

The Proceedings of the Cambridge Historical Society, Volume 30, 1944

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PROCEEDINGS

ONE HUNDRED FORTY-SEVENTH MEETING.....5
ONE HUNDRED FORTY-EIGHTH MEETING.....7
ONE HUNDRED FORTY-NINTH MEETING.....8
ONE HUNDRED FIFTIETH MEETING.....9

PAPERS

HARVARD SQUARE IN THE 'SEVENTIES AND 'EIGHTIES.....11
BY LOIS LILLEY HOWE
THOMAS DUDLEY, FOUNDER OF CAMBRIDGE.....28
BY LAURA HOWLAND DUDLEY
THE DISLOYALTY OF DR. BENJAMIN CHURCH, JR.....48
A STUDY OF THE FIRST AMERICAN SURGEON GENERAL
BY MAUDE B. VOSBURGH
AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF EDWARD SHERMAN DODGE.....72
READ BY LOIS LILLEY HOWE

ANNUAL REPORTS.....93

MEMBERS.....97

**THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY
PROCEEDINGS FOR THE YEAR 1944**

ONE HUNDRED FORTY-SEVENTH MEETING

THIRTY-NINTH ANNUAL MEETING

THE one hundred forty-seventh meeting, being the thirty-ninth annual meeting, of the Cambridge Historical Society was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. McClennen, 35 Lakeview Avenue, on Tuesday, January 26, 1944. President Walcott called the meeting to order at 8:10 P.M.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

The Treasurer read his annual report, showing a balance on hand, December 31, 1943, of \$468.16; and invested funds totaling a book value of \$20,882.93, with income of \$441.11 during the year 1943.

The Auditor, Mr. Arthur B. Nichols, reported that he had examined the Treasurer's accounts and found them correct.

The Secretary read the annual report of the Council and of the Secretary.

Rev. Samuel Atkins Eliot read the following minute:

The Cambridge Historical Society makes grateful record of the diligence and fidelity of Walter Benjamin Briggs, for twenty years the Curator of the Society's books and collections. Always an unassuming man, he died with characteristic quietness and readiness on October 31, 1943 in his seventy-second year, leaving to his associates happy memories of a kindly and self-effacing friend, a good citizen and neighbor. For nearly half a century he was connected with the University Library, rising through the ranks from Superintendent of the Reading Room to Associate Librarian. He was a proficient administrator, an expert guide to reading, the noiseless builder of a

6

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

bridge over which thousands of students have marched to the joy of books. No problem of historical or bibliographical research was beyond his discernment, ingenuity, and patience. A well-stored mind and a keen sense of humor made him a captivating companion. The serious sought his counsel and the gayest welcomed his coming. He was a scholar who "widened knowledge and escaped the praise" and a man who loved his fellow men.

Professor William A. Jackson read the report of the Nominating Committee:

For President Hon. Robert Walcott

For Vice-Presidents . . Rev. Samuel A. Eliot

Rev. Leslie T. Pennington

Miss Lois Lilley Howe

For Secretary Bremer W. Pond

For Treasurer John T. G. Nichols

For Curator Miss Laura H. Dudley

For Editor Charles Lane Hanson

For Members of the Council the foregoing and

*Roger Gilman, Miss Elizabeth Piper,
Mrs. Charles P. Vosburgh, Allyn B. Forbes,
and Miss Penelope B. Noyes*

There being no further nominations, it was moved and seconded that the Secretary cast one ballot for the nominations sponsored by the Committee. The Secretary did so and the slate was declared elected.

The Secretary read the report of Miss Penelope B. Noyes, Chairman of the Cambridge Women's War Finance Committee, indicating that out of 203 notices sent out to members of the Society, 12 members replied that they would invest in war bonds and stamps regularly for the duration of the war; 56 are investing; and 4 are not subscribing. Miss Noyes further reported that the Society has been asked to have two members act as hostesses on Friday, February 4, from 2 to 6 o'clock at Robinson Hall at the War Loan Art Show.

President Walcott then introduced Miss Lois Lilley Howe, who read an amusing and highly informative paper on "Harvard Square in the 'Seventies and 'Eighties." At the conclusion of the paper several members asked questions and added reminiscences.

The meeting adjourned at 9:50 P.M. About seventy members and guests were present.

ONE HUNDRED FORTY-EIGHTH MEETING

THE one hundred forty-eighth meeting of the Cambridge Historical Society was held at The Faculty Club, 20 Quincy Street, Cambridge, as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar J. Seeler, Jr., on the evening of Tuesday, April 25, 1944.

President Walcott called the meeting to order at 8: 20. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

Miss Laura H. Dudley, the Curator, called the attention of the Society to several gifts that had been received recently, among which were two interesting pictures, one of the "New Athenaeum" in Cambridge; and also a badge of the Civil War period.

The President then introduced Miss Dudley as the speaker of the evening. She read a most informative paper on the life and work of Thomas Dudley, dealing especially with his activities and enthusiasm in the founding of Cambridge, or "Newtowne." An interesting

coincidence was the fact that this paper was presented on the three hundred forty-first anniversary of Thomas Dudley's wedding.

In the discussion that followed Miss Dudley's paper, Dr. Eliot mentioned that the son and grandson of Thomas Dudley were listed among the fifty most celebrated graduates of Harvard College, and that the Dudley Pickman property in Bedford, Massachusetts, had never passed out of the Dudley family.

The meeting adjourned soon after nine o'clock for refreshments. About eighty members and guests were present.

BREMER W. POND,

Secretary.

ONE HUNDRED FORTY-NINTH MEETING

THE Cambridge Historical Society held its one hundred forty-ninth meeting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin T. Hammond, 11 Scott Street, Cambridge, on the afternoon of Wednesday, June fourteenth, with about sixty-five members and guests present.

The President called the meeting to order at quarter past four, introducing Mrs. Maude B. Vosburgh as the speaker of the afternoon. Mrs. Vosburgh had prepared a most interesting paper on "The Disloyalty of Dr. Benjamin Church, Jr., Surgeon General of the Continental Army," which presented facts that aroused several unanswered and puzzling questions. Mr. A. W. Jackson assisted Mrs. Vosburgh by completing the reading of the paper.

There being no further business to transact, the members and guests then adjourned to the garden a little after five o'clock for refreshments.

BREMER W. POND,

Secretary.

ONE HUNDRED FIFTIETH MEETING

THE Society held its one hundred fiftieth meeting at the Parish House of the Unitarian Church on the evening of October 24, President and Mrs. Walcott being our hosts. About fifty-five members were present. In the absence of the Secretary, Mr. Gilman was appointed Secretary pro tem.

The minutes of the meeting of June 14th were read and approved.

The President stated that on fuller examination of the autobiography in manuscript of John C. Dodge it was found that the sketch of him by his son, the late Edward S. Dodge, and the reminiscences of the latter were the more interesting and better adapted for a paper. These were among the archives of the Society. He then introduced Miss Lois L. Howe, who had been selected to read them.

Mr. E. S. Dodge's recollections touched vividly on many phases of life in Cambridge in the fifties and sixties — his father's orchards on Fayette Street, the family summer exodus, Miss Harris's School, the High School, and his musical associations in school and college. These varied aspects of Cambridge inspired comments from the audience which were beyond the usual number and vivacity, in particular from Frank Gaylord Cook, Samuel A. Eliot, William H. Pear, Roger Gilman, and Philip P. Sharpies.

ROGER GILMAN,

Secretary pro tem.

PAPERS READ DURING THE YEAR 1944

HARVARD SQUARE IN THE 'SEVENTIES AND 'EIGHTIES

BY LOIS LILLEY HOWE

Read January 25, 1944

THESE Reminiscences, which should really have been called Harvard Square and its Environs in the 'Seventies and 'Eighties, have been in the back of my mind long enough for me to have verified details by talks with Miss Elizabeth Harris and Mrs. Archibald M. Howe, both of whom have been gone for years.

I have also to thank my old friends Charles F. Batchelder, Frances Weld Garret and George L. Winlock for reading and commenting on my statements — and Walter B. Briggs, always helpful and interested, who almost the last time that I saw him suggested my going to Mr. Edward L. Gookin at the Widener Library, who has shown me many photographs of the Square as I remember it.

At the second meeting of this Society, being its First Annual Meeting, October 30, 1905, Mr. Charles Eliot Norton gave his Reminiscences of Old Cambridge. These went back nearly as many years in his lifetime as mine do now.

He said that in his youth Harvard Square was known as the Market Place. I remember that we were amused because the Misses Palfrey spoke of it as "The Village." I have seen it change from the focal point of a small town to what it is now, a suburban centre, distinguished from others of its kind only by the fact that the buildings of Harvard University form part of its boundaries and so add to its prestige.

But in the late 'seventies and early 'eighties of the last century, Old



HARVARD SQUARE IN 1885

*Shop at extreme left, Martha Jones's. In centre, Lyceum Hall
Note the open cars*

Cambridge was still a small College town and had an atmosphere of its own. As a child, I was allowed to go to school or anywhere else without any escort other than a contemporary one. I was sent to the Square on errands; I even disported in the College Yard, which lay between Harvard Square and "our house" on the corner of Oxford and Kirkland Streets, now known as the Peabody House.

There were, of course, two ways of going to Harvard Square from this corner, either across the College Yard or around the outside. If you were less than say fifteen, you naturally went across — who would dream of going all the way round?

"Alas! Regardless of their doom

*The little victims play,
thought have they of ills to come
care beyond to-day."*

*No
Nor*

I supposed vaguely that "some day" I should be "grown up," a desirable state when the round comb would disappear, the braided pigtail be "done up" on top of my head, and my dress would be long and flowing. Then of course I should be able to do anything; that I

should then be told "You must never go through the College Yard" never occurred to me. It was a great blow when it came.

I don't think I shall ever forget my amused surprise when I went through the Yard one summer two or three years ago when the girls of the summer school occupied the dormitories and I saw them lying about on the grass — not in Victorian costumes, either.

So across the "Yard" I always went. First across the Delta, and diagonally over to the gateway between Thayer and Holworthy. There is a handsome wrought-iron gate there now, with brick posts and "1879" on the lantern above it, but at the time I am thinking of the members of the Class of 1879, who were eventually to present that gate to the College, were either undergraduates or just adjusting themselves to life in a new, and perhaps bleak, world. The College fence was like that still around the Common, rough granite posts, with squared wooden rails between, except that the Common fence has but two rails and the College fence had three. The Delta had originally had the same kind of fence, but around the Gymnasium, a building dimly reminiscent of an early Byzantine Church, standing where the Fire Station now stands, the fence was

HOWE: HARVARD SQUARE IN THE 'SEVENTIES

13

diversified by having iron chains instead of wooden rails between the posts. They hung rather loosely but not loosely enough to be comfortable to swing on.

Once inside the Yard there was a real choice of route to make, whether to go left along by Thayer Hall, turning diagonally in front of University, or at once to turn right toward the College Pump, where was presented another choice, whether to go across to Church Street, or again diagonally between Massachusetts and Matthews; and almost everybody but me seems to have forgotten that there was another pump between those two buildings. Pumps have possibilities as sources of entertainment. All the walks were paved with flagstones and of course it was very important not to step on any of the cracks.

In those pre-telephone days the butchers and the grocers kept separate shops. Both came around in their carts every morning and took orders for food which they delivered later. Some butchers to be sure came to the door with the meat in their carts and the customer could go out and look at it and buy it right at her own door. There was a man, named Raymond, with whom my aunt dealt, who did his business this way. He drove a white-canvas-covered cart and wore a white frock. He lived in Chauncy Street, which has come up in the world since then, at number 23. I think he built that house so long occupied by Mr. and Mrs. George H. Browne, and the little apartment house next door was made by the Brownes out of Raymond's stable. He was a real character and on one occasion, when my aunt had expressed herself with some acerbity about a very tough leg of mutton which he had sold her, he said softly, "Why Mis's Devens, you do surprise me; Mis's Storer, she had the mate-leg and she thought it was real good."

My father ordered the meat himself and he dealt with Mr. Farmer, on the corner of Church Street. Farmer had succeeded to the business of a man named Wallace, of whom it was said that his last dying words were, "Don't forget Dr. Howe's Sunday roast o' beef."

Opposite Church Street was then, as now, the main entrance to the College Yard, the Gate of Honor, through which the Governor of Massachusetts, escorted by the Lancers, drove on Commencement Day. It was about one carriage wide with dressed granite posts

and an iron gate. On each side was a footpath gateway with three turned iron posts in it. All the foot gates had posts in them; some were wooden posts with

close-fitting iron caps. The church was of course opposite, but Charles Sumner did not sit presiding over the open space between. He was, I think, sitting on the Public Garden in Boston. His present location is an appropriate one for he roomed in Hollis and Stoughton while in College and boarded with my Grandmother at Number Two Garden Street, now Dr. Norris's house.

There was a section of the Common, bounded by Garden Street, North Avenue, Holmes Place, and what was afterward named Peabody Street. Through this ran Kirkland Street to Garden Street. It was undoubtedly a relic of the days when the Common was not fenced in, and was part of the road to Watertown. It was the direct road from our house to Two Garden Street. It was not of much interest to the City and my elder brother and sister, who frequently went to see my grandmother, named it "The Slough of Despond." (They were interested in Pilgrim's Progress.)

Of the two little Commons thus formed, one was for obvious reasons called "The Flag Staff Common" and the other was to us "The Mad Bull Common." I think a sick cow had been pastured there once and she probably bemoaned her fate. Now the Subway has taken up most of the space, but the old fence is still left.

Church Street was primarily connected in my mind with going to Sunday School in the ugly old Parish House, or, as we called it, the Vestry, of the Unitarian Church, where Miss Edith Longfellow was my teacher until she married Richard Henry Dana 3rd. But there was more or less of interest in the street itself, in which there were a variety of features. There was no high and forbidding brick wall on the north side but an open space extending all along back of College House. It belonged to the College and had a fence like the College fence, with an opening through which carts could pass to the back doors of the stores. There was also an unpretentious house which had been built for Jones, the College Janitor, a well-known character.

There was a fire in Hollis Hall, in the top story, some time in the early part of 1876. I remember it very well for it was obliging enough to break out in a spectacular manner just as we were having recess at Miss Page's School on Everett Street. We could see it very clearly all across Jarvis Field and Holmes Field and we went in a body. So did all the students and all the faculty of Harvard College. In the middle of the

excitement came twelve o'clock and the sound of the College bell ringing for a recitation which no one was likely to attend. Mr. George Martin Lane was heard to say, "There is Casabianca Jones doing his duty as usual." Many years afterward, Dr. George P. Cogswell had his first office in this Church Street house.

The other end of the Street really belonged with Brattle Street. On the southwest corner was the Bates house, with its gates, its arbor and its garden, to my mind one of the beauty

spots of Cambridge. The house was moved to Hawthorn Street when Church Street was widened in 1929. Samuel Chamberlain has photographed it there. I wish he could have seen it in its original setting. Its north wall was on the street line and was continued by a white board fence which enclosed the garden. There were two or three other pleasant-looking houses on that side of Church Street. At the northwest corner the Francis Dana House also belonged to Brattle Street, but there still stands high up on Church Street what I used to hear called "Dr. Wyman's old house," though Dr. Wyman had not lived in it for many years. It has been saved for us by various organizations and is now occupied by the Red Cross. Miss Jaques took boarders there. Miss Harris told me that she had been trained as a tailoress and that her mother used to wear a white turban. Miss Julia Watson lived with her. In the Unitarian Church we thought nobody could arrange flowers as well as Miss Watson. Mrs. Stephen G. Bulfinch, the daughter-in-law of Charles Bulfinch, the celebrated architect, lived here with her daughter, Ellen Susan, who was a friend of my Sister Sally's and a member of her "Club," the first of the Sewing Clubs. When I was about fifteen, I took lessons in "sketching" from Miss Bulfinch in the pleasant southwest room on the second floor. I remember a wide upper hall with a figured oilcloth on it.

The greater part of the north side of the street was taken up by Pike's Stable (afterward Blake's). It would be difficult to imagine now how important this was to Old Cambridge. From it came numbers of "hacks," each with two horses, to take the quality to dances, lectures and concerts, to weddings and funerals, day and evening. In the snowy winter days the bodies of the hacks were put on runners to form so-called "booby-huts." There was a great deal of "seat work" practised; that is, every one paid for his or her own seat, generally twenty-five cents. The driver picked up a load, going or coming. It might be strange to an outsider to

hear a maid announce "Carriage for Miss Jones and Mr. Eustis" but we were used to it, and you may be sure that Miss Jones had some other "girl" to accompany her on the perilous ride home, for no young lady was ever allowed to go anywhere in a carriage alone with a gentleman. Muirhead in his book on America, as late as 1893, speaks of the peculiarity of the Boston custom (and that of Cambridge was the same), which did not allow a young girl to go anywhere alone in a carriage with a young man she knew, but allowed her to be chaperoned by any cab driver.

In the middle of the north side of the street you may still see a smug little brick building, now occupied by A. Lavash, the carpenter, and the Cambridge School of Art. This had been the Police Station, and next to it was what had been the fire engine station before both had been moved to the then new City Building in Brattle Square. The engine house had a little belfry at the back overlooking the Burying Ground. I suppose this was where the original fire bell was hung. The site is now occupied by the Cambridge Motor Mart and the sill of one window is of weathered granite, on which is deeply cut "CAMBRIDGE 1," a relic of that fire engine station whose materials had been used for the Motor Mart.

But the most fascinating thing on Church Street I cannot exactly locate. That was a blacksmith's shop. Mr. Gookin thinks it was on Palmer Street. Miss Garret thinks there was one on Palmer Street and one on Church Street too, and both she and George Winlock remember a wheelwright's shop which I do not remember. The latter says that A. J. Jones had a "Carriage Repository" on the corner of Palmer Street, "a narrow, plain building, three

stories high, with three large doors and a projecting beam at the top to hoist the wagons and carriages." Wherever the blacksmith's shop may have been, I surely did like "to look in at the open door And loved to see the flaming forge and hear the bellows roar."

Errands for my family usually sent me elsewhere. The path between Massachusetts and Matthews came out of the Yard through a gate with five iron posts in it, just about opposite the centre of College House or University Row, which then, as now, had shops all along its lower story. This gate was approximately where the present gate of the Class of 1875 stands, between Straus and Lehman Halls. Dane Hall, then the Harvard Law School, afterward the first home of the Harvard Co-operative Society, stood just to the south of it.

I cannot remember all the shops that were there but Farmer, the

butcher, as I have said, had that on the corner of Church Street. The Post Office, which had a peripatetic habit until it had the present building all of its own, was at one time here. Near where the street bends, the little triangular shop, now occupied by a florist, was that of one of the most interesting characters in the town, James Huntington. "Old Hunt-ington," as we used to call him, was a watch and clock maker of great skill and a very eccentric individual. Thanks to Mr. Edwin H. Hall, who gave this Society an account of him in 1925, I can tell you that he was a descendant of a signer of the Declaration of Independence. He worked his way through Harvard College, graduating at 30 in the Class of 1852, and trained other workmen and had enough business to maintain another workroom, but always himself worked in the little shop. He disliked publicity and never advertised or had a sign on his shop. He always signed his bills just "J.H."

A friend of ours, who had a watch she wanted to sell, brought it to him. He offered her something like eighteen dollars, a very disappointing response. Said she, "A man in Washington told me it was worth thirty dollars." "Did he say he would give you thirty dollars?" was his characteristic reply. He founded a home for orphan children which would have naturally been called The Huntington Home. This he forbade and it was called after the street on which he lived, and so we know it as The Avon Home.

In the middle of the row was one of the — to me — most important shops in the Square. Perhaps I was sent there more often for a yeast cake, a thing very frequently forgotten. This was a grocery store, usually spoken of as "Wood'n Halls," properly Wood and Hall's. I think there were two doors, that it was two shops wide, but only one was in common use. The doors were two-fold and on the door posts were signs in bold black letters on white grounds advertising their specialties, among which I only remember W. I. Goods — I suppose rum and molasses from the West Indian Islands. Inside, I remember the shop as dark and rather mysterious. I remember dim gas lights made necessary on rainy or winter days by a broad wooden awning which covered the sidewalk and made it handy to unload or load barrels and perishable wares in bad weather. I think also some of the carts were loaded or unloaded in the rear in that open space that came from Church Street. I certainly have a vision of a wide door there, open in the summer. On the right of the entrance, inside,

was a long counter where retail business was conducted; on the left, a mysterious collection of boxes and barrels and the scales on which we children used surreptitiously to weigh ourselves, though probably no one would have minded if he had noticed us. It gave us a feeling of being rather smart and tough, and you must remember that there were no bathroom scales then and it was important to know how our weights as well as our ages compared.

James Wood and Mr. Orrin Hall, two of our finest fellow citizens, presided in person over the business they had built up. They also had an assistant named Norris. They did not wear white linen office coats but long brown linen dusters, and I always think of Mr. Wood as having a black beard and a square derby hat while Mr. Hall, who was a remarkably handsome man, figures in my memory as clean shaven with a Panama hat.

At the end of the Row were the two banks, the Charles River Bank and the Cambridge Savings Bank, side by side, and looking to me just alike, with green leather doors. After them came Lyceum Hall, where the Co-operative Society is now. There was an open space or passage between that and the banks. Lyceum Hall, without being pretentious, had some claim to architectural style. It had a classic portico at the head of a wide and imposing flight of steps. Behind this flight of steps there was, in the basement, an oyster bar of no interest to me. I think a tailor shop occupied the first story. The Hall was on the second and was approached by a flight of stairs as nearly continuous as possible with the outside flight. Up these stairs, on dancing-school days went my little feet in their rubber boots, around to the right at the top, into and across the whole length of the hall to the dressing room at the far end and all to the tune of Mr. Papanti's fiddle as he coached some special pupil. This was not the original, distinguished "Papanti" but his son, never as good a teacher and really living on his father's prestige. Still there it was we all learned to dance. Will there ever be a greater thrill than leading the Marching Cotillion at the Dancing School Ball?

Brattle Street begins here, though it always seems a part of Harvard Square to me. The first little fruit stand was tucked into a crack next to Lyceum Hall. Here one Baccilupi sold peanuts and bananas. Then came another triangular store where Ramsay dispensed drugs. This was the shop to which James Russell Lowell alluded in the many times told pun when he said he would rather see Ramsay's in Harvard Square than Rameses the Great in Egypt.



HUMPHREY HOUSE
*Mount Auburn Street and Brattle Square,
facing across Brattle Street*



UNIVERSITY PRESS
*Corner Brattle Street and Brattle Square
On extreme right, the Brattle House*

HOWE: HARVARD SQUARE IN THE 'SEVENTIES

19

Further on was the fish store of Alexander Millan, with that marvellous aquarium in the window. I wonder whether it is the same aquarium or its great-grandchild which graces Campbell and Sullivan's shop on Church now. Do children flatten their noses against the window to see it? I suppose aquaria are now so common in the home that it does not prove as alluring as that did to me, although to be sure there was beneath the window one of those dreadful grilles over an area, which were so alarming — you really knew you could not possibly fall through, but you might catch your toe!

David Brewer kept a butcher shop on the further corner of Palmer Street. His brother Tom, a somewhat noted and notorious character, ran a similar business across Brattle Square. Around on Brattle Street the Worcester Brothers had a furniture store in a new brick block, in which, upstairs on the second floor, was the office of Dr. Andrews, the dentist. My aunt Mrs. Devens once went to Worcester Brothers to give an order, for they were famous people for repairing upholstery and taking up and putting down carpets (this last piece of business being quite unknown in the present day). She said in her forceful way: "I should like to have all the brothers come before me and take this order, so that no one of you can say, 'You must have given that order to my brother, I never heard anything about it'."

Between this building and the Bates House on the corner of Church Street were three houses, variously occupied. That next to the Bates House was three stories high, tall and narrow with its end to the street, of the same type as Christ Church Rectory. In this, upstairs was a very good dressmaker, who must have had great courage to adopt that business, as she bore the unfortunate, for her, name of Miss Fitz.

These formed the northwest side of Brattle Square, which had at that time a certain distinction of its own. As you look from Harvard to Brattle Square today, the vista is closed by the Post Office and the Reserve Bank, but then you would have seen the University Press. This was a very large building and as it was always painted a dirty brown, I think we all thought that it was a shabby old hulk. As a matter of fact it was quite a fine piece of architecture, originally built for a hotel, the Brattle House. It was occupied as a dormitory by students for several years prior to 1865, about which time it was taken over by the University Press. Its proportions were good and so was its detail. It was three stories high above a brick basement. The stories were of graduated heights, as

was shown by the windows. The walls were divided into panels by pilasters. There was a mansard roof with dormers and it was crowned by a cupola. There was a porch on the Brattle Street side and a portico with Ionic columns on the end toward Brattle Square. There was no more imposing building in the Square. Certainly not its neighbor across Mount Auburn Street, the City Building, bearing all the architectural faults of its period, the Seventies, with a much beturreted mansard roof and an illuminated clock. This was the home of the Police Station, the Fire Department, and the Police Court. The site is now part of the Boston Elevated Railway's train yard. In the top of this building was Armory Hall, destined to outshine Lyceum Hall as a ballroom and eventually to be cut out for that purpose by Brattle Hall. Here it was that later I and many of my contemporaries "came out" in society.

My first memory of this hall is of an affair there which may have had to do with its own opening to society or perhaps with some one of the spate of Revolutionary Centennial anniversaries which swept this part of Massachusetts in the early Seventies, beginning with that of the Boston Tea Party, in December 1873. At any rate there I was with my whole family (an unusual circumstance in itself) having supper and demanding chicken salad. I can't think why, nor can I understand why it was refused, but I was much injured by the refusal. Wandering around to amuse myself, I met a schoolmate, Winifred Howells, about to have supper with her father William Dean Howells, distinguished author and fellow townsman. Of course I poured out my woes to them. And wasn't it wonderful? I had supper again with them and to my surprise I had a plate of chicken salad served to me.

There was on Mount Auburn Street some distance to the west of the City Building, on the corner of Nutting Place, a very pretty old house, similar to the Bates house. It had two very good gates and was set up on a retaining wall. As it was painted an ugly brown it did not receive as much notice as it might have, and no one thought of buying it and moving it away, as was done with the Bates house. On the other corner of Nutting Place was a fine large French roofed house of a type much used on North Avenue (that part of Massachusetts Avenue leading from Harvard Square to Arlington). This was very handsome

in its way and was on a terrace with a granite retaining wall and had a driveway to the front door; there must have been a stable somewhere but I do not remember it.

The Cambridge Garage now stands there. A little above this, on the other side of the street, are still two dignified Victorian houses peering sadly around past the cheap apartment houses that have been built in their front yards. All of which shows that Mount Auburn Street once had high hopes and makes us thankful that we were able to keep the electric cars off Brattle Street. It was a tough fight to do so.

At the southeast corner of Brattle Square was a dignified Greek Revival type of house with big fluted pillars across the front. It stood up high, about where the white brick filling-station now is and certainly gave an air to the locality. This was the Humphrey House, in which lived Mr. Francis Josiah Humphrey, Secretary of my father's class, Harvard 1832. My father sat between him and John Holmes at all lectures for the four years of College. The Commencement Punch of that class was always at our house and Mr. Humphrey always demanded a kiss from "the baby" before he left.

On the way back to Harvard was the Holly Tree Inn on the east side of Brattle Street. Of this I have no recollection, but Miss Frances Weld Garret writes of it as "that picturesque story and a half house with the porch all across the front and the yard all around it. The whole Square on that side was so open with fewer buildings." Miss Garret lived in Appian Way and probably always approached the Square through Brattle Street, while I came from the other direction. I have also been told that the best beer could be procured at the Holly Tree Inn, but that did not interest me at all. I think however that it was the first public eating place in that neighborhood. The students were supposed to eat at Memorial Hall.

At the point between Brattle and Boylston Streets was the hardware store of I. P. Estes, in a wooden building up quite a number of steps. I have been told that his name was Ivory Pearl. His wife was a nurse and I can testify that she was a good one. In those days there were no trained hospital nurses.

The name of Boylston Street was originally Brighton Street, obviously because it led to Brighton. It was changed because Brighton was not very stylish and moreover it was associated with what we now call the "Abattoir," then the Slaughter House. When the Abattoir was built, the fire alarm was rung from it and we always called it "the Brighton Bull." I suppose it was to this bourn that large droves of cattle were led, which came through Harvard Square from North Avenue from time to

time at no stated intervals. They were more or less alarming; we sometimes spoke of them as Texan Rangers, but I never heard of their doing any harm. They probably came from the West via Porter's Station, but, though usually of an inquiring turn of mind, I never asked about them nor connected them with "Dr. Howe's Sunday roast o' beef."

On the south side of the Square, between Boylston and Dunster Streets, were the oldest buildings: three frame houses, with shops built into their lower stories. The two-story

house on the corner had an unusually wide gable with an arched window in the middle and a window on each side, all still having blinds. The next, on the other side of what had been a lane across which the shops had been built, was a former farmhouse, end on to the Square and built close against an old tavern. I cannot remember the exact sequence of the shops except the first and last. The first was the grocery store of James H. Wyeth, a friendly rival to Wood and Hall. It had been recently moved here from Brattle Street, near Ramsay's. Mr. Wyeth was a familiar figure in the town, another good fellow citizen. He retired many years later to grow oranges in Florida. In the second story of that building a young Swede had recently established a shop for framing pictures. His name was J. F. Olsson and his family carry on the business today.

I should say that Richardson's bookstore was next to Wyeth's. This became that of Amee Brothers later. Here it was that Lee L. Powers was introduced to Cambridge commercial circles, where he eventually made a reputation as an unusual, if not lovable, character. He graduated from the sale of books to that of antiques in general and furniture in particular. Then there was Mann's (afterwards Moriarty's) Boot and Shoe Store, where my earliest shoes, "ankle-ties," and rubber-boots were bought. All those shops were low-studded and this may have been built into the passage — because I remember a back shop with a ceiling light over it. The Mann Brothers were as like as twins, undersized and always seeming to me like gnomes in a cave. The days of "packaging" had not arrived and when any kind of footwear was desired, the salesman groped in a large deep drawer, containing quantities of shoes of the type desired. When he had got hold of one shoe, he pulled it out. The mate came with it because they were fastened together by a string which ran from shoe to shoe through the stiff part just above the heel. A knot at each end of the string kept the shoes from being disconnected.

Mr. Charles Eliot Norton is my authority for the statement that the last of these compartments, the waiting room of the Street Railroad, was in a part of what had been Willard's Tavern. It was an unattractive, dingy, low-studded room; very dark, although its whole front was of glass. In winter it was heated by an airtight stove. Next to this building, where the Cambridge Savings Bank is now, was a three-story brick building on the ground floor of which was a confectioner's shop. This was originally kept by a man named Belcher, a cheerful bearded man with a smiling and bossy wife, but they disappeared from the picture very early, when they sold out to their saleswoman, Miss Martha R. Jones, who became one of the most noted people in the Square. We delighted in her sign on the window, M. R. Jones, and to call her Mr. Jones was scarcely a misnomer. In an age when sport clothes were unknown even to men, and all women were dressed in supremely feminine garb, Marthy Jones's costume was distinctly mannish. She probably would have rejoiced in "slacks," but at that time it was against the law for women to wear trousers, so she wore a very masculine-looking coat over her long plain dress. Her hat also was more or less like a man's, of a shocking bad type, and I can not remember her in any other dress. But she sold good candy to the muffled rumble of a printing press on the floor above, on the site of Stephen Daye's press, the first in the Colony. We must have bought our icecream from her too.

Down Dunster Street, past the car barns and on the other side of Mount Auburn Street, was Wright's Bakery. Mr. Wright's son, George Wright, was another of our leading citizens and a member and benefactor of this Society. Here it was that we bought brown bread for

Saturday night or Sunday morning, and we could have bought baked beans too. And we did buy Brighton biscuits, large scalloped cookies with shiny granulated sugar all over them.

Across Dunster Street from Martha Jones's were two modern buildings, Little's Block and Holyoke House. These had students' rooms upstairs, I suppose the first expansion of the College from the dormitories in the Yard; forerunners of Beck Hall and the Gold Coast. On the ground floor were the most modern shops. There was F. E. Saunders' Drygoods Store on the corner. Here were obtainable all sorts of what are known as "small wares" and many other things. It was said that Edith Longfellow bought her wedding dress here, when she married Richard Henry Dana, Third. That was the first place where I remember buying any-

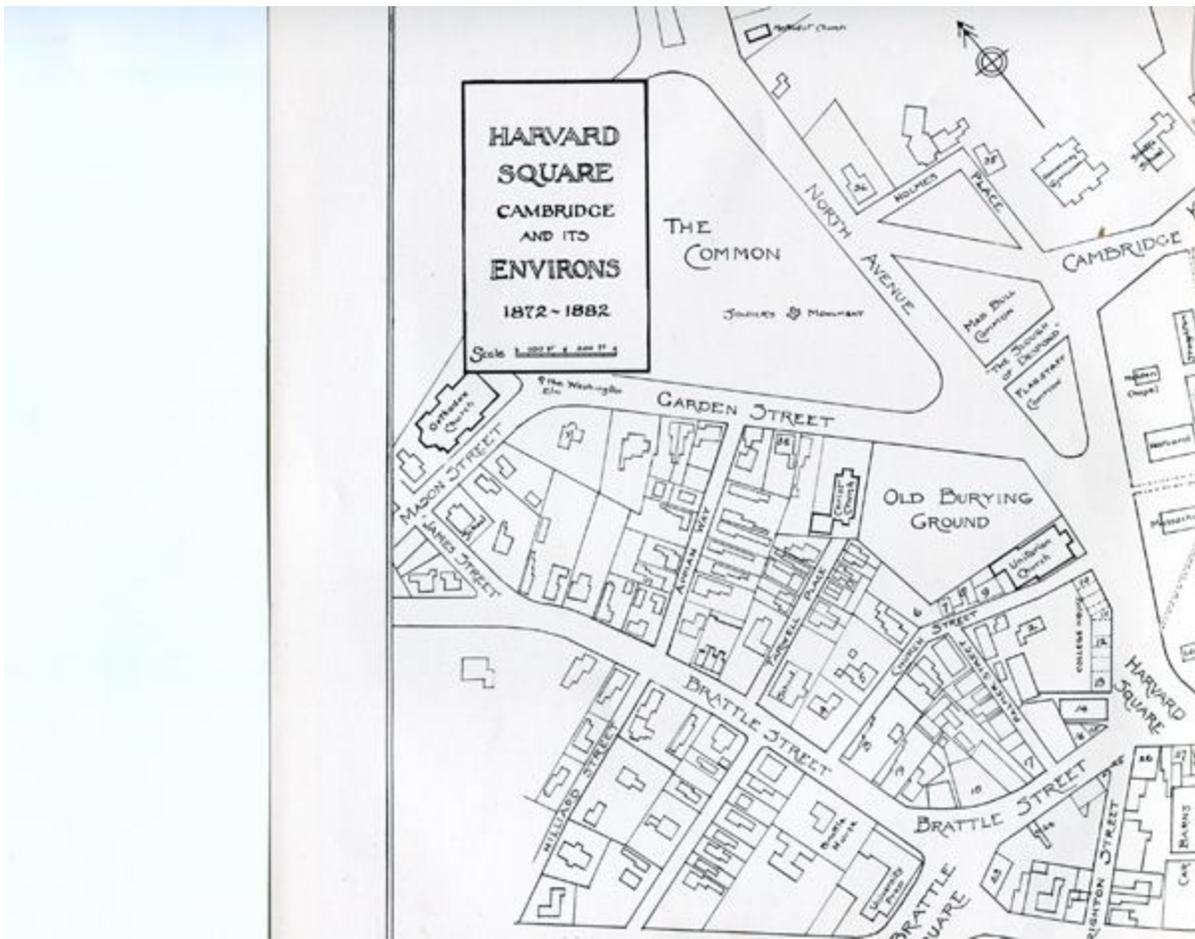
thing. What it was I do not remember, only that my watchful aunt Miss Mary Howe was supervising the purchase and she reproved me for handing my money to the saleswoman before I received the equivalent. And I remember the money too. It was a twenty-five cents bill, a greenback, like a small dollar bill. I never saw a silver quarter of a dollar until I was as much as twelve years old, when the United States resumed specie payments after the Civil War. We then just said THE WAR.

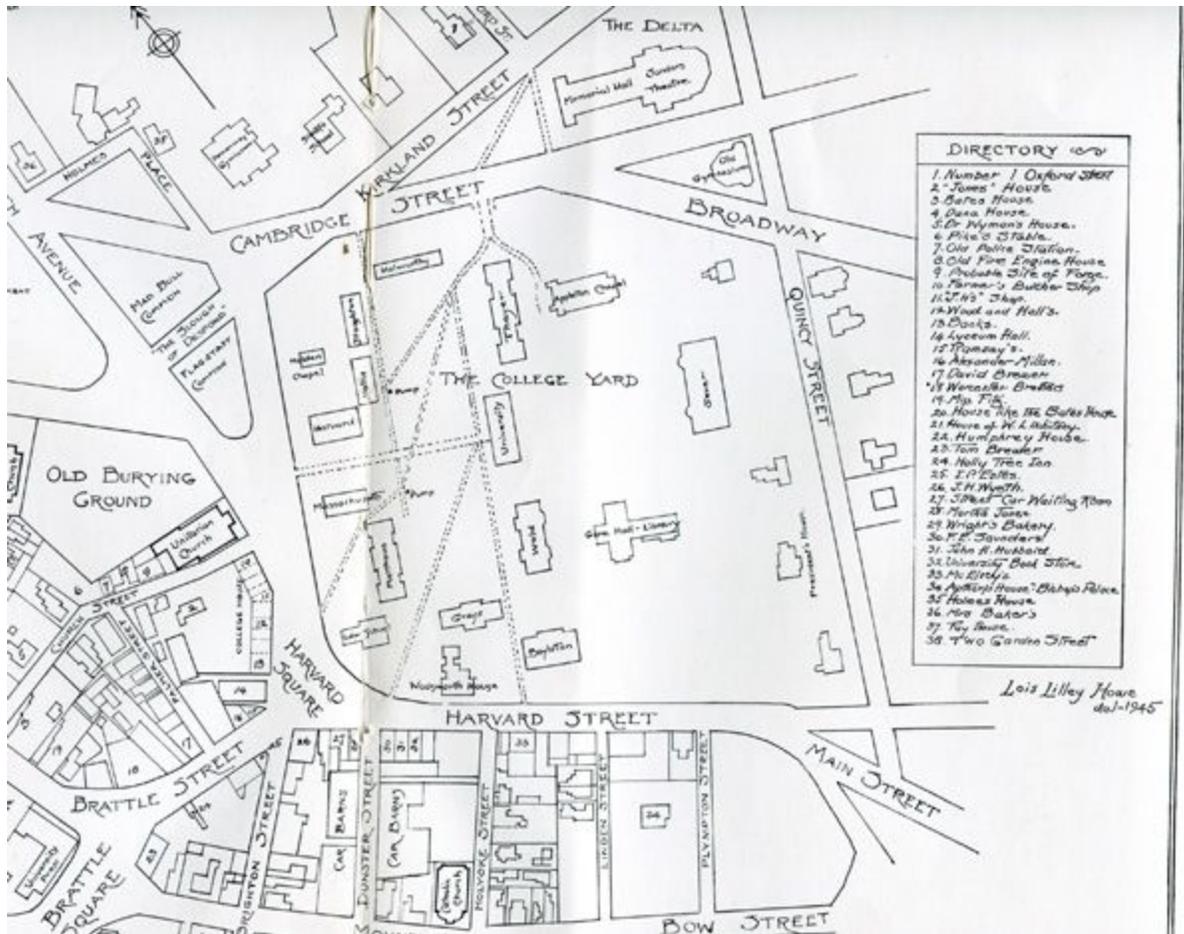
Mr. Saunders was famous for his Ollendorffian remarks, somewhat like a foreign phrase book. When you asked him for something he did not have he suggested something else which was not usually in the same class. It was possibly his way of stimulating trade. That was the first store where I ever saw a sale of Christmas goods, and more than that, they were Japanese. Probably the first unloading of the products of Japanese cheap labor! Many of them were very pretty and wonderful for a child to buy. I think I still have a Japanese lacquered glove box which must have come from there.

John H. Hubbard kept the apothecary shop next door. The same shop you know as Billings and Stover's Drug Store. Many years after his retirement, I met him and he showed me a tintype of himself standing beside a big high-wheeled bicycle. He told me with pride that it showed he was a pioneer in two things, amateur photography and bicycling. He had of course developed and printed the tintype himself. I have been told that he played the trombone in the Pierian Sodality orchestra for many years. My acquaintance with a soda fountain began in this shop, but that was some years later. There was no icecream in the soda, only a sweet syrup. We preferred to go for that to Mr. Bartlett's store, which was, I think, where the Cambridge Trust Company is now. Probably this was on account of the personality of Mr. Bartlett, who served us himself and liked to talk to us.

The University Book Store was distinguished and stylish. It did not look like a country store as many of the others did. Of course I was proud to go there, because Mr. Sever, who kept it, was the father of my very intimate friend and much of my playtime was spent at his house. He was a handsome man, rather grave and severe, and I held him in awe, though he was always very kind to me.

Probably no one ever thought of Harvard Square as "pretty," yet if we could see it today as it was fifty or sixty years ago, we should say that





HOWE: HARVARD SQUARE IN THE 'SEVENTIES

it had a certain charm. While many of the buildings were not beautiful, none were hideously commonplace. The low country-like fence around the College Yard and the lawns between that and the College buildings made the Yard all of a piece with the Square and gave a quality and atmosphere which has now entirely gone. Wadsworth House, instead of being huddled in between other buildings, looking as if it had made its last stand at the edge of the sidewalk, had a yard in front of it with a lilac hedge between that and a handsome Colonial picket fence, all of a piece with its old New England charm. There was also a row of trees along that side of the street. (This was Main Street then.) All this vanished when the street was widened, some time in the nineties, I think, on account of the electric cars. Might we call this the first step in "mechanization"? There were trees in front of Lyceum Hall and College House too. I do not remember the big elm with a low stone wall around it, near which stood a watering trough and the hay scales. As far as I can make out from photographs, these stood just about where the subway station now stands. They were removed in the early seventies because they obstructed traffic!

The Square, then, as I remember, had some of the charm of an open space and was not too crowded. But there was one important feature which we never thought even picturesque until it was gone forever — the horse.

Horses were everywhere; on the tradesmen's carts, on the ice carts, the express wagons, as well as on the private carriages of our more wealthy citizens. Likewise there were the horsecars. Funny little things we should think them now, used as we are to huge electric cars and busses, not to mention stream-lined automobiles and enormous trucks. They were low and square and yellow with flat roofs. Each was drawn by two stalwart horses (four when snow was on the ground). These were brought up from the car-barn on Dunster Street all harnessed, with pole and whiffle-tree to hook on to the car whose horses were to be changed. Stout-bearded Irishmen brought them. I remember one jolly "Brian" with a Falstaffian figure, a brown beard and a twinkling eye. He used to bring pails of water for the horses from the watering trough and pump for this purpose in front of Dane Hall.

There was not so much changing of cars in the Square. You took the car you wanted in Boston and came out through Main Street, now

Massachusetts Avenue. Some cars went up Brattle Street, some up Garden Street, some up North Avenue, now Massachusetts Avenue. People who lived on Kirkland Street did not have to come to the Square to go to Boston. They could take a Broadway or an East Cambridge car. Each car had a driver and a conductor. You did not pay as you entered; the conductor came through the car to get your fare, no matter how crowded it was.

These officers did not wear uniforms, unless the huge buffalo-skin coats and caps the drivers wore in the winter might be so considered. For these the modern expression "battle dress" would seem to have been appropriate when we think of their driving across the West Boston Bridge, one and a quarter miles long, in stormy winter weather. I think, if you look up the facts, which I give from memory, you will find that even after electric cars came in, the vestibules were not enclosed for several years. There was great discussion about it. Many people thought the motor men would not be able to see as well and were sure reflections on the glass would be confusing and dangerous. Hence the curtains which they sometimes drew across.

The passengers inside the cars, though shielded from the fury of the elements, were also cold. The Company did its best by filling up the floors of the cars with straw, which helped indifferently well to shield the passengers' feet from drafts from the floors. It was changed quite often but could not be kept very clean when snow melted into it and mud joined the snow. — But what pleasant, neighborly visits we had on those long cold rides, as well as in the summers when the open cars were used.

There were hay scales in front of Dane Hall, then the Harvard Law School, and also a stand, not of cabs, but of express and "job" wagons. Sawin's Express was the only express, but I remember that Henry Lewis, a tall colored man, who tended our furnace, had a cart there. According to the fashion of the time, it was very high with a high seat across the front, and was for "furniture moving" purposes. Moving, in those days, was not done with discreet closed and padded vans, but in such a wagon as I have described. Some care was exercised to protect the handsomer pieces of furniture, which were put at the bottom of the load and covered with fairly clean cloths. The shabby pieces were on the top, inadequately draped with bits of burlap. This arrangement made a load of furniture,

even of one of our most wealthy citizens, look a good deal like a Morgan Memorial wagon on a day when it has made a good haul.

But to return to the shops. There was not really much of interest beyond Holyoke Street. There was to be sure the "Bishop's Palace" (the Apthorp House, now Adams House, the Master's residence). Always mysterious to me, it stared across a dead garden where are now shops, instead of a picket fence along the Street. There was another little delta between the foot of Quincy Street and Main Street, with a fence around it. But near the further corner of Holyoke Street was one most important shop. Over it was the sign "Confectionary," and within, the proprietor, who looked like the knave in a pack of cards, only he did not wear a hat, sold candy and toys. I have been told that he served icecream in his back shop and that as the floor was cold because there was no cellar, he had straw laid under the woolen carpet.

In the front shop was the candy, sometimes chocolate mice with brown string tails, and more important, paper dolls, with famous or distinguished names. I only remember Clara Louise Kellogg. Was she an opera singer? How illusory is fame! She came printed in colors all ready to cut out and with dresses, too. And there were china dolls of several sizes and prices suited to the infant purse, but all alike, perfectly stiff with only the arms sticking out as if to join in a boxing bout. Sex was determined by the hair — worn in bunches over the ears and a pointed pompadour by the boys, and in curls around the head by the girls. Very valuable and precious these were, and easy to dress with very little material, except that the legs being almost tight together, it was hard to manage trousers for the boys. The dolls were very easily broken and so had to be replaced when one's budget permitted.

And from this shop I usually skipped happily home along the path between Gray's and Boylston Halls and past University, taking care, of course, not to step on any crack in the flag-stone walk, though some of the stones on that path were very wide and it was extremely hard to manage those with one step each.

THOMAS DUDLEY, FOUNDER OF CAMBRIDGE

BY LAURA ROWLAND DUDLEY

Read April 25, 1944

THE sun that shone upon the Newtowne of the early 1630's and the moon and stars that looked down upon the settlement at night saw a very different picture from the one that is lighted by them today. Then it was a mere hamlet with a few houses hardly more than a stone's throw from the present Harvard Square. Marsh, which extended all along the river, bordered the settlement on the river side, and with the exception of clearings made for grazing grounds or planting fields, the forest stretched north, east, and west. Now the

marsh and the forest are gone, and we have instead dwelling-houses, business blocks, public buildings, and great factories.

There is just as great a difference between the people who lived here then and the Cambridge citizens of today. Then they were all of one blood — English — and now almost every nation of the earth is represented here. Then they spoke the same language. They had the same ideas and the same ideals. They held the same religious faith and they were about equally endowed with this world's goods — all very well off, said even to have been rich. The Reverend William Stoughton said in 1669: "God sifted a whole nation that he might send choice grain over into this wilderness.

We cannot judge the citizen of Newtowne of three centuries and more ago by the Cantabrigian of our time. We must see him in his own setting and form our estimate of him by the part he played among his contemporaries and by their appraisal of his personality, his character, and his ability, and by what we know of his achievements.

The biographer of Thomas Dudley says that it is the duty of every man in public life to write his autobiography and give to mankind his own interpretation of events, for without this, the only person who knew his reason for his actions in a given case cannot be heard. Thomas Dudley took no such precautions. The man, as I see him, had no interest in registering his opinions, recording his actions, or handing down to

DUDLEY: THOMAS DUDLEY, FOUNDER OF CAMBRIDGE 29

posterity a criticism of his associates or an account of his own successes. His time was so completely occupied with public works that he had no leisure in which to make private records. Not until shortly before his death did he proclaim his distinguished lineage. Then only, in affixing to his will the seal of the Barons of Dudley, of Dudley Castle, Staffordshire, England, did he claim connection with that illustrious family. His interest was centered in the good of the community which he was so largely responsible for founding and to which he devoted his time and his best efforts during the twenty-three years he lived after coming to New England. Nor was he interested in perpetuating his likeness. No authentic portrait of him is known. One eminent historian, no less an authority than our own John Fiske, has drawn conclusions about his character from his portrait, but unfortunately for Mr. Fiske, the portrait on which he based his opinion just happens to be that of another man. The figure on the Dudley gate on Quincy Street is the artist's conception of the man, a faithful and sympathetic representation of the Puritan. Isham, in his "History of American Painting," says that at that period religious prejudice was opposed to most forms of art both in New England and Pennsylvania. If some of Thomas Dudley's judgments seem harsh to us, we must remember that he was a Puritan among Puritans, and lived in a very different age from ours, when piety was austere, when men were intolerant in their religious convictions, when, although their decisions and actions may seem hard, they were nevertheless just and humane when compared with the cruelties practiced in other countries. The Puritan was true to the light as he saw it. James Russell Lowell says: "The men who gave every man a chance to become a landholder, who made transfer of land easy, and put knowledge within the reach of all, have been called narrow-minded, because they were intolerant. But intolerant of what? Of what they believed to be dangerous nonsense, which if left free would destroy the last hope of civil and religious freedom."

Thomas Dudley was born in Northamptonshire, England, and baptized in St. Andrew's church, Yardley, Hastings, on October 12, 1576, the only son of Capt. Roger Dudley and Susanna Thorne. His father, commissioned by Queen Elizabeth, is said to have been killed at the battle of Ivry in 1590, fighting with the English Protestants under Henry of Navarre, leaving his motherless boy of fourteen and a daughter to face the world alone. Modesty forbids me to name his famous ancestors on his

mother's side. His daughter, Ann, the first American poet, in these lines in "An Elegie upon that Honourable and renowned Knight, Sir Philip Sidney," claims kinship with that idol of his contemporaries:

"Let then, none dis-allow of these my straines

Which have the self-same blood yet in my veins."

It is said that some kind and unknown friend left him £500 and Mather records that during the childhood of Thomas Dudley "it pleased God to move the heart of one Mrs. Purefoy, a gentlewoman famed in the parts about North-Hampton for wisdom, piety, and works of charity: by her care he was trained up in some Latin school wherein he learned the rudiments of his grammar, the which he improved afterwards by his own industry to considerable advantage, so he was able even in his age to understand any Latin author as well as the best clerk in the country that has been continually kept to study."

When he was about fifteen years old, he became page to Lord Henry Compton, afterwards Earl of Northampton, whom he served some six years, living "in the midst of wealth, luxury, and splendor." It was an honor for a boy at that time to hold such a position and called for one of gentle birth. Had Thomas Dudley not belonged to an important family he would have been taught a trade. It was a great advantage to the orphan to live in the family of the Earl of Northampton, one of the finest in England, for it was a liberal education to be placed in such an environment and to be brought in contact with the eminent associates of such a man. Here he remained, Cotton Mather said, "until he was ripe for higher services."

In 1597, when Dudley was twenty-one years old, King Henry IV of France laid siege to Amiens which was held by the Spanish king, Philip II. It is said that Queen Elizabeth called for volunteers to go to the assistance of the French king, but that her appeal met with no response from the youth of Northampton until she gave Dudley a captain's commission, and then some eighty young men flocked to his leadership and with him participated in the siege. When Amiens surrendered, Dudley returned to England and, according to Cotton Mather, "settled again about North-Hampton & there, meeting with a gentlewoman both of good estate and good extraction, he entered into marriage with her, and then took up his habitation for sometime in that part of the country."

This young woman was Dorothy Yorke, daughter of Edmond Yorke of Cotton End, Northamptonshire, some six years his junior. Five children were born of this marriage: a

son, Samuel, and four daughters, Ann, Patience, Sarah, and Mercy. The marriage took place at Hardingstone, England, April 25, 1603. It is interesting to note that today is the three hundred and forty-first anniversary of that wedding.

It was about this time that Thomas Dudley became clerk of the Court of Common Pleas at Westminster. Mather says he was "taken by Judge Nicolls to be his clerk, who, being his kinsman also, on his mother's side, took more special notice of him; and from him, being a prompt young man, he learned much skill in the law, & attained to such abilities as rendered him capable of performing a Secretary's place, for he was known to have a very good pen, to draw up any writing in succinct and apt expressions, which so far commended him to the favour of the judge that he never would have dismissed him from his service, but have preferred him to some more eminent and profitable employment under him, but that he was prevented by death to put into execution what he had designed for his further promotion."

That a man of Judge Nicolls' ability and standing should have chosen Thomas Dudley to assist him is a guarantee of the latter's ability and qualifications. On the other hand, Dudley's close association with such a man as Judge Nicolls and the important men with whom he came in contact must have had a marked influence in developing the younger man. Other influences must have borne fruit also. In London he was in the very center of the religious and political controversies of the time, when the divine right of kings was questioned and England was entering the struggle for liberty which brought Charles I to the block and Cromwell to the protectorate.

The King James translation of the Bible was being made in the Jerusalem Chamber of Westminster Abbey. Shakespeare was writing plays which were being acted in the Globe Theatre and Blackfriars, and Dudley may well have seen the great dramatist. Lord Bacon, Ben Jonson, Spenser, Sidney, and Donne were among the English writers of Thomas Dudley's day. This was the time, too, when Galileo was performing experiments which led to the discovery of the laws of motion. Sir Walter Raleigh made his voyage to the new world, and in Holland Spinoza was developing his philosophy.

Judge Nicolls died in 1616. Thomas Dudley was then forty years old and for fourteen years longer he remained in England. During the greater part of that time he was steward to Theophilus Clinton, 4th Earl of Lincoln, in or near Sempringham in Lincolnshire. Here he found himself in a very congenial atmosphere, both religious and political. His mother's family had a leaning toward Puritanism, Judge Nicolls was in sympathy with the Puritan movement, and Sempringham was the very center of Puritan thought. At Cambridge University, near by, the most advanced ideas were being expressed, and at Boston and the surrounding towns Puritan ministers were preaching to their congregations.

He was practically private secretary to this Earl, and among his varied duties he had the management of the Earl's estates and the collecting of rents. The Earl had inherited through his father from his grandfather a debt of \$100,000. Dudley, by his wisdom and great business ability, made the property yield a clear profit of more than \$10,000 a year so that the Earl was able to pay off his enormous debt. Through his efficiency and strict integrity Dudley won the Earl's confidence so completely that, as Mather says, "nothing could be

done at Sempringham without Thomas Dudley." He was even intrusted with the delicate mission of arranging a match between the daughter of Lord Say and the Earl of Lincoln.

He retired in 1626, having put the Earl's affairs in good condition and accumulated for himself a sufficient fortune to give him a comfortable living. He went to live in Boston, England, where he listened to the preaching of John Cotton, and for a short time he probably lived in Rutlandshire, fifteen miles from Sempringham, near Isaac Johnson, who had married the sister of the Earl of Lincoln.

He had the friendship and confidence of Judge Nicolls, Lord Compton, Isaac Johnson, the Earl of Lincoln, and a large number of the most eminent men of the time, men who, in turn, were associates of Cromwell, Hampden, and Pym. With such a background of experience, social position, and business success, having already retired from business with a comfortable fortune, he became interested in the project of establishing a settlement in the new world.

Let us hear his own story of the emigration as he told it to the Countess of Lincoln in his long and famous letter. Drake, in his "History and Antiquities of Boston," says of this letter: "No document in the annals of Boston will compare in importance with it and no one can successfully

DUDLEY: THOMAS DUDLEY, FOUNDER OF CAMBRIDGE

33

study this period of its history without it." After outlining events in the New England plantation before their arrival, Dudley went on: "Touching the Plantation which we have here begun, it fell out thus. About the year 1627, some friends being together in Lincolnshire, fell into discourse about New England and the planting of the Gospel there; and after some deliberation we imparted our reasons, by letters and messages, to some in London and the west country; where it was likewise deliberately thought upon, and at length with often negotiations so ripened, that in the year 1628 we procured a patent from his Majesty for our planting between the Massachusetts Bay and Charles River on the south, and the river of Merrimack on the north, and three miles on either side of those rivers or bay; as also for the government of those who did or should inhabit within that compass. And the same year we sent Mr. John Endicott, and some with him, to begin a Plantation, and to strengthen such as he should find there, which we sent thither from Dorchester and some places adjoining. From whom the same year receiving hopeful news, the next year, 1629, we sent divers ships over, with about three hundred people, and some cows, goats, and horses, many of which arrived safely.

"These, by their too large commendations of the country and the commodities thereof, invited us so strongly to go on, that Mr. Winthrop, of Suffolk (who was well known in his own country, and well approved here for his piety, liberality, wisdom, and gravity), coming in to us, we came to such resolution, that in April, 1630, we set sail from Old England with four good ships."

To go back a bit. On the 26th of August, 1629, twelve of the outstanding men of the Puritan party held a meeting in Cambridge, England, and laid plans to lead a migration to New England on condition that the charter of the Massachusetts Bay Company and the government established under it could be transferred with them to America. Since there was no legal obstacle to this, they agreed to sell their estates and sail for Massachusetts

Bay the following March. John Fiske says: "They planned to establish a place of refuge in New England not only for themselves but for those who remained in England to fight the fight of liberty of conscience and where, if they were not successful, they could find that liberty."

The first signer of this compact, known as the "Cambridge agreement," was Richard Saltonstall, and the second Thomas Dudley. Matthew

Craddock, the first governor of the Company, and John Humphreys, deputy-governor, withdrew, and to fill their places, John Winthrop was chosen governor, and Thomas Dudley deputy-governor.

Four ships left Southampton March 22, 1630. The Arbella, a ship of 350 tons, carried among her passengers the Lady Arabella Johnson, sister of the Earl of Lincoln, and her husband, Isaac Johnson, John Winthrop and two sons, Sir Richard Saltonstall, three sons and two daughters, the Reverend George Philips and his wife, Thomas Dudley, his wife, Dorothy, his son, Samuel, and four daughters, Ann, the bride of Simon Bradstreet, afterwards governor, Patience, Sarah, and Mercy.

The Arbella was delayed by contrary winds, and on April 7 a letter was drawn up, expressing their loyalty to the Church of England, calling her "Our dear mother," and signed by the leading men on board. They were Puritans, not Separatists, as the Plymouth colonists were. They wished to reform the church from within, not break from it. They pledged loyalty to Christ, not conformity to the Church of England.

Finally, on April 8, they were off and after a rough voyage the Arbella reached harbor June 22, 1630, and a party, led by the governor, went in search of a place to settle. Winthrop, in his journal, says: "In the meantime most of our people went on shore upon the land of Cape Ann, which lay very near us, and gathered store of fine strawberries." On June 14 he records: "In the morning early we weighed anchor, the wind being against us, and the channel so narrow as we could not well turn in, we warped in our ship and came to an anchor in the inner harbor." Most historians have named Salem as the harbor where the immigrants landed, but Professor Samuel Eliot Morison, charting the course of the Arbella along our shores from the statistics recorded in Winthrop's journal, reached the conclusion the harbor was Beverly rather than Salem.

They settled first on the land between the Charles and Mystic Rivers, the site of the present Charlestown. Edward Johnson, in his "Wonder Working Providence" published in London in 1654, says: "The first station they took up was at Charles Towne, where they pitched some Tentes of Cloath, others built them small Huts, in which they lodged their Wives and Children." On August 27, 1630, they completed their church organization, afterwards the "First Church in Boston." Finding the water supply unsatisfactory, they "scattered in search of better locations, some settling on the south side of Charles River, naming the place

Boston" — as, according to Thomas Dudley, "we intended to have done the place we first resolved on." It is not an unreasonable guess that he, having lived in Boston, England, was responsible for the naming of Boston, Massachusetts.

Because of its location Boston was obviously destined to be a leading center in the colony, but because of that very position, exposed to attack from the sea, the early settlers did not at first intend to make it the seat of government. Governor Winthrop and his assistants started out on a tour of exploration. Thomas Dudley, in his letter to the Countess of Lincoln, says: "We began again in December [1630] to consult about a fit place to build a town upon, leaving all thought of a fort, because upon any invasion we were necessarily to lose our houses, when we should retire thereunto. So after divers meetings at Boston, Roxbury, and Watertown, on the 28th of December, we grew to this resolution, to bind all the Assistants (Mr. Endicott and Mr. Sharpe excepted, which last purposeth to return by the next ship to England) to build houses at a place a mile east from Watertown, near Charles River the next spring, and to winter there the next year; that so by our examples, and by removing the ordnance and munitions thither, all who were able might be drawn thither, and such as shall come to us hereafter, to their advantage, be compelled to do so; and so, if God would, a fortified town might there grow up."

According to this agreement, Governor John Winthrop, Deputy-governor Thomas Dudley, and all the assistants except John Endicott, who had settled in Salem, and Mr. Sharpe, who was to return to England, were to build and occupy houses in Newtowne in the spring of 1631. Dudley and Bradstreet built their houses, and the General Court of the colony met alternately at Newtowne and Boston until 1638, when it settled permanently in Boston. Winthrop erected the frame of his house which he took down and moved to Boston. To one of Dudley's strict honor and inflexible integrity such an action meant the breaking of a contract. In the controversy which ensued between Winthrop and Dudley, Winthrop claimed he had fulfilled his agreement but the Court decided against him. These two leaders had their differences as persons of strong opinions are bound to have, but at the same time they held each other in mutual respect, and when Dudley's son married Winthrop's daughter, their appellations were of real affection. Dudley spoke of Winthrop as "well approved here for his liberality, wisdom, and gravity,"

and at another time Winthrop, speaking of Dudley, said: "Besides, this gentleman was a man of approved wisdom and godliness and of much good service to his country," and when a difference of opinion arose between them, Winthrop wrote Dudley: "I am unwilling to keep such a cause of provocation by me," to which Dudley replied: "Your overcoming yourself hath overcome me."

Of the eight heads of families recorded as living in Newtowne in the summer of 1631 — the first settlers of Newtowne — Thomas Dudley was the most eminent. He built his house on the northwest corner of Water Street and Marsh Lane, the present Dunster Street and South. Governor Winthrop accused him of extravagance in having it wainscoted. Dudley replied that the extravagance complained of was "for warmth of his house and the charge was little, being but clapboards nailed to the wall in the form of wainscot."

There was little luxury in Newtowne that winter when Dudley, writing to the Countess of Lincoln, used his knee by the fireside for want of a table, surrounded by his family, who, to

use his own words, "break good manners, and make me many times forget what I would say, and say what I would not."

Under date of May the first, 1635, "The Registere Booke of the Lands and Houses in the Newtowne 1635," is recorded: "Thomas Dudley Esquire one Dwelinge House with other out houses in the newtowne with gardens & backsyds conteyng one half accar of grownd more or less" . . . "More in the neck of land three score & three accars or thereabouts." . . . "More on the other syd of the Riuer one hundredth accars Comon Marsh."

It is probable that the creek, enlarged to a canal, twelve feet broad and seven feet deep, which extended from the river into the center of the settlement, passed the residence of Thomas Dudley, and that passengers and freight could be delivered at his door, much as is done in Venice.

He at once showed himself a leader in the affairs of Newtowne and his feeling of responsibility to the settlement, by having a palisade built to enclose about a thousand acres of land to protect the people, their property, and their flocks from wild beasts and Indians. Thousands of trees were felled and set out and a trench dug around them. It is said that the old willows still standing in the southeast corner of Longfellow Park and those that were standing until within a few years on the west

DUDLEY: THOMAS DUDLEY, FOUNDER OF CAMBRIDGE

37

side of Oxford Street, were a part of that ancient palisade. There is one old willow on Oxford Street today which is probably of that line of trees some of us can still remember.

To pay the expense of this, the Court of Assistants voted to levy a tax on the several towns. The men of Watertown refused to pay on the ground that they were not represented in the taxing body, and as a result, at the next meeting of the General Court, May 9, 1632, "It was ordered that there should be two of every plantation appointed to confer with the Court about raising of public stock." Thus started the House of Representatives, a practical outcome of Dudley's venture to build a palisade at public expense, without official order, but trusting the Court to uphold him.

It seems probable that there were no regularly established church services held in Newtowne until the summer of 1632, but that the settlers attended service at the first church in Boston. When the minister of that church, the Reverend John Wilson, was about to return to England for a visit in the spring of 1631, members of the congregation met at Governor Winthrop's home in Boston, and there, according to Winthrop, "Mr. Wilson, praying and exhorting the congregation to love, etc., commended to them the exercise of prophecy in his absence, and designed those whom he thought most fit for it, viz., the governor, Mr. Dudley, and Mr. Nowell, the elder." The Reverend Mr. Wilson apparently agreed with Winthrop in respect to Dudley's godliness.

There was discontent among the people of Newtowne in 1634. The Reverend Thomas Hooker and the people of his church were determined to migrate to Connecticut, giving as their reasons want of accommodation for their cattle, fruitfulness and commodiousness of Connecticut, and the danger of its being possessed by others, the Dutch or English, and lastly, but probably the real reason, "the strong bent of their spirits to remove thither." They finally left two years later. Mr. Hooker, accompanied by some fifty families, journeyed

to Connecticut and founded the city of Hartford, leaving the settlement at Newtowne sadly depleted.

Thomas Dudley was too closely connected with the government of Massachusetts Bay to leave the colony, but in 1635 he sold his house in Newtowne to Roger Harlakenden, who accompanied the Reverend Thomas Shepard, Mr. Hooker's successor, when he came in August. Dudley, with his son, the Reverend Samuel Dudley, his sons-in-law,

Simon Bradstreet, and Daniel Denison, with other citizens of Newtowne, moved to Ipswich. There he remained only four years for his responsible position in the government necessitated his residence nearer Boston. He moved to Roxbury in order to be under the preaching of the Reverend John Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians, and there he spent the remainder of his life.

His Roxbury estate of five or six acres was between what are now Washington and Bartlett Streets on the south and Roxbury Street on the north, extending from Guild Row to Putnam Street, the eastern boundary of the First Parish. The house, referred to as a mansion, was in its day one of the finest houses in the town, opposite the home of his friend, the Reverend John Eliot. There were said to be in the house, among other rooms, a parlor, parlor chamber, hall chamber, and study. Here it was that Dudley entertained some of the outstanding men of his time. An inventory of its contents with the appraised value is very interesting as showing something of the fashion of the period and the value of household goods. For example, "1 table and frame and 6 joint-stools and a carpet" were valued at £1 4s., "1 feather bed and bolsters, 5 old curtains, a valance, tester, and coverlet" at £7 15s. In the study about fifty books are listed with their value — books which he brought with him from England, which show the breadth of his knowledge and the diversity of his interests. A "General History of the Netherlands," "Camden's Annals of Queen Elizabeth" and other books on history indicate his interest in events of the past, while a Livy and a Latin dictionary uphold Cotton Mather's statement about his knowledge of Latin. One found there also the popular "Vision of Piers Plowman," books on law, eight French books, and books on religious subjects, as "Commentary on the Commandments" and "Hildersham's Humiliation for Sinners." Not exactly light reading, but books such as would appeal to the scholar or serious student. One who has gone aboard the Arbella, supposedly a copy of the ship that brought that band of Puritans to this country in 1630, now permanently docked in Salem by the Pioneer Village, may well understand that they could bring with them few of their worldly goods, and appreciate the more Governor Dudley's interest in intellectual matters in choosing to bring so many books — a really large library for that time.

On December 27, 1643, his wife, Dorothy, died. Little is known

about her except what Cotton Mather said and what her daughter, Ann Bradstreet, tells us in the epitaph she wrote for her:

To my dear and ever honoured Mother

Mrs. Dorothy Dudley Who deceased Decembr. 27, 1643 and of her age, 61.

Here lyes,

A Worthy Matron of unspotted life,

A loving Mother and obedient wife,

A friendly Neighbor, pitiful to poor,

Whom oft she fed and clothed with her store;

To Servants wisely aweful, but yet kind,

And as they did, so they reward did find:

A true Instructor of her Family,

The which she ordered with dexterity.

The publick meetings ever did frequent,

And in her closet constant hours she spent.

Religious in all her words and wayes

Preparing still for death, till end of dayes:

Of all her Children, Children lived to see,

Then dying left a blessed memory.

On the following April 14, Thomas Dudley married Catherine, widow of Samuel Hackburne. They had three children, Deborah, Joseph, and Paul. Joseph, in due time, became governor of Massachusetts, and Paul was for a short time judge of probate of Suffolk County. Joseph's son Paul was chief justice of Massachusetts.

Governor Dudley was everywhere active in laying the foundation of this Commonwealth and establishing her laws. Paige, in his "History of Cambridge," says: "So entirely was his life devoted to public service that a particular biography of him would be a general history of the Colony during the same period." Even before he left England, he was a member of the government, having been elected assistant in 1629. The assistants were a body of eighteen men elected annually by members of the Massachusetts Bay Company, and they, together with the governor and deputy-governor, made up the General Court. He was assistant for eight different years. On board the Arbella, before sailing from England, he was elected deputy governor and held the office by annual elections thirteen different years.

John Winthrop, who was chosen governor before the emigrants sailed for New England, remained in office four years, Thomas Dudley serving as deputy governor during that time.

At the end of that period, a different method of voting was introduced. Ballots of paper were used, and by this secret ballot Dudley was chosen to fill the highest office. This is said to have been the first time that the people cast their ballots direct for the highest magistrate. He was elected governor again in 1640, 1645, and 1650. It is perhaps significant that his election to the chief position was spaced at intervals of five and six years. He believed in rotation in office. He and his associates had left England to escape a dictatorship, and he had no intention of aiding in establishing here the very thing they had left England to avoid. So it was that he was a member of the General Court from before the time the emigrants left England in 1630 until his death in 1653. It is said that he was almost never absent or tardy at Court. Thus the record of the Court is a record of his life.

There were no written laws during the early years of the plantation and too much was left to the discretion of the magistrates. As time went on, the people felt the need of definite laws. In 1635 it was agreed that "some men should be appointed to frame a body of grounds of laws in resemblance to the Magna Charta, which being allowed by some of the ministers and the General Court, should be received for fundamental laws." The Governor, Deputy Governor, John Winthrop, and Thomas Dudley were authorized by the Court "to make a draft of such laws as they shall judge needful for the well-ordering of this plantation and to present the same to the Court." Dudley was a member of a similar committee in 1636, 1637, and 1639 which was "directed to peruse all those models which have been or shall be further presented to this Court or to themselves concerning a form of government and laws to be established and shall draw them up." The General Court continued in session for three weeks in December, 1641, and established one hundred laws which were called the Body of Liberties. This was the foundation of the legislation and laws of Massachusetts.

The colonies were growing but were independent of one another. For mutual help and strength some sort of a confederacy seemed desirable, and in 1643 Thomas Dudley was appointed by the General Court one of a committee of six to treat with their friends in Connecticut, New Haven, and Plymouth — which, together with Massachusetts, were the principal

DUDLEY: THOMAS DUDLEY, FOUNDER OF CAMBRIDGE

41

colonies in New England — about forming such a confederacy. In this body each colony had two representatives. Winthrop was chosen president at its first session and again in 1645, and Dudley in 1647 and 1649. So it was that either Winthrop or Dudley presided over the sessions of this congress whenever it was held in Boston during their lifetime. Thus they received the recognition of the united colonies and their influence was felt beyond the bounds of Massachusetts Bay.

Dudley's military experience in France when he was little more than a youth furnished training which was useful later. When it was ordered in October, 1636, that all military men should be ranked into three regiments, he was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the first regiment under John Winthrop as colonel, and Governor Vane as commander-in-chief. He was appointed sergeant major general of all the military forces in Massachusetts when that office was created in 1644. His many years' experience in the government, together with his early military training, were an excellent preparation for a position of such great responsibility and power as that of the commanding officer. His commission reads: "But for the ordering and managing of any battle in time of service, it is wholly left to yourself. Also

yourself, together with the council of war, shall have power to make such wholesome laws, agreeable to the word of God, as you shall conceive to be necessary for the well-being of your army." This is a clear expression of confidence in the ability, wisdom, sound judgment, and sense of justice of the man in whom they placed their trust.

The first settlers were a religious people and their churches and their ministers played an important role in the community. Moreover many of them were university graduates and education was a matter of supreme importance to them. There is recorded in one of the earliest chronicles, "New England's First Fruits," published in 1643, and many years later inscribed on the main gate of Harvard College, the gate opposite the First Parish Church, the following:

"After God had carried us safe to New England and we had builded houses, provided necessaries for our livelihood, reared convenient places for God's worship and settled the civil government, one of the next things we longed for and looked after was to advance learning and perpetuate it to posterity, dreading to leave an illiterate ministry to the churches when our present ministers shall lie in the dust."

On the 28th of October, 1636, the General Court voted: "The Court agrees to give £400 towards a school or college — whereof £200 shall be paid the next year and £200 when the work is finished." On November 15, 1637, it voted: "The college is ordered to be at Newtowne." Newtowne was then renamed Cambridge in honor of Cambridge, England, the seat of the university with which so many of the early settlers had been connected. A committee of twelve men, six ministers and six magistrates, was appointed to see that the vote was carried out. Thomas Dudley was of this committee. A bequest of the minister, John Harvard, of half of his estate, about £700, and his entire library enabled the committee to carry out their plans, and in recognition of the gift the General Court voted in 1638 "that the college at Cambridge be called Harvard College." As assistant in the General Court of 1636 which voted to establish the college, as overseer from 1637 until his death in 1653, and as signer of the charter in 1650, when he was governor, Thomas Dudley was one of the principal founders of Harvard College. That same charter, under which the college is still maintained, is preserved in the Houghton Library of the Harvard College Library.

Interested in the religious and intellectual education of the children, Thomas Dudley was the first signer of an agreement made by the citizens of Roxbury to establish a free school. Ellis in his "History of Roxbury" says there "is reason to suppose he drew the agreement for the free school" and again: "Gov. Dudley is supposed to have given part of the lot where the old schoolhouse that was sold, stood, opposite to Guild Hall. Both he and his descendants made very large donations to the school." That school, the Roxbury Latin School, has always maintained a high standard of scholarship and is today well known as one of the best college preparatory schools.

Governor Dudley died in Roxbury Sunday night, July 31, 1653. His funeral was held on August 6, and he was buried in the old Roxbury burying-ground, corner of Eustis and Washington Streets, near the Dudley Street terminal of the Boston Elevated Railway. His tomb is on the highest spot in the cemetery, the most conspicuous object as one enters, and easily seen from the train before reaching the terminal. It is surrounded by a luxuriant

growth of English ivy, transplanted possibly by some descendant from Dudley, England, where it forms a carpet in the

grounds around the castle. The tomb is of brick, and on the top is an oval slab of white marble bearing the name "Dudley." The original inscription plate is said to have been taken out by some of the patriots during the siege of Boston and run into bullets because of the scarcity of lead.

Very few of his letters have come down to us, but those few throw some light on the personality and character of the man. The long and most important letter to the Countess of Lincoln, already quoted from, gives one of the most vivid descriptions of life in Newtowne at that time, the sorrows that came to the settlers, the losses they bore, and their courage in the face of danger and privations. He wrote:

If any come hither to plant for worldly ends, that can live well at home, he commits an error, of which he will soon repent him; but if for spiritual, and that no particular obstacle hinder his removal, he may find here what may well content him, viz., materials to build, fuel to burn, ground to plant, seas and rivers to fish in, a pure air to breathe in, good water to drink, till wine or beer can be made; which together with the cows, hogs, and goats brought hither already, may suffice for food; for as for fowl and venison, they are dainties here as well as in England. For clothes and bedding, they must bring them with them, till time and industry produce them here. In a word, we yet enjoy little to be envied, but endure much to be pitied in the sickness and mortality of our people. And I do the more willingly use this open and plain dealing, lest other men should fall short of their expectations when they come hither, as we to our great prejudice did, by means of letters sent us from hence into England, wherein honest men, out of a desire to draw over others to them, wrote somewhat hyperbolically of many things here. If any godly men, out of religious ends, will come over to help us in the good work we are about, I think they cannot dispose of themselves nor of their estates more to God's glory and the furtherance of their own reckoning. ... If there be any endued with grace, and furnished with means to feed themselves and theirs for eighteen months, and to build and plant, let them come over into our Macedonia and help us, and not spend themselves and their estates in a less profitable employment. For others, I conceive they are not yet fitted for this business.

This is an honest, straightforward expression of the unconquerable spirit of the Puritan, of one who could be neither terrified by earthly power nor induced to swerve from the path of duty or strict truthfulness

by any rewards. It reveals also an ability to discriminate between personal comfort and temporary convenience and eternal values.

A letter to his son-in-law, John Woodbridge, written in Roxbury, November 28, 1642, shows his affectionate character, his deeply religious nature, and the importance he placed upon service to God and humanity rather than the acquiring of money. He wrote:

Son Woodbridge, — On your last going from Roxbury, I thought you would have returned again before your departure hence, and therefore neither bade you farewell, nor sent any remembrance to your wife. Since which time I have often thought of you, and of

the course of your life, doubtless you are not in the way wherein you may do God best service. Every man ought (as I take it) to serve God in such a way whereto he hath best fitted him by nature, education, or gifts, or graces required. Now in all these respects I conceive you to be better fitted for the ministry, or teaching a school, than for husbandry. And I have been lately stirred up the rather to think hereof by occasion of Mr. Carter's calling to be pastor at Woburn the last week, and Mr. Parker's calling to preach at Pascattaway, whose abilities and piety (for aught I know) surmount not yours. There is a want of schoolmasters hereabouts, and ministers are, or in likelihood will be, wanting ere long. I desire that you would consider of what I say, and take advice of your uncle, Mr. Noyse, or whom you think meetest, about it; withal considering that no man's opinion in a case wherein he is interested by reason of your departure from your present habitation is absolutely to be allowed without comparing his reason with others.

And if you find encouragement, I think you were best redeem what time you may without hurt of your estate, in perfecting your future studies.

Above all, commend the case in prayer to God, that you may look before you with a sincere eye upon his service, not upon filthy lucre, which I speak not so much for any doubt I have of you, but to clear myself from that suspicion in respect of the interest I have in you. I need say no more. The Lord direct and bless you, your wife and children, whom I would fain see, and have again some thoughts of it, if I live till next summer.

Your very loving father,

Thomas Dudley.

To my very loving son Mr. John Woodbridge, at his house in Newbury.

DUDLEY: THOMAS DUDLEY, FOUNDER OF CAMBRIDGE 45

Nathaniel Morton, a contemporary of Governor Dudley, in his "New England Memoriall," published in Cambridge in 1669, says this under date of 1653:

Mr. Thomas Dudley [-----] principal Founder and Pillar of

the colony of the Massachousets [sic] in New England, and sundry times Governour and Deputy Governour of that Jurisdiction, died at his house in Roxbury, July 31, in the seventy-seventh year of his age: he was a person of quick understanding, and a solid Judgment in the fear of the Lord; he was a lover of (1) Justice. (2) Order. (3) the People. (4) Christian religion; the supream virtues of a good Magistrate, 1. His love of Justice appeared at all times, and in special upon the Judgment seat, without respect of persons in Judgment: and in his own particular transactions, with all men he was exact and exemplary. 2. His zeal to order appeared in the contriving good Laws, and faithfully executing them upon criminal offenders, Heretics, and Underminers of true Religion. He had a piercing Judgment to discover the Wolf though cloathed with a sheep-skin. 3. His love to the People was evident in serving them in a public capacity many Years at his own cost, and that as a nursing Father to the Churches of Christ. 4. He loved the true Christian Religion, and pure worship of God, and cherished as in his bosom, all Ministers and Christians: he was exact in the practice of Piety, in his person and family all his life; in a word, he lived desired, and died lamented by all good men.

He was a devoted and loving father and had the respect, admiration, and affection of his children. His daughter, Ann Bradstreet, wrote:

*To the Memory of my dear and
ever honoured Father
Thomas Dudley, Esq;
Who deceased July 31, 1653, and of his age 77:
One of thy Founders, him New England know,
Who staid thy feeble sides when thou wast low,
Who spent his state, his strength, & years with care
That After-comers in them might have share.
True Patriot of this little Commonweal,
Who is't can tax thee ought, but for thy zeal?
Truths friend thou wert, to errors still a foe,
Which caused Apostates to malign so.*

*Thy love to true Religion e'er shall shine,
My Fathers God, be God of me and mine.
Upon the earth he did not build his nest,
But as a Pilgrim, what he had, possest.
High thoughts he gave no harbour in his heart,
Nor honours puffed him up, when he had part:
Those titles loath'd, which some too much do love
For truly his ambition lay above.
His humble mind so lov'd humility,
He left it to his race for Legacy:
And oft and oft, with speeches mild and wise,
Gave his in charge, that Jewel rich to prize.*

*No ostentation seen in all his wayes,
As in the mean ones, of our foolish dayes,
Which all they have, and more still set to view,
Their greatness may be judg'd by what they shew.
His thoughts were more sublime, his actions wise,
Such vanities he justly did despise.
Nor wonder 'twas, low things ne'r much did move
For he a Mansion had, prepar'd above,
For which he sigh'd and pray'd & long'd full sore
He might be cloath'd upon, for evermore.
Oft spoke of death, and with a smiling chear,
He did exult his end was drawing near,
Now fully ripe, as shock of wheat that's grown,
Death as a Sickle hath him timely mown,
And in celestial Barn hath hous'd him high,
Where storms, nor shows, nor aught can damnific.
His Generation serv'd, his labours cease;
And to his Fathers gathered is in peace.
Ah happy Soul, 'mongst Saints and Angels blest,
Who after all his toyle, is now at rest:
His hoary head in righteousness was found:
As joy in heaven on earth let praise resound.
Forgotten never be his memory,
His blessing rest on his posterity:
His pious Footsteps followed by his race,
At last will bring us to that happy place
Where we with joy each others face shall see,*

And parted more by death shall never be.

DUDLEY: THOMAS DUDLEY, FOUNDER OF CAMBRIDGE

47

Ann wrote also:

His Epitaph

Within this Tomb a Patriot lyes

That was both pious, just and wise,

To Truth a shield, to right a Wall,

To Sectaryes a whip and Maul,

A Magazine of History,

A Prizer of good Company

In manners pleasant and severe

The Good him lov'd, the bad did fear,

And when his time with years was spent

If some rejoyc'd, more did lament.

THE DISLOYALTY OF BENJAMIN CHURCH, JR.

A STUDY OF THE FIRST AMERICAN SURGEON GENERAL
BY MAUDE B. VOSBURGH

Read June 14, 1944

NOWADAYS when we are discussing what to do with the Quislings who have taken the side of invading armies and who have found their fellow-countrymen rooted and grounded in the love of their native land, we look back upon the enigma of an American patriot whose exposure as a traitor took place while he was living in Cambridge, Surgeon General Benjamin Church.

In the autumn of 1775 when Samuel Ward told the Massachusetts delegates to the Continental Congress that Church had betrayed his country, John Adams, associate of Church, in a burst of indignation unequalled by any modern, expressed his emotions. Indeed he burst into Capitals as if composing an epitaph for a tomb in our Old Burying Ground:

"A Man of Genius, of Learning, of Family, of Character:

A Writer of Liberty Songs, and good ones too:

A Speaker of Liberty Orations:

A Member of the Boston Committee of Correspondence:

A Member of the Massachusetts Congress:

An Agent from that Congress to the Continental Congress:

A Member of the House:

A Director General of the Hospital and Surgeon General:"

Here Adams paused as if the distinguished title of Surgeon General was

too much for him and then exploded:

"Surgeon General! Good God! What shall we say of Human Nature? What shall we say of American Patriots?"

The only mural memorial to commemorate Church is one cut by his own hand with a penknife on a panel of a closet door in the middle chamber of Vassal! House, 94 Brattle Street — a simple printed name, "B. Church, Jr." Here he was in command of the Medical Department of the Continental Army; here he was imprisoned while awaiting trial;

VOSBURGH: DISLOYALTY OF BENJAMIN CHURCH, JR.

49

here he headed his appeal to the Massachusetts House of Representatives, "From my Prison in Cambridge"; and here he left this pitiable mark. So that the name should not be obliterated by paint, a few years ago it was covered with glass held in place by a black frame, a melancholy touch in a house where the great and the good and the unrecorded of three centuries have played their parts.

Within family memory, but before my time, there was a bullet-hole in the wall of this room caused by some patriot taking a shot at Church from across the road.

Although, as Sabine writes, Church was "proscribed and banished, he was equally distinguished as a scholar, physician, poet and politician; and among the Whigs, he stood as prominent and was as active and as popular as either Warren, Hancock or Samuel Adams."

Church was of the fifth generation of Massachusetts ancestry, — those five generations which included the dissenters from British ideas resulting at last in the Americanization of the Colonials, flaring forth in his own Revolutionary generation.

He was born in Newport, R. I., August 24, 1734, the son of Benjamin Church, Sr., and his second wife, Hannah Dyer of Boston. His father was a "Merchant and Vendue Master," or auctioneer, but he was always called Deacon Church as he served in that capacity in Dr. Mather Byles' Church in Hollis Street. Dr. Byles was a staunch Loyalist and was imprisoned in 1777. This witty Congregational minister must have had some influence on young Benjamin. The father was graduated from Harvard in 1727. In his freshman year, his social rank in a class of 37 was number six and he was written down as Gentleman, so his son was born with a silver spoon in his mouth.

Apparently the Deacon's losses were heavy in the Revolution because in his will dated November 18, 1780, he bequeathed to his son Benjamin "the remnant of my broken library," which even then was inventoried as about two hundred books in English, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French. Possibly Benjamin's trend toward medicine may be explained by hearing his father tell about his "Visitations" to the sick to discover cases of smallpox, then a terror in closely-settled communities.

The first in Massachusetts to bear the Church name was Richard, the well-to-do freeman of Plymouth who married Elizabeth Warren, who came over in the Anne in July 1623. Her father was the Mr. Richard

Warren who signed the Mayflower compact. The son of this Plymouth couple was the first Benjamin, the famous Indian fighter. What bedtime stories young Benjamin must have heard about his great-grandfather, — how he went alone to a rendezvous with the Seconnets armed only with a roll of tobacco and a bottle of rum, and in no time the warriors in full war-paint were smoking and drinking with their visitor who won them as allies against King Philip. Another time he slid down a rock thirty feet high after dark and took captive the chief Anawon, his son, and all the tribe. His daring exploits remind us of the Commandos of today, even his company's title of Reformados or volunteers.

When Benjamin, Jr. was considering some hazardous adventure, perhaps he recalled the courage of his great-grandfather who commanded five expeditions against the French and Indians and who died only sixteen years before Benjamin was born. Colonel Church not only won the war against King Philip but also founded the family fortunes. He bought a majority interest in the waterpower of Fall River which he sold in 1714 to Joseph Borden. At his death, he left his five living children well-fixed. One of these sons, Edward, grandfather to Benjamin, was commissioned Captain and served with his father on his Fifth Expedition. The male line contained none but enterprising men — an inspiring ancestry.*

Benjamin Junior entered the Boston Latin School in 1745 and graduated from Harvard in 1754, his social position being indicated by his rank of nine in a class of twenty. In 1773 he was given the degree of Master of Arts by Yale. His medical education was acquired in

London, where he studied with the noted surgeon, Dr. Charles Pynchon, at the London Medical College and "walked the hospitals" for three years. Soon after reaching England he married Hannah Hill of Ross, that peaceful little village in the Valley of the Wye. Their first child, also named Benjamin, was born in Boston about 1758 and became, it is said, a surgeon in the British army.

While still in college, Church showed he had a fluent pen and he continued to use it throughout his career. He sent poems and articles constantly to the Whig newspapers. Afterwards it was suspected that some of the poems in Tory publications like Rivington's Royal Gazette of New York were his own parodies of his own poems. He wrote a satire on the Stamp Act and its Abettors. Was he on the fence? Was he a

** Read Michaud, Biographic Universelle, Vol. 8, to get the French point of view.*

VOSBURGH: DISLOYALTY OF BENJAMIN CHURCH, JR. 51

neutral commentator? His diligent churchgoing is attested by his Elegy on the Death of the Reverend Jonathan Mayhew, D.D., 1766; Monody in Memory of Dr. Edward Quincy, 1768; Elegy to the Memory of that pious and eminent Servant of Jesus Christ, the Reverend George White-field, 1770.

But Church could switch from grave to gay. Always quickwitted, and never more so when he happened one day to drop in to see Paul Revere, who was engraving the plate called Warm Place Hell, he seized a pen and wrote this impromptu rhyme:

On, Brave Rescinders! To yon yawning cell.

Seventeen such miscreants sure will startle Hell.

There, puny Villains damn'd for petty Sin

On such distinguished Scoundrels gaze and grin.

The outdone Devil will resign his sway —

He never curst his millions in a day.

This was occasioned by an imposition of taxes on paints, glass, etc. But let John Rowe, who has left us his wharf, Rowe's Wharf, as well as his diary, tell the story under date of June 30, 1767:

This day the General Court behaved very steadily and according to the approbation of most good people who have any regard for their country and posterity, voting that they would not rescind their former resolutions which the Earl of Hillsborough took offence at. Number of votes in the House 109. 17 yeas, 92 nays. For my own satisfaction, I

record the 17 yeas that were so mean-spirited to vote away their blessings as Englishmen, namely, their rights, liberty, and propertys.

Rowe and Church were fellow-members of the North End Club where Hancock and Sam Adams were much in evidence, but the thirty or so members were largely mechanics and shipwrights, hence calkers of ships, from which arose the political term Caucus, as the club was later called. The Caucus Club met in the garret of Tom Dawes. John Adams, a Quincy gentleman, describes it thus in his Diary, perhaps with a twinge of envy:

He has a large house, and he has a movable partition in his garret which he takes down and the whole club meets in one room. There they smoke tobacco till you cannot see from one end of the garret to the other. There they drink flip, I suppose, and there they choose a moderator, who puts

questions to the vote regularly: and selectmen, assessors, collectors, wardens, fire-wards, and representatives are regularly chosen before they are chosen in the town.

Sam Adams was a master of ward politics, so we may be sure ideas were talked out in this garret which were afterwards tried out in the town. This was the Sons of Liberty crowd. Years later Revere wrote:

We were so careful our meetings should be kept Secret that every time we met, every person present swore upon the Bible that they would not discover any of our transactions but to Messrs. Hancock, Adams, and Doctors Warren, Church, and one or two more.

He goes on to say that their meetings were reported to the Tories and that their identical words were repeated. No one suspected Church.

As John Adams partly gave up a profitable legal practice to dabble in politics, so Church went into politics instead of sticking exclusively to medicine. There was another club started about 1762, of which eleven of the sixteen known members were Harvard graduates. This was called the Long Room Club and met in a long room over the shop where the Boston Gazette was printed. This was the largest paper in New England. Warren and Church, the two most eminent medical men in Boston, wrote for it.

The Sons of Liberty too were a sort of club. Of the sixty-two names described on their rolls, one was "B. Church, Physician, well-versed in the art of canting, a qualification necessary for a delegate:" the connotation of "canting" in this connection being: we point with pride, we view with alarm.

Another member was "Joseph Eayres, Carpenter, eminent for erecting Liberty Poles," and to us, I may add, eminent for erecting the east front of Vassall House, according to the news under date of November 11, 1746, in said Boston Gazette.

As time went on, the Sons of Liberty became more than a club. It stood in the minds of the people for unity against political oppression. But in the next quotation I transcribe from Rowe he enters under date of August 14, 1764:

This day the colours were displayed on the Tree of Liberty, and about sixty people, Sons of Liberty, met at one of clock and drank the King's health.

VOSBURGH: DISLOYALTY OF BENJAMIN CHURCH, JR.

53

John Rowe was a wealthy Boston merchant, primarily interested in prosperity for himself and his fellow townsmen, giving stag dinners for British army and navy officers, for the governors and council, and being entertained by them in return. He and Church were frequently on the same committees and must have discussed the increasing discontent between the factions; but whatever we may come to think of Church, we have Rowe's written testimony that he continued to "wish for harmony and peace." "The people," he wrote, "have done amiss, and no sober man can vindicate their conduct, but the revenge of the ministry is too severe."

It illuminates Church's conduct to study Rowe's reflections in his Journal. They could see both sides, could sympathize with both sides, could be satisfied with either, provided it were not a failure. They moved in the same society, Bostonian and British; they had a part in the same stirring events; they expressed similar convictions; they were moved by the same zeal, — to keep their country out of war.

But Liberty Tree became a symbol. Rowe makes an entry:

The people assembled under Liberty Tree, from thence removed to Faneuil Hall; then it was proposed to have a regular town meeting called which was accordingly done. Afternoon the town met at Faneuil Hall; the people were so many that Mr. Otis, the moderator, proposed adjourning to Dr. Sewall's meeting, which was accordingly voted, and they met there. (This was a June day, pleasant for a walk up to the Old South.) A committee of twenty-one gentlemen were chose to wait upon Gov. Bernard. He received us very cordially. The committee returned to Mr. Hancock's in order as follows: — Mr. Otis and Mr. Hancock first and all in carriages.

The list ends with Dr. Church, Dr. Warren, Dr. Young, and Captain David Malcom. As usual the medical profession stuck together.

In short, at this time, Church was a trusted patriot who wrote trenchant articles for the press. He was the confidant of two groups violently opposed one to the other. His sister had married John Fleming, who in 1767 with his co-partner, Mien, began the publication of the Boston Chronicle, which was the first paper to be issued in New England twice a week.

There was no question on which side of the fence stood Fleming. He was no waverer. His paper was suspended in 1770 as things began to get hot.

In that year occurred the Boston Massacre and a great negro, Crispus Attucks, was the first to fall. Dr. Church was called to examine the body and pronounced his death to be immediate. This rebellious affray against law and order may have been the decisive straw in the wind for the doctor. To go to trial in defence of Captain Preston, who was doing his duty as a British officer in controlling the townsmen, meant a courageous stand. However, two of the best-balanced men in the colony, John Adams and Josiah Quincy, won the case for him.

Each anniversary in obedience to a resolution entered on the town minutes, an address was delivered in the Old South Meeting-House. One can recommend the passage of a similar resolution when the enslaved cities of our day are liberated from the Nazis. The resolution provided for:

An Oration to commemorate the horred Massacre of the Fifth of March 1770, and to impress upon the Minds of the citizens the ruinous tendency of standing Armies being placed in Free and Populous Cities and the Necessity for such Noble Exertions in all future Times as the Inhabitants of the Town then made whereby the designs of the Conspirators against the Public Liberty may be still frustrated.

Church delivered the oration in 1773 to a packed house, British soldiery as well as Freeholders finding standing-room only. The town council, as was customary, rewarded the orator with five yards of cloth.

The names of the Committee who waited upon him requesting a copy for the press which you can see in Widener Library are:

The Hon. John Hancock, Esq;

Hon. James Otis, Esq;

Mr. Samuel Adams;

John Scollay, Esq;

Dr. Joseph Warren,

Mr. William Dennie

Col. Thomas Marshall.

Church's reply was:

The approbation of my fellow-citizens with which I have been so undeservedly distinguished, influences me without any reluctance to submit this Oration to the public inspection in confidence that the exemplary generosity and candour of this sensible

metropolis will so far prevail as to shield this hasty production from the severity of criticism.

How our radio era would blue-pencil this!

Half a dozen years previous Rowe had written of "present difficulties" as if they would shortly be smoothed out. That was unquestionably the attitude of "sober men" who were sitting with him to draw instructions to their representatives about the trade of the town; the others being Dr. Warren, Dr. Church, Mr. John Adams, Mr. Richard Dana, and Mr. Henderson Inches. But the next year one realizes that the fire is smouldering, for he too is under suspicion as a firebrand.

It was a Sunday morning at the Coffee-House when Rowe was most smartly accosted by Capt. Dundass (Commander of His Majesty's ship of war) in the following words:

"Hah, John, are you there? Dammy, I expected to have heard of your being hanged before now, for damn you, you deserve it."

"Surely, Capt. Dundass, you're joking."

"No, damn you, I'm in earnest. I tell you, you are an incendiary, and I hope to see you hanged yet in your shoes."

Rowe thought it prudent to take no notice and went home to dinner.

Patriots were even becoming suspicious of their friends. Though there was no Federal Bureau of Investigation, there was a recognized need of information. Washington later requested Church to put him in touch with intelligence sources in Boston. But before Washington came to Cambridge the patriots were already awake to the desirability of separating the sheep from the goats. Rowe writes: "Just as I was going to bed, there was a very great halloing in the street and a mob of upwards a thousand people. It seems they had got an informer and put him in a cart and covered him with tarr and feathers, and so exhibited him thro' the streets."

One would think twice, especially a gentleman of Church's standing, before turning informer and risking a public disgrace.

Rowe was one of the merchants to whom was consigned the famous shipment of tea which caused such excitement. Of course the Sons of Liberty had to do something about it, so they appointed a committee on which was the usual medical triumvirate, Dr. Church, Dr. Warren, and Dr. Young, backed up by about five hundred townspeople meeting at Liberty Tree. They placarded the town, calling upon the merchants to re-ship their cargoes.

Before the Tea Party actually took place the following month, the

participants and spectators had increased to about two thousand. As a result, Mr. Rowe wrote he "felt a little unwell," and that he "would rather have lost 500 guineas than that his captain should have taken any of this tea aboard his ship."

While Church was imprisoned in Norwich, Connecticut, Rowe was writing that he was so insulted by "some furious, hot persons" that his brethren at the Masonic Funeral of Dr. Warren persuaded him not to walk in the procession. He comments, possibly with his friend's punishment in mind: "I am not conscious of myself of doing anything prejudicial to the cause of America either by will, word or deed."

Church too was a Mason. He instituted the Lodge of the Rising Sun and was its first Grand Master. Throughout his story we discover reasons for the esteem in which he was held by Washington, who acknowledged "he was in all his councils."

Not only his profession and his clubs kept Church busy, but also with true Cantabrigian propriety, his committees. One needs to flavor these cold facts with a warm imagination though we are not embellishing our tale with fiction but narrating truth as it flashes from contemporary annals. The Committee of Correspondence was a large one. The members chosen in 1772 were in this order: James Otis, Sam Adams, Dr. Warren, Dr. Church, and 17 others. They gathered important news at home and abroad and printed it on handbills which were sent to local committees to bring before their town meetings. They were the political minute-men signing one of their notices, "The least delay may prove fatal." Thus tidings from Boston could reach by courier even the faraway Tidewater Section of Virginia.

The Committee of Public Safety elected May 18, 1775 were: John Hancock, Joseph Warren, Benjamin Church in this order, with ten other names. Times were getting more tempestuous, so the very next day the Provincial Congress gave them authority to call out the militia, to nominate officers, to commission them, and to direct the operations of the Army. Ample powers indeed.

This committee, acting with the Committee of Supplies after the Concord fight and before Bunker Hill, were preparing for immediate hostilities, distributing military supplies, making powder into cartridges, and establishing a train of artillery.

The night of Paul Revere's ride the committee suspected something

VOSBURGH: DISLOYALTY OF BENJAMIN CHURCH, JR. 57

was up because of their reports from different quarters. General Gage had confided his plan only to Lord Percy and his own wife. As Percy was crossing the Common, he overheard a man say: "The British troops will miss their aim." "What aim?" inquired Percy. "Why, the cannon at Concord."

Percy rushed back to inform Gage, who issued orders at once that no person should leave town. Luckily only a few minutes before, Joseph Warren had started Revere and Dawes on their errands. But are we not justified in saying Church and Warren? They had met with their Committee of Safety that day, in Menotomy before going to Boston. According to

*the story handed down in the Stedman family, it may well have been Church himself who stimulated "the alarm to every Middlesex village and farm." Because it was early on that evening that a sergeant went about rounding up his men and looking for one Gibson whose wife was in the employ of Mrs. Stedman as a servant. The family papers state that he left a message at the Stedman home. "Gibson was to report himself at 8 o'clock at the bottom of the Common equipped for an expedition. Mrs. Stedman hastened to inform her husband of this alarming summons, and he at once carried the intelligence to Dr. Benjamin Church who lived near by on Washington Street." **

No doubt Church let Warren know as soon as possible that the dreaded moment for a British military expedition had come. They may have devised some private get-away. They may have procured through Church's influence with Gage a pass permitting them to visit their patients. Anyway they were surely in Cambridge on the 19th of April, when Church was dressing the wounded and Warren lost a curl on the side of his head, shot off by a bullet. The fight was on a Wednesday, and Revere wrote afterwards that on Thursday he had noticed that Church's stockings were bespattered with blood, the doctor having been too busy to change. Moreover, Revere wrote: "I argued with myself, if a man will risk his life in a cause, he must be a friend to that cause; and I never suspected him after, till he was charged with being a traitor."

After the Concord fight, one of the first orders of the Council of War was "that the officers of the guards who have care of prisoners procure good surgeons to attend the wounded." t

**Memorial History of Boston, Justin Winsor, Osgood 1881, Vol. 3, page 68.*

†Henshaw's Orderly Book, Massachusetts Historical Society, Proceedings, XV, 89. April 21, 1875.

Dr. Isaac Foster of Charlestown was the first to be engaged. He had graduated from Harvard four years later than Church and both doctors were members of the Provincial Congress, so in close touch with affairs. One can fancy them discussing the most advisable location for a hospital. Tradition says they decided on the old Vassall House because Madam Vassall had left on the premises a large well-stocked medicine chest which the doctors needed more than houseroom. The widow had taken refuge in Boston, being one of the family group of rich Tories who fled to the protection of the British arms. Her own brother, Isaac Royall of Medford, had taken to his heels; her nephew across the road, John Vassall, Jr., had scuttled out at the rear of his house when a mob gathered at the front; her niece Elizabeth had departed from Elmwood after a crowd of four thousand patriots had demanded the resignation of her husband, Lieutenant Governor Thomas Oliver.

Indeed, of the Tory congregation at Christ Church, only two families remained. A ferment of fear was rising. On April 29 Dr. Foster received orders "to remove all the sick and wounded, whose circumstances will admit of it, into the hospital." It is said the guards picked up both British and American wounded along the road and brought them for first aid to the old Vassall homestead, where there were many bedrooms — nine on the second floor, and many above in the attic, with clinic and office space on the ground floor, with a long ell extending toward the river, with the coach house and other outbuildings suitable for shelter in spring.

*The Provincial Congress was summoned to meet on April 22, for the patriots deemed it essential that an accurate account of the combat should reach England as soon as possible, stating their side of the case. On the very next day, a Sunday, they appointed a committee to draw up a "narrative of the massacre." **

Three of their ablest members were chosen, Dr. Church, Mr. Gerry, Mr. Gushing. This was called the Committee on Depositions. They held sessions at Concord and Lexington that same Sunday and again on Tuesday, and took a number of sworn affidavits from local witnesses of the doings of the troops on their route to and from Concord. The Committee of Supplies was ordered to send the account of the fight to England, addressed "To The Inhabitants of Great Britain."

No time was lost. Here then is Church, an avowed patriot, co-

** American Archives, 4th Sec., Vol. 2, p. 766.*

VOSBURGH: DISLOYALTY OF BENJAMIN CHURCH, JR.

59

operating with two other gentlemen never suspected of any betrayal of their fellowmen, doing his uttermost to clear Massachusetts from every trace of treasonable intent toward Great Britain. Here, indisputably, he was bent on forming British opinion in favor of the colonies.

The Committee of Supplies engaged Captain John Derby of Salem to fit out his vessel, the Quero, as a packet. No modern propaganda can beat this trans-Atlantic race under sail, this determination to get the news across to the people before the Royal Governor could influence them adversely. For this adventurous voyage, you will note the Committee instructed him to sail the northern course, more dangerous but shorter, less liable to be intercepted.

The order was as follows:

In Committee of Safety, April 27, 1775. Resolved, That Captain Derby be directed, and he hereby is directed, to make for Dublin, or any other good port in Ireland, and from thence to cross to Scotland or England, and hasten to London. This direction is given so that he may escape all cruisers that may be in the chops of the Channel to stop the communication of the provincial intelligence to the agent. He will forthwith deliver his papers to the agent on reaching London.

J. Warren, Chairman.

P.S. You are to keep this order a profound secret from every person on earth.

*This was a secret worth a royal bonus, yet Church kept it. The schooner carried the official affidavits and copies of the Essex Gazette, the news in print of the first battle of the Revolution.**

The Quero slipped out of Salem harbor at night on April 28 and late in May had made land, probably the Isle of Wight. Captain Derby left her concealed and reached London by post chaise on May 28, getting ahead of Governor Gage's dispatches by eleven days. Arthur Lee, Agent for the Massachusetts Bay, issued a notice "to the public that the original affidavits which confirm the account are deposited at the Mansion House for their inspection."†

Soon after, who but Benedict Arnold was conferring with Church! The former had armed sixty volunteers and marched to Cambridge with

** The Cruise of the Quero, Robert S. Rantoul, Essex Institute, Vol. 36, 1900.*

† Lee Papers, 1773-76, Vol. 2.

the proposition that he would attempt the capture of Ticonderoga and Crown Point. The Massachusetts Provincial Congress gave him supplies and a commission as colonel with authority to raise not more than 400 men for the expedition. His orders, dated May 3, 1775, were signed by Benjamin Church, Chairman of the Committee of Safety.

A picturesque example is thus presented of the Muse of History laughing in her sleeve as she looked forward as we look back upon these two trusted patriots, both to be branded as traitors — "lost to all sense of honor," as Washington put it in reference to Arnold.

Could we but invoke the Muse for an elucidation of Church's inconsistencies, we might solve the enigma of his motives as events hurry him along on a journey of such consequence that the reverberations continue today and will continue after our sons are gone.

This trip was ordered on May 16 and 17 by the Provincial Congress, as Church was again elected a member of the Committee of Safety. The orders read in part:

Dr. Benjamin Church was ordered to go immediately to Philadelphia to deliver to the President of the honorable American Congress an application for Congress to take charge of the Army then being raised and that Dr. Church confer with Congress on the matter for the Memorial which Dr. Church presented in behalf of the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts. The Massachusetts Committee of Safety voted that Dr. Church have an order for a Horse and Sulkey, and a single horse and a servant to attend him for his journey to Philadelphia, upon the Province account.

Church appeared before the Continental Congress on June 2 and presented the application from Massachusetts Bay asking for "civil power to provide for and control an army." He wrote that he "mingled freely and frequently with the members," was introduced to the delegates from the other colonies by his friends from Massachusetts, and when we recall his reputation for "canting," perhaps he did a little lobbying. The impression he made was so favorable that afterwards, when the Congress was appointing the military leaders on July 27, "Benjamin Church was unanimously elected as Director-General and chief

Physician in the Hospital," and it was "Resolved that the appointment of the four Surgeons and the Apothecary be left to Dr. Church," certainly a proof of the confidence he inspired.

On June 15 Washington was elected "Commander-in-Chief of the

Forces raised and to be raised in defense of American Liberty." The return of Church, with his commission accomplished successfully, must have been enthusiastically received. So again he was honored by the Provincial Congress, being selected with Moses Gill to go to Springfield to meet the new Commander and conduct him to Cambridge. Accordingly the committee of two set out for Springfield, met Washington, and returned through Brookfield, Worcester, and Marlboro, arriving in Watertown on Sunday morning, July 2. There Washington was greeted by the happy members of the Provincial Congress, who welcomed him with an address; but as he still had three miles to go to reach his destination, he did not reply till the Fourth of July, when he answered by letter. One is reminded of the increase in size of the proverbial snowball because Washington and Church and Gill were surrounded by a train of other gentlemen as they passed through the towns on their journey until the final touch of importance was given the cavalcade at Marlboro by an escort of horse.*

Church's duties as head of the hospital with his quarters in the old Vassall House, sometimes called Washington's Hospital or the Continental Hospital, were to "furnish medicine, bedding, and all other necessaries, to pay for the same, to receive orders from the Commander-in-Chief." His stipend was \$4.00 a day, twice that of a Massachusetts colonel. There were about two hundred cases in Cambridge, with a nurse for every ten patients. Church was now only forty years old with a great medical career ahead of him. But his private life was not unblemished, for he had been separated from his family, although whatever his misfortune or duplicity may have been, he was adept in keeping it off the record. Dark hints occur but they may have originated from this paragraph in Sabine:

"About 1768, Church built an elegant house in Raynham which occasioned pecuniary embarrassments, and it has been conjectured that his difficulties from this source caused his deflection from the Whig cause."

The records for that year in Raynham have been destroyed. If one is moved to hunt up the woman, if one is tempted to excuse his extravagance because of the beautiful eyes of his mistress, one is lost in a dead end, her very name having vanished into obscurity, as mysterious as his own end.

* *Itinerary of General Washington. Baker, 1892.*

Church could not fail to have been acquainted with the exotic romance in this Orthodox period of Agnes Surriage of Marblehead, who was living in the house in Hopkinton built for her by Sir Harry Frankland. Indeed Church signed the order issued by the Provincial Congress permitting her to pass through the patriot lines from there to her town house in besieged Boston. Lady Frankland was received in the gay social set of the Vassalls; she attended Henry Vassall's funeral in Christ Church on a raw March day. So it may have been

her blandishments which caused Church to sign the generous order including "one hamper filled with bottled wines" and plenty of good farm produce. His order however was reconsidered because a number of people were greatly irritated by this partiality and the food supply was much cut down. However, Col. Bond and a guard of six men were directed to escort Lady Frank-land without any further examination.

On the eve of his forty-first birthday, he wrote a sensible letter dated August 23, '75, to Sam Adams from the "Continental Hospital," five pages of print which may be read in Allen French's scholarly book, "General Gage's Informers." This gives a clear idea of the formidable task confronting Church: nearly 30 hospitals extending as far away as Connecticut, some under the guidance of surgeons who had never seen a hospital; the expense of their supplies exceeding all the other expenses of the army; the need of a convalescent hospital; the necessity of enforcement of the rule of no admission for visitors who brought gifts of improper food, and for soldiers who good-naturedly dropped in to call.

Able executive as was Church or perhaps because of it, he met with objections from his subordinates. Repeated complaints being made by the regimental surgeons that they were not allowed sufficient supplies and the Director General charging them with extravagance, Washington ordered an inquiry in each brigade as to Church's administration. General Sullivan's was the first to report drawing forth a flowery reply from Church, in part as follows:

The Doctor esteems himself peculiarly happy that the undeserved prejudice against him is so totally removed, which he was apprehensive had possessed the General's mind. He flatters himself that his whole conduct, during the present unhappy contest, will bear the strictest scrutiny. The sole object of his pursuit, the first wish of his heart, was ever the salvation of his country.

VOSBURGH: DISLOYALTY OF BENJAMIN CHURCH, JR. 63

Shortly afterwards, in the Camp at Cambridge at another Court of Inquiry consisting of six officers with Brigadier General Heath presiding, several Regimental Surgeons presented similar complaints. The Director General was summoned to answer them with the result that the Court was "Unanimously of opinion that the Complaints against the Director General have arisen from a misunderstanding in the Regimental Surgeons, not distinguishing between supplies for Regimental Hospitals and such as are for the sick in Camp, and that the Conduct of the Director General justly merits approbation and applause, and begs leave to report the same to His Excellency."

Ten days later Washington issued orders to suspend further inquiries because of the indisposition of Church. Three days passed and there was a bolt like lightning in General Orders, commanding Dr. Isaac Foster to take the direction and superintendency of the General Hospital and to be obeyed as director. What had happened?

The arrest of Church followed, or as Rivington's Royal Gazette of Oct. 19, 1775, stated:

We are informed that Dr. Church is confined in a house opposite to the Headquarters in Cambridge. His correspondence, it is said, was carried on in cyphers with a field officer in General Gage's army in Boston.

But let Washington tell the story in his letter to Hancock, then President of the Continental Congress. Note the references to the woman in the case.

I have now a painful though a necessary duty to perform respecting Dr. Church, Director General of the hospital. About a week ago, Mr. Secretary Ward of Providence sent up to me one Wainwood, an inhabitant of Newport, with a letter directed to Major Cane in Boston, in characters, which he said had been left with Wainwood by a woman who was kept by Dr. Church. She had before pressed Wainwood to take her to Capt. Wallace at Newport, Mr. Dudley, the Collector, or George Rowe, which he declined. She then gave him the letter with a strict charge to deliver it to either of those gentlemen. He, suspecting some improper correspondence, kept the letter and after some time, opened it; but not being able to read it, laid it up, where it remained until he received an obscure letter from the woman, expressing an anxiety after the original letter. He then communicated the whole matter to Mr.

Ward who sent him up with the papers to me. I immediately secured the woman; but for a long time she was proof against every threat and persuasion to discover the author. However at length, she was brought to a confession and named Dr. Church. I then immediately secured him and all his papers. Upon his first examination, he readily acknowledged the letter, said it was designed for his brother Fleming, and when deciphered would be found to contain nothing criminal. He acknowledged his never having communicated the correspondence to any person here but the girl, and made many protestations of the purity of his intentions. Having found a person capable of deciphering the letter, I, in the meanwhile, had all his papers searched, but found nothing criminal among them. But it appeared on inquiry that a confidant had been among the papers before my messenger arrived.

Was the confidant the same girl? Was she the one for whom he maintained the country house in Raynham? She must have had an agile mind and a stout heart to have "withstood every threat and persuasion" used by Washington, who is reputed to have had a way with the ladies. Stern indeed would his eyes have been in those trying days at Headquarters (the Longfellow House) when he was building foundations for a republic. Romantic souls would like to know her name, but perhaps Washington's chivalry or his wife's Christian charity for a trapped woman designed that it had best be forgotten.

Washington had the cipher letter deciphered by the Rev. Samuel West of New Bedford. Now here was a crime for which no punishment had been prescribed, secret correspondence in code with the enemy. So on October 3 a Council of War was summoned to meet at Headquarters, His Excellency General Washington presiding over Major Generals Ward, Lee, and Putnam; Brigadier Generals Spencer, Heath, Sullivan, Greene and Thomas;

Adjutant General Gates. This was a sober and dramatic convocation in the old house. One wonders in which room these ten top-ranking generals of the army sat.

They adjourned till next day when the doctor, now a prisoner, was called over to explain his intentions. His defence was that the letter was "calculated to impress the enemy with a strong idea of our strength and situation, in order to prevent an attack at a time when the Continental Army was in need of ammunition, and in hopes of affecting some speedy accommodation of the present dispute, and he made solemn asseverations

VOSBURGH: DISLOYALTY OF BENJAMIN CHURCH, JR. 65

of his innocence. . . . The question was then proposed and discussed what were the proper steps to be taken with respect to him. ... It was determined it should be referred to the General Congress for their special direction, and that in the meantime he be closely confined, and no person visit him but by special direction."

This is taken from "A True copy of the Minutes of the Council of War on Dr. Church," by Joseph Reed, Secretary.

The cipher letter, the only testimony on which Church was convicted, is a very long and moving plea and took him a whole day, July 23, to write. I can transcribe it only in part:*

I hope this will reach you; three attempts have been made without success; in effecting the last, the man was discovered in attempting his escape, but fortunately my letter was sewed in the waistband of his breeches; he was confined a few days during which time you may guess my feelings; but a little art and a little cash settled the matter. Tis a month since my return from Philadelphia. . . . The people of Connecticut are raving in the cause of liberty. A number from this colony robbed the king's stores at New York with some small assistance the New Yorkers lent them. ... I counted 280 pieces of cannon, from 24 to 3 pounders, at Kingsbridge, which the committee had secured for the use of the Colonies. The Jerseys are not a whit behind Connecticut in zeal; the Philadelphians exceed them both. I saw 2200 men in review there by Gen. Lee, consisting of Quakers and other inhabitants in uniform, with 1000 Riflemen and 40 horse, who together made a most warlike appearance. I mingled freely and frequently with members of the Continental Congress. They were united, determined in opposition and appeared assured of success. Now to come home; the opposition is become formidable; 18,000 men, brave and determined, with Washington and Lee at their head, are no contemptible enemy.

Then he enumerates: provisions are plenty, cloth made in every town for the soldiers, upwards of 20 tons of powder now in Camp, saltpeter made in every colony and powdermills running, paper money circulating freely and exchangeable for cash.

Volunteers are daily flocking to the Camp, one thousand riflemen in two or three days. Recruits are now levying to augment the army to

* Written to Major Cane, Aide to General Gage. See "Contemporary Copy" of translation in Houghton Library.

22,000 men; 10,000 militia are appointed in the Province to appear on the first summons. . . . Add to that, unless the plan of accommodation takes place immediately these harbours will swarm with privateers. An Army will be raised to take possession of Canada. For the sake of the miserable convulsed empire, solicit peace, repeal the acts, or Great Britain is undone. This advice is the result of warm affection to my King and to the realm. . . . Should Britain declare war against the Colonies, they are lost forever. Should Spain declare against England, the Colonies will declare a neutrality which will doubtless produce an offensive and defensive league between them. For God's sake, prevent it by a speedy reconciliation. . . .

Finally he proposes an elaborate plan for a reply also in code, ending with the phrase, "Make use of every precaution or I perish."

The very day the Council of War were discussing this letter, Church was writing to James Warren, Speaker of the House of Representatives, resigning his seat for Boston. He knew that the trap was sprung and that he was caught. This reads in the contemporary copy in Houghton Library like the letter of a desperate man, "imploring pardon for one well-meant act of indiscretion on the scroll of infamy." But he was not to escape thus easily. On the fourteenth, the House asked Washington to explain the cause of the imprisonment. On the seventeenth, Washington's secretary sent the papers to them and a resolution was passed to bring the Doctor before the Bar of the House to show cause why he should not be expelled. This happened to be the day of the arrival at Headquarters of Benjamin Franklin and two other delegates from the Continental Congress to inspect the army. So as Washington was giving them a dinner, no wonder he wanted to clear the board of the Church affair. The Council of War was sitting again next day, resulting in its decision to increase the army to thirty-six regiments. This was one way of convincing New England that they were not rebels against a king but supporters of a newly emerging government, an inappropriate moment to spend more time on an "indiscretion."

So the House, sitting in Watertown, awaiting the "special directions from the honorable the Continental Congress," took over the case of "Benjamin Church, Jr. Esq. lately a Surgeon General in the American Army." They resolved that William Howe, their Messenger or High Sheriff should apply "for a sufficient guard safely to conduct" the Doctor

before them at 10 A.M. on the twenty-seventh. This was a Friday, a Black Friday indeed, for Washington seems to have been thoroughly angered. Howe came to the Hospital with a summons, but Church, standing on his dignity, objected to the long walk and demanded a chaise. He wrote he sat with Howe, "in which manner we proceeded, in the center of a guard of twenty men with drum and fife, from my prison in Cambridge to Watertown, being three miles."

Tradition says that attention was called to the procession by the fife corps playing the Rogue's March. While a student at Harvard, Church wrote a long poem bubbling over with youthful idealism, one couplet being:

Empty parade is all that heroes know

Unless fair Virtue hover in the show.

This Rogue's March with an armed guard was no "empty parade": rather it was an ironical proclamation that the defendant, adjudged guilty by a military tribunal, was being given a just American trial according to democratic standards.

From the frosts of October, with soldiers guarding the culprit, back to the lilacs of May when he had set out for Philadelphia, an honored delegate, one may trace an allegory, from fair to counterfeit, from truth to treachery. Yet "there were not a few among the most respectable and intelligent in the community," wrote his contemporary, Dr. Thacher, "who expressed strong doubts of a criminal design."

The minutes of the House in this long month when Church's case was under consideration reveal their determination to do everything they ought to do. They even appointed a committee to arrange for proper refreshments for the twenty Guards who were stationed at the several doors and who accompanied the doctor back and forth during adjournments.

He was permitted to present the decoded letter with his own corrections on separate paper. He declared his only motive was the public good, that he had exaggerated the amount of our ammunition at a time when the knowledge of its scarcity might have proved fatal, and that he had "dissimulated in the hopes of obtaining intelligence from his brother-in-law Fleming in Boston as he had before gained information of importance by such means which he had employed much to our advantage."

But these hard-headed Yankees did not favor secret diplomacy. They reported it as "highly criminal and dangerous, and that there are grounds for a violent presumption that before that time he had secretly communicated intelligence to the enemy most injurious and destructive to this and all the United American Colonies."

Accordingly he was utterly expelled from the House, his seat declared vacant, and the Town of Boston entitled to return a new Member. They considered measures for his security if General Washington should dismiss him. Fearful of his escape, they resolved that "whereas the Court Martial, in whose custody he now is, from the want of a suitable provision in the Continental Articles of War, may be unable to bring the said Church to condign punishment, and the setting him at liberty may be attended with dangerous consequences to the cause of America," they arranged for him to be further apprehended and secured.

But before that Resolve was ordered, the Continental Congress had taken his case under advisement and passed this Resolve, November 7, 1775: "That Dr. Church be close confined in some secure jail in the Colony of Connecticut without the use of pen, ink, and paper, and that no person be allowed to converse with him except in the presence and hearing of a

Magistrate of the Town, or the Sheriff of the County where he shall be confined, and in the English Language until further orders from this or a future Congress."

This restriction to the English language may have been inserted because of a suspicion that he or an undercover agent of his had been selling intelligence to General Thomas Gage. There are letters in the French language, the sort of French a Bostonian might write, in the Gage Papers, the MSS brought by William L. Clements from England and skillfully examined by Allen French, which give plausible but not positive evidence that Church had communicated inside information to the British. I heartily commend Allen French's recent book to those who wish to fill out this sketch.

Paul Revere, years after Lexington, wrote that he was sitting with the Committee of Safety at Mr. Hastings' house in Cambridge two days after the fight, when the Doctor all at once started up and said he was determined to go into Boston the following day. Dr. Warren replied "Are you serious, Dr. Church? they will hang you if they catch you in Boston." After some discussion it was agreed he should go to get medicine for both the British and American wounded officers. He went, he re-

VOSBURGH: DISLOYALTY OF BENJAMIN CHURCH, JR.

69

turned, he was quizzed by Revere on his treatment within the lines. Revere wrote that Church went to the British General's house, had a private interview with him, and appeared to his informant, when they came out of the room together, to be on the most friendly terms.

The disciple of a new political doctrine had heard the jangle of the seven pieces of silver; he had faith in his cause, but he did not have faith enough.

After being sentenced, Church was confined in jail in Norwich, Conn. But on New Year's Day he petitioned the Continental Congress to "be allowed to return to his family in Taunton claiming that nothing but exercise in the open air would contribute to his recovery." The Congress did not release him but desired Governor Trumbull to remove him to a more comfortable place and permit him to ride out under a trusty guard. But in May another petition from his three physicians asked that he be sent to the Colony of Massachusetts, the Council of said Colony to take sureties for not less than a thousand pounds.

But if Church's life in confinement was in danger, it would have been more so had he been set at liberty. He was sent back to Massachusetts, but James Warren wrote from Watertown to John Adams in Philadelphia, "I fear the people will kill him if at large."

He was imprisoned in Boston and was to be exchanged for a British surgeon, but even after he had boarded the cartel vessel, the indignation of the public was so great that he was returned to jail. His wife complained in a petition through which she was awarded enough to pay her passage with her children to England: "The mob not content with wreaking their malice on your memorialist's husband, broke open his house, pillaged and destroyed everything it contained, not leaving her a change of clothes, nor even a bed for her and her children to lie on."

She reached England safely and twice petitioned the Crown for support, affirming that her husband had been imprisoned in a loathsome jail in Boston because of certain services

he had rendered the government, referring to General Gage. She was awarded a pension of one hundred and fifty pounds as Church's wife, a handsome annuity.

Finally Church was exiled to the West Indies and threatened with death in case he should return. He sailed from Boston in a small schooner under a Captain Smithwick, and neither ship nor Doctor was ever heard of again.

One story relates that a violent storm dashed the vessel to pieces off

Boston Light; another from Nova Scotia reported that the descendants of one Charles Church, a Loyalist cousin, still repeat the family tradition that the Doctor was thrown overboard shortly after sailing. Either or both could be true. The way of his death is as open to conjecture as was his way of life.

In a pathetic tribute his aged father clung to the hope that he might still survive. In his will he bequeathed five pounds and his library to his son, if alive, "for alas! he is now absent — being cruelly banished his country, and whether living or dead, God only knows." Consequently, there is no epitaph to the Doctor in any churchyard, no admonition of his disloyalty except his name scratched in Vassall House.

What is the clue to Church's conduct? All his cleverness in dissimulation, all his talent for histrionic effect showing the ingenuity of a Secret Service drama — all his ability to steer his course through the whirlpool of powerful events, all this finally in men's minds went through the sieve of a simple question, "Was he of honest purpose?"

He was meeting the need for constant readjustments, for structural modifications of the social order in the making, as there are today, for a guess as to the outcome. England could afford coercion instead of concessions. Was his avowed patriotism merely a smokescreen? Was it dictated by a wait-and-see policy? If we look at the incriminatory letter from the point of view of many Whig leaders that concessions from the mother country and not separation was the desired object, we may interpret it as evidence that an appeasement policy was uppermost in Church's mind.

John Adams makes a strong statement when he says: "There was not a moment during the revolution when I would not have given everything I possessed for a restoration to the state of things before the contest began, provided we could have had a sufficient security for its continuance."

Jefferson affirmed: "Before the commencement of hostilities, I never heard a whisper of a disposition to separate from Great Britain, and after that, its possibility was contemplated with affliction by all."

*Franklin in striking phrase stated a few days before the Battle of Lexington, "that he never had heard in any conversation from any person, drunk or sober, the least expression of a wish for a separation, or a hint that such a thing would be advantageous to America." **

* The quotations from Adams, Jefferson, and Franklin are taken from Sabine.

And Washington with a literary fluency equal to Church's own, wrote after the Evacuation of Boston about the British what, we surmise, may apply to the Nazis: "They were taught to believe that their power was superior to all opposition . . . therefore when the order was issued for embarking the troops, no electric shock, no sudden explosion of thunder, in a word, not the last trump, could have struck them with greater consternation."

*

Was Church convinced that he was playing safe, like the early adherents of the Vichy policy in our day? We may be baffled, we may still find, as his great public did, that his behavior was puzzling, but in spite of that, we must feel that the relating of the story of his life will incline us to more vigilance. Church, with his frequent appearances before courts and committees and congresses, now makes a last appearance and leaves the verdict to you.

**Letter dated Boston, March 31, 1776*

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF EDWARD SHERMAN DODGE

READ BY LOIS LILLEY HOWE

October 24, 1944

I (Edward Sherman Dodge) am informed that I was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, March 12, 1852, —which the calendar shows to have been a Friday, — in a house on Fayette Street, which had been built there by my father in 1848.

My father was John Calvin Dodge, born in Newcastle, Lincoln County, Maine, in 1810; and my mother Lucy Sherman, daughter of Joseph Sherman of Edgecomb, Lincoln County, Maine, was born in 1819, in a house, now not in existence, through which passed the line between the towns of Newcastle and Edgecomb, the house being near the present railroad station called South Newcastle.

My father, John C. Dodge, was graduated from Bowdoin College in 1834 and received the degree LL.D. from that college in 1875. From 1834 to 1836 he conducted a well-known school at Eastport, Maine; from 1839 to 1842 he practised law at Nobleboro (afterward Damariscotta), Maine; then practised law in Boston, Massachusetts, from 1842 until his retirement from active work in 1885. During a considerable portion of the interval between 1836 and 1839 he read law in Boston, in the office of Peleg Sprague, later Judge of the District Court of the United States for the District of Massachusetts, to whom he became greatly attached, and who showed him many kindnesses and rendered him much assistance in establishing himself professionally in Boston in 1842, and in later years.

He lived in Cambridge, Massachusetts from 1842 until his death in 1890 and took part in the change of Cambridge from a town government to a city government, rendering professional assistance regarding the change and holding office in the earliest city

governments. He served in the Legislature of Massachusetts in 1857 and in the senate of Massachusetts in 1862. He was an overseer of Bowdoin College, 1872-1888, and was President of that Board, 1876-1888.

My mother's brother, Joseph Sherman, was graduated from Bowdoin College in 1826; received the degree LL.D. from the University of Nash-

ville, Tennessee. He was Principal of North Yarmouth Academy, Maine, 1826-1832; attended Andover Theological Seminary, 1832-1834; was Professor of Ancient Languages at Jackson College, Columbia, Tennessee; was President of that College, 1845-1846, and died June 24, 1849, at Nashville, Tennessee. Another of her brothers — Thomas Sherman — received the degree M.D. from Bowdoin College in 1826 and practised medicine at Dresden, Maine, until his death. One of his brothers also — Asa Dodge — graduated from Bowdoin College in 1827; received the degree M.D. in 1831 from his college, became a missionary physician in Syria in 1832-1835; died at Jerusalem 1835, and is there buried.

After living a short period in a house on what was then called Cross Street (but later, and up to the present time, known as Hancock Street) and boarding in various other places in Cambridge, my father bought land on Fayette Street, near the corner of Broadway, built a house (still standing) and moved into it in 1848.

My eldest brother, Frederic Dodge, was born April 24, 1847. He was originally named John Frederic Dodge and used that form of name until about the time of his entrance into college. He died suddenly March 7, 1927, at his house in Belmont.

My brother, William Walter Dodge, was born June 25, 1849. His health began to fail about 1900, and he died at Lincoln, Massachusetts, May 13, 1921, after a long period of disability. He had a very fine, delicately-poised mind, and investigated a large variety of subjects — particularly geology and paleontology — and traveled extensively previous to 1904, or 1905, when his health began to fail. Frederic, William and myself were the only children born to my father and mother.

The house which my father built on Fayette Street was at a comfortable walking distance from Boston and was situated upon quite a large lot of land, upon which my father later raised a remarkable orchard of pear trees. For a considerable number of years he raised also several peach and plum trees, which bore large amounts of fruit of very fine size and quality. I recall the very splendid Crawford peaches, in particular, surpassing in size and quality any peaches of New England growth which I have ever seen since. Various diseases, however, affected the peach and plum trees and ultimately destroyed them. Isabella grapes also grew abundantly on the land.

A portion of this land sloped in a sort of natural terrace toward Fay-

ette Street, and its rear portion was overhung and shaded by a row of large and fine elm and ash trees, making an ideal playground for children. Under these trees my father caused to be constructed about 1860, an outdoor gymnasium, — a wooden horse, parallel bars,

swings, etc., which gave to us children, and the children of our immediate neighbors, much pleasure and exercise.

Charles Deane, — later eminent in his historical studies — lived in one-half of the house next to us, and the six children of that family were of about the same relative ages as the Dodge children and constituted their most intimate playmates and schoolmates.

The only public means of communication between Cambridge and Boston in 1848, and for several years after, consisted in coaches or omnibuses drawn by horses (usually known as "the hourly") and my father very frequently walked from his house to his office at the corner of State and Congress Streets in Boston and home again, relying largely upon this walk for exercise. Very frequently, particularly on pleasant Sundays, my father took all of us on walks to the remnants of the Revolutionary Earthworks on Prospect Hill, or to various points on the Charles River, particularly to Captain's Island — now turned into a beach.

In my earlier years I grew very rapidly and — as a consequence of this, I have always thought — it was for the first 15 or 20 years of my life very difficult for me to acquire "book-knowledge"; and I regarded school attendance as an unpleasant task, and was very unhappy and discouraged in it. My first attendance at any regular school was when I was 7 or 8 years old, I imagine, and the school which I then attended was the school of Miss Emma Harris, in Cotton Street — now absorbed into Hancock Street, between Harvard Street and Broadway.

This school of Miss Harris's constituted such an important means of instruction and played such an important part in the lives of so many people in Cambridge that I will attempt here to state a brief history of it and, the more especially, because in order to obtain some particulars regarding its origin and development, I have recently (Nov. 28, 1928) called upon Miss Emma Harris at her house, No. 8 Holyoke Place, and obtained from her many details of which I was ignorant hitherto:

Miss Emma Harris was the next to the oldest daughter of Thaddeus William Harris, A.B., 1815, A.M., M.D. 1820, Librarian of Harvard College 1831-1856. She was a member of a large family, and when she

finished her own schooling, she was very anxious to open a school for young children. In her endeavor to carry out her desires, she spoke with President Quincy of H. U., who suggested Mr. Charles Deane as a person having a growing family of young children and who might want them taught. Mrs. Deane assisted Miss Harris, but they could discover no suitable place in a suitable locality until Mrs. Deane suggested Mrs. Dodge as a person having young children and a new house, and upon conference my mother assented to allow the use of her nursery for the purpose; whereupon Miss Harris opened her school in Mrs. Dodge's nursery, and Frederic Dodge and Charles Deane — Mrs. Deane's eldest boy — became her first pupils. This was about 1854. I can well recall, even now, my childish curiosity regarding the proceedings of that school, intensified as that curiosity was because I — then about 2 or 3 years old — was not allowed after the opening of that school to go into the nursery, which immediately adjoined my mother's own room, and with both of which rooms I had long been familiar. At last the chance came. I was in my mother's room,

being bathed, or dressed, — at all events I was entirely divested of clothing, — the nursery door had become unlatched and open a crack, and escaping from my mother, or whoever had me in charge at the moment, I pushed open the door and ran in. I shall never forget the astonishment, and exclamation and laughter of the small scholars therein upon my appearance, nor the promptitude with which I was captured and restored to the premises from which I had come.

The little school proved very popular, and in the second year she had 16 children as pupils; and in a year or two the nursery became too small, and Miss Harris was compelled to find larger accommodations. She finally discovered somewhere a wooden single-room structure, which had belonged to or was part of a large building which was being moved or demolished. This little building was decorated upon the exterior with a considerable number of large white wooden columns, each having a Doric capital. It looked like a little temple and presented an imposing appearance. It was finally moved onto a lot of land on Cotton Street, perhaps 100 or 200 feet to the southward of Broadway, which Miss Harris hired from the Dana estate, and there Miss Harris taught for many years, — in fact, until she declared that the coming children had become too ill-mannered for her. It is not an overstatement to say that, during the continuance of Miss Harris's teaching there was hardly a family in Cam-

bridge, of standing or position, that did not, at some time or some age, have one or more children under the care and tuition of Miss Harris. Many of my best friendships of after life had beginning there.

During the period of my attendance at Miss Harris's school singing was taught by Joseph Bird, and instruction in drawing was given by Mrs. Olmstead — a lady who then lived in an old house in Holmes Place (on the site now of Austin Hall), and who had 2 young daughters.

Of Mr. Bird, perhaps some account is worth while. The Bird family was an old-time family and occupied an old colonial house at Mount Auburn Bridge — the location where the old high road to Watertown crosses the then Fitchburg Railroad, Watertown Branch, track. The old house had quite a dignified and imposing appearance and faced down Brattle Street toward the gate of Mount Auburn Cemetery. The only members of the Bird family whom I ever met were Joseph Bird and his brother, Horace Bird. I do not think that either of them had any extensive knowledge of music as a fine art, but both of them used to advertise and hold what were then known as "singing schools" — held mainly in vestries or Sunday School rooms of various churches in and around Cambridge.

Of Joseph Bird, who taught at Miss Harris's school, I have a vivid impression and recollection. He was (or at least seemed to me at that time) a very large, heavy man, with a red face, an enormous voice, and a sole prominent upper incisor tooth, which became very much in evidence whenever he smiled — or perhaps I should say grinned, which he did most of his waking hours. I really think now that he was the soul of kindness and good nature, although his great size, resonant voice, red face, and sole obvious tooth imbued me with a childish fear of him, and caused him to assume in my mind the embodiment of "The

Ogre" of the fairy tales or other childish literature with which we were more or less familiar at the time.

From my earliest years I have been extremely accurate and sensitive to musical sounds; and having, as a child, a remarkably fine alto voice, I was, even in my earliest school days, frequently called upon to sing small solos, as well as leading parts in ensemble. I have always, however, been troubled by a sort of reticence, or bashfulness (as we used to say), in singing alone in public, and this unwillingness has harassed me even to the present time. I well recollect an occasion which occurred in Miss Harris's

School, which caused me considerable pride at the time and amusement later, when I had somewhat recovered from the fear and shock involved for me. Thus:

On one of the days appointed for the "singing lesson," Mr. Bird duly appeared and as usual stationed a stool (on which he always sat on such occasions) directly in front of the seated pupils and in front of Miss Harris's desk. He seated himself on the stool; beamed an expansive and all-inclusive grin upon the seated pupils; and announced that he was going to sing a certain musical note, and that then the pupils were to file, one by one, by him and sing the same note if they could. His face was as beaming and red as ever, his single front tooth as prominent as usual, and the project which he announced filled my childish mind with terror and apprehension. The exercise began however and one by one the children passed by him, each duly sounding some note but each drawing from Mr. Bird a grinning negative shake of his head and a loud laughing assurance that the note which they respectively sounded was not the correct note which he had himself sounded. I shall never forget the terror which I suffered as I got out of my seat (which was well back in the room) onto my small, shaking legs, and started on the journey (it seemed to me miles) to pass Mr. Bird and pipe my note. I was the last of all the pupils. As I neared him, I think that I began to run, I was so apprehensive and embarrassed; at all events I piped my note in his enormous ear and "ran for my life" back toward my seat — to be followed by a roar of laughter from Mr. Bird and the announcement that I was the only child who had sounded the correct note.

Another incident connected with the same period of my schooling occurs to me, although in later years I have felt rather "mean" about it. Mrs. Olmstead was, as I recall her, a very sweet, refined person, with a good deal of appreciation and knowledge of drawing. Of the music and musical exercises I was entirely appreciative, and interested therein. But of the drawing work I had my doubts, and with childish arrogance and inappreciation, I made up my mind not to do anything more than I "had to" with it. As might have been expected from such a frame of mind, my drawing-book was consequently "a sight." After a course of instruction and practice in drawing (with which I had affected to be tremendously bored) it was announced that at a certain day in the future a prize was to be awarded to the pupil who should show "the greatest improvement in

drawing." Mark well the words! On the arrival of the appointed day, it was unanimously decided that I had shown the "greatest improvement" and the prize was duly awarded to

me, and I have it now. I wish to record however that even at that early age my enjoyment of the prize was greatly diminished by the bitter tears shed by my fellow pupil, Sarah Harris, sister of Miss Emma (our teacher) who had all along done beautiful drawing and had set her heart upon winning the prize.

After a few years at Miss Harris's School, I entered the Harvard Grammar School, then on Harvard Street, just below Prospect Street, and next to the Methodist Church, and at the edge of a sort of park containing a sort of ancient cemetery, in which (we were told) some Indian graduates of Harvard College were buried. It had a bell in a small belfry on top. The Harvard Grammar School was at this period under the charge of Aaron B. Magoun — a highly incompetent and indolent person. He confined his duties at that time to presiding over the main room, hearing classes in reading, and inflicting punishment upon offending boys sent to him for that purpose by the lady teachers in charge of the several other rooms of the school. His method of punishment was striking the offender on the open hand palm with a cane, or ferrule, and not infrequently led to a fight between himself and his victim. This resulted in uproar and disorder, and was (to me at least) very shocking and painful and terrifying. The boys of the school were for the most part a rather rough lot, engaging in actions and conversations which, certainly, was not taught, or tolerated in at home, and there was a great deal of bullying. I was at the time rather a sensitive chap, and did not learn readily, and I fairly dreaded the school attendance and sessions. This period covered the days of the Civil War, and upon occasions of great victories, or other good news, we were given a holiday, and rang the bell of the school, — in which ringing I delighted to participate, when allowed or invited.

I will note here that several of the boys of the school who were considered by their schoolmates at that time rather unusually stupid or dull, and who did not continue into even the High School, acquired in after life large fortunes.

I recall with great pleasure, however, my friendship formed at that time with Fred Whittemore, — who afterward became a fine physician in Cambridge and died early, — and Joseph S. Swaim, of whom more hereafter. On the whole the period in the Grammar School was to me

trying and suffering, only relieved by the friends whom I have mentioned (and a very few others), and by the kindness shown to me personally by two of the lady teachers, Miss Katherine Richardson and Miss Hannah Augusta Dodge. Miss Richardson was, I think, a sister (or at least a relative) of the Richardson who was an officer of the celebrated company which was the first to volunteer for service in the Civil War. Miss Dodge was a sister of the lady who attained literary prominence under the title "Gail Hamilton." Both of them were refined and educated ladies and used to visit at our house frequently at the instance and invitation of my mother.

Mr. Nathan Lincoln (A.B., Harv. 1842, died 1896) conducted the very simple musical exercises given in the Cambridge public schools during this period. In the Harvard Grammar School this consisted in perhaps an hour of general singing once a week.

It is curious and perhaps worth noting here that apparently by general habit or concurrence among the pupils of the several grammar schools of Cambridge at this period,

the respective head masters were always referred to by the boy pupils at least with the prefix of "Donkey," - thus Donkey Magoun, Donkey Mansfield (Washington Grammar School), etc.

I would be in error, however, if I allowed it to seem that the drudgery and disagreeables of my schooling up to this point had absolutely no alleviations; thus —

About 1859, or 1860, I would say, an Italian — Lorenzo Papanti — appeared in Boston and Cambridge, and established dancing schools. His dancing school in Cambridge was held in Lyceum Hall, in Harvard Square, and continued for several years. My dear mother, — who never failed to encourage her children to have instruction in all that related to the aesthetic side of education, — promptly sent my two brothers and myself to this dancing school, which was attended also by children of all of the leading, or representative, families of Old Cambridge. Mr. Lorenzo Papanti was a very excitable, nervous little gentleman; he wore a wig, and had not complete control of English speech. The music for all dancing he produced by a violin, which he always carried and played volubly. If any pupil was absent he at once sought the parent, if present, with the inquiry, — "Is it de mump or de meisal?" Occasionally he was driven to resort to force with a few of his exuberant and mischievous boy pupils.

I well recollect him, chasing one of the most irrepressible of the sort — one David Parker — out of Lyceum Hall and part way down the front stairs to the street, and occasionally thumping the pursued boy over the head with the precious violin, or its bow, during the pursuit. Mr. Papanti had two (at least) sons, Frank and Augustus, both of whom took part at times in the instruction in the later years of the school. We all enjoyed this dancing school and considered it great fun.

During the time of the war of the Rebellion the gentlemen of Cambridge who exceeded the military age formed a Company called "The Reserve Guard," of which Mr. Charles Beck (after whom "Beck Hall" received its name), was Captain, I think, and who drilled in uniform and with real guns at stated intervals. I recall them turning out and escorting ammunition from the State Arsenal, then on Arsenal Square, between present Follen Street and Chauncy Street, in to the State House, — to the intense anxiety and alarm of the wives and families of the respective members of the Company, lest they should sustain injury from their own weapons. The feeling of the whole community was so intense at the time that a company of boys was organized for military drill and placed under command and instruction of a young Prussian officer named Steffen. My brothers and myself all joined it. We used to drill in a shed in back of Lyceum Hall and the nearly adjoining portion of College House. I still have the wooden imitation of a gun which I used in drill.

Patriotic meetings were frequently organized and held in City Hall (corner of old Main Street and Magazine Street), at which both men and women were present. As my father frequently was called upon to preside at these meetings, or was a speaker at them with other prominent citizens, I attended many such with greatest interest and enjoyment.

My father provided us with a carpenter's bench and set of tools, which proved a fine resource and beneficial instruction to us all.

The summer time always brought to me a feeling of blessed relief. First of all, there was no school. Our place on Fayette Street grew and developed into a really pretty spot; the many fruit trees, planted by my father, came into bearing uncommon and delicious fruit (of which we children were always encouraged to consume as much as we pleased); the portion of Cambridge about us was extremely interesting, both historically and scenically, sparsely settled and readily accessible; and there were few portions of Cambridge, Belmont, Somerville, Medford, and

even Lincoln and Concord over which we did not roam and explore. Our immediate neighbors too were for the most part kind and agreeable.

For a period of about two weeks also in midsummer my father and mother always took us all "down East" into Maine to visit relatives. The "domestic law" always observed was that we could never start for Maine until the currants, then very abundant, were picked and made into currant wine and jelly by my mother. The start was, I fear, a period of much anxiety and hard work for her — dear woman.

Once under way, however, the journey was one full of interest and excitement, at least for us boys; — the string of horses drawing the train out of the old Haymarket Square "depot" over to Charlestown, or East Cambridge, to the waiting, wood-burning locomotive; the long journey over the Boston & Maine Railroad, involving the several changes of cars and stops at almost every station; the Berwick sponge cake (then brought into the cars at North Berwick and sold) — very large, fresh pieces, and most tasteful; the transfer over into the old Portland & Kennebec Cars at Portland, on the water front, giving us view of the beautiful harbor and many vessels; the arrival at Bath — and, sometimes dinner or supper there, at the Sagadahoc Hotel; the loading of the four-horse stagecoach at Bath; the securing seats upon the top of the stage; the driving to and then onto the ancient and inadequate (and I think barely safe) ferry boat; the crossing of the great Kennebec River; the exciting landing of the stage from the ferry boat at Woolwich; the resumption of the stage ride, through the country — then beautiful and picturesque; the stop at Wiscasset — and sometimes supper at the Hilton House; the drive over the very long and at times unsubstantial bridge from Wiscasset into Edgecomb, and then over shorter bridges, over salt creeks and salt marshes to Newcastle and Damariscotta, — all these incidents were of unfailling delight to us children; and the latter part of the journey being through country well known to my father and mother, who would call our attention to the most notable or personal points, constituted an experience to which we always looked forward (and backward, too, in recollection) with unfailling joy and delight.

We usually stayed during these visits in Maine at the house of Dr. Samuel Ford or at the house of my Uncle Cyrus, "down river" in Newcastle; or part of the family at one place and the rest of the family at the other. During our stay, however, excursions or calls were made to see

other relatives or friends and especially visits to the Varneys at Bristol Mills, sailing or fishing in the river or visiting most of the innumerable points of scenic beauty and variety.

Dr. Ford's house was a brick structure upon a rise of ground on the westerly side from the road leading from Newcastle to Damariscotta Mills, and a short distance to the eastward of the Lincoln Academy building, which stood slightly higher up on the same rise of ground. Both buildings remain.

Dr. Ford was a somewhat eccentric, though really kindly and positive man and able practitioner of medicine. He had married Sarah Sherman, the oldest (and, I think, the favorite) sister of my mother. She had died some time previous to my recollection, and the remaining members of the family were Dr. Ford, Deville Ford, Sarah Ellen Ford and Joseph Sherman Ford.

The family "down river" consisted of my aunt, Hannah Dodge, and my uncles, Cyrus Dodge and Michael Dodge (the latter being crippled or otherwise incapacitated). The land of their farm sloped from the road to Boothbay and the seacoast in various rounded fields, intersected frequently by gulleys and patches of wood, down to a very beautiful and picturesque bay of the Damariscotta River; and a portion of the shore of the bay was occupied by a brickyard.

As a small boy my personal preference was to stay at Dr. Ford's house; though opinionated, eccentric, rather cranky, and severe in criticism, and at odds with his neighbors and surroundings, he was always kind and considerate toward me. I was growing rapidly and he early announced to my mother in my presence that I looked to him "rather spindly" and that he would give me some "muriated tincture of iron" — which last greatly alarmed my poor mother, who greatly distrusted medicines, the administration of them to children, and (I think) the administration of them by Dr. S. F. However I was administered the medicine all right, but better still he put me on horseback and kept me there as much as he could, often inventing errands for me to do involving much riding and driving.

Immediately adjoining the rear portion of Dr. Ford's house, was his stable and carriage house combined. He always kept two or three horses for use in his practice and usually others in pastures which he owned, or hired, several miles from his house. He had a fine, Union-built open

wagon, of a pattern quite commonly used at that time in that part of Maine, which he usually used in making his professional visits; but he had also a gig, which was my particular admiration and delight. It ran on two wheels of at least six feet in clear diameter; and its small box, or seat, was most comfortably padded, or cushioned, and slung on leather braces extending three or four feet forward and backward to the frame. Under the seat was a medicine chest. The gig was drawn by a single horse.

I became very fond of horses and a good bareback rider, and my condition of health improved. I recollect with great pride an occasion when Dr. Ford harnessed one of his big horses into the gig, gave me some ears of corn and a halter, and told me to drive out to a

certain pasture on the road to Damariscotta Mills, catch one of his horses in the pasture, and bring her home; all of which I did successfully, although at first rather overwhelmed.

Nearly every day I used to ride out with the Doctor on his professional rounds; look after the horse and wagon during the professional visit; and listen with great interest and sometimes wonder to the wise and pungent remarks of the Doctor regarding the patients and their respective illnesses; also to his discussions and debates with occasional parties whom we met along the roads.

At the house of my Uncle Cyrus also I was always treated with the greatest kindness. The farm was about two miles "down river" from Damariscotta bridge. The house was rather old and smaller than Dr. Ford's. My father and Uncle Cyrus would now and then take us out in the boat or punt kept at the brickyards, and would then fish for lobsters and for black bass. The lobsters were of enormous size, very abundant and easily caught. The black bass were fairly abundant and very spirited and "gamy."

We boys also used to enjoy greatly swimming in the river, particularly at a point near to the brickyard, which we called the "White Rocks."

I remember that on one occasion a considerable party of us, family and relatives, made an excursion to Christmas Cove. The intention was to pass the night there, but my mother for some reason did not like it, and I was selected to accompany her home. We had a fine, roomy two-wheeled chaise, and I shall always remember how beautiful was the ride from Boothbay to Newcastle through some splendid woodland, and the great

enjoyment mother and I experienced. I think that it was on that occasion that we stayed over night at Uncle Cyrus', and the next day I found myself very forlorn and lonesome, with no brothers or other youngsters to play with. I was wandering about over the farm when I heard a call and there beheld Dr. Ford, — "Uncle Doctor" we used to call him, — driving down the road in the familiar wagon. He said that he had come down to get me and take me up where the other boys were. He gave his reason in something like these words: "When I have a lot of calves or colts to care for, I never put one of them alone by himself in the pasture; I always find he is lonesome and not happy." Of course I was delighted to go, and I have always remembered his act of thoughtful kindness and my own personal relief with gratitude. Perhaps the cranky old Doctor liked me as much as I liked him and missed me when the party from "down river" returned without me.

These happy and well-remembered visits to Maine continued I think until about 1861 or 1862. The separation of the Ford family by departure of the children, the deaths of some of the other relatives, the period of the Civil War, the variety of interests that began to engage the interest and movements of my brothers and myself, and the many natural changes which overtook us, all resulted in the discontinuance of our visits to Maine in a family group; and after that period we made only occasional and individual visits there.

In 1865 I entered the Cambridge High School. The new building for that school was constructed, I think, at about that time. It was at the corner of Broadway and Fayette Street, a short distance to the southward, or eastward, of our house; and I remember that I took the greatest interest in its construction and followed it closely.

It was at this school that I met for the first time the other boys, most of whom pursued their educational pilgrimage to and through H. C. with me, and all, or nearly all of whom are now dead.

Those of us who fitted there for college fell under the care and instruction of William F. Bradbury. Mr. Bradbury was a "real country boy," I think, in social associations and bringing up. He was graduated, I think, from Amherst, or Williams College, and had had a long experience in teaching in the Cambridge schools. His manner was vigorous and abrupt, and his English often left something to be desired — although perhaps it was most noticeable in his use of archaic or rural forms of expression. There was at times much objection and complaint on the part

of parents of pupils regarding his attitude and behavior toward the pupils - particularly toward the girl pupils, and this, I suspect, had retarded or delayed his appointment to the headmastership of the school. He was, as we all know, an expert mathematician and wrote many books on the subject. But "taking all in all" I have never met any teacher who could and would knock so much knowledge into the head of an unwilling, or undeveloped, or lazy schoolboy as William F. Bradbury, and I often think of him with real gratitude.

Mr. Bradbury also had a good singing voice and appreciation of music — which of course appealed to me. He was for years a member of the Handel and Haydn Society and was its efficient Secretary in later years.

Mr. Nathan Lincoln also made weekly visits to the High School in his capacity as singing master. Both Mr. Bradbury and Mr. Lincoln knew my voice and fondness for music and called me into all of the school singing.

I think that all of the other teachers of the High School at this period were highly competent ladies and gentlemen. The only one, however, beside Mr. Bradbury who had much to do with those of us who were preparing for college was Miss Rebecca Shepherd, who instructed us in Greek in our third or fourth year. She was a sister-in-law of Rev. Thomas Hill, then President of Harvard College. She was an extremely pretty young lady with charming manners and endeared herself to all of us, her pupils.

The class of us who were fitting for college consisted of the two Misses Bowen (daughters of Professor Francis Bowen); James Greenleaf Croswell; Alfred Foster Washburn (who had been a fellow pupil with me in Miss Harris's School); Charles Theodore Russell, Jr.; William Brewster; Joseph Skinner Swaim (who had been in the Harvard Grammar School with me a year or two) and myself. For a portion of the time also Henry Henshaw and Octavius Thorndike Howe were members of the class. The older of these boys were Russell, Swaim, Henshaw and Howe; the younger were Croswell, Washburn, Brewster and myself.

The two Misses Bowen were exceptionally brilliant girls and always ranked above any of the boys.

*Croswell * was a very fine student. He was, I think, the most truly "scholarly" boy I have ever encountered. He had also a very interesting*

* Tutor and Assistant Professor of Greek and Latin at Harvard; later Headmaster Brearley School, N. Y.; died 1915.

*and charming personality, and was a favorite of everyone, both in school and later in college. Washburn * was a faithful, industrious student; his memory of facts and things was very extraordinary and enabled him to attain higher rank than some others more gifted intellectually; this was conspicuously true in after years, in college. He was a most loyal, faithful, warm-hearted friend.*

It was a rather hard chance for me in such good company. As I have already set forth, it was very difficult for me in these early years to acquire knowledge from books; mathematics in particular (excepting arithmetic) was almost impossible for me to master. (I find, however, in later years, that I grasp figures much more readily, and have come to admire and appreciate the science and wish that I had time and opportunity for study of it.) But on the whole I did not learn readily even in the high school days. I will mention, however, that it was a partial consolation to me for my difficulties with the studies to find that in all practical affairs, athletic or outdoor sports, — walking, rowing, baseball, etc. — these classmates of mine always elected me to the position of leader.

I wish here to make further mention of William Brewster. He was the only surviving child of John Brewster, then a leading banker in Boston (though by no means an educated man). Both Will's mother and his father were at all times exceedingly anxious about his health, and in consequence his attendance at school was much interrupted. He was a near neighbor of mine. Like myself, he was a large and rapidly growing boy, and life in the open (this, too, like myself) suited him best of all. At this period in the high school he was greatly interested in birds, and many and many a time I had the pleasure and privilege of making long trips with him into the country around Cambridge, starting early in the morning (often before daybreak in May and June) on foot or in carriage for the purpose of collecting birds and their eggs. Brewster failed to pass the examination for admission to college when the rest of us entered, but he steadily and increasingly pursued his taste for study of birds; and it gave us all greatest satisfaction when H. U. bestowed upon him the position of Curator of the birds in the Agassiz Museum and in 1899 conferred upon him the degree of A.M., honoris causa. He also wrote a charming great volume, descriptive (even almost analytically so) of the region round Fresh Pond — now completely ruined by building and population. He

* S.T.B., Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, 1881.

had taught himself also a fine literary style, and he died with the rank of one of the leading ornithologists of the United States.

I entered Harvard College with my high school classmates in 1869. The examinations for admission were an awful ordeal to me nervously, and I utterly failed of making a good show of even what little I did know because of my terror and fright. I was

reported as having some "conditions" on entrance, but when, at the end of freshman year, the stated occasion arrived to make up "conditions," it was announced by the authorities in charge that mine had been confused with those of another of the same name and I never heard of them again.

I passed through college without ever receiving any "condition," or failure in any subject, but this is not to say that I really enjoyed my studies; it was not until the junior year that I began to feel any ease or pleasure in work with books.

The Deane family had moved to Sparks Street in 1861 or 1862 and we were preparing to follow them when the War of the Rebellion interrupted. In 1866 my father sold the house in Fayette Street and we boarded in Lexington for some weeks and lived in the house of Cyrus Woodman, in Kirkland Place, Cambridge, during the completion of the new house in Sparks Street.

I do not intend to record much detail of my years in college, or of the following years. There were of course some striking or interesting occurrences in those years, but the most notable or interesting I propose, if I live long enough, to note or record under special topics or subjects.

I lived at home the first year (1869-1870); the second and third years (1871, 1872) I roomed with Charles Theodore Russell, Jr., in the middle entry of Thayer Hall; and the fourth year (1873) I lived at home again.

My father and my brother Will went abroad together in June-September 1869 and travelled in Europe. In June-September 1870 father sent my brother Fred and myself to Europe on a similar vacation.

In the summer of 1866, we having ceased definitely our visits as a family to the relatives in Maine, my father heard from a Mr. Burbank, a fellow member of the Boston Bar, that the town of Shelburne, N. H., in which I think Mr. Burbank had lived, was a desirable place to spend the summer months; and thither we all went, taking too several members of the Deane family. It proved to be a beautiful and delightful place, and for several years thereafter we continued to go there, carrying friends

with us. It has since that time become a popular place of summer resort.

I have mentioned my fondness for music and my musical capacity; and after so many years I find that I still have absolutely correct appreciation of pitch, quality, rhythm, and remarkable recognition of theme or phrase, and long remembrance and recognition of such.

My brother Fred was given lessons in piano playing at quite an early age. His teacher was a Miss Burdette who lived, I think, on Hancock or Center Street, or in that neighborhood. Fred had in early life great ability, appreciation and capacity for music. He played the piano well, had a fine voice, and sang in clubs and choirs. In fact he had real

enthusiasm for it until his marriage in 1877 but thereafter allowed it to subside until he finally became almost indifferent to it.

My good mother, always persistent in her intent and desire that "we boys" should have at least some knowledge of the aesthetic side of life, prevailed upon Fred when I was 5 or 6 years old and he 10 or 12 to give me instruction upon the piano.

I recall that after a few weeks of it Fred said, in effect and I think in nearly this exact language, "Well, I think that you have a musical soul but you are too lazy to learn." For a chance speech this was nearly true at that period. I think I have already mentioned my early difficulty in learning anything from books, and although I have always been blest with a remarkably quick and accurate power of observation of things, facts and occurrences, my mind has never transferred its orders to my fingers readily or instantly, and I would never under any instruction or practice have acquired a good or rapid technique at the piano. However, notwithstanding my brother Fred's verdict above, I progressed sufficiently to become readily able to read music at sight appreciatively, and for many years Fred and I used to play and study together at the piano much of the best music, — Bach, Beethoven, Haydn, and Mendelssohn, — in arrangements for four hands at the pianoforte.

I well recall that my chief, earliest and most vivid musical impression came about in this way:

John Knowles Paine returned from his musical studies abroad (chiefly under Dr. August Harpt, of Berlin, whose dearest and favorite pupil he was) in 1863. President Thomas Hill, who was much interested in music (mathematically I have understood) had the grasp and foresight to bring about the appointment of Mr. Paine as "Instructor" of music in Harvard

College, and organist and director of the choir at Appleton Chapel. Upon Mr. Paine's return from Europe he had obtained the position of organist at the "West Church," so called, at the corner of Cambridge Street and Lynde Street — then a Unitarian Church (now a branch of the Boston Public Library) under the charge of Dr. Bartol.

Mr. Paine from the first, on his return from Europe, was so imbued with the appreciation of the works of John Sebastian Bach that he would consent to play on the organ almost nothing else than Bach's organ works, and although his return from Europe was nearly coincident with the arrival and inauguration of the "great" Walker organ at the Boston Music Hall, his participation in the early concerts, or "recitals," upon that organ nearly always consisted of the performance of some of the organ works of Bach. This was so much in contrast with the performance of some of the other organists of Boston at that period that Mr. Paine became quite unpopular with the audiences and an object of almost scornful ridicule and allusion in the newspapers of that day. But all this was of no importance to Mr. Paine and made no impression apparently upon him. He continued to play and extol Bach until the end of his life and lived to see everyone that was best in musical America come enthusiastically around to his opinion.

So too his work at the Appleton Chapel always — at both morning and afternoon service on Sunday — embraced some of the great organ works of Bach.

My brother Fred became a member of the choir of Appleton Chapel very soon after his admission to college and was at once impressed by Mr. Paine's abilities and by the organ works of Bach as played by Mr. Paine. Very soon he promised to take me into Boston to hear Mr. Paine at the West Church, the organ at Appleton Chapel being very much out of order at that time. I do not now know what it was that Mr. Paine played on that occasion — it was some organ prelude and fugue of Bach — but it made a musical impression on my mind which I shall never forget, and ever afterward until I entered college I was a faithful attendant at Appleton Chapel service on Sunday to hear Mr. Paine play Bach.

Upon my entry into college Mr. Paine at the first examination of candidates for his choir selected me, with some very enthusiastic and complimentary remarks upon my voice, and from that time until I left college, at every Sunday service, I stood at the organ console beside Mr.

Paine as he played, helping him with the registration as he directed and reading and turning the leaves from which he was playing. Thus I became thoroughly familiar with the organ works of Bach — Prelude, Fugue, Toccata, Passacaglia, Choral. Mr. Paine played them all and inimitably as I then thought, and as I more strongly think now after hearing nearly all of the notable organists of modern times.

I will note here that the organ at Appleton Chapel at this period was a rather singular and pretentious instrument. I do not know its early history, nor how the college acquired it, but it was built by Simmons & Wilcox, at the corner of Charles and Cambridge Streets, and the specifications for it seem to me to indicate that it was intended to be a very modern and notable instrument. It had three manuals, but I do not think it was ever quite completed according to the original plan. It had the old fashioned "sticker and tracker" action and a system of valves to each pipe which (as I have understood from organ builders) was, when first built, then quite new and modern, but which proved to be too complicated and was very often disarranged, or disordered, resulting in frequent and sometimes general "ciphering."

Some of the registers, however, were of very great beauty, and it had "display" pipes on the front of the case which were of bright fine tin and beautifully voiced. It is a great misfortune that it was allowed to pass out of the possession of the college. The pedal board was of the common sort in use at that time, arranged in parallel keys (not radiating at all) and it is a wonder to me at this day to comprehend the wonderful accuracy and smoothness with which Mr. Paine played upon it.

I think that the organ must have begun to exhibit disorder when Mr. Paine first came to the college. There are contained in Dwight's "Journal of Music" several accounts of recitals, or concerts, which Mr. Paine attempted to give upon it, to raise money for its repair in say 1864 to 1868, but on some of these occasions even the organ broke down apparently and failed to do its part and the specific concert had to be abandoned.

My first acquaintance with this organ began when I entered the choir in 1869, and I became so much interested in it that I began (and completed) a systematic study of organ

construction, reading Hopkins and every book relating to the matter which I could then find in the Harvard Library and visiting frequently the organ builders' shops. During my service in the choir (1869 to 1873) the usual beginning of each rehearsal

consisted of a visit of Mr. Paine to the interior of the organ while I sat at the manuals, searching out and sounding the "cipherers," and Mr. Paine remedied them as best he could. Frequently before he began to play a prelude, fugue, etc., he would give me instructions just when to draw certain refractory or incurable "stops" at points when their faults would not be particularly audible. Yet, notwithstanding these difficulties, I am confident that Mr. Paine loved and admired the organ.

ANNUAL REPORTS

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL AND THE SECRETARY FOR THE YEAR 1943

WITH this Annual Meeting the Cambridge Historical Society closes the thirty-ninth year and begins the fortieth year of its activities. There is no need to point out the dramatic difference between the conditions of the world today and those prevailing on the evening of October 30, 1905, when Charles Eliot Norton — the first speaker to read a paper before the Society — "contrasted the aspect, manners, and doings of the town" during his early life "with what they are in the city of Cambridge today." (These words are from the report of our first Secretary, Mr. Frank Gaylord Cook.) We have groped our way on foot through dimmed-out streets to our meetings, and we have assembled in carefully darkened houses. Our January meeting was shortened so that we might listen to the astounding radio announcement that the President of the United States was visiting American troops in North Africa. Our October meeting heard Mrs. Vosburgh's account of our satisfactory participation in the third War Loan drive.

Yet in spite of these grim backgrounds we have managed to preserve the neighborliness and the friendliness that have always been the setting from which we have looked back upon our Cantabrigian past. The refreshments at the end of each evening have shown a brave disregard for ration books, and the warmth of the houses has been a delightful relief from the low temperatures in which most of us have had to pass our days. Mr. Dana, in fact, laid us under double obligations by entertaining us twice in the Craigie House; Miss Vaughan opened her charming house for the April meeting; and Mr. and Mrs. Ingraham's gracious hospitality were reflected in the loveliness of the afternoon when we gathered in their

house and garden for the June meeting. Mr. Dana divided his paper on Washington Allston between the January and the October meetings; Rev. Willard Reed spoke in April on an amusing theological crisis in the First Parish Church a century ago; and at the June meeting Judge Walcott recalled by-gone days in Hubbard Park. Attendance was gratifyingly large: about seventy members coming each time, except in October, when a furious gale and rain limited us to fifty. These figures compare favorably with the meetings from 1914 to 1919, when attendance often dropped to twenty or thirty and only once went so high as seventy.

The Council has held seven meetings, mainly devoted to routine matters. We have received, with much regret, the resignations of Mrs. Hollis R. Bailey, Mr. J. Frank Brown, Mr. Philip Putnam Chase, Miss Jeanette Hart, Miss Gertrude Peet, Mrs. Leslie T. Pennington, and Rev. Harold B. Sedgwick.

We have welcomed to our membership Mrs. Hubert L. Clark, Mrs. Louis C. Graton, Mr. John Heard, Mrs. Georgiana Ames Hinckley, President and Mrs. Wilbur K. Jordan, Miss Helen W. Munroe, Mrs. Mary P. Sayward, Mr. Joseph E. Sharkey, Mrs. Henry C. Stetson, and Mrs. Wilson E. Vandermark.

The following members have died: Mr. Walter Benjamin Briggs, Miss Fannie Elizabeth Corne, Mr. Harold Clarke Durrell, Col. Dana Taylor Gallup, Mr. Albert Bushnell Hart, Mr. James Richard Jewett, and Mr. Kenneth Shaw Usher. The passing of each of these leaves the rest of us with a distinct sense of loss, especially in the case of Walter Briggs. Whether in the Harvard Library or the Faculty Club, or the Old Cambridge Shakespeare Association, or the Club of Odd Volumes, or this Society, he brought with him a unique interest and helpfulness. The Cambridge Historical Society, in particular, owes him a vast debt for his many years of service on the Council, as Secretary in 1928 and 1929 and as Curator from 1924. He was a great librarian. He was an even greater friend. And his courage, through years of unadmittedly frail health, was unbounded.

Respectfully submitted,

DAVID T. POTTINGER,

Secretary.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER FOR THE YEAR 1943

January 3, 1944.

Cash on Hand, Jan. I, 1943.....	\$ 423.58
Dues and Initiation Fees.....	\$ 607.00
Sale of Proceedings.....	7.50

<i>Sale of Electroplates.....</i>	<i>43.00</i>	
<i>H. W. L. Dana, his share of cost of Vol. 28.....</i>	<i><u>166.54</u></i>	<i><u>824.04</u></i>
		<i>\$1,247.62</i>
<i>Printing and Stationery.....</i>	<i>\$ 59.00</i>	
<i>Court House Work.....</i>	<i>9.13</i>	
<i>Clerical Service and Supplies.....</i>	<i>38.39</i>	
<i>Refund of 1942 Dues.....</i>	<i>6.00</i>	
<i>Cost of Proceedings Vol. 28.....</i>	<i>633.10</i>	
<i>*Miscellaneous</i>	<i><u>33.84</u></i>	<i><u>779.46</u></i>
<i>Cash on Hand Dec. 31, 1943</i>		<i><u>\$ 468.16</u></i>

<i>*Cash Book No. 3.....</i>	<i>\$10.50</i>
<i>Postage, Secretary & Treasurer.....</i>	<i>6.49</i>
<i>Safe Deposit Box.....</i>	<i>6.00</i>
<i>Bank Service Charge.....</i>	<i>1.64</i>
<i>Labels</i>	<i>2.96</i>
<i>Chairs for Meetings.....</i>	<i><u>6.25</u></i>

JOHN T. G. NICHOLS,

Treasurer.

<i>Maria Bowen Fund</i>					
<i>Investments</i>	<i>Cost</i>	<i>1/1/43 Book Value</i>	<i>Cash Income Received 1943</i>	<i>12/31/43 Book Value</i>	<i>Acc't to which Income was Cr.</i>
U. S. Savings Bonds	\$ 5,250.00	\$ 5,250.00	0	\$ 5,250.00	None
Cambridge Savings Bank	2,241.32	3,430.34	\$ 86.79	3,717.13	Camb. Sav. Bank
Cambridgeport Savings Bank	1,500.00	1,639.74	32.95	1,672.69	Camb'port Sav. Bank
E. Cambridge Savings Bank	1,500.00	1,657.44	33.31	1,690.75	E. Cam. Sav. Bank
50 sh. 1st Nat'l Bank (Boston)	1,868.75	1,868.75	100.00	1,868.75	Camb. Sav. Bank
5 sh. State St. Tr. Co. (Bos.)	1,295.00	1,295.00	40.00	1,295.00	Camb. Sav. Bank
5 sh. Merchants Nat'l (Bos.)	1,715.00	1,715.00	60.00	1,715.00	Camb. Sav. Bank
<i>Total</i>	<u>\$15,370.07</u>	<u>\$16,856.27</u>	<u>\$353.05</u>	<u>\$17,209.32</u>	

<i>George G. Wright Fund</i>					
	<i>Date a/c Opened</i>	<i>Bal. when Opened</i>	<i>Bal. 1/1/43</i>	<i>Int. Rec.</i>	<i>Bal. 12/31/43</i>
Cambridge Savings Bank	1/29/38	\$ 200.00	\$ 223.63	\$ 5.62	\$ 229.25
<i>Life Membership Fund</i>					
Cambridge Savings Bank	1/10/34	\$ 760.22	\$ 865.56	\$ 21.76	\$ 887.32
<i>Historic Houses</i>					
Cambridge Savings Bank	5/ 3/40	\$ 2,149.82	\$ 2,287.55	\$ 57.54	\$ 2,345.09
<i>Elizabeth E. Dana Bequest</i>					
Cambridge Trust Company	2/ 7/40	\$ 60.00	\$ 208.81	\$ 3.14	\$ 211.95
		<u>\$3,170.04</u>	<u>\$3,585.55</u>	<u>\$88.06</u>	<u>\$3,673.61</u>
Book Value of all Funds 12/31/43 - \$20,882.93					
Total Income - \$441.11					

JOHN T. G. NICHOLS,
Treasurer.

LIST OF MEMBERS

ACTIVE MEMBERS

Marion Stanley Abbot

Annie Elizabeth Allen

Sarah Gushing (Mrs. G. M.) Allen

Mary Almy

Dwight Hayward Andrews

Matilda Wallace (Mrs. D. H.) Andrews

Helen Diman (Mrs. I. W.) Bailey
Florence Eesse (Mrs. E.) Eallantine
Elizabeth Chadwick Eeale
Joseph Henry Eeale
Mabel Anzonella (Mrs. S.) Bell
Stoughton Bell
Annie Whitney (Mrs. J. C.) Bennett
Alexander Harvey Bill
Caroline Eliza Bill
Marion Edgerly (Mrs. A. H.) Bill
Albert Henry Blevins
Beatrice (Mrs. A. H.) Blevins
Mary Frances (Mrs. E. H.) Bright
Jessie Waterman (Mrs. Wm. F) Brooks
Martha Thacher Brown
Josephine Freeman Bumstead
Bertha Close (Mrs. G. H.) Bunton
George Herbert Bunton
David Eugene Burr
Eleanor Sheridan (Mrs. D. E.) Burr
Chilton Richardson Cabot
Miriam Shepard (Mrs. C. R.) Cabot
Bernice Cannon
Carroll Luther Chase
Louise Fletcher (Mrs. C. L.) Chase
Frances Snell (Mrs. H. L.) Clark
Margaret Elizabeth Cogswell

Kenneth John Conant

Marie Schneider (Mrs. K. /.) Conant

Frank Gaylord Cook

Julian Lowell Coolidge

Theresa Reynolds (Mrs. J. L.) Coolidge

Paul Reid Corcoran

Katharine Driscoll (Mrs. P. R.) Corcoran

J. Linda Corne

Bernice Brown (Mrs. L. W.) Cronk-hite

Leonard Wolsey Cronkhite

Sally Adams (Mrs. C. F.) Cushman

Bernard DeVoto

Avis MacVicar (Mrs. B.) DeVoto

Mary Deane Dexter

Laura Howland Dudley

Frances Hopkinson (Mrs. S. A.) Eliot

Samuel Atkins Eliot

Benjamin Peirce Ellis

Elizabeth Gardner (Mrs. B. P.) Ellis

98 *THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY*

Entmons Raymond Ellis, Jr.

William Emerson

Frances White (Mrs. Wm.) Emerson

Pearl Brock Fahrney

Claire (Mrs. P.) Faude

Charles Norman Fay

Allyn Bailey Forbes

Lois Whitney (Mrs. A.B.) Forbes

Edward Waldo Forbes

Frances Fowler

Alice Rowland (Mrs. H. G.) Garrett

Jane Bowler (Mrs. R.) Gilman

Roger Gilman

Josephine Bowman (Mrs. L. C.) Graton

Louis Lawrence Green

Virginia Tanner (Mrs. L. L.) Green

Helen McQuesten (Mrs. P.) Gring

Paul Gring

Christine Robinson (Mrs. R. M.) Gummere

Lillian Helen (Mrs. T.) Hadley

Franklin Tweed Hammond

Mabel Macleod (Mrs. F. T.) Hammond

Charles Lane Hanson

Mary Davis (Mrs. F. B.) Hawley

Christina Doyle (Mrs. R. H.) Haynes

Robert Hammond Haynes

Florence Wilhelmina (Mrs. N.) Heard

John Heard

Nathan Heard

Frank Wilson Cheney Hersey

George Milbank Hersey

Georgiana Ames (Mrs. T. L.) Hinckley

Leslie White Hopkinson

Lois Lilley Howe

Eda Woolson (Mrs. B. S.) Hurlbut

Edward Ingraham

Elsie Powell (Mrs. E.) Ingraham

Pauline Fay (Mrs. A. L.) Jackson

William Alexander Jackson

Dorothy Judd (Mrs. W. A.) Jackson

Eldon Revare James

Phila Smith (Mrs. E. R.) James

Mabel Augusta Jones

Wallace St. Clair Jones

Ethel Robinson (Mrs. W. S.) Jones

Frances Ruml (Mrs. W. K.) Jordan

William Kitchener Jordan

Albert Guy Keith

Edith Seavey (Mrs. A.G.) Keith

Justine Frances (Mrs. F. S.) Kershaw

Rupert Ballou Lillie

Abbott Lawrence Lowell

Elizabeth MacFarlane

Ethel May MacLeod

George Arthur Macomber

Ella Sewell Slingluff (Mrs. G. A.) Macomber

Edward Francis McClennen

Mary Crane (Mrs. E. F.) McClennen

Winifred Smith (Mrs. M. W.) Mather

Louis Joseph Alexandre Mercier

Keyes DeWitt Metcalf

Elinor Gregory (Mrs. K. D.) Metcalf

Hugh Montgomery, Jr.

Helen Bonney (Mrs. H.) Montgomery

Jane Hancock (Mrs. J. L.) Moore

James Buell Munn

Ruth Crosby Hanford (Mrs. J. B.) Munn

Helen Whiting Munroe

Mary Liscomb (Mrs. H. A.) Nealley

Arthur Boylston Nichols

Gertrude Fuller (Mrs. A.B.) Nichols

ACTIVE MEMBERS

99

John Taylor Gilman Nichols

Emily Alan Smith (Mrs. J. T. G.)

Nichols

Albert Perley Norris

Grace Wyeth (Mrs. A. P.) Norris Margaret Norton

Ada Louise (Mrs. W.) Notestein James Atkins Noyes

Penelope Barker Noyes

Mary Woolson (Mrs. J. L.) Paine William Lincoln Payson

Frederica Watson (Mrs. Wm. L.)

Payson

William Hesseltine Pear

Fanny Carleton (Mrs. Wm. H.) Pear Harriet Emma Peet

Leslie Talbot Pennington Elizabeth Bridge Piper

Bremer Whidden Pond

Lucy Kingsley (Mrs. A. K.) Porter David Thomas Pottinger

Mildred Clark (Mrs. D. T.) Pottinger

Roscoe Pound

Lucy Berry (Mrs. R.) Pound

Alice Edmands Putnam

Harry Seaton Rand

Mabel Mawhinney (Mrs.H.S.) Rand

Harriette Byron Taber (Mrs. F. A.)Richardson

Fred Norris Robinson

Katharine Wetherill (Mrs. L.) Rogers

Clyde Orval Ruggles

Frances Holmes (Mrs. C. O.) Ruggles

John Cornelius Runkle

Gertrude (Mrs. J. C.) Runkle

Paul Joseph Sachs

Mary Ware (Mrs. R. deW.) Sampson Frank Berry Sanborn

Grace Cobb (Mrs. F. B.) Sanborn Mary Parkman Say ward

Gilbert Campbell Scoggin

Susan Child (Mrs. G. C.) Scoggin

Edgar Viguers Seeler, Jr.

Katherine Per Lee (Mrs. E. F.) Seeler

Martha Sever

Joseph Edward Sharkey

Philip Price Sharpies

Eugenia Jackson (Mrs. P. P.) Sharpies

Willard Hatch Sprague

Eleanor Morland Gray (Mrs. H. C.) Stetson

Horace Paine Stevens

Emme' White (Mrs. H. P.) Stevens

Dora Stewart

Alice Allegra Thorp

Alfred M. Tozzer

Mary Wellington (Mrs. K. S.) Usher

Mabel Henderson (Mrs. W.E.) Van-dermark

Bertha Hallowell Vaughan

Maude Batchelder (Mrs. C. P.) Vos-burgh

Martha Eustis (Mrs. C.) Walcott

Robert Walcott

Mary Richardson (Mrs. R.) Walcott

Grace Reed (Mrs. J. H.) Walden

Frank De Witt Washburn

Olive Ely Allen (Mrs. F. D.) Wash-burn

Henry Bradford Washburn

Frederica Davis (Mrs. T. R.) Watson

Kenneth Grant Tremayne Webster

William Stewart Whittemore

Alice Babson (Mrs. W. S.) Whittemore

Olive Swan (Mrs. J. B.) Williams

Constance Bigelow Williston

Emily Williston

Samuel Williston

Henry Joshua Window

Grace Davenport (Mrs.H.J.) Winslow

Grace Abbot Wood

John William Wood, Jr.

Cyrus Woodman

Frances Billings (Mrs. C.) Woodman

Charles Henry Conrad Wright

Elizabeth Woodman (Mrs. C. H. C.) Wright

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

Sylvia Church (Mrs. I.) Bowditch

Francis Apthorp Foster

Helen Wood (Mrs. W.) Lincoln

Bertram Kimball Little

Nina Fletcher (Mrs. B. K.) Little

Harold Bend Sedgwick

LIFE MEMBERS

Mary Emory Batchelder

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana

Bradford Hendrick Peirce

Alice Maud (Mrs. M. P.) White Eleanor Gray (Mrs. H. D.) Tudor