

The Proceedings of the Cambridge Historical Society, Volume 31, 1945

Volume Thirty One

Table of Contents

FRONTISPIECE: THE LOST BROOK

PROCEEDINGS

THE FORTIETH ANNUAL MEETING.....5

PAPERS

REMINISCENCES OF CAMBRIDGE.....7

BY MRS. SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

WINDMILL LANE TO ASH STREET.....22

BY ROGER GILMAN

A CHILD IN A NEW ENGLAND COLONIAL GARDEN.....37

BY MRS ISSABELLA GOZZALDI

Referred to by Mr. Gillman in the preceding paper

THE STORY OF A LOST BROOK.....44

MISS LOIS HOWE'S INTRODUCTION

MRS EDWARD S. KING'S STORY

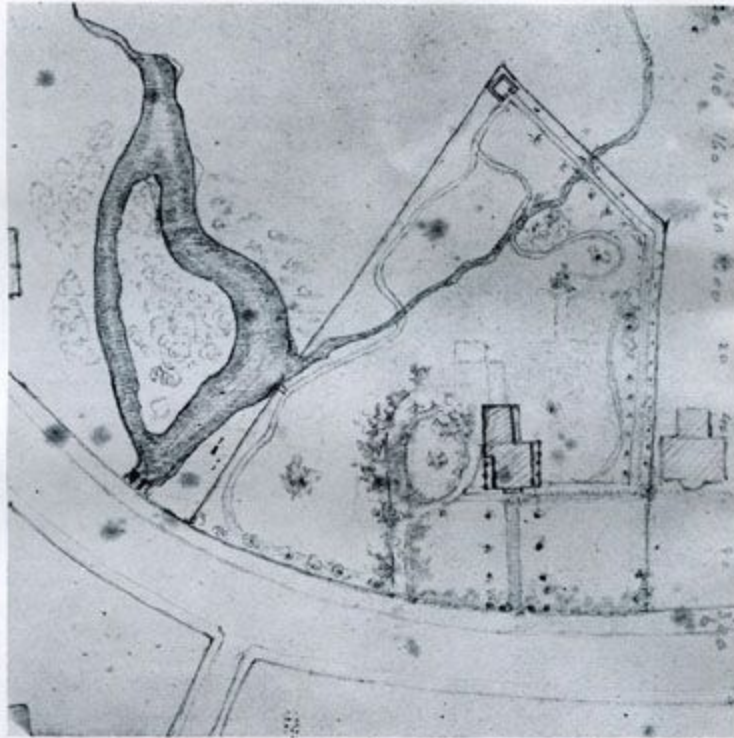
MISS HOWE'S STORY

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE FIRST CHURCH IN CAMBRIDGE (UNITARIAN)...61

BY MRS. FLORENCE RUSSELL GEROULD

ANNUAL REPORTS.....67

MEMBERS.....71



Worcester
House

Worcester
Pond

Longfellow
House

Hastings
House

PLAN BY LONGFELLOW OF THE CRAIGIE HOUSE ESTATE
1845

*THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL
SOCIETY*

PROCEEDINGS FOR THE YEAR

1945

THE FORTIETH ANNUAL MEETING

THE fortieth annual meeting of the Cambridge Historical Society, and its one hundred fifty-first gathering, was held at The Faculty Club, 20 Quincy Street, at the invitation of Miss Penelope Barker Noyes, Tuesday evening, January 23, 1945, with about seventy members present. President Walcott called the meeting to order at 8 P.M. for the business session. The reports for the year 1944 for the Council and the Secretary were read by Mr. Pond. The report of the Treasurer was read by Mr. John T. G. Nichols, and showed a balance of over eight hundred dollars cash on hand after deducting the expenses for the year 1944 of approximately two hundred and forty dollars. The Curator, Miss Dudley, reported the receipt of various gifts to the archives of the Society, including a collection of documents from Miss Noyes and two pieces of furniture from Miss Linda J. Corne. Upon motion duly made and seconded it was voted that these reports be accepted and placed on file. The report of the Nominating Committee was presented by Mr. Charles H. C. Wright, chairman, as follows:

President.....Hon. Robert Walcott

Vice-Presidents Miss Lois Lilley Howe

Rev. Samuel Atkins Eliot

Mr. Edward Ingraham

Secretary.....Mr. Bremer W. Pond

Treasurer.....Mr. John T. G. Nichols

Curator.....Miss Laura Howland Dudley

Editor.....Mr. Charles Lane Hanson

5

Members of the Council: the above, and

Mr. Roger Gilman, Mr. Allyn B. Forbes,
Miss Elizabeth B. Piper, Miss Penelope B.
Noyes, and Mrs. Maude B. Vosburgh

Voted to accept the report of the Nominating Committee. There being no further nominations it was voted that the Secretary is hereby instructed to cast one ballot for the list of officers and Members of the Council as presented by the Nominating Committee. The Secretary did so, and the President then declared these persons duly elected for the year 1945. With the completion of the business matters before the Society the President introduced as the speaker of the evening, Professor Kenneth J. Conant, who gave an entertaining talk, illustrated with lantern slides, on "The Architectural Development of Harvard." The meeting adjourned at a quarter after ten for refreshments.

BREMER W. POND,

Secretary.

6

PAPERS READ DURING THE YEAR 1945

REMINISCENCES OF CAMBRIDGE

BY MRS. SAMUEL McChORD CROTHERS

READ BY KATHARINE F. CROTHERS

April 24, 1945

THIS paper of Mrs. Crothers about Cambridge has been brought to the Historical Society at Miss Howe's invitation. It is taken from several chapters of reminiscences that she wrote out for the family. May I give a brief background of my mother. She was deeply rooted in New England. Her forebears were early settlers in Connecticut with Thomas Hooker in Hartford. Later they settled in near-by communities. She was born in New Haven, but her father's early death during the Civil War meant that her happiest childhood was associated with the village of Middlebury, where four grandparents lived. Although she went out to California as a girl and was married there, she always belonged to New England and when she came to Cambridge, she felt at home here. The paper follows:

In 1894 when we came to Cambridge it was a city of ninety thousand, but there were still people who thought of it as a village and judged things by the older standards of a homogeneous New England town.

The coming of electric cars had superseded the old horsecars. They did more than facilitate transportation. It subtly rearranged social values. The leisurely friendly conductor of the horsecar who knew everybody and obligingly stopped at the individual doorstep was

replaced by an impersonal official who only stopped at corners and admonished the most stately to "step lively." When we came, the story was going around of

7

the indignation with which some regarded the innovation. One day two ladies signalled for the conductor to stop. The elder one moved toward the door, but the younger one lingered to say a last word to her neighbor and was rudely interrupted by a voice, "Hurry up, lady." The elder sister at the door turned upon him, and addressing the car full of people, said, "Things have come to a pretty pass when Miss Kitty Parsons is not allowed to finish a conversation."

Among the new friends and acquaintances in Cambridge were those who had an Old World flavor, to which I was very susceptible. Famous Oliver's famous brother, John Holmes, would have been a mere name to us except for his dear friends. They were so sorry for us that we would never really know him — for although he was still living in Appian Way and greeted us with a reminiscent graciousness, he was past making new friends. But the stories they told of him — though so trifling — made him a real person, and I find it difficult to realize how slight our acquaintance was.

I loved Clara Howe's story of her mortification when one morning in church Mr. Holmes turned from the pew in front and said in a stage whisper that could be heard over the church, "Clara, what is the collection for?" She had to reply in an equally loud tone, for he was very deaf, "It's for the Cambridge Hospital." Then ensued a great slapping of pockets in an unsuccessful effort to locate his purse, and then — quite distinctly, and in a tone still loud enough to reach everywhere, "I haven't a damn cent." She said as she went out, little Richard Eustis said to his mother, "Oh, Mother, next Sunday perhaps Mr. Holmes will swear some more."

Dear Francis Tiffany was an established friend from the moment of our arrival in Cambridge, we having inherited an intimate friendship — if one may say so — from his son who was one of our dearest friends in St. Paul. Mr. Tiffany was a near neighbor of Mr. Holmes, and said he met him one morning on Appian Way and told him that he had just heard that their opposite neighbor had died the night before; his daughter had come to say good-night and found him in his easy-chair already gone. "My," said John Holmes, "a death like that makes my mouth water."

I remember Miss Mary Howe's telling me of his dropping in one morning with a tale of domestic infelicities. One inefficient housekeeper

8

after another drifted through the house. His bed was not made till afternoon, his rooms were never dusted, a pail and scrubbing brush, he was likely to find on the stairs — he was in despair! Various plans were talked over, and as he went down the steps Miss Howe said

to him, "Of course, John, the truth is you ought to be married." "Yes, yes," he called back, "doubtless if I had a better half I should have better quarters."

His gift of verbal felicity, and his dry humor constituted the small change of conversation in Cambridge. "As John Holmes says" was in the air.

Professor Torrey's sister, a very unusual woman, was still living in the house at 20 Oxford Street which we later moved into and which was our home for thirty years.

She was much loved and admired. She had Victorian standards of propriety and resented so deeply the way students ran through the streets in gymnasium shorts that she kept her inside blinds closed and moved about in a semi-twilight because, as she said, the habits of Harvard students were such that a lady could no longer sit by her front windows.

After it became our home I remember one day Father went into the library to see an unknown man who had called to ask him to speak somewhere. He discovered him looking rather shamefacedly through the partly opened door into the room behind. He laughed as Father came in, and said, "You will excuse me, Mr. Crothers. You see, I haven't been in this house since my student days. I worked my way through college. Miss Torrey gave me a room — the one I was peering into — for sleeping here at night, to protect her from burglars after Professor Torrey died. It wasn't so much of a sinecure as it sounds, for she insisted on being protected from nine o'clock on, and it involved an elaborate ritual that still makes me laugh when I think of it. She always felt that in spite of locked doors and windows some "man" might have slipped in during the day, so when I arrived at 9 p.m. the first thing was a tour of the house from attic to cellar. We went looking under every bed and behind every door. The most impossible cupboards where no "man" could possibly be concealed were explored. I say "we" because she never left me a moment. She quite wisely distrusted youth, and although she was afraid she followed me with a flickering candle. The cellar was, as you know, a veritable catacombe. We wandered from laundry to wood cellar and from coal bin to store closet. There was one particularly spooky room

where broken articles of all kinds were stored. She always felt that if I climbed over a broken step-ladder and a lawn-mower that shut off a clear view of the far corner I might find a burglar. Then I took the axe and bore it up to my room, where it lay on a chair by my bed. She shuddered when I suggested a pistol, but felt I must have some weapon. My kid brother who took my place one night nearly had a fit. I had prepared him for making the rounds, but I had forgotten to mention the axe, and when in the cellar Miss Torrey pointed to the axe, and said briefly, "Bring it," and vanished with the candle up the stairway, he had a wild moment of thinking the time for his execution had come."

Among the new friends and acquaintances were the Palfreys — they lived near us — three elderly ladies with their aged mother — and she was aged, a hundred her next birthday. I never saw her, but I gathered that she was curiously alive in all the minor matters, such as just what dress the daughters should change into in the afternoon, and uttering her opinions in a manner that made them into laws. Mrs. Eliot told me that she spoke to Miss Sarah on the heat of the Cambridge summer and hoped she got away, but Miss Sarah replied, "Mother feels that the habit of leaving home in the summer just for a change is

unsettling, and does not conduce to an orderly mode of living, but," she went on a little hesitatingly, "of course, we know that our mother cannot always be with us; there must come a time when we shall be without her guidance — and I think — perhaps — we may feel differently then."

But when that time of emancipation came, those three old ladies gazed at each other, not only with grief but with alarm. How should "a lady" meet anything so elemental, so inexorable, as Death? It seemed not to fit into their carefully shielded lives, it was too sudden, too sensational. An unconscious neighbor called at the house on an errand that morning and asked cheerfully how they all were. Miss Sarah said, with hesitating formality, "We are all well, barring the vicissitudes attendant on human life."

After the mother died there was a little stir of adventure. They did "feel differently" about a summer outing, and decided on two weeks in Gloucester. From there Miss Sarah wrote, "It has been a great surprise to me to find so many well-conditioned people, quite unknown to ourselves or to our friends."

Miss Sarah seems to have been the only one in whom the spirit of ad-

venture survived its too long period of incubation. Miss Mary remained quiescent.

Miss Anna had a little hint of girlishness that was very engaging. I can quite believe that in a trinity of names invented for them she was the Rose, Mary the Lamb, and Sarah the Book.

At seventy, Miss Sarah took up painting in water colors. An old friend, Helen Child, told me that she was sent for one morning, and went over fearing some calamity. She was met by Miss Sarah, drawn into the parlor, and the door shut before she told her that she had seen in the morning paper that Buffalo Bill and his Wild West show was in Boston. Would Helen come and go with her that afternoon? They went, but it was a doubtful pleasure. It was too queer! She had "no convenience" for getting pleasure that way, so that all she got was a not to be despised satisfaction that she had dared to go. Buffalo Bill had not been as rewarding as she had hoped, but her spirit was undaunted and soon afterward she went to the circus. She found various friends who had also been to the circus. One said sadly, "The polar bear pacing restlessly up and down that hot June day just haunts me." Miss Sarah felt that the situation was exaggerated, and said, "But I understand that the polar bear was accommodated with a block of ice."

As I've said, Miss Sarah thirsted for adventure. She purchased a tricycle. This shocked the sisters bore up under, and when she mounted it and sat discreetly there, it seemed not so terrible, but — when her foot pressed on the pedal they saw not only her ankle but inches above. This absolutely damning fact was laid before Sarah, and she felt its importance, but she was not going to be cheated out of her new freedom. She went into consultation with a mechanic, and he arranged a small iron rod that went around inside the wheels and outside the pedals. On this rod a brown silk ruffle was gathered, concealing her feet entirely, so she went modestly through the streets of Cambridge looking as if she were putting her feet in and out of a too hot foot-tub.

A friend who met her at a pension in Italy said, "Miss Sarah felt that she was leading a very risky life meeting so many people of whose antecedents she knew nothing, but felt that a vague pleasantness might be permitted, but no intimacy and no introductions."

Mr. and Mrs. John Graham Brooks, best beloved and most highly desired of Cambridge circles, came to the pension for a week, adding

11

greatly to everyone's pleasure. They had not been long in Cambridge as the Palfreys counted length and had not yet come within their range of vision. The morning of their departure, Mrs. Brooks lingered at the breakfast table, and said goodbye all around without knowing Miss Palfrey by name. The friend said to her, as the Brooks left the room, "Why, you must know the Brooks, you both live in Cambridge." "No," was the reply, "I do not know them. They seem like very pleasant people, but one cannot be too careful."

One fall when I came back, I heard that Miss Anna was ill and not likely to live long. I went over to ask for her, and was met by Miss Sarah, who said, in answer to my question as to whether her sister would enjoy this or that and whether I might bring over some books, "Ah, that is the difficulty — to find any books to read aloud that are sprightly without vulgarity."

That winter, at President Lowell's at dinner, I sat next to Mr. Gardner Lane, a well known member of the Corporation, so big and prosperous and boyish and likable. He turned to me at once. "Why, you live on Oxford Street near the Palfreys, don't you? You see, I've known them all my life. I can remember being taken by Mother to see them, all uncomfortably dressed up in a little black velvet suit and so well behaved! I used to call occasionally while I was in college — never the same week that I robbed their apple orchard, but occasionally — and this fall when I heard Miss Anna was so sick I took out some flowers, meaning just to leave them at the door, but Miss Sarah saw me and insisted I should go up and see Miss Anna. When I came downstairs I was all in. Dear old Aliss Anna! All I wanted was to get out of the house, but Miss Mary called to me to wait a moment. Down she came with something in one hand, with the other folded over it, and said, 'Anna wishes you to have this for a keepsake. She thinks it's a gift suitable for a gentleman,' and, by Jove! if it wasn't a corkscrew! Well, it saved my life — for in my effort not to laugh I kept from doing the other thing."

After the Spanish War, Harvard invited a large number of Cuban teachers over for the Summer School. You remember we had a house full. All Cambridge prepared to welcome them, but Miss Palfrey was agitated. Dr. Walcott tells of her appearing one day and after preliminary remarks on the dangers that lie about us at all times, said, "You know, Dr. Walcott, of this invasion, of course? We felt in making plans

12

for the summer we needed the advice of some one like yourself on whose judgment we could rely. With the streets filled with men of the Latin race, with ardent passions and other

standards than ours, do you consider that it would be safe for us to spend the summer in Cambridge?"

One pictures Miss Sarah as one saw her on their day at home, arranged with great care, finished off with white cotton gloves, but there was a "sprightliness," to use that expressive word of hers, about her. A neighbor 'Dr. Edward Drown' said that Miss Sarah appeared one morning bearing a very nice copy of "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam." She explained that it had been given her, but when she glanced through it she felt she could not keep it upon her shelves where it might fall into the hands of some young person. She decided it would be safer to bring it to him. It was a nice little tribute to his unshakable moral character.

There was always something very interesting to me about Miss Sarah. As a young woman she had written one of those slender volumes of verse that always appeals to me. If books could have astral bodies, which were even occasionally visible, I think none would be so rainbow-tinted as those slender privately printed volumes of verses, so radiant with hope. I remember Father reading me one of her poems that had wandered into some anthology, and it was very good. She also wrote a novel that I never got hold of, named "Herman, or Young Knighthood." Some one told me that the review of it in "The Atlantic Monthly" of that date spoke of it as "remarkable."

In coming to Cambridge from St. Paul the flood of youth in the University struck us. The immense variety among the students. They filled the streets and just meeting those who gravitated our way we were surrounded by them.

I remember one 22nd of February standing on the corner waiting for the street car, a boy evidently a student was also waiting. We were both listening to the chimes of Christ Church. "Can you tell me," he said, "what they are ringing for?" "It is Washington's birthday," I said. "Think of that —," he exclaimed wonderingly — "over a hundred years since he died, and still ringing bells," and then he added, "I like it, I wish we did it in Oregon."

From the very first of our married life there was much coming and going. We did not dignify it by the name of hospitality. We did no

formal entertaining but we both liked it, although to this day I think of some of our Oriental visitors with a long drawn sigh. There is something inside of me that prevents a sympathetic understanding of the Oriental mind.

Life in Cambridge never settled down to only work in the Parish although that always came first. Father had as many engagements outside the church as in it.

June was always filled with graduations. One year he made as many as three commencement addresses a week, but he was a born traveller and he loved it.

Just before we came to Cambridge, Prof. Royce's "Religious Aspect of Philosophy" came out. It is hard to say what makes a book your own. Often it is something quite independent of the book. But whatever it was, it became one of my "great books."

Soon after we arrived here, Prof. and Mrs. Child invited us to meet their neighbors. Among the many new faces, my attention wandered to a man just entering the door. At that distance he looked very young — a student I thought. He was so unlike everybody else I was fascinated. A moment later Prof. Child was saying, "This is Prof. Royce, Mrs. Crothers."

When he died Father preached a sermon and I would like to add an extract here:

"We cannot meet in our place of worship today without thinking of Josiah Royce. His figure was as familiar on the streets of Cambridge as Socrates was in Athens. Like Socrates he loved to talk with the people whom he met upon the great themes that occupied his mind. He was essentially a man of the people.

"Prof. Royce as he lived and entered into the experience of others came to emphasize more and more the feeling that binds human beings not only to an ideal of righteousness, but to one another. We must not only learn to work but to work together.

"All this he summed up in the great word Loyalty. It was as a preacher of loyalty that he appeared in his later years and addressed the new generation.

"It is significant that Prof. Royce, who had separated himself in thought from the popular religion, in his quest for the ideal, came to see new and richer meaning in historical Christianity.

"The church represented a beloved community which was based not on self-interest, but on spiritual ideals. There had come among men the thought of uniting to strengthen and preserve those things which are most deeply and tenderly human, and which left alone might utterly perish. Here is a union for mutual benefit which recognized eternal values. The ordinary churchman may be commonplace enough; but the church in its ideal represents a supreme loyalty. Here are individuals who, forgetting their diverse interests, become members of one body. They are united not by intellectual but by spiritual affinities. They form a brotherhood of the spirit.

"During the last few years I have seldom met Prof. Royce upon the street when he did not fall into talk about Paul's conception of that body, firmly knit-together, to which we all belong. I do not know that the actual Christian church as it exists today appealed to him greatly. But there was an ideal behind it, which he recognized. Some day the beloved community would be realized.

"Then in these last days of crisis the philosopher was not content to watch the struggle with calm eyes beholding the evil and the good, but doing nothing to make the good triumph.

"He must take sides. The world powers may still have achieved little. We may still be in chaos. We must be loyal to our vision and to our companions who share the vision with us.

We must count our lives cheap and be willing to sacrifice them if a higher order is to emerge. He has given his own estimate of the work most needed: "To work for the extension of the moral insight is the chief present duty of man in society." It was to this great task that Josiah Royce devoted himself."

Mrs. Agassiz, serene and steady, was in full vigor when we came. Radcliffe College had just emerged from the Harvard Annex, and Mrs. Agassiz presided over its destinies.

When one thinks of that dignified conservative figure, one forgets that the essential radicalism must have been great to have stood so squarely for anything so original as a coordinated effort with Harvard for women's education. She made the first steps not so much cautiously as with a fine simplicity. She often spoke to us of President Eliot's reliable help, with appreciation of his generosity when the higher education of woman did not lie very near his heart but quite on the outer circle of his varied interests.

15

We had visits at Nahant with her and many long talks about the things she had cared for. The Harvard College she and her husband had belonged to seemed far away to her, and she looked upon the cosmopolitan aggregation of professors and students a little puzzled. She said once, I remember, "The faculty in my day was homogeneous. Its way of living was simple and there was very little wealth, but they seemed to me more socially experienced than the present much larger one. These seem to me so elaborate, and I don't seem to know them so well. We had such simple pleasures in my day." But as we talked she concluded it was a question of people growing more elaborate as they grew older and she was thrown with the older set.

I have many little pictures of Professor William James — never of his sitting comfortably down but of his appearing while Mrs. James and I were talking, throwing in a few words, sometimes perched on the arm of a chair really talking at some length, but never as if he meant to stay. One afternoon I had taken a friend from New York, a Settlement worker, to call. Professor James asked about his old friend Davidson, who he heard had been giving some lectures on Evolution in her Settlement. "Did they go at all? Was it possible to make Evolution interesting to an East Side audience?" "We had our doubts," replied Miss Best, "but they went splendidly, six of them. The neighborhood came in decent numbers, and there were more at the end than at the beginning. I was so interested in a girl whom I had tried to get hold of. She worked in a sweat-shop and was an underfed, embittered, unhappy thing. She had no glimpse of any world but her own terribly hard one and had no patience with any talk of reform. Like Samson, she wanted to pull down the pillars even if she brought the whole structure of society crashing on her head. I was surprised to see her there. She came every time, and the last evening I said to her, 'Have you liked the lectures?' 'Yes,' she said, 'I have. I ain't kicking any more. If it's taken so long as he says to get this far, I guess I can wait a little.' " I have never seen many faces that had that kindled look, but Professor James was one. He loved the story.

I like so much what Father says of him: "William James thought as an American as certainly as Plato thought as a Greek. His way of philosophizing was one that belonged to the land of his birth.

"He was as distinctly American as was Daniel Boone. Daniel Boone

16

was no renegade taking to the woods that he might relapse into savagery. He was a civilized man who preferred to be the maker of civilization rather than to be its victim. He preferred to blaze his own way through the forest. When he saw the smoke of a neighbor's chimney it was time for him to move on. So William James was led by instinct from the crowded highways to the dim borderlands of human experience. He preferred to dwell in the debatable lands. With a quizzical smile he listened to the dignitaries of philosophy. He found their completed systems too stuffy. He loved the wildernesses of thought where shy wild things hide — half hopes, half realities. They are not quite true now — but they may be by and by. Truth to him was not a field with metes and bounds. It was a continent awaiting settlement. First the bold pathfinders must adventure into it. Its vast spaces were infinitely inviting, its undeveloped resources were alluring. And not only did the pathfinder interest him but the path-loser as well. But for his heedless audacity the work of exploration would languish. Was ever a philosopher so humorously tender to the intellectual vagabonds, the waifs and strays of the spiritual world!

"Their reports of vague meanderings in the borderland were listened to without scorn. They might be ever so absent-minded and yet have stumbled upon something which wiser men had missed.

"To listen to William James was to experience an illogical elation — and to feel justified in it. He was an unsparing critic of things as they are, but his criticism left us in no mood of depression. Our interest is with things as they are going to be. The universe is growing. Let us grow with it."

Father always said that he thought it would be impossible to convey to the next generation the remarkable effect produced on his contemporaries by President Eliot. His written words are comparatively commonplace, and you could not reproduce — for those who never saw him enter a room — that subtle thing we call "presence." Other men are tall and commanding, although it might be said that almost no other man had his voice.

I remember reading a letter of one of Lord Chatham's contemporaries in which he described an episode of the day. Lord Chatham had made a vigorous plea for a very unpopular measure. Silence reigned as he slowly left the chamber, but, as he passed out the door, an excited member of the

17

opposition sprang to his feet and began an angry rejoinder. He was going full tilt when he saw, in the doorway, Lord Chatham returning. The orator stopped, became confused, and sank slowly to his seat. The narrator went on: "This may seem surprising to anyone unacquainted with Lord Chatham, but not a man present thought it anything but natural — nay, even fitting." There is something about the incident that made me think of Mr. Eliot. He

clothed even an unimportant fact or statement in a garment of such dignity that it did not shuffle in and out of the conversation, but remained as an intrinsic part of it.

I remember an insignificant episode to which he gave real meaning. It occurred in the First Parish Church, of which he was a member. A meeting after the morning service was called to acknowledge a legacy given by a maiden lady in memory of her brother. Those who remained were conscious of that little stir of excitement which an unknown benefaction always produces. The chairman called the meeting to order and, in that perfectly colorless monotone which seems to belong to a presiding officer, as such, read the donor's brief statement, that she wished to give to this church, of which he was long a devoted member, a gift in tender memory of her brother. The gift was three hundred and fifty dollars, of which the annual interest was to be used for the charities of the church. The chairman continued: "Is there a motion to receive this gift?" For just a moment there was that awful silence which comes when people are hastily adjusting their minds to the unexpected. Father was rising to his feet when, from the seat behind, came that wonderfully rich, mellow voice of President Eliot, speaking in the first person and repeating slowly, word for word, the terms of the gift. "I move that we of the First Parish receive the gift of Miss-----of three hundred and fifty dollars, the interest to be used for the charities of the parish, a gift given in tender memory of her brother, long a devoted member of this church. It is such gifts that bind us together." There was not a person present who did not feel that the little gift had been suddenly ennobled and clothed in imperishable garments.

One cannot speak of Mr. Eliot without dwelling and liking to dwell on his tenderness in illness, not only of his own family, but of others.

During our first years in Cambridge there descended upon us one of those domestic cyclones with which all families are familiar. The influenza had run its devastating course. Father had taken his turn perpen-

dicularly, as he always did, but the rest of us were in various staggering stages of convalescence when the baby came down with pneumonia and, at the same time, the plumbing suddenly became useless. President Eliot heard of our plight. At nine o'clock the next morning he was at our door. He had already interviewed the doctor, the owner of the house, and the plumber, and from all three he had serious reports. The trouble with the plumbing would involve tearing up floors and putting in new pipes. It might take two weeks. He had come to ask us to move to his house for that time. The two older children had already been taken into the homes of friends, but Father, the nurse, Margery, the baby, and I accepted the generous hospitality. One does not forget such kindnesses! There was nothing too trifling to do for us if it would add to our comfort. Noticing that the nurse was an Englishwoman, he asked her if she would like beer with her meals. She reluctantly declined. Instantly the desire to know, which was such a marked characteristic, asserted itself. I heard him ask kindly, "Is it a conscientious objection or is it your liver?" It washer liver.

And Mrs. Eliot! For, after all, generosity of that size and nature comes out of the housekeeper in the end. Yet she took it all so easily, almost as a matter of course, that five people — one a very sick baby — should literally take possession of their orderly house.

The family life was delightful. Beside the deeper feeling, they both had an indispensable liking for each other's society. She had no reforming fervor. His little foibles were observed with a quick smile and dismissed.

She was so handsome — so adequate to the demands made upon her. Her singing was a delight, and her sense of humor supplied a felt need. She was an irresistible mimic, and he would draw her on to telling us, as recent arrivals, of old Mrs.-----and her lap dog. He would sit beaming with anticipatory pleasure as she began the tale — and no wonder! I cannot think we should have enjoyed the old lady herself half so much. She told us of a secondhand furniture dealer, whom we already knew, who had endeared himself to her by confiding that he lived in Brighton but had social privileges in Allston. She retailed the conversation with him over an old desk she thought of buying. Suddenly she was the man himself, head on one side, weighing as a lover of antiques the desk and its appropriate setting in her library. "Ah, Mrs. Eliot," he would say, "I

19

can see the room as it is now," — an expression of cold disfavor crossing his face, — adding with an ecstatic smile, "and as it will be when this desk is placed."

During those two weeks I saw an entirely different side of President Eliot, the very human, simple person behind the imposing exterior. He sat on the floor and built block houses for Margery. He was directly, very directly, interested in every detail of our lives. One day at dinner he said to me, "How much salary did you have in your former parish? Did you save anything?" Curiously enough, the question seemed neither impertinent nor ill-timed. I recognized that his interest was impersonal. What he wanted to know was how early it was possible for young people to marry. How much could they live on? How much could they save? I told him that we had started with a salary of \$1500, which had been increased to \$3500 by the time we left, eight years later. That we were a family of five, including Mr. Crothers' mother, and that, during the eight years, we had acquired two additional babies. That, aside from a life-insurance policy, we had not been able to save. He nodded com-prehendingly. "I see," was all he said, but I felt that I had passed my examination.

He had, I think, one of the most radiant smiles I ever saw. It lighted up that rugged, scarred face in a strangely beautiful way. You were so warmed and welcomed by it that you wanted to enter right into the intimacies of friendship, but there was always some little difficulty about the door. It usually ended by his coming out and standing on the mental doorstep, where you had a brief but pleasant conversation, and then you went your way. In his familiar world of family and kindred he moved freely, but he never seemed to me to have any way of giving easy access to people outside that circle, and was shut in rather than unwilling to go out.

There are endless stories about President Eliot. I always liked the one about his buying a horse. He went to the stable to inquire about the possibilities. The owner was not there, but

the man in charge brought out a horse, and, after much talk and a trial drive, Mr. Eliot said he would take him. When the owner returned, his employee informed him of the sale.

"But," asked the owner, "did you tell him that the horse wouldn't back?"

"No," replied the man, "I didn't tell him."

20

Then this remarkable horse dealer said, "I guess I'll go up and tell him myself," which he did. Mr. Eliot was gravely concerned and hesitated some time.

"He should have told me," he said, more than once, "but I like the horse. He has points that are important to me — and I seldom back."

21

WINDMILL LANE TO ASH STREET

BY ROGER GILMAN

Read October 23, 1945

T*HE story of Windmill Lane reaches back to the second year of Cambridge history, to 1633, the 2d of March. On that date according to the Proprietors' Records, there was granted: "to John Benjamin all the ground between John Masters, his ground, and Antho Couldbyes, provided that the windmill hill shall be reserved for the Town use, and a cartway of two rods wide into the same."¹ Thus it was the first street on the record.*

Through more than three centuries this cartway, known in turn as the cartway to Windmill Hill, Windmill Lane, Bath Street, and Ash Street, has held its original location, its winding course, and its two rods of width.

A stroll along its length will show us how it came by its location, and its peculiar shape. It would naturally leave the old "Path from Water-town to Charles towne," now Brattle Street, at the point where the path came closest to the river and turned westward. It would push out toward the hill for a few rods, until the rise and fall of the ground would shape its course. To one side was the little rise on which Mrs. Mower's house now stands, which would deflect it. To the other side, it would have to avoid the sharp drop to the marsh, where the slope of Mt. Auburn Street now begins.

Its slender proportions were probably preserved by the two great estates which bordered it until well into the nineteenth century, for it is still the same two rods wide, just 30 feet

from fence to fence. But even in 1633 the windmill was no longer there! It had been built in the very beginnings of the town because there was no mill to grind corn nearer than the water mill at Watertown, several miles up stream. Yet the windmill had been removed to Boston six months later because, as Winthrop wrote, "It would not grind but with a westerly wind." It must have been a very unadaptable mill. Anyone who has lived and

¹L. R. Paige, "History of Cambridge" (1877), p. 20.

walked by the river, winter and summer, as I have done, and rowed on it as man and boy, can testify that there is always a stiff breeze blowing straight down stream, and only a little south of west.

Though the windmill had gone, the hill remained, and became an important fact in Cambridge geography. The old sketch maps show that it was the only spot between Lechmere's point in East Cambridge and Gerry's Landing on which high, firm ground extended through the marshes to the river's edge. Thus it was destined to serve as a town landing, a swimming place, a wharf, and to satisfy many unexpected needs — in a word it was the be-all and end-all of Ash Street.

But this little headland had a more immediate value for the settlers. Winthrop and his fellows were planning a fortified town, and this hill at the river's edge was to be the starting point of their fortification, "one anchor of their line," in the language of our own wars.

In the words of the early writer, Johnson, "they began to think of a place of more safety in the eyes of man than the frontier towns of Charles Towne and Boston were. . . . Wherefore they rather made choice to enter further among the Indians than hazard the fury of malignant adversaries who in a rage might pursue them, and therefore chose a place situate on Charles River, between Charles Towne and Water Towne, where they erected a town called New Towne, now named Cambridge." ²

It seems strange that they feared attack from the sea by white men rather than from the land by Indians. Was it from the French in Maine, or from the Spaniards in Florida who had massacred 200 Huguenots in South Carolina only a generation before? Or was it from the unfriendly regime in England which they had with so much effort left behind?

Fantastic as their conception of Cambridge as a fortified town appears to us, it was so real to them that only six weeks after their first survey they ordered "That there should be three scoore pounds levied out of the several plantations within the lymits of this patent, towards the making of a pallysadoe about the newe towne." ³ The plantations thus levied upon included such far away settlements as Salem and Marblehead on one side and Dorchester on the other. It would seem that the new town was meant at this stage to be the key point of the colony.

Their pallysadoe, a rather liberal rendition of the Spanish "palizada,"

² Paige, p. 7.

³ Paige, p. 2, note i.

meant at that time a fence of strong stakes set in the ground for defense. The stockade was duly made. The fosse which was also dug was still visible in some places in the time of Dr. Abiel Holmes, the historian. He wrote in 1800 that it commenced at "Brick Wharf," which was our Windmill Hill, and ran along the northern side of the present Common and to the cultivated ground of Mr. Nathaniel Jarvis, presumably near Jarvis Street.

There is an established tradition that the offshoots from this "pally-sadoe" survived in the group of giant willows, which in the memory of some of us still stood near where Ash Street crossed Alt. Auburn. They hung on the bank between the higher ground and the marsh, just where the pallysadoe must have been. When Memorial Drive was laid out, they disappeared, but two more are still tottering in the nearby corner of Longfellow Park. That they all may be descendants of the pallysadoe is confirmed by Professor Pond.

Just off Windmill Hill cartway was probably the earliest burying ground. It is briefly mentioned in a record dated April 7, 1634. "Granted to John Pratt two acres by the old burying place, without the common pales." Now John Pratt's lot can be located by a previous grant on Brattle Street, near Hilliard. The common pales are supposed to denote the stockade, which according to Paige's history was "nearly if not precisely in the line of the present Ash Street. So it is not unreasonable to suppose that the old burying place may have been at or near the corner of Brattle and Ash."⁴

The town continued to set much store by its "windmill hill." When some fifty years later it was found to have been enclosed by one Richard Eccles, the matter came up at town meeting, June 16, 1684. A vote was taken "whether the highway should be made an open highway, and it was voted in the affirmative." Whereupon a tract measuring ten rods, about 160 feet, on the river, and six to seven rods on the sides was acknowledged by the chastened Eccles to be public property, together with a highway, two rods wide — as always.⁵

In the first years land was granted to settlers on both sides of the cartway, but it changed owners with surprising frequency. Newcomers apparently tried out the living conditions on ground already cleared and

⁴ Paige, p. 233, note.

⁵ Paige, p. 20.

in the shelter of the pales, but soon wished larger farms and moved on, to Sudbury, Marlborough or Ipswich.

Some of those who settled near the windmill hill became selectmen. One at least was a deputy to the General Court. Probably at first most of them were farmers. But by the latter part of the century they were artisans. John Hastings was a tanner, his brother Samuel Hastings a gunsmith. Two houses away on the Watertown road lived Samuel Green, a well-known printer. On the other side of the lane was David Deming, a rope maker and "fence-viewer."

* * * *

When we pass to the middle of the 1700's, we find the scene wholly changed. The small lots along both sides of the lane have become two large estates with handsome gardens. The many owners have become only two. General Brattle on the east, toward the village, has acquired all the land extending from his fine new house to the lane. Henry Vassall, on the west, has just rounded out his holdings by buying the land on the corner, and now owns eight acres. His estate now includes the house and all the land as far up as the present Longfellow Park, and as far over as the river.

This is now no longer the democratic society of the settler-farmers nor of their successors, the artisans. Brattle was the richest man in Cambridge and a professional man, in the fullest sense, for he practised almost all the professions known in his day. Vassall, a West Indian planter by birth and up-bringing, was a man of leisure. He was also an inveterate entertainer, who would spend four pounds for a dinner at "The Gray-hound" in Roxbury, or at Collidge's Tavern in Watertown, or give a large party to feast on turtle at Fresh Pond.⁶

Our Lane, overshadowed by these two large estates, was almost or quite uninhabited. Indeed it had become merely a private way. For in 1750 Brattle, Vassall, and Edward Marrett made a petition to the County Commissioners to keep it so. In their own words: "Shewing that there hath been, time out of mind, in the Land leading to the Brick Wharffe in Cambridge, and that there is a Gate now hanging in said place, They pray leave to continue the same in the same Place, until further Order of this Court."⁷

⁶*Samuel Francis Batchelder, "Notes on Colonel Henry Vassall" (1917), selections.*

⁷ *Batchelder, p. 11, note I*

How long it remained thus gated and barred we do not know. But we may guess that it was until the Brattle estate began to be broken up about fifty years later.

Brattle's garden was one of the show places of the province. It was in part laid out in the Continental manner, even with statues, where the young gallants used to promenade. It

was in other parts an "English garden," that is, landscaped after Nature, for it made features of the pond and island which were already there.

But the Vassall garden should have a special appeal to us, for it survived almost as a whole nearly to our own day. Some suggestions of what it was are found in the account of the Vassalls in the paper read in 1915 before this Society by our friend and historian, the late Frank Batchelder.

After Henry Vassall's death in 1769, and his widow's flight in 1774 to the shelter of General Gage's army in Boston, the estate and its garden went into a rapid decline. The house became, as we know, a hospital for the Continental troops. The garden must have suffered a fate similar to that of the Inman place, which was described by one visitor as a desert. We can imagine the fate of its trees from a letter of General Greene, in which he says "The troops suffered prodigiously for fire wood, although we cut down every fence and tree within a mile of the camp."

After the hospital came the Hessian prisoners. After them came the son of a Vassall creditor, John Phips, who in turn had to sell it after only four years. From then on, it went to a speculator, Nickerson, to the notorious Andrew Craigie, and to others in quick succession. None of them lived there. None of them cared for it. It became a boarding house. Fortunately in 1841, just a century after the first Vassall had created it, what remained was purchased by Samuel Batchelder.

Meanwhile the lower garden, toward the river, had been cut off by the opening of Mt. Auburn Street in 1808. The need for this highway must have been evident, but two rival factions almost came to a riot over its location. The parties interested in the new West Boston Bridge wanted it in its present position. The Craigie faction wanted it to run straight from Elmwood to Mason, to divert traffic towards Craigie's new bridge at East Cambridge. Today, in view of the heavy trucks that now roar along Brattle Street, one may wonder if Craigie's route would not have been the better.

During this first half of the nineteenth century, our Lane underwent a series of changes in name. None of them were so pleasant to the ear or mind as the ancient, informal "Windmill Lane," but they each add their bit of history. Some time after the Revolution it became known as Bath Lane, because the kindly Thomas Brattle, son of the rich old General, had built a bath house for the Harvard students at the lane's end.⁸ And the name stuck to that part of the lane beyond Mt. Auburn Street for a century, until the Charles River Parkway absorbed it. About 1800 it was called "Brick Wharf Lane." You will remember that Abiel Holmes, writing at that time, mentioned the Brick Wharf there. If you ask "Why bricks in particular?" I should guess that it was the best landing near to the college and that the bricks for its buildings were unloaded there.

In 1844 this Bath Lane was straightened — but not so much — and admitted into the fellowship of public highways, under the name of Bath Street. Then houses began to be built along its east side, and apparently there was demand for a street address that was more elegant — and less functional. So inside of three years it was re-christened Ash

Street,⁹ from a grove of ash trees about midway in its length. The choice of the name was very likely that of Mr. Batchelder, who had lately bought all the land on one side of it.

Of course we who live along its rim, and feel affection for its honorable antiquity, sometimes have nostalgic regrets for the loss of Windmill Lane. But when we reflect that the moving hand of Time might have stopped at Brick Wharf Lane, or even Bath Street, we are content to be named for a tree. Besides, with such a record, who can tell what other names it may assume, in centuries yet unborn?

* * * *

Samuel Batchelder and his wife, who had acquired the old Vassall place, were lovers of gardens, and indeed expert botanists. Under their care it became once more a beautiful estate. In a paper for the Cambridge Plant Club, written by Mrs. Gozzaldi, their granddaughter, we fortunately have a detailed description of it in the early sixties. Thanks to her daughter, Mrs. Richard Hall, and to the Plant Club, I have permission to

⁸"Historic Guide to Cambridge," compiled by Hannah Winthrop Chapter, D.A.R. (1907), p. 94.

⁹ Lewis M. Hastings, "The Streets of Cambridge" (1921).

give you a glimpse of its contents. I trust that I am not doing her an injustice by a brief transcription.¹⁰

Mrs. Gozzaldi when a girl loved this garden and describes it as she knew it. She does not say how much of its plan or its planting came down from the Vassalls, but I like to think that the main walks and borders still preserve their lines of the colonial century.

The entrance to the house was on the east, as it is now. From this side ran the Broad Walk, down to Ash Street. This walk was bordered with high flowering shrubs, in wide beds — japonica, snowberries, spirea, syringa, and snowballs. Interspersed between them were the tall flowers — larkspur, monkshood, dahlias, and hollyhocks. Beneath were old-fashioned pinks, heliotrope, bachelor's button, and many more.

Beside the walk was a huge cedar, towering above the roof, with a bench around it overhung with lilacs. The stump of this old cedar still exists. On the south side of the house, between the two wings, was a tiny garden of box, enclosing moss roses and mignonette. Against the shutters there bloomed morning glories, four o'clocks, and coreopsis.

From this south garden ran the Long Walk, which in Vassall's day continued down to the river. On one hand were violet beds, nut trees and pears. Beyond them were all kinds of berry bushes and vines. Still further on were fruit trees, and trellises of grapes with old-fashioned names — Isabellas, Catawbias, and Black Hamburgs.

On the other side of the Long Walk were the vegetable garden, the cornfields, and the grass meadow. Around to the west, where Hawthorn Street is now, were a paved court, the

carriage entrance, and the stables. Two large lindens guarded the entrance gate and a hawthorn hedge sheltered it from the west winds of winter. For privacy along Brattle Street there was a hedge of one hundred locust trees and a brick wall, a well-known landmark, both set out by Vassall. There was also a summer house, made by one of the Batchelder boys when in college.

What a delightful place to live in! Walks where one might stroll and enjoy all kinds of flowers, an intimate little garden next the house, great trees for shade, grape arbors, farm garden, stables, and a meadow.

Of all this, whether of Vassall or Batchelder, there now remains

¹⁰ *Mrs. Isabella James Gozzaldi, "A Child in a New England Colonial Garden," in "Proceedings, 1945," selections.*

28

only a strip of the original wall and a few gaunt locust trees on Ash Street, a giant elm and a tulip tree on Acacia Street. The tulip is of Batchelder's time. The elm may well be 150 years old, or more, a living link with the early garden, perhaps with Vassall himself.

* * * *

We turn now from the scent of gardens to the smell of gas and coke. For Ash Street had its industrial revolution, when in 1852 our Windmill Hill and its town landing were taken over by the Cambridge Gas Company. Their first survey shows that there was still a sharp hillock just above high water mark at the end of the lane, which suggests clearly the position of the old mill. It shows too that there was still a bank between the upland and the salt marsh.

Across what is now the lower end of Ash Street, they built a large plant, for Old Cambridge in the fifties was their principal source of revenue, and the hill, as always, was the only landing place along the shore. The coal was brought in barges by water from Nova Scotia to a wharf two to three hundred feet long, and discharged into a great shed. There in smoke and smell it was burned in long, low ovens. The gas was stored in a great round gashouse of brick, with a cone-shaped roof. In an old photograph taken from the top of Memorial Hall in 1876 it looms over all that part of the town.

After twenty years, the Gas Company moved away. They had found that the cost of bringing barges through all the turns and bridges of the river had become too great, while the industries and the growing population of Cambridgeport had come to outweigh the older residences and the college. Soon the great gashouse was a mere quarry for bricks, the wharf a ruin, the ground black with slag. The remains of the chemicals with which the gas was treated still gave out a gassy odor on rainy days, ten years later. Ultimately the Parkway and the tall apartments came and blotted it out, and this generation hardly knows it existed.

* * * *

Turning from gasworks we come upon a poet in his reverie. Along the lower part of Bath Street, where it curved around the headland, there still lingered in the 'sixties, a group of aged willow trees, descendants of

those that had been built into the settlers' pallysadoe, 200 years before. From this spot there is the most satisfying of all the views of our river — looking along the water to the bend, and beyond to the tower of Mt. Auburn on its wooded hill.

Here James Russell Lowell had his favorite haunt. Perhaps he came to write in touch with Nature. Perhaps he just lay in the shade and pondered. Perhaps he came to enjoy what he kindly called "the actors in a different drama of life" — a dusty tramp, or a scissors grinder, or the men rebuilding the road. Out of his fondness for the place he named a book of poems, published in 1868, "Under the Willows."

In his opening poem he described the very spot, our corner of Cambridge seen with a poet's eye. Let me give you his picture, putting it together from lines here and there.

"And I have many a life-long leafy friend . . . ,

Among them one, an ancient willow, spreads eight balanced limbs,

Springing at once all round his deep-ridged trunk

With upward slant diverse. This tree

Is one of six, a willow Pleiades,

The seventh fallen, that lean along the brink,

Where the steep upland dips into the marsh.

. . . The sliding Charles

Blue toward the west, and bluer and more blue,

Ran crinkling sunniness.

The deep meadows flowed

With multitudinous pulse of light and shade

Against the bases of the southern hills . . .

All life washed clean in this high tide of June."

* * * *

Somewhat before 1880 a stir of the profit motive began to blow across the fields and gardens of the Vassall-Batchelder estate. Mr. Samuel Batchelder, son of the horticulturist owner, opened Hawthorn street, about where the paved carriage court of Henry Vassall had

been. One of the two great lindens that had graced the entrance still stood there to give it distinction.

The City Hall records that the street was accepted in 1880, and

30

"named by Mr. Batchelder after the author Nathaniel Hawthorne." But their spelling of the street without an "e" betrays them. He must certainly have named it from the old Vassall hawthorn hedge of which a few stragglers still lingered along its westerly side. Following this successful development, Mr. Batchelder laid out an intermediate street across the garden, and called it Acacia Street. The City Hall made no comment on this for everyone could see that he had named it after the acacia trees near by, reminders of the famous row on Brattle, which had been cut down, when that street was widened. Thus the whole region was named from its own trees, Ash, Acacia, and Hawthorn, all distinctive.

But the City Hall still had its troubles with orthography. In the City Engineer's Atlas of 1873, it spelled the new street "Acaisey."

* * * *

And now came a truly picturesque episode. Between Mt. Auburn street, the deserted Gas Works, and the river, on an unsightly triangle of land which was partly marsh and partly dump, several gentlemen of the neighborhood proposed — as they said — "A Casino, which should add beauty to the city, and give moral as well as physical vigor to its members." ¹¹

The call for a meeting was sent out, signed by Samuel Batchelder. They met in June, 1882, at the house of Ernest W. Longfellow, now the house of Mrs. Robert de W. Sampson. Mr. Longfellow was chosen president. Francis B. Gilman, my father, was chosen treasurer and — to quote again — "was appointed to collect such subscriptions as may be voluntarily offered and to apply the same toward payment for the land bought of the Gas Light Company."

A week later at a second meeting, the first board of directors was chosen from the shareholders. The shares were offered at \$50.00 each, but were voted by blocks of five, representing \$250.00. The total number of these blocks appears to have been thirty-four, which would represent an investment of \$8,500.00. Annual subscribers were to pay five dollars a year, with five dollars for entrance fee. These were evidently of the younger set, who felt the need of physical rather than moral vigor. They were limited to one hundred men and fifty ladies.

¹¹ "Cambridge Casino Book of Records," Ms. record of Directors' Meetings. In possession of H. W. L. Dana.

31

The entrance was opposite the end of Hawthorn Street, through a hooded gateway, covered with woodbine. Once within its high red fence, you saw two grass tennis courts and a long bowling alley, overhung by the huge leaning willows of Lowell's poem. On a lower level were three dirt courts, and one of asphalt for play in winter. On the river bank stood a green shingled boat house, with porches overlooking the water. Inside were four club rowboats, some private boats and birch bark canoes. There was even a billiard table upstairs.

Its general air of picturesque originality, as well as its name — so intriguing to our more sober citizens — was credited to Ernest Longfellow. For he was an artist, and spent his summers in Newport or London. It was indeed a very pleasant little club, and I often think that our community feels the lack of it today.

The figures on the courts that still stand out in my memory were Richard H. Dana, somewhat rotund and always courtly; Joseph G. Thorp, tall, lithe, and blond-bearded; and Morris H. Morgan, on whose curly head was perched a natty blue and white Eton cap. Two others whom I got to know and like as they passed down Hawthorn Street, were the young and slender Rev. William Lawrence, who I believe introduced white flannel trousers among us, and Mayor William Russell, who considerately addressed me as "Colonel."

The ladies were admired by us younger boys only from a great distance. But I do recall Miss Gertrude Fuller — Mrs. Arthur Nichols — one of the best players, and our favorite, for the graceful way she swished around the courts in long skirts and puffed sleeves.

Tennis could now be played at Elmwood. Bowling went out and golf came in. Debts were increasing. And the new Charles River Parkway was casting an envious eye on the land.

So in January, 1895, the Casino sold out to the City for \$17,500. But it remained true to its original purpose. If moral and physical vigor were to be found at Elmwood and Oakley, the Casino could still bequeath beauty. At the last meeting the directors stated that this price was lower than might perhaps have been obtained elsewhere yet they recommended the sale "because of the great advantage to the City of preserving the grounds for park purposes, with their fine old trees." Yet the memory of the Casino survived, and may well have been an inspiration to those who founded the present Boat Club in 1909. How

pleasant and useful a part this has played for the past thirty-six years is common knowledge, rather than history.

* * * *

The houses of Ash Street reveal with surprising variety the story of American domestic architecture.¹² Few as they are, they include fine examples of nearly every impulse that has moulded our ways of design. Yet they are all of the same material, wood, and all planned for people of the same means and ways of living, according to their respective generations.

If we include the Brattle and Vassall houses, whose grounds bordered upon the Lane for a century, we have two outstanding examples of the colonial style. Indeed the great chimney

*and frame of the Vassall kitchen-ell would take us back to perhaps the 1630*5, our very beginnings.¹³*

Next in age comes number nineteen, the house in which we are now meeting. But it belongs to the street only by transmigration. It was built on the land of 76 Brattle Street, probably where the tennis court is, just east of the Greenleaf house, now the home of Radcliffe presidents.

Several pieces of evidence point toward its date as 1816. Miss Anna Crowell, who lived in the house most of her life, reported that a Mrs. Norwell had said she was born in it in 1817, and that it was built a year or two before. The old tax records give its date as 1816. In its plan and exterior it belongs in the simplified colonial manner of that decade. And it closely resembles the old Saunders homestead at number one Garden Street, which is dated by the family records in 1817. In fact it appears to be one of the constructions of William Saunders himself, a well known builder of that time.

The house had originally a long ell on the west side, that diminished in height as it went from kitchen to washroom to woodshed. It was, in our local phrase, a "telescope house," such as for example the winsome old house next to the Radcliffe library. And a practical plan it was, having its long side toward the southeast and the garden, so that the sun could heat it in winter. Stout wooden shutters, too, protected the windows of the northeast room against the cold.

¹² *The dates of buildings are from Tax Assessor's cards (old set). Dates of ownership from Cambridge Directories, in Harvard Library.*

¹³ *"Historic Guide, etc.," p. 94.*

For the first forty years of its life the house stood on Brattle Street. In 1853 Simon Greenleaf bought it and lived in it until he died.¹⁴ In 1860 his son James built himself a new house on the adjoining land, and later moved it to Ash Street.

To fit this much narrower lot, the main body of the house was placed to front on the street, while the ell was placed at the rear. From time to time slight changes were made and in 1931 this library was added in the angle between the main house and the ell. But the front is now almost exactly as it was in 1816, 129 years ago.

The old house has been a favorite abode of professors. First came Simon Greenleaf, one of the founders of the Law School's greatness. From him it was long called the old Greenleaf house. In 1865, after it had been moved to Ash Street, came Rev. Andrew Crowell, his son-in-law, rector of St. James church. In it grew up his brilliant grandson, James Greenleaf Crowell, instructor in Greek, and later head of the Brearly School for Girls in New York City. Later came Kenneth T. G. Webster; Harvey Davis, who left to become president of Stevens Institute; and Edward Thurston of the Law School.

But the street has much more than these older types in its architectural series. The style known as the Greek Revival, that swept the country from Maine to Michigan in the second quarter of the 19th century, also found its way into our quiet shadows. There it gave us the charming little house on the corner of Ash Street Place, whose porch of delicate Ionic columns on front and side shows how ingeniously local builders could adapt that majestic art to informal domestic use. This house was built in 1842 and was long the home of Cephas Thayer, the printer.

When in the sixties the French house, of square shape and curved mansard roof, became the last word in modernity and elegance, one was found on Ash street. It was built by Mrs. Ela in 1865. It is very typical, in its exotic roof, its somewhat hard symmetry — and its convenient interior arrangement.

Even the powerful and personal manner of the great Richardson is not lacking. The residence on the Brattle Street corner that he built for Mrs. Stoughton in 1885 was his last house design. To professional students it represents the germ, the promise, of a purely American manner that died with him.

¹⁴ Information by H. W. L. Dana.

But this conception was soon submerged by the Colonial Revival. The reversal was dramatically illustrated on our small street, for on the next lot and only three years later, in 1888, one of the very first houses of the Revival in Cambridge was built for Mr. John Brooks, by the style's protagonist, Mr. "Waddy" Longfellow.

*This Colonial passed through phase upon phase until it came to the wholly primitive, the Early American. And Ash street can show its museum piece in the lovable Cape Cod cottage next door. Built in the late 1920*5, it was furnished with scrupulous care in antiques and bibelots of the settlers' century — a very re-incarnation of Windmill Lane.*

But the strange charm of our street, by which it attracts to itself each new architectural notion, is still potent. So it was that the ultimate word in the functional style was pronounced on one of our peaceful corners by Mr. Philip Johnson, its most ardent advocate. This was an experiment in designing a four-room house in its minimum terms — and maximum luxury. One sheet of glass, 40 feet long, forms the entire south wall and blends the interior with the forecourt. One sheet of plywood, 14 feet high, enfolds the whole. We Ash-streeters are rather dazed by all this, but once within its shimmering glass we usually succumb to its curious beauty — and its owner's hospitality.

Paris has its street of The Fishing Cat; Ash Street its landmark of the doleful dog. Try to direct your out-of-town friends here and they will get lost, but tell them to turn off Mt. Auburn at the brown-stone dog and they will arrive on time.

He sits on a lawn at the corner, as he has for forty years, since he was brought here from the Sands marble works. He is executed in a highly naturalistic manner, with that turn of

the torso known in Baroque art as "contraposto." The averted head, the upturned face, the outstretched paw, all betray intense emotion.

His origin is an artistic enigma. We only know that he was one of a pair, made about 100 years ago. Yet he is on a plane above the books of stock designs. Is he a forgotten work of some well-known sculptor? Is he a copy of some late Italian piece — like those A-Iolossian dogs that guard the entrance to the Uffizi in Florence? However he came about, at whatever monument he was intended to mourn, by some base mischance he was sold down the river, to our corner.

There came a moment, after he had waited so many years, when he

35

almost served as the perfect emblem for an undertaker, who proposed to do business at this corner. But the neighbors conspired together and bought the undertaker off. Now he is merely a despised Victorian, wasting his grief on an unheeding populace as it waits for its trolley on Ash Street.

36

A CHILD IN A NEW ENGLAND COLONIAL GARDEN

BY MRS. ISABELLA GOZZALDI

Read to the Cambridge Plant Club in January, 1933. Printed by vote of the Council of the Cambridge Historical Society. Referred to by Mr. Gilman in the preceding paper.

T*HE garden to which I was brought when I was nine months old is in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Its northern boundary is the old trail that led from Charlestown, where Winthrop and his company landed in 1630, to Watertown, where Sir Richard Saltonstall who came over with this company decided to make his home on the bank of the Charles River.*

Lieutenant Governor Dudley had followed the trail through thick woods and over marshes in his search for a proper place to found the capital of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Of all the places in the neighborhood that he visited in December 1630 none seemed "fitting so well for a fortified town," he wrote to the Countess of Lincoln, as a spot a mile east of Watertown on the river. So there between the trail and the river he built his house and called the settlement Newe Town. He saw that because of its muddy banks, its many bends, deep pools and treacherous tide currents vessels from England would have difficulty in coming up the river to take away the precious charter so hardly won from the King.

The first owner of the land I grew to love was John Prince. He soon removed to Hull, and a grant of one acre was made in 1635 to William Adams, who came from England and built the house, part of which is still standing (94 Brattle Street). Did he bring with him the much-loved may of the old country, the hawthorn? There was a hedge of haws west of his house, the last of which, grown to a tall tree, fell not long ago. The hedge was broken opposite his front door by twin lime trees, as the English call lindens. Once their branches entwined and formed a great mound of green. When about eighty years ago the gas pipes were laid under the road, the roots of the northernmost tree were cut and it died. Who planted these linden trees? Was it John Frizell or John Vassall? They must have been tall trees at the period of the Revolution.

37

I loved that survivor of the twins. Its trunk widened out into an arm-chair just right for short legs and I often sat in it at sunset when the elders, sitting on the door-steps, were discussing the affairs of the nation and the other children were playing tag on the cobble paving stones that separated us. And when I was older my mother showed me how all the branches toward the north had stretched out over where the other tree had been, growing longer every year until it was a symmetrical tree. Three feet from the ground it measured eight feet in circumference in 1870. In June it was laden with sweet-smelling flowers, the joy of the swarms of bees. The paved yard became Hawthorn Street and a man who did not appreciate trees built a house a little way down the street. One day he stubbed his toe on a root and forthwith had it cut down; this was toward the end of the 1880's. The tree was mourned by all.

From the paved yard where the hawthorn hedge and the lindens grew, a five-barred gate opened into the pasture, where under the gnarled apple trees the horses and cows grazed. At its lower end stood the willows which grew on the side of the moat which surrounded the palisades that Governor Dudley ordered built to keep out the Indians. Every landowner in the town had to erect and keep in order a certain number of rods in this high fence. It was soon found that it was not needed as the Indians were peaceable. But the willows remained and marked the extent of the moat for three hundred years. They are immortalized by James Russell Lowell in his book of poetry entitled "Under the Willows." One still stands on the river side of Mount Auburn Street.

Ninety years ago my grandfather bought this estate in the heart of Cambridge. It was bounded on the west by Professor Longfellow's meadow, now the park; on the north by the Highway to Watertown, later called Tory Row and now Brattle Street; on the east by Windmill Lane, now Ash Street. In the early times there was a windmill set up on a knoll beside the river. It was soon discovered that the sails would only go around when the wind blew from a certain quarter so it was taken down and sold to Lynn, but the lane leading to it retained its name. The southern boundary was originally the river, but after the Revolution Andrew Craigie had Mount Auburn Street cut through the estate, and in 1880 two other streets — Hawthorn, running north and south, and Acacia east and west — were laid out in the garden and many houses were built on them.

38

The trail in my day was a road thick with dust or mud; on both sides were sidewalks of hard earth separated from the road by strips of grass some three feet wide. A wall of red brick about four feet high extended all the way down Brattle Street and half way along Ash Street. It was capped by long heavy boards set together to make an inverted V. Inside the wall was an acacia hedge. This wall was probably built by one of the Vassalls who had acquired all the seven acres. In 1869 Brattle Street was widened and the hedge having grown into trees fifty feet high, one hundred of them were cut down and the wall was rebuilt thirty feet nearer the house. A few tall scraggly acacia trees on Ash Street are all that remains of the hedge. Between the wall and the house were two elm trees, the home of many a fire hangbird, as the boys called the Baltimore orioles, who came back there every year.

Two wooden gates, hanging from granite posts, interrupted the wall. One, always open, led into the paved yard; this was the carriage entrance. The other, at the east end of the house, opened on a gravelled path by which the front door was reached; this was the garden proper.

In the spring the visitor coming in at that gate would have stopped to admire the grass on the left, purple with grape-hyacinths, baby's breaths we called them. On the right was a high hedge of arbor vitae. Later in the season three large pots stood on each side of the door holding Agapanthus with their stately flowers. Opposite the door was a red iron vase of classical shape filled with ever changing flowering plants from the conservatory.

*From the front door almost to Ash Street ran the Broad Walk. In wide beds on both sides were shrubs, *Pyrus japonica*, snowberries, spirea, smoke bushes, syringas, rose bushes, Missouri currant and toward the end, on each side, great bushes of snowballs.*

Interspersed between the shrubs were the tall flowers, larkspurs, monkshoods, snapdragons, Canterbury bells, foxgloves, phlox, dahlias, hollyhocks, stocks, crysantheums, yuccas, salvias, honesty, sweet williams, and the lovely lilies, day, Japan (those were pink) and tiger lilies. There were more lowly flowers too: the old-fashioned pinks, heliotropes, Solomon's seals, spiderwort, bachelor's buttons, dicentra, with its string of heart-shaped pink blossoms, and others I can not remember. There was one plant I do not know the name of that had thick leaves. We used to make purses of them.

On each side of the Broad Walk near the house were grand Siberian crabapple trees. They flowered alternate years, and I often wondered how they could know which one was to be a glory of pink blossoms in the spring and laden with the cherry-like fruit in the fall, and which was to bear only leaves.

If instead of going down the Broad Walk the visitor should go a few steps farther, he would find himself facing a gigantic old cedar that towered way above the house. Around its great trunk a circular wooden bench had been built. This was entirely surrounded by high lilac bushes, making a retired arbor. I feel sure that General Washington must often have sat on that bench when he was talking over affairs with his medical staff, which occupied the

house while he was quartered across the road at the Craigie House. One of them, Dr. Benjamin Church, Jr., may have retired there to compose the treacherous missives he sent by a colored wench to the commander of the British forces in Boston. And later, when Dr. Morgan and his wife came from Philadelphia to take charge of medical headquarters, they may have sought the shade here.

For us children it was our favorite playground. At the back, under the lilacs, was our Mount Auburn, where we buried dead beetles, birds or butterflies that we found, or sometimes there was a grand funeral for a headless china doll. The monuments were bits of broken china, glass or pretty stones which we collected and kept for the purpose.

Just north of the old cedar was a catalpa tree and under it my father built a rock work in 1870 of discarded building stones from St. John's Chapel across the street. It was oval in shape and consisted of six or seven cup-like pots surrounding a larger central one. They were filled with leaf mould and rich earth from the woods, and in them grew joyously the wild flowers he found and brought in, dogtooth violets, columbine, bloodroot, anemones, painted trilliums, etc. In the middle one were native ferns: osmunda royal, cinnamon fern and many others.

Somewhat back from the Broad Walk flourished a tall Catherine pear tree. It bore long fruit with rosy cheeks early in the summer and it shaded an iron octagonal summer house that was put there after 1860. It was not much used as at the end of the walk that ran near Ash Street was a summer house built by my uncle when he was in Harvard College in 1843. It was made of saplings with the bark on, planted upright in the ground. One side was occupied by the door; the other three had diamond-

shaped windows. It was paved with beach stones. This was another delightful play place out of the way of the dust of the funerals that passed up Brattle Street. We often had seven in a day. After the Civil War they sometimes had a band and a company of soldiers. One of our playmates who had lately come to Cambridge said that she hoped her father would die here so that he could have a flag around his coffin. He did not but lived many years to write books and found a college.

Behind the summer house a miniature garden was laid out with a walk around the York and Lancaster roses in the centre. We made wreaths of periwinkle (myrtle) when we played wedding because we were told that German brides always wore it. The land fell to a lower level there and we had a fine hill to run up and down and to coast on in winter. Near the foot of this garden was a splendid elm. It still stands on Acacia Street.

Four walks enclosed a large grassy space, part of which was devoted to the asparagus bed, where the feathery plumes and red berries pleased us. Beyond was the strawberry bed, where on hot days in the season we grew weary picking the berries. The part nearest the house was used successively as croquet, tennis and archery grounds. Here grew the oldest tree of all, a purple mulberry. About five feet from the ground it separated, making a crotch, and in 1877 the oldest graduate of Harvard told me that when he was a boy in 1790 he used to sit in that crotch and con his Latin grammar and it had hardly grown any larger since that time. Until it fell only a few years ago it bore each year a large crop of the luscious sweet

berries we loved so well. It was very old. I think Governor Jonathan Belcher must have brought it from Europe when he lived here.

Near the southern side of the house was a horse-chestnut tree that is still standing. From that to an old hawthorn tree my hammock was hung; as we lay in it we looked out on a tiny box-bordered garden, close to the porch. It enclosed moss roses and fragrant mignonette. But the sweetest of all perfumes came from the flowering-grape that was trained up on the wall of the house to beyond the second story. Next to the box garden was an oblong bed, in the spring resplendent with tulips, hyacinths and iris. The poet's narcissus was in front of the house.

Against the blinds of the brick piazza bloomed morning-glories, four o'clocks and the yellow balls of the coreopsis. Opposite were the altheas,

41

seven feet tall. I remember lying in bed ill and watching their pink flowers waving in the wind. I never see them now. When I ask for altheas I am given hollyhocks. I think I wrote a poem to them as I lay in bed, but it is gone like the flowers.

The Long Walk went from the conservatory door to Mount Auburn Street. On the right, beside the clothesyard fence, was a large bed of the sweet-scented double Neapolitan violets, both purple and white. This walk ended at the river until after the Revolution Andrew Craigie had the street cut through. On the left were two unusual trees, a black walnut, whose nuts blackened our fingers, and a Saint Michael pear tree which though very old bore the sweetest of pears. Further on was the large patch of cultivated raspberries. We could go in there among the bushes and pick the purplest ones, just ten, but there were many more that were not counted.

On the Side Walk which branched off at right angles there grew gooseberries, thimbleberries, and all kinds of currants, red, black, white and cherry. There were young fruit trees too: peaches, pears, damsons, plums. How we did like to get the gum from the plum trees, for we never had chewing-gum. On the walk below, which ran parallel with this one, were quaint trellises of slatted wood on which were grape vines, Concord, Isabellas, Catawbas and others that we do not see in the markets today. Back of the violet bed already mentioned was the cold grapery where the Black Hamburgs hung. A tall lilac bush, still blooming, was near and in the clothesyard itself grew plantain. It was fun to see how many threads one could draw from the stem. And sorrel was there too, the leaves of which we used to eat, as we were told that in France they were used in soups. I must say that when I was in that country I never tasted them.

On the right of the Long Walk, under an immense cherry tree, was laid out the large square vegetable garden. Here were to be found lettuce, cucumbers, carrots, beets, parsley, potherbs, onions and all that would be needed in the kitchen during the long winter. The lower part of the walk was hedged off by a privet hedge. On the left was the cornfield and on the right were the potatoes. We used to go down there to play hide-and-seek among the tall corn, or to get some of its silk to sell when we kept shop, or to hunt for burdocks so that we could make burr baskets.

My mother and father were both botanists and knew the names of all the trees, flowers and grasses, even of the toadstools, lichens and mosses. My mother used to collect the different grasses wherever she went and hang them up to dry. From them, with the everlasting flowers and the pods of honesty, she would make beautiful bouquets to put in the tall vases in winter.

I have forgotten to speak of the west lawn. There were no lawn-mowers when I was young to shave the grass, and until the gardener came with a scythe it was a glory. There were the clovers, the tall deep pink ones, the white clover, nearer the ground, and the rare pink ones. There were buttercups and oxeye daisies, quantities of blue chicory and lovely tall grasses in flower. There was a bladderlike flower, whose name I have forgotten, that we prized, although we knew it was a weed, because we could snap it on the backs of our hands to make a noise like a torpedo on the Seventeenth of June and the Fourth of July.

I have not told of all the trees but I fear to be tedious. I must mention the Delicate apple, whose seeds rattled when it was ripe. From the time the first strawberry grew red until the last nut fell there was always something for the children in a Colonial garden.

THE STORY OF A LOST BROOK

READ JUNE 5, 1945

MISS HOWE'S INTRODUCTION

ONCE upon a time a brook flowed across Craigie Street. This was one of the wonder stories told me in my early youth. More than that, my sister Sarah Lydia Howe remembered it. She was many years older than I and might even have remembered the time when there was no Craigie Street at all. Mrs. King, not having had the inestimable privilege of being born in Cambridge, had never heard of the brook but she had an adventure with it for she built a garden on it. If you were to stand on her back porch or in any of the south windows of the brick apartment on the corner of Concord Avenue and Buckingham Street, you would see far below you a garden like a jewel in the midst of the back yards of — I will not say tenement houses but use the more euphemistic modern expression "the homes of those in the lower income brackets." I am going to let Mrs. King tell her story first because it was her story that started me on my search for the lost brook.

MRS. KING'S STORY

We bought the property at 54 Concord Avenue in the summer of 1909 after it had been unoccupied for about four years. It is situated on the south slope of the Observatory hill.

In the early days a sluggish brook ambled at the foot of the hill, and beside it, I have been told, ran the old stagecoach road between Cambridge and Concord. A spring bubbled in the lower corner of what is now our garden, where the horses stopped for water. There must have been a line of willows along the brook. I have seen six or seven fall in the immediate vicinity.

When we bought the property there were still standing on the lot two of the old Stockade willows, if such they were, which more than filled the lot but which gave beauty and background and privacy. We

44

were obliged, for safety, to cut down one of these when we took possession.

A somewhat curious coincidence occurred in respect to this tree as we were settling in. A woman who was engaged for cleaning related that when she was a small child, before the time when our house was built somewhere in the '70's, she had lived in Cambridge, and attended St. Peter's church situated a short distance up the road. The grassy incline leading down to the brook was very tempting, even to little girls in clean Sunday frocks, and they used occasionally to roll down the slope, forgetting the hour. Sometimes the priest would appear with a whip and persuade them, not always too gently, in the path of duty. As she phrased it, "He would whip us up the hill."

There was always a thrill of fear, she said, as she rolled down the slope, that sometime the big willow, which even then leaned alarmingly, might fall and crush her. Later she went back to Ireland for a few years but she took the fear of the old tree with her, and sometimes in the night she would hear a thundrous crash and would have been pinned beneath the mighty trunk if she had not wakened just in the nick of time.

So she was much relieved when, by chance, she came to help me clean and saw the tree lying on the ground, safely down, and no damage done. It was a relief to us also, for by that time it was a mere shell, and it seemed amazing that the tremendous weight of the great curving tree could be sustained by the very slender circle of living wood at the rim of the hollow trunk.

The land at the bottom of the slope was very low, but our lot was the lowest of all and took the drainage of all the adjacent territory. The question of filling was imperative and appalling.

The Cambridge Subway was being built at the time, and we had something over a hundred loads of subway sand dumped on the lot. This was hardly more than enough to fill the traditional hollow tooth. Then we asked the City Fathers if they would be willing to use the lot for dumping ashes and for spring and fall rakings, and we had about six months of that, which helped some.

During this time I met at a tea one afternoon one of those extremely frank ladies one does meet occasionally. When I told her, in response to her question, where I lived, she remarked, "Oh yes, that is the place with the awful back yard that looks like a city dump." Well, it was a dump,

but to us it was simply passing through the awkward age, which is a phase of growth and which in the eyes of affection may even possess a certain charm of its own.

The place was now covered to a depth of three feet, more or less, with sand and ashes, and other things, while below was rich, black, peaty soil. We began now a series of trenches, which were dug down to an average of about three feet into the peaty soil below the layer of rilling. Into these trenches we put the worthless filling, also a large part of the willow tree, sawed into huge blocks. In this manner we obtained a layer of the original soil about three feet deep, over the worthless filling.

A little Italian who was doing the trenching and who, in a particularly rich spot one mid-summer day had dug himself in till he was considerably below the surface, was finding difficulty in throwing up the soil. He called to me from the depths. "It is hot as hell down here. I think you better get taller feller."

Bill was another picturesque helper who added to the zest of life — Bill was a carpenter, gardener, general handy-man. He was once putting up a line fence, when in passing the heavy roll of wire in and out about some trees on the slope, he ran into difficulties. "Missis," he said, "I wish you would go into the house for a few minutes. I can't do this job properly without using language that ain't fit for you to hear." I went — and the slope was safely negotiated. The perceptions of the little Italian had been less fine.

One day we were planting shrubs and had almost finished when the noon whistle sounded. Bill threw down his tools with a clatter. "Oh, Bill!" I pleaded. "Can't we finish these? There are only one or two more and the roots will be drying during your nooning." "Missis," he replied, "I would rather work for you than eat — when I am not hungry." Perhaps he wasn't too hungry, for he finished the shrubs.

Bill apparently had knowledge, or at least ideas, on every subject under the sun and he gave advice freely in addition to the services for which he was paid. His mind seemed to be packed in layers, and he threw off advice, layer by layer, just as it came, without any question of relevancy. He knew the best way of feeding babies or curing dandruff; of cooking tripe or catching trout or paying off the national debt; and he was obliged to unpack the knowledge, or his mind might have become dangerously supercharged.

Bill wanted a divorce. He just couldn't live with his woman any longer. A lawyer for whom he worked agreed to attend to the matter for a price which Bill considered not too heavy for the freedom which he craved. And then — within six months — the woman died! Bill felt cheated. The lawyer refused to refund even a portion of the money, and a coolness sprang up between them.

Bill ultimately left for pastures new in another state. I am sure he is still giving advice to everybody about everything. I am equally sure he will not, like the country parson in a new parish, use the same old sermons over again. His mind is too active and original.

Here's to you, Bill! Wherever you may be I wish you luck. I am glad I did not miss you on the road.

For ten years or more we continued to trench in all furnace ashes and other household waste, including garbage, this latter not being buried so deep as the other filling. A little neighbor one day who was watching the work remarked, "I know what you are doing. My daddy says you are making a bigger hill where there isn't any." I sometimes felt that in spite of all our endeavors we were not succeeding in making a much "bigger hill."

Whenever there was a settled place, we tried to make something grow. One year we specialized in sweet corn. A tree on a neighboring lot had been cut down and for a time let in an abundance of sunshine. Our fishman generously contributed two large baskets of the unsavory remnants of his trade, which I used in emulation of our New England ancestors, with extremely satisfactory results, although I did not attempt to repeat the experience, my part having been to distribute the fish!

We had a strawberry bed and one year I picked about forty quarts of berries. One summer I cherished a magnificent burdock plant, with leaves of almost tropical luxuriance.

All this time the soil was being mellowed and worked into shape for flowers and shrubs and a lawn, which was our ultimate goal. We were by no means the only people who were filling. I have seen thousands of loads of filling dumped on neighboring territory, but I think we were the only ones to trench up the original soil.

Although it did not seem to show much, we had lifted the level considerably. When we built a fence at the back of the lot, it stood with its

47

baseboard on a level with the top of the old posts. And there were remnants of a fence on a still lower level.

I was told by Miss Emily Chapman that Mrs. Thomas Wentworth Higginson had an early list of the flowers found on the slope, but she was ill at the time and I never did get around to ask her later. Blueberries grew on the slope, jewel weed still thrives, and we found skunk cabbage quite alive and green, below the surface of the soil, not showing above ground.

A neighbor who has for years watched my struggles to grow grass on the slope called down to me one day, when I was scattering seed, "I see hope springs eternal in spite of experience." I am sure I could grow grass there if I could keep children from running over it; but when they slither and slide down the slope in muddy weather, I confess I am "stumped." But I keep on hoping.

When I began struggling with the problem of the narrow slope at the side of the house, it occurred to me it would be a good idea to scatter crocus bulbs there in the grass. The crocuses approved the situation and were blossoming merrily when one day I discovered

that some children had not only gathered the blossoms but had dug the bulbs as well. When I returned to the house, I was "grousing" about the matter to "Katy in the kitchen." "I know what is the matter, it's them kindergartens that done it," she declared. "They teaches 'em to love flowers." Evidently, either Katy had not carried her reasoning, or the Kindergarten its teaching, quite far enough.

Though now so deeply covered, the spring and the stream are still alive somewhere deep in the soil. While digging, we found layers of sand where the old stream had run, and we "struck water" frequently before reaching the bottom of the trenches. The soil of the garden still continues moist and woodsy. It likes to run wild. Jacks-in-the-pulpit would grow by the hundred if I did not continually share them with friends or throw them on the dump. Greek valerian multiplies till I use great clumps of it turned upside down to fill holes where dogs and cats dig under the fence. Ferns flourish, Canadian anemones, wood strawberries, bloodroot and yellow violets thrive. I have a compost heap and try not to let a leaf or a twig escape me.

Violets grow rampant, and have to be sharply curbed. I have discovered that they make a satisfactory low edging border and can be trimmed

48

with pruning shears and kept tidy. I have a nice hedge of white violets at the edge of the wood garden.

Lilies of the valley love the deep moist soil and grow to great size. There was a social problem involved in the making of the garden which we had not anticipated. We bought the place because it was available and near the Observatory, which was most desirable from my husband's point of view.

The place had been unoccupied so long it had become a sort of thoroughfare and a shortcut to the Avenue. Chickens were running over the place. We complained to the owner, who listened soberly but non-committally. A few days later a smiling little girl appeared at my door with a paper bag containing two dozen big brown eggs which she said she brought me with "Mother's kindness," a charming phrase which I had never heard before. I accepted the bribe, and sent my thanks to her mother. We made no further complaints to the owner but still continued to "shoo" the hens off the place. One day Mr. King threw a piece of coal to frighten them and the unaimed missile found its mark, and one of the hens dropped in her tracks. Now Mr. King had no intention of killing the fowl, but merely wished to frighten it. Rather ruefully he turned to me and said, "Well, I think we are in for a chicken dinner, and also for trouble," He started for the garden to remove the evidence of his crime, when the hen, which had been merely stunned, jumped up, squawked, and ran away home. Eventually, however, the neighbor put up a wire pen and kept the chickens within bounds. Peace and harmony reigned and were maintained.

Another neighbor continued to tramp through the lot, and it seemed as though he enjoyed making a path wherever I had anything planted. When I asked him politely not to walk across the yard any more, he countered by suggesting that he felt pretty sure we had come

over into his yard and stolen his wood. Now this looked serious, and was going to create an unbearable situation. I decided to attack boldly, but perhaps I

49

had learned something from the chicken man. I asked the small son of the family if he would like to come over and help me in the garden. Greatly to my relief, and somewhat to my surprise, it worked — he consented, and we got on famously.

I think, however, the man never entirely lost his suspicions. When I met him and would bow and say, "It's a nice day," or, "It looks like rain," he would sometimes high-hat me and look through me as though I were empty air. But perhaps the next time I saw him he would say, "I'm sort o' worried about me b'y. I am afraid he is gittin kind o' wild-like."

His wife called at the door one day, thinking perhaps I might know someone who would rent space in their garage. I asked her to come in, and we had a nice chat. She admired this and that about the room, but particularly my sturdy Kazak rugs. Were they hooked rugs? she asked. No, I told her, not exactly, but they had been made by hand, each little tuft of wool having been tied in separately. She got down on the floor and examined them minutely, back and front. "I have an aunt," she said, "who makes hooked rugs, but I think yours are handsomer than hers."

As she was leaving, I said, "I wish you would tell Michael (the boy who had worked for me long ago) that I haven't forgotten, and that I still follow the advice he gave me about putting old iron scraps, bent nails, rusty tacks, used steel wool, or tin cans, in the ground about the grape vines." "Well, now," she said, "who would ever! I didn't suppose he had the sense." This bit of knowledge, by the way, I consider valuable. The boy had picked it up in a general science class at school. Grapes are rich in iron.

The shape of the second of the old willows was unusual. The double trunks sprang in graceful curves like an open chalice. We kept it as long as was humanly possible. We chained the two trunks together; we had it bolted in several places; we had it topped and rctopped, until its beauty, but not its dignity, had gone. But the time came at last when it was no longer safe, and some years ago it was taken down. As the tree lay prostrate, a pair of robins and another of catbirds fought under the very feet

50

of the workmen for the bugs and grubs which had found refuge in the hollow interior. I did not discover the location of the catbirds' nest, but the robins had been trying for years, usually without marked success, to rear a family on the lot, and this year they had built their nest in the crotch of a small cherry tree. We watched the three young birds grow fat and flourish on the abundant fare till they could scarcely be distinguished from their parents.

And that was the end of the willow trees in our yard. Sic transit gloria salicis albae.

Now to get back to the garden. The soil does not forget the spring and the brook. With the willow tree gone it gets more sunshine, but it is still essentially a spring garden. It is forever changing. You never quite know what to expect. One spring its beauty was just yellow primroses and blue forget-me-nots. But what a joy to walk down that primrose path! Another spring the tulips, although not in great variety or numbers, seemed to attain perfection in arrangement and setting, with double arabis and still the blue forget-me-nots for ground cover. Again it was the iris which gave your heart that little twinge of joy.

It is sometimes a satisfactory picture in the gloaming of a summer evening to look down on the garden from the veranda. The white flowers glow with ghostly radiance, the fireflies dance, and the shadows grow mysterious. Finally one is recalled to earth by the buzz and bite of mosquitoes, which as the darkness deepens, rise to the upper level of the veranda. I am reminded of little Kathleen who came out from Ireland when she was only sixteen years old. She had been told that the worst thing about America was the mosquitoes, that sometimes they were so bad they would "fairly eat you up alive." She was always on her guard.

One evening in the spring her mistress said to her, "The mosquitoes are going to be bad tonight, Kathleen. Be careful not to open any windows that are not screened." Now Kathleen had no idea how large an animal a mosquito might be, and she was too shy to ask, but she did not intend to put her trust in so slight a protection as a wire screen. When she went to her room, she shut and locked the windows, got down on her knees by her bedside, and told her beads over and over till she fell asleep. She was still on her knees in the morning, but at any rate she was safe — no mosquito had "eaten" her! Later she discovered the true

nature of the beast. She came to me soon after this, but it was some time before she ventured to tell the tale.

One spring I had not expected much from the garden as I had given it scant care the year before. But surprisingly it burst into a sudden radiance of blue. I had achieved, or at least had been vouchsafed, that desideratum — a blue garden. There were lovely Mertensia, clumps of grape hyacinth, Anchusa, different shades of blue violets, masses of Greek valerian and blue bugle. Phlox divaricata, which had multiplied and been divided and scattered in many clumps, gave (I suppose from the different food elements it had picked up in different situations) charming varieties of lavender blue. And over all, everywhere the clear, sweet blue of forget-me-nots, a carpet of them, — millions of them. They spilled into the paths and one could not step without crushing them.

Patterned softly on the blue carpet which covered the whole lower garden were tulips and bleeding heart, Trollius, trillium, primroses and the dusky pink and blue flowers of Pulmonaria maculata, with its attractive spotted foliage.

These color accents did not disturb but rather intensified the dominance of the heavenly blue, and its memory is one of the durable satisfactions of my life.

Editor's Note. Mrs. King no longer has a garden; she sold her house in the summer of 1947.

MISS HOWE'S STORY

At first I considered Mrs. King's garden as at the source of the brook but Dr. J. Bellinger Barney, who lives up next to St. Peter's Church in the house built in 1880 by Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, tells me that in wet weather there is a wet place in his cellar floor and it is possible that the original spring may have been there. I have also heard vaguely of a spring near the observatory, and that that was where the stagecoach horses watered. I can't see how they could ever have come down to the site of Mrs. King's garden to drink.

Mrs. King speaks of a probable sluggish stream and that was what it must have been. In its short course of a half mile at most its fall is only seventeen feet.

Far different, you see, from Tennyson's brook! It had no chance to "bicker down a valley" unless there were springs up on the hill.

It may have come from "haunts of coot and hern" though in pre-

52

historic days. There is a really sizable pool shown on one old map. I understand that hern are herons and they would be more likely to be fishing down at the mouth of the brook in the salt marsh.

I find that many of my generation remember a pretty open marshy place where the neighborhood children picked wild flowers as late as the eighties of the nineteenth century. This marsh below the pool stretched very nearly from Concord Avenue to Buckingham Street. It was called "The Hollow." There was but one house on it and the tin cans which afterwards gave it its name for many years were only just beginning to sprout there. In the beginning of course this was in the midst of a forest which stretched all over the country and to the river and the sea. Mr. Charles Knowles Bolton however says that at Trimount or Shawmut — now Boston — there were almost no trees but there was a scrubby growth of wild roses and better still blackberries and blueberries, wild grapes, and strawberries which added grace to the somewhat fishy diet of the Rev. William Blaxton, who lived in seclusion on Boston Common with his cow.

The forest here I have always thought of as composed mainly of pine trees, "the forest primeval, the murmuring pines and the hemlocks" and Mrs. Hemans says "the rocking pines of the desert roared." I never thought she was right about "the stern and rock-bound coast" of Plymouth but I grant her the pines, though they never seemed to be in what I considered "a desert."

And where did the gorgeous wide pine boards in our old houses come from if there were not many pines? There were huge oak timbers in those houses too. Colonel Higginson says "the pine and oak grew intermingled and there were elms on the meadows and willows by the water courses." It may have been on the shore of our brook that Governor Winthrop and his companions rested for their noonday repast when they went exploring from the little

settlement at Watertown to seek a fit place for a fortified town. It must have been a chilly spot for a picnic in the woods on December 28, 1630.

They did fortify their town with a "palysadoe," a monumental undertaking. It enclosed one thousand acres and was a mile and a half of stakes or trees. Unfortunately I can't agree with Mrs. King that her willows formed part of it, though they may have been part of the cattle fence that was afterward built up by Linnaean Street.

52

The palysadoe started near Ash Street and possibly followed the course of our brook part way on its way to go around the northern end of the Common. Where it came close to the brook this helped them, elsewhere they dug a fosse or moat on the outer side.

It was not only Indians they wanted to keep out but wild animals — wolves, bears, lynxes, etc.

In 1636, when the Rev. Thomas Hooker, Pastor of the church at Newtowne, went with most of his parishioners to Connecticut, he went along the "highway" which had been laid out from Charlestown to Watertown, not much more perhaps than a forest trail, part of which is now known as Brattle Street. Winthrop says "his wife was carried in a horse litter — the rest of the company walked and they took one hundred and sixty cattle and partook of their milk by the way." They must have come through a gate in the palysadoe and they must have crossed our brook. Was the bridge already built or did they ford it?

The salt marshes came in deeply there. Many of us can remember when the river was tidal and the tide must have come up some distance in the brook. All that region along the river was known as "the Marsh" in my youth. I remember my sister Clara had a sewing-school pupil who told her she lived "on the Ma'sh, the Old Cambridge Ma'sh, not the Port Ma'sh." Social distinctions are very important everywhere.

But long before it reached Brattle Street the stream turned at rather a sharp angle and formed a pond — a pond with an island in it, and it would seem that that pond may have been just outside the stockade, for another stream came into it from the northeast, which is marked on an old map of 1854 as a "water course." Was it or was it not the fosse?

Dr. Abiel Holmes, writing in 1800, says "This fortification was actually made: and the fosse which was dug around the town is in some places visible to this day. It commenced at Brick Wharf (now about at Ash Street) and ran along the northern side of the present Common in Cambridge, and through what was then a thicket but now constitutes a part of the cultivated grounds of Mr. Nathaniel Jarvis: beyond which it cannot be distinctly traced." Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson remembered parts of it still existing as a ditch in his boyhood. He adds "The willows on the football ground of the students at the edge of Oxford Street are the last Memorial of that great labor undertaken two cen-

54

turies and a half ago." He evidently did not recognize the willows near the Boat Club as being at the other end of the palyssadoe.

Colonel Higginson was born in the house next to that in which I was born some forty years later and I too can testify to an enormous willow tree on Oxford Street near the corner of Jarvis Street. It was a terrifying thing to pass in the dark, and next it was what we called "the ditch," which was a gulley where water stood in the spring and wild flowers grew. Whenever I see a bunch of jewelweed, my mind goes back to "the ditch." There was a bit of the latter on the other side of Oxford Street too, but on our side the ditch ran into Holmes Field, which was very boggy and at some seasons there was a black-looking boggy pond there. I remember that a young cousin of mine and I once or twice found a raft on it on which we embarked and poled ourselves about, feeling that we were doing something very big and dangerous. The last adjective is right, for I do not know how deep this pond may have been. At any rate that was the kind of thing one does not tell one's mother.

Miss Alice Allyn in her charming paper on Berkeley Street says that "a brook ran babbling across the Street from Concord Avenue to join another brook on Professor Longfellow's land and then flowed into the pond on the estate on Brattle Street then owned by Worcester the Lexicographer."

Miss Bowen in her paper about Follen Street says there was a pond on the corner of Chauncy Street across from the Arsenal. This may have been the source of this Berkeley Street Brook. She also says a brook ran through the middle of Follen Street and traversed the garden of the Follen house on the corner of Waterhouse Street. She does not say which way this brook ran. Did all these brooks and ditches connect to form the fosse? I was told at City Hall that when the Christian Science Church was built they had a bad time about the foundations — that there was a stream there which vanished underground and they called it "the Lost River."

Cambridge became a city in 1846, not quite one hundred years ago. "The great increase in population and wealth in the years immediately preceding the Charter had taken place largely in Cambridgeport and East Cambridge. The Old Village, as old Cambridge was called, was not so thickly settled."

It is hard to imagine that in 1840 that part of the present city bounded

by Mason Street, Brattle Street, Sparks Street, Concord Avenue and Garden Street, a large tract of land, had very few houses on it. The Longfellow-Craigie-Vassall House, the Hastings House, the Aaron Hill House, where the Deanery of the Theological School now stands, the Jenison House where the Shepard Memorial Church stands, an old house occupied for many years by Dr. Cogswell on the site of the Hotel Commander, another old house, and the Homer house on Arsenal Square, were, I think, the only houses. From the State Arsenal, where is now the Hotel Continental, all the way out beyond Fresh Pond there were no houses on either side of the Concord Turnpike.

Much of this land was owned by Andrew Craigie, and the Observatory built in 1844 was built on Craigie's Hill, where he had had a summer house. St. Peter's Church, across the turnpike, was dedicated in 1849.

Mrs. J. Lowell Moore had a painting of Brattle Street opposite the Wells-Merriman house in the early nineteenth century which make it look like a country road — which indeed it was. Colonel Higginson remembers a special bunch of milkweed which grew about the present corner of Brattle and Craigie Streets. Such a country road was Craigie Street when it was cut through in 1852.

When the City Charter was accepted the streets were unpaved, un-macadamized, uncurbed and unlighted. The sidewalks of Brattle Street were only paved about 1890. A few years before that the "abutters" had provided a superb five-plank walk for the winter months; elsewhere there was mud.

Just what the brook was like in 1852 I can't say. My imagination always visualized a bridge, perhaps even a ford. Lately I find that my contemporaries remember it as late as in the seventies, but alas for romance; it was only a deep gully with a small stream running through a culvert!

About 1855 Berkeley Street was cut through and the Newell house, now Professor Holcombe's, and the Folsom House, now the Rev. Dr. Calkins', were built. Mrs. Sarah Folsom Enebuske in her paper about her grandfather Charles Folsom says that "the Folsom house was banked up because the Craigie Brook was inclined to flood the cellars." This statement mystified me until I found out about the Berkeley Street brook. Note that Mrs. Enebuske calls that "the Craigie Brook," which name, I think, should be applied to our brook.

In this same year Judge Joel Parker built the first house on Craigie

56

Street where the brick apartment houses known as Craigie Circle now stand. It had a lovely garden which some of us remember even if we cannot remember "a stable and grapery," and this garden must have originally sloped down to the brook.

It was after that that there grew up all along Craigie Street and other parts of Cambridge what Dr. Ephraim Emerton calls "typical specimens of the popular square-planned mansard-roofed single-family house, one of the ugliest and one of the most comfortable forms known to American domestic architecture," with high-studded and well-lighted cellars. I note that those houses along Craigie Street are all banked up and planted very high. Were they afraid of floods too?

We can still follow the line of the brook from Mrs. King's garden across that street known in my youth as the Tin Canyon, where the houses were built in the marsh which had become a bog; many of them are much out of level, for a big bog it was, as the builders of the Buckingham School found to their cost. Much piling was needed for the foundations. Beyond the Tin Canyon, now properly Parker Street, comes the garden of the Sisters of Saint Anne, and you may see on the other side of Craigie Street the dip between the Woodman house at 16 and the Thayers' at 18, down Berkeley Place to Mr. Bell's garden in the Pond.

I wish to thank Mr. H. W. L. Dana for the following information about the pond.

This pond, formed by the junction of the two brooks, was on part of the estate of Major Vassal! when he inherited the land in 1759 and built his colonial house a hundred yards or so to the east of the pond, and well inside the line of the palysadoe. It was still there when Washington used this house as his headquarters in 1775 and 1776 and became a feature of Andrew Craigie's estate when he bought the house and land in 1792. It is said that Mr. Craigie built the first ice house in Cambridge on the side of this pond nearest his house.

It was then a triangular pond with an island in the middle and on this island he is said to have erected classical statues. A suspicious and superstitious Cambridge populace at the time spread rumors to the effect that at midnight these statues were seen solemnly coming down from their pedestals and bowing to each other. At least this is the story that Miss Charlotte Dana, born in 1814, says was told her by her Scottish

57

nurse when she was living as a child in the older Vassall House across the street and was hurried past the Craigie Estate and not allowed to enter.

Towards the end of Mrs. Craigie's life, Mr. Joseph Emerson Worcester, the compiler of what Washington Irving used to call the "Pugnacious Dictionary," came to share the rooms with Mr. Longfellow at the Craigie House, and after Mrs. Craigie's death in 1841, acquired part of her estate towards the west, including the pond on the other side of which he proceeded to build a home for himself. While this new house was being built, Worcester and his newly acquired wife continued to occupy the western half of the Craigie House, from the windows of which he could see his new structure rising across the pond, while Longfellow and his newly acquired wife were confined to the eastern half of the Craigie House.

On October 19, 1843 while the Longfellows were away on a visit, their friend Professor Cornelius Conway Felton wrote them, keeping them posted on the new house that was going up across the pond. Apparently the simple style in which this was being built did not please Fel-ton as well as the more ornate Craigie House with its Ionic pilasters and elaborate pediment over the facade. He wrote:

"You will, may hap, be glad to hear that Castle Craigie is still standing; and that Worcester Hall is now rising. The Castle and the Hall are not remarkably congruous, but the trees on the border of Dictionary Lake and Atlantic Stream will screen you from the full blaze of the new architectural wonder."

What Felton was pleased to call "Dictionary Lake" came soon to be known as "Worcester's Pond," and what Felton nicknamed the "Atlantic Stream" was merely the bordering brook flowing from the pond into the Charles River and so bearing its waters ultimately into the Atlantic Ocean.

By the following spring Worcester's new house was ready and Mr. Longfellow wrote in his notebook on the Craigie House: "At length, in May 1844, Mr. Worcester, having built himself a house of his own near the island, departed, leaving me master of the domain."

Mrs. Worcester's sister married Mr. Charles Folsom, who built the house on Berkeley Street that was banked up so high, and Miss Allyn in her paper on Berkeley Street tells how she often saw the sisters, Mrs.

Folsom and Mrs. Worcester, walking in a stately manner "cross lots" to visit each other. Somewhere there must have been a bridge across a brook.

Though living now on opposite sides of the pond, Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Worcester continued their former friendship, Longfellow presenting Worcester with copies of his books of poetry and Worcester presenting Longfellow in return with copies of his dictionaries.

In his journal for December 8, 1845, Longfellow writes: "Skated on Worcester water in the afternoon and did it better than I thought I could." Later his sons were to learn skating there. Colonel Higginson, born in 1823, said he learned to skate on Craigie's Pond.

In 1843 Mr. Longfellow drew a map of his land, including the neighboring land with Worcester Pond and the two streams flowing into it. On this plan the brook flowing from the northeast was represented as passing diagonally across Longfellow's land, being crossed at three points by little bridges. In winter these bridges were covered with snow and on one of them Longfellow's daughters were tempted to have their parents re-enact the scene in Wordsworth's "Lucy Gray," where Lucy's parents anxiously follow the poor girl's footprints in the snow as they led to the fatal bridge:

"They followed from the snowy bank

Those footmarks one by one,

Into the middle of the plank;

And further there were none:"

One of Longfellow's daughters tip-toed in the snow out to the middle of the bridge over the brook flowing into Worcester's Pond and then carefully tip-toed back again in her tracks, leaving the appearance that she had fallen from the middle of the bridge into the stream. They then waited eagerly for Mr. and Mrs. Longfellow, like Lucy's parents, to follow the tracks and come to a horrible conclusion. Before long, however, the Longfellow children began to be alarmed at the effect this might have on their parents and so confided to them the alarming trick that they had planned.

Long afterwards Longfellow's grandchildren came to play by this same brook, which was then apt to be dried up in summer but was filled with water in the rainy season and filled with ice in winter. By the great

clump of willows where the Thorps' barn was later built, this stream in early spring emptied into the muddy banks of Worcester Pond, where they would make mud pies. In winter the end of the toboggan slide ended in the hollow of this brook, and this generation too learned to skate on the same pond. By this time the island in the middle of the pond was no longer an island but a peninsula, for the side of the pond towards the Worcester house, which had become the Chauncy Smith house, was filled up, leaving only two sides of the original triangular pond still filled with water.

As time went on even these two remaining sides of the pond became filled up and both the brooks dried up, though still puddles of standing water in wet seasons and rifts of snow in winter indicate like ghosts the former locations of the brooks and the pond.

Many, many children of a later day learned to skate on Smith's Pond, but it was filled in when the Thorp house was built in the early nineties of the last century, and now Mrs. Bell has a victory garden in it.

And what of the Atlantic Stream — or Craigie Brook — after it left the pond? In 1837, when Professor Longfellow came to take up his abode as a lodger of Mrs. Craigie's, he writes: "the tramp of horses' hoofs sounds from the wooden bridge." This was undoubtedly the wooden bridge that still crossed the stream flowing from the pond into the Charles River — a bridge which was later replaced by a culvert, and now, like Lucy Gray's footmarks, further there is none.

The brook flowed between Brown and Willard Streets and southwesterly to the marsh near the foot of Sparks Street. There is a little bay there which may or may not have marked its mouth.

But it is not dead, only retired like some old people we know. When they were putting the new sewer through Craigie Street a few years ago it was running so strongly that they had to keep up a tremendous pumping, which fact I found out at City Hall through the kindness of Mr. Thomas P. O'Neill, Superintendent of Sewers. And I have been told that a geologist has said that it still runs under Charles River but as the person who said so is dead, I can not verify the statement. Perhaps, like Tennyson's Brook, it is singing

"For men may come and men may go,

But I go on for ever."

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE FIRST CHURCH IN CAMBRIDGE (UNITARIAN)

WRITTEN BY MRS. FLORENCE RUSSELL GEROULD FOR

THE NEW ENGLAND ASSOCIATE ALLIANCE

January 19, 1933 *

I have been asked to cover three hundred years in ten minutes — two seconds for each year in which this church has stood for the best in human life. Its record has been unbroken.

In 1633, Thomas Hooker, John Cotton and Samuel Stone came to Newtowne, the early name of Cambridge, which included Brighton, Newton, parts of Arlington, Lexington, Bedford and Billerica. There were more sermons, and longer, in those days. The voyage over was enlivened by three sermons almost every day. The people said that their three great necessities would be supplied, with Cotton for their clothing, Hooker for their fishing, and Stone for their building. With fasting and prayer, a church was organized in 1633 — the eighth church of the Massachusetts Colony. Its early name was "The Church of Christ in Cambridge," and later "Ye First Church in Cambridge." The Rev. Mr. Hooker was pastor, and Mr. Stone was teacher. The teacher was fully trained to expound the Scriptures, either before or after the sermon. Sometimes the pastor preached in the morning, and the teacher in the afternoon. The offices were gradually blended. These earnest people had no roads or bridges or mails, they worked sixteen hours a day, and for recreation laid stone walls.

Soon the people complained that there wasn't room enough, and the Court agreed to lay the discussion before the Lord, and a fast-day was kept in all the congregations. In 1636, a majority of Mr. Hooker's congregation — one hundred in number — made their way through the trackless wilderness, carrying feeble Mrs. Hooker on a litter, to New-

* This article was considered by the Directors to be so excellent a summary of the History of the First Church (Unitarian) that they voted to print it in order to make it generally available and of permanent record, as was done in the case of his Recollections of Browne and Nichols School by W. Rodman Peabody, although his paper like this one was delivered before another organization. — The Editor.

61

town, Connecticut, later called Hartford. Eleven families remained. In our church meetings we have seriously considered these two dates. 1633 puts us among the earliest of the ancient churches, and allows our minister to walk very near the head of an ecclesiastical procession. 1636 puts us so much later that our minister's position recedes. Recently, it has been decided to call us The First Church (Unitarian), 1633-1636, which incidentally indicates that our minister may choose his position.

Thomas Shepard was the second minister of this church. In England, he was a Puritan lecturer, and was summoned by Bishop Laud to answer for his preaching. He loved the established church, but was unwilling to conform to all its rules and customs. Bishop Laud passed a severe sentence upon him, — that he should neither preach, read, marry, bury in any part of his diocese. "If you do, and I hear of it, I'll be upon your back, and follow you,

wherever you go, in any part of this kingdom, and so everlastingly disable you." It was Bishops on the backs of Puritans that gave to us this Commonwealth and nation.

When Shepard took up his pastorate here, he made his first open renunciation of Episcopacy. On the first of February, 1636, this church was again organized. Its covenant is thought to have been written by Governor Winthrop. For years, the church and town were one. The first building was on the west side of Dunster Street, a little south of Alt. Auburn Street, and had a log frame. The pews were square, with seats on hinges, which were raised to make standing-room during prayer. In front of the desk were seats for the deacon and elders, and there were rows of benches for men on one side, and women on the other. The meeting-house was the town-house, used on six days for secular purposes. Church members were the only voters.

Shepard is described as "a poor, weak, pale complectioned, but holy, heavenly, sweet, affecting and soul-flourishing minister." Thousands of souls had cause to bless God for him. It was said of a parishioner from Charlestown, "He crowdeth through the thickest, when, having stayed while the glass was turned up twice, the man was metamorphosed, and was fain to hang down his head often, lest his watery eyes should blab abroad the secret conjunction of his affections."

There was no music whatever for a long time, save the singing of the Psalms, unaccompanied. Then came the bass viol, and violin. The

first American organ was not used until 1745. Marriage was a civil contract — not an ecclesiastical sacrament. No marriage by a minister is found before 1686. Burials were without Scripture, psalm, sermon or prayer. A bell was tolled and friends carried their dead to some churchyard or roadside enclosure, and silently laid them away. Anything else was considered Popish mummary.

It was because of Shepard's presence in the Newtowne that Cambridge was pitched upon as the seat of Harvard College. The members of this church were associated with the college, and several were officers in it. The whole College attended our services, and there was plenty of room for them all in the building forty feet square. There were not more than eight or nine in the graduating-class. Most of the clergymen who came to New England were graduates of England's Cambridge, so the people began to call the town Cambridge, and it became so legally in 1639.

Shepard died at the age of forty-four years. Jonathan Mitchel succeeded him, and a new meeting-house was built near the spot where the old Dane Hall stood. He was so scholarly a man that he kept a diary in Latin. His preaching was "like a lovely song of the one who hath a pleasant voice." Henry Dunster, first President of Harvard College, who had been, after Shepard's death, in the place of a pastor, bore testimony against infant baptism, and forbore to present his own infant for baptism. Mitchel preached more than half a score of ungainsayable sermons on the subject. Dunster was indicted by the Grand Jury, publicly admonished, and forced to give bonds for his good behavior.

Mitchel died in 1668. During an interim, President Chauncy of Harvard occupied the pulpit. Then came Rev. Urian Oakes. The account of disbursements for his ordination contains, 3 bush, of wheat, 21A of malt, 4 gal. of wine, beef, mutton, sugar, spices amounting to £10. He served as President of Harvard College, and had the pastoral care of the church. The Rev. Nathaniel Gookin was his assistant, and followed Mr. Oakes. After Mr. Gookin's death, there were various supplies. Ten shillings were paid for a single sermon, and for a whole day's service, one pound.

Rev. William Brattle was ordained in 1696. He was a very distinguished man. During his pastorate 724 children were baptized and 364 persons were admitted to the church. His salary was from £90 to £100,

and many donations of wood — in 1695, twenty-two loads. His manner in the pulpit was "calm, soft and melting." In 1706, the third meetinghouse was built, near the site of the second. The College voted £60, and a pew was built for the president's family, and the students' seats.

Then came the Rev. Nathaniel Appleton. During his ministry of sixty-seven years, 2048 children were baptized and 90 adults, and 784 were admitted to church membership. In 1765, in our town-meeting, the first formal protest was made against the Stamp Act. The Revolution was now coming on, and Washington and his companions in arms worshipped here. The delegates from the towns of the State met here in 1779 and framed the Constitution.

Mr. Appleton died in 1784, aged ninety years. Then came Timothy Hilliard, followed by Dr. Abiel Holmes in 1792. We have the records of the church, during his ministry, in his own handwriting. In 1814, the University began to hold its own religious services. In 1824, Lafayette was made welcome to our church in an address by President Kirkland. Edward Everett became a member in 1812. The Rev. Abiel Holmes was father of Oliver Wendell Holmes and grandfather of former Chief Justice Holmes. Liberalism was spreading. Soon Mr. Holmes refused to exchange pulpits with liberal preachers. His attitude led to his removal from the pastorate, and with two-thirds of his church he organized a new society, now known as the First Church in Cambridge (Congregational), of which Dr. Raymond Calkins is the present minister.

Rev. William Newell was called to the pastoral care of our Parish. As a result of his sweet and gentle disposition, the quarrel soon passed into oblivion. His pastorate extended thirty-eight years; during this time, through an exchange of property, the present church was erected at the expense of the College. Up to 1873, annual College Commencements were held here. Mr. Newell was a wonderful man, and wherever he went his presence was a benediction. Most interesting is the fact that recently his grandson, Rev. Arthur Moore, of Franklin, New Hampshire, graced this pulpit which his grandfather so sanctified.

The church had no pastor from 1868 to 1874, when Dr. Francis Greenwood Peabody was installed. Under him, the congregation numbered from 450 to 550. His gracious and

scholarly presence links us with the past. Temporary ill-health caused his resignation in 1879.

In 1882, Dr. Edward H. Hall of Worcester became our pastor. We

64

well remember his stately figure, and we have his memory perpetuated in the room which bears his name and holds his books.

Dr. Samuel McChord Crothers was installed in 1894. During his pastorate, which lasted from 1894 until his death in 1927, he was our great leader. In 1905, Miss Jeannie W. Paine — a member of our church — left over \$200,000 to the church. Its wise administration under a board of trustees and its agent, Mrs. Chesley, has given a refuge for those in need. Dr. Crothers was the friend and adviser of this benefaction. Honored by Harvard, known throughout the country for his spiritual power, and throughout the world of scholars for his literary genius, he made our church a great religious institution, known for its good works. His mind saw straight to the heart of every problem, and his spirit lifted those who came into his presence out of commonplaceness to the heights where he dwelt with his God. He was a saint and prophet walking our common way. His ashes lie under his study-window, and those who loved him are helped as they pass, and think of him.

Rev. Ralph E. Bailey was called to our pastorate in 1928, and is our present pastor. As a keen student of our history, he carries on our tradition.

We are justly proud of our old church and its history, and pray that each one of us may hand it, untarnished of its great past, to our successors.

65

ANNUAL REPORTS

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL AND OF THE SECRETARY FOR THE YEAR 1944

THIS Annual Meeting closes the fortieth year of the activities of The Cambridge Historical Society. Though the war is on the minds of everyone, the meetings of the Society may have offered a foil to those difficulties and problems that are constantly before us.

The Council has held five meetings during the year and one informal meeting. At the regular meetings the business was of a routine nature along with the arrangement of programs for the meetings and the consideration of names for membership. The informal meeting was held in the Map Room of the Widener Library, ostensibly to assist our Curator in decisions

regarding portions of the Society's collections now stored there; but as those present immediately became absorbed in various parts of the room with books, papers, and photographs it is doubtful if very much was really accomplished other than a sort of re-shuffling of the cards. We have held no meeting there since! The assistance given by Mr. Haynes, both in storing the material as well as in attending to the mailing of copies of our publications from time to time and other details, has been of great help and is much appreciated.

The four regular meetings of the Society held during 1944 have been well attended, the average number being nearly seventy members and guests. The Annual Meeting was held on January 26, 1944, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. McClennen, 35 Lake View Avenue, when following the business meeting Miss Howe gave amusing and informative descriptions of Harvard Square in the "Seventies and Eighties." For the April meeting we were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar J. Seeler, Jr., at The Faculty Club, and Miss Dudley told of the activity

67

and keen interest of Thomas Dudley in the founding of Cambridge. The June meeting was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin T. Hammond, 11 Scott Street; in spite of the showery weather and the regrettable failure of the public stenographer to mail some of the notices to the members the attendance was good. Every one was much interested in the problem presented by Mrs. Vosburgh of the strange case of The Disloyalty of Dr. Benjamin Church, Surgeon General of the Continental Army. The October meeting was held at the invitation of President and Mrs. Walcott in the Parish House of the Unitarian Church, and the reminiscences of the late Edward S. Dodge, read by Miss Howe, brought forth an unusual number of anecdotes from the members present.

The Council has received with regret the resignations of: —

Mrs. Wallace Notestein

Miss Harriet E. Peet

Mr. and Mrs. Dwight H. Andrews.

Mr. Charles Norman Fay died in the early part of the year. We have been delighted to add to our regular members during 1944: —

Mr. and Mrs. Alva Morrison

Miss Lillian Abbott

Rev. William Brattle Oliver.

The membership of The Cambridge Historical Society is now two hundred and twelve (212); five life members, eight associate members, and one hundred ninety-nine regular members.

Respectfully submitted,

January 23, 1945.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER FOR THE YEAR 1944

January 5, 1945.

<i>Cash on Hand, January 1, 1944.....</i>	<i>\$ 468.16</i>
<i>Dues and Initiation Fees.....</i>	<i>\$617.00</i>
<i>Sale of Proceedings</i>	<i>6.55</i>
	<i>623.55</i>
	<i><u>\$1,091.71</u></i>
<i>Printing & Stationery.....</i>	<i>\$ 78.25</i>
<i>Clerical Service and Postage</i>	<i>48.53</i>
<i>Allowances to Hostesses</i>	<i>60.00</i>
<i>Miscellaneous</i>	<i>51.18</i>
	<i>\$237.96</i>
<i>Cash on Hand December 31, 1944.....</i>	<i>853.75</i>
	<i><u>\$1,091.71</u></i>
<i>Flowers for Walter Briggs' Funeral</i>	<i>\$15.00</i>
<i>Gifts to Employees of Widener Library</i>	<i>10.00</i>
<i>Chairs for Meetings</i>	<i>10.40</i>
<i>Bay State Historical League — 2 Years.....</i>	<i>8.00</i>
<i>Safe Deposit Box</i>	<i>6.00</i>
<i>Bank Service Charge</i>	<i>1.78</i>

<i>Maria Bowen Fund</i>					
<i>Investments</i>	<i>Cost</i>	<i>1/1/44 Book Value</i>	<i>Cash Income Received 1944</i>	<i>12/31/44 Book Value</i>	<i>Account to which Income was Credited</i>
U. S. Savings Bonds	\$ 5,250.00	\$ 5,250.00	0.	\$ 5,250.00	None
Cambridge Savings Bank	2,241.32	3,717.13	\$ 94.02	*4,044.28	Camb. Sav. Bank
Cambridgeport Savings Bank	1,500.00	1,672.69	33.61	1,706.20	Camb'port Sav. Bank
E. Cambridge Savings Bank	1,500.00	1,690.75	33.97	1,724.72	E. Camb. 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. (Boston)	1,295.00	1,295.00	40.00	1,295.00	Camb. Sav. Bank
5 sh. Merchants Nat'l (Boston)	1,715.00	1,715.00	60.00	1,715.00	Camb. Sav. Bank
	<u>\$15,370.07</u>	<u>\$17,209.32</u>	<u>\$361.60</u>	<u>\$17,604.05</u>	

<i>George G. Wright Fund</i>					
	<i>Date a/c Opened</i>	<i>Bal. when Opened</i>	<i>Bal. 1/1/44</i>	<i>Int. Rec.</i>	<i>Bal. 12/31/44</i>
Cambridge Savings Bank	1/29/38	\$ 200.00	\$ 229.25	\$ 5.76	\$ 235.01
<i>Life Membership Fund</i>					
Cambridge Savings Bank	1/10/34	\$ 760.22	\$ 887.32	\$22.32	\$ 909.64
<i>Historic Houses</i>					
Cambridge Savings Bank	5/ 3/40	\$2,149.82	\$2,345.09	\$58.99	\$2,404.08
<i>Elizabeth E. Dana Bequest</i>					
Cambridge Trust Company	2/ 7/40	\$ 60.00	\$ 211.95	\$ 3.18	\$ 215.13
		<u>\$3,170.04</u>	<u>\$3,673.61</u>	<u>\$90.25</u>	<u>\$3,763.86</u>

* Includes capital deposit of \$33.13

Audited by Mr. Ingraham.

Book Value of all Funds 12/31/44 — \$21,367.91
Total Income — \$451.85

JOHN T. G. NICHOLS,
Treasurer.

LIST OF MEMBERS FOR 1945

ACTIVE MEMBERS

Marion Stanley Abbot

Lillian Abbott

Sarah Gushing (Mrs. G. M.) Allen

Mary Almy

Helen Diman (Mrs. I. W.) Bailey

Florence Besse (Mrs. E.) Ballantine

Elizabeth Chadwick Beale

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

Jessie Waterman (Mrs. Wm. F.) Brooks

Martha Thacher Brown

Josephine Freeman Bumstead

Bertha Close (Mrs. G. H.) Bunton

George Herbert Bunton

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

Dudley Clapp

Elizabeth Neill (Mrs. D.) Clapp

Frances Snell (Mrs. H. L.) Clark

Aiargaret Elizabeth Cogswell

Kenneth John Conant

Marie Schneider (Mrs. K. J.) Conant

Frank Gaylord Cook

Julian Lowell Coolidge

Theresa Reynolds (Mrs. J. L.) Coolidge

J. Linda Corne

Bernice Brown (Mrs. L. W.) Cronkhite

Leonard Wolsey Cronkhite

Sally Adams (Mrs. C. F.) Cushman

Gardiner Mumford Day

Katharine Bennett (Mrs. G. M.) Day

Bernard DeVoto

Avis MacVicar (Mrs. B.) DeVoto

Mary Deane Dexter

Arthur Drinkwater

Laura Howland Dudley

Alvin Clark Eastman

Frances Hopkinson (Mrs. S. A.) Eliot

Samuel Atkins Eliot

Benjamin Peirce Ellis

William Emerson

Frances White (Mrs. Wm.) Emerson

<i>Pearl Brock Fahrney</i>	<i>Edward Ingraham</i>
<i>Claire (Mrs. P.) Faude</i>	<i>Elsie Powell (Mrs. E.) Ingraham</i>
<i>Allyn Bailey Forbes</i>	<i>Pauline Fay (Mrs. A. L.) Jackson</i>
<i>Lois Whitney (Mrs. A. B.) Forbes</i>	<i>William Alexander Jackson</i>
<i>Edward Waldo Forbes</i>	<i>Dorothy Judd (Mrs. W. A.) Jackson</i>
<i>Frances Fowler</i>	<i>Julia M. Johnson</i>
<i>Francis Edward Frothingham</i>	<i>Mabel Augusta Jones</i>
<i>Alice Howland (Mrs. H. G.) Garrett</i>	<i>Wallace St. Clair Jones</i>
<i>Jane Bowler (Mrs. R.) Gilman</i>	<i>Ethel Robinson (Mrs. W. S.) Jones</i>
<i>Roger Gilman</i>	<i>Frances Ruml (Mrs. W. K.) Jordan</i>
<i>Josephine Bowman (Mrs. L. C.) Graton</i>	<i>William Kitchener Jordan</i>
<i>L. C. Graton</i>	<i>Albert Guy Keith</i>
<i>Louis Lawrence Green</i>	<i>Edith Seavey (Mrs. A. G.) Keith</i>
<i>Virginia Tanner (Mrs. L. L.) Green</i>	<i>Justine Frances (Mrs. F. S.) Kershaw</i>
<i>Helen McQuesten (Mrs. P.) Gring</i>	<i>Rupert Ballou Lillie</i>
<i>Paul Gring</i>	<i>Elizabeth MacFarlane</i>
<i>Christine Robinson (Mrs. R. M.) Gummere</i>	<i>Ethel May MacLeod</i>
<i>Lillian Helen (Mrs. T.) Hadley</i>	<i>George Arthur Macomber</i>
<i>Franklin Tweed Hammond</i>	<i>Ella Sewell Slingluff (Mrs. G. A.) Macomber</i>
<i>Mabel MacLeod (Mrs. F. T.) Hammond</i>	<i>Edward Francis McClennen</i>
<i>Charles Lane Hanson</i>	<i>Mary Crane (Mrs. E. F.) McClennen</i>
<i>Mary Davis (Mrs. F. B.) Hawley</i>	<i>Winifred Smith (Mrs. M. W.) Mather</i>

<i>Christina Doyle (Mrs. R. H.) Haynes</i>	<i>Louis Joseph Alexandre Mercier</i>
<i>Robert Hammond Haynes</i>	<i>Keyes DeWitt Met calf</i>
<i>Florence Wilhelmina (Mrs. N.) Heard</i>	<i>Elinor Gregory (Mrs. K. D.) Metcalf</i>
<i>Nathan Heard</i>	<i>Hugh Montgomery, Jr.</i>
<i>Frank Wilson Cheney Hersey</i>	<i>Helen Bonney (Mrs. H.) Montgomery</i>
<i>George Milbank Hersey</i>	<i>Alva Morrison</i>
<i>Georgiana Ames (Mrs. T. L.) Hinckley</i>	<i>Amy Gallagher (Mrs. A.) Morrison</i>
<i>Pinckney Holbrook</i>	<i>Marcus Morton, Jr.</i>
<i>Sibyl Collar (Mrs. P.) Holbrook</i>	<i>Margaret Miner (Mrs. M.) Morton</i>
<i>Lois Lilley Howe</i>	<i>James Buell Munn</i>
<i>William De Lancey Howe</i>	<i>Ruth Crosby Hanford (Mrs. J. B.)Munn</i>
<i>Clara May (Mrs. W. De L.) Howe</i>	<i>Helen Whiting Munroe</i>
<i>Eda Woolson (Mrs. B. S.) Hurlbut</i>	<i>Mary Liscomb (Mrs. H. A.) Nealley</i>
	<i>Arthur Boylston Nichols</i>

Gertrude Fuller (Mrs. A.B.) Nichols

John Taylor Gilman Nichols

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

Albert Perley Norris

Grace Wyeth (Mrs. A. P.) Norris

Margaret Norton

Penelope Barker Noyes

William Brattle Oliver

Mary Woolson (Mrs. J. L.) Paine

William Lincoln Payson

Frederica Watson (Mrs. Wm. L.) Payson

William Hesselstine Pear

Fanny Carleton (Mrs. Wm. H.) Pear

Elizabeth Bridge Piper

Bremer Whidden Pond

Lucy Kingsley (Mrs. A. K.) Porter

David Thomas Pottinger

Mildred Clark (Mrs. D. T.) Pottinger

Lucy Berry (Mrs. R.) Pound

Roscoe Pound

Alice Edmunds 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

Mary Parkman Sayward

Susan Child (Mrs. G. C.) Scoggin

Edgar Viguers Seeler, Jr.

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

Martha Sever

Joseph Edward Sharkey

Philip Price Sharples

Eugenia Jackson (Mrs. P. P.) Sharples

Katharine V. Spencer

Willard Hatch Sprague

Horace Paine Stevens

Emme White (Mrs. H. P.) Stevens

Dora Stewart

Alice Allegra Thorp

Alfred M. Tozzer

Mabel Henderson (Mrs. W.E.) Vandermark

Bertha Hallowell Vaughan

Maude Batchelder (Mrs. C. P.) Vosburgh

Martha Eustis (Mrs. C.) Walcott

Robert Walcott

Mary Richardson (Mrs. R.) Walcott

Frank De Witt Washburn

Olive Ely Allen (Mrs. F. D.) Washburn

Henry Bradford Washburn

Frederica Davis (Mrs. T. R.) Watson

William Stewart Whittemore

<i>Clyde Orval Ruggles</i>	<i>Alice Babson (Mrs. W. S.) Whittemore</i>
<i>Frances Holmes (Mrs. C. O.) Ruggles</i>	<i>Olive Swan (Mrs. J. B.) Williams</i>
<i>Gertrude (Mrs. J. C.) Runkle</i>	<i>Constance Bigelow Williston</i>
<i>John Cornelius Runkle</i>	<i>Emily Williston</i>
<i>Paul Joseph Sachs</i>	<i>Samuel Williston</i>
<i>Mary Ware (Mrs. R. deW.) Sampson</i>	<i>Henry Joshua Winslow</i>
<i>Frank Berry Sanborn</i>	<i>Grace Davenport (Mrs. H. J.) Winslow</i>
<i>Grace Cobb (Mrs. F. B.) Sanborn</i>	
<i>Henry Hallam Saunderson</i>	
<i>Laura Howland Dudley (Mrs. H. H.) Saunderson</i>	

John William Wood *Charles Henry Conrad Wright*
Cyrus Woodman Elizabeth *Woodman (Mrs. C. H. C.) Wright*
Frances Billings (Mrs. C.) Woodman

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

Sylvia Church (Mrs. I.) Bowditch *Bertram Kimball Little*
Francis Apthorp Foster *Nina Fletcher (Mrs. B. K.) Little*
Eldon Revare James *Mary Wellington (Mrs. K. S.) Usher*
Phila Smith (Mrs. E. R.) James

LIFE MEMBERS

Mary Emory Batchelder
Eleanor Gray (Mrs. H. D.) Tudor
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana

Alice Maud (Mrs. M. P.) White

Bradford Hendrick Peirce

74
