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CONTENTS OF VOLUME IV.

THEODORE DWIGHT WELD 5–32
William Lloyd Garrison, Jr., Charles G. Chick, Henry B. Carrington, Mrs. Albert E. Bradley, Mrs. Cordelia A. Payson, Wilbur H. Powers, Francis W. Darling, Edward S. Hathaway.

JOHN ELIOT AND THE INDIAN VILLAGE AT NATICK . 33–48
Erastus Worthington.

GOING WEST IN 1820. *George L. Richardson* 49–67

EDITORIAL. *William A. Mowry* 68

JACK FROST (Poem). *William A. Mowry* 69

A HYDE PARK MEMORIAL, 1888 (with Ode) 70–75
Henry B. Carrington.

HENRY A. RICH 76, 77
William J. Stuart, Robert Bleakie, Henry S. Bunton.

DEDICATION OF CAMP MEIGS (1903) 78–91
Henry B. Carrington, Augustus S. Lovett, Benj. McKendry.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SOCIETY SINCE 1892 . . . 92–100
Fred L. Johnson.

John B. Bachelder. *Henry B. Carrington, Geo. M. Harding, John J. Enneking* 94, 95

Gov. F. T. Greenhalge. *C. Fred Allen, John H. ONeil* . 96

Annual Meeting, 1897. *Charles G. Chick and others* . . 97, 98

HISTORICAL FIELD DAY. *Charles F. Jenney* 101–111

VITAL STATISTICS. *Edwin C. Jenney* 112–120

INDEX TO VOLUMES III AND IV 121–128

ILLUSTRATIONS.

THEODORE DWIGHT WELD (Portrait) . . . . Frontispiece

INDIAN DANCE, ARKANSAW, 1820 63

NATCHEZ IN 1821 64

AARON BURR'S SECRET ALPHABET 65

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, HYDE PARK, MASS. 73

HENRY A. RICH (Portrait) . . . . . Facing page 76

CAMP MEIGS MEMORIAL PARK 85

HISTORIC LANDMARKS . . . . . Facing page 102
Fisher House, East River Street, opposite Paper Mill; Greenwood House, East River Street, corner Metropolitan Avenue; Merrifield House, East River Street, corner Webster Street; Butler Schoolhouse, 1804–1904; Memorial Stone, East River St.

THEODORE DWIGHT WELD.
1803—1895

THEODORE DWIGHT WELD.

1803 — 1895.

AT a meeting of the Hyde Park Historical Society, May 22, 1895, Memorial Exercises were held, commemorative of the life and services of Mr. Weld, who had just ended his long life, The address of William Lloyd Garrison, Jr., is given in full below.

ADDRESS OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, JR., AT HYDE PARK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 22, 1895.

It is a difficult thing to say anything fresh of Theodore D. Weld in this community, where he lived so long and where so often the story of his life has been rehearsed. It is given to few men to be present at their own apotheosis, and Mr. Weld was among that number. Often he must have been weary of the repeated narration of his own early life to which he was compelled to listen. Although permitted to live to an exceptional age, yet the years in which his brilliant reputation was achieved were exceedingly brief. It was his fate to occupy a shining position at a crucial time, and no anti-slavery history can be written that does not reflect its illumination.

To his own light was added that of another not less phenomenal. The romantic story of the South Carolina Grimke sisters, the younger of who became Mrs. Weld, parallels the experience of Lane Seminary. The record holds the story of both lives, and, instead of enlarging upon them this evening, let me rather occupy the few minutes at my command in referring to the great cause which they so nobly served.

We have arrived at a distance from the anti-slavery struggle which allows a fair perspective, impossible in the near contact of

that day. Time must be allowed for men's prejudices and interest to abate, and history is the only clear lens through which such epochs can be distinctly viewed. Every generation has its crowded thoughts and occupations, its issues and its duties, and there is little time for recent retrospection. Old prejudices and antagonisms perpetuate themselves, and generations must pass before the embers are entirely cold. To-day we are not far enough away to get the right proportions of the abolition movement, but yet sufficiently removed to view them in a calm light.

The episodes in which Mr. Weld and the Grimke sisters figured were ended before my life began, and, in the days of my earliest recollection, their names and deeds were part of history, When I first saw Mr. Weld it was at the beginning of the Civil War, and his appearance upon an anti-slavery platform was like a resurrection from the dead. It seemed as if the fires of war were necessary to bring him again to the rostrum, from which the loss of voice and the necessity of other occupations had so long withdrawn him. He had then the prophet's aspect and the authority of the past. My boyish eyes viewed him with awe and wonder. Then he and his revered wife became neighbors; a new bond established itself between his old friends, and another generation grew up to know him in a new phase and a new environment.

On such an occasion as this it were more fitting that one who had taken part in the great conflict should narrate its great deeds and glory. But the days of fierce perse ution were ended when I came upon the stage, and I can but repeat inherited traditions. A few veterans still linger upon the scene and they are awaiting the glory of the full sunset. Parker Pillsbury, of Concord, N. H., Elizabeth B. Chace, of Valley Falls, R. I., Robert Purvis, of Philadelphia, the only surviving signer of the A. S. Declaration of Sentiments, Charles W. Whipple, of Newburyport, Mass., and a few others, are the only ones unswallowed by the flood.*

If one would get a realizing sense of Northern public sentiment in the Thirties, when Mr. Weld was prominent,— of the bitterness of society towards the fanatics and disturbers of the peace who

* Still true, November, 1897.

protested against slavery, — let him read "The Martyr Age of the United States," by Harriet Martineau. It seems strange in reviewing the history of that time to find among the unpopular and denounced citizens the very ones who are now revered as saints and heroes, and for whom bronze and marble statues are created. If one were only to catalogue the workers in the cause, it would occupy more time than is permitted me for my entire speech this evening. There is an eloquent passage in the epistle to the Hebrews which was quoted with great force by John Bright, on a famous occasion as applicable to that heroic band who have made America the perpetual home of freedom. It is this: "Time would fail me to tell of Gideon, of Barak, of Samson, of Jeptha, of Samuel, and the Prophets, who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens."

The abolition of American slavery is not the only glory that will attach itself to the anti-slavery workers. To them is due the salvation of self-government on this continent, because they vindicated free speech and the freedom of the press. Slavery did its best to stifle both of these agencies, and, had it succeeded, our Republic would only have added another despotism to the governments of the world.

The anti-slavery conventions were in the nature of a university. There one could study current history, logic, the skill of debate, the mastery of language. Emerson testifies that at anti-slavery meetings eloquence was dog cheap. Surely no band of reformers could be more diverse in gifts, more varied in style and expression, while animated by the same indomitable purpose. Stephen Foster was the model of an aggressive combatant, with his sledge-hammer speech and his directness of attack. Parker Pillsbury, who was also a pioneer in the wilderness, dealt in the language of the prophets and indulged in passages of Miltonic strength; Charles C. Burleigh was the keenest of logicians, weaving from premise to conclusion an impregnable garment of mail. Frederick

Douglass was both orator and wit, gifted with a sense of humor and a never-failing tact that made him an entertaining and formidable debater. Charles Lenox Remond invariably aroused an audience upon the subject of race prejudice, which he felt so keenly. Lucretia Mott, with her gentle and sweet presence, was always sure to captivate and attract. Abby Kelly Foster, with a pathos and feeling born of bitter experience and insult, touched every hearer, and Lucy Stone, then in her attractive youth, never failed to charm. Mr. Garrison, although not an orator in the accepted sense of the term, yet had great influence over his hearers, by his elevation of spirit and his earnestness and force of language. Wendell Philips stood peerless as one gifted by nature to utter the loftiest thoughts in the most perfect form.

There are others whom I cannot enumerate, but to listen year after year to their discussions and lectures was to acquire more than any college education could give. Indeed, those who were not in sympathy with the abolitionists were drawn to their meetings simply for the luxury of hearing such discourse. Of course there were cranks and oddities who took advantage of the freedom of the anti-slavery platform to force themselves into notice and to disturb the proceedings; but it was better to submit to such infliction than to violate the law of a free platform. Only when the disturbers were demented, like Abby Folsom and Father Lamson, were they forcibly removed from the assembly, but not until they had exhausted the patience of the audience.

It was an exciting time in 1850 when George Thompson came for the second time to the United States to preach abolition. It was the day of Webster's culmination, and his adherents were active in breaking up anti-slavery meetings. The clerks from the business houses were sent systematically to raise a row, and I recall one evening in Faneuil Hall, when a ring was formed under the chandelier in the centre, and the boys gave a Jim-crow dance, with shouts of derision to make speaking impossible. Thompson was at his best in a storm, an orator of the highest rank, quick and witty at repartee, fervid and impressive and sure to win in the end, if only allowed to be heard.

Those were days worth living. To be connected with a little band of reformers, derided and abused by pulpit, press, and society, yet sustained by the loftiest principle, the spirit of self-sacrifice, and utter carelessness of personal consequence, was itself worth a lifetime. To them duty to the slave was paramount to every other consideration. But they were far from being lonely and cast down. Themselves delightful in character, learning, and wisdom. to lose their society was a loss indeed, beside which what was popularly known as social life was stale, flat and unprofitable.

I remember the Fugitive Slave excitement in Boston. The rescue of the slave Shadrach from the Boston Court House, the rendition of Thomas Sims at midnight, and the noon-day shame of the return of Anthony Burns, when he marched down State street on that memorable June day, 1854, to be shipped back to his Virginia master. Doutless some of you can recall the intense feeling which pervaded the city, the emblems of mourning, and the coffin draped in black hanging over the building on the corner of Washington and State streets. Col. Higginson has recently given a most interesting account of his participation in the attack on the Court house the night before the rendition of Burns. At the memorable meeting at Faneuil Hall that same night, presided over by George R.Russell, Wendell Phillips and Theodore Parker spoke to the excited audience and the assembly was broken up by the news that the Court house was attacked. But this is recent history compared with the time when Mr. Weld was prominent in the anti-slavery movement.

The publication of Mrs. Stowe's "UncleTom's Cabin," in 1852, marked an epoch in anti-slavery history. Its incalculable value to the cause of the slave cannot be estimated. All over the English-speaking world, and in foreign nations where the book was translated, human hearts were touched and the love of liberty stimulated. It marked the beginning of the end. Nor was the story ephemeral. To this day a steady demand for it exists, and within a year or two a cheap edition of the book has been issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The aged and immortal author still survives, unfortunately with her great faculties eclipsed.

But what a storehouse of romance and wonder the years of American slavery contain! It has hardly yet been touched, and it is reasonable to believe that American genius will one day borrow from the vast material existing to add to the world's literature. Now, as ever, truth is stranger than fiction, and verified facts can be produced equal to anything that imagination can furnish. Think of Henry Box Brown, shipped from the South in a dry goods case, forced at times during the long journey to be in an inverted position. How breathlessly the friends in the anti-slavery office at Philadelphia waited while the cover was taken off and the living freeman stood erect before them! And what story more romantic than that escape of William and Ellen Crafts, she disguised in man's clothing, with her light complexion, personating the master and her darker husband acting as body servant. Then followed the kidnappers on their trail to drag them back to slavery. It was Theodore Parker who harbored them in his house in Exeter Place, and furnished them with weapons to resist capture. Two years ago Ellen passed away, but William is still alive, and was in Boston the past winter. Both of them subsequently returned to their old home in Georgia, where they accumulated property, and where William makes his home.

There are stories of tragedy which are too moving to detail, like that at Christiana, Pennsylvania, where the mother plunged a knife into her children rather than have them dragged back by slave hunters. I can only touch upon and not elaborate these memories. The particulars are garnered up in William Still's memorable book entitled "The Underground Railroad" and are there preserved.

The life of reformers in all times seems to be the same, their own generation being blind and deaf and the next one garnishing their sepulchres and building monuments to commemorate their trials and virtues. I never pass the costly statue of my father on Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, without recalling the time when the ways and means were such a problem in our household, and when the same amount of money expended in that mass of bronze would have lifted the family into comfort and preserved the life of the

overworked wife and mother. But it was not to be in the nature of things. To-day we are oblivious to the present reformers whose monuments will challenge the attention of our children. If any of us were asked to name the heroes who will outlast their days and be remembered with gratitude by the community in which they suffer and toil, we should fail utterly. In 1850, Webster and Everett and Choate were the great Massachusetts figures. and Phillips, Garrison and Parker were thought of chiefly as fanatics and extremists. Who would have dreamed that the latter triumvirate would hold a higher place in American history than the former, and gather to themselves in greater measure the gratitude of mankind? But so it is.

Reputations are clearer now, and it is easy to recognize in Lowell's lines the abolitionists for whom they were intended.

"Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes. They were men who stood alone,
While the crowd they agonized for hurled the contumelious stone;
Stood serene, and down the future saw the golden beam incline
To the side of perfect justice, mastered by their faith divine."

The one good that we get in contemplating the lives and characters of those who have suffered for a principle and been instrumental in making a better civilization is the spirit of emulation. James Freeman Clarke, in 1883, published his recollections of the immortal struggle in a book entitled "Anti-Slavery Days." In it he refers to the time when he lived in Cincinnati and used to visit the colored people of that city.

He says, "I recollect asking about their habits of temperance, and was told that at one time nearly all the colored people of Cincinnati belonged to the Temperance Society, having been induced to join it by the generous and devoted labors among them of Thoedore D. Weld, a Divinity Student in Lane Seminary."

"How far that little candle throws its ray,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

It is comforting to think that the spoken or written word does not die with the occasion which gave it birth. Recently there

came to the notice of the North a noble Southerner, John J. Dargan, of Sumter. S. C., who was once in the Confederate Army and afterward helped persecute the negroes under Wade Hampton. It happened that this same book of Dr. Clarke came accidentally into his hands, opening his eyes to the wrongfulness of the system which he had defended and converting him to the true spirit of abolition. Although connected with the leading families of South Carolina, he has been willing to lose his reputation and his old friends for the sake of vindicating the rights of the colored people to legal equality and fair voting. He is undergoing in his native State the same perils that Mr. Weld and the other abolitionists suffered in the North in the years we are considering.

The work contemplated by the anti-slavery leaders was not finished with President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, and has not yet reached its accomplishment. Every year a great advance is made, but the lynching of the innocent Southern men and women is of daily occurrence and the race hatred and prejudice survives the Civil War. It is an immense gain to abolish the auction block and the buying and selling of flesh and blood, but the true republic, where all shall have an equal chance regardless of race or sex, is yet to be realized in the United States. With all our boasting, we are still semi-barbarous, and history will not paint us in an enviable light.

Before concluding this desultory address, the recent death of John Brown, Jr., recalls his heroic father and Harper's Ferry. I well remember that enemy of human slavery as he came North to solicit aid for his enterprise. He had a mild and gentle manner, combined with the firmness of the Puritan and the temperament of the idealist. We call him old John Brown, although he was but fifty-nine when Virginia took his life, and his son, John Brown, Jr., whom we are accustomed to think of as youthful, had reached the age of 74. The son was worthy of the father, and needed only occasion to make manifest publicly his inherited strain of noble blood.

Let me end as I began, with your distinguished townsman whom this memorial service celebrates. Freedom keeps sacred

the spots where her defenders lived and died, and it is well to mark the local appreciation of this remarkable man. Not inappropriate to Theodore D. Weld are Lowell's fine lines in his Commemoration Ode:

"Life may be given in many ways,
And loyalty to Truth be sealed
As bravely in the closet as the field,
So bountiful is Fate;
But then to stand beside her,
When craven churls deride her,
To front a lie in arms and not to yield,
This shows, methinks, God's plan
And measure of a stalwart man,
Limbed like the old heroic breeds,
Who stand self-poised on manhood's solid earth,
Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,
Fed from within with all the strength he needs."

A special meeting of the Hyde Park Historical Society was held on the evening of December 1, 1903, in Weld Hall, the ladies of the Thought Club being present in large numbers. The President, Charles G. Chick, Esq., in stating the purposes of the meeting, said in part: Ladies and Gentlemen of the Thought Club and Historical Society: We have met together this evening to honor the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of our late distinguished townsman, Theodore D. Weld. We do well to pay this tribute to his memory. Early last spring this subject was discussed by our Curators, but investigation revealed the fact that the birth of Mr. Weld occurred in November, — to be exact, upon the 23d of November, so no action was then deemed advisable.

Some weeks ago we were gratified to receive a communication from a committee of the Thought Club expressing a desire that the day be marked by some public exercises, and suggesting a wish to join with our Society in preparing a proper programme for the observance of this anniversary.

The Historical Society cordially entertained the suggestion, and gentlemen Henry B. Miner, G. Fred Gridley and General Henry

B. Carrington, were appointed to confer with the Committee appointed by the Thought Club, viz., Mrs. Albert E. Bradley, Mrs. H. A. B. Thompson and Mrs. Augusta L. Hanchett.

The programme prepared and published you have doubtless seen. I will call for addresses by Mr. Weld's associates and townsmen. General Henry B. Carrington, is to speak for the Historical Society; Mrs. Albert E. Bradley and Mrs. Cordelia A. Payson for the Thought Club; Edward S. Hathaway for the Public Library; Hon. Francis W. Darling for the Church; Charles G. Chick for the School Committee, and Wilbur H. Powers for the citizens.

I have invited Mrs. Bradley, President of the Thought Club, to preside this evening. She declined the invitation, but will be heard in behalf of her Club later.

The following are the addresses in part as given at this meeting,

ADDRESS OF GENERAL HENRY B. CARRINGTON, LL. D., FOR THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The opening of the 19th century witnessed a fresh outburst of soul-protest against human slavery. The pioneer agitators for general liberty and the extinguishment of all slave trade received active support from many earnest New England reformers, and four of that number are eminently worthy of notice from their intimate and confidential companionship with him whom this occasion especially honors. The four included (besides Mr. Weld) John Greenleaf Whittier, the poet and consecrated champion of universal liberty, Elizur Wright, and Hon. Arnold Buffum, so long Mayor of Lynn, the senior of the group in years, having been born as early as 1782.

On the 4th of December, 1886, Mrs. Cordelia A. Payson, of Hyde Park, gave a reception at her home on Fairmount, under the auspices of the Thought Club, in honor of Mr. Whittier's birthday, just passed, and invited three of the *quartette*, Whittier, Wright and Buffum, to meet Mr. Weld, and together extend congratulations to Mr. Whittier upon the completion of the task to which he had, together with them, devoted his life. It fell to my lot to offer

the birthday tribute, partly in verse and partly in prose, and, under instructions of the Hyde Park Thought Club, the same was published and sent to Mr. Whittier.* His response was as follows:

Oak Knob, Danvers, 12 mo. 10, 1886.

General H. B. Carrington,

Dear Friend:— I am glad of the opportunity which thy kind note offered me, to thank thee for thy contribution to the exercises of the "Thought Club" of Hyde Park, on the 4th instant. I wish I could feel that I deserve the high compliment of thy tender and beautiful words, but I am truly grateful for them, notwithstanding.

I have tried to serve the cause of Freedom and Humanity, by speech and pen, while others, like thyself, have enforced their stern and righteous lessons in the dread arbitrament of the battle-field.

The incident of John Brown's address to thee and thy schoolmates, so long ago, is noteworthy. One boy, at least, took to heart the lesson and made it the rule of his life. I am very truly thy friend, John G. Whittier.

He wrote from Amesbury, under date of June 7, 1890, in part as follows: "I am glad that my dear friend Weld is recovered from his illness. I have had some trouble with the fever and ague, and am still suffering from its effects. Will thee kindly remember me to dear Weld, and believe me, with high respect and esteem, thy aged friend, John G. Whittier."

On the 14th of July, 1887, he wrote from Centre Harbor, N. H. "The passing away of our friends Buffum and Wright admonishes me that the end of earth to me also is near. I am almost the last of the old Anti-Slavery company. Of the sixty-three signers of the original Declaration of the American Anti-Slavery Society in 1833, Robert Purvis and myself alone are left."

"P. S. I am glad to hear of my dear friend Weld's health and vigor. He is one of the noblest men I ever knew, God bless him!"

On the 4th of January, 1889, he also wrote, "If thee see my dear old friend Theodore D. Weld, will thee give him my love. The death of several has left him and myself alone." The evening might be spent in similar proof of the tender relations between these two heroes who had united their lives in one common consecration to human liberty.

Mr. Weld, himself, was born at Hampton, Connecticut, Nov. 23, 1803. One who knew him well says, in a diary, still preserved,

[* The Tribute appears at the end of this article.—Ed.]

"Weld was an athlete, even in boyhood. He antedated Sam Patch in leaping from high trees into deep water, and beat Pontiac himself for riding down straddles. But for his midnight drowning in the ice locks of Alum River, from which he was barely restored, he would have lasted into the twentieth century."

He entered Exeter, a small boy, at the age of ten, but failing eyesight compelled him to leave for Philadelphia. In 1833 he became Secretary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and also initiated a system of Manual Labor schools, of which notice will again be made. As a student at Lane Theological Seminary, at Cincinnati, he soon attracted attention by his wonderful vocal and oratorical powers, which would hold vast audiences in rapturous delight, or arouse them to wild passion of approval or dissent. Mobs repeatedly attempted to drown his voice, and, as often, police protection was needed to save him from violence, although his nerve never weakened and he never exhibited fear as to the outcome of desperate and impassioned appeals in behalf of humanity. In a diary of Elizabeth Whittier, sister of the poet, his visits to her brother are described as "if an archangel had entered their home," and her language halts in the attempt to describe "the magical power and richness of his voice, the benignity of his manner, and the Godlike attributes of his very presence."

President Joseph R. Tuttle, late of Wabash College, then a student in Lane Seminary, took notes of one great speech of this "Thunderer of the West" and contributed it as "The masterpiece of American eloquence for liberty," to the "Patriotic Reader," now in use in our own schools as well as those of Boston, Philadelphia, and other chief cities. With all this matchless eloquence, fearlessness and aggressiveness of statement, he was thoroughly gentle, mode t, self-denying, charitable and magnanimous. A few incidents mark his type of character during his student years. Class jealousies were so rife that lots were demanded as to choice of rooms, of which there were indeed too few. The exicitement became heated. Weld, upon drawing second choice, declined to use it, preferring to take his chances at the end. The lottery fell through and an amicable adjustment was realized. A

slovenly aud unsavory candidate for a room could find no roommate. Weld offered him a part of his room. A deep well, lined with moss-covered stone, was dangerous, but required clearing. No one would either volunteer or obey orders to descend and clear it out. Weld made the descent cheerfully, did the work well, hoping that "the well was all right at last." He assisted in organizing a negro school in a church basement, and although three young ladies were nominally in charge, several students took their turn in teaching geography, grammar and arithmetic. The success was moderate, until Weld proposed to *start hymns*, for a *change*. This was a new inspiration, and after the experiment was a success, he triumphantly exclaimed at the close of the exercise, "Bless the Lord! they can sing!" An English abolitionist sent him a desk, and with it $25 in gold. This he spent for the school, although his own brother immediately received a letter, "begging for a little money, just to buy a few shirts." This unselfishness marked his entire life.

Upon leaving the Seminary for more open public life as a travelling anti-slavery orator, he met frequent opposition from mobs. Having secured a church at Granville, Ohio, for a lecture, a mob at its close threatened to destroy the building if he again attempted to occupy its platform. Upon meeting the trustees and stating the threat, he responded to their anxious inquiry as to what was to be done, "Let them do it if they dare. I will then speak standing upon its foundation!" To a committee of the mob who repeated the threat, he sent this message: "Come on! Come on! We will entertain you, but you must bring your own winding sheets. I can't supply them!" He then delivered six lectures without interruption. At Painesville, Ohio, a stalwart ruffian beat a bass drum near his stand to drown his voice. His disregard of the instrument, his powerful voice, captivating manner, and graceful bearing, so impressed his audience, that one of the most violent of the threatening mob suddenly rushed at the drum and kicked the head, yelling, "I'm bound to hear him through. Be decent as *he* is, if you know how!" He left the ground with cheers instead of hisses. His fairness, sincerity,

fervor and courage, with a remarkably assertive physique, brought victory. Even as late as 1863, Rev. S. J. May, of Syracuse, declared that "Wendell Phillips, as an orator, was his only rival in the cause of liberty"; but failure of his voice silenced his later participation in similar engagements.

It was at one of the Manual Labor Boarding Schools, located at Torringford, Conn., and conducted by Rev. Erasmus Goodman, the Congregational minister, and Dr. Erastus Hudson, the village physician, both noted abolitionists, that John Brown, coming from his home at New Hartford, addressed the pupils upon the horrors of the slave trade, showing diagrams of slave-ship decks and their treatment. The late Rev. Dr. W. W. Patton, President of Howard University, Washington, has passed away, and no other pupil than myself is living. Both teachers were afterwards mobbed, Mr. Goodman dying in a hospital at Chicago, where Dr. Patton administered to his dying needs. John Brown, overwhelmed by his theme, called for a rising vote of all who would seek the termination of human slavery upon reaching manhood, and his famous words of blessing upon those who stood to their feet were never forgotten by the class thus addressed. Rev. Horace Day, a Yale graduate, the Latin Instructor, recently deceased, was the instructor who, at the request of the visitor, called up the Geography Class to hear his appeal. [See NOTE.]

In 1841 Mr. Weld became editor of the American Anti-Slavery publications at Washington, D. C., and was the especial companion of those members of Congress who favored the "Abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia." In 1864 he established at Inglewood, New Jersey, a school (said to be the first) for the joint education of both white and black youth. He had married Miss Angeline Emily Grimke, daughter of Judge John Grimke

NOTE.—John Brown's strange words to the Torringford School boys, as given by Dr. Patton to the students of Howard University many years ago, and as afterwards confirmed by Mr. Day, were these: "Now, may God Almighty, my Father, your Father, and the African's Father; Jesus of Nazareth, my Saviour, your Saviour, and the African's Saviour, and the Holy Ghost, my Comforter, your Comforter, and the African's Comforter, bring you early to Jesus, and enable you to redeem your pledge."

of South Carolina, in 1828, who joined the Friends in Philadelphia in 1835, and she at once emancipated the slaves inherited from her parents' property. In 1827 he published a book upon the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia and another upon "The Bible on Slavery;" in 1841 he published "American Slavery as it is, of 1,000 Voices," and in London, the same year, a volume entitled "Slavery and the Slave Trade, as it is in the United States." Others present will give his record in the various trusts held by him since his residence in Hyde Park. My personal relations with Mr. Whittier brought Mr. Weld and myself into very close companionship soon after my removal here from Boston, and his exalted spirituality comported fully with his undying devotion to whatever elevated American youth as well as men. His sphere of thought seemed to emit a divine radiance that illumined his very face, fascinating all with whom he had intercourse. His devotion to Mr Whittier had no limit. Even when the poet wrote sarcastic but half-playful verses, upon his *deserting him* and *taking a wife*, even declining to attend the the ceremony, there was no jog in their common step, and the "playful doggerel," as Mr. Weld styled the production, was a passing jest.

A few words are justly due to the memory of the other two, who visited Hyde Park together, and rightly have a place in our local historical record. Arnold Buffum, once Mayor of Lynn, born in Smithfield, R. I., in 1782, was a warm friend of Lafayette and was his guest in Paris. Lafayette, with the approval of Washington, had bought a plantation worked by slaves, to test the possibility of giving them education and mechanical training in connection with their emancipation. Buffum also escorted Frederick Douglass on his first trip to England, as well as defied conductors who refused Mr. Douglass a seat in the car with him when first visiting Lynn. In 1832 he was associated with Garrison in the publication of the "Emancipator" and was President of the New England Anti-Slavery Society.

Elizur Wright, another of the quartette, was born in 1804; graduated at Yale in 1836; was also Secretary of the American

Anti-Slavery Society during 1833, and for a time editor of the "Emancipator." He published "Human Rights" in 1834-5, and soon after published, in London, an "Introduction to Whittier's Ballads."

In this fitly-named "Weld Hall," with his life-like portrait smiling upon our interview, it may not be too much to say, that as a friend and example to our youth, a pattern of good citizenship, and a model of Christian grace, bearing and accomplishments, we have yet to place upon our records the name of any to be classed as his superior.

Mrs. Albert E. Bradley, President of the Thought Club, upon being introduced, presented with appropriate words a beautiful laurel wreath as a tribute from the Club to Mr. Weld, one of the founders and teachers of the Club and always its warm friend. Among other things, she related a personal reminiscence showing his fatherly love for all mothers and children.

ADDRESS OF MRS. CORDELIA A. PAYSON.

If we may not say that the Thought Club sprang from the brain of Theodore Weld, as Minerva from Jupiter, we may affirm that he was present, among the feminine divinities that projected the club, and assisted in their councils. The paramount idea of the association was to exercise a broadening influence and to help woman to become intellectually all that her God-given endowments claimed for her, to set before her the nobler incentives to study and self-culture and thought communion. Mr. Weld was made an honorary member, and was a fine Shakspearian scholar, although not taking up the study until he was fifty years of age. His King Lear and his Macbeth were masterly conceptions. All this wealth of culture was given freely and unostentatiously to the Thought Club. His classes and lectures in Boston and vicinity were highly estimated. His battle for humanity had left him not in the vigor of his career, when Garrison called him "The lion-hearted and invincible Weld."

He brought not only rich scholarship, but a soul consecrated to humanity, into our Club. He would come in and take some retired

seat, refusing to accept any chair of honor that had been arranged for him. But wherever he sat, there was the tone-center. Very noticeable in his manner was his appreciation and discernment of their intellectual gifts in all his intercourse with the members.

The equivalent of a University course in English literature, and a collateral course in English history, made up an early calendar. Into our little group of "immortals," Father Weld seemed to introduce Shakespeare and Milton in their bodily presence. "Paradise Lost" was to him a sublime oratorio. One of his utterances was that Shakespeare, next to the Bible, is our best master of idiomatic English, the stanchest bulwark of our good old Saxon.

Mrs. Payson read a personal letter from the poet Whittier, rendering a fine tribute to Mr. Weld.

ADDRESS OF WILBUR H. POWERS.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

You have well said, Mr. Chairman, that this was not down on the program. In fact, it seems to be down on me, as I had no idea until my name was called that I was expected to say anything this evening.

The Chairman:— That is so.

As I have listened to the remarks this evening in memory of our distinguished fellow-townsman, Theodore D. Weld, the idea has been impressed and re-impressed, what a splendid thing it is to hold dear the brave acts and noble deeds of those who have lived among us. A people which remembers its heroes and emblazons their splendid achievements on the scroll of fame speaks volumes for their own character and tends to make their own time historic.

I well remember Theodore D. Weld. When I knew him I was young and he was old. His silvery locks resting upon his broad shoulders, his massive head tipped forward, his keen and kindly eye, with the front of Jove, made him an impressive figure to look upon.

Just think of the times in which he lived and the important part he took in those times! The nation was divided over the

slavery question. Aristocracy, wealth, culture, society, church, even the law of the land fostered and sustained the institution of slavery. But his conscience said slavery is a sin, a curse to both black and white, therefore it must be abolished. In clarion tones, with a few associates at first, but with an ever-widening circle, he threw his heart and soul into the work, regardless of opposition and persecution, fearless in the face of mobs, cutting his way by keen argument to the ever-changing conscience of the multitude, winning converts all the time.

Think of the men with whom he associated and whose names have been mentioned here to-night, leaders in history. It was a grand work and nobly done.

You have spoken of his love for his town. No one could doubt it. He knew his duty and he did it well. The performance of every-day duty did not annoy him as it seems to annoy some people.

You have spoken of his devotion to his church for which sacrifice was a pleasure. It is easy for great souls to be grand for a day, to rise at some time to great heights, and to be ready to sacrifice all, even life itself, on the altar of conscience. But it is hard to meet the petty details of every-day life as you find it, with its irritations and annoyances, its misunderstandings and misinterpretations, its bickerings and faultfindings, its weaknesses and failures, its hopes and fears, its longings and disappointments, and still keep the soul sweet. But these details never seemed to trouble Mr. Weld. If they did, the public never knew it. They tended rather to give him an opportunity to use his gifts for the benefit of others.

But, we must not limit him to his church or his town. They were dear to his heart, of course, but his whole life shows that he was too broad to be confined to the horizon of his church or town or to any race. No church, no town, no nation, no race could command his sole attention. The whole world came within the purview of his thought and sympathy.

He walked our streets, was a citizen of our town, and helped our people. But his mind reached out to all climes and peoples,

and he was equally ready to lay plans for the development and improvement of them all.

His heart went out to all conditions and classes, and his time and his purse were the ever-ready servants of his sympathy.

His soul was linked with Heaven.

ADDRESS OF FRANCIS W. DARLING.

Mr. Chairman:

Some of those who have spoken to you to-night knew Mr. Weld through a longer period of years than I, and yet, during the last twelve or fifteen years of his life, perhaps I knew him as intimately as any. It is to those years and my impressions then gained that I must confine myself. Others may tell you of his many years of consecrated action on the rostrum and in the study; years of unremitting devotion and cordial self-sacrifice; a long half century of noble endeavor in the cause of universal liberty. But when I first came to know him, he was a very old man. His life work had been done, or so, at least, he imagined. I remember well my introduction to him. I was acquainted with the great labor of his life. I knew him to be a great man, I felt him to be a good man. I take it, however, that with most great and good men, one would find the intensity of the halo somewhat diminished during twelve or fifteen years of subsequent intimate personal contact. And yet every year I came to know him better, it was to love him more. He was a wellspring of joy and gladness to his friends, from which they quaffed many a copious draft of cheer and comfort. He never permitted himself or others to despond in any good work. His faith was inspiring, his counsel always conservative, his energy sublime.

Mr. Weld was one of a mere handful of men and women who founded the Unitarian Church in this town and for a quarter of a century was the President of its society. Of broad and liberal faith, he had none of that opinionated bigotry which sometimes accompanies it and which sees no good outside. His kindly, genial soul went out to all those who, under whatever banner, were fighting the cause of Christ on earth. And I believe, if

there had been no Unitarian Church in the community, he would have fought just as valiantly and just as energetically within the fold of some other denomination.

The world lost a great philanthropist in not making Mr. Weld a rich man. His generosity knew no bounds of self-interest or even prudence. I remember one occasion among others when we were raising money at the church for some outside charity, I noticed that Mr. Weld's name led all others in the amount of his subscription. I took the liberty of remonstrating with him by saying that there were others who could afford to do much more than he, and that he ought not to deny himself unnecessarily. He said to me, "I take it kindly what you say, but there is one truth I have learned in my long life, and that is, that self-sacrifice for the sake of others is the highest type of happiness." "I know," he added with a smile, "you would not deprive me of a great pleasure."

His love of children had in it that delicacy and adaptability which made them responsive. In the Sunday School he was a most faithful attendant, always reading the lessons and singing the hymns with the children. They all loved him and called him Father Weld. Something of the nobility and purity of his character must have gone forth into their young lives, and I believe that the children of fifteen or twenty years ago are better men and women to-day than otherwise they would have been.

I asked him once, "What has been the happiest period of your life?" He answered, "The happiest period with me has been since I was seventy-five years old. I have been growing happier every year since."

You do well, members of the Historical Society and the Thought Club, to pay this loving tribute to his memory. The trustees of the Public Library have done well to name this beautiful little hall in his honor. To those of us who knew him, however, his memory is his monument.

How vivid such a monument may sometimes be, was evidenced to me one evening last winter. I was sitting at the play in Boston. Julius Cæsar was being presented by Mr. Mansfield's

company. It was the last scene of the tragedy, a portion of the battle-field at Philippi; Brutus had just fallen upon his sword, the defeated army had drawn off. Suddenly was heard the on-rushing of the victorious hosts. At their head came Antony and Octavius in the proud moment of success. As Antony discovered Brutus' body, he rushed over and knelt for a moment beside it. Then rising, with tears in his eyes, he said:

> "This was the noblest Roman of them all.
> His life was gentle; and the elements
> So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, *this was a man.*"

Strange to say, the face and form, not of Brutus, but of Mr. Weld, rose before my view, and I thought of all those who had stood with him in the anti-slavery fight, some of whom had written their names higher than his on the scroll of fame, and I said to myself, after all, *he* was the noblest of them all. So, too, like Brutus, *his* life was gentle and the elements so mixed in *him* that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, *this was a man.*

I thank you for giving me this opportunity of paying my loving tribute to the memory of Hyde Park's first citizen.

ADDRESS OF EDWARD S. HATHAWAY.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen :—

I esteem it a special honor that I have been invited to speak to you on this occasion of Mr. Weld in his relation to the Public Library. Having been with him a member of the first Board of Trustees, and for several years its Secretary, I was intimately associated with him; perhaps, from that relation, more so than any other member of the Board It was somewhat of a surprise to me, in looking up the matter for the little talk I am to make, to find that I am the only member of that first Board now living in Hyde Park. Of the nine men who constituted that body, five have passed over to the "silent majority," three have removed to other spheres of usefulness, and I alone am left to tell the story. To Mr. Weld, more than to any other man, the town is indebted

for its Public Library. Very early in the town history he began to move for its establishment. Through his efforts public sentiment was aroused on the question, and as a result of his labors, the town, in 1871, appointed a Library Committee to take the initiatory steps necessary to its foundation. At the first meeting of this Committee, held at the home of Mr. Alanson Hawley, a member of the Committee, and the father of Miss Hawley, who so long served as Assistant Librarian, and whose valued services are commemorated by the bronze tablet in the room below, Mr. Weld was chosen Chairman, and presented a draft of a plan for the establishment of the library drawn by his own hand, which was unanimously adopted. It is worthy of mention in this connection that Mr. Hawley pointed out to the Committee "more than one hundred new and valuable volumes, his donation to the Hyde Park Free Public Library, to be transferred to it as soon as its shelves should be in readiness." These, so far as I know, were the first books acquired, and formed the nucleus around which has gathered the present valuable collection which constitutes the library. So the work began. Donations of books were then solicited, and through personal subscriptions, a course of lectures and entertainments, and a town fair organized and conducted by the ladies of Hyde Park, all held during the fall and winter of 1871-2, about six thousand dollars was raised, and the library become an assured success. In all this preliminary work, Mr. Weld, as Chairman, sustained a large part.

At the Annual Town Meeting in 1872 the Committee presented its report in print, and recommended that "the Selectmen, the School Committee, the Town Treasurer, and the Town Clerk, be appointed a committee for the nomination of the Hyde Park Library Board." This Committee presented the names of the following persons, who were eleted as the first "Library Board:" Theodore D. Weld, *Rev. Perley B. Davis, †Rev. Isaac H. Gilbert, ‡Rev. E. A. Manning, §Rev. W. J. Corcoran, Edmund M. Lancaster, Hobart M. Cable, Mrs. Mary H. Hunt, who declined to

*Pastor Congregational Church. † Pastor Baptist Church. ‡ Pastor Methodist Church. § Pastor Catholic Church.

serve (Charles W. W. Wellington being elected in her place), and Edward S. Hathaway.

Mr. Weld was made Chairman of the Board, and the work of gathering the library began. Room 3 in "Cobb's Block," so called, now known as "Fairmount Block," was secured as headquarters, and Mr. Wm. E. Foster, from the Providence Athenæum, was chosen for the first librarian, in September, 1873. Early in the next year the work had so far progressed that on the evening of March 4, 1874, public inauguration services were held in "Neponset Hall," a fine building standing on the site now occupied by Brown's ("Neponset") Block, and the next day, March 5, 1874, the library, with upwards of three thousand volumes on its shelves, was opened to the public in what was then known as "Connor's Block," now "Union Block," occupying the westerly end of the building; the library room embracing those now occupied by Mr. Bunton, Mr. Bleakie, and the Board of Health; and the present office of the Water Company serving as the Trustees' and Librarian's room.

In 1883, these quarters proving too straight for its growth, the library was moved to "Odd Fellows' Block." In 1898, to meet its enlarged and still growing needs, the town voted to build, and in September, 1899, it took possession of its permanent quarters and the doors of this building were thrown open to the public. With its later history you are all familiar. At the present time it numbers over thirty-two thousand volumes, more than ten times its original number, and has shelf accommodation for sixteen thousand more. And for this result, in which we all take pride, the town is indebted to Mr. Weld. It was his eye that caught the vision, his brain that gave it shape, and largely his hand that wrought it out. Its accomplishment was his chosen line of public service, his one public ambition; and to its achievement he brought that nobility of character which marked him everywhere in everything he undertook.

After nine years of service as Chairman of the Library Committee and the Board of Trustees, he resigned that position and his membership in the Board, January 1, 1880. In all these years

he never missed a meeting of the body. As showing his estimate of the responsibility of the position, and the spirit of fidelity which pervaded his every relation in life, I quote from his letter of resignation :

"Having, as its chairman for the last nine years, attended all its monthly and other meetings, I find now that I can do it no longer. As other responsibilities, which I cannot lay aside, so tax my time as to leave me no alternative, I accept the necessity and resign.

Regarding membership in the board as a sacred trust, I cannot retain it unless I perform the duties it presupposes and enjoins."

The estimate placed upon his service by his associates upon the Board is shown by the following, taken from their report to the town, as it appears in the printed Town Report for that year :

"Since the organization of this body, on the 15th of July, 1872, up to the meeting at which his resignation was presented, he has never missed a single meeting, and by his untiring interest in all things pertaining to the affairs of the Library has done more than any other person to place it in the position it holds to-day, an honor alike to itself and to the town. To Mr. Weld, more than to any other one man, the citizens owe the existence of their Library."

In their reply to his letter of resignation, over the signature of Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., in behalf of the Board, they emphasize this opinion by saying, looking back to the first meeting, previously mentioned :

"And, sir, we believe we trench upon the claim of no other person when we say that, from that time to the present, you have been the prime mover and the guiding spirit in the establishment and conducting of the beneficent work."

Such, then, was Mr. Weld in his relation to the Public Library. From a long and close association with him as Secretary of the Board, probably in closer relation than any other member of the body, I speak from personal knowledge in corroboration and emphasis of all that has been said of him. Pre-eminently fitted by his tastes, his training, and his knowledge of books, for the difficult task laid upon him, a courtly gentleman of the old school, he was the soul of honor, loyalty and fidelity. In all my association with him I never heard him speak an unkind word, nor

impugn the motives of any man. With absolute honesty and singleness of purpose himself, he accorded to every man the same virtues of which he was so largely the personification.

Upon the bronze tablet in St. Paul's, London, erected in memory of Sir Christopher Wren, are inscribed these words: "If you would see his monument, look around you." Particularly applicable, it seems to me, are these words to him whose memory we honor to-day.

Assembled in this hall bearing his honored name, his kindly face beaming down upon us from its wall; in this building, the material embodiment of his ambition, aims, and hopes, the permanent home of the library he toiled so long, so earnestly, and so faithfully to establish, a monument more enduring than marble or bronze, it is eminently fitting that on the one hundredth anniversary of his birthday his friends and fellow-citizens are gathered here to render their tribute of honor and regard to the memory of Theodore D. Weld.

ADDRESS OF CHARLES G. CHICK.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

When notified by the Committee that I was to speak upon Mr. Weld as a member of the School Board, I felt that the selection should have been of one who had served with him in that capacity. I looked about, that I might suggest a more appropriate person. I went to the town records, and much to my surprise, I found my own service upon the School Committee antedated that of any person now living in our town. I did not serve, however, with our distinguished townsman, during his school service of about one year and a half as a School Committeeman. I was, however, a resident of the town during that time, and well remember the circumstances of his election and of his resignation from the Board, which was shortly followed by that of his associate, Rev. Perley B. Davis, now residing in West Roxbury.

Rumors were current at the time of an attempt, more or less successful, on the part of some members of the Committee, to use

their office for political ends. With my knowledge of the make-up of the Committee, I have no doubt that the rumor was correct. We who knew Mr. Weld will readily understand with what indignation and disgust such tactics must have filled him.

Mr. Weld's service, as I have said, was but short, and so far as the record goes it indicates a devotion to his duty and to the schools of the town. I cannot at this time confine myself to his career upon the Committee, but I must speak of his interest in the schools after he left the Board. It is well known that for many years it was customary for the annual closing exercises of the schools to be held in the respective buildings, and during my long service I cannot recall a year at the Fairmount School, which was near his home, when Mr. Weld was not almost the first to greet me and express his interest in the school and children, and encourage me by his words of cheer.

Nor was it in the schools alone that Mr. Weld was interested. This Historical Society was organized upon a call of which he was a signer, and even during his life he had its interests much at heart. I well remember a meeting held at Association Hall, early in the Society's history, when the outlook was dark and many were fearful of the failure of our enterprise. Mr. Weld took the floor, and in remarks full of interest and courage stimulated us younger men to persevere and not to give up a work which he considered so important to our community. I am sure his zeal upon that occasion gave new vigor to his associates, and the work went forward.

We meet to-night in Weld Hall, and it is in every way an appropriate place for this meeting. It is in the Public Library Building, and we have heard from one of his associates upon the Board of Trustees how much is due to Mr. Weld as a founder and promoter of this Library. This building is in one sense a monument to Mr. Weld's love for education. How full of courage he was! How his presence would cheer one to duty! Wherever good was to be done in our town, there would be found Mr. Weld.

GENERAL H. B. CARRINGTON'S TRIBUTE,

In response to the Sentiment, "We honor John G. Whittier, the Christian Poet and Patriot," at the "Whittier Evening" of the Thought Club of Hyde Park, December 4, 1886.

On the sharp Sicilian promontory, past which the dreaded currents swept the tempest-driven mariner as he shunned Scylla, only the more to dread the sister rock, Charybdis, there lived an aged sire, whose life, just fading out, had been given to a single purpose from his early youth.

About his quiet cavern home, just on the cliff, the stunted stumps, trimmed closely, to suit their master's will, were strung with woven strands of silk, of varied size and length; and, save the random visits of such as sought his counsels, their tremulous response to the passing winds was his sole companionship.

He was the weather seer; and upon a stone, worn hollow by the use of years, he sat, hour after hour, with his chin bowed beneath his knees, supported by his hands, and his white beard and unclipped locks reaching to the earth, as he gave ear to the voices of the winds.

Not when the sharp treble screamed shrill notes, piercing painfully the ears of maidens clambering upward to seek some cheering words of lovers absent on the main; not when the deep-toned bass yielded its solemn melody and warning cadence, in unison with the surf that pounded the rocky coast below; but when each string just lent its burden to the chorus, not one lost, nor one oppressive, did his words declare the safety of those upon the sea, or bid his inquiring guests depart, to launch new ventures for happy issues.

The weather seer was wise, because he read aright the lesson of the winds, that harmony in law and action gives perfect safety in the realm of nature, and harmony is not sameness, but the sum of all influences maturing toward the Infinite.

Higher than nature in its strange and seemingly fantastic forms is the master work of nature's Master, *man*. Strange are the cords that vibrate in our souls. Now sharp, keen notes of strife; then stormy outbursts of fire and passion; and then, at once, the tenderest lullabies that woo the child's caress, and sighs as gentle as the whisper of the angels.

Man, who should be in full harmony of faculty and expression with those of the Infinite Father, is most discordant when life takes shape or mood from fitful eddies and yields not its every force to the complete control of Him who doeth all things well.

But life, thus chastened, poised and nerved, imparts fresh dignity to man. Its trenchant words or blows break rivets that hold the soul and forms of men in chains. Its gushing sympathies o'erflow the wastes of despairing anguish,

and lift the oppressed to cheer and hope and happiness. Envy, of such, is lost in the magic of their tender sway. Detraction shrinks away from the brightness of their benevolence. Passion is foiled by the supremacy of conscience, and the enmity of the bad finds no chance for assault, when that life is lived, alone to bless, and drops its charities and its goodness, like the clouds of heaven, for all alike.

There are *thoughts* and *times*, which, closely fitted,
Give birth to nations, grandeur to a life.
Enfolding in their marvellous embrace,
Such spur to action, and such lofty aims,
That perpetual fruitage is their end,
And all mankind take impress, never lost!

Such *thoughts*, from heaven derived, and nurtured, too,
Reflect the yearnings infinite which plead
For man's redemption from the curse of sin;
And when some human soul, by them controlled,
Commands its life to do their blessed work,
A brighter age begins, and man is saved.

Such *times* are burdened with the grievous ills
That mark the sweep of frenzied passion,
Grinding dependent ones beneath its heel;
And in the onslaught of the fearful hour,
Invoking e'en the spirits of the blest,
To cry in anguished sympathy, "How long!"

Blessed be they who live in times like these,
And, rising to the plane of stern demand,
Surrender thought, and self, and earthly gain,
To the mission of the solemn hour.
To rescue mortals—themselves immortal,
And thus take part in earth's deliverance.

I knew of one, whose thoughts, in just such times
Had caught their inspiring force from heavenly grace;
Whose heart beat true with "Over Heart" above;
Whose life took pattern from the Son of Man,
And humbly made His mission guide his own,
"Laying up treasure, that survives all else."

"O, loved of thousands," spared to us awhile,
Thy "hidden thoughts," thy "spirit tried and true,"
Thy "gentle deeds," thy words so full of power,
Shall never lose their gladsome, magic sway;
Shall never fail to nerve out heart and hand,
"Till Truth and Right shall reign, the earth throughout."

Poet and scholar, Christian, brother, friend,
Beloved of all, and in thy love embracing all;
Thy mission, like the misson of the Master,
But sought to bring again "God's image" fair
To suffering slave and struggling man, oppressed,
That earth might bear foretaste of paradise.

Stay, O stay! if thus the Father wills,
While yet, sweet "Freedom's Voices" fill the ear;
And in the fullness of thy work, well done,
Though canst rejoice with us, who honor thee,
That in the times when Liberty was lost,
Thy thoughts kept faith with God's, and freedom came.

The swift-winged hours shall bear us quickly hence,
And yet, the parting on this hither shore
Is but the change of guard in campaign watches;
And when the struggle ends in victory,
We'll tune our voices to the unison
Of ceaseless melody, in heaven, with thee.

JOHN ELIOT AND THE INDIAN VILLAGE AT NATICK.

BY ERASTUS WORTHINGTON.

[*This interesting paper was read, fifteen or twenty years ago, before both the Hyde Park and the Dedham Historical Societies. It is now re-published by special requests.*]

The story of the organized missionary efforts for the conversion and civilization of the Indians, which began in 1646, under the leadership of Rev. John Eliot, minister of Roxbury, forms one of the brightest chapters in the history of that time. With those efforts the town of Dedham and its early settlers had many varied and intimate relations. About nine miles from Dedham village, on the banks of the Charles river, on the site of the present village of South Natick, and including a portion of Wellesley, John Eliot established the principal Indian town which he called Natick, signifying "the place of hills." It was a town whose population was exclusively Indian, with a church whose members were all Indians under an Indian pastor and deacons, and whose civil and industrial affairs were managed by Indians, and which continued to exist as an Indian town for a century, and which entirely disappeared only with the extinction of its people. The town of Dedham may fairly consider the history of this almost forgotten town as a part of its own history, since it was formed by a grant from its territory, made with the formal consent of its inhabitants; its pastor, the Rev. John Allin, was one of the most active of Eliot's coadjutors, and upon the town records there appear several entries relating to its early history.

In the charter of the colony it is declared to be the principal end of the plantation to "win and unite the Indians to the Christian faith," of which Gov. Cradock in his letter of 1629 from

England had not failed to remind the colonists. In 1644 by an order of the General Court, the county courts were directed to take care that the Indians be civilized and instructed in the knowledge and worship of God, and the reverend elders were requested after mature deliberation to return what they thought about it. In 1646 by another order, a committee was appointed "with Mr. Shepard, Mr. Allin, and Mr. Eliot to treat for the purchase of lands for the encouragement of Indians to live in an orderly way among us." In October of the same year, Mr. Eliot first preached at Nonantum, where he was well received by Waban, the principal Indian of that neighborhood, a grave and serious man. He also held a lecture at Neponset which he continued for two years. In this work he was assisted by Mr. Allin of Dedham, and Mr. Shepard of Cambridge. So encouraged was he by the numbers and character of his hearers, that after four years, he proposed to them that they should select some spot where they might dwell together in a town and be gathered into a church. The place they selected was Natick, then included in the grants to the Dedham proprietors. The following entry upon the Dedham Records shows how the matter was initiated:

"1650, 7, 21. Forasmuch as the satisfying of the motion about the accommodation of the village to be erected for the Indians at Natick, is a matter of great concernment in many respects, it is thought meet to nominate and depute the men whose names are hereunder written, to take a careful and special view of the lands, in proposition to that end, who are also desired to make returns of their apprehensions therein to the Selectmen of the town. Eleazer Lusher, Fra: Chickering, Sergt. Fisher, Lieut. Fisher, Anthony Fisher, Sen.: Ensign Phillips, Jno. Dwight, John Haward. John Gaye, Thos. Wright, Timo. Dwight."

"1651, 8, 20. A certificate is recorded that the inhabitants of Dedham have chosen and authorized our beloved brethren Lieut. Joshua Fisher and Sergt. Daniel Fisher to treat and conclude with the much honored General Court now assembled at Boston, or any town, person or persons, for and in behalf of said town of Dedham, in any case concerning the accommodation of the Indians, the inhabitants there, and also the accepting and receiving any lands, if any be tendered in exchange, or anything that is necessary to be considered therein according to their best discretion."

In 1651 the General Court, in answer to the petition of John Eliot of Roxbury and upon motion of the inhabitants of Dedham, for the futherance of the Indian plantation at Natick, granted 2,000

acres within their boundaries, "and in case Mr. Eliot should desire more of Dedham land they may move the several towns to recompense Dedham for what land they shall part with over and above the 2,000 acres."

The building of the town had already begun. The work was done mainly by the Indians themselves. The town was laid out with three long streets, two on the north side and one on the south side of the river. They also built a fine, high foot-bridge with an arch over the river, the foundations of which were secured by stone. A weir was also built to catch the alewives. Each family had a house lot. The dwellings generally were Indian wigwams, built with small poles fixed in the ground, bent and fastened together and covered neatly with bark stripped from the trees when the sap was up, and were tight and warm. A hole in the top served for a chimney. There were a few houses built after the manner of the settlers, but these are said not to have been as comfortable as the wigwams, and the Indians were inclined to keep to their wigwams. These wigwams varied in size; some twenty and some forty feet long. The door was always shut by a mat falling as people went in and out. They could prevent the smoke by means of a mat hung on the windward side. In the greater houses they made two, three, or four fires at a distance from each other. They made a kind of couch raised about a foot high from the earth, covered with boards, upon which mats and sometimes bear skins and deer skins were placed. These couches were six or eight feet broad, and might be drawn near to the fire or kept at a distance from it. Gookin says: "I have often lodged in their wigwams; and have found them as warm as the best English houses." In the centre of the village the Indians built a large, handsome fort, circular in form and palisaded with trees. In the centre of this fort they built, after the English fashion, a building about 50x25 feet, which served for a meeting-house and a schoolhouse. Gov. Endicott describes its construction in these words: "To tell you of their industry and ingenuity in building of a house after the English manner, the hewing and squaring of their timber, the sawing of the boards themselves, and making

of a chimney in it, making the ground sills and wall plates and mortising and letting the studs into them artificially, there being but one Englishman, a carpenter, to show them, being but two days with them, is remarkable." The upper room of this building was used by the Indians to hang their skins and other things of value. In a corner of this room there was an apartment partitioned off with a bed and bedstead in it, for the use of Mr. Eliot. It appears from the Dedham record that in 1659 land and timber was granted to the Indians on the south side of the river for a saw mill. It is not certain whether this saw mill was ever completed and operated, however. The Indians were supplied with spades, hoes, axes and other farming implements. They planted apple trees, and orchards were begun. They could mow grass well and "made drums with heads and brasses very neatly and artificially." Many of them cut their hair and adopted the English apparel.

In August, 1651, about one hundred of the Indians met and adopted a system of government for the town. Under the advice of Mr. Eliot it was like that which Jethro proposed to Moses in the wilderness for the Israelites. They chose one ruler for a hundred, two rulers for fifties and ten rulers of tens. They adopted a solemn covenant in which they declared, "The Lord is our judge, the Lord is our law-giver, the Lord is our king." Waban was chosen a ruler of fifty. They had an Indian schoolmaster, who could read and spell English very well and who also taught writing.

The building up of this Indian village was a work of some two years, but the gathering of a church required still greater circumspection. Although there were seven towns of Praying Indians in the Massachusetts Colony, one being at Punkapog, where William Ahaton was ruler and teacher, under the guidance of the Rev. John Eliot, Jr., a son of Mr. Eliot. Yet Natick was the largest and was deemed the model of the praying towns. "The better and the wisest sort," says Mr. Eliot, "had for some years inquired after church estate, baptism and the rest of the ordinances of God, in the observation of which they see the godly

English to walk. I have from time to time delayed them upon this point, that until they were come up to unto civil cohabitation, government and labor, which a fixed condition of life will put them upon, they were not so capable of being intrusted with the treasures of Christ." But in 1650. finding they had come under civil order, fixed themselves in habitation and had shown the fruits of their own labor in the building they had erected and in the construction of a meeting-house, Mr. Eliot says the argument for delay was taken away. But still he moved slowly in the solemn and important business. During the summer, sometimes on the Sabbath and sometimes on lecture days, he called the Indians together to make their confessions and give their knowledge and experiences. These were all written down, and "being hopeful," he says, that there was fit matter among them for a church, he appointed a day for assembling the Elders of the neighboring churches. to hear these confessions read for their advice. It was indeed a solemn and imposing assembly. Governor Endicott with about twenty horsemen made the journey from Boston, spending the night previous at Dedham. Among the elders were Mr. Wilson of Boston and Mr. Mather of Dorchester.

Gov. Endicott thus describes his visit to Natick, October 13, 1651. in writing to the Society in England for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Heathen natives in New England. "Truly, Gentlemen, had you been ear and eye witnesses of what I saw and heard on a lecture day among them about three weeks since, you could not but be affected therewith as I was. To speak truly, I could hardly refrain tears from very joy to see their diligent attention to the word first taught by one of the Indians, who before the exercises prayed for the manner devoutly and reverently (the matter I did not so well understand), but it was with such reverence, zeal, good affection and distinct utterance, that I could not but admire it; his prayer was about a quarter of hour or more, as we judged it; then he took his text, and Mr. Eliot, their teacher, told us that were English the place (there were some ministers and diverse other godly men that attended me

hither): his text was in Matt. 13, 44, 45, 46. He continued his exercise full half an hour or more, as I judged it, his gravity and utterance was indeed very commendable ; which being done, Mr. Eliot taught in the Indian tongue about three-quarters of an hour, as near as I could guess ; the Indians, which were in number, men and women, near about one hundred, seemed the most of them so to attend him (the men especially) as if they would lose nothing of what was taught them, which reflected much upon some of our English hearers After all, there was a psalm sung in the Indian tongue and Indian meter, but to an English tune, read by one of themselves, that the rest might follow, and he read it very distinctly without missing a word, as we could judge, and the rest sang cheerfully and pretty tunably. I rode on purpose thither, being distant from my dwelling about thirty-eight or forty miles, and truly I account it one of the best journeys I made these many years."

In 1654 the Indians were again examined by the Elders at Roxbury, who seemed to have apprehension, lest they might not be fitted for church membership. Finally in 1660, the church was formed of baptized Indians, both men and women. The number is not stated, but in 1670, according to Hutchinson, there were between forty and fifty communicants and there were two Indian teachers, John and Anthony, who were reputed to be grave and pious men. The number of inhabitants at this time was estimated at one hundred and forty-five.

Mr. Eliot was enabled to carry on his work among the Indians by pecuniary contributions sent from England, where it excited great interest. A corporation was created by an act of Parliament for the "Propagation of the Gospel among the Heathen natives in New England" through which collections were made and regularly transmitted. A very curious and interesting series of seven pamphlets, bearing quaint titles, written by Eliot, Shepard, Wilson and Mayhew, giving very full and minute accounts of the work among the Indians, were published in London by this society from 1647 to 1655. There is also a full and accurate history written by Daniel Gookin, one of the magistrates of the

colony, and employed by the General Court for the civil government and conduct of the Indians in the Massachusetts Colony.

"It was the custom of Mr. Eliot," says Gookin, "the better to prepare and furnish them (the Indians) with abilities to explicate and apply the scripture, by setting up a lecture among them in logic and theology, once every fortnight all the summer, at Natick; and several of them, especially young men of acute parts, have gained much knowledge and are able to speak methodically and profitably unto any plain text of scripture. From this church and town of Natick hath issued forth as from a seminary of virtue and piety, divers teachers that are employed in several praying towns."

In the tracts before referred to are recorded many questions put by the Indians to Mr. Eliot at his lectures, which show how closely they comprehended the spiritual instruction they then received. Among them were such questions as these:

"If any talk of another man's faults and tell others of it, when he is not present to answer, is not that a sin?"

"Why must we love our enemies and how must we do it?"

"May a good man sin sometimes? Or may he be a good man and yet sin sometimes?"

"If a man be almost a good man and dieth, whither goeth his soul?"

"If a man think a prayer doth God know it, and will he bless him?"

"If a wicked man pray whether he doth make a good prayer, or when doth a wicked man make a good prayer?"

"Seeing the body sinneth, why should the soul be punished, and what punishment shall the body have?"

"I see why I must fear Hell and do so every day. But why must I fear God?"

"I find I want wisdom; what shall I do to be wise?"

"Can they in heaven see us here on earth?"

"How is the tongue like fire and like poison?"

"Seeing God promised Abraham so many children like the stars for multitude, why did he give him so few? And was it true?"

"Do not Englishmen spoil their souls to say a thing cost them more than it did? and is it not all one as to steal?"

"You say our body is made of clay. What is the sun and moon made of?"

"We are commanded to love the Sachem, but is the Sachem commanded to love us?"

"When Englishmen choose magistrates and ministers how do they know who be good men that they dare trust?"

These are but a few of the questions selected from many others covering a wide range upon matters of ethics and theology which were put to Mr. Eliot by his Indian hearers. They certainly show that these apparently stolid savages, when their mental powers became quickened, were very acute to draw fine and just distinctions in morals, and to endeavor to penetrate the most profound mysteries of spiritual truths.

In 1647 the General Court had passed an order authorizing the establishment of courts in the Indian towns, to hear and determine all civil and criminal cases, not being capital and concerning the Indians only. The Indian Sachems might issue writs of summons or attachment and appoint constables to execute their orders and judgments. A marshal general having a jurisdiction in all the praying towns was appointed by the General Court. In Natick, Waban was the magistrate and there were two constables chosen yearly. Of Waban as a magistrate, Mr. Eliot says "that his gift lay in ruling, judging of cases, wherein he is patient, constant and prudent, insomuch that he is much respected among them." There are two reported cases in Waban's court that are somewhat amusing and very aptly illustrate the characteristics of the Indian in his manner of thought and expression. A warrant issued by him for the arrest of a drunken Indian, ran thus:

"You, you big constable, quick you catch 'um Jeremiah Offecow, strong you nold 'um, safe you bring 'um, afore me. Waban, Justice of Peace."

When Waban was asked what he would do when Indians got drunk and quarrelled, he gave this just and impartial opinion: "Tie um all up and whip um plaintiff, and whip um 'fendant, and whip um witness."

Waban seemed to have impressed all who knew him as a man of sincerity and real dignity of character. From the time he first welcomed Eliot to his wigwam at Nonantum, to his death, he exercised a great influence among his people, and his life was consistent with his Christian profession. He married a daughter of the Sachem of Musketaquid (Concord). His age was nearly the same as that of Mr. Eliot, and he lived to be upwards of seventy

years. Piambon was the next man to Waban and was a ruler of ten at Natick. The teachers of the town were Anthony and John Speen, who according to Gookin were grave and pious men. Capt. Peter Ephraim commanded the Indian company and rendered very efficient service during Philip's war. The marshal general of all the praying Indian towns was Capt. Josiah or Pennahannit, who dwelt at Nashobah (Littleton).

It must not be understood that the remarkable success which attended Mr. Eliot's work at Natick during the first years proceeded without encountering serious obstacles. But for the money and sympathy received from England, its progress would have been slow and feeble. Mr. Eliot was cordially sustained by the Governor and the magistrates as well as by the leading Puritan ministers. But aside from these, it is evident that the body of the settlers viewed the undertaking with indifference if not with hostility. The natural antipathies of a civilized race against a barbarous race had then, as always, the full sway. Dedham had freely given up a large portion of its territory and had granted further privileges to the Indians, but it had been done on the condition that they should lay down all claims in the town elsewhere, set no traps in uninclosed lands, and if more than 2,000 acres were required, the town should receive recompense from the other towns. But there soon arose a grave controversy respecting boundary lines. The original consent of the town was given that the lands should be taken on the north side of the river. But the Indians had not yet learned the meaning of the ownership of lands, over which they had been accustomed to range at will, nor to respect their neighbors' landmarks. This is a degree of civilization to which many white men have never attained. The Indians proceeded to occupy and improve two large fields on the south side of the river, which were common and undivided and were wanted by the Dedham settlers for themselves.

All attempts at negotiation failed and a petition to the General Court for relief was referred to the County Court. In 1661, the town began a suit to try the title, and it appears on our records

that "Timo: Dwight and Edward Richards were appointed a committee to provide for the entertainment of those who attended as witnesses the trial of the suit in Boston." The town was represented by Lieut. Joshua Fisher and Ensign Daniel Fisher, and Mr. Eliot appeared for Natick. The evidence was taken in writing and is still preserved in the State archives. The jury found for the plantiff, the town of Dedham, but the magistrates refused this verdict. The town thereupon petitioned the deputies, who referred the matter to a commission of competent and disinterested men to set out the lands of the Indians, being of opinion that while the legal right of Dedham could not be denied, yet the Indians should not be dispossessed. The commissioners recommended that eight thousand acres be granted to Dedham, or £500 sterling be paid in compensation for the lands taken beyond the original grant of two thousand acres. The General Court thereupon granted eight thousand acres of land in any convenient place or places, not exceeding two, where it could be found free of former grants, if Dedham should accept the offer. The town accepted the grant and located their land at Petomtuck, the Indian name for Deerfield.

But the peace and prosperity of Natick was destined to receive a far ruder shock in the outbreak of Philip's war. In 1675 it had reached its highest point of success. Many of the praying Indians at Natick belonged to the Nipmucks who lived in the interior of the colony. Philip early endeavored to incite these people against the English settlers, and at Hassanamesit (Grafton) the praying Indian town was broken up, as some of the Indians had joined the side of Philip. Some of the outrages were ascribed to these praying Indians. The horrors of the Indian attacks upon the settlements threw the colony into a state of panic which allowed of no discrimination between friend or foe, if he was an Indian. At this time there were fourteen praying Indian towns in the colony, with a population, according to Gookin, of 1100. But with few exceptions all these Indians were allies of the settlers. Waban had early notified the settlers of Philip's warlike plans. John Wessansmon, a Natick schoolmaster, had told the Governor

of Weymouth that Philip was about to make an attack, and his murder, instigated by Philip, was the occasion of the first attack. All the Indians at Natick were firm in their adhesion to the side of the settlers. Eliot and Gookin pleaded in vain that Natick might be undisturbed, and thereby stood in danger of violence to themselves. In October, 1675, Waban and the rest of his people were taken from their houses and carried to Deer Island in Boston Harbor, where they spent the winter. Here they endured unspeakable hardships for want of proper shelter and insufficiency of food, so that many fell sick and died. In May, 1676, the popular clamor having in a degree subsided, these poor people were brought back to their desolate village to occupy their former habitations. The injustice of their treatment, however, did not cause them to swerve in their fidelity to the cause of the Colonists. Capt. Ephraim, with his company of twenty-nine Indians, while his people were suffering their temporary banishment, remained to do efficient service. During the winter, in January, 1676, he brought in many Nipmucks to Boston. With a company of English from Medfield he marched with his company to the relief of Rehoboth. The snow being deep, the English company were discouraged and returned, but Capt. Ephraim kept on, surrounded a body of the enemy and offered them quarter. Eight who refused were shot, but the rest, numbering forty-two, were captured and brought in. According to Hubbard, in 1677, "the Governor and Council having had good experience of the faithfulness and valor of the Christian Indians, armed two hundred of them, with forty English, against the Eastward Indians." But Natick never recovered from the disaster resulting from Philip's war. But two of the praying Indian towns survived it. With Natick, however, it was only the beginning of a period of decline.

A very entertaining account of a visit made to Natick in 1685 is found in the "Life and Errors of John Dunton," a book printed in London in 1705. Dunton was a London bookseller, a young man, who spent a few months in America, to collect a debt due him and to sell some of his books. He was afterwards an author. He was a humorous writer, a sort of Mark Twain in his time,

and gives some very graphic accounts of people he met in Boston. After visiting Cambridge, he continues:

"My next ramble was to Roxbury, in order to visit the Rev. Mr. Eliot, the great apostle of the Indians. He was pleased to receive me with abundance of respect, and inquired very kindly of Dr. Annesley, my father-in-law, and then broke out, with a world of seeming satisfaction, 'Is my brother Annesley yet alive? Is he yet converting souls unto God? Blessed be God for this information before I die.' He presented me with twelve Indian Bibles, and desired me to bring one of them over to Dr. Annesley, as also with twelve speeches of converted Indians, which he himself had published."

"Summer was now well advanced, however my time did not lie much upon my hands, for upon my return from Roxbury I found several of my friends making ready for a journey to Natick. Every summer there's an Indian lecture preached there, which has been kept on foot ever since the Rev. Mr. Eliot gathered a church there of the converted natives."

"I was glad of the opportunity to acquaint myself with the manners, religion and government of the Indians. When we were setting forward I was forced out of civility and gratitude to take Madam Brick behind me on horseback; it is true, she was the flower of Boston, but in this case proved no more than a beautiful sort of luggage to me."

"We had about twenty miles to Natick, where the best accommodations we could meet with were very coarse. We tied up our horses in two old barns that were almost laid in ruins; however, we could discover where they stood formerly. But there was no place where we could bestow ourselves, unless upon the green-sward, till the lecture began. The wigwams, or Indian houses, are no more than so many tents, and their way of building 'em is this: they first take long poles and make 'em fast in the ground, and then cover them with mats on the outside, which they tie to the poles. Their fireplaces is made in the middle and they leave a little hole upon the top uncovered with mats, which serve for a chimney. Their doors are usually two, and made opposite to each other, which they open or shut according as the wind sits, and these are either made of mats or of the barks of trees. While we were making such discoveries as these, we were informed that the sachem of the Indian king and queen were there. The place, 'tis true, did not look like the royal residence; however, we could easily believe the report, and went immediately to visit their king and queen; and here my courage did not fail, for I stepped up and kissed the Indian queen; making her two very low bows, which she returned very civilly. The sachem was very tall and well-limbed, but had no beard and a sort of a horse-face. The queen was well shaped, and her features might pass pretty well; she had eyes as black as jet and teeth as white as ivory; her hair was very black and long, and she was considerably up in years; her dress peculiar—she had sleeves of moose-skin, very finely dressed, and drawn with lines of various colors, in Asiatic work, and her buskins were of the same sort; her mantel was of fine blue cloth, but very short, and tied about her shoulders and at the middle with a zone, curiously

wrought with white and blue beads with pretty figures; her bracelet and her necklace were of the same sort of beads, and she had a little tablet on her breast, very finely decked with jewels and precious stones; her hair was combed back and tied up with a border, which was neatly worked both with gold and silver."

"When we had made our visit to the Indian king and queen, we went to the meeting place where the lecture was preached by Mr. Gookin, upon that subject, 'It is appointed unto men once to die and after death the judgment.' The poor Indians were very much affected, and seemed to hang upon his lips. The lecture was done about four in the afternoon and we had twenty miles to Boston, so that we were obliged to mount immediately and make the best of our way."

Mr. Eliot died in 1690 at the advanced age of eighty-six. Before his death he ordained an Indian pastor for the Natick church, the Rev. Daniel Takawambpait, who had been educated for the ministry. In 1698 the number of church members was but seven, but there were one hundred and eighty Indians living in the town. The son of Waban was sent to Dedham to be educated, and his name continued through two generations. Mr. Takawambpait died September 17, 1716, and he was the only Indian pastor, although there had been several Indian teachers. A second meeting house was built in 1700. At the beginning of the eighteenth century the Indians still maintained a town government, and had a military company. In 1721 Mr. Olive Peabody came to live and labor for the Indians; a third meeting house was erected the same year, and it is said that when people went in and out on Sunday they used to step across the ditch which surrounded the circular fort in Eliot's day. The Rev. Jonathan Townsend, minister of Needham, under the date of April 14, 1728, records that he preached that day at Natick, and baptized fourteen Indians, seven adults and seven children. He also baptized seven English children on the same day. The Rev. Stephen Badger, who began his ministry at Natick in 1752, wrote an extended account of the decline of the Indian village in 1797. He says that during the first year of his ministry and residence at Natick he joined more Indians in marriage and baptized more than of the English inhabitants. Many of the Indians enlisted in the French wars, between 1754 and 1760, and some died from epidemic diseases about this time. A curious and complete

census with the names of the inhabitants was taken and certified by Joseph Ephraim and others, June 16, 1749. The population at that time was 166. In 1764 a census showed a population of thirty-seven persons, but this did not include the wandering Indians. Many of the young men and girls were employed on the farms of the English inhabitants. In 1797 Mr. Badger estimated the number of "clear-blooded Indians" to be near twenty, and the number of church members two or three. Mrs. Stowe found the original characters for her sketches in "Old Town Folks" at Natick, and she describes the congregation on Sunday as partly made up of Indians. The fund which was raised in England, and which in the time of Charles II. produced £600 sterling per annum, was transmitted up to the time of the Revolution. Hutchinson says, "Perhaps no fund of this nature has ever been more faithfully applied to the purposes for which it was raised." Natick was incorporated as a district in 1761, and thenceforward its distinctive character as an Indian town ceased. Gradually the English inhabitants purchased the lands of the Indians, and Natick became a town governed by white men in 1781. In the early part of the present century the Naticks became practically extinct as a people.

The fifth meeting house, now standing, occupies the same spot as the Indians' meeting house of 1651. The old Indian burial ground is traversed by the streets of the village. The head-stone of the Rev. Daniel Takawambpait may be seen in the edge of the sidewalk. A few years since in laying water pipes a long row of Indian graves was encountered. Beads, charms, Indian pipes and a kettle have been found in the graves and are preserved in the collection of the local Historical Society there. The name of Waban is well perpetuated in the beautiful lake at Wellesley on the outlet of which the Indian saw mill was built. Mr. Hunnewell's fine estate was once owned by Indian proprietors, and an Indian deed inclosed in a copper box was placed under the corner stone of his mansion. An ancient tree known as Eliot's oak still stands as the only memorial of the Indian village.

But the life and work of John Eliot will always stand out in

bold and bright relief upon the sombre background of Puritan history. Never was the soul of a Jesuit father more thoroughly fired with the missionary spirit than that of this Puritan minister. His devotion was absolute. At the meridian of his life he began to acquire the language of the natives into which he afterwards translated both the Old and New Testaments, which were printed in Cambridge in 1661 and 1663, and was the first Bible printed in America. He also published several Indian Catechisms, an Indian Grammar, some Indian versions of the Psalms for singing, besides translations of two other religious books. And while accomplishing this work, he was accustomed to make frequent journeys in the saddle from Roxbury to Natick, where he preached on lecture days, superintended the providential affairs of the church and town, defended the Indians in their difficulties and controversies with others, made detailed reports of his doings to the society in England of whose bounty he was the almoner, besides the general care of all the Indian churches in the praying towns. He was not a mere enthusiast, but a learned, gifted man, wise and prudent in his counsel, and had a good share of executive ability. When he rested, his works followed him, and were to be recognized for at least half a century.

Surely this was no futile experiment, as some historians would fain have us believe, that so clearly demonstrated the mighty uplifting power of Christianity, with the levers of education and of the industrial arts, to raise men from a condition of abject barbarism to a degree of civilization, limited and imperfect though it was. Who dares to say that some of those Indians who sat in darkness did not, through the parting of the clouds about them, get some clear glimpses of the heavenly light? That they gained just notions enough of truthfulness, honesty, sobriety and virtuous living, all which they enforced by legal penalties; that they attained a certain measure of capacity for self-government in local affairs; that they remained the faithful allies of the Colonists in the face of a popular clamor which brought distress upon them in the terrible struggle of Philip's war—all these things are fully attested by historical evidence, and finally we

cannot forget that the work begun by Eliot in the middle of the seventeenth century was continued, though with diminished vigor, to the middle of the eighteenth century, and that it did not entirely cease to bear fruit, so long as in the Providence of God the Naticks were permitted to exist as a people on the face of the earth.

GOING WEST IN 1820.

Including Extracts from Journal of Jacob Richardson, Jr.

READ BEFORE THE SOCIETY, NOVEMBER 16, 1903,
BY GEORGE L. RICHARDSON.

"Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first Acts already past,
A fifth shall close the Drama with the day:
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

Some ethnologists say that our ancestors were Aryans; that, in prehistoric times, the Aryan race occupied the plains of Central Asia; that some part of them migrated southwardly and colonized India; others, westerly, by degrees, until they had occupied Europe and mingled with the primitive inhabitants. Greece arose with its arts and philosophy; Rome with its laws, and Jerusalem with its enduring religion.

Let us call this presumptive history.

Now we know from recorded history how the western kingdoms of Europe—Spain, Gaul and Britain—sent forth people across the Atlantic who colonized its western shores.

So presumptive history and recorded history, taken together, show a tendency in mankind to move westwardly, with the sun; or at least they show that tendency in the Aryan race. The black races of Africa have not shown that tendency, so far as we know, except when transported by others to be held in bondage. Stanley found the pygmies about where Herodotus said they would be found in his day.

We know from recent history that the colonists on the western shores of the North Atlantic essayed to establish a government without despotism, and we know the result. When a union of states had been formed the westward movement continued. New

states were formed with governments modelled after those of the original states by people who had migrated from the latter. Scions cut from the Anglo-American tree, they would bear of their own kind whatever they might be grafted to. During Monroe's administration the territories of Mississippi, Illinois, Alabama, Maine and Missouri were admitted as states; Arkansas was erected as a distinct Territory in 1819.

Gen. James Miller had been appointed the first Territorial Governor of Arkansas. He was born in Peterboro', N.H., in 1776; educated for the Law; entered the U. S. Army in 1808 as Major of 4th Infantry; was Lieut. Colonel in 1810; for gallantry in War of 1812 was brevetted Brigadier General and received a gold medal from Congress.

Peterboro' is noted for its Library, which has been called the first Public Library in the world. This Library was incorporated as a social library in 1799, and established as a free town library in 1833. Its history is contained in a pamphlet entitled "Town Library of Peterborough, N. H." Miss Mary Morrison refers to it in the *Public Library Bulletin*.

Among those going to Arkansas in 1819 was a party of four young men from New Hampshire. They were to join Governor James Miller and others at Cincinnati and go from thence to the Post of Arkansas, at which place the Governor would enter upon his duties. One of those four men resided in Billerica, Mass; two in Peterboro', N. H., and one in the adjoining town of Greenfield. They may have read books in the Peterboro' Library. One of them kept a journal during his travels in a number of the Western States and Territories. From his manuscript journal I am enabled to give a narrative of their journey. The incidents related are of ordinary character, but the names, dates and places mentioned may have some historical value.

FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE TO CINCINNATI.

They set out from Peterboro', N. H., August 25, 1819, with a two-horse carriage and went westwardly to Albany, where they arrived August 30. On the 31st they left Albany for Buffalo by

way of the Great Mohawk Turnpike and other roads, passing through Schenectady, Columbia, Palatine, the German Flats, Utica, Oneida Village of Indians, Elbridge, Phelpstown, Bloomfield, Leroy and Pembroke. At Leroy, Genesee County, they went out of their way several miles to see an old friend, the Rev. Mr. Clark, who lived with his family in a "wild, lonely country," surrounded however by "every appearance of industry, plenty and contentment." Part of the journey had been through "a delightful and fertile country." There were many public houses on the way near Buffalo, which had lost custom since the close of the war of 1812. They arrived at Buffalo September 11th. Buffalo arose from almost nothing in 1812 and was in a flourishing state when war ceased. Then it appeared to decline.

They left Buffalo September 12th, and drove southwestwardly by Lake Erie to the town of Erie, which was then a pleasant little town with 115 dwellings. The steamboat Walk-in-the-Water made Erie a principal calling place on her route from Buffalo to Detroit.

They left the Lake at Erie and travelled southwardly, through the western part of Pennsylvania, 130 miles to Pittsburg. There were few settlements on the way and the farms were poor. The roads were bad and the public houses were not much more than large piles of logs with an opening at one end for a door.

Pittsburg was then an incorporated city containing nine or ten thousand inhabitants. From mines in the icinity, coal was delivered to the inhabitants for three or four cents a bushel.

They left Pittsburg September 22d for Cincinnati, passing through Washington, where was a college and court house; Wheeling, Va., where the great National Road crossed; Columbus, the capital of Ohio; Dayton, with its large trees and park,—arriving at Cincinnati about October 1st, having been a little over five weeks on the road.

As the remainder of their journey was to be by river, they disposed of their carriage and horses, parting from the latter with regret. While waiting for the arrival of Gov. Miller they made some agreeable acquaintances and met some old Yankee friends.

They attended a ball given to the Governor. Cincinnati is described as an "elegant city of sudden growth, where only twenty years before had been a wilderness. It resembled an eastern city with eastern habits and manners, being mostly settled by people from New England." There was a marked difference between the people of Ohio and those of Kentucky on the other side of the Ohio River, Ohio being a free state and Kentucky a slave state. The latter, accustomed to the government of slaves, were in the habit of being waited upon. The former were used to waiting upon themselves; to being their own servants and their own masters. In the Kentuckians they discovered "an arbitrary disposition which on the other side had only the appearance of independence."

They saw a mound near Cincinnati. They had previously visited one at Columbus. They speculated as to their origin, as others have done. The journalist was of the opinion that this country was peopled from Asia by way of Behrings' Straits. He may have got that idea from books in the Peterboro' Library.

On November 1st they embarked on board the Governor's Keel, sixty-seven days after leaving New Hampshire, and about one month since their arrival at Cincinnati. There were finally on board the Keel the following persons: Gov. James Miller; Capt. A. P. Spencer, N. Y. (late U. S. Army), his wife and son; S. Dinsmore, Esq., Keene, N. H.; Maj. I. Mercer, from Virginia; Maj. N. Lester, from Conn. (?); Mr. T. O. Davis, Mr. J. B. Cochran, and Mr. P. B. Bazin, from Boston, Mass.; Dr. I. W. Mason, from Cambridge, Mass.; Mr. Morgan, Post of Ouachita, La.; the Governor's servant, two laborers, and eight blacks, the property of Mr. Morgan.

The foregoing came to Cincinnati with Gov. Miller. They were now joined by the four whom we have described as having travelled to Cincinnati from New Hampshire. These were: Jeremiah Blanchard, of Billerica, Mass.; Capt. I. Miller, and A. Holmes, of Peterboro', N. H.; Jacob Richardson, Jr., of Greenfield, N. H. Three others joined the above at Cincinnati. These were: D. Miller, from Buffalo, N. Y.; R. P. Spaulding, from Connecticut; Capt. Shattuck, from Boston, Mass., making thirty in all on board

the Keel. She was also loaded with arms and ammunition, the property of the United States. The boat had two cabins and a cooking-stove. The negroes manned the oars.

FROM CINCINNATI TO ARKANSAS.

Sixteen miles below Cincinnati they called upon Gen. Harrison, with whom they tarried one day. The General was a great land-holder in the States of Ohio and Indiana. He furnished his table entirely from the products of his own farm.

Nov. 17th, they reach "Vevay in Indiana, a Swiss settlement noted for the cultivation of the vine."

Nov. 19th, arrived at Jeffersonville, Ind., opposite Louisville, Ky. Here they were obliged to unlade their boat to pass the Falls. The Falls of the Ohio had often proved a fatal place to boats in low water, the channel between the rocks being narrow, and the current, therefore, swift. Boats striking on either side were sometimes lost with their cargoes. The passengers were landed on the Kentucky side, at Louisville, where some of the citizens who were of Yankee origin gave a dinner to the Governor. The boat passed the Falls without damage and dropped down to Shippingport to reload. Shippingport was on the Kentucky side, two miles below Louisville. It was a small place, but had considerable trade. As many as twelve or fifteen steamboats were lying there, the water being too low for them to move.

Nov. 23d, they boarded the Keel again and left Shippingport, saluted by the steamboats as they passed. The Keel not being large enough for all to lodge on board, five of the passengers, including the Governor, camped out every night, pitching their tents upon the river bank, continuing this practice till they reached the Mississippi River. After that our journalist slept on board upon a couple of barrels or a gun-box.

Dec. 1st. They reached Shawneetown, ten miles below Wabash River, Illinois. This was the distributing place for the mail for all country west.

Dec. 2d. Left Shawneetown, proceeded eight miles and pitched their tent.

Dec. 3d. Made ten miles and stopped for the night to visit the "Cave in Rocks." After adding their names to those of visitors who had preceded them they returned to the boat. This cave was said to have been a robbers' retreat thirty years before. Mason was the chief robber.

Dec. 7th. Made thirteen miles and landed for provisions.

Dec. 8th. Entered the Mississippi; gave three cheers and hoisted the flag. Here the cane-brake commenced. Cane denoted a rich soil subject to overflow.

Dec. 9th. Gain fifty miles.

Dec. 13th, 14th. Gain thirty-seven miles. Many snags and sawyers which have to be watched for.

Dec. 15th. Made thirty-seven miles; passed upper Chickasaw Bluffs, also Fort Pickering in Tennessee.

Dec. 16th. Wind favorable; hoisted sail and soon made up for lost time.

Dec. 17th. Made forty miles. In high water the Keel would make sixty or seventy miles a day. Reached New Madrid, Missouri Territory. Missouri was admitted as a State the next year, August 10, 1821. New Madrid had been founded before St. Louis, but its growth had been retarded by sickness. Then came the earthquake of 1811. The shocks continued for two months; shook down houses, cracked open the earth, and settled the whole town about eight feet. Few of the inhabitants had the hardihood to remain. Light shocks still continued.

Here they found the Rev. Mr. Flint, from North Reading, Mass. "He had just arrived, after suffering, in a storm upon the Mississippi, the loss of the roof of his boat. His wife was sick, a child had died and a child was sick." He had been at the Post of Arkansas, and gave a horrible account of it.

> "What is this world? Thy school, O Misery!
> Our only lesson is to learn to suffer;
> And he who knows not that was born for nothing."

A little below New Madrid they first entered Arkansas Territory. Provisions procured at Cincinnati and Shippingport running low, they were obliged to replenish from the shore.

Seeing a cabin on the Arkansas side, Cochran and Richardson took the skiff and went ashore for butter and milk. Some butter having been set upon the table, Cochran tried its quality with his penknife. Turning round for a moment, the knife was missing. They suspected the eldest boy of taking it, but he, as well as his mother, denied it with hideous oaths.

Dec. 21st. Passed the mouth of White River to Arkansas River in the evening, for the water was too low to admit of ascending the White and passing through the cut-off.

Dec. 22d. Governor procured pilot to navigate up Arkansas River.

Dec. 23d. Ascended sixteen miles.

Dec. 24th. Ascended fifteen miles.

Dec. 25th. Ascended sixteen miles. Christmas, encamped three miles below the Post near several French plantations. The proprietor of one invited them to breakfast.

Dec. 26th. Proceeded to Post, about fifty miles up the Arkansas River, the end of their journey.

ARKANSAS.

The Governor's reception was not so cordial as might have been expected. The Secretary, who was from Kentucky, had been some time at the Post and had gained the good-will of the inhabitants. Matters were, however, adjusted satisfactorily in a few days, and the Yankee was considered as good as anybody else.

Balls occurred every week at the Post, but the dancers never learned but one figure, a sort of eight-handed reel. "Negro slaves mingled with the crowd and took care of the children. A card table was placed in a contiguous room, where all took a hand in the evening. The young ladies were more fond of betting than of dancing, often betting ten, twenty or forty dollars. They considered it honorable to win or lose $100 dollars in a night, and they often did it."

The Post of Arkansas River, fifty miles from its mouth, is the oldest settlement in the State. It was founded by the French in 1685 and contained a French and Spanish population who were

destitute of enterprise. A few were rich and hospitable; the majority were poor, depending upon hunting for a living. On their hunting expeditions the whole family frequently went, making a three months' journey. The dwellings were mostly of logs. The latest settlers were generally young men from Kentucky and Tennessee.

The first Territorial Legislature was to convene January 20, 1829.

The party that came with the Governor began to disperse: Jeremiah Blanchard, of Billerica, Mass., one of the four who drove from New Hampshire to Cincinnati, went with Mr. Morgan to the Post of Ouachita, La.; Mr. I. B. (or J. B.) Cochran, from Boston, Mass., went with Major Mercer, of Virginia, to New Orleans; Capt. Shattuck, of Boston, Mass., and a gentleman in his company, froze off their feet,—crippled for life!

Feb. 9th, 1820. Col. McRea and Major Archer of the U. S. Army arrived. They were old friends of Gov. Miller. The first General Assembly convened and adopted the Laws of Missouri Territory.

Feb. 24th. Weather very cold. Jacob Richardson, Jr., one of the four who drove from New Hampshire to Cincinnati, went to Monticello, Phillips County, and while there resided with Sylvanus Phillips. This place is described as being on the Mississippi, eighty miles above the mouth of White River. It was probably on the site of the present city of Helena, which was said to have been named after Mr. Phillips' daughter Helen.* The present Monticello is further south, in Drew County, Arkansas. There are now at least six Monticellos in the United States. There was a great demand for names in the western settlements.

Mr. Phillips was a notable man in Phillips County. He was wealthy, hospitable, and a member of the Legislature. He was popularly named "King Philip." The journalist says he succeeded in everything he undertook. If that was so, then it must have been because he never undertook anything until he could see his

*I have not been able to verify this change of name by any recollection of present residents of Helena.

way clear. He had bought land held by preemptions by Spanish grants and New Madrid claims. Individuals obtained land in this way before its exposure by public sale. The Spanish grants were given by the King of Spain while the whole of Louisiana was in his possession. The preemptions were granted by our Government to squatters, those who took land without liberty, prior to 1811, and made improvements, for $1.50 an acre. The New Madrid claims were held by inhabitants of New Madrid who had suffered by the earthquake of 1811. They were entitled to a quarter section of land in any part of the Territory they chose to locate.

Mr. Phillips was a slaveholder. Some of his slaves would occasionally run away and go hunting and fishing with the Indians, returning, however, sooner or later to his service. Doubtless their health was improved by these vacations. The plantations in the river bottoms were unhealthy even for natives. Fever and ague was a common complaint in the lowlands bordering on the rivers.

A duel was fought about this time between two lawyers, one a member of the Legislature, in which the latter fell.

Monticello, March 5th, 1820. Spring opened; Mississippi full; water nearly reached level of dwellings; flatboats running down river; keelboats and steamboats numerous. The flatboats or arks for conveying products down stream were forty or fifty feet long and fifteen or twenty feet wide. They never returned up river, but were sold at New Orleans for the value of the plank they were made of. Emigrating families travelled on these arks because conveyance was cheap and comfortable. The flat was very unwieldy. It carried dry goods and groceries, which were peddled out at the settlements on the river. One passed that manufactured tin ware, answering both for a workshop and for a pedler's cart.

The keelboat was more valuable than the flat, was rigged with sails and worth sometimes $600 or $700. It was seventy or eighty feet long, built with a keel and could be navigated safely in the roughest water. Formerly keelboats carried goods upstream,

but after the introduction of steamboats they were not much used for that purpose. They carried from twenty to thirty tons burthen.

An act of the legislature requiring an organization of the militia, there was an assembly at the mouth of the St. Francis River for the purpose of electing militia officers. This business was soon performed after a fashion. The officers were chosen, and then they must needs have something to do, there must be a battle. So, after taking some refreshments, a discussion arose in regard to the fairness of the elections. From words they came to blows. On one side were the disappointed candidates and their friends; on the other the victorious party. "King Philip" pulled off his coat, headed his troops, and soon gained the victory over the malcontents.

April 1st, 1820. Steamboat "Comet" arrived at the Post, the first one to go up the Arkansas River.

April 6th. The Governor left the Post for the Osage Nation of Indians to prevent a war between them and the Cherokees.

In the neighborhood of Monticello in Phillips County was "a remarkable spot called Oldtown, which appeared to have once been a thickly inhabited city, but which was overgown with large trees. The mounds and antiquities of the western country had excited curiosity and discussion." America, the journalist believed, was once inhabited by a different race from those aborigines found by European discoverers.

Some investigators have claimed that this primitive race had farms and cities; that they built highways and canals; that a highway still exists and has been re-opened from Memphis to Little Rock; that the canals were for regulating the distribution of the water in the river; that the ancient inhabitants did not fence in the Mississippi by levees, as has been since done; that they had a phonetic system of writing which has not yet been translated; that some of their records still remain in Central America, while others in Mexico have been destroyed by the Aztecs and the Spaniards; that myriads of these people dwelt in Arkansas and in other parts of the Mississippi valley; that they

disappeared at least 3,000 years ago, and must have occupied the country a very long time before that to develop their peculiar civilization; that the human race first rose to civilization in America, which is, geologically, the oldest of the continents; that some articles discovered by excavation are similar to those found in Eastern Asia.*

If these theories were correct, we might well ask: What became of those myriads of people? Were they all destroyed or did some of them migrate westwardly, people the isles of the sea and colonize the western shores of the Pacific Ocean? Was Asia peopled from America? More recent investigators, however, especially the late John Fiske, deny that there was any such civilized race occupying this continent before the Indians. They say that the Indians themselves or their ancestors were capable of building the mounds and of making whatever was found in them, as well as the stone buildings and works of art found in Central America; that though man may have existed for a long time on this planet, yet there is no trace of any such civilization as we now enjoy. Mr. Fiske says further, that in the Peabody Museum at Cambridge there can be seen articles taken from some of the mounds.

June 18, 1820. The journalist commenced a school at Monticello, Phillips County.

Major N. Lester, from Connecticut (?), one of the party on board the Governor's Keel, died at Little Rock, June, 1820.

July 4th. "King Philip" celebrated the National anniversary by an entertainment at his own expense. There was feasting and singing, and in the evening dancing. The journalist was one of the toastmasters, and objected to one toast which he thought derogatory to the Government.

The journalist describes the boundaries of Arkansas Territory as follows: north by north latitude 36° 30′; east by the Mississippi River; south by the State of Louisiana, north latitude 33°; west by Spanish Dominions, longitude unknown. This description would include the present State of Arkansas and also the

* Gerard Fowke, archæologist, gives evidence in disproof of these statements.

greater part of Oklahoma and the Indian Territory. It would extend to the present boundary of the State of Texas, which was the limit of the French Cession of 1803 —west longitude 100° — in that part. This agrees substantially with Government maps on file at Washington. Some histories are non-committal or indefinite in regard to the Western Territorial limit.

Not one of the company that came with Gov. Miller escaped the fever. The journalist says "the first attack for a few of the first days was very severe, almost insufferable. Then the pain dwindled away to a settled complaint as he lost his strength. The pain would continue twenty-four hours and then another attack would revive it." The clerkship of Phillips County was offered to him, but as he had no prospect of getting better, he was obliged to decline it.

The native inhabitants were not so subject to the fever as the new-comers, perhaps partly because they were natives. But their way of living was different. Many of them were hunters. They would take their families and go on hunting expeditions for months. Even the slaves would go. But the emigrants from the Eastern and Middle States did not go to Arkansas to hunt and fish, like the Indians. Their business kept them near the settlements in the lowlands on the rivers, where they were subject to malaria. Some went to cultivate the land, some for trade and speculation and some to seek office. Rivers were then the highways of commerce, as railroads are now.

Arkansas was a new field for office-seekers in 1820. One seeking an important office, such as Senator, would advertise in the Gazette, giving a list of his services to the State. Besides that, his table must be free to all classes of people; he must declaim and talk politics; he must be free with his cognac brandy: so that his election depended largely upon the size of his pocket-book. How could the office seek the man under those conditions?

Nov. 19th, 1820. The journalist left Phillips County for the Post of Arkansas in a flatboat. He was hardly able to walk a quarter of a mile, having suffered for months with fever.

The Legislature convened and moved the seat of Government

to Little Rock, which was 120 miles up the river. Little Rock was a newly settled place and took its name from a slatey ledge fifty feet high. Big Rock, two miles farther up the river, is 200 feet high. As Little Rock was to be the place where the people sent their representatives, the name was subsequently changed to Arkopolis, and the latter name is shown on Map No. 3837 of the U. S. Geological Library at Washington. The name Arkopolis might be construed to mean the chief city of Arkansas. But the people continued to call it Little Rock, and Little Rock it is to this day. Perhaps the other name, Arkopolis, might have suggested Noah's Ark, where the animals all sent their representatives.

Dec. 2d, 1820. Two missionaries arrived at the Post of Arkansas from the Cherokee Nation bound to Tennessee for their families. They were Messrs. Finney and Washborn, educated at Andover.

"Generals Jackson and Hinds complete a treaty with the Choctaw Indians, ceding to them lands in Arkansas between the Arkansas and Red Rivers in exchange for lands lying in the State of Mississippi. By this treaty the United States got only six million of acres from the Choctaws, while the latter received about fifteen million besides presents and annuities to a large amount. Gov. Miller and others sent remonstrances to the President against its ratification. It has already checked emigration to the Territory."

This fifteen million acres which the Choctaws were to receive would be nearly as much as the present Indian Territory, though not exactly in the same location.

Feb. 12th, 1821. "Messrs. Vale and Chapman, missionaries to the Osage Nation, with their families and mechanics, arrived at their destination on Six Bull Creek, seven or eight hundred miles above the Post. Upon their arrival among the Osages, a cordial shaking of hands took place, after which the white ladies immediately went to a spring and washed their hands. Claymore, one of the chiefs, taking notice of it, assured them it should be the last time they would have the same cause for washing. When

they made the Indians understand that they were sent as instructors and that they had mechanics to teach them, the first question asked was: 'Where is the Powder-Maker?'

The Indians consented that the squaws might be taught to plow. The missionaries erected six small buildings and soon had comfortable quarters. They arrived Feburary 20th. Miss Hoyt and Miss Lines died on their passage up the river. It must have been a trying journey for them all." The distance specified, seven or eight hundred miles up the river, must be a rough estimate. Taking into account the windings of the river, that distance might locate Six Bull Creek somewhere in the northeast part of Oklahoma, where the Government maps indicate "Osage Nation."

"The Indian tribes in the Territory of Arkansas in 1821, were: the Quapaws, a small tribe whose boundary line was within two miles of the Post; the Cherokees, a large tribe and the most civilized in the Territory, and expert in the use of the rifle; the Osage far up the country, numerous and powerful, who fight with bow and arrow. The Choctaws, Chickasaws, Delawares and Creeks were continually strolling through the Territory on hunting excursions. They were generally peaceable, although they had a propensity for horse stealing."

The Governor received a letter March 7, 1821, announcing the death of Jeremiah Blanchard. He died at the Post of Ouachita, La., January 19, 1821. He went originally from Billerica, Mass., and was one of the four who drove from Peterboro', N. H., and joined Gov. Miller at Cincinnati.

March 14th. The journalist witnessed an Indian talk with the Governor and Col. Brearly (Indian Agent). The Quapaw tribe nearly all assembled to receive their annuities for the year 1820. These consisted of blankets, coarse cloths, tobacco, knives, etc. They receive these every year in compensation for lands. After these articles were delivered the big chief placed a buckskin over the Governor's shoulders. This was neatly dressed, painted and fringed around the borders. The chief then shook hands with the Governor and addressed him, through an interpreter, as follows:

"My good father, you see all these your children come before

you: we have not sense like other men, therefore you take pity on us; we have always lived in friendship with the Americans; our path has never been stained with the blood of our good Father's children; our young men never steal horses from you like other Indians. We once were numerous and powerful, but now are small. Should we have cause to fight other Indians, we hope you will take our part and assist us. We thank you for the care you have taken of us and pray that you may continue it."

Four others spoke much to the same purpose.

In the evening the journalist visited their encampment on the bank of the river near the town. Here they were dancing. The

INDIAN DANCE—ARKANSAW, 1820.
From Journal of Jacob Richardson, Jr.

dance was no more than stamping with one and then the other foot, alternately, keeping time to a melancholy tune and to the beating of a drum with one stick. The drum was a small keg with the heads knocked out and dressed deerskin drawn over the ends. Each dancer had two sticks, which he beat together, all keeping time. Besides this, there was whooping and barking.

March 29, 1821. The journalist embarked on board the steamboat "Post Boy" for Natchez, leaving Arkansas to its tawny sons and its native Frenchmen who

> "Born in a climate softer far than ours,
> Not formed like us with such Herculean powers;
> The Frenchman, easy, debonair and brisk;
> Give him his lass, his fiddle and his frisk,
> Is always happy, reign whoever may,
> And laughs the sense of misery far away.

He drinks his simple beverage with a gust
And, feasting on an onion and a crust,
Filled with as much merriment and glee
As if their king said, Slave, be free!

Place me where winter blows his honest air,
And I will sing, if liberty be there;
Amongst our ancestors, a gallant, Christian race,
Patterns of every virtue, every grace,
Confessed a God, they knelt before they fought,
And praised Him in the victories He had wrought."

THE LOWER MISSISSIPPI.

NATCHEZ IN 1821.

From Journal of Jacob Richardson, Jr.

March 29, 1821. Left Arkansas for the City of Natchez by steamboat. The "Post Boy" was an elegant boat with good accommodations. It made ten miles an hour. Much land was overflowed.

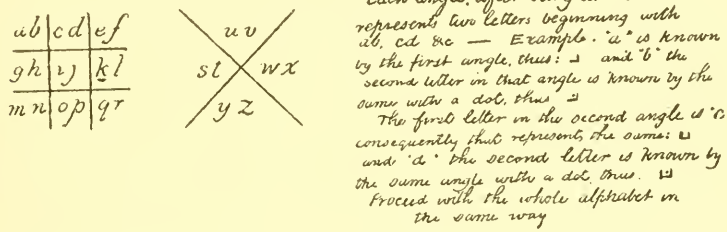
The City of Natchez, Miss., was on a steep hill 150 feet above the river. In prehistoric times it was on the sea-coast, so say some geologists. In 1821 it contained three or four hundred houses.

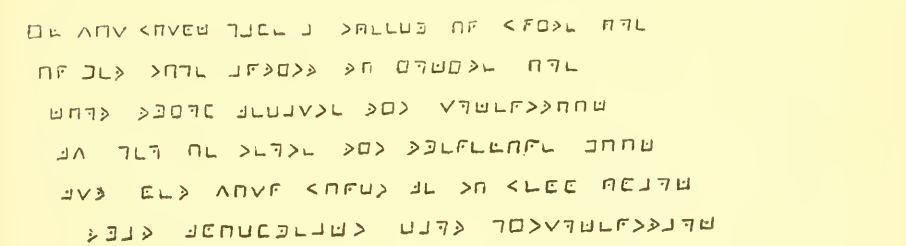
He had a respectable class of scholars in writing at seven dollars each. He paid seven dollars a week for board and twenty dollars a month for a room (schoolroom?) etc. He "boarded with

Col. Davidson, the gentleman who took Col. Aaron Burr at the time he descended the Mississippi with troops in 1807."

Parton does not mention this Davidson in his Life of Burr. He says that Wilkinson received a letter from Natchez which decided him; that 275 men embarked from Natchez, went thirty miles up river to Bayou Pierre and that Burr surrendered to Major Shield; but that there was so much lying in connection with this

AARON BURR'S SECRET ALPHABET.





expedition that it was hard to get at the facts. Col. Davidson may have had something to do with it.

The journalist obtained a copy of the secret alphabet which Burr used in corresponding with his colleagues. This is copied above, together with a key and an example for translation.

It seems to me that the first part of Aaron Burr's life, when he was acted upon by others and under their control, is the best. When he began to plan for himself and to act upon others, everything went wrong. He lacked self-knowledge.

April 21, 1821. Gen. Jackson passed through Natchez on the way to Pensacola, Florida.

June 3d. "Just recovered from another attack of ague so as to be able to leave Natchez."

He had been at Natchez over nine weeks and had three attacks of fever. He took passage on the steamboat "Vesuvius" at ten A. M. for New Orleans.

June 4th. Passed Point Coupee where the Levee commenced. There was a Levee on each side of the River from Point Coupee to New Orleans. The land on both sides was thickly settled with good houses and orange groves.

June 5th. "Arrive at New Orleans." The yellow fever annually visited New Orleans. It was the worst between August and November, sometimes sweeping off one-half or three-fourths of the inhabitants.* At high water the river was above the level of the town.

He had a severe attack of fever at New Orleans and a week of salivation under treatment of a physician. He left there June 23d on the Brig "Abeona" bound for New York. Seven miles below saw battleground of June 8, 1815.

June 24th. Floated down to Fort Plaquemine, about forty miles to the end of the Levee. From New Orleans to Fort Plaquemine there were many sugar plantations.

June 25th. Thirty miles to the Balize (mouth of river). From Fort Plaquemine to the Balize was a continual overflowed marsh without any inhabitants.

At the Balize were two block houses, dwellings for pilots and a lighthouse.

June 27th. "Ague, much dispirited."

July 1st. "Have remained at the Balize seven days on account of head winds, unable to cross the bar."

The journalist had no ague after getting fairly upon the salt water, but did not recover his strength for years. He was called "Judge" afterwards in Boston because of the office he would have had could he have remained in Arkansas.

James Miller was Governor of Arkansas from 1819 to 1825, and Collector of the Port of Salem, Mass., from 1825 to 1849. Nathan-

*The journalist does not give his authority for this estimate.

iel Hawthorne, Miller's successor at the Salem Custom House, describes Miller as "New England's most distinguished soldier." "Those who would know more of this singularly gentle knight should read the introduction to the 'Scarlet Letter,' for the Collector of the Port of Salem there so sympathetically described was General Miller." He died in Temple, N. H., July 7, 1851.

EDITORIAL.

It has been said that "History was invented to conceal the facts of the past." This is entirely in accord with the great French politician, who said that "language was invented to conceal one's thoughts."

Of course exactly the opposite ought to be true, but is not always. In studying the history of antiquity one cannot feel quite so sure that the literal truth has been brought down to our day, and even with regard to later events it is not always safe to trust implicitly the chronicles.

But we may fairly congratulate ourselves, that the present age is to leave behind for future generations abundant material for the construction of a perfectly reliable account of the doings of the human race in recent years. Take for example the history of our Civil War. Ample data has been left in official records, newspapers, magazine articles, and later by the publication of personal reminiscences such as "Grant's Memoirs," "McClellan's Own Story," "Jefferson Davis," a memoir by his wife; Longstreet's "From Bull Run to Appomattax," Gordon's "Reminiscences of the Civil War," Senater Hoar's "Autobiography," and many others. The future historian need not go far astray from a proper perspective of the historical picture.

So, in the history of the popular development of the people, the progress of civilization, the uplift of humanity, fuller and more reliable materials are now being preserved than ever before. Not the least in importance, along this line, must be reckoned the preservation of material by local historical associations. The Hyde Park Historical Society is endeavoring to do its part in this important work.

JACK FROST RAMPANT.

Twenty-four Degrees Below Zero.

The North Wind swept across the sky,
The Black Clouds swiftly floated by,
The Bright Sun hid his face in fear,
The Pale Moon fled in blank despair.
The Twinkling Stars no longer seen,
The Snow came sifting and serene,
The Ground in silent terror fled,
The Trees were cased in armor dread.
All day the Snow came silent down,
All night it came and wrapped the town
In slumber soft and still as death,
And then Jack Frost drew in his breath
And said "'Tis my turn, if you please
Surrender all, prepare to freeze."
The Water froze o'er all the lakes,
The Pipes are burst, the pitcher breaks,
The School Girl groans o'er frozen ears,
The Small Boy brushes away his tears,
The men exclaim, the women moan,
And naught is heard but a sigh and groan.
The Roads are lost, the Fences gone,
The Trees stand guard o'er wastes forlorn.
On Land and Sea, each gang and crew
Exclaims: "The coldest I ever knew."
The record is broken, thermometer too,
But Coal Men are glad and Plumbers will crow
For 'tis always an ill wind that blows
Nobody good, as everyone knows.

A HYDE PARK MEMORIAL, 1888.

The value of old-time reminiscences, even of so modern a town as Hyde Park, will enhance with advancing time, and even transient events will find their appreciation hereafter. The early history of all religious and social organizations is well worthy of a place in the HISTORICAL RECORD.

In the year 1888, the First Congregational Church of Hyde Park celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of its original organization, and in connection with that celebration, a Memorial Ode, illustrative of the development and growth of our town, was prepared by Gen. H. B. Carrington, and published by the Church. This ode is given herewith.

Hyde Park at that time had nearly ten thousand inhabitants. The ten original members of the Church, which was organized on the seventh of May, 1863, were the following:

"Sylvester Phelps, from the Old South Church, Boston; Thomas and Harriet W. Hammond, E Street, South Boston; Hiram Carleton, Congregational Church, Barre, Vt.; Mary J. Carleton, Congregational Church, W. Barnstable, Mass.; Henry S. and Hannah M. Adams, Broadway Church, Chelsea; John Lawson, First Congregational Church, Milton; Enoch E. Blake, Park Street Church, Boston; Albert Knight, Berkeley Street Church, Boston."

Enoch E. Blake, who has removed from Hyde Park, is, in 1904, the only survivor.

Rev. Perley B. Davis, the first pastor, was installed April 10, 1867, and served for twenty-five years. He is still living and resides at West Roxbury, Mass. Rev. Andrew W. Archibald, D. D., his successor, was installed December, 1892, and served until 1898. He is now pastor of the Porter Congregational Church, Brockton, Mass. His successor, the present pastor, Rev. Henry N. Hoyt, D. D., was installed March 9, 1898.

1863. 1888.

MEMORIAL ODE.

GEN. HENRY B. CARRINGTON, LL.D.

Canto I.

(The Place.)

By the brightly gleaming River,
The laughing, dancing River;
River that's born in Norfolk hills,
Gathers its flow from Norfolk rills,
Courts the glad sunshine on its way,
Mirrors at night each starry ray,
Nurses the meadows in its course,
Gathers, for use, its growing force;
By this brightly gleaming River,
The laughing and dancing River,
A nestling group of cottage homes,
A cheerful group of happy homes,
In which all types of good were blent,
Was one day found, —aroused, intent.

From tow'ring heights, which sea command,
Just where Neponset meets the strand —
The Heights of Dorchester, by name,
Which have a glorious, lasting fame,—
A belt of fertile soil extends,
And with its wealth, great beauty blends;
Two leagues, or so,— its utmost length,
Until at point of greatest breadth,
That nestling group of cottage homes,
That cheerful group of happy homes,
Had fixed the site of future town,
The quiet vale with life to crown.

What though the ocean rolled so near,
And quaffed the River's waters clear,
Changing their liquid wealth to brine,
Breaking their poesy of rhyme,
As tiny waves, in surf were spent,
To lose their values, soon as lent?

The ocean smites, beneath the Heights
Where Freedom's sons secured their rights;
And grand old sea may have its play,—
It bore Great Britain's pride away,—
And have our River, if it will,
The name, Neponset, lingers still;

While flowing stream and mighty wave
Shall tell of noble men and brave.
And mountain, river, hill and dale,
Alike recall the patriot's tale,
Of time when Boston was redeemed,
And o'er this land fair Freedom beamed.

Canto II.

(The Work.)

The woodman's axe, with busy stroke,
The echoes of the hills awoke;
The pathways through the woods grew wide,
And voices heard, on every side,
Proclaimed that men of Pilgrim stock,
The sons of sires from Plymouth Rock,
Had come, endewed with faith, like theirs;
Of faith like theirs the worthy heirs,—
Counting as reached, the Promised Land,
Possession won, through God's command.

Near by the site thus picked with care,
Fairmount, its slopes, with beauty rare,
So softly lifted from the vale,
So fitly blended hill and dale,
That, as a Paradise attained,
From Milton's self, 'twas fitly named;
And sister Mount, not far away,
So blue at night,—so bright by day,
Took name from azure of the sky.
And none could doubt the reason why.

Another stream, with kindred source,
Bearing to ocean in its course,
Combining modesty and pride,
With volume less, but swifter tide,
The humbler name of "Brook" assumed,
With precious "Mother" name, attuned;
And Dedham Town of old renown,
A willing gift, the vale to crown,
Gave Readville's modern camping site,
And thus, resplendent in the light,
That nestling group of cottage homes,
That cheerful group of happy homes,
While resting on those kindred streams,

Like beauteous fabric of our dreams,
Where Fancy's wealth is fully spent,
Was well aroused, on thought intent.

Above, about, and everywhere,
All shone so bright, so free of care.
The cup of happiness so full,
Of anxious thought a perfect lull—
There seemed of naught to be a need,
Of all desired, the fullest meed;
'Till, gathered in an upper room,
To plan for future yet to come,
There met for prayer an earnest few,
That, as their lot, the Heavenly dew
Might, in its fall, on them descend,
Its balm, with other mercies, blend;
And as their eyes were upward bent,
That nestling group of cottage homes,
That cheerful group of happy homes,
Was found, one May, aroused, intent.

First Congregational Church, Hyde Park, Mass.

Canto III.

(The Development.)

A score and five of years have passed;
The answer to their prayer is cast
In grander mold than faith conceived,
Or spirit to their souls revealed.
Of ten, who prayed in upper hall,
And humbly sought the Master's call,
Hammond and Lawson rest above,
Their joy complete, through Heavenly love.
Carlton and Adams, in other fields,
Bear fruit that Christain nurture yields.
A Knight, who led that first advance,
Still, for the Master points his lance;
And, as of joy we now partake,
We gladly greet good Brother Blake.

We meet, full fifty fold the more
Then gathered first, on River's shore;
And others, still, in Heaven above,
Send back their glow of radiant love.
That upper room, which saw the birth
Of that most precious boon to earth—
A Church of Christ,—by Him inspired,
In other vestments is attired;
And in this consecrated place,
So blessed by gifts of sovereign grace,
We call to mind that place of prayer,
As we its benizons do share,
And hold its sacred memories fast,
While strength remains and life shall last.

That upper room! that upper room!—
Whence sprang the future, yet to come,
Recalls the Paschal supper, spread,
When Christ the first example led,
And in His plenitude of love,
Foreshadowed feast, in Heaven, above,
Gathered at night His loving few,
Ere wet with garden's midnight dew,
And there, by dawning death opprest,
Refused to yield himself to rest,—
That in communion, pure and free.
He might ordain, "Remember Me."

Canto IV.

(*The Promise.*)

That nestling group of cottage homes,
That cheerful group of happy homes,
Which of its means so freely spent,
That which the Master freely lent,—
That to his name a shrine be raised,
His love, returned, His glory, praised,
Has spanned Neponset's sparkling flow,
And made its banks in richness glow;
The Mount, so blue, is "Signal Tower."
To foil the storm's destructive power;
Along the banks of "Mother Brook"
Great buildings rise, where'er you look;
While "Sunnyside," with terraced slopes,
Outruns the founders' fairest hopes,
And "Dorchester," our foster sire,
The child's attainment doth admire.

On! with the growth! From this day, on!
Foundations safe, to build upon,
Unnumbered mercies, answered prayers,
Inspire our faith and banish cares.
Give us, O Lord, Thy presence still,
Thy will to know, alone—Thy will;
Grant us another boon, we pray,
Like that vouchsafed at former day,
When, by brightly gleaming River
That laughing, dancing River,
A nestling group of cottage homes,
A cheerful group of happy homes,
Inspired by zeal, divinely sent,
Was, in its day, aroused, intent.

The one who tilled that virgin soil,—
Whose work for Thee was welcome toil,—
Whose jewels Thou dost guard above,—
Imbue with Thy celestial love;
Then, grant him still this field to till!
May this be Thine, thy Father's will!

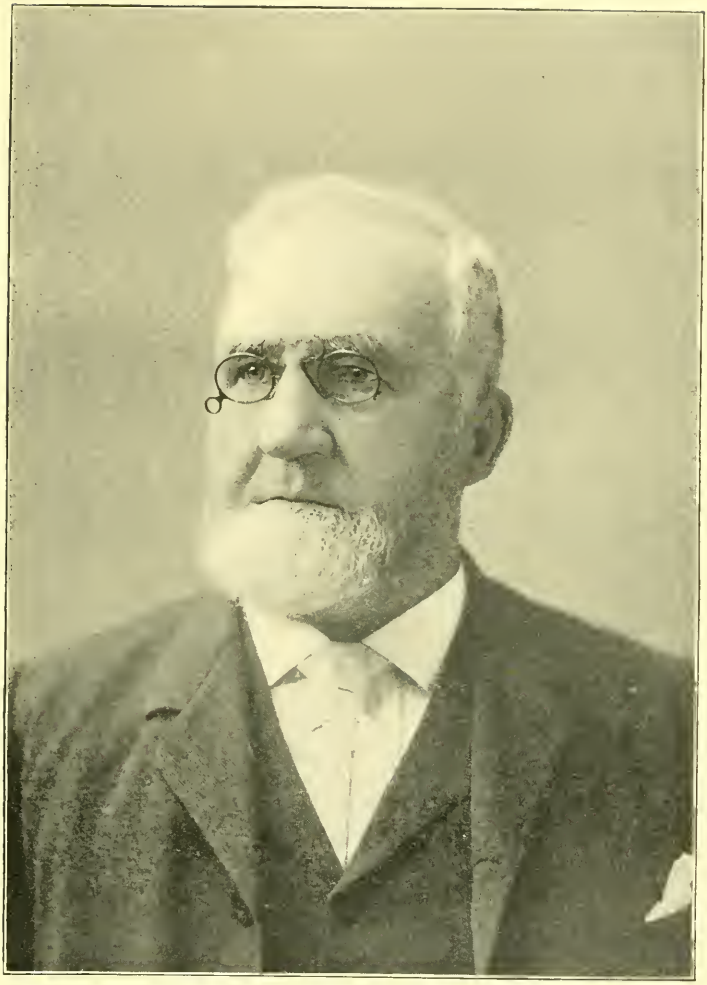
HENRY A. RICH.

Mr. Henry A. Rich, a Vice-President of the Hyde Park Historical Society, died April 25, 1900. At a meeting of the Society, held in Weld Hall, November 27, 1900, the special committee appointed at a previous meeting to draft resolutions on his death made their report. Remarks in eulogy of the deceased were made by President Charles G. Chick, General Henry B. Carrington, and James E. Cotter, Esq., and the following resolutions were unanimously adopted.

At this meeting his son, Mr. Frank B. Rich, one of the executors of his estate, presented to the Society the collection of papers, documents and pictures and the cabinet containing them, marked "Henry A. Rich Collection," as provided in his will, also a large portrait of him, the gift of his widow.

Henry Alexander Rich was born in Hardwick, Mass., June 19, 1833, and died in Hyde Park, Mass., April 25, 1900.

Having been identified with this community from its incipient stages, throughout its development and growth, Mr. Rich could in truth have said, "All of which I saw, and a part of which I was." For forty-four years he had been an honored resident and citizen. Early in this period our friend appreciated the fact that history was being made, and he entered upon the congenial task of collecting and compiling all matters connected with the modest building enterprise, which finally culminated in the incorporation of a prosperous town, now ranking third in population among the towns of this State. With the passing of the years, and added leisure, his zeal increased, and with infinite painstaking he gathered together a rare assortment of data, including everything which he had found attainable having reference to this town, its churches and other institutions, its citizens and noteworthy



HENRY A. RICH.
1833—1900
(From a photograph taken in 1898.)

events. With wise forethought, he had made provisions that, after his decease, this collection should pass into the custody of the Hyde Park Historical Society. With this intention, his executors and family have been most cordially in sympathy, and during the past few months have given much time and attention to its arrangement in a substantial and elegant case, in which it will be presented by his son, the chairman of our Board of Selectmen. In coming years it will be an invaluable repository, which the historian and student may search with interest and profit.

In the death of Mr. Rich, our town loses not only one of the few surviving pioneers in its establishment, but a citizen whose life from year to year has been like the pages of an open book. Of pleasing personality, kind-hearted and affable, no one was better known and more highly appreciated.

For many years he was intimately associated with the Real Estate and Building Company and with its founder, Mr. Alpheus P. Blake, who has been justly styled "the father of the new town." Actively interested in its incorporation in the year 1868, at the first election he was chosen its tax collector, which position he filled with credit for a period of ten years. He resigned this office for the purpose of devoting his entire time to real estate enterprises, as agent and collector for the largest property-holders of the town. In these and other positions of trust, he has been recognized as energetic and capable, and enjoyed the fullest confidence of those for whom he acted. He was one of the organizers of the Unitarian Church in this town, and had been a continuous pew-holder and one of its most prominent supporters. He was a charter member of this Historical Society, and a Vice-President from the time of its organization.

Commencing his career with a clean, high-toned character as his only capital, and the good qualities of energy and perseverance, he has acted well his part, and, highly respected during his life, his death is regretted by a large circle of associates and friends.

Wm. J. Stuart,
Robert Bleakie,
Henry S. Bunton,
Committee.

DEDICATION OF CAMP MEIGS.

JULY 4, 1903.

In the Camp Ground at Readville, Hyde Park possesses a territory whose historical associations are of the greatest interest and value.

Only the battlefields of the South seem more closely identified with the Civil War than do the camping grounds of the North, where the men who were to fight and die for Liberty and Union took their first lessons in the stern art of war. Our Readville citizens certainly appreciate the significance of the Old Camp Ground on which many of their homes are located.

Many years ago they organized the Camp Meigs Memorial Association, whose ultimate object is the erection on what is now Camp Meigs Memorial Park of a statue or shaft, or some other suitable memorial, which shall tell to all future generations the story of the heroism and devotion of the thousands of American youth who in the days of '61 to '65 marched and camped on what will doubtless be always known as the Readville Camp Ground.

In 1892 the Association referred to was instrumental in having three acres of the original camp ground deeded to the town under the name of Hamilton Park "to be forever used and maintained as a public park."

The feeling later became general that the name of the park should embody the war memories of the place, and last year, in response to the petition of the Camp Meigs Memorial Association, the Park Commissioners changed the name to Camp Meigs Memorial Park.

The Camp Meigs Memorial Association and Readville Improvement Association both felt that public services of some nature

should mark this change of title, and accordingly a joint Committee, consisting of Emmons M. Cundall, J. Roland Corthell, Dr. Samuel T. Elliott, W. Ellery Bullard and Harry E. Astley, arranged for a public dedicatory service on July 4, 1903. The following is the report of the exercises as printed in the *Hyde Park Gazette* of July 11, 1903:

The big patriotic event of the day was the dedication of Camp Meigs Memorial Park in the Readville district. There was a large gathering, including many old veterans who commenced their civil war experience on the old grounds in the early '60s. The exercises commenced at 2.30 o'clock with a band concert by the Peacedale band of Rhode Island, followed by an introductory address by Gen. Carrington:

"TRUE INDEPENDENCE."

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS OF BRIG. GEN. H. B. CARRINGTON, U. S. A. (RETIRED),

As presiding chairman at the dedication of Camp Meigs Memorial Park, on the old Readville Camping Grounds, July 4th, 1903.

Fellow Citizens and Veteran Comrades:

We assemble to honor these grounds by their dedication to sacred memories, under the felicitous title of Camp Meigs Memorial Park. On these grounds, between the years 1861 and 1865, there gathered at our country's call, for defense of the Union of these United States, more volunteer soldiers than composed the great army of Washington when he compelled Great Britain, once and for all time, to evacuate Boston, and to abandon the commonwealth as a possible field for successful warfare against her patriotic people. The volunteer soldiers thus assembled here, yes, here, numbered twice as large a force as was that of the American regular army at that time, when the population of the Republic exceeded 31,000,000 of souls; and a little larger than was that regular army at the commencement of the war with Spain, when our population had increased to nearly 80,000,000!

"Drummer! beat the long roll!" (The long roll was beaten, startling the assembled people by its unusual introduction during an address.)

"Bugler! sound the assembly!" (And the bugle responded to the peremptory order from the speaker.)

Veteran comrades, let all who bore part in duty then, and are now present, answer "Here!" (Not more than thirty, including Corp. Lovett of the old 45th Mass., the orator of the day, responded.) How few are they that respond! Perchance our ears are not keyed to the spiritual atmosphere of their later experiences! And yet, it seems to me that, at the sound of drum and bugle, some sacred dust must almost quicken, as if the Resurrection trump were to follow those familiar calls to duty and to destiny! And, perchance, a keener vision and an immortal recognition of past conflicts and victories may enable dwellers in the upper skies to catch the sight and notes of this, your tribute to those conflicts and triumphs!

While looking over the army register for 1861, a few days ago, I copied the roll of all general officers and regimental commanders whose names were then of record, only to find your presiding officer on this occasion to be the only living survivor. But it is not merely that the immediate surroundings of this old camping ground are full of precious memories. Yonder, in full view, and within rifle shot, Blue Hill signal station waves its flags of warning or of cheer, to ensure the safety of all Atlantic commerce that visits our shores! And look again! From that verdure-crowned summit, which we call Grew's woods, the eye can measure the mighty shaft of Bunker Hill, which warns all commerce that, as the best troops of Great Britain found their peers in Yankee "minute men" in the long ago, so forever, no hostile tread shall again press upon New England soil! And between these two, not far away, is that receptacle for the resting dust of our departed comrades, Fairview cemetery, where annually you deposit your floral tributes to their precious memory!

But what of the day selected by your committee for this memorial dedication? It bears the popular name of Independence day.

Independence is a big word, ministers to human pride, and from the toddling baby-boy's firecracker and innocent torpedo up to the sky-flouting rocket bomb, our sight and hearing cannot ignore the fact that everybody is, in the largest sense, very independent. But, more seriously, what do you honor in choice of this day for the functions prescribed by your programme? I will answer mine own question.

We honor the 127th anniversary of that 4th of July, Anno Domini, 1776, because on that day the representatives of thirteen American colonies severed their political dependence upon Great Britain! The child, fully weaned, and able to walk alone, cut the restraining ligament and we became a nation! Neither child nor mother could, nor would if they could, sever the dependence of each upon that common fountain of nutritious supply which flowed from Magna Charta and through law, religion and language, assured, alike to all, the perpetuity of a common inheritance. And as we can never be independent of the laws of nature, nor of nature's God, any more than we can substitute the noxious leaves of the license weed for the healing leaves of the tree of liberty, without ruin; so genuine independence must resolve itself into a wise and all-sufficient restraint upon whatever threatens righteousness and virtue; and this, by a recognized, soulful and all-embracing dependence upon that which exalts human endeavor and magnifies human prosperity and happiness in the achievement of universal fraternity and good will throughout the world. Our fathers laid these enduring foundations by such an absolute acceptance of the law of *dependence* as the secret of a worthy *independence*. So let us, amid all our acclamations of joyful delight, of worthy pride, of unwavering courage and generous charity, read upon the gold coin which typifies our world-wide credit among all peoples, the sublime secret of our present greatness and promised destiny, the complete panacea for all political ailments or worry, the motto, "In God We Trust!"

The following original poem by Benjamin McKendry was read by Dr. H. T. Dean:

Spirit of seventy-six and sixty one!
Inspire all hearts to-day beneath the sun!
As when at Lexington and Bunker Hill
Our fathers fought to keep the British still;
And when at Aldie and at Cedar Creek
Our Union forces were once heard to speak,
In freedom's name to teach the rebel South
To free their slaves and close their boasting mouth.
The day ne'er dawned for Lee to raise a rag
On Bunker Hill to supersede our flag,
And when our Grant and Sherman "swung around,"
They left our country — all — as freedom's ground.

Spirit of Lincoln and of Washington!
Our country's father and our country's son!
We emulate to-day their glorious names,
Above all human praise and earthly fames,
And while we here enjoy the wealth they won,
We ne'er forget the name of Washington;
And, as we boast of freedom for the slave,
We think of Lincoln who the mandate gave
Which broke his fetters and his body freed
From unpaid servitude and human greed;
Thus would we blend in fadeless light as one
The name of Lincoln and of Washington!

We hail to-day, with unfeigned joy and pride,
Our country's saviours marching side by side, —
Our glorious army, and our navy, too, —
Our gallant seamen and our "boys in blue;"
And, still with them, the faithful and the brave,
Without whose service none might hope to save,
Our "Women's Corps," whose presence gave "relief"
To thousands wounded, and in hours of grief,
On battlefield, in hospital and tent,
Where'er in mercy they were wisely sent; —
So here, to-day, they cannot be forgot,
But share with us our glory and our lot.

Most fitting place, Camp Meigs' memorial ground!
Where our brave veterans first their barracks found,
And hence departed for the scenes of war, —
Some here to-day, some to return no more! —
But here we greet you, and with you unite
To celebrate this day with banners bright, —
Our glorious Fourth! our Independence day!

Long may its light o'er all our land hold sway!
God of our fathers, be it Thy behest
To give our land abundant peace and rest;
And may this day, auspicious in the past,
Be crowned with blessings to its very last!

There was a medley of war songs by the band; dedicatory address by Augustus S. Lovett, Esq., of Brookline, which follows in full; singing of "America" by the company and the benediction by Rev. Mr. Macdonald of Hyde Park. It was a great day for our Readville friends and they made it a memorable one for the old vets.

DEDICATION OF MEMORIAL PARK.

DEDICATORY ADDRESS BY AUGUSTUS S. LOVETT, ESQ., CORPORAL CO. A, 45th MASS. REGIMENT.

On the evening of Sept. 15, 1862, as I rushed for a bunk in the new barracks located on this spot, a minor, not of age, if anybody had whispered in my ear, "Young man, four decades from now you will be standing here and addressing an audience on the occasion of the dedication of this camp ground as a public park," I should have imagined the speaker beside himself and a fit subject for restraint. When your committee asked me to say a few words at this time, the occasion appealed to me as a participant in those early days, even though it occurred on the "Glorious Fourth," a day when many people prefer to remain at home, myself among the number.

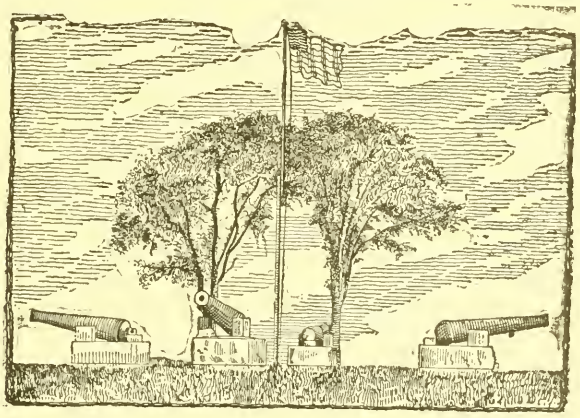
When you remember the eminent men, from the Lieut.-General of the United States down to the other illustrious minor officers who served in the civil war, who have recently assembled here to celebrate the dedication of the Hooker statue, it seems quite a "come down" to gather to listen to a corporal—the lowest of non-commissioned officers in the ranks. And yet each common soldier counted as one, only one, but yet one in the vast array that marched in the ranks and without whose sturdy efforts all the brilliant talents of regular and volunteer officers would have been of little avail.

But oh those times! how the memory of them comes trooping back at a time like this. Young men drilling alongside of middle aged, and even elderly men. Capt. R. B. Forbes with his "coast guard" and Capt. Edward Wyman with his "home guard." Washington in danger, and Gen. Butler off with his hastily recruited men, following hard after the "Old Sixth" through Baltimore to the Capital. Fletcher Webster, standing on the steps of the Merchants' Exchange on State street, one dismal gray Sunday, and recruiting the famous 12th Webster regiment. Flags and bunting almost concealed Washington street. "Now Crush Rebellion" said an immense flag on the Washington building, head of Franklin street. All the while recruiting went vigorously on, and when the Capital was deemed secure people breathed easier and volunteers for the war of three years pressed forward for enrollment. How dark after the defeat at Bull Run! How very dark with the ending of the Peninsular Campaign! Then at the very darkest hour came the first cheering news as the wires flashed the news of Grant's victory at Forts Henry and Donelson. The country seemed to take new life and heart as that incomparable soldier pushed his way to the crowning event up to that time—the capture of Vicksburg.

In the fall of 1862 ten new barracks, each arranged for some 100 men, occupied this immediate neighborhood. They stood on a line facing the sunrise. A space called the company street ran between the buildings, where the different companies formed for drill, parade or guard mounting. Just back of each was a small building occupied as a cook house, and the quarters of the different line officers were just in the rear of the latter. The entrance to the camp was between two sturdy trees, and near the entrance was the guard tent. The sutler had his store in another corner, but his "eagle eye" had not then fully opened as it did later, when on pay days he sat next to the paymaster and produced his little "G" checks, which were scrupulously deducted from the amount due the hard pressed common soldier. Friends supplied so generously the wants at Readville that his wares were at a discount there.

In front of these barracks was the parade and drill ground, covering the spot we occupy to-day. All around the camp were sentries, some twenty or more beats being maintained, and I can almost hear at this distant day the sharp challenge, "Halt! who goes there?" as the weary yet alert sentinel brought up some belated comrade or befogged officer who had difficulty in finding exactly where he resided.

It was a comical sight as a regiment landed there. The building for each company being designated, a rush was made to secure



CAMP MEIGS MEMORIAL PARK.

lodgings; each man as he arrived at the building, grabbing a huge bundle of straw, which lay adjacent, to serve as his bed. Comrades who had known each other previous to this time bunked together as far as possible, by prior agreement, but some curious alliances were made by many who were comparative strangers before. The first night "was terrible," and the bedlam that ensued after the lights were out is simply indescribable. Imagine a hundred men, mostly unknown to each other, with no officer present, utterly ignorant of orders or knowledge of discipline, shut up by themselves in the dark in this novel situation. It commenced immediately the lights went out.

A mild crow, in imitation of a rooster, was followed by scores of louder crows, and it seemed as if the whole brood of Plymouth

Rocks and bantams were in possession. Every conceivable noise came to the front. Dogs barked and "ki'id." Cats wailed and monkeys chattered. Then somebody threw an old boot, and this was the signal for an indiscriminate fusilade of missiles of every name and nature. Marvellous that nobody was hurt, for the bang of some heavy substance alighting near one's head warned the more timid ones to crouch low.

While this scene was at its height the door opened and a commissioned officer appeared with a lantern, — the officer of the day, as we afterward learned. "Silence!" he cried; "silence, I say." A very brief lull, occasioned by the interruption, and then bedlam broke loose again. "Who are you?" "Get out of here." "Quick! Get out; do you hear?" with many other pointed remarks, followed. Then came a shower of missiles from the floor and from the bunks at the devoted form. As these came from all quarters and the darkness and size of the building prevented him from discovering the location of the offenders, he was compelled to retire to save his head, vowing vengeance if only he could detect the assailants. Emboldened by this victory, pandemonium broke loose again, and the small hours were reached before complete exhaustion brought quiet. We trembled in after days as we came to know the powers of the officer of the day, and were grateful that under cover of ignorance we escaped severe discipline.

In a few days the non-commissioned officers were appointed, and grievous were the disappointments of some who failed to attain what they desired and hoped for.

I well remember the diffidence with which I gave my first command. The order to me was: "Corporal Lovett, you will detail two men to sweep out the barracks."

I was appalled. They were my friends and chums. I had rather at that moment have taken the broom myself and done the work. But no; it had to be done. Glancing around to see whom I should select, I observed a good-hearted, cheerful, open-faced comrade whose name even I had not learned, and this was my order: "Would you mind being so kind as to take one of the brooms and help make the barracks cleaner by assisting in

sweeping them?" The face became a broad grin at once and he said: "Well, seeing it's you, sonny, I'll do it this once." But we soon got over such extremely soft speeches and orders were quickly obeyed.

The dress parades were a great feature of camp life. The first ones though were a sight not easily forgotten. Men went into camp generally ununiformed, except the favored few whose circumstances enabled them to employ their own tailors. These favored ones were models for admiration and envy. Of the balance, some had blue overcoats and others had citizen's dress. Some had military caps as the only sign of a soldier.

The clothing for service had not then been distributed and some idea can be formed of the appearance made by some nine hundred men in line clad in these various garments. A butcher with his white robe surmounted by a plug hat is an incongruous sight, and a soldier in a blue overcoat with a black stovepipe hat is anything but military in appearance; but such we had in those first parades.

Before the guns were distributed, after the line was formed at the command "parade rest," the motley crowd stood in their unique regalia, and the command "beat off" was given. Then the band marched down the line at common time and turning came back at a quick step. The band were fine fellows, enlisted men from the various companies — selected no doubt for their musical talents — but they had to get together like everybody else. During the days when they were "getting together" the most discordant and doleful sounds emanated from the quarter assigned to them for practice. So that at their first appearance in dress parade before the "Falstaff recruits" was a very good representation of Hogarth's "March to Finchley." The old "cut-cut-cadacut" tune, never heard before and never since except at later reunions, will linger in the memory of those who heard it as long as they live. Where they got that tune nobody knows, or if they do, nobody will tell. But bands made great headway and acquired proficiency before many days. After the uniforms were distributed and the guns came, dress parade was the great event of the day.

This was the favored time when fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, uncles, aunts, grandfathers, grandmothers, cousins and sweethearts, massed behind the colonel, looked on with admiring gaze, filled with pride as they beheld the manly array of young soldiers perfecting themselves for the serious work soon to come to their lot. These good people came not empty-handed either. Many and many were the hampers and packages of good things they brought with them, which helped amazingly to vary the regular bill of fare of "hash, beans and hard tack."

Then the social sings in the evening were a pleasant feature, and as the many good voices among the men were aided by the guests, the grounds in front of the barracks would ring with melody which would be prolonged often to a late hour.

The milkman did a thriving business in the camp, and the name of "Tucker" lingers in the memory of many a soldier of those days. Furloughs of a day at a time were granted and the passes were given great scrutiny by the provost guards of Brig.-Gen. R. A. Pierce, whose headquarters were in a small building near the railroad station. A sentinel was also posted at the Hyde Park depot, who looked after any strays in uniform in that vicinity.

Guard mounting each morning was a feature of camp life. Some three or four men from each of the ten companies would be detailed for the guard, and accompanied by a sergeant or two and several corporals would march to the appointed place. These served for twenty-four hours on three reliefs of four hours each. The relief that went on at 1 to 5 o'clock in the morning was considered the least desirable, as to be awakened from a sound sleep at that untimely hour was anything but pleasant to look forward to, and many were the devices made to avoid getting on the dreaded "second relief." And yet those hours had their compensations. The perfect quiet of the sleeping camp, broken only by the hum of the insect world, those "voices of the night" which never ceased, the regular pace of the sentinel drawing near and again fading away as he turned in his beaten path, — these lent a novelty and charm to those of a meditative turn of mind and helped to wing the otherwise tedious hours.

Somewhere in the small hours there appeared, to our intense disgust, what were termed "grand rounds." This was composed of the officer of the day and a few attendants. On being halted by the sentry nearest to the guard tent with the well-known "Who goes there?" came the reply, "Grand rounds." Immediately the guard tent became alive, and the command, "Turn out the guard, grand rounds," was shouted out, and the sergeant and corporal on duty would dart into every nook and corner and pull and tug at every sleepy body until the wretched squad — uttering maledictions on their tormentors, and grand rounds in particular — were hustled into some kind of a line and with the lieutenant of the guard at the head were inspected by the visitors.

Often the officer of the day, after the command, "Turn out the guard" had been sounded, would considerately say, "Never mind the guard," and he who showed such mercy to the sleepy fellows always had a warm spot in their hearts. Company and batallion drill were kept up morning and afternoon, and some of the most welcome words we heard were those at the close of these fatiguing exercises, when the colonel or captain, as the case might be, would sheath his sword and say, "March off your companies."

Did time allow, many, very many incidents of camp life might be cited: the long nights of "guard duty;" the sorrows of the corporals, at everybody's beck and call; the unwelcome sound, "Corporal of the Guard Post 21," which meant a run at double quick to that distant station to listen to some trifling question; the unheard-of command by a lieutenant of the guard in the first days — the men being at "Present arms," he is reported to have given the command, "Stack arms," a thing the guard had some difficulty in obeying.

Comrades who camped here from 1861 to 1865, as the memories of those days pass before you at this hour, it seems as if the voice of the Lord bids us remove the shoes from our feet, as the ground where we stand is holy ground. Old Blue Hill, looking down on this scene as it did forty years ago, seems to say: "You are right in setting aside the hallowed spot and paying tribute to the noble

men who passed from this 'school of the soldier' here to the shock of battle."

Here were encamped the 18th regiment of infantry, who suffered so severely at Fredericksburg; the 20th regiment, whose heroic deeds are marked by the "lion" in the public library, went from this spot; the 24th regiment, whose colonel, Stephenson, was killed at Spottsylvania, bade their kindred good-bye on the soil of Camp Meigs.

Six or more of the regiments, enlisted for a shorter term, in 1862 found shelter here. Later on, the two colored regiments, the 54th and 55th, received their first lessons in military drill on the commodious parade ground, and here we may be sure was instilled in their hearts and lives the patriotism that led them fearlessly to follow their beloved Col. Shaw at the awful slaughter of Fort Wagner.

I have named but a few of the organizations which, after camp life here, went forth with beating drums, with flying colors and martial step, to go they knew not where.

"They heard a voice we cannot hear
That said, 'We must not stay;'
They saw a hand we cannot see
That beckoned them away."

Up Marye's heights at Fredericksburg on that fatal day we see them dashing forward to the stone wall and to the sunken road which none ever reached. Amid the waving corn on the field of Antietam we find them and hear them shout the victory. At Gettysburg they shuddered as the gallant Reynolds dropped, and pressed on with Howard and Barlow through the town on that first day.

We find them in the wheat field, at the peach orchard, on Culp's Hill and Little Round Top, on the second day. And on the third day at Gettysburg, when Longstreet turned away his head as he ordered Pickett to advance, we may be sure they were in the lines of battle on Cemetery Ridge, and did their share in making the "high water mark of the rebellion."

In the closing battles of the war, from the Wilderness to Appomattox, we follow them in their daily weary marches and never-ending encounters. We can imagine their joy at the final consummation, and we rejoice and cheer with them as they burnish their rifles for the great review at Washington.

So we hail the "returning brave."

But what of those who with lively step and in the bloom of youth went forth from this spot and failed to return; on battlefield and in hospital, shut up in Libby Prison or within the "dead line" at Andersonville, wasting with disease and dying of wounds, for whom the loved ones at home waited in vain?

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest.
When Spring with dewy fingers cold
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.
By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung.
There honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there."

To all these 25,000 or more martial spirits we dedicate this scene of their first soldier days. Long may the cannon preserve their present peaceful positions! Never may the time come when the Star Spangled Banner shall cease to float over this consecrated ground, and may children's children to the latest generation swell the chorus of the Union saved, now and forever, one and inseparable!

With the authority and in behalf of this Town and this Association, I name this, "Camp Meigs Memorial Park."

A REVIEW OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE SOCIETY SINCE 1892.

(*CONTINUED.*)

1895.

The usual Spring Meeting of the Society was held May 22d, in Magnolia Hall, and was devoted to a memorial of Mr. Theodore D. Weld. About a hundred members and their friends were present, and a chorus of twenty-five to render the musical numbers on the programme.

The President, Mr. Charles G. Chick, opened the meeting with a short address, after which the Society elected to membership :—

MRS. RUTH A. SUMNER,
MISS ABBIE SUMNER,
DR. WM. A. MOWRY.

The chorus, under the leadership of Mr. J. C. Crowley, sang "Washington and the Flag," words by Mr. Crowley.

The guest of the evening was Mr. Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Jr., who addressed the meeting on the "Life and Times of Theodore D. Weld." Mr. Garrison's remarks were eagerly listened to by the audience, as he spoke in a reminiscent way of his personal experiences of the times and his acquaintance with Mr. Weld.

Following the address the chorus sang "Patriot Sons of Patriot Sires," to music arranged by Mr. J. C. Crowley.

The thanks of the Society were voted to Mr. Garrison for his able and interesting address.

The thanks of the Society were voted to the chorus for their kindness in furnishing enjoyable and appropriate music.

Refreshments were served to all present after the meeting had adjourned.

The Fall Meeting of the Society was held Oct. 22d, in Magnolia Hall, with an attendance of about two hundred.

President Chick addressed the meeting, sketching the progress of the Society and discussing the contemplated plans of a new building for our use.

A drawing of the proposed building was presented by Curator George M. Harding, showing a neat brick structure, one and one-half stories high, of dignified style, and to cost from $6,000 to $12,000, according to material and finish.

The lecturer for the evening was the Rev. M. B. Taylor of Canton, Mass., who spoke on the battle of Allatoona, Ga. Mr. Taylor gave an unusually graphic and thrilling account of the battle, in which he was a participant, and the audience were deeply interested, manifesting their pleasure by frequent applause.

The thanks of the Society were voted to Mr. Taylor.

The meeting then adjourned.

1896.

The regular Annual Meeting of the Society was held Jan. 30th, in the rooms of the Corporation.

President Chick addressed the meeting and impressed upon the members the necessity of a new building for the Society, the present quarters being in a dangerous locality and having no adequate fire protection for the property entrusted to our charge. He congratulated the Society upon its growth and success during the past year.

Three volumes of the Probate Index for Suffolk County, Mass., were presented to the Society by Hon. Elijah George, Register of Probate of that County, and the thanks of the Society were voted to him for the same.

Curator H. B. Carrington, chairman of the Committee on Resolutions on the death of J. B. Bachelder, Esq., read his report. In his remarks prefacing his report, he brought out four points concerning the life and character of Col. Bachelder: first, his wife was, previous to her marriage, his pupil; second, he was not an itinerant photographer, but a school-teacher; third, he was as-

sisted in painting his large picture of the battle of Gettysburg; fourth, he was very sensitive about his title of Colonel, which was not official but simply complimentary.

REPORT.

JOHN BADGER BACHELDER.

IN MEMORIAM.

At a regular meeting of the Hyde Park Historical Society, Hyde Park, Commonwealth of Massachusetts, held January 30, 1896, the report of the committee appointed to make a record of the decease of one of its honored members, John Badger Bachelder, was formally placed upon record, on motion of the chairman of the committee, Gen. Henry B. Carrington, United States Army, one of the Curators, and a citizen of Hyde Park; the same being as follows, to wit:

The Historical Society of Hyde Park, Commonwealth of Massachusetts, sincerely regrets the death of our friend and associate, John Badger Bachelder, who, as a member of this Society, and a citizen honored by the Government as the historian of the battle-field of Gettysburg, so well deserved universal esteem and admiration.

While the Society has lost the benefit of his wisdom and constant sympathy, its Curators hereby place upon record some facts that the general public did not so fully understand.

As early as the age of eight years he developed a marked taste for art; and pictures in oil and in water colors, made at that early period, still remain. He taught painting while teacher at the Partridge Military School in New Hampshire; and his culture and genius made the basis of that elegance of deportment and genial sympathy with everything beautiful that marked his later years in his relations as neighbor, citizen, and gentleman.

We recognize his business tact and courtesy in our Society's endeavor; in our public schools; in our Park system; and in everything that developed the best interests of our town.

We sincerely honor his memory, and direct that a copy of this

official action be engrossed and framed for a place among the memorials of the Society; that a copy be sent to Mrs. Bachelder; and that a copy be also forwarded to the Town Clerk of Gilmanton, New Hampshire, his native town, for its appropriate place among the town records.

(Signed) HENRY B. CARRINGTON,
GEORGE M. HARDING,
JOHN J. ENNEKING.

It was voted to accept the report.

President Chick announced that a friend of the Society had offered part of the land required for the site of a building for a permanent home for the Society. Curator Humphrey suggested that we confer with the Trustees of the Public Library as to the possibility of the town having a new library building with a room in it for our Society. Mrs. Louisa M. Wood, President of the Hyde Park Current Events Club, desired quarters for the Club in the new library building when completed. On motion of Curator Humphrey it was voted, that a committee of five be appointed to confer with a committee from the Current Events Club, or other parties interested. Mr. Henry B. Miner, chairman of the library trustees, stated to the meeting that there was in hand $7,000 as a building fund, which had been raised in former years by fairs, etc.

After a short discussion, President Chick appointed a conference committee as follows: Henry A. Rich, George M. Harding, Thomas E. Faunce, Mrs. Louisa M. Wood, Mrs Edward I. Humphrey, Mrs. E. D. Swallow. Voted, that President Chick be a member of the committee.

Mr. Howard Jenkins presented the report of the Committee on Nominations.

The Secretary was instructed to cast one ballot for the list of officers as read, and the following were declared elected:

President, Charles G. Chick.

Recording Secretary, Frederick L. Johnson.

Treasurer, Wallace D. Lovell.

Curators, Amos H. Brainard, Orin T. Gray, George L. Rich-

ardson, Edward I. Humphrey, Charles F. Jenney, Warren F. McIntire, George M. Harding.

Vice Presidents, James E. Cotter, Robert Bleakie, William J. Stuart, Willard S. Everett, Francis W. Tewksbury, Stephen D. Balkam, E. J. Hickey, David L. Davis, David Higgins, David Perkins, Henry S. Grew, Richard M. Johnson, John J. Enneking, Isaac J. Brown, Henry A. Rich, James D. McAvoy, Isaac Bullard, Henry S. Bunton, Edmund Davis, Samuel T. Elliott.

It was voted to admit to membership,

J. A. CROWLEY. West River Street.
W. H. HOOGS, West River Street.

The meeting was then adjourned.

APRIL 30, 1896.

The April meeting of the Society was held in Magnolia Hall with an attendance of about two hundred people. It was made a memorial to the late Governor F. T. Greenhalge. President Chick addressed the meeting, paying a personal tribute to the late Governor and also spoke at length on the needs and prospects of the Society.

Mr. C. Fred Allen, Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions on the death of Governor Greenhalge, presented his report, which was adopted and ordered spread upon the records of the Society.

The Schubert Male Quartette of Hyde Park rendered a selection, and then was introduced the speaker of the evening, the Hon. J. H. O'Neil, who in a charming conversational manner told of his acquaintance with Governor Greenhalge while in Congress. He paid a high tribute to his character and ability.

Another selection by the Quartette and then Colonel H. A. Thomas, private secretary to the late Governor, was introduced and delivered a stirring address, in which he testified to the many good qualities and virtues of Mr. Greenhalge.

After a selection by the Quartette, the Hon. Frank W. Darling addressed the meeting in a short and appropriate speech.

More music by the Quartette, and then the thanks of the Society were extended to the speakers of the evening, and it was ordered that a stenographic report of the proceedings be made a part of the Society's records.

A vote of thanks was passed to Mr. A. C. Clapp for a gift of framed documents.

Adjourned.

NOVEMBER 30, 1896.

The Fall meeting was held in the rooms of the Society, with an attendance of about sixty. President Chick in the chair.

Mr. Fred C. Stone, on behalf of the directors of the First Baptist Sunday-School of Hyde Park, presented to the Society two original reports of the school in 1860 and 1861; also a brief history of the school up to 1883, in two volumes. It was voted to send the thanks of the Society to the Directors of the First Baptist Sunday School.

The new crayon portrait of Mr. Theodore D. Weld was exhibited at this meeting, and an appeal was made for contributions to the fund for paying for it.

The speaker of the evening was Colonel Henry Walker, who gave a short history of the Honorable Artillery Company of London, England. Colonel Walker was the Commander of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston on their recent visit to the London company. His remarks were very interesting and were enjoyed by all present. The thanks of the Society were presented to Colonel Walker.

President Chick appointed a committee of three to prepare a list of nominations for officers of the Society for 1897. The committee appointed were Messrs. George Miles, Charles E. Higgins, and Henry A. Rich.

Adjourned.

JANUARY 21, 1897.

The Annual Meeting and election of officers was held this evening, with an attendance of about sixty.

President Chick, in his opening address, congratulated the

Society on its prosperous condition and on the fact of its having outlived that short period which seems to be the measure of life of most societies in our town. Our library consists at present of about fifteen hundred books and one thousand pamphlets, and additions are constantly being made to it. The special need of the Society is a new building, but at this time there is no prospect of obtaining one in the near future.

The report of the Committee on Nominations was read and accepted. The Secretary was instructed to cast one ballot for officers for the ensuing year, and Asa J. Adams was appointed teller. The result of the ballot was the same as last year, with the exception of George L. Stocking, Curator, vice Orin T. Gray.

Voted to accept the picture of the Board of Selectmen of the town in 1896. The desirability of having a local society of the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution was then discussed. The idea met with general favor, and a committee of five was appointed to arrange the matter. The committee, including the President of the Society, was as follows: Mrs. H. A. B. Thompson, Mrs. E. D. Swallow, Messrs. C. G. Chick, George Miles, and F. L. Johnson.

Mr. Charles J. Page of Boston was introduced and read a very interesting paper on the "Highways and Byways of Old Boston." A vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Page, with a request for a a copy of the paper for the Society.

Mr. Henry S. Bunton presented, on behalf of Mrs. S. N. Piper, the record book of the First Religious Organization in Hyde Park, and also a pair of nippers used by James Gately, the "hermit" of Grew's woods. The thanks of the Society were voted to Mrs. S. N. Piper.

A committee was appointed to arrange for a banquet, to occur on the tenth anniversary of the founding of the Society, which comes in April. The following were appointed to meet the Curators: Mrs. W. W. Wilde, Mrs.W. D. Lovell, Mrs. E. D. Swallow, Mrs John Hurter, Mrs. E. I. Humphrey.

Received: the Proprietary Records of the Town of Cambridge.

Adjourned.

April 27, 1897.

The tenth Annual Meeting was held in the rooms of the Society and in A. O. H. Hall, situated in the same building. About seventy-five people were present.

After the usual address by the President, it was Voted, That a committee of three be appointed to draft resolutions on the death of David Higgins, one of our Vice Presidents, and also on the death of Reuben Corson.

The Chair appointed on David Higgins: Messrs. Henry A. Rich, Amos H. Brainard, and Edward I. Humphrey; on Reuben Corson: Messrs. Edmund Davis, F. A. Sweet and Thomas E. Faunce.

The Euterpean Club attended the meeting in a body and sang "April," by King Hall. Mr. Charles F. Jenney spoke of the portraits of Benjamin Radford and Robert Bleakie recently hung on the walls. These portraits were originally given to the Waverly Club by Mr. Edwin A. Hall, but not having been formally accepted by them, Mr. Hsll presented them to the Historical Society.

Mr. Edwin A. Hall was made a life member.

Mrs. Loveland read a very amusing poem on Sylvanus Cobb, by Sam Walter Foss. General Henry B. Carrington, as speaker of the evening, related his personal recollections of General U. S. Grant. He was more than usually interesting and delighted his hearers.

The Euterpean Club sang "Love's Old, Sweet Song," by Molloy, arranged for female voices.

A rising vote of thanks was given to the Euterpean Club for their fine performance, and to Mrs. Loveland, and to General Carrington.

An invitation from the Hyde Park Current Events Club for the officers of our Society to meet them, May 3d, 1897, was read.

Adjourned.

October 27, 1897.

A regular meeting of the Society was held this evening. In calling the meeting to order, President Chick used a gavel made

by Mr. W. F. Noyes of Hyde Park. The head of this gavel is made of wood from the U. S. Frigate "Constitution," and the handle of wood from the U. S.S. "Kearsarge" of civil war fame.

Mr. Andrew Washburn, in behalf of the Grand Army Post of Hyde Park, presented a fac simile of the memorial containing the names of the contributors to the fund for repairing and fitting out Liberty Hall, where the Post holds its meetings.

Mr. Osborne Howes, of the Greater Boston Commission, spoke for the plan of uniting ten cities and thirteen towns to Boston. He explained that the cities and towns should retain their original form of government and have at the same time about seventy-five councilmen in the City Hall, about ten of whom would be from Hyde Park. The legislative bill embodying these terms and asking for authority for its submission to the people he read to the meeting. The subject aroused considerable interest, which was shown by the number of persons who asked questions about it. A vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Howes.

By vote of the Society, the Curators were instructed to hold a public meeting to discuss the subject of Greater Boston, and to request the attendance of every member.

Adjourned.

DECEMBER 22, 1897.

A citizens' meeting was held this evening to consider the proposition: "Shall the citizens of Hyde Park petition the General Court to act favorably upon the bill entitled, 'An act to provide for the creation of a new County which shall include Boston and the surrounding cities and towns?'"

Mr. Charles G. Chick was elected Chairman, and Mr. W. E. Norwood, Secretary, of the meeting.

After some discussion of the question, the meeting was adjourned to December 29, 1897, and so ceased to form a part of the proceedings of the Hyde Park Historical Society.

HISTORICAL FIELD DAY.

BY CHARLES F. JENNEY, ESQ.

The Hyde Park Historical Society observed Patriots' Day in 1903, for the first time, by field day exercises. A goodly number of members and friends met in front of the Public Library building, on Harvard Avenue, and in charge of the President of the Society, proceeded down East River Street, viewing historic spots by the way.

Before leaving the library, attention was called to the fact that the first house lots laid out in this section of Hyde Park were shown upon a plan made in 1847. So far as known, none of these lots were ever sold. The library building stands upon a part of the farm purchased by Edward Jones, in 1821, of William H. Sumner and others, trustees, for Eliza Gerard. Mrs. Gerard acquired her interest in the property from her father, Gov. Increase Sumner, who inherited the property from his father, of the same name. Increase, Senior, acquired his interest in the property by various deeds, from members of the Merrifield family, between 1756 and 1761. Simeon Merrifield resided in this locality as early as 1740, and Benjamin Merrifield lived upon the farm prior to 1744.

The first point of interest after leaving the library was the old house on Everett Square, nearly opposite the post-office. This house was built after Edward Jones became the owner of the farm. It certainly was there as early as 1853. After the Jones family ceased to occupy the house, John Henry Beals lived in the same up to about 1865.

As early as 1854, still another house stood on the Jones estate, on the corner of River and Grove Streets, and where the post-office now stands. Grove Street had not then been constructed. This house is now standing on Grove Street, in the rear of the post-office, having been moved from its original location. In 1854

it had an iron fence in front of it, and there was a cow path to the river, substantially where Fairmount Avenue now is. This house was occupied by William B. Weeman, son-in-law of Mr. Jones, who lived there until about 1870, when it was occupied by Dr. Charles L. Edwards during the early years of his practice. Mr. Weeman was a blacksmith and engaged in the manufacture of iron fences in Boston, and at one time had a shop on Bridge Street, near the river.

Passing down River Street, a halt was next made at the old house standing just beyond the new Young Men's Christian Association building and at the corner of River and Webster Streets. This was the original homestead on the Jones farm, and at one time had a large barn standing just in the rear of the house now occupied by Samuel R. Moseley. This house was probably built during the Sumner ownership of the property. Increase Sumner, father and son, both lived in Roxbury, and, so far as known, never occupied the premises as a home. This house is certainly more than an hundred years of age, but the exact date of its construction is not known. Attention was also called to the site of the house of George Hill, at the corner of River and Lincoln Streets, where the house of Mrs. Lomelia A. Bickford now stands. There was a house standing at this place as early as 1798, and at the time of the commencement of the present village George Hill resided at this place. The house occupied by Mr. Hill was torn down at the time of the purchase of the property by Mr, Bickford about 1861. George Hill was an Englishman, a butcher, and also ran a fish cart. He came to this country from Portsmouth, England. Our townsman, Henry S. Holtham, came to this house in August, 1854, and resided there for two or three years. Mr. Holtham was the son of Henry Holtham, and also came to this country from Portsmouth, England, landing from the cars at Mattapan on the branch railroad, and walked to the Hill place with his brother and sister. Mr. Hill's farm extended from Lincoln street to West street. His barn stood on the corner of West street. The next stop was at the site of the old Goodwin place, also on the west side of the street where Leuie Columbia

built a house between 1794 and 1797. This house had various owners. It was owned by William Goodwin, or his heirs, from 1827 until it became the property of Elihu Greenwood, who bought an undivided half of the same in 1851, and the remaining interest in 1862. Directly across the street was a barn belonging to this property. The Goodwin house was situated just northerly of West street, and the barn belonging to it was situated in what is now the front yard of property of Francis W. Tewksbury. It is still standing, having been moved back and repaired.

Less than three rods beyond the Goodwin place formerly stood a small residence owned by widow Abigail Merrifield, to whom a small lot of land was deeded by Lemuel Crane in 1804. On the site of this house there now stands a house occupied by James G. Bolles. On the opposite side of the street, people now living remember an old cellar hole said to have been the site of a house occupied by one Cæzar, a colored dependent of the Sumner family. Sheridan F. Ticknor's residence is built on this site.

Passing further down the street, attention was called to the Greenwood house, built by Lemuel Crane about 1783, and purchased by Elihu Greenwood in 1842, at or about which time Mr. Greenwood came there to reside, from Brighton. This house is still in the family, being the residence of Mr. Frank Greenwood, a son of the first of the name in this locality. The house is in excellent condition. The old chimney has been removed to a level with the sills, but the brick arch which sustained the same still remains in the cellar. A piazza has been built upon the front. An old ell, containing a kitchen with brick oven and set boiler, has been removed and the present ell of four rooms, also with a brick oven and set boiler therein, has been erected. The rest of the house remains substantially as it was, with the old-fashioned colonial finish. Many of the windows and window frames have been changed, but some of the old frames still remain, worked out of but one piece instead of being made of boards, as at present. The studding of the first story was filled with one course of bricks. For an account of Lemuel Crane, see the "History of Dorchester" (1859), page 539.

A stop was next made at the residence of Andrew Fisher, on the corner of Huntington Avenue and River Street. This property was purchased by Mr. Fisher's father in 1854, and the house was standing as early as 1843.

The little Butler School, erected in 1804, and standing just beyond Mr. Fisher's residence, was visited, but no extended reference to its history is here made, as the same is fully given in the Hyde Park Historical Record (Vol. I, page 9), in Mr. Rich's excellent article. See also "History of Dorchester" (Vol. I, page 45). So, too, the old Roundy house under the magnificent elms by the riverside and the site of Sumner Hall were pointed out, but the story of these buildings has been already well told in Mrs. Weld's excellent article in the Historical Record (Vol. II, page 23).

Directly opposite the paper mill was at one time situated the residence of John Trescott, erected about 1679. The story of the Trescott house and estates has also been fully given in the Record (Vol. III, page 55), and reference is made to the same for further details.

Fifty years ago, where Huntington Avenue now is there was a private way leading to Clarendon Hills. James Gately, the hermit, prior to his removal to Grew's Woods, lived beside Pine Garden Rock, not far from the spring issuing therefrom.

Passing by the paper mill, attention was called to the salient points in the history of the mill privilege. Much of interest might be written concerning this privilege, but the subject is so extensive that it ought to be considered under a special article, and more fully than space will now permit.

As early as 1685, John Trescott built a saw mill a short distance above where the paper mill now stands. In 1773 George Clark obtained a grant of land from the town of Dorchester, and soon after built a paper mill. This mill was also a short distance above the present privilege. William Sumner first acquired an interest in the privilege in 1786, and in 1796 became the sole owner thereof. In 1798 the dam was moved to its present site. In 1832 a cotton mill was built upon the same privilege, and in

HISTORIC LANDMARKS.

1836 upon the same privilege there was a paper mill, grist mill, and cotton factory. See as to the history of this privilege, "History of Dorchester," page 628, "Hyde Park Historical Record," Vol. I, page 29, Vol. II, page 27, Vol. III, page 58.

The long tenement block, across the road from the mill, was built in 1832 or 1833, and the tenement house just northerly thereof at a later date.

When the party reached the site on the east side of River Street, nearly opposite Wood Avenue, where a monument had been erected marking approximately the location of the first house erected in Hyde Park, a pause was made and President Chick and Curator Jenney made brief remarks. The monument had been put in place the day before, and bears upon its face the following inscription:

NEAR THIS PLACE
IN 1668
ROBERT STANTON
BUILT THE FIRST HOUSE
IN
HYDE PARK

HYDE PARK
HISTORICAL SOCIETY
APRIL, 1903

At the close of this article Mr. Jenney's remarks are given.

The party also visited the sites of the houses of Sargent Blake, built before 1838, upon what is now the southerly corner of River and Blake Streets, and also that of the residence of Nathaniel Hebard, which until within a very short time stood nearly opposite the location of the Blake house. Sargent Blake bought his property of Joseph Morton in July, 1838, and there was then a dwelling-house upon the premises. Mr. Hebard purchased in 1842 the property on which he for many years lived, and built his house upon it soon afterward. This building still stands upon the lot on which it was erected, having been moved back from its original location.

From the bridge over the railroad the positions of several old houses were also pointed out. Where John G. Ray's house now stands, a house was erected somewhere between 1812 and 1823 by Simeon Howe. This house was removed by Mr. Ray but a few years ago.

In 1781 John Capen purchased of the town of Dorchester thirty-six acres lying between the street and river. This tract is partly in Hyde Park. Capen had a house on this lot and resided there prior to 1823, when he conveyed the property. This house was occupied for many years by Peter Fallon, and stood a little distance from the street and under magnificent elms.

Samuel Bird, some time between 1805 and 1810, erected a house on the southerly corner of River Street and Bird Lane, and the same is still standing there.

While the localities were not visited, attention was also called to the house for many years owned by Anton Burger, situated westerly of the New York & New England Railroad and near the present Rugby station. This house was built by Rufus Nason in 1838 or soon thereafter.

Henry Bird, prior to 1833, also resided a short distance westerly of the last-mentioned house. He had lived there for some time, and the location of the house was well defined until within very recent years.

A short visit was also made to Wood Avenue, for many years known as Back Street, and the site of the Trescott house, which stood where is now the residence of Hiram J. Townsend. Two daughters of Franklin Stone, who resided in the original mansion for many years, were present and gave many interesting reminiscences concerning this house, and also concerning all of the localities visited. A picture of this building, historical references thereto, and a full description thereof may be found in the Historical Record, Vol. III, pages 60, 71, 73.

On the other side of Wood Avenue, a short distance westerly of the Trescott house, the widow Mary Birch resided as early as 1728. In that year Wood Avenue was described as the way leading from Trescott's house to widow Birch's. How long prior to

that time this land was in the Birch family cannot now be determined. The lot comprised one and one half acres and was sold in 1761 by Samuel Birch to Thomas Hastings, and the building thereon was then described as a small dwelling-house. The last reference found to this building is in 1764. The land upon which it stood is a part of the land described in a deed given to William Sumner in 1788, and apparently the house had then disappeared.

Mr. Jenney's remarks at the dedication of the memorial were as follows:

ROBERT STANTON.

It has been often said that Hyde Park has no history reaching back before the time of the commencement of the first house in the Fairmount District, by the Twenty Associates in 1856, but this is far from the truth. The industrial history of Hyde Park commenced considerably over two hundred years ago, and the first settlement of the district was nearly two hundred and fifty years ago. While the town as a town cannot point to any long municipal career, yet the history of the locality is of interest and dates back to an early period. The first house, near the limits of our town, was at Readville, and probably was built shortly before 1639, but it was not within our borders, although the extensive farms on which it stood extended well within Hyde Park.

River Street, our first highway, was laid out by the town of Dorchester in 1661, and shortly after that, what is now known as Wood Avenue was used as a public highway. For many years it was known as Back Street. Prior to that time it was sometimes called Trescott's Lane. It is recognized in the records as early as 1687.

On December 5, 1659, Robert Stanton applied to the town for a parcel of land about the Ox Pen, and a committee was appointed to view it and make report to the Selectmen. On January 16, 1660, the Committee reported and Stanton was granted a parcel of land about or near the Ox Pen "soe that it doe not exceed thirtie acres."

As the grant to Stanton is the earliest land grant in this locality, the same is quoted in full from the Dorchester Records.

"The same day vpon the request of Robert Stanton to have a parsell of land about the ox penn Mr. Patten Lieutenant Clapp and William Robinson are appointed to view it and make returne vnto the select men before the second day of January next."—(Dorchester Records, Vol. I, page 130, December 5, 1659.)

"The same day it was Voted and granted vnto Robert Stanton vpon his former request a parsell of land about or neare the oxe pen soe that it Doe not exceed thirtie acres: it being viewed according vnto former order by Mr. Patten, Lieutenant Clap and William Robenson who made ther Returne vnto the select men as they were ordered."—(Dorchester Records, Vol. I, page 131, January 16, 1660.)

The locality of the land thus granted can be readily determined. It is fixed by many deeds conveying it in whole or in part, also by deeds of the adjoining lots, and by an ancient plan made in 1745, a copy of which has been presented to the Historical Society by G. L. Richardson. The deeds also fix the locality of the Ox Pen in a general way, and deeds of other land in this vicinity also refer to it. Just where it was situated is not known, but probably it was Wood Avenue and the Boston line.

Stanton probably did not build upon his lot at once. In 1667, the records disclose a proposition to the town for an exchange of land "near Robert Stanton's" in the five hundred acres (which originally included all this locality). March 9, 1668, he was granted liberty to have "ground sels, plates and beams out of the 500 acrs." The character of this entry indicates quite conclusively that this was the time when he built his residence, and from it the date placed upon the stone has been determined.

But little is known concerning Stanton. In 1652, he entered into an agreement with the town to keep all "oxen, steeres, or fating cows from yew to cow for 3 or 5 yers in a heard" on the south side of the River Neponset. His agreement included a covenant to "goe forth with the said Oxen and steeres halfe an hower by sonne, and bringe them to their appointed place or pen

so called about sonne sittinge euy night, that so the owners may haue them there if they please to send for them, either in the evening, or in the morning before the said tyme of their goeing forth, and not be dissapointed when they haue vrgent occasions to vse them, and to make the pen sufficient for largnesse of ground that so the Oxen or Steeres may be the lesse injurious or hurtfull one vnto an other, as also sufficient in point of fence," and he was to have two shillings a head, one half to be paid during the first month after the cattle were put in and the other half at the end of September. He was to keep them from the eighth of May until the same day of the following October, in each year. In 1665, a new agreement was made for five years by which he was to keep all such "Oxen and Steeres being two yeares old or vpward with what Drie Cowes wee shall put a feeding of any of this Towne, and none of other Townes: And to keep all such Oxen and steeres in a herd as shall be delivered him att the Penn and to take Care of such feeding Cowes or Oxen in some Convenient place where it may be best for the fating of them according to his best discretion." These were also to be kept on the south side of the river, and the provision as to care was practically the same as in the earlier contract. He was to have for his compensation two shillings per head to be paid one half in Indian corn and the other half in wheat, barley or peas, in two payments per year. He was illiterate, as he signed these agreements by his mark. After the incorporation of Milton in 1662 the Ox Pen was situated on the northerly side of the river in this locality as before stated. It is not known whether Stanton continued to keep the Ox Pen after the grant of this land to him, although he probably did so, and had his grant close at hand for convenience. In 1671 he tendered his services to the town to keep a dry herd of cattle.

Financial prosperity does not seem to have followed on his ventures, as in later years he was in poor circumstances. In 1677 his tax of three shillings is among the "more desparet debts" brought in by the constable. In 1681, his tax was discounted to the constable as among those that could not be collected. In 1684, his tax of two shillings and six pence was abated.

In 1687, when land was granted to Daniel Elder, where the paper mill now stands, it bounded on a hedge fence of Stanton's. In December, 1689, a contribution was taken by the church for the poor in Dorchester, out of which there was purchased for Stanton, from various persons whose names appear upon the record, a barrel of corn, a barrel of rye, four pecks of rye, two pecks of corn; and in addition, six shillings in money was given to him.

The date of his death is not known. By his will, made in 1687, and proved May 25, 1702, he left his property to his wife Rese for life, and remainder to his son Thomas. He mentions his daughter Prudence, and grandson, Thomas Trott. His wife died May 13, 1707. After his death, this property was conveyed to John Trescott, Jr., in 1711 and 1713. The easterly section became the property of James Boies and Jeremiah Smith in 1749. The westerly portion was afterwards divided into two parts; the part on which the memorial stone is situated becoming the property of William Sumner in 1826, and the easterly part of the westerly division became the property of Nathaniel Hebard in 1842.

Grateful acknowledgment is made of valuable assistance and information given by Miss Elma A. Stone, Miss Jennie M. Stone, Mrs. Anna H. Weld, Frank Greenwood, Henry S. Holtham, and others.

Much interest was manifested all along the route, and a wish expressed that similar field days might be observed in years to come.

In the evening the members assembled in Weld Hall, which had been appropriately decorated for the occasion with many flags by the ladies of the Society. It took the form of a "Colonial tea," and the guests were received by President and Mrs. C. G. Chick, Gen. and Mrs. H. B. Carrington, and Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Johnson, all of whom wore costumes similar to those worn by the leaders of society more than a century ago. Others in costume were the following members of the committee: Mesdames S. A. Tuttle, chairman; F. L. Johnson, E. D. Swallow, H. S. Bunton, R. P. Moseley, and J. E. Cotter. The ushers were Misses Margaret Bertram, Susie Swallow and Abbie Sumner.

There was an excellent entertainment, including the reading of "Paul Revere's Ride" by Miss Elizabeth Beatey; and "April, 1775," by Miss Blanche Van Derzee of Boston. Patriotic songs were sung by W. T. and Miss Willa Crooker; remarks by Messrs . Chick, Carrington and Mowry. Refreshments were served by the committee, and the meeting closed with the singing of "America," led by E. S. Hathaway. A vote of thanks was tendered Howard Jenkins for the gift to the Society of Boston papers of 1813.

VITAL STATISTICS.

PREPARED BY EDWIN C. JENNEY, ESQ.

1873.

Jan. 21. Yorick G. H. Colby, son of John D., born in Amesbury, and Hattie, born in Salem.

Jan. 9. Mary Joyce, daughter of Thomas and Mary, both born in Ireland.

Jan. 6. Austin McGovern, son of James and Winney, both born in Ireland.

Jan. 4. Hermann A. Osgood, son of Abott M., born in New Hampshire, and Lucretia H., born in Roxbury.

Jan. 14. Foster H. Rich, son of Henry A., born in Hardwick, and Harriet F., born in Warwick.

Jan. 31. John H. Elliott, son of Albert and Maria A., both born in Nova Scotia.

Jan. 5. Mabel G. Briggs, daughter of Henry B., born in New Bedford, and Ella F., born in Maine.

Jan. 23. Leora Fisher, daughter of Frank Gilpatric, born in Maine, and Carrie Fisher, born in Deer Isle, Maine.

Jan. 13. Emma B. Coggswell, daughter of Burton, born in Maine, and Sophronia, born in Hubbardston.

Jan. 17. Maybelle J. Crosby, daughter of Adin B., born in Dedham, and Catherine A., born in Prince Edward Island.

Jan. 26. Edith E. Butler, daughter of George H., born in Boston, and Harriet P. W., born in Nantucket.

Jan. 1. Edwin B. Kelly, son of John E. and Mary, both born in Cape Breton.

Jan. 5. Peter Como, son of Alexander, born in New Brunswick, and Rosa, born in Nova Scotia.

Jan. 26. Irving W. Humphrey, son of Edward I., born in Bridgewater, and Mary, born in Boston.

Jan. 12. Mary Mack, daughter of Patrick and Jane, both born in Ireland.

Feb. 27. ——— Hanscom, son of George W. and Abbie L., both born in Maine.

Feb. 6. Walter A. Knight, son of Albert, born in Maine, and Elizabeth, born in New Hampshire.

Feb. 22. Emma Kubasch, daughter of H. C. W. and Anna, both born in Prussia.

Feb. 18. Bridget Jenkins, daughter of Henry and Margaret, both born in Ireland.

Feb. 7. Alice M. Beatey, daughter of Robert W., born in Ireland, and Catherine, born in Scotland.

Feb. 26. Helen S. Arnold, daughter of Henry F., born in Massachusetts, and Carrie F., born in Boston.

Feb. 28. William Swan, son of Bartholomew, born in Ireland, and Elisa, born in Dorchester.

Feb. 10. Ellen Sweeney, daughter of Thomas and Jane, both born in Ireland.

March 20. William O'Riley, son of Patrick, born in Ireland, and Catherine, born in Norton.

March 16. Charles E. Bradbury, son of Sumner T., born in Boston, and Annie, born in Salem.

March 2. Ann Woods, daughter of Patrick and Mary, both born in Ireland.

March 28. Clarence C. Farrington, son of Willis S., born in New Hampshire, and Ella M., born in Andover.

March 19. Gertrude Tinson, daughter of Thomas J., born in Vermont, and Susan C., born in Maine.

March 6. Charles Maguire, son of Richard, born in Charlestown, and Mary, born in Boston.

March 9. George S. Reynolds, son of Stephen H., born in New Hampshire, and Lucy A., born in Boston.

March 9. Elisa V. White, daughter of Thomas U. and Ellen W., both born in Ohio.

March 4. Arthur W. Halliday, son of George W. and Lucinda, both of Boston.

March 1. John W. Arentsen, son of John W. and Christina, both of Holland.

March 17. Jennie Thompson, daughter of John W. and Jeanes, both born in Scotland.

March 27. Cintha Sills, daughter of George W., born in North Carolina, and Mary R., born in Montreal, Canada.

March 11. Mursella J. McDonald, daughter of Peter and Mary E., both born in Prince Edward Island.

March 5. George H. Small, son of George, born in Maine, and Mary, born in Boston.

March 27. Jane Quinn, daughter of Richard, born in Ireland, and Sarah A. born in Maine.

April 2. Edward White, son of William, born in Dorchester, and Mary, born in Lowell.

April 13. Luetta Gould, daughter of William B., born in North Carolina, and Cornelia W., born in South Carolina.

April 16. Ethel M. Lothrop, daughter of Charles L. and Mary F., both born in Boston.

April 11. Mary A. Mullen, daughter of Thomas and Ann, both born in Ireland.

April 20. Fred L. Stockford, son of L. B., born in St. Johns, and Martha J., born in Maine.

April 26. Clara W. Rich, daughter of Charles W., born in Canton, and Clara B., born in Cohasset.

April 14. Willard H. Brockway, son of Willard H., born in New Hampshire, and Rebecca, born in Charlestown.

April 21. Mary E. Brannan, daughter of James and Mary, both born in Ireland.

April 12. Margaret E. Robinson, daughter of Andrew and Bridget, both born in Ireland.

April 10. Kate Connolly, daughter of Patrick and Mary, both born in Ireland.

April 3. Daniel T. McLeod, son of John, born in Nova Scotia, and Elisa J., born in Ireland.

May 5. John F. Graham, son of William, born in Hartford, Connecticut, and Mary, born in Ireland.

May 28. Franklin R. Smith, son of T. F., born in Fairhaven, and Ellen C., born in Maine.

May 27. John W. Mahoney, son of Florence and Bridget, both born in Ireland.

May 4. Thomas Wallace, son of Thomas, born in Salem, and Hannah, born in Ireland.

May 25. Herbert J. Kennedy, son of Herbert and Mary, both born in Ireland.

May 21. Mabel A. Nowell, daughter of Bradford L. and Laura M., both born in Maine.

May 6. Georgianna Peare, daughter of George H., born in Maine, and Anna E., born in Blackstone.

May 12. Adell M. Williams, daughter of John M., born in Maine, and Abbie M., born in Quincy.

May 6. Georgianna Jordan, daughter of Madison and Hattie, both born in Massachusetts.

May 26. Margaret J. Henderson, daughter of William, born in Scotland, and Mary, born in Ireland.

May 15. Guy Roberts, son of Alexander, born in Newfoundland, and Elisa, born in Prince Edward Island.

May —. John Burk, son of Thomas and Mary, both born in Ireland.

June 30. William A. Dolan, son of Michael F., born in Ireland, and Catherine D., born in South Boston.

June 24. James Cox, son of Hugh, born in Ireland, and Lisa, born in Dedham.

June 23. Sarah Miriam Terry, daughter of Henry B., born in Raynham, and Abbie A., born in Newton.

June 21. Edward J. Curran, son of Bernard and Mary, both born in Ireland.

June 23. Grace B. Cale, daughter of Edward F. W., born in Salem, and Mary I., born in Chicago.

June 23. Katie Sweeney, daughter of Timothy and Catherine, both born in Ireland.

June 6. Lawrence Mullen, son of Patrick and Bridgett, both born in Ireland.

June 7. William Fitsgerald, son of Thomas, born in Nova Scotia, and Rosamund, born in Ireland.

June 11. James Claffy, son of Caime and Margaret, both born in Ireland.

June 1. John E. Burke, son of Patrick and Mary, both born in Ireland.

June 22. Margaret McNally, daughter of Thomas and Margaret, both born in Ireland.

June 10. Constance Rafstedt, daughter of Antoine and Thora, both born in Sweden.

June 12. Henry C. Elridge, son of George B., born in New York, and Carrie C., born in Boston

June 5. Mary A. Perry, daughter of Frederick A., born in Cape Cod, and Jane, born in Nova Scotia.

June 17. Maud C. Clay, daughter of Horace T., born in Cambridge, and Flora, born in Dorchester.

June 23. Anna G. Vivian, daughter of Robert H., born in Boston, and Roxanna, born in New Hampshire.

June 5. George Sweetser, son of William, born in Boston, and Almira E., born in Vermont.

June 5. Willie Sweetser, son of William, born in Boston, and Almira E., born in Vermont.

June 15. Moris Gorman, son of Moris, born in New York, and Elisa, born in Ireland.

June —. Alice Nickerson, daughter of Franklin L., born in Dartmouth, and Annie E., born in Needham.

July 25. Mabel Thompson, daughter of Benjamin F., born in New Hampshire, and Euphrasia G., born in Vermont.

July 1. Andrew Maloney, son of Patrick, born in St. Johns, and Margaret, born in Halifax, Nova Scotia.

July 12. Frederick G. Hill, son of Charles, born in England, and Mary E., born in Medford.

July 6. John McQuallon, son of Edward and Mary, both born in Ireland.

July 17. Mary A. Clary, daughter of James, born in Ireland, and Catherine, born in England.

July 18. Edward Jordan, son of Edward and Margaret, both born in Ireland.

July 19. ——— Stahl, son of John H., born in Massachusetts, and Maria A., born in Milton.

July 16. Annie Shea, daughter of James and Annie, both born in Ireland.

July 25. Emily L. Mosher, daughter of John M., born in New Bedford, and L. Annie, born in New Hampshire.

July 10. Mary L. Raeder, daughter of Henry, born in Germany, and Clara E., born in Duxbury.

July 15. ——— Stevens, son of Thomas M., born in Boston, and Ann J., born in Maine.

July 2. Henry Holser, son of Ulrish and Mary, both born in Switzerland.

July 29. Emma Waner, daughter of Richard D., born in Lake Superior, and Mary, born in Ireland.

July 9. Cornelius F. O'Donell, son of Edward and Elizabeth, both born in Ireland.

July 4. John E. Page, son of Eben B. and Harriet, both born in Connecticut.

Aug. 12. Perley H. Blodgett, son of Silas P., born in Concord, and Anna E., born in Littleton.

Aug. 17. Bertha G. Hunt, daughter of Herbert E., born in Douglas, and Henriette A., born in Boston.

Aug. 9. James McAuliffe, son of Edward and Bridget, both born in Ireland.

Aug. 9. James T. Costello, son of Michael and Mary, both born in Ireland.

Aug. 5. Harriet L. Whittier, daughter of Napoleon B., born in New Hampshire, and Ellen A., born in Dorchester.

Aug. 22. Cornelius Galvin, son of John, born in Ireland, and Kate, born in Boston.

Aug. 18. Inez M. Laselle, daughter of Frederick, born in Boston, and Montevilla, born in Maine.

Aug. 16. Edith W. Bartlett, daughter of Walter B., born in Rhode Island, and Lily, born in Providence, Rhode Island.

Aug. 29. Herbert E. Howland, son of Edward H., born in Chelsea, and Clara E., born in Boston.

Aug. 1. Margaret E. Bonnan, daughter of Frank, born in St. John, New Brunswick, and Hannah, born in Ireland.

Aug. 15. Patrick Burke, son of John and Mary, both born in Ireland.

Aug. 10. Edward Gill, son of John and Bridget, both born in Ireland.

Aug. 15. ——— Cann, son of Samuel, born in Nova Scotia, and Mary, born in Maine.

Aug. 12. Willie Foley, son of Thomas and Hannah, both born in Ireland.

Aug. 18. ——— Whipple, daughter of Frederick J., born in Boston, and Lucinda D., born in New York.

Aug. 26. Mary E. Kelleher, daughter of Daniel, born in Dorchester, and Mary, born in England.

Aug. 3. Robert W. Bass, son of G. Walter, born in Boston, and Elisa L., born in New York.

Aug. 13. Elisabeth L. Nolan, daughter of John F., born in Ireland, and Elisa, born in Woonsocket, Rhode Island.

Aug. 14. James Watson, son of Peter, born in Roxbury, and Ellen, born in Worcester.

Aug. 21. Clyde R. Baker, son of John S., born in Maine, and Carrie, born in Vermont.

Aug. 22. Mary Logan, daughter of Thomas, born in Ireland, and June, born in Newfoundland.

Sept. 24. Ernest A. Tuttle, son of Samuel A., born in New Hampshire, and Anna M., born in New Brunswick.

Sept. 26. John J. Walsh, son of Lewis and Julia, both born in Ireland

Sept. 14. Thomas McCarty, son of James and Mary, both born in Ireland.

Sept. 2. Lawrence Connolly, son of Michael and Bridget, both born in Ireland.

Sept. 3. Mary Dunn, daughter of William and Julia, both born in Ireland.

Sept. 18. Hannah C. Watson, daughter of Hamilton, born in Kentucky, and Harriet, born in North Carolina.

Sept. 1. Emma R. Damon, daughter of Martin W., born in Hanover, and Abbie B., born in Maine.

Sept. 6. Harriet P. Nye, daughter of David B., born in New Hampshire, and Hellen A., born in Maine.

Sept. 20. George T. Williams, son of James T., born in Maine, and Phebe A., born in New Brunswick.

Sept. 5. Isabella Scaggins, daughter of William and Bettie, both born in Virginia.

Sept. 9. Grace I. Walmsley, daughter of Charles R., born in Boston, and Hattie, born in Massachusetts.

Sept. 4. Herbert L. Savage, son of Eben D. and Mary E., both born in Maine.

Sept. 12. Lydia A. Butler, daughter of John, born in Nova Scotia, and Joanna, born in Rhode Island.

Sept. 27. Estella L. Snelling, daughter of Samuel and Harriet E., both born in Boston.

Sept. 3. Henry Tracy, son of Henry and Mary, both born in Canada.

Sept. 25. Edmund H. Spring, son of Andrew and Susanna M., both born in Weston.

Oct. 9. Martha J. Dray, daughter of John and Bridgett, both born in Ireland.

Oct. 4. Anna Allen, daughter of Thomas and Anna, both born in Ireland.

Oct. 29. Margaret Horrigan, daughter of John and Ann, both born in Ireland

Oct. 20. Nora A. Nickerson, daughter of Albert A., born in Franklin, and Mary H., born in New York.

Oct. 31. L. K. Lombard, daughter of Solomon T., born in Truro, and Ann J., born in Wrentham.

Oct. 8. Herbert A. Hawley, son of Charles F., born in Springfield, and Hellen M., born in Boston.

Oct. 5. Charles W. Booth, son of Charles W., born in St. John, New Brunswick, and ———, born in St. John.

Oct. 8. Alfred D. Taylor, son of Elliott O., born in Dunstable, and Charlotte A., born in Acton.

Oct. 5. Edna May Elkins, daughter of Robert G., born in New Brunswick, and Mary A., born in Maine.

Oct. 17. John E. Sibley, son of George, born in Winchendon, and Nancy E., born in Massachusetts.

Oct. 1. Amy G. Whittier, daughter of A. J., born in New Hampshire, and Sarah, born in Maine.

Oct. 6. Samuel C. Hill, son of Joseph, born in New Hampshire, and Sarah J., born in Boston.

Oct. 6. Alice Twichell, daughter of Joseph H., born in Boston, and Harriet A., born in Maine.

Oct. 7. ——— Hawkins, daughter of James, born in New Brunswick, and Mary E., born in Newfoundland.

Oct. 18. Frank W. Jenkins, son of Howard and Elisa B., both born in Nantucket.

Oct. 18. Freddie W. Jenkins, son of Howard and Elisa B., both born in Nantucket.

Oct. 9. Isabella E. Clark, daughter of James, born in England, and Isabella C., born in South Carolina.

Oct. 27. Frederick Monroe, son of George H., born in Roxbury, and Emma I., born in Chatham.

Oct. 3. Agnes Flemming, daughter of David, born in Boston, and Alice, born in Halifax, N. S.

Nov. 25. Thomas Savage, son of James, born in Scotland, and Mary, born in Ireland.

Nov. 23. Catherine T. Otesse, daughter of Joseph, born in Canada, and Jane, born in Ireland.

Nov. 18. Elisabeth Mahon, daughter of Joseph, born in England, and Elisa, born in Ireland.

Nov. 12. John Donnolly, son of Michael and Rosey, both born in Ireland.

Nov. 12. Lawrence Donolly, son of Michael and Rosey, both born in Ireland.

Nov. 9. Daniel J. Damon, son of John A. and Mary A., both born in Ireland.

Nov. 9. Julia A. Sweeney, daughter of Edward and Ann, both born in Ireland.

Nov. 3. Mary A. Foley, daughter of Dennis and Mary A., both born in Ireland.

Nov. 8. Jos. C. Andrews, son of Jacob R., born in Philadelphia, and Mary E., born in Norfolk, Virginia.

Nov. 18. ——— Blake, daughter of E. E., born in New Hampshire, and Emma E., born in Maine.

Nov. 4. John C. Raynes, son of John J., born in Deer Isle, Maine, and Martha A., born in Weymouth.

Nov. 2. Henrietta C. Raynes, daughter of Horatio G. and Elizabeth H., both born in Deer Isle, Maine.

Nov. 6. Alfred E. Wellington, son of Fred A., born in Boston, and Charlotte, born in Nantucket.

Nov. 16. Charles W. Martin, son of James G., born in New Hampshire, and Annie, born in Nova Scotia.

Nov. 28. Cora B. Parker, daughter of A. W., born in New Hampshire, and Elva T., born in Tewksbury.

Dec. 3. Mary E. Driscoll, daughter of Dennis, born in Ireland, and Anna, born in England.

Dec. 27. ——— Atherton, son of James and Martha A., both born in England.

Dec. 13. ——— Ryan, daughter of Peter and Bessie, both born in Ireland.

Dec. 17. Patrick Kennie, son of Edward and Catherine, both born in Ireland.

Dec. 31. Mary McGraw, daughter of William and Rose, both born in Ireland.

Dec. 10. Daniel McCarty, son of Michael and Mary, both born in Ireland.

Dec. 1. Bridget Clancy, daughter of Patrick and Bridget, both born in Ireland.

Dec. 3. Horace M. Graham, son of David H. and Rosetta, both born in Nova Scotia.

Dec. 6. John Graham Oswald, son of John and Mary, both born in Scotland.

Dec. 1. Amelia McC. Smith, daughter of David and Margaret, both born in Scotland.

Dec. 6. Edwin L. Cleaveland, son of Edwin A., born in Franklin, and Mary J., born in Scotland.

Dec. 22. ——— Estey, son of Willard F., born in Easton, and Jane E., born in Canton.

Dec. 12. ——— Fitton, daughter of Morris M., born in New York, and Lucy P., born in Boston.

Dec 20. Josephine H. Wright, daughter of Joseph H. and Helen A., both born in Nova Scotia.

Dec. 23. Lelia T. Jackson, daughter of Charles E., born in South Carolina, and Mary, born in Virginia.

Dec. 27. ——— Clark, daughter of T. Emory, born in Vermont, and Nellie A., born in Lunenburg.

Dec. 21. ——— Woods, daughter of James M., born in Dedham, and Maria A., born in Maine.

Dec. 2. ——— Blasdale, son of Henry, born in France, and Fannie W., born in Bangor, Maine.

1874.

Jan. 29. Peter Curran, son of Patrick and Ellen, both born in Ireland.

Jan. 14. Emma Mires, daughter of Artof and Barbary, both born in Germany.

Jan. 29. George Chester Kingsbury, son of George H., born in Medway, and Ellen, born in England.

Jan. 2. Henry L. Willard, son of Henry L., born in Wrentham, and Ada M., born in Pawtucket.

Jan. 23. Willie Gleason, son of Jerry and Mary A., both born in Ireland.

Jan. 3. John Furdon, son of John and Margaret, both born in Ireland.

Jan. 16. Rolfe Marsh Ellis, son of Joseph B., born in Fairhaven, and Lydia U., born in Vermont.

Feb. 7. Lawrence S. Corbett, son of John and Mary I., born in Ireland.

Feb. 18. Mary Agnes Kennedy, daughter of John and Margaret, both born in Ireland.

Feb. 27. Minnie Newcomb, daughter of Delancy, born in Nova Scotia, and Bridget T., born in Ireland.

Feb. 27. Mabel A. Reed, daughter of Isaac G., born in Acton, and Jennie M., born in Middletown, Connecticut.

Feb. 22. Julia L. Morell, daughter of Melville P. and Fidelia E., both born in Maine.

Feb. 12. George Henry Barr, son of John, born in St. John, New Brunswick, and Mary, born in Roxbury.

Feb. 8. ——— Kendall, son of Charles F., born in Worcester, and Adelaide, born in Roxbury.

March 7. Clarence George Ireland, son of Cordon and Sarah E. both born in Maine.

March 25. Patrick Haley, son of Patrick and Margaret, both born in Ireland.

March 21. Nora Foley, daughter of James and Hannah, both born in Ireland.

March 29. Mary Hanify, daughter of James and Mary, both born in Ireland.

March 1. John Patrick McCabe, son of Patrick and Rose, both born in Ireland.

March 10. Bridget McDonald, daughter of Patrick and Bridget, both born in Ireland.

March 4. Arthur Cleveland, son of Edwin A., born in Franklin, and Mary J., born in Scotland.

March 9. Alfred W. Rogers, son of William J., born in Nova Scotia, and Maggie A., born in Ireland.

March 27. George Clifford McClellan, son of Thomas, born in Scotland, and Margaret M., born in England.

March 1. Sumner Ellery White, son of Moses and Matilda, both born in Virginia.

March 14. Judson Scott, son of James M. and Mary S., both born in New Brunswick.

April 8. Windham S. Foster, son of Thomas F. and Elizabeth, both born in England.

April 10. Ellen Gately, daughter of John and Margaret, both born in Ireland.

April 25. Kate O'Neal, daughter of Timothy and Ellen, both born in Ireland.

April 9. Daniel Lanehan, son of Patrick and Mary, both born in Ireland.

April 25. Lindsey, Eaton Bird, son of Lewis J., born in Boston, and Sarah E , born in South Boston.

April 5 Fred Lewis Whiting, son of Henry, born in East Boston, and Lucy T., born in Dedham.

April 7. Robert Smith, son of John, born in Scotland, and Jane, born in England.

April 1. Edward Lawrence Hale, son of Henry. born in St. Louis, Mo., and Lucy M., born in New York.

April 30. Arthur L. Walsh, son of Orin S., born in New Hampshire, and Amanda, born in Concord, New Hampshire.

April 26. Willard S. Davis, son of Arris H. and Nancy S., both born in Maine.

April 14 Seward Wilbnr Ray, son of John G., born in Maine, and Emma J., born in St. John, New Brunswick.

April 1. Florence A. Finnegan, daughter of John U. Blanding, born in Springfield, and Matilda A. Finnegan, born in Vermont.

April 1. Florence T. Finnegan, son of Peter, born in England, and Augusta, born in Worcester.

May 3. Kate Quinn, daughter of James and Julia, both born in Ireland.

May 26. Patrick Henry Sweeney, son of Patrick and Catherine, both born in Ireland.

May 30. Sarah Rooney, daughter of Patrick and Katie, both born in Ireland.

May 25. John William Barry, son of David, born in Ireland, and Margaret, born in Bangor, New York.

May 13. Willis Herbert Campbell, son of Josiah, born in New Brunswick, and Carrie, born in Maine.

May 8. Mary Abbie Whittemore, daughter of William H., born in New Hampshire, and Isabell, born in Nova Scotia.

May 15. William H. Gilbert, son of Isaac H., born in Connecticut, and Mary E., born in New York.

May 26. Nellie Louise Hollis, daughter of Charles H., born in South Boston, and Annie, born in Stoughton.

May 16. Henry Walker Starbuck, son of Henry F., born in Nantucket, and Charlotte E., born in Abington.

May 10. George Mathison, son of David and Annie, both born in Scotland.

May 6. Margaret Jane Strachan, daughter of Douglas, born in Scotland, and Helen, born in England.

June 13. Patrick Burke, son of Patrick and Mary, both born in Ireland.

June 1. Mary Corbett, daughter of Jeremiah and Ellen, both born in Ireland.

June 17. Eddie Downey, son of John and Ann, both born in Ireland.

June 12. Charles Hollis Fuller, son of Charles A. and Amy Ann, both born in Canton.

June 24. Frank Edwin Kidder, son of Benjamin F., born in Vermont, and Mary A., born in Maine.

June 29. Belle Gertrude Miller, daughter of George H., born in Providence, and Annie, born in New Brunswick.

June 21. Jessie May Michener, daughter of Albert H. and Bertha U., both born in Maine.

June 12. ——— Whittier, daughter of A. R., born in Maine, and Cora Amelia, born in Boston.

INDEX TO VOLUMES III AND IV.

Aaron Burr's Alphabet, IV, 65.
"Abeona," (brig), IV, 66.
Abolition of Slavery, IV, 18.
Adams, Agnes S., III, 12.
Adams, Asa J., IV, 98.
Adams, Gertrude, III, 6.
Adams, Henry S., IV, 70.
Adams, Hannah, IV, 70.
Æolian Quartette, III, 37.
Ahaton, William, IV, 36.
Ainsworth, Elizabeth, III, 6.
Alabama, IV, 50.
Albany, N. Y., IV, 50.
Albee, Mrs. Sarah, III, 21.
Alden, C. L., III, 14, 15.
Allen, Charles Fred, IV, 96.
Allin, Rev. John, IV, 33, 34.
Alum River, Ohio, IV, 16.
American Anti-Slavery Society, IV, 11, 15.
Amesbury, Mass., III, 24; IV, 15.
American Tool Company, III, 30.
Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, Boston, IV, 97.
Anglo-American, IV, 50.
Andersonville, IV, 91.
Angleton, N. H., III, 12.
Annesley, Dr., IV, 44.
Annual Meeting, 1896, IV, 30.
Antietam, IV, 90.
Anti-Slavery Publications, IV, 16.
Appomattox, IV, 91.
Archer, Major, IV, 56.
Archibald, Rev. Andrew W., IV, 70.
Arkansas, IV, 54, 59, 66.
Arkansaw, IV, 62.
Arkopolis, IV, 61.
Aryan race, IV, 49.
Asia peopled, IV, 50.
Association Hall, IV, 30.
Aztecs, IV, 46.
Astley, Harry E. IV, 79.
Aunt Dinah's quilting, III, 39.

Babcock, Rev. Samuel G., III, 18, 19.
Back Street, IV, 76.
Badger, E. E., III, 21.
Badlam, W. H., III, 58.
Baker, Edmund, III, 61.
Baldwin, Loammi, III, 50.
Balkam, Gilbert, III, 21.
Balkam, Stephen B., III, 21, 22, 24, 37, 38, 39, 40; IV, 96.
Barlow, General, IV, 90.
Barre, Vt., IV, 70.
Barrows, G. M., III, 9, 10, 45.
Bartholomew, W. F., III, 21.
Bachelder, Colonel John B., III, 36, 41, 43; IV, 93, 94, 95.
Bachelder, Mrs. John B., IV, 96.
Bazin, F. B., IV, 52.
Bayou Pierre, La., IV, 65.
Beals, John Henry, IV, 101.
Beatey, Miss Elizabeth, IV, 111.
Beebe, Miss Gertrude, III, 40.
Bellows Falls, Vt., III, 75.
Bering Straits, IV, 52.
Berkeley Street Church, Boston, IV, 70.
Bertram, Miss Margaret, IV, 110.
Bible on Slavery, IV, 19.
Big Rock, Arkansas, IV, 61.
Bickford, Levi B., IV, 102.
Bickford, Mrs. Lomelia, IV, 102.
Billerica, Mass., IV, 50, 56, 62.
Birch, Mary, IV, 106.
Birch, Samuel, IV, 107.
Bird, Henry, IV, 106.
Bird Lane, IV, 106.
Bird, Samuel, IV, 106.
Blake, A. P., IV, 77.
Blake, Enos E., IV, 70.
Blake, Sargent, III, 61; IV, 105.
Blake Street, IV, 105.
Blanchard, Jeremiah, IV, 52, 56, 63, 65.
Bleakie, John, III, 24.
Bleakie, Robert, III, 24, 30, 36, 40, 43; IV, 27, 77, 99.
Bloomfield, N. Y., IV, 51.
Blue Hill, Mass., IV, 60, 89.
Board of Health, IV, 27.
Bolles, James G., IV, 103.

Boies, James, IV, 110.
Boston, IV, 52.
Boston Common, III, 72.
Boston Iron Company, III, 50.
Boston Hemp Company, III, 50.
Boston & Roxbury Mill Company, III, 50.
Boston University, III, 27.
Boston Water Company, III, 50.
Boyd, Mrs. Ella F., III, 111.
Bradley, Mrs. A. E., IV, 14, 62.
Brainard, Amos H., III, 8, 36, 39, 40, 43; IV, 95, 99.
Brearly, Colonel, IV, 62.
Breck, John, III, 59.
Brewer, Jonathan, III, 61.
Brick, Madam, (Missionary), IV, 44.
Bridge Street, IV, 102.
Bright, John, IV, 7.
Brighton, Mass., IV, 103.
Broadway Church, Chelsea, IV, 70.
Brockton, Porter Church, IV, 70.
Brookline, Mass.. III, 72.
Brown's Block, IV, 27.
Brown, E. W., III, 21.
Brown, Henry Box, IV, 10.
Brown, I. J., III, 37.
Brown, John, IV, 12, 18.
Brown, John, Jr., IV, 12.
Brown University, III, 5.
Browne, Edward Ingersoll, III, 18.
Brush Hill Road, III, 56.
Buffalo, N. Y., IV, 50, 51, 52.
Buffum, Arnold, IV, 14, 15, 19.
Bugbee, J. M., III, 60.
Bullard, Isaac, III, 37: IV, 96.
Bullard, W. E., IV, 79.
Bull Run, IV, 80, 89.
Bunker Hill, IV, 80.
Bunton, Henry S., III, 25, 30, 37, 38, 40, 43; IV, 27, 77, 96, 98, 111.
Bunton, Mrs. Henry S., III, 36; IV, 110.
Burger, Anton, IV, 106.
Butler School, IV, 104.

Cable, Hobart M., III, 5; IV, 26.
Cabot, G. S., III, 5, 41.
Cambridge, IV, 52.
Camp Meigs Association, IV, 78.
Camp Meigs Memorial, IV, 78.
Capen, John, IV, 106.
Carlisle, Charles, III, 14, 21.
Carleton, Hiram, IV, 70,
Carleton, Mrs. Mary J., IV, 70.
Carrington, General Henry B., III, 37, 38, 41, 43, 45; IV, 70, 93, 94, 95, 99, 105, 110, 111.
Carrington, Mrs. H. B. IV, 111.
Carter, Henry H., III, 53.
Cave in the rocks, IV, 55.
Cemetery Ridge, IV, 90.
Center Harbor, N. H., IV, 15.
Chace, Elizabeth B., IV, 6.
Chaffee, A. E., III, 75.
Chapman, (Missionary) IV, 61.
Charybdis, IV, 31.
Charles II, (king) IV, 46.
Cherokee Indians, IV, 58.
Chick, President Charles G., III, 8, 11, 12, 36, 37, 38, 40, 43, 44, 56; IV, 93, 95, 97, 98, 99, 100, 105, 110, 111.
Chick, Mrs. Charles G., III, 37.
Choate, Rufus, IV, 11.
Chickering, Fra., IV, 34.
Chickasaw Bluffs, IV, 54.
Chickasaw Indians, IV, 62.
Chocktaw Indians, IV, 61, 62, 64.
Christiana, Penn., IV, 10.
Cincinnati, Ohio, IV, 51.
Clapboard Hill, III, 57.
Clapp, A. G., IV, 97,
Clapp, Lieutenant, IV, 108.
Clarendon Hills, IV, 104.
Claymore, (Indians) IV, 61.
Clark, George, IV, 104.
Clark, (Missionary) IV, 51.
Clarke, James Freeman, IV, 11.
Cradock, Governor, IV, 33.
Crane, Lemuel, IV, 103.
Cobb's Block, IV, 27.
Cobb, Sylvanus, Jr., IV, 28.
Cochran, J. B., IV, 52, 56.
Colesworthy, W. G., III, 11.
Colonial Tea Party. IV, 110.
Columbia, Louie, IV, 102.
Columbus, Ohio, IV, 51, 52.
"Comet" (steamboat) IV, 56.
Commonwealth Avenue, IV, 10.
Concord, Mass., IV, 40.
Connor's Block, IV, 27.
"Constitution" (frigate), IV, 100.
Corcoran, Rev. W. J., III, 5.
Corson, Reuben, IV, 99.
Corthell, James B., III, 8.
Corthell, J, R., III, 40.
Cotter, James E., III, 36, 37, 43; IV, 76, 96.
Cotter, Mrs. James E., IV, 111.
Cotting, Uriah, III, 50.

Cotton Mill, IV, 104.
Courtney, Frank F., III, 11.
Crafts, William, IV, 10.
Crane, Lemuel, IV, 103.
Crane, Miss Helen I., III, 11.
Crooker, W. T., IV, 111.
Crooker, Miss Willa, IV, 111.
Crowley, John R., IV, 96.
Creek Indians, IV, 62.
Culp's Hill, IV, 90.
Cundall, Emmons M., III, 41; IV, 79.
Current Events Club, III, 20; IV, 95.

Danvers, Mass., IV, 15.
Dargan, John J , IV, 12.
Darling, Hon. Francis W., III, 18, 21, 37, 44; IV, 23, 25, 96.
Davidson, Colonel, IV, 65.
Davis,David L., III, 37, 38, 43; IV, 96.
Davis, Edmund, III, 38.
Davis, Mrs. Edmund, III, 38.
Davis, Jefferson, IV, 68.
Davis, Rev. Perley B., III, 5, 38, 44, 45; IV, 70.
Davis, T. O., IV, 52.
Dayton, Ohio, IV, 51.
Dean, Frank H., III, 18, 21.
Dean, Mrs. Frank H., III, 21.
Dean, Dr. H. T., IV, 87.
Dedication of Camp Meigs, IV, 78.
Deer Island, IV, 43.
Dinsmore, S., IV, 52.
Dodge, Mrs. K. W., III, 21.
Donald, Rev. E. Winchester, III, 19.
Dorchester Heights, III, 75.
Dorchester Records, IV, 108.
Douglas, Fred, IV, 8.
Dowley, G. B., III, 11, 14, 16, 20, 21.
Dowley, Mrs. G. B., III, 21.
Draper, General E. F., III, 37, 44.
Draper, Frank O., III, 55.
Drew County, Arkansas, IV, 56.
Dudley, Samuel, III, 48.
Dummer, Richard, III, 48.
Dunton, John, IV, 43.
Dusseault, Rev. W. F., III, 21.
Dwight, John, IV, 34.
Dwight, Timothy, IV, 34, 43.

Early History, Colonial Governors, III, 41.
Earthquakes, 1811, IV, 54.
East River Street, III, 15; IV, 101.
Eastward Indians, IV, 43.
Edwards, Charles L . IV, 102.
Eighteenth Massachusetts Regiment, IV, 93.
Editorial Matter, 1904, IV, 68.
Elbridge, N. Y., IV, 51.
Elder, Daniel S., III, 57, 58; IV, 110.
Eliot, Rev. John, IV, 16.
Eliot, John, Jr., IV, 16.
Elliott, Samuel T., III, 11, 55.
Ely, Hon. F. D., III, 37, 44.
Emancipator, 1833, IV, 20.
Emerson, Charles W. III, 15.
Emerson, Ralph Waldo, IV, 7.
Endicott, Governor, IV, 35, 37.
Englewood, N. J., IV, 10.
Enneking, John J., III, 41; IV, 95, 96.
Ephraim, Joseph, IV, 46.
Ephraim, Peter, IV, 41, 45.
Enterpean Club, IV, 99.
Everett Building, III, 19.
Everett, Edward, IV, 11.
Everett House, III, 36.
Everett Square, III, 11, 16, 21; IV, 101.
Everett, W. S , III, 37.

Fairmount Avenue, IV, 102.
Fairmount Block, IV, 27.
Fairmount District, IV, 107.
Fairmount School, IV, 27.
Fairview Cemetery, IV, 80.
Fallon, Peter, IV, 106.
Falstaff's Recruits, IV, 87.
Falls of the Ohio, IV, 53.
Faunce, Thomas E., IV, 99.
Fellows, Edward S., III, 11.
Fellows, G. M., III, 10, 12.
Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment, IV, 90.
Fifty-fifth Massachusetts Regiment, IV, 90.
First Congregational Church Memorial, IV, 70.
First House in Hyde Park, IV, 105.
Finney, (Missionary) IV, 61.
Fisher, Andrew, IV, 104.
Fisher, Anthony, IV, 34.
Fisher, Daniel, IV, 34.
Fisher, Joshua, IV, 34.
Fisher, Lieutenant, IV, 34.
Fisher, Sergeant, IV, 34.
Five Hundred Acre tract, IV, 108.
Flint, Rev., IV,54.
Forbes, Captain R. B., IV, 84.
Forest Hills, III, 47.
Fort Donelson, IV, 64.
Fort Pickering, Tenn., IV, 54.

Fort Henry, Tenn., IV, 64.
Fort Placquemine, La., IV, 66.
Fort Slongo, III, 61.
Fort Wagner, IV, 90.
Foster, Abbie Kelly, IV. 8.
Foss, Samuel W. W., IV, 99.
Fowlk, Gerard, IV, 59.
Freeborn, Frank W., III, 12.
Fredericksburg, IV, 90.
Fugitive Slave excitement, IV, 9.

Garrison, William Lloyd, IV, 8, 11.
Garrison, William Lloyd, Jr., IV. 5, 92.
Gately, James (the hermit), IV, 98, 104.
Gay, Aaron, III, 41.
Gay, John, IV, 34.
General Court, IV, 39.
George, Hon. Elijah, IV, 93.
Gerard, Mrs. Eliza M. IV, 101.
Gorman Flats, N. Y., IV, 51.
Getchell, Merle S., III, 12.
Gettysburg, IV, 80. 90.
Gilbert, Rev. I. H , IV, 26.
Going West in 1820, IV, 49.
Goodman, Rev. Erasmus, IV, 18.
Goodwin, Elihu, IV, 103.
Goodwin House, IV, 102, 103.
Goodwin, William, IV, 103.
Gookings, Daniel, IV, 35, 38, 39, 41, 45.
Gordon's Reminiscences, IV, 68.
"Governor Keel" (boat), IV, 52.
Grand Army Post, IV, 100.
Grant, Gen. U. S., IV, 99.
Grant's Memoirs, IV, 68.
Granville, Ohio, IV, 17.
Gray, Orin T., III, 37, 48, 95.
Gray, Robert, III, 21.
Greater Boston, IV, 100.
Great Monawk Turnpike, IV, 51.
Greenfield, N. H., IV, 50, 52.
Greenhalge, Governor F. T., IV, 96.
Greenwood, Elihu, IV, 103.
Greenwood, Frank, IV, 103, 110.
Grew, Henry S., III, 6, 37, 43, 49.
Grew's Woods, IV, 104.
Grew School, III, 10.
Gridley, Fred G., III, 8; IV, 13.
Griffin, Mrs. J. W., III, 21.
Grimke, Adelina Emily, IV, 18.
Grimke, Judge John, IV, 18.
Grimke Sisters, IV, 5.
Griswold, May H., III, 71.
Grove Street, IV, 101.

Hall, Edwin A., IV, 99.
Hammond, Miss Jennie, III, 40.
Hampton, Conn., IV, 15.
Hampton, Wade, IV, 12.
Hanchett, Mrs. A. L., IV, 14.
Harding, G. M., IV, 95.
Harper's Ferry, IV, 12.
Harrison, Gen. Wm. Henry, IV, 53.
Harris, George & Co., III, 22.
Harvard Avenue, IV, 101.
Harvey, Spaulding & Co., III, 36.
Harwick, Scotland, III, 24.
Hardwick, Mass., IV, 76.
Hassam, F. L., III, 50.
Hastings, Thomas, IV, 107.
Hathaway, Edward S., III, 21, 31, 39, 41; IV, 24, 29, 111.
Haward, John, IV, 34.
Hawley, Alanson, IV, 26.
Hawley, Miss Mary A., IV, 26.
Hawthorne, Nathaniel, IV, 67.
Hayward, John, 34,
Hayward, E. S., III, 8.
Hebard, Nathaniel, IV, 105, 110.
Heath, Rev. W. J., III, 45.
Helena, Ark., IV, 56.
Hickey, E. J., III, 37; IV, 96.
Higgins, Charles E., IV, 97.
Higginson, Colonel T. W., IV, 9.
Higgins, David, IV, 96.
Hill, Jere M., III, 12.
Hill, George, IV, 102.
Hinds, General, IV, 61.
Historical Field Day, IV, 101-111.
Historical Society and Mr. Weld, IV, 30.
History of Dorchester (cited), IV, 103, 104.
Hoar's Autobiography, IV, 68.
Hogarth's March, IV, 87.
Holtham, Henry S., IV, 102.
Holtham, Henry, IV, 102.
Hoogs, W. H., IV, 96.
Holton, S. S., III, 26
Houghton, Mifflin & Co., IV, 9.
Howard, General O. O., IV, 90.
Howard University, IV, 18.
Hoyt, Rev. Henry N., III, 19.
Hoyt, Miss (Missionary), IV, 62.
Hubbard, IV, 43.
Hudson, Dr. Erastus, IV, 18.
Human Rights, 1834, IV, 20.
Huntington Avenue, IV, 104.

Indian Bible, IV, 47.
Indian Catechism, IV, 47.

Indian Grammar, IV, 47.
Indians, IV, 38.
Indian Sachems, IV, 40.
Jack Frost, IV, 69.
Jackson, President Andrew, IV, 61, 65.
Jackson, Henry, III, 61.
Jamaica Plain, Mass., III, 47.
Jeffersonville, Indiana, IV, 53.
Jenks, Rev. Henry F., III, 41.
Jenkins, Warren, IV, 95. 111.
Jenney, Edwin C., III, 87-96; IV, 112.
Jenney, Charles F., III, 31, 36, 38, 41, 43; IV, 99, 101-110.
Jethro and Moses, IV, 36.
Josiah, Captain, IV, 41.
Julius Cæsar, IV, 24.
Johnson, Frederick L., IV, 95, 110.
Johnson, Mrs. F. L. 14, 110.
Johnson, Richard M., IV, 96.
Jones, Edward, IV, 101.

Kearsage flag, III, 38.
Kearsage gavel, IV, 100.
"Keel, Governor" (steamboat), IV, 59.
Keene, N. H., IV, 52.
Kelley, William H., III, 60.
Kentucky, IV, 52.
Kilby's History of Eastport, III, 60.
King Lear and Mr. Weld, IV, 20.
King of Spain and Louisiana, IV, 57.
King Philip (Indian), IV, 58, 59.
King's Boston Hand Book, III, 27.
Knight, Albert, IV, 70.
Knight, Dr. J. King, III, 27.
Knight, W. H., III, 12.
Knights of Honor, III, 27.
Ladies' Auxiliary, Y. M. C. A., III, 20.
Lafayette, General, III, 61; IV, 19.
Lamson, Father, IV, 8.
Lancaster, E. M., III, 5.
Lane Seminary, IV, 11, 16, 17.
Lawson, John, IV, 70.
Lawton, Thomas, III, 38.
Leadbetter, Henry, III, 58.
LeRoy, N. W., IV, 51.
Lester, Major, IV, 52, 59.
Lexington, III, 48.
Libby Prison, IV, 91.
Liberty Hall, III, 10; IV, 100.
Library Board, IV, 20, 26.
Library Building, III, 19.
Life of John Dunton, IV, 30.
Light, Charles F., III, 14.
Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, IV, 12.
Lincoln Street, III, 72; IV, 102.
Lines, Miss (Missionary), IV, 62.
Little Rock, Ark., IV, 61.
Little Round Top, IV, 90.
Littleton, Mass., IV, 41.
Local History Societies, III, 32.
Lockwood, George W., III, 15.
Lodge, Hon. Henry Cabot, III, 37.
Longstreet, General James, IV, 90.
London, England, IV, 38.
Long, Mrs. George D., III, 21.
Lovell, Austin, III, 26.
Lovell, Wallace Dean, III, 26, 43.
Lovell, Mrs. Sarah, III, 26.
Loveland, Mrs., IV, 99.
Lovett, Augustus S., IV, 80, 83, 86.
Loring & Phipps, III, 11.
Lowell, James Russell, IV, 11, 13.
Lower Mississippi, IV, 65.
Lusher, Eleazer, IV, 34.

Macdonald. Mrs. N. J,, III, 21.
Machias, Me., III, 51.
Macbeth and Mr. Weld associated, IV, 29.
Magna Charta, IV, 81.
Magnolia Hall, IV, 83, 96.
Maine, IV, 50.
Manning, Rev. E A., III, 5; IV, 26.
Mansfield and Weld associated, IV, 25.
Manual Labor Schools, IV, 18.
Marr, David C., III, 43.
Martyr Age of United States, III, 43.
Mason, Dr. J. W., IV, 52.
Mason, (the robber), IV, 54.
Mather, Mr., III, 58.
Mather, of Dorchester, IV, 37.
Mattapan, Mass., III, 56.
May, Rev. S. J., IV, 19.
Mayhew (Missionary), IV, 38.
McAvoy, James D., IV, 96.
McClellan's own story, IV, 68.
McCrea, Colonel, IV, 56.
McIntire, Alvah H. III, 15.
McKinley, President William, III, 34.
McKendry, Benjamin, IV, 81.
McLean, J. S., III, 21.
Medfield, Mass., IV, 43.
Meeting-House Hill, III, 59.
Meiggs, C. U. Mrs., III, 21.
Memorial Ode, First Congregational Church, IV, 71-75.
Memorial Park, IV, 79, 83.

Mercer, Major J., IV, 52, 56.
Merrifield, Benjamin, III, 59; IV, 101.
Merrifield's Family, IV, 101.
Merrifield, Simeon, IV, 101.
Miles, George, IV, 87, 98.
Millar, Alexander, III, 14.
Miller, Governor James, IV, 50, 52, 56, 62, 66, 68.
Milton, Mass., III, 9, 56; IV, 109.
Mill privileges, IV, 104.
Miner, Henry B., III, 6, 43; IV, 13.
Missionaries to Arkansas, IV, 61.
Mississippi, IV, 50.
Missouri, IV, 50.
Monroe, President James, IV, 50.
Monticello, Ark., IV, 58, 59.
Morgan, Mr., IV, 56.
Morrison, Mary, IV, 59.
Morton, Joseph, III, 61.
Moseley, Samuel R., III, 25; IV, 102.
Moseley, Mrs. R. P., IV, 110.
Mott, Lucretia, IV, 8.
Mowry, William A. (Ph. D.), III, 13, 16, 21, 32; IV, 68, 69.
Mt. Holyoke, Mass., III, 6.
Mt. Hope, III, 47.
Muddy Pond Creek, III, 49.
Musketaquid (Concord), Mass., IV, 40.

Nashoba (Littleton), IV, 41.
Natick, Mass., IV, 33, 36, 39, 44.
Natchez, Miss., IV, 64, 66.
Needham, Mass., IV, 45.
Neponset Block, III, 13.
Neponset Hall, IV, 27.
Newburyport, Mass., IV, 6.
New Hartford, Conn., IV, 18.
New Madrid, Mo., IV, 54, 57.
New Orleans, La., IV, 61.
Newark, N. J , III, 13.
Nipmucks, IV, 43.
Nonantum, Mass., IV, 40.
Norris, C. G., III, 21.
North Reading, Mass., IV, 54.
Norwood, Mass., IV, 100.
Noyes, N. F., IV, 100.

Oak Knob, Danvers, IV, 15.
Ouachita, La., IV, 56, 62.
O'Brien, Hugh, III, 26.
Odd Fellows' Block, IV, 27.
Offecow, Jeremiah, IV, 40.
Ohio River, IV, 51, 52.
Oklahoma, IV, 60.
Old Roundy House, IV, 104.
Old Saw Mill, III, 59.
Old Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, IV, 84.
Old Town, Arkansas, IV, 58.
Old Town Folks, IV, 46.
Osage Indians, IV, 61, 62.
Osterville, Mass., III, 26.
Ox Pen, IV, 107, 109.

Page, Charles J., IV, 98.
Painesville, Ohio, IV, 17.
Parker, Theodore, IV, 8, 11.
Partridge Military School, Vt., IV, 94.
Passamaquoddy, Me., III, 61.
Patriot's Day, 1903, IV, 101.
Patton, Rev. W. W., IV, 18.
Patten, Mr., IV, 108.
Paul Revere's Ride, IV, 111.
Payson, Mrs. Cordelia A., IV, 14.
Peabody Museum, IV, 59.
Peabody, Olive, IV, 45.
Peacedale, R. I., IV, 79.
Pembroke, N. Y., IV, 51.
Peninsular Campaign, IV, 84.
Pennahannit, (Indian), IV, 41.
Pensacola, Fla., IV, 65.
People's Land Company, III, 54.
Perkins, David, III, 37.
Perry, Miss Helen A., III, 40.
Peterboro, N. H., IV, 52, 62.
Phelps, Sylvester, IV, 70.
Phelpstown, IV, 51.
Philips County, Arkansas, IV, 60.
Philips, Sylvanus, IV, 56.
Philips, Ensign, IV, 54.
Philips, Helen, IV, 56.
Philippi, IV, 25.
Philip's War (Indian), IV, 41.
Piambon, IV, 41.
Pillsbury, Parker, IV, 6, 7.
Pickett, General, IV, 90.
Pierce, General R. A., IV, 88.
Pine Garden Rock, IV, 104.
Piper, S. N. IV, 96.
Pittsburg, IV, 51.
Plummer Block, III, 38, 44.
Plummer, Miss, III, 40.
Point Coupee, La., IV, 66.
Pope, William & Sons, III, 22.
Porter Congregational Church, Brockton, IV, 70.
Porter, Sarah H., III, 26.
Portsmouth, England, IV, 102.

Powers, Wilbur H., III, 11, 12, 27, 44; IV, 21, 22.
Pratt, G. M., III, 11.
Pring, J. F., III, 55.
Providence Athanæum, IV, 27.
Public Library Building, III, 45.
Public Library Bulletin, IV, 50.
Puddefoot, Rev. W. G., III, 19.
Punkapog, IV, 36.
Purvis, Robert, IV, 6, 15.
Putnam, Sidney C., III, 37, 44.

Quopaw Indians, IV, 62.

Radford, Mrs. Frank. III, 21.
Rafter, J. J., III, 21.
Ray, J. G., III, 40, 43; IV, 106.
Readville, Mass , IV, 78, 107.
Real Estate & Building Co., III, 54; IV, 77.
Reeves, J. J., III, 5.
Rehoboth, Mass., IV, 43.
Remond, Charles Knox, IV, 8.
Reynolds, General John F., IV, 70.
Richardson, George L., III, 36, 47, 57; IV, 49.
Richardson, Jacob, Jr., IV, 52, 54, 56.
Rich, Frank B., III, 33, 77, 45.
Rich, Henry A., III, 37, 43, 45; IV, 76.
Rich, Mrs. Henry A., III, 45.
River Street, the first highway, IV, 107.
Robinson, William, IV, 108.
Rochester, N. Y., III, 72.
Roesslee, III, 48.
Rollins, G. W., III, 12.
Rowe, Thomas, III, 12.
Roxbury, Mass., III, 47.
Russell, George R., IV, 9.
Russell, Governor William E., III, 37, 44.

Sabattis, Me., III, 24.
Salem, Mass., IV, 66, 67.
Salem Custom House, IV, 67.
Sam Patch, III, 72.
Sanborn, G. W., III, 38.
Saw Mill Pond, III, 59.
Scarton Lane, III, 59.
Schenectady, N. Y., IV, 51.
Scylla, IV, 31.
Seaver, J. W., III, 49.
Sewell's Diary, III, 56.
Shadrack, the slave, IV, 9.
Shattuck, Captain J., IV, 56.
Shaw, Colonel R. G., IV, 90.
Shawneetown, Ill., IV, 53.
Shepard, of Cambridge, IV, 34, 36.
Shippingport, La., IV, 53, 54.
Sims, Thomas, IV, 9.
Six Bull Creek, Ark., IV, 61, 62.
Smelt Brook, III, 48.
Smithfield, R. I., IV, 49.
Smith, Jeremiah, IV, 110.
Smith Road, III, 50.
Spaulding, R. P., IV, 52.
Speen, Anthony, IV, 41.
Speen, John, IV, 41.
Spencer, Captain A. R., IV, 52.
Spottsylvania, IV, 90.
Squantum, III, 56.
Stackpole, J., III, 36, 38.
Stanton, Prudence, IV, 110.
Stanton, Robert, IV, 105, 107, 108, 109, 110.
Stanton, Mrs. Rose, IV, 110.
Stanton, Thomas, IV, 110.
Stevens, J. R., III, 41.
Stevenson, Colonel, IV, 90.
Still, William, IV, 10.
Stony Brook, III, 45, 47, 48, 49.
Stone, Miss Elma A., III, 62, 73; IV, 110.
Stone, Franklin, III, 62, 71, 72, 73, 75; IV, 106.
Stone, Miss Jennie M., IV, 110.
Stone, Joel, III, 71.
Stone, Miss Lucy, IV, 8.
Stone, Miss Nellie A., III, 6.
Stone, Peter, III, 71.
Stone, Simon, III, 71.
Stoughton, Governor, III, 57.
Stoughton, Zachariah, IV, 60.
Stowe, Harriet Beecher, IV, 9, 46.
Streets of Hyde Park, III, 77-86.
Stuart, William J., III, 30, 36, 40, 43; IV, 77.
Sturtevant, Dr. Charles, III, 19, 34, 37.
Sumner, Abbie, IV, 92, 110.
Sumner, Gov. Increase, IV, 101, 102.
Sumner, William, 1788, IV, 104, 107, 110.
Sumner, W. H., IV, 101.
Sumner, Ruth A., IV, 92.
Sumter, So. Carolina., IV, 12.
Swallow, Mrs. E. D., IV, 95, 110.
Swallow, Miss Susie, IV, 110.
Sweet, T. A., III, 40.

Takawambpait, Rev. Daniel, IV, 46.
Taylor, Rev. M. B., IV, 93.
Teel, Miss S. A., III, 40.
Templeton, Mass., III, 71.
Tewksbury, F. W., III, 27, 43; IV, 103.
Thompson, George, IV, 8.
Thompson, Mrs. H. A., III, 5; IV, 14.
Thought Club, IV, 13, 14, 24.
Thurber, Samuel, III, 10.
Ticknor, Sheridan F., IV, 103.
Torringford, Conn., IV, 18.
Townsend, Jonathan, IV, 46.
Townsend, Joseph, III, 73.
Tribute to Mr. Weld, IV, 31.
Trescott, Deborah, III, 61.
Trescott, Ebenezer, III, 61.
Trescott, Elizabeth, III, 56.
Trescott, Genealogy, III, 62-70.
Trescott, John, III, 56, 58, 59, 60; IV, 104.
Trescott, John, Jr., IV, 110.
Trescott, William, IV, 55.
Trott, Thomas, IV, 110.
True Independence, IV, 79.
Tucker (the milkman), IV, 88.
Tuttle, Joseph F., IV, 16.
Tuttle, Mrs. Samuel A., IV, 110.
Twentieth Massachusetts Regiment, IV, 9.
Twenty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment, IV, 9.
Twenty-fifth Town Anniversary, IV, 70.

Uncle Tom's Log Cabin, III, 9.
Underground Railroad, IV, 10.
Union Block, IV, 27.
Unitarian Church, IV, 77.
Utica, New York, IV, 51.

Vale (Missionary), IV, 61.
Valley Falls, R. I., IV, 6.
Van Durzee, Miss Blanche, of Boston, IV, 111.
Vaughn, C. P., III, 14.
Vesuvius, IV, 66.
Vicksburg, Tenn., IV, 84.
Vital Statistics, III, 87-96; IV, 112-120.
Waban (Indian Judge), IV, 36, 40, 41, 43, 45.
Wabash College, Ind., IV, 16.
Wabash River, IV, 53.
Waitt's Mills, III, 48.
Walker, Miss Carrie E., III, 12.
Ward, W. D., III, 14.
Warren, David, III, 41.
Warren, Mrs. M. G., III, 41.
Warren, Samuel, III, 41.
Washburn, Andrew, III, 11; IV, 100.
Washburn (Missionary), IV, 61.
Water Company, IV, 27.
Watertown, Mass., III, 7.
Webster, Amos, III, 43.
Webster, Daniel, IV, 11.
Webster, Fletcher, IV, 84.
Weeman, William B., IV, 102.
Webster, J. C., III, 16.
Weld Hall, Hyde Park, III, 7; IV, 20.
Weld, Theodore Dwight, III, 5, 7, 37, 43; IV, 5, 27, 29, 32, 92.
Weld, Mrs. Anna H., IV, 110.
Wellesley, Mass., IV, 33, 45.
Wellington, T. W., III, 5; IV, 27.
West Acton, Mass., III, 71.
West Roxbury, Mass., III, 51; IV, 29.
Whipple, Charles W., IV, 6.
White River, IV, 56.
Whiting, G. E., III, 41, 44, 74.
Whiting, Mrs. I. H., III, 40.
Whittier, John Greenleaf, III, 7; IV, 14, 15, 31.
Wheeling, W. Va., IV, 41.
Wilderness, The, IV, 91.
William (King) III, England, III, 61.
Wilson (of Boston), IV, 37, 38, 41, 43.
Wood Avenue, III, 57; IV, 107, 108.
Wood, Mrs. Louisa M., III, 37, 39, 43, 44, 46.
Wolcott, Governor Roger, III, 44.
Worden, A. G., III, 31, 41.
Wren, Sir Christopher, IV, 29.
Wright, Elizur, IV, 14, 15, 19.
Wright, Thomas, IV, 34.
Wyman, Edward, IV, 84.

Young Men's Christian Association, III, 13-21; IV, 102.

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