind was equally inquisitive and acquisitive. Bryce was marvellously informational; Holmes was inspirational. With Holmes one's own mind was stimulated and quickened and one talked better oneself — if one had a chance. In sharpness and poignancy of speech Henry Adams surpassed Holmes — but Adams' wonderful talk too often became cynical and acrid and his caustic wit ran too easily into satire and sarcasm. It was with a sense of relief that one went from hearing Adams prove — and prove convincingly — that we are all knaves and fools and that the world is going straight to the devil, and listened to Holmes demonstrating, with equally convincing power, that some of us might be quite decent fellows and that there was reasonable possibility that the United States might survive the disciplines of chance and change.

Of Judge Holmes' legal learning and his professional attainments I am not qualified to speak. I could indeed, and did, throw

up my hat with delight at some of his dissenting opinions and rejoice in the pungent and penetrating phrases in which they were expressed, but of their validity as law or as interpretations of the Constitution I am no judge. I do perceive, however, that his straightforward and discriminating mind could discern the abiding principles behind the changing forms of our social and political life. I can observe that his view of the forest was never obscured by the trees and that he was more interested in the *principles* of the law than in its timeworn precedents.

In his public addresses Holmes combined force and charm, lucid statement and colorful imagery. He was intolerant of fools and hated low aims and crooked ways. How he could flame with wrath at meanness and baseness of every kind and find plenty of terse and ungodly words in which to express his contempt! How he could pierce and puncture with his wit the bubbles of pretence or priggishness or opinionated conceit! Why, his flashing rapier pierced and finished a rascal or a jackanapes with such dexterity that the victim didn't even know he had been killed! Yet there were deep reserves in him. I doubt if anyone now living has the right to say that he knew him intimately. There were inner chambers in his being where not only decisions were pondered but where life was squarely viewed and interpreted and where pains and sorrows were bravely met.

But ardor and courage sprang from him by a sort of natural contagion. He had the deep feeling of obligation which is inherent in people of the Puritan stock and with it the courtesy of manner, the buoyant gayety, and the keen sense of honor that we associate with the Cavalier. He was

broadly human — alive to nature and to books and people of all sorts, sympathetic with our human ills and errors, joyously cooperative with young lovers, happy amid the summer flowers in Mrs. Holmes' garden. He could combine inflexible purpose with a sunny smile. He knew and exemplified what the poet called the unbought grace of life.

In short he was a practical idealist. He saw not only the facts that you and I can see but *through* facts and over them and beyond them. Insight and foresight made him not an echo but a

prophet. He could *forecast* the law that *ought to be* as well as record the law that *has been*. He had a certain quality of spirit — call it magnetism, call it the native and contagious admiration of things true and lovely and of good report, call it "the outward sign of an inward and spiritual grace" — it is the heroic sentiment best named chivalric, the quality that kindles and animates, thrills one's heart, impassions one's sluggish will. The nature of such a life is to be radiant. We who have seen and known such a man can never believe that materialism or love of luxury or the enervations of pleasure can rob American life of high idealism. We know that life can still be lifted into enchantment and irradiated with the glow of romantic chivalry.

I am sure that no one who heard it has ever forgotten the address which Judge Holmes made in the First Parish Church yonder at the celebration of the 250th Anniversary of the gathering of the Cambridge Church. I was one of the young ushers at that 250th Anniversary and venture to read to you a few paragraphs from Judge Holmes' address, for they vividly interpret his understanding of his Cambridge heritage.

"Six hundred years ago a knight went forth to fight for the cross in Palestine. He fought his battles, returned, died among his friends, and his effigy, cut in alabaster or cast in bronze, was set upon his tomb in the Temple or the Abbey. Already he was greater than he had been in life. While he lived, hundreds as good as he fell beneath the walls of Ascalon or sank in the sands of the desert and were forgotten. But in his monument the knight became the type of chivalry. What was particular to him had passed from sight, and the universal alone remained. Six hundred years have gone by, and his history, perhaps his very name, has been forgotten. His cause has ceased to move. The tumultuous tide in which he was an atom is still. And yet today he is greater than ever before. He is no longer a man, or even the type of a class of men, however great. He has become a symbol of the whole mysterious past, — of all the dead passion of his race. His monument is the emblem of tradition, the text of national honor, the torch of all high aspiration through all time.

"Two hundred and fifty years ago a few devout men founded the First Parish of Cambridge. While they lived, I doubt not, hundreds as good as they fell under Fairfax at Marston Moor, or under Cromwell at Naseby, or lived and died quietly in England and were forgotten. Yet if the only monuments of those founders were mythic bronzes such as stand upon the Common and the Delta, — if they were only the lichened slates in yonder churchyard, — how much greater are they now than they were in life! Time the purifier has burned away what was particular to them, and has left only the type of courage, constancy, devotion, — the august figure of the Puritan.

"Perhaps the type of the Puritan must pass away as that of the Crusader has done. But the founders of this parish are commemorated, not in bronze or alabaster, but in living monuments. One is Harvard College. The other is mightier still. These men and their fellows planted a Congregational Church, from which grew a Democratic State. They planted something mightier even than institutions. Whether they knew it or not, they planted the democratic spirit in the heart of man. It is to them we owe the deepest cause we have to love our country, — that instinct, that spark, that makes the American unable to meet his fellowman otherwise than simply as a man, eye to eye, hand to hand. When the citizens of Cambridge forget that they too tread a sacred soil, that Massachusetts also has its traditions which grow more venerable and inspiring as they fade; when Harvard College is no longer dedicated to truth and America to democratic freedom; then, but not till then, will the blood of the martyrs be swallowed in the sand and the Puritan have lived in vain."

MRS. MARY ISABELLA DE GOZZALDI[1]

BY FANNY ELIZABETH CORNE

ON THE seventh of last month, April, 1935, our honorary president, Mrs. Silvio De Gozzaldi, passed away after a very brief illness. She had been a member of this Society for a very long time, and was its president for a number of years. In her death, those of us who knew her well and loved her, have met with a sad loss.

The eldest child of gifted parents, Mary Isabella James, intimately called "Ella," was born in Burlington, N. J. Her mother was Isabella Batchelder, of this city, and her father was Prof. Thomas Potts James, a botanist of note specializing in biology, whose book on Mosses (in the writing of which he spent fifty years of his life) still remains the leading text book for students of this branch of botany.

She had two brothers, both of whom died many years ago, and one sister who married a British officer, and has ever since made her home in England. The sister has one son.

One incident of Mrs. Gozzaldi's girlhood, which she told me, is of general interest. After the Civil War, a large fair for the benefit of the wounded soldiers was held in Philadelphia, where the James family then lived, in which Mrs. James was greatly interested.

Ella, then about eleven or twelve years of age, was one day given pencils and other little things to sell. After a while she was joined by a little boy, and the two children had a pleasant time peddling their wares. Finally the boy said,

"I must go now; my mother is beckoning. She is going home."

"But," objected Ella, "you haven't told me your name yet."

"Oh," said the boy, "I thought you knew it. I am Tad Lincoln."

Ella James spent many summers of her girlhood in Cambridge

with her grandparents who lived in the historic old Vassall House on Brattle street, now owned by her cousin, our Mrs. Vosburgh. While here she attended the Berkeley Street School. You will remember the charming description of her grandmother's garden which she wrote for our Club, and which was read to us by Mrs. Vosburgh.

Her wonderfully retentive memory recalled clearly the position of every tree and path, every bed of flowers or vegetables, and the kinds of plants which grew in each bed, and the garden was by no means a small one, as it extended from Ash Street to what is now Longfellow Park, and from Brattle to Mt. Auburn Streets.

After a while, the grandparents having died, the family came to Cambridge to live in the Vassall House. Later, Professor James built a new home on the opposite side of Hawthorn Street, which by this time had been cut through the garden. He did not live to occupy it, however, dying just as it was about to be completed.

Miss James travelled abroad, and probably studied languages and painting, as I have seen some very good things she did in water color and also on porcelain tiles.

On one occasion she brought letters of introduction to our family, then living in Stuttgart, Germany — the beginning of a long friendship. On another trip she met and became engaged to Captain Silvio De Gozzaldi, a good-looking, kind-hearted officer of the Austrian army. Mr. Gozzaldi had a vivacious manner, was very fond of music, and had the reputation of being a very brave soldier.

They were married in Christ Church, returning to Europe almost immediately to make their home in Switzerland. Some years later my sister and I also returned to Europe and found them living in the beautiful old city of Lugano. Later, we spent some summer months together at Fiedo, a picturesque mountain village on the north side of Mt. St. Gothard. Here we did much tramping, sketching, and mountain climbing together.

The Gozzaldis had now two children, the eldest having died. Another came later. These children, a daughter and two sons, are all married and there are four grandchildren. When they were of

school age, the family returned to their home in Cambridge, and when Colonel Gozzaldi finally was retired from the army, he severed his Austrian connections and became an American citizen.

About eleven years ago Mrs. De Gozzaldi fell and broke her hip. While she was still confined to her bed, Colonel Gozzaldi suffered a stroke and died the following day.

Since that time Mrs. De Gozzaldi has been lame, and, as getting about became more and more burdensome, she gradually gave up attending meetings almost entirely. But as she sat by her desk in her study, surrounded by her books, her plants, her radio and, on festive occasions as Christmas or birthdays, by many gifts which she loved to show her friends, she gave no suggestion of invalidism or of old age. Interested in everything, herself a very well of information, she loved to see her friends, and when they were with her, seemed to have nothing else to do. But, as a matter of fact,

she did an amazing amount of work. She was methodical, had a very fine mind, a remarkably retentive memory, an aptitude for research work, and a ready pen, and did a vast amount of writing.

Beside private correspondence, she wrote articles for the Cambridge Historical Society, of which she was vice-president and one of the founders, and for the Hannah Winthrop chapter of the D. A. R., of which she was past-Regent. She wrote a Guide to Cambridge, and a long series of articles about the Old Settlers of this city, which appeared in the Cambridge Tribune, and was not quite completed.

Some of the many organizations of which she was a member were the Plant Club, the Girls' Friendly, and the Indian Association, and she served on the committee for restoring the Old Graveyard. She was especially interested in church activities, and took entire charge of sending books to out-of-the-way parishes, addressing every package in her own hand, for the Library Association of Christ Church, and handling the correspondence which involved the sending of 1,500 postcards last year, beside many letters.

It is a long time now since she has been with us, but we have

Corne: Mary Isabella De Gozzaldi

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not forgotten the many pleasant meetings at her hospitable home, nor the quiet, kindly dignity with which she presided when president. Though not demonstrative, she was a friend on whose affectionate interest and loyalty one could invariably rely.

On Sunday, March 30, just one week before her death, I ran in to see her on my way home from church, and found her in the library wearing a becoming purple dress, and apparently perfectly well. She was very chatty, told me that she had finished cataloging her library, and had nearly all the notes ready to finish the Memoirs which she had started. As she had known many notable people and been to numerous interesting places, it is a sad pity that she was not permitted to carry out this plan.

Later in the week, I heard that she had taken cold, but was up and in her study as usual. On Saturday morning she sent word to me not to come on Sunday as usual, as she had a touch of bronchitis, and I might take it.

No one, not even the doctor, seems to have felt any anxiety about her until Sunday morning. Yet at eleven o'clock on that day, she passed peacefully away, conscious almost to the last.

**1. Originally written, by request, for the Cambridge Plant Club.
October 22, 1935**

Dear Miss Corne,

Thank you for letting me read your paper on dear Ella. It is so well done that it has been a great pleasure to see it. It tells several things that I did not know. She had a remarkable and full life. I think that the mosses that she painted on the tiles of her father's study are wonderfully fine. Her memoirs, even if unfinished, ought to go into the Historical Society.

Yours cordially,

MARIA BOWEN

KIRKLAND PLACE

BY FRANCES FOWLER

Read June 6, 1935

FEW OF us have original ideas, but I venture to suppose that nearly everyone who has sat in Sanders Theatre has been impressed in what has seemed a new and unheard-of way by the carved faces looking out over the stage. They are beasts of the primeval forests, they are gods of Walhalla, they are Norse vikings, Plantagenet Kings, possibly Pilgrim Fathers, or even Harvard Presidents. Perhaps they are symbols of facts of history, as they are changed by the light and dust of other days and by the dust and glare and shadows of to-day.

The title of this paper is "Kirkland Place," but its sub-title might be, à la Bishopsgate, "Norton's Woods Without."

Kirkland Street was called in early maps "the path to Charlestowne." Over it marched the provincial troops to Bunker Hill after prayer by President Langdon. It was joined by the path from Watertowne, which was from Watertown Centre to Elmwood, Elmwood to Brattle, Brattle to Mason, and thence to this "path to Charlestowne." The first mention of it is in 1633 as follows: "It is ordered that noe person whatsoever shall fell anny tree near the Towne within the path whiche goeth from Watertowne to Charlestowne upon the fforfeiture of ffive shillings for every Tree thus felled." Alas, again *tempora mutantur*.

It was called Washington Street for a while, Holworthy Street, and also Professors' Row, and renamed for President Kirkland, who would certainly be surprised to hear his name so often now: in Kirkland Street, Place, Road, Court, House, and lately as telephone exchange. We lack a Kirkland Avenue, fortunately, but even that crept into a Directory in 1856 by a printer's error. The road farther on, in Somerville, was called Milk Road for some years.

When I was a child at that age when it was equally inconvenient to leave a little daughter behind, or to take her along, I made a few visits with my mother at the house of Miss Anne and Miss Grace Ashburner on Kirkland Street. The house was afterwards the home of Miss Theodora Sedgwick. It has been recently taken down, and Sedgwick Road recalls the old connection of family ties and Berkshire association. I remember the wonderful Indian cabinet which seemed enormous but which has since shrunk. But the large, hospitable chintz-covered sofa never has become less capacious. I remember sitting on Professor Child's knee while he recited a ballad, and I remember going out through the back gate and walking across the fields and through the woods to Mr. Norton's Shady Hill, over the very ground where stands Mr. Taussig's house in which my brother and I lived for two years when we came to Cambridge.

I remember walking past this house in which we are to-day, and thinking it like a castle, and making up stories about it, little dreaming that I should ever live in it. I was fascinated by the way

Mrs. Norton and Mrs. Darwin merged the *d* and *g* in Sedgwick, Stockbridge, and Cambridge, and copied it laboriously and with such zeal that their example is now fixed in my own handwriting.

A horse-car line was on Kirkland Street for several years. I have read somewhere, but I cannot verify the source of information, that the first electric car, as it might be called, was tried out on the horse-car track on Kirkland Street, and the incentive was a model by Benjamin Franklin.

So my early acquaintance with Cambridge was in this region and when we came to live here we were first in Scott Street, then in Francis Avenue, a year in Everett Street, and lastly here. Even in 1901 there were stray plants in a large lot beyond Miss Sedgwick's house, left over from the Shady Hill nursery, and the Norton Woods were not all gone. The old road to Mr. Norton's house was still traceable, and there was a little stream by Scott and Bryant Streets with a plank bridge, and a tangle of wild plants and marsh where Shady Hill Square now is. Mr. Norton enclosed later a part of the woods with a fence, and I have heard

the story of a woman who had loved these woods in her girlhood and after a long absence thought she would like to picnic there. When she saw the high fence, she and her young enthusiasm felt so injured that she threw her banana-peel over the fence into the woods and turned away. Later, in her contrition she wrote to Mr. Norton, confessing her outrageous conduct.

My brother and I came into this house in 1909. Mrs. Wood and Miss Francis called on me, and I ignorantly asked: "Why did you build so near the line?" The reply was: "Bless you, child, there wasn't any line." Mr. Ebenezer Francis built the house now owned by Mr. John C. Runkle, and Mrs. Wood said that when she was a child they could see way to Harvard Square. Mr. Francis opened Francis Avenue, and built the Munro house which was standing in 1903, with a lovely pear orchard where are now the Whiting, Fuller, Smith, and Davidson houses. One of the Munro family married Herbert Putnam, who is now the head of the Library of Congress.

Prior to 1800 Gideon Frost was the owner of a large tract of land from Divinity Avenue to beyond Francis Avenue. Gideon Frost was the son of Edmund Frost, son of Ephraim Frost; and Ephraim Frost was the son of Edmund Frost who came to Cambridge in 1635. Gideon Frost was a blacksmith and for a period of twenty years was deacon of the church. He possessed, by inheritance and purchase, the homestead on Kirkland Street, but his residence after about 1763 was on the easterly side of North Avenue nearly opposite Linnaean Street. He died in 1803.

In 1804 Gideon Frost, Jr. devised the east part of the tract to his daughter Martha Austen and the west part to his son William Frost. In 1831 Walter Frost conveyed to Henry Ware Jr. a moiety of his lot. In 1836 Martha Austen conveyed to John Ware a lot of land. In 1841 Henry Ware, Jr. conveyed to John Ware the north part of his lot. There was no Kirkland Place.

The house, now No. 14, now occupied but sold and soon to be left, by Henry Copley Greene, is the oldest house on the Place and was lived in as a country residence by the daughters of Dr. Ware. It was reached by lanes. In 1854 John Ware conveyed to

Isaac Cutler the remainder of his land, — six lots. Henry Ware, Jr. died in 1844 and John Ware became sole owner. Nos. 13, 14, 12, 10, and 9 were built by the same builder, Isaac Cutler. No. 14 was owned by the Cutler heirs; and the Misses Sarah and Annie Cutler lived there many years. In the summer of 1903 I chanced to be alone in No. 19 Francis Avenue for a few days. Professor William Morris Davis appeared one morning and asked me to favor his wife and himself by spending the ensuing night at their house next door, as his wife had heard a noise about two o'clock in the morning and wakened him with the remark: "Please go over; they're killing Fanny." A few days later, while calling on the Misses Cutler, I spoke of this, and one of those Cranford-y ladies said: "I am afraid we have not been timid enough for forty-five years." No. 14 has had several tenants, and has been owned since the sale by the Misses Cutler, by Mrs. Frederick Van Horsen whose father, Lieut. Commander Rhodes, gave long service in the Navy; by Professor Aydelotte, now at Swarthmore; and by Mr. Greene, who has just sold it to Mrs. Barry. The kitchen had many old-fashioned appointments: the old chimney, brick oven, and huge fire-place, and a hole in the cellar-door for the cat. It has one room which never fails to charm whoever lives in it or however it is furnished. It would be hard to tell wherein the charm lies. It may be in its unusual proportions. It has the effect of being square with long windows, and few rooms have been more loved. It is not always from association; it is the room itself.

No. 13 was bought in 1906 by Horace Van Everen of the heirs of Mrs. Helen Corbett. Mrs. Corbett had bought it in 1890 but had been a tenant there for several years before her purchase. She rented rooms there, I understand. Her son John was a famous athlete, and in Harvard circles there was a song about him and his big run. A lawyer in New York, Mr. Charles Strong, who lodged at No. 12 while in College, remembers a call from Mrs. Corbett and her son one evening and Mrs. Corbett's peculiar manner of taking her departure. She rose and said to her son: "John Corbett, do you know where your bed is?" — bowed and went.

The first Van Yveren, as the name then was, came from Holland

before 1660, and his descendants lived near Manhattan. Mr. Van Everen was graduated from Cornell University in 1891 and later was at the Columbian University Law School, in Washington. He was a patent lawyer in Boston. He was a genial neighbor, an enthusiastic Appalachian, a skillful photographer, and his lovely pictures have given much pleasure. He sold his house to Harvard University and it was moved a few feet south to make room for the new buildings. Mr. Van Everen lived in the house, however, until his death in 1932. Later the house was rented for two years, to a granddaughter of President Eliot, Carola, daughter of Charles Eliot the renowned landscape gardener, and the wife of L. V. Goriansky. Their son Michael has been the darling of the Place.

No. 12, now owned by the Misses Malloch, was sold by Martha Austen to the Rev. Oliver Stearns, D.D. of Harvard Divinity School. His daughter Priscilla married Rev. George Bachelor, who was active in the American Unitarian Association and was long Editor of the *Christian Register*. Their daughter, Mrs. Arthur Nash, lives in Cambridge. Miss Sarah T. Palmer and her twin sister Olivia owned the house for many years. They and their sister, the mother of President Harris of Amherst College, came from Perry, Maine, where their father was a judge and a prominent citizen. Miss Sarah Palmer was alone a good many years, and had a long succession of student-lodgers. She lived to be ninety-four in this house, then moved to be with her great-niece in Birmingham, Michigan, and died a few days before she would have been a hundred years old.

No. 9, now the property of the Misses Stevenson and McClalland, was bought in 1864 by Cyrus Woodman, of Charles J. Russell, of whom I find no trace, although Levi F. Russell is listed in 1856 as dealer in shoes and leather on Pearl Street with house "on Kirkland Avenue, opp. Sumner." Mr. Woodman was of the seventh generation from Edward who was born in Wiltshire and came over in 1635 to Newbury, and of Rev. Henry Flint who came in 1635 and was ordained in Braintree in 1640. Mr. Cyrus Woodman was born in Buxton, Maine, graduated at Bowdoin College in 1836, studied law in Boston, and was admitted to the Bar there

but was soon sent to Wisconsin as agent of the Boston and Western Land Company to take charge of their timber-lands. He entered later into partnership with C. C. Washburn, afterwards Governor of Wisconsin. His descendants, Mrs. C. H. C. Wright and Cyrus Woodman, children of Dr. Walter Woodman, are in Cambridge. His daughter, Miss Mary Woodman, lived at No. 9 after the deaths of her parents. She was bountiful, wise, and never-failing in her far-reaching benefactions. She gave up her house to our regret in 1920, and lived in Portland until her death in 1928.

No. 10, now the home of Mr. Paul Killiam, was sold in 1856 by Isaac Cutler to Southworth Shaw of Boston. In 1875 it was deeded to George Shaw, whose widow Georgiana Shaw lived there until 1903. I have heard that \$100.00 was paid to Prof. Peirce for the privilege of cutting down a fine oak-tree as it was supposed to contain arsenic, and that she changed the wood of door steps and stair case on that account. Her son, Edward Sargent Shaw, inherited the place, and his sister lived there with him until her death. Mr. Shaw was an engineer, more or less of a recluse, seemingly eccentric, but he was kind to children, and at times cordial to his neighbors. He built a porch, in character of engineer, in a sort of cantilever style. He died suddenly in 1919. Mr. Shaw had bought the garden-lot of the Peirce estate and in 1920 Mr. Killiam bought the house and Mr. Fowler bought the vacant lot.

In 1855 J. F. Ware conveyed to Ichabod Nichols the land at No. 33 Kirkland Street. I do not take up the story of the separate Wares, but I suppose them all to be of the Ware family upon whom, Dr. Holmes said, "the fall of Adam had not left the slightest visible impression." Rev. Ichabod Nichols had been pastor of the Unitarian Church in Portland for forty-nine years. His first wife was Dorothea Folsom Gilman, one of the four daughters of Governor John Taylor Gilman of Exeter, New Hampshire. His second wife was Martha Storrow Higginson. Ichabod Nichols died in 1859. His second wife lived on in the house as beloved a mother and grandmother as if she were the real mother. Dr. Nichols had two sons: George Henry, who was a physician in Standish, Maine, and John Taylor Gilman Nichols. Our fellow-citizen John Taylor

Oilman Nichols is descended from George Henry. Edgar H. Nichols, a son of John Taylor Oilman Nichols, lived in the house until he and his wife Julia Webster Abbot went to Europe in 1909. My brother and I had our first breakfast in this house on July 16, 1909 and Mr. and Mrs. Nichols breakfasted with us, going to the steamer an hour later. From this trip he did not return, dying in Paris. Mrs. Nichols lived in the house several years. Mr. Killiam bought the house in 1922, and has rented it. At present it is occupied by the Russian Club, Madame Vera Pertzoff and two of her sons making it their home. It is not necessary for me to dwell upon Mr. Edgar Nichols' career, as many tributes have been paid to him, and the Browne and Nichols School is well known. When Randall Hall was built — at first an eating Hall, now the seat of the University Press — the University moved the

Nichols house to face Kirkland Street. It had faced west, and the sidewalk shows where the old drive-way was.

Only one house has been built in Kirkland Place since 1857 — No. 11, which the Misses Louise and Helen Greene occupied. Their father, John M. Greene of Lowell, was influential in the founding of Smith College and the John M. Greene Hall was built there in his honor. Miss Helen F. Greene lives now at No. 11.

In 1854 John Ware conveyed to Edward Loring land extending from Kirkland Street to land belonging later to Southworth Shaw. Here Mr. Loring built this house a little south of the centre of the tract of land and Kirkland Place was opened. The architect was Henry Greenough his brother-in-law, brother of Horatio Greenough, one of America's first famous sculptors. They were sons of David Greenough, whose real estate enterprises were excellent in their results. He, for instance, built and lived in the house in Boston where the Lawrence Building now stands. Horatio, during his college-life, competed for the monument to be placed on Bunker Hill, making a model in wood, which was selected. Henry's plans for an Orthodox Church were accepted soon after he left college. It was in the corner of the yard where Horatio and John Howard lived. His plan for the Athenaeum at Cambridgeport was accepted. He built also houses for Professors Agassiz and Guyot and several others, of which photographs are shown to-day. His own house

was on Cambridge Street, long known as the Boott house. On its site is now the Hotel Ambassador, so called "because a man used to live there who was Ambassador to Italy." At that time we had no ambassadors! Horatio's and Henry's friendship with Washington Allston was one of the interesting associations of their time. Horatio's remark to an Englishman comes home to any searcher: "We have no great families in America. We have colossal men, but families remain in their natural greatness."

The family line of Loring in America begins with Deacon Thomas Loring, born at Axminster, Devonshire, England. Lorings in England before the time of Thomas, although the connection is not traced with certainty, lend a glamour to our story. There was Robert, a poet, mathematician, and architect, who built the Cathedral of Hereford, and was Bishop of that See in 1279 — and there was Piers, knighted in the reign of Henry the Third and granted a coat of arms: "quarterly argent et gules et bend sable." This bend sable appears in every armigerous branch and also in the arms of the Spanish Casa Loring. The grandson of Piers, Sir Nigel, was the hero of Conan Doyle's *White Company*. He was one of the first twenty-six knights of the Order of the Garter, founded by Edward III in 1340.

Deacon Thomas Loring came to America in 1634 and joined the church colony at Hingham. Edward Greely Loring was of the sixth generation from Thomas, the son of Edward and Frances Greely Loring, and was born at Boston January 28, 1802. He married Harriet Boott, granddaughter of Kirk Boott, who came from Derbyshire, England. He was graduated from Harvard College in 1821, studied at the Law School in Litchfield, Connecticut, and entered the office of his double-cousin Charles Greely Loring in Boston; was admitted to the Suffolk Bar in 1824, and then opened an office of his own. As was the custom, he joined the New England Guards, and was commander of the company in 1829. He did valuable service on the School Committee. In 1840 he was appointed Commissioner of the Circuit Court, and in 1847 Judge of Probate for Suffolk County and also lecturer at Harvard Law School.

He was a quiet, conservative man but circumstances made him

figure in an exciting series of events and brought him forward as an example of one of the many who were destined to be in the struggle between moral sense and the written law. The Fugitive Slave Law was enacted by Congress in 1850 and while farther west the Missouri Compromise was rending the hearts of men, here in New England hearts were no less rent. The jurisdiction in all cases of runaway slaves was given to the United States Commissioners, and United States Marshals were charged with the execution of their decrees. It is not easy for us who attend the annual luncheon of the Calhoun Club to go back to the time of the Fugitive Slave Law and recognize all that it meant of cleavage of society, friendship, and brotherhood, of heavy financial losses and inestimable self-sacrifice. Merely to read the names of those who supported and those who opposed it, makes us to some extent see how tremendous the strain must have been and how Boston and other quarters of the country were agitated and convulsed. On the supporting side were Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Rufus Choate, Abbot Lawrence, William Evarts, Samuel A. Eliot, Edward Everett, and Benjamin Curtis, and on the opposing side were Theodore Parker, William Lloyd Garrison, Charles Sumner, Wendell Phillips, Thomas W. Higginson, Dr. Samuel G. Howe, Horace Mann, the Hoars, Richard H. Dana, Charles Francis Adams, and poets and writers of these local circles.

Dr. Johnson said: "The most difficult thing, Sir, is to get possession of a fact." I have read many accounts of the attempted rescue of Anthony Burns and understand why Mr. Higginson said that reformers' plans seldom turn out as planned although the reform does come. Three cases in Boston are to be noted. Shadrach, alias Jenkins, was adroitly rescued in February 1851 and by means of "the underground railway" was carried over the line into Canada. In April 1851 a second more successful move was made by the South, and an extraordinary number of prominent men were involved on both sides. Sims was marched on board a vessel, escorted by armed city police. Twelve days later, Charles Sumner, the anti-slavery leader, was elected to the United States Senate. This was the great protest.

For three years no more steps were taken to enforce the law. Then on May 24, 1854, word flashed that once more a fugitive slave had been seized near Faneuil Hall by warrant of a Massachusetts magistrate. Anthony Burns escaped from Virginia and was traced to Boston. An agent of his master, Col. Suttle, vainly tried to make him return. R. H. Dana urged the prisoner to accept legal advice, and Theodore Parker induced him to do so. Judge Loring was as humane and considerate as a man could be who felt it his official duty to execute such a law. He allowed all reasonable delays. Mr. Dana and Mr. Ellis were counsel for Burns. The trial lasted five days, May 29 to June 2. On the evening of May 27 there was a great meeting in Faneuil Hall. One account says that Wendell Phillips soberly urged delay; another account says he was in a fury for immediate action. Meanwhile a rescue had been quietly planned, but the signal was prematurely given, and the audience became unmanageable and rioters rushed to the Court House where Burns had been placed. A piece of timber was found and the door was broken in. Mr. T. W. Higginson's share in the rescue is well known. A young man of twenty, Charles William Eliot, had hold of the pole for some seconds. The sound of music from a parading company is said to have caused a panic and the rescue was not effected, although it was said that the crowd dispersed. Burns was tried, convicted, and sent South by sea. Judge Loring said that upon the evidence on the point of identity he would be obliged to discharge the prisoner, but the prisoner himself admitted his identity and he must convict him. A company of Marines came over from Charlestown and soldiers and militia were posted the length of State and

Court Streets to Long Wharf. A squadron of Light Horse rode before and behind. Every window on the route was filled, flags were hung Union down, and many buildings were draped in black. This is a very brief summary of what happened. Anthony Burns was the last slave returned from Massachusetts. He escaped again and was pastor of the Zion Church at St. Catherine's, Ontario, where he died.

The anti-slavery party, ignoring the fact that public opinion must precede legislation, could not forgive Judge Loring, and the

Legislature made an attempt to remove him from office by "address." Governor Gardner refused to comply and thereby lost his re-election. In the next legislature, 1858, a new "address" was passed as well as a law consolidating the courts of probate and insolvency, requiring dismissal of all judges, and appointment of new ones. Governor Banks signed both measures, and Judge Loring with twenty-six other judges went out of office. In the meantime he had been denied confirmation to a Professorship at Harvard College, the Massachusetts Senate being at that time a part of the Board of Overseers of Harvard College. I have been told that a petition was circulated asking Judge Loring to leave Cambridge. President Buchanan, however, appointed him a Justice of the United States Court of Claims at Washington, D. C., which office he filled with distinction until 1877, even after he passed the age limit. He died at his sea-side home in Winthrop in 1890. He had eight children. Edward Greely, Jr., became a distinguished oculist in New York. Two other sons served their country: Charles as Master in the Navy, and Wright as Consul at Iloilo. I do not know when the family of Judge Loring left Cambridge, but from what I have been told, I judge that his house was not immediately vacated. I have heard that it was rented and the names of Storer and Learned were mentioned to me, but I cannot verify the facts of their being here.

At some time this house was lived in by Dr. Charles Eduard Brown-Sequard. He was born at Port Louis, Mauritius, his father from Philadelphia, his mother a French woman. He was early left fatherless, and his mother supported herself and her child by the needlework which a black woman could sell for her. While he was very young they went to Paris, and thenceforth his life was one of restless travel back and forth between America and France or England, and a struggle against poverty and a constitutional unhappiness. He married, first a niece of Daniel Webster; second, Miss Carlisle of a Loring branch; and third, the widow of Mr. Doherty, a Dublin painter. He was indefatigable in his medical researches and we find him in 1863 Professor of "pathology of the nervous system" at Harvard, sustained by the influence of Mr.

Agassiz and surrounded by friends. I believe that it was at this time he lived here. According to reports, there were rabbits all over the place and house to be used in his experiments. His wife died and he left again for France, and it must have been then that an auction sale was held here. Mrs. Joseph G. Thorp told me that she had a table which had belonged to Dr. Sequard. It was given to her when she was very young by a cobbler who had bought it in, and who asked from her only a kiss in payment. Mrs. Thorp said in her direct way: "I suppose because I was my father's daughter." She told me I might mention this in this paper. Dr. Brown-Sequard died in Paris in 1894. He held many honorary degrees in France, England, and here. His investigations as to epilepsy were epoch-making and his theories as to glandular secretions and influences and as to the spinal marrow were awakening. It is interesting to note that he had entered eagerly into a plan of Professor Agassiz to

found on the Island of Agassiz near Long Island a medical experimental establishment with a capital of fifty thousand dollars. There were to be rabbits, guinea-pigs, cats, birds, pigs, and dogs and also cold-blooded animals at the disposition of experimenters. But Professor Agassiz fell ill and the project was abandoned.

The name of Benjamin Peirce first appears as a resident of this house in 1873. The house was not bought by him but by his sister, Charlotte Elizabeth Peirce, who may have bought it in 1871 or 1872. She received from her aunt, Mrs. Charles Sanders, a modest legacy, part of which she used to make this purchase and establish a home for herself and her brother and his family. Benjamin Peirce was born in Salem in 1809. His grandfather, Jerathmeel, built the house on Federal Street in Salem, now the property of the Essex Institute. Benjamin Peirce's father, Benjamin Sr., moved to Cambridge about 1827 when he was appointed Librarian of Harvard College. His wife was a sister of Ichabod Nichols. Benjamin Peirce the younger graduated in the Class of 1829. He taught two years at the Round Hill School in Northampton and was appointed in 1831 tutor in mathematics at Harvard College. In 1833 he became University Professor of Mathematics and

Natural Philosophy and in 1842 Perkins Professor of Mathematics and

Astronomy. He married Sarah Hunt Mills, daughter of Elijah Mills of Northampton, United States Senator who preceded Daniel Webster. The greater part of his life in Cambridge was spent in the house on Quincy Street which stood where Sever Hall now is. The house was moved to Frisbie Place, moved again in Frisbie Place and stands now in Oxford Street. Professor James Barr Ames lived in it several years. In 1867 Benjamin Peirce was made Superintendent of the United States Coast Survey and held the position for seven years. He was elected Associate of the Royal Astronomical Society of London, member of the Royal Society, of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and held a degree from Gottingen and from St. Vladimir in Kiev, and he was President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He died in 1880. He has been called "a friendly and soaring genius." Some of his pupils have tried to describe the effect which he gave of original and creative genius when his class was studying his *Curves and Functions*. It was as if the science of mathematics were being created before their very eyes, and they knew also that he cared whether they could follow him. The higher mathematical labors of so eminent a geometer must lie beyond the course of general recognition. Among his claims to eminence may be mentioned: his discussion of the motions of two pendulums attached to a horizontal card: of the motions of a top; of the fluidity and tides of Saturn's ring; of the forms of fluids enclosed in extensible sacks; of the orbits of the comet of 1845; and of the criteria for rejecting doubtful observations. None of his labors, perhaps, lie farther above the ordinary reach of thought than his little volume, *Linear and Associative Algebra*. All his writings contain novelties bearing the stamp of powerful individuality. He surpassed other mathematicians in the choice of notation, which enabled his mind to carry its power of reasoning to a higher degree by reducing mental labor. His quickness of observation of external things was as decided as his power of abstraction. As a friend he was as greatly honored as he was valued as a scientist. I ran across this newspaper account of the Jenny Lind concert in the Fitchburg Depot, then as dank

and dark as it was later. Early in the evening the standees stormed the depot and took all the reserved seats. Confusion and pandemonium ensued. There was also no ventilation, for the windows

had been nailed down. Someone suggested that there would be more air if the windows were broken. This suggestion fell on fertile ground and Belletti was accompanied by loud talking and breaking glass. When the incomparable Jenny came onto the platform, the noise subsided somewhat but not entirely. Some timid souls having spread the rumor that the great weight would crush the floor, a general panic seemed imminent. But Benjamin Peirce arose and counting the heads in the hall gave it out as his expert opinion that the floor would support the weight, and the words of the great mathematician appeased the restless mob. Barnum, however, had to escape by the back door, and he left the next day with Jenny Lind for places more cordial.

Professor Benjamin Peirce left four sons and a daughter. Charles Sanders, the second son, was graduated in 1859 and died in Milford, Pennsylvania, in 1914. He passed his life in profound study. The Department of Philosophy at Harvard has since his death been engaged in editorial work on his writings. The sixth volume is now in the press. Benjamin Peirce, Jr., the third son, Harvard 1865, studied in Paris and Freiburg and although under thirty when he died in Michigan, had made a name as mining engineer. Herbert Huntington, the youngest son, Harvard 1871, was long in the diplomatic service, in Russia, at Washington, and in Norway. The eldest son was James Mills, Harvard 1853. He studied law but shifted to the Divinity School, feeling that this was his proper calling. He was settled as a Unitarian minister in Charleston, South Carolina, until shortly before the Civil War, when he entered into the service of Harvard College and succeeded his father as Perkins Professor of Mathematics. At his death in 1906 he had served forty-nine years: he had previously resigned his position to take effect on the fiftieth year of his service. He moved to Kirkland Place after his father's death and his aunt left the property to him. His sister, Helen Peirce, married the son of Rufus Ellis. They lived on the corner of Kirkland and Irving

Streets in the house with pillars which was moved back to make way for the brick block. After her husband's death, Mrs. Ellis lived with her brother and this house was a home to her and her children. Our fellow-citizen Benjamin Peirce Ellis represents both families.

Much has been told of Professor Peirce's boundless hospitality and his interest in social matters and his hearty and genial welcomes. His was a familiar figure in Cambridge and is by no means forgotten now. It is not inappropriate to say that among the helpers in Professor Peirce's house was Julia O'Connor, so two generations have helped here in social enterprises, since she was the mother of our Mrs. Mary Germaine. There is one thing I dislike to do more than to add, and that is to subtract, but sometimes I gratefully think that the spirits of Benjamin and James Mills Peirce have helped to make my bank account come out even. I no longer hunt for the missing dime. The spirits have not increased the bank accounts, but they have helped me.

The latest owner of this house, Samuel Jones Fowler, second son of Samuel and Maria (Jones) Fowler, was born in Westfield, Massachusetts, in 1851, a descendant in the eighth generation of Ambrose Fowler, one of the founders of Windsor, Connecticut, and one of the early settlers of Westfield, coming to that town soon after its organization in 1669. This generation of this branch is the first to leave its cradle, as is the case in many other families. On his mother's side he was of Mayflower ancestry and on his father's side he was connected with families of the Connecticut Valley, having what few escape, some drops of the blood of Richard Lyman of High Ongar, England. Westfield was for many years the frontier town, so the name is less prosaic than it appears. Its first minister was Edward Taylor, who was born in Leicestershire, England, studied in Cambridge, England, and sailed for America in 1668 on a voyage of seventy days. He was studying in Harvard College when he

was induced by Rev. Increase Mather and others to serve the Church in the wilderness. His second wife, Ruth Wyllis, played as a child under a tree destined to be the most famous tree in America, the Charter Oak. She was the grand-

daughter of Mabel Harlakenden, known in Cambridge annals. One of the grandsons of this Pilgrim minister was Ezra Stiles, President of Yale College, one of whose daughters married John Gannett and the other married Rev. Abiel Holmes.

Incidentally, I should like to quote a toast at the celebration of peace in Westfield in 1783.

Success to the lover,

Honour to the brave,

Health to the sick

And freedom to the slave.

Samuel J. Fowler went to the schools and the Academy at Westfield and in 1869 went to Dresden, Germany. He went to the University at Jena, and as the University was closed during the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, he went to Liège, Belgium, and the fact that the son of the Professor of Chemistry, de Koninck, persuaded his father to let the young American work in a private laboratory, proved the entering wedge for the admission of foreign students to the University of Liège. An injury in 1880 while Mr. Fowler was in the employ of the Rand Company, afterwards known for its work at Hell Gate, made it advisable to give up his work on high explosives and change his career at twenty-nine, and by degrees he turned to the manufacture of gas and thence electricity. He came to Charlestown in 1901, retiring on account of ill health in 1922. He died in 1931.

He purchased this house in 1908, also buying what was the middle lot when the whole property was put on the market after Professor Peirce's death. The house stood partly on the middle lot and partly on the southern lot. Mr. Fowler moved this house forty feet, turned it quarter way around, lowered it four feet and built a kitchen addition. As Mr. Shaw, who had bought the garden lot, objected to his grading to that level, Mr. Fowler built a wall, and wells for the trees, and filled and levelled the lot. He was not greatly concerned as to what would happen to the Kirkland Street lot, for a city ordinance forbade a building to come within ten feet of the street or within twelve feet of the line. But in 1913

Kirkland Court was built. I said to Miss Bronson that I had prayed that the Whitman-Houghton house might be moved when the Germanic Museum was built, on to the vacant lot on Kirkland Street, and the fine tulip tree and the soft maples be saved. She replied: "You prayed too hard. You got too much house." So then, we had to alter Mr. Hale's motto, and look north and not south. As I look across the

little canyon, I am bound to confess that some of the cliff-dwellers have, in another sense, given back to me the sunshine that once they took away.

After Mr. Shaw's death my brother bought the lot to the north. When owned by Judge Loring and the Peirce family, the property extended from Kirkland Street to about twelve feet from the house-lot of No. 10. This house faced Kirkland Place and there was a circular driveway. There were some magnificent trees and a black-thorn hedge. The ground sloped down and there was a pond there, which was originally fed by springs, then by town water and then let to dry a natural death, during the latter part of the Peirce regime. There were goldfish and trout and a canoe, and sometimes ducks and swans. The children and their friends enjoyed it hugely and Mrs. Farlow (Lillian Horsford) said she was once "sure Frank Loring meant to drown her." In winter the children, as now, coasted down the safe little hill and across the little pond, where they also skated. The rhododendrons were planted by Judge Loring. There were some out-buildings and even now the frost brings up pieces of discarded china and I have every year about a dozen stalks of asparagus freaks from the old garden.

There was a well in the lowest storey, and one room in that storey had a cozy fireplace. There were, when the house was built, but two closets, and of course, no furnace, no gas, no water laid on. The hall was a close hall, with little light; and the steep staircase was at the end of a narrow enclosed hall, with a fire-bucket niche. In the hall there were three doors on each side exactly opposite, and one door was a false door, to match the door facing it. Upstairs there were passage-ways between chambers, like powdering-closets. The vestibule must have always been an asset as a waiting-room for a professor, lawyer, or physician.

When we came in 1909 a huge elm stood to the north with a fine branch, from which every spring an oriole's nest hung. There were many birds here then, before the starlings routed them. I counted thirty varieties the first summer. I was much impressed by the crows and was told that there was a legend that they were really ravens plying with real Anglomania from Elmwood to Shady Hill! But since those masters of English are no longer with us, the birds seem to have reverted to the race of *Corvus Americanus*.

Twenty-six years ago we looked down the Place across the field to the gray misty willows in Somerville. Kirkland Court, additions to the Runkle house and to the Locke-Thomas-Smith house, fences, garages, the Germanic Museum, the Geographic building, and the Biological building have closed us in to a great extent; but we all love our little oasis in the midst of so-called civic progress. Sometimes we do not wonder that the Rev. Mr. Hooker preferred the alluvial lands of the Connecticut Valley to the obstinate soil of Cambridge. One day a gentleman came to the door and said he was looking for the house of the late Professor Child. I told him it was further along Kirkland Street. He asked what house this was, and I told him it was the house of the late Professor Peirce. "What has happened to it?" "It has been moved and turned quarter-way around." "What house is that?" he asked, pointing to the house across the way. "The old Nichols house, also turned quarter-way around." He told me his name, asked mine, and said he knew my younger brother. Later Miss Mary Woodman came in and I told her of my caller and to my amazement learned that she had once been engaged to him! She said he must be turned around himself to have lost the way to No. 9.

The stirring times of the half-century between 1850 and 1900 were indeed "times that tried men's souls." They were also the golden years of New England literature. Life was simple, and the

standard of speed was different. In the Directory of 1856 there are but six names of officials whose names are not indubitably English. There were 3,161 dwelling-houses, 20,473 inhabitants, 278 colored residents, and only 24 paupers. It is not a matter of indifference to have lived where these men have lived (not to mention

the women also). One, kindly, courteous, conservative, yet forced to struggle with a decision which cost him peace of mind, position, and the home he had so recently founded; another torn by ill-health, restlessness, and uncertainty, yet braving infection, reproach and failure to conquer disease; yet another who followed the stars in their courses, the tides in their surges, and soared into realms of almost incredible calculations into which regions his son followed him, having studied the purposes of God and led others thereunto; and lastly one who mechanically, as an expert, and even more ethically and morally, showed how darkness could be made light. It used to be a dream of my brother's and mine that this house might not fall under the Juggernaut of Expediency but might somehow be made the centre, for which it is so well fitted, for some such society as this which I have the honor to address.

Hither countless loving feet

Hastened through the four-score years;

While here waited welcomes sweet,

And here mingled smiles and tears.

Here young lives have been lengthened,

Here problems quickened thought;

Here friendships have been strengthened,

Here genius has been caught.

Hence have gone the loving-hearted,

Hence has followed earnest strife,

Hence, where friend from friend has parted,

Strong has grown the nation's life.

Here, where loving steps have lingered,

Here, where lips and hands have met,

Here, where memory, white-fingered,

Joyous writes, with lashes wet,

May the partings and the meetings

Blend in frequent friendly greetings.

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REPORT OF THE SECRETARY AND COUNCIL FOR THE YEAR 1933

THE following report of the Council of the Cambridge Historical Society for the calendar year 1933, with which has been incorporated the report of the Secretary covering the same period, is respectfully submitted.

Four regular meetings of the Society were held in 1933: the Annual Meeting, January 17; the Spring Meeting, April 25; the Summer Meeting, June 8; the Autumn Meeting, October 17.

The following papers were read: *The Old Burying Place on Garden Street*, by Mrs. S. M. De Gozzaldi, at the Annual Meeting; *Cambridge Land Holdings Traced from the Proprietors' Records of 1635*, by Dr. Albert P. Norris, at the Spring Meeting; *Thomas Hill, President of Harvard, 1862-1868*, by Mr. William G. Land, at the Summer Meeting; and *The Distaff Side of the Ministerial Succession in the First Church in Cambridge*, by Mrs. Ralph E. Bailey, at the Autumn Meeting.

To the authors of these important and interesting papers, the Society is deeply grateful. The attendance at all the meetings was large, thus evidencing the continued interest of the Society's members in matters of Cambridge history. The Council also appreciates the gracious hospitalities extended to the Society at these meetings.

The following deaths, four in number, are to be reported:

MRS. ELLA J. GOODNOW BOGGS

MR. GEORGE F. KENDALL

PROFESSOR ARTHUR KINGSLEY PORTER

PROFESSOR JAMES HARDY ROPES

The death of Mr. Ernest Lovering, an Associate Member, should have been reported in the last Annual Report.

The following resignations were accepted with regret:

MISS AGNES G. BALCH

MISS ANNIE J. CANNON

MISS ANNIE B. CHAPMAN

REV. LOUIS C. CORNISH

REV. ERNEST J. DENNEN

MRS. JOHN MITCHELL

MISS ALICE M. MORGAN

MISS GENEVIEVE STEARNS

DR. WILLIAM D. SWAN

The following were elected to membership in the Society:

MR. AND MRS. JAMES M. LANDIS

MISS DORA STEWART

MR. AND MRS. GRAFTON B. PERKINS

MR. AND MRS. JAMES B. MUNN

MRS. J. CLARKE BENNETT

MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM H. PEAR

MR. AND MRS. JOSEPH TUCKERMAN DAY

MRS. CHARLES STRONG

On December 31, 1933 there were 7 life members, 209 regular members, and 10 associates.

Eight meetings of the Council were held during the year.

The Council informed the Executive Committee in charge of the Hooker Tercentenary Celebration of the willingness of the Society to cooperate in any way possible. As a consequence the Society was invited to attend the formal exercises of the Tercentenary held at the First Church (Unitarian) on Wednesday afternoon, October 11. Notice of this invitation was sent to all members of the Society. The Society was well represented at the exercises.

The Council of the Massachusetts Historical Society having declined to consent to the hanging of the portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Vassall in the Longfellow House, these were returned to the Widener Library.

The Council, having had its attention called to the condition

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of the tomb of President Rogers of Harvard College, in the Old Burying Place, directed the Secretary to ask the President and Fellows of Harvard College if it would be possible to have the tomb repaired and the inscription, written by Cotton Mather, restored. It is hoped that this may be done.

Respectfully submitted,

ELDON R. JAMES

Secretary

January 17, 1934

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The Cambridge Historical Society

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE TREASURER

1933

RECEIPTS

January 1, 1933, cash on hand --- \$513.87

Dues and initiations

192 regular members @ \$3 --- \$576.00

9 associate members @ \$2 --- 18.00

17 initiations @ \$2 --- 34.00 [subtotal] 628.00

Interest, Life Membership account --- 26.37

Total --- \$1,168.24

EXPENDITURES

Printing and stationery --- 57.59

Postage --- 23.88

Clerical assistance --- 24.70

Rental, chairs, etc. --- 23.24

Bay State Historical League --- 2.00

Check tax --- .44 [subtotal] 131.85

December 31, 1933, cash on hand. --- \$1,036.39

LIFE MEMBERSHIP ACCOUNT

January 1, 1933, balance --- \$747.15

No transactions during the year

December 31, 1933, balance Cambridge Savings Bank. --- \$747.15

Respectfully submitted,
WILLARD HATCH SPRAGUE
Treasurer

January 17, 1934

I have examined the accounts of Willard H. Sprague, Treasurer of the Cambridge Historical Society, for the year ending December 31, 1933.

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All money received as entered on the books of the Society was duly deposited in the bank, and proper vouchers were shown for all expenditures.

Balance of \$1,036.39 on the Regular Account, and balance of \$747.15 on Life Membership Account, as shown in the Treasurer's Report, agree with balances shown on bank statements.

FRANK GAYLORD COOK
Auditor

January 17, 1934

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The Cambridge Historical Society

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE TREASURER

1934

RECEIPTS

January 1, 1934 cash on hand --- \$1,036.39

Dues and initiations --- \$592.00

Sale of 2 copies of Paige Index --- 15.00

Interest from Life Membership Account --- 24.47 [subtotal] 631.47

Total receipts --- 1,667.86

EXPENDITURES

Proceedings, Vol. XX --- \$525.34

Printing and stationery --- 52.00

Postage --- 13.48

Clerical assistance --- 19.30

Expenses, meetings, chairs, etc. --- 24.22

Bay State Historical League. --- 2.00

Check tax --- .28 [subtotal] 636.62

Cash on hand January 1, 1935 --- \$1,031.24

Life Membership Account: no change during the year --- 747.15

Respectfully submitted,

WILLARD HATCH SPRAGUE

Treasurer

Examined and found correct.

FRANK GAYLORD COOK, *Auditor*

January 21, 1935

REGULAR MEMBERS

1934-1935

MARION STANLEY ABBOT, ANNE ELIZABETH ALLEN, MARY WARE ALLEN, ALICE C. ALLYN, CHARLES ALMY, ALBERT FRANCIS AMEE, JOHN HERBERT BARKER, MARY EMORY BATCHELDER (L), ELIZABETH CHADWICK BEALE, JOSEPH HENRY BEALE, MABEL ARRABELLA LEWIS BELL, STOUGHTON BELL, MRS. J. CLARKE BENNETT, ALEXANDER HARVEY BILL, CAROLINE ELIZA BILL, MARION EDGERLY BILL, CLARENCE HOWARD BLACKALL, EMMA MURRAY BLACKALL, ALBERT H. BLEVINS, MRS. ALBERT H. BLEVINS, WARREN KENDALL BLODGETT, ANNABEL PERRY BONNEY, MARIA BOWEN, WALTER BENJAMIN BRIGGS, ELMER H. BRIGHT, MRS. ELMER H. BRIGHT, ADA LEILA CONE BROCK, ARTHUR HENDRICKS BROOKS, ELIZABETH HARRINGTON BROOKS, JESSIE WATERMAN BROOKS, SUMNER

ALBERT BROOKS, JOSEPHINE FREEMAN BUMSTEAD, BERTHA CLOSE BUNTON, GEORGE HERBERT BUNTON, DAVID E. BURR, MRS. DAVID E. BURR, PHILIP GREENLEAF CARLETON, SARAH SWIFT SCHAFF CARLETON, ZECHARIAH CHAFFEE, JR., CARROLL L. CHASE, MRS. CARROLL L. CHASE, PHILIP PUTNAM CHASE, LESLIE LINWOOD CLEVELAND, EDITH MARY COE, MARGARET E. COGSWELL, ADA LOUISE COMSTOCK, FRANK GAYLORD COOK, FANNY E. CORNE, J. LINDA CORNE, SALLY ADAMS CUSHMAN, HENRY ORVILLE CUTTER, ELIZABETH ELLERY DANA, HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW DANA, J. TUCKERMAN DAY, MRS. J. TUCKERMAN DAY, LILY EUGENIE DEKALB, MARY DEANE DEXTER, EDWARD SHERMAN DODGE (L), HARRY FRANCIS ROBY DOLAN, LILLIE MCFALL DOLAN, LAURA HOWLAND DUDLEY, WILLIAM HARRISON DUNBAR, FRANCES HOPKINSON ELIOT, SAMUEL ATKINS ELIOT, EMMONS RAYMOND ELLIS, FRANCES WHITE EMERSON, WILLIAM EMERSON,

EPHRAIM EMERTON, SYBIL CLARK EMERTON, SARAH FOLSOM ENEBUSKE, CLAIRE SCHAYER FANDE, CHRISTINE FARLEY, CHARLES NORMAN FAY, LILLIAN HALE FAY, EUNICE WHITNEY FARLEY FELTON, STANLEY G. H. FITCH, ALLYN BAILEY FORBES, EDWARD WALDO FORBES, WORTHINGTON CHAUNCEY FORD, FRANCES FOWLER, ESTHER STEVENS FRASER, LLOYD A. FROST, DANA TAYLOR GALLUP, ROGER GILMAN, REV. C. LESLIE GLENN, MRS. C. LESLIE GLENN, MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI, LOUIS L. GREEN, VIRGINIA TANNER GREEN, LILLIAN, HELEN HADLEY, EDWIN HERBERT HALL, ELIZABETH HARRIS, ALBERT BUSHNELL HART, FRANK WATSON HASTINGS, FRANCES P. HAWLEY, NATHAN HEARD, F. WILHELMINA HEARD, FRANK WILSON CHENEY HERSEY, STANLEY BARBOUR HILDRETH, ALISON BIXBY HILL, LESLIE WHITE HOPKINSON, CORNELIA CONWAY FELTON HORSFORD, ARIA SARGENT DIXWELL HOWE, LOIS LILLEY HOWE, EDA WOOLSON HURLBUT, EDWARD INGRAHAM, ELSIE P. INGRAHAM, ELDON REVARE JAMES, PHILA SMITH JAMES, JAMES RICHARD JEWETT, MARGARET WEYERHAEUSER JEWETT, ETHEL ROBINSON JONES, MABEL AUGUSTA JONES, WALLACE ST. CLAIR JONES, ALBERT GUY KEITH, EDITH S. KEITH, JUSTINE HOUGHTON KERSHAW, ANNA READ LAMBER, JAMES M. LANDIS, MRS. JAMES M. LANDIS, THOMAS WOLCOTT LITTLE, FLORA VIRGINIA LIVINGSTON, ABBOTT LAWRENCE LOWELL, MABEL EVERETT HARRIS LYON, ELIZABETH MACFARLANE, ETHEL MAY MACLEOD, WILLIAM MACKINTOSH MACNAIR, EMMA ENDICOTT MAREAN, GEORGIE MARIA MARSTERS, HERBERT BRUCE MCINTIRE, LOUIS JOSEPH ALEXANDRE MERCIER, JOHN DOUGLAS MERRILL, NELSON CASE METCALF, JOSIAH BYRAM MILLETT, SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON, JAMES BUELL MUNN, MRS. JAMES B. MUNN, EMMA FRANCES MUNROE, ARTHUR BOYLSTON NICHOLS, EMILY ALAN SMITH NICHOLS, GERTRUDE FULLER NICHOLS, HENRY ATHERTON NICHOLS, JOHN TAYLOR GILMAN NICHOLS, ALBERT PERLEY NORRIS, MRS. ALBERT P. NORRIS, MARGARET NORTON, JAMES ATKINS NOYES, PENELOPE BARKER NOYES, THOMAS FRANCIS O'MALLEY, EDWARD HOLYOKE OSGOOD, MARGARET NICKERSON OSGOOD, JAMES LEONARD PAINE, MARY WOOLSON PAINE, WILLIAM H. PEAR, MRS. WILLIAM H. PEAR, GRAFTON B. PERKINS, MRS. GRAFTON B. PERKINS, JOHN LYMAN PORTER, LUCY WALLACE PORTER, ALFRED CLAGHORN POTTER, DAVID THOMAS POTTINGER, ROSCOE POUND, MRS. ROSCOE POUND, ALICE PUTNAM, HARRY SEATON RAND, MABEL RENA MAWHINNEY RAND, MABEL F. READ, EDWARD H. REDSTONE, WILLARD REED, ROBERT D. REYNOLDS, MRS. ROBERT D. REYNOLDS, HARRIETTE TABER RICHARDSON, MRS. ARTHUR CLENDENIN ROBERTSON, FRED NORRIS ROBINSON, GERTRUDE SWAN RUNKLE, JOHN CORNELIUS RUNKLE, HELEN MCK. M. RUSSELL, RICHARD M. RUSSELL, PAUL JOSEPH SACHS, MARY WARE SAMPSON, ELEANOR WHITNEY DAVIS SANGER (L), CAROLYN HUNTINGTON SAUNDERS, FRANCIS WEBBER SEVER, MARTHA SEVER, WILLARD HATCH SPRAGUE, GRACE WILLIAMSON STEDMAN, DORA STEWART, MRS. CHARLES STRONG, HELEN GRACE OLMSTEAD SWAN, JOHN HOUGHTON TAYLOR, ALICE THORP, ANN THORP, ALFRED MARSTON TOZZER, ELEANOR GRAY TUDOR (L), KENNETH S. USHER, MRS. KENNETH S. USHER, BERTHA HALLOWELL VAUGHAN, CHARLES PETER VOSBURGH, MAUDE BATCHELDER VOSBURGH, MARY RICHARDSON WALCOTT, ROBERT WALCOTT, GRACE REED WALDEN, FRANK DE WITT WASHBURN, HENRY BRADFORD WASHBURN, OLIVE ELY ALLEN WASHBURN, FREDERICA DAVIS WATSON, JENNY C. WATTS, KENNETH GRANT TREMAYNE WEBSTER, MRS. WALTER WESSELHOEFT, ALICE MERRILL WHITE, DR. WILLIAM STEWART WHITTEMORE, ALICE B. WHITTEMORE, MARY W. WILLARD, OLIVE SWAN WILLIAMS, SAMUEL WILLISTON,

GEORGE GRAFTON WILSON, MRS. HENRY J. WINSLOW, JOHN WILLIAM WOOD, JR., GRACE A. WOOD,
CHARLES HENRY CONRAD WRIGHT, MRS. C. H. C. WRIGHT

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

MRS. HOLLIS R. BAILEY, FRANCIS APTHORP FOSTER, ANNA LYMAN GRAY, ELIZA MASON HOPPIN,
RYSSE GILMAN HOUGHTON (L), BRADFORD HENDRICK PEIRCE, PHILIP LEFFINGWELL SPALDING,
ALICE MATHEWS VAN BRUNT, MARY LEE WARE

HONORARY MEMBER

FRANCES ROSE-TROUP
