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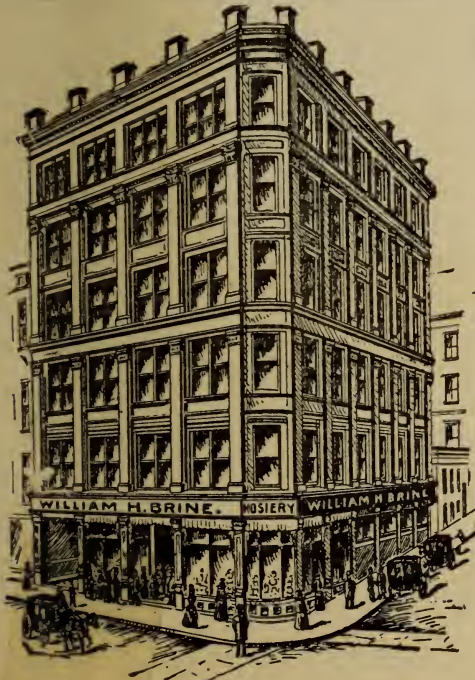
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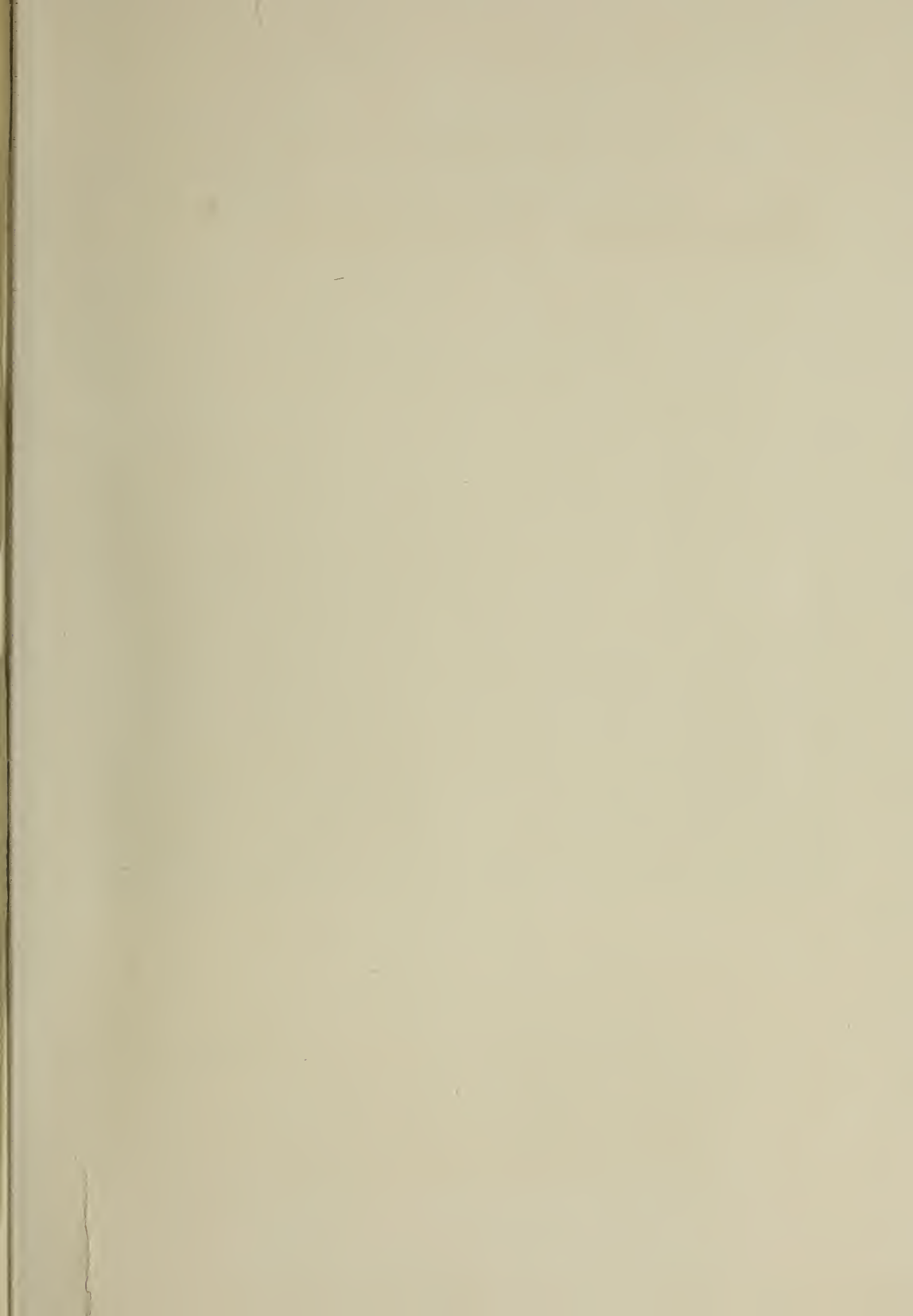
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## Somerville Historical Society



AT Somerville's Semi-Centennial in 1892, a committee was appointed to write a history of the city, another to collect its relics and antiquities, and a third to mark its historical localities. This was undoubtedly the first public interest shown in our local history. In these committees the subject of a society was discussed and its desirability recognized. Nothing was done, however, until June, 1897, when, in response to a call by Mr. John S. Hayes, the following gentlemen met at the Public Library "to consider the advisability of organizing an Historical Society in this city": John S. Hayes, John F. Ayer, W. E. Brigham, Howard Dawson, J. O. Hayden, F. W. Parker, George F. Loring, Aaron Sargent, Charles I. Shepard, Anson Titus, F. D. Cook, Frank W. Kaan, L. Roger Wentworth, Edward C. Booth, and Charles D. Elliot. A society was organized soon after and the following officers elected, viz.: Hon. George A. Bruce, president; Charles D. Elliot, John F. Ayer, and Elbridge S. Brooks, vice-presidents; George F. Loring, recording secretary; George E. Littlefield, corresponding secretary; Frederic W. Stone, treasurer; Howard Dawson, librarian and curator; and Mrs. J. H. Leighton, Anson Titus, and L. Roger Wentworth, — with the other officers, — council.

The objects of the Society, as stated in its circular, are "the collection and preservation of everything relating to the history and antiquities of Somerville, and incidentally of other places, and the diffusion of knowledge concerning them."

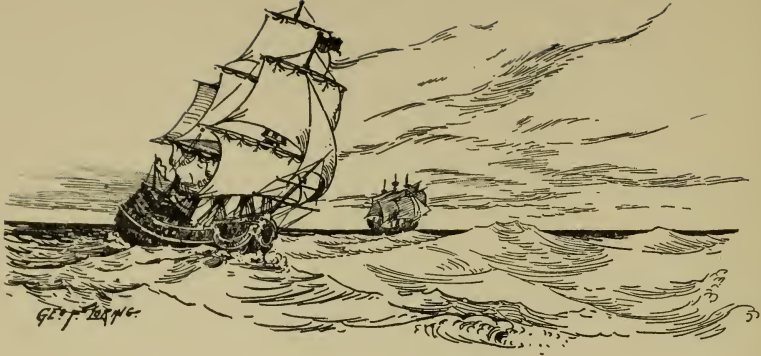
During the winter of 1897-98, lectures were given by Prof. John Fiske, upon "Gen. Charles Lee," and by Rev. Anson Titus, upon "The New England Primer."

Upon the removal of Mr. Bruce to Brookline, in August last, he resigned the presidency, and was succeeded by Mr. Elliot. Recognizing the need of a home for the Society, early in the season arrangements were made for the occupancy of the Oliver Tufts house, on Sycamore street, once the headquarters of Gen. Charles Lee, as the "Society's House," and soon after a Colonial Festival was unanimously agreed upon and various committees of arrangements appointed. The Society is now incorporated, and its membership has increased from a few at first to over two hundred, indicating a general interest in the city's history. One event has cast a shadow over its otherwise pleasant way—the death of its founder, Mr. John S. Hayes, whose name and memory it will always cherish.

CHARLES D. ELLIOT.



·Pine Tree Shilling·



# Miles Standish

## And the Plymouth Explorers

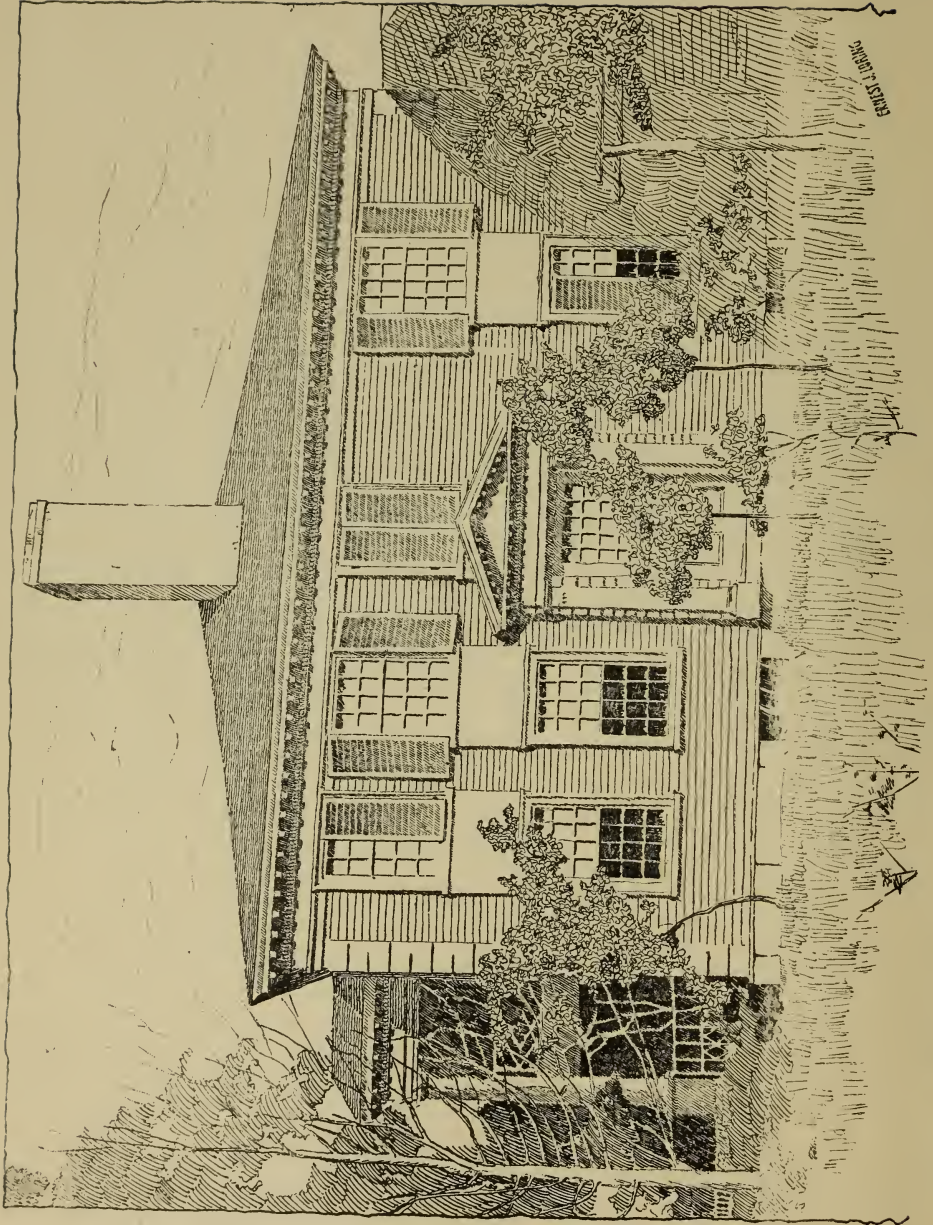
**P**ROBABLY our shores were known and frequented by Europeans many years before any record was made, perhaps by Norse, English, or French, but the first positive mention we have of the footsteps of white men in this locality is in a "Relation of our Voyage to the Massachuset (Indians) and what happened there" (probably written by Edward Winslow), and to be found in "Mourt's Relation or Journal of the Plantation at Plymouth," printed in 1622. The journey was undertaken by Miles Standish and nine other white men, and three friendly Indians. One of the party may have been Gov. Bradford. They came into Boston Harbor, and after visiting other places, it is supposed they landed on the south shore of Mystic River, probably not far from its mouth, and traveled across Somerville territory into Medford.

The following are extracts from this narrative:—

"It seemed good to the Company in general, that though the Massachuset had often threatened us (as we were informed), yet we should goe amongst them, partly to see the countrey,

partly to make Peace with them, and partly to procure their trucke. For these ends the Governours chose ten men, fit for the purpose, and sent Tisquantum and two other Salvages to bring us to speech with the people, and interpret for us. We set out about midnight, the tyde then serving us; we supposing it to be neerer then it is, thought to be there the next morning betimes, but it proved well neere twentie Leagues from New Plimmoth. We came into the bottome of the Bay, but being late wee anchored and lay in the Shallop, not having seene any of the people. . . . The next morning we put in for the shore. . . . The Sachim, or Governour of this place, is called Obbatinewat, and though he live in the bottome of the Massachuset bay, yet he is under Massasoyt. He used us very kindly; he told us he durst not then remaine in any setled place, for feare of the Tarentines. Also the Squa Sachim or Massachusets Queene was an enemy to him. We told him of divers Sachims that had acknowledged themselves to be King James his men, and if he also would submit himselfe, we would be his safegard from his enemies; which he did, and went along with us to bring us to the Squa Sachim. Againe we crossed the Bay, which is very large. . . . That night also we rid at Anchor aboard the Shallop. On the morrow we went ashore, all but two men, and marched in Arms up the Countrey. Having gone three myles, we came to a place where corne had beene newly gathered, a house pulled downe, and the people gone. A myle from hence, Nanepashemet, their King in his lifetime, had lived. His house was not like others, but a scaffold was largely built, with pools and plancks some six foote from ground, and the house upon that, being situated on the top of a hill." This hill is supposed to have been in Medford, but the place where the "corne had been newly gathered" was probably in Somerville.

CHARLES D. ELLIOT.



An Old Colonial Mansion





Temple House—Ten Hills.

## Governor John Winthrop And His Ten Hills Farm

**JOHN WINTHROP**, first governor of Massachusetts, Somerville's most eminent citizen, and one of her earliest settlers, was the son of Adam and Anne Winthrop, and was born at Edwardston, near Groton, in England, January 12, 1587 (o. s.). His father was a lawyer and a justice, and was auditor of Trinity and of St. John's Colleges, and seems to have been prominent in affairs of church and state. In the town of Groton, Eng., stands, or did some thirty years ago, the Parish Church, where the Winthrop family worshiped, and outside its ancient walls is the tomb wherein lies the dust of the governor's father, mother, and grandfather; on it are the family name and coat-of-arms, and an inscription in Latin, which, translated, reads:—

“Heaven the Country, Christ the way.  
Here lies the body of Adam Winthrop, Esq.,  
Son of Adam Winthrop, Esq.,  
who were Patrons of this Church,  
and Lords of the Manor of Groton.”

Of the early years and education of John Winthrop little is known. His father's journal, however, shows that he studied at Cambridge, Eng., entering Trinity College on December 8, 1602. At the age of seventeen years he was married. His father records the event as follows:—

“The xviiiith day (of March, 1605) my soone was solely contracted to Mary Foorth by Mr. Culverwell, minister,” etc.

“The xvith of Aprill he was married at Great Stambridge by Mr. Culverwell,” etc.

He was again married in December, 1615, to Thomasine Clopton, and a third time, in 1618, to Margaret Tyndal. From a perusal of their letters to him, many of which have been published, one must conclude that he drew most charming prizes in the lottery of matrimony, which fact is further shown by all that has been recorded concerning them.

Winthrop was, by profession, a lawyer, and “one of the practicing attorneys of the court,” and so continued until 1629, when he was made governor of the Massachusetts Bay Company, and immediately began to prepare for his voyage to America. On April 8, 1630, he bade farewell to the shores of old England, and after a stormy and eventful voyage arrived off the coast of New England June 12, landing first at Salem and afterwards removing to Charlestown, where he built a house, probably not very from what is now City square.

Sometime in 1631 the governor seems to have come to Somerville territory, and established himself at “Ten Hills,” where he evidently lived during the summers of many years,—Charlestown peninsula, and later Boston, being his winter residence.

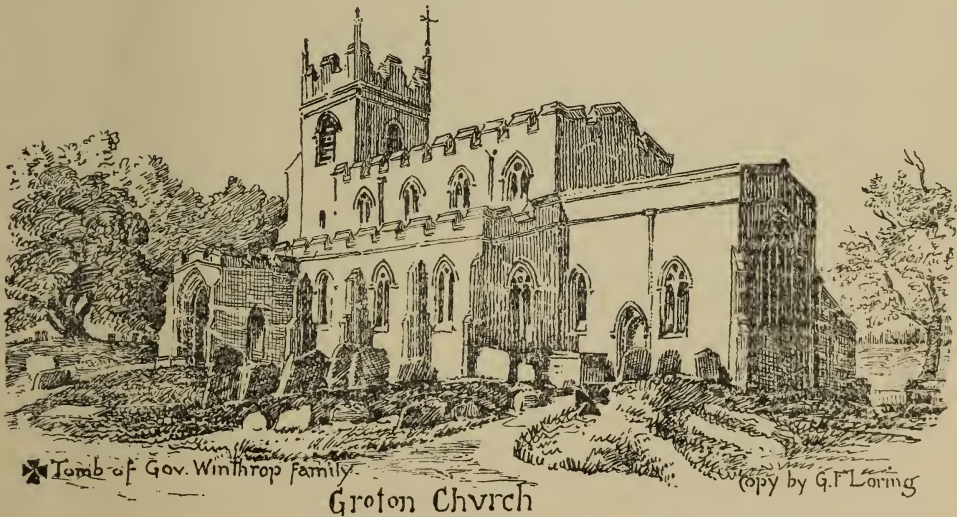
On July 4, 1631, “The Governor built a bark at Mistick, which was launched this day, and called the ‘Blessing of th Bay,’” and the Colony records state that 600 acres of land we:

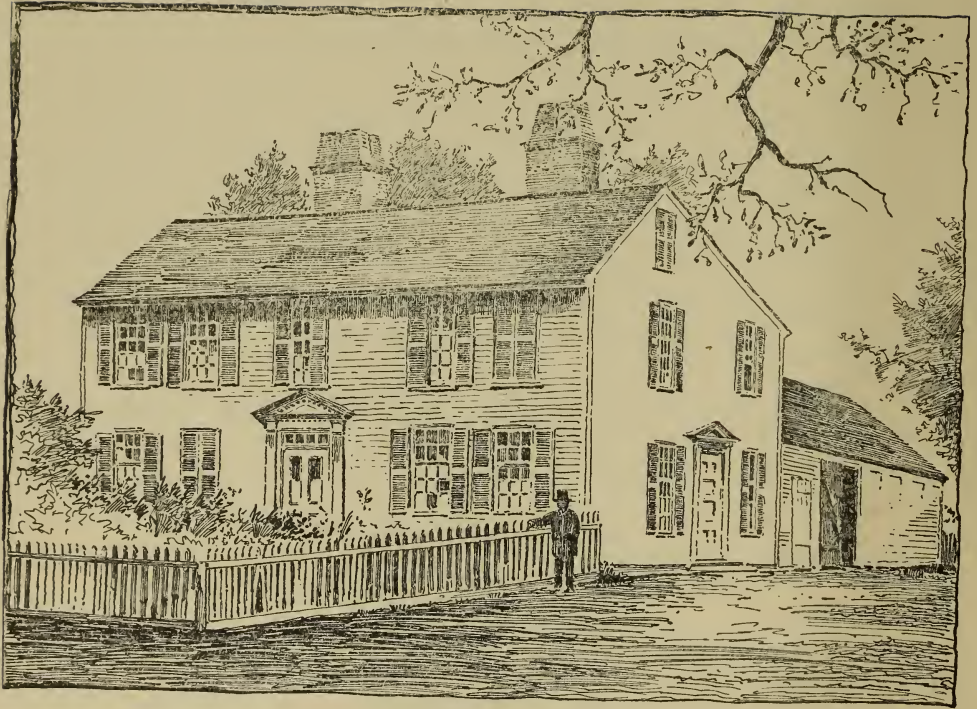
granted him on September 6, 1631, "near his house at Mystick," which he named "Ten Hills"; here he farmed, planted orchards, fished and hunted, and without doubt often held council with his many noble associates upon the momentous questions which confronted the infant colony.

In 1634 Thomas Dudley was elected governor, but in 1637 Winthrop was again chosen, and held the office until 1640; he was again re-elected in 1643, and yet again in 1646, being governor until his death in 1649.

John Winthrop bore an unblemished character. His virtues are written in every line of life; he was cultured, yet unassuming; liberal, yet conservative; gentle, yet firm; politic, yet conscientious; modest, yet courageous; a chivalric gentleman and noble Christian, and his memory deserves to be perpetuated on shaft of adamant in letters of purest gold.

CHARLES D. ELLIOT.





Timothy Tufts House on Elm Street

# Somerville

## In the Revolution



IN the early days of the Revolution our hills and our valleys were the battlefields of liberty, whereon patriots camped, marched, and fought in their struggle for human equality. Briefly, we relate the story: Following "a long train of abuses and usurpations," in March, 1774, came the "Port Bill," closing the harbors of Boston and Charlestown against all trade, export or import, and as effectually cementing the opposition of the provinces to the British crown; retaliatory measures culminated on September 1, 1774, in an expedition for the capture of powder and cannon belonging to the colonists. Sailing in boats up the Mystic river, the British troops landed at Ten Hills farm, proceeded to the Powder House, and seizing all the powder stored there, sent it to "Castle William."

From the Powder House a detachment marched to Cambridge Common, where it captured two cannon. The alarm spread in every direction, and was answered by militia, minutemen, and citizens from all parts of the state, in variously estimated numbers of from twenty to fifty thousand.

They marched to Cambridge, and, surrounding the houses of the crown officers, forced them to resign their commissions. This first uprising of the Revolution was bloodless, but it foreshadowed a sanguinary conflict.

Between this event and the battle of Lexington the days which came and went were crowded with preparations for the expected contest. Learning that the British were again to march into

the country on the night of April 18, 1775, Dawes and Revere were sent on their midnight rides to spread the alarm, Dawes by way of Roxbury, and Revere by way of Charlestown and Somerville. Of the latter America's sweetest poet sings:—

He "silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,  
Just as the moon rose over the bay,  
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay  
The Somerset, British man-of-war,  
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar  
Across the moon like a prison bar,  
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified  
By its own reflection in the tide."<sup>1</sup>

Passing Charlestown Neck, Revere galloped up Washington street to where the old gibbet used to be, near the present Charlestown and Somerville line; there, by the moonlight, he perceived two British officers under a tree waiting to intercept him; pursued, he fled back to the neck, and thence over Broadway and Winter Hill, through Medford and Arlington to Lexington and Concord, arousing the minutemen as he went.

"The fate of a nation was riding that night,  
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,  
Kindled the land into flame with its heat."

Then came the battles of the 19th, beginning in Lexington and Concord and ending in Somerville. Two lights had gleamed from the belfry tower the night before; the British had gone by water. Crossing "Back Bay," they landed at East Cambridge, near the present Registry of Deeds, skirted the marshes to avoid observation, and emerged through by-ways into Somerville, probably near the junction of Washington and Prospect streets; whence they followed what are now Bow street, Somerville avenue, Elm street, and Massachusetts avenue to the towns beyond; they

marched silently, halting for water in two places, at least, one on Bow and one on Elm street.

In their disastrous flight they returned through Somerville, by way of Beech street, at whose junction with Elm street a sharp skirmish occurred; thence they retreated through Union square and Washington street to Charlestown, skirmishing all along the route, several British soldiers being killed, and one minuteman, James Miller.

The environs of Boston now became a great military camp, which soon began to be fortified, one of the earliest works being thrown up just east of Union square, and others at Cambridge. On June 15th the Committee of Safety recommended the seizure and fortifying of Bunker Hill, which led to the battle of the 17th. Over our roads that day streamed troops marching to reinforce Putnam and Prescott at Bunker Hill; and near Winter Hill and Union square were massed reserves, waiting a call to the field of battle.

On Asylum Hill was the artillery of Major Gridley, which took part in the conflict; and east of this hill British gunboats lay, and rained their shrieking shell over the reinforcements crossing the neck and helpless families escaping from their smoldering homes. Horsemen galloped to and fro, carrying orders or urging on the troops, and saddest of all these exciting scenes through our streets, borne from the battlefield, came the wounded and dying. And at the close of day came a defiant army retreating from a victory gained on a field that was lost.

All this our city saw, and on the morrow it saw that army marshalled on Prospect Hill, throwing up its lines of defense, as it had at Bunker Hill, and awaiting the attack which never came.

These works of Putnam's on Prospect Hill were the beginning of that siege which held the British at bay for nine months,

and drove them from Boston. From Prospect, Winter, Convent, and Asylum Hills roared war's artillery, and upon these devoted eminences British cannon and mortars hurled their shot and exploding shell. For a whole year our city knew little else than the din and horrors of war.

From the summer of 1776 to the autumn of 1777, days of peace succeeded those of contest, but November, 1777, saw our territory again a great camp, this time of two armies, friend and foe, here being quartered the British and Hessian prisoners captured at Saratoga, and the American army which guarded them; and here the prisoners remained until November, 1778, one year, complaining, impatient, quarrelsome, at times almost mutinous, a menace to their insufficient guard, and to this and the neighboring towns.

With this closed the scenes of the Revolution in our territory, covering more than two years in time, and including some of the most important events of the war.

CHARLES D. ELLIOT.





## The Sampler

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This faded bit of antique art,

    Quaint relic of a by-gone day,  
    Appeals to mortals grave or gay,  
And brings a thrill to every heart.

In high-backed chair, with look demure,  
    The maiden bends her pretty head  
    O'er fingers deft, that, thread by thread,  
Build up the pattern slow and sure.

With growing years housewifely skill  
    Laughs at each added hourly stint;  
    She spins the flax, dries sage and mint,  
Bakes, brews, or churns with right good will.

In tuneful notes, at break of day,  
    Her hymn proclaims a godly heart  
    That early chose "the better part,"  
In good old Puritanic way.

At day's decline, now fancy free,  
    Out in the fields she doth rejoice  
    To pluck the flowerets of her choice  
That grow in old Menotomy.

Or down the garden path she hies,  
    Past kitchen-herb and hollyhock,  
    To cull a bunch of flowering stock  
For some sick neighbor's glad surprise.

On winter eves the young folk met,  
    To hunt the whistle, play at pawn,  
    And once, in lutestring—shade of fawn—  
She danced the stately minuet.

Sweet Mistress Anne, a woman grown,  
    Is busy as the busiest bee;  
    Weaving and quilting, for, you see,  
A young man claims her as his own.

Plain Peter Tufts is stanch and brown,  
    With acres broad and well-filled till;  
    The new home caps a sightly hill  
Which overlooks fair Boston town.

Sedate and wise and well-to-do,  
    Our farmer finds a frugal wife;  
    Never so rich in all his life!  
For children bring their blessing too.

Thanksgivings come, thanksgivings go,  
    Till, sitting at the table-side,  
    Our worthy couple count with pride  
Eleven youngsters in a row.

But troubles soon or late arrive,  
    And human hearts need all their cheer,  
    A nation meets the crisis-year  
In seventeen hundred seventy-five!

Our patriot takes his trusty gun;  
    With sympathetic impulse quick,  
    The matron hastes to nurse the sick,  
For desolating war's begun.

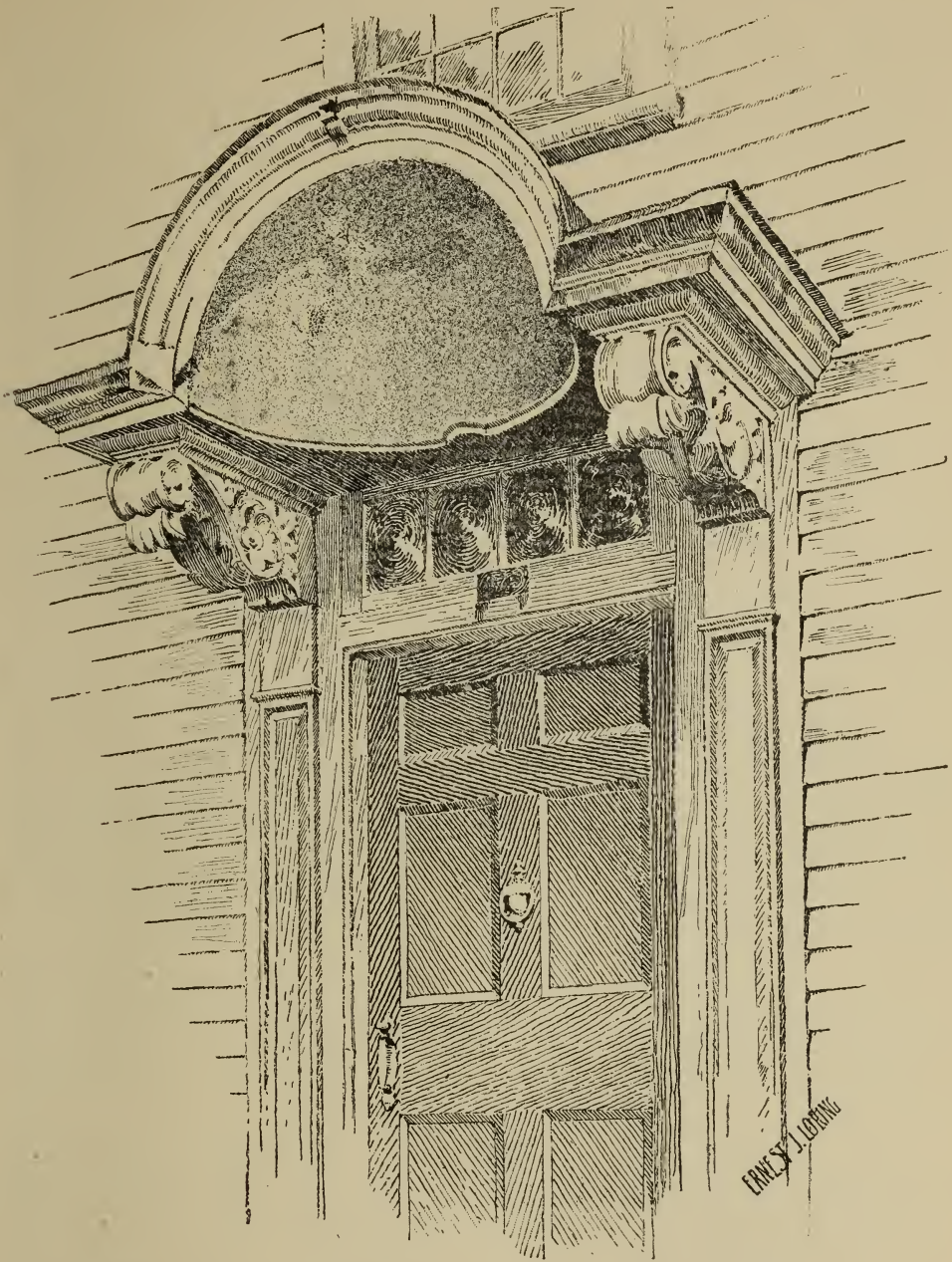
With loyal heart and ready hand,  
    They do their duty as they may,  
    Till clouds of battle roll away  
And Freedom rings through all the land.

In later years comes widowhood,  
    But with her children's children near,  
    As at creation's dawn, with cheer  
She sees that all is "very good."

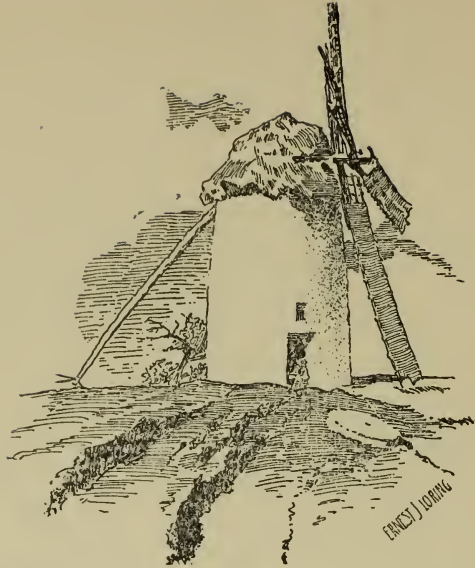
True daughter of a country blest,  
    Right well this heroine of the past  
    Lays down life's burdens at the last,  
And wins the peace that comes with rest.

The ways of God are manifold,  
    I read the moral something thus:  
    Our every deed lives after us.  
The Sampler's lesson has been told.

FRANK M. HAWES.



A Colonial Doorway



## John Mallet

### The Old Miller



THE old burying-ground at the end of Phipps street, in Charlestown, contains no grave more interesting to citizens of Somerville than that in which is interred the body of John Mallet. Here, among many pioneers of pre-Revolutionary days, lie the mortal remains of one who has given to Somerville a unique historical monument, the copy of which greets us in souvenir spoon, club crest, and city seal. A few facts in regard to this man repay the search of the antiquarian.

John Mallet, a shipwright, is said to have been a Huguenot refugee who sought the shelter of this land, coming to Boston early in the last century. A later scion of the family became a pioneer in Topsham, where descendants of the Mallet name still occupy the original farm of the first settler. The names of John Mallet's two

wives, Jane Lyroni and Ann Mico, are strange enough in our ears to suggest that they too were not of English birth. A visitor to the Registry of Deeds in East Cambridge may see the document which records the purchase of ten acres of land of Jona. Foskett in 1703-04. On this land the mill, known in these later days as the Old Powder House, was erected, and John Mallet, its builder and owner, became its first miller. His will, dated August 30, 1720, is recorded in the Probate Court.

The last line of his history is told on the stone that marks his resting-place in the secluded little spot, a stone's throw from the work and wail of the busy street. Here a massive granite shaft, which loyal graduates have erected to the memory of John Harvard, overlooks and seems to guard the tablets which recount the virtues and tell the end of lesser men. So that he whose deed is brought to mind whenever our sister city's name is spoken, in death is not far divided from him who has given to our own city its most peculiar possession.

Mrs. L. F. A. MAULSBY.



# General Charles Lee

## And The Old Tufts House



IN 1775 Gen. Charles Lee was in Philadelphia. Learning of the arrival of Gen. Burgoyne in Boston, he wrote a letter "full of invectives against the British ministry, and containing an elaborate statement of his views of the merits of the contest." Lee's letter was an impulsive one, and might even have seemed violent. When he served as he did for some time among the Mohawks, who made him a chief, they called him "Boiling Water."

Burgoyne was a personal friend, had served with Lee in Portugal, and was familiar with his impetuous temper. His letter in reply was a very courteous one, and proposed a personal interview at a friend's house on Boston Neck. This question was laid before the Provincial Council, who granted permission, couched in such diplomatic phrase that Gen. Lee sent word to Burgoyne that it would not be expedient for them to meet.

So far as Gen. Lee is connected with Somerville, it may be said briefly that his headquarters in this vicinity were at first in the Royal Mansion on the shore of the Mystic in Medford. This house was at some distance from his troops, but so delightfully situated as to be very attractive. It was in the midst of fruit trees and shrubbery some distance from the road. Its wide corridors, echoing at the lightest step or lowest voice, gave Lee the fantastic notion of naming it "Hobgoblin Hall."

By Gen. Washington's orders Lee's headquarters were transferred from the Royal Mansion to a point near his command. This brought him to the farmhouse still remaining on Sycamore



From the engraving in Girdleston's "Facts tending to prove that General Lee was the Author of Junius," London, 1813. The drawing was made by Barham Ruskbrooke, on Lee's return from Poland in 1766, in the uniform of an aide to King Stanislaus, and shows the inevitable dog. According to Dr. Girdleston, "though designed as a caricature, it was allowed, by all who knew General Lee, to be the only successful delineation, either of his countenance or person."

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street, the old and historic Tufts house. It is not to-day exactly on the site it formerly occupied. The experience of modern times demanded that Sycamore street should be straightened, so in 1892 the house was moved back about forty feet. When occupied by Gen. Lee it was two stories high in front, with a long pitched roof, descending to a single story in the rear. Here it was Lee had his headquarters when commanding the left wing of the American army during the Siege of Boston in 1775-76. Here Washington came, in consultation with his generals, and here, in the front chamber over the parlor, he slept with more or less unbroken slumber.

What interest would be quickened in this venerable record of other days if only its walls could make known the conferences to which they have echoed; not only should we gather fresh information as to the plans proposed to drive the British from Boston, to raise the siege and take possession of that town, but possibly the fame of Lee himself would be vindicated from the rumors which were current during his life and which clouded his reputation as a gallant soldier. Was he traitor to our patriot cause or was he a zealous partisan of it? It is said that at Monmouth Lee showed so much vacillation, was, as our modern phrase is, so "rattled," that he was suspected of cowardice, if not treachery. Washington is reported to have called him a "damned poltroon." "The only time," said Lafayette, "I ever heard Washington swear." After the battle Lee had the audacity to write two independent letters to his commander-in-chief, which might readily subject him to charges of conduct subversive of good discipline. He was brought to trial, and, after careful consideration of all evidence pro and con, the charge of treachery and treason was dismissed, but he was deprived of his command one year for insubordination. He died at an obscure inn on Market street, Philadelphia, October 2, 1782. His

last delirious thoughts were on the battlefield; his last articulated words were, "Stand by me, my brave Grenadiers."

It is certainly to be hoped that his old headquarters—the Tufts house—will be carefully preserved as an object lesson that may well excite our imagination as we dwell upon the incident of that struggle which belongs to those days that tried men's souls and gave to us freedom and law, liberty and independence.

JOHN S. HAYES



# On Prospect Hill

January 1, 1776

What is that tall, white shaft of pine?  
That shaft, when many years have gone,  
Will be a nation's lifted sign  
For centuries to look back upon;  
To loom through perils, victories, fears,  
A beacon for a thousand years.

See! see! there floats an unknown flag,  
A flag unseen, unknown before;  
Let England's might tear down the rag  
That dares to flaunt upon this shore:  
Aye, snatch the insolent shred away—  
'Tis but the banner of a day!

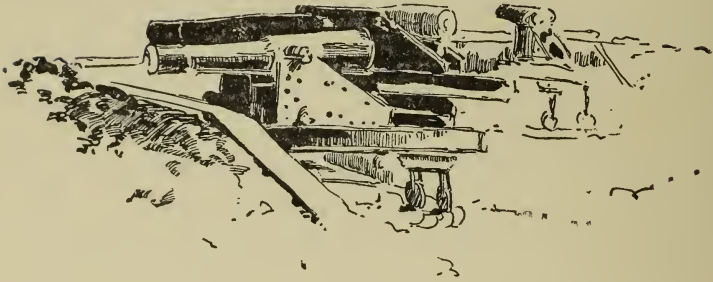
Ah, no: by many breezes fanned,  
That flag shall float o'er field and town,  
And strong, ah, strong must be the hand  
That tears that lifted banner down.  
Old thrones shall reel, old realms shall die,  
But still that flag shall wave on high.

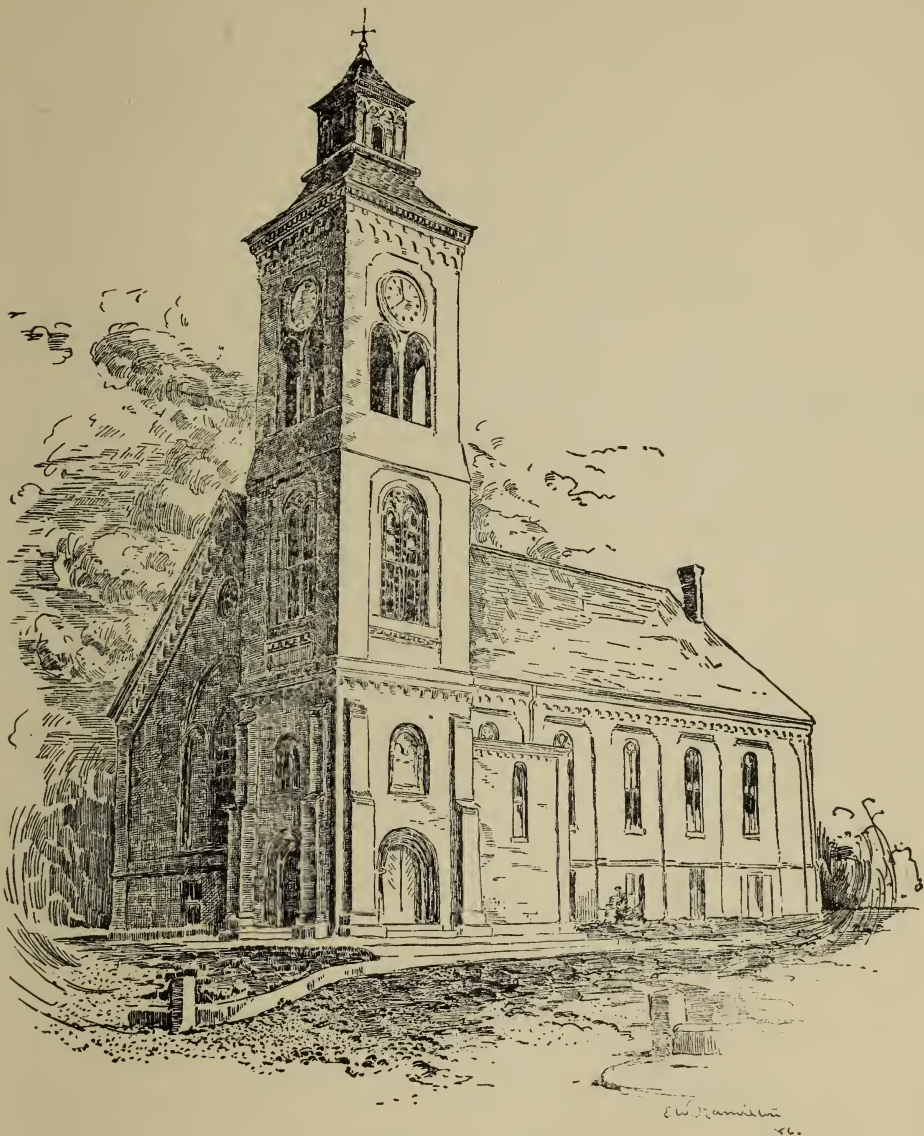
Who, who are these plain plowmen here,  
These wielders of the axe and spade,  
In awkward regimental gear  
Drawn up in loose parade?  
Why, these are empire builders, man,  
The greatest since the world began.

Who are these cohorts from the wood?  
They are the vanguard files of fate,  
Proud men of red, imperial blood,  
High regal souls and great,  
The children of a haughty name,  
The sires of states and sons of fame.

And here, to-day, breaks on this height  
The sun-burst of a nation's morn,  
That unknown banner greets the light  
That sees an empire born.  
And these rude ranks that round us stand  
Are fathers of a mighty land."

SAM WALTER FOSS.





Old Unitarian Church on Highland Avenue

# The Flag of Our Union

"In radiance fair,  
Floats on the peaceful air  
That flag that never stooped from Victory's pride;  
Those stars that softly gleam,  
Those stripes that o'er us stream,  
In war's grand agony were sanctified:  
A holy standard, pure and free,  
To light the home of peace, or blaze in victory."

F. MARION CRAWFORD.



THOSE soul does not thrill with emotion when he sees the glorious banner of the Union! What mean its glorious stars and stripes? It is the flag of history. Its blue tells of the unfaltering faith of those who rallied about it in the days that tried men's souls. Its crimson tells of the heroism that defended it; its white of the peerless fidelity of those who with loyal devotion gave themselves to the Union and the nation; it is a banner of beauty and glory; its stars are undimmed, its crimson does not fade, its white purity is unstained; it is a representation of the dignity and authority of the nation; it is the clarion inspiration of war; it is the sweetest song of peace; it adorns the altar of faith; it crowns the fortress, however large or small; it floats from the schoolhouse and the home, from the court house and the capitol.

"Stand by the flag, its folds have streamed in glory,  
To foes a fear, to friends a festal robe,  
And spread in rhythmic lines the sacred story  
Of freedom's triumph o'er all the globe."

Born of the Revolution, it has passed through the baptism of smoke and flame, and to-day is the symbol of the most imperial republic the world has ever known. During our Revolutionary

struggle the colonies had significant and stirring flags. There was a red flag with the motto "Liberty and Union" in white across the bottom, with a field bearing royal colors. There was a white flag with the words, "An Appeal to Heaven," in black across the top, and a pine tree in the centre. There was a blue flag with a white crescent in the upper left hand corner, with "Liberty" in white letters at the bottom. There was a yellow flag with a coiled rattlesnake in the centre; and there were other flags of curious designs that served their purpose, and though unique in many particulars, were never without meaning. For instance, an officer writing in March, 1776, from what is now part of Somerville, says: "I am stationed on Cobble Hill with four companies of our regiment. Every regiment is to have a standard and colors; our standard is to be a deep green ground, the device a tiger, partly enclosed by toils, attempting the pass defended by a hunter armed with a spear, on a crimson field; the words "*Donari Nolo!*" I will never surrender.

Of the "grand Union flag," the immediate predecessor of the original Stars and Stripes, this interesting and true statement can be made, that it was given to the breath of liberty-loving New England for the first time January 1, 1776. It was hoisted about the same time in Cambridge and in Somerville. In the former place it could not have been seen from the British works; and although Cambridge may be justly proud and join exultingly with us that on its Common, as on our Prospect Hill, the same flag threw out its folds with promise of better things to come, when the Union Jack should be discarded and a constellation of stars take its place; nevertheless, it must be conceded that only from Somerville could the British see that flag, which they mistook at first as indicating the submission of the Colonies to King George's speech; indeed, St. Williams, of the Royal Welsh Fusileers, made a water-color paint-

ing of what he calls "Mount Pis-ca, or the strongest post of the Rebels," representing Prospect Hill with a staff and flag. A writer gives his testimony, which indicates that the flag was seen, not on a common, but from a hill. He says: "The grand Union flag of thirteen stripes was raised on a height near Boston." A letter from a British ship captain, January 17, 1776, says: "On the receipt of the King's speech, which they burnt, they hoisted the Union flag, which is here in Boston supposed to intimate the union of the provinces." A British lieutenant, writing from Bunker Hill, adds: "It was saluted with thirteen guns and thirteen cheers."

In still added confirmation of what has been stated, we quote the following from a letter written by Washington, January 4, 1776, in which he refers to the new flag: "We gave great joy to them (the British) without knowing or intending it, for on that day which gave being to our new army, but before the proclamation came to hand, we hoisted the Union flag in compliment to the United Colonies. But behold! it was received at Boston as a token of the deep impression the speech had made upon us, and as a signal of submission. By this time, I presume, they begin to think it strange that we have not made a formal surrender of our lines."

It was Gen. Putnam who flung to the breeze the "Flag of Prospect Hill." Here, over this "strongest post," this stronghold of the American lines, the new American ensign was first beheld by its enemies.

"'Twas when the flower of English troops  
Entrenched in Boston lay,  
On Prospect Hill were anxious groups,  
All eager for the fray.  
Their hearts had long defiance hurled,  
Though every voice was still  
Until old Putnam here unfurled  
The Flag of Prospect Hill.



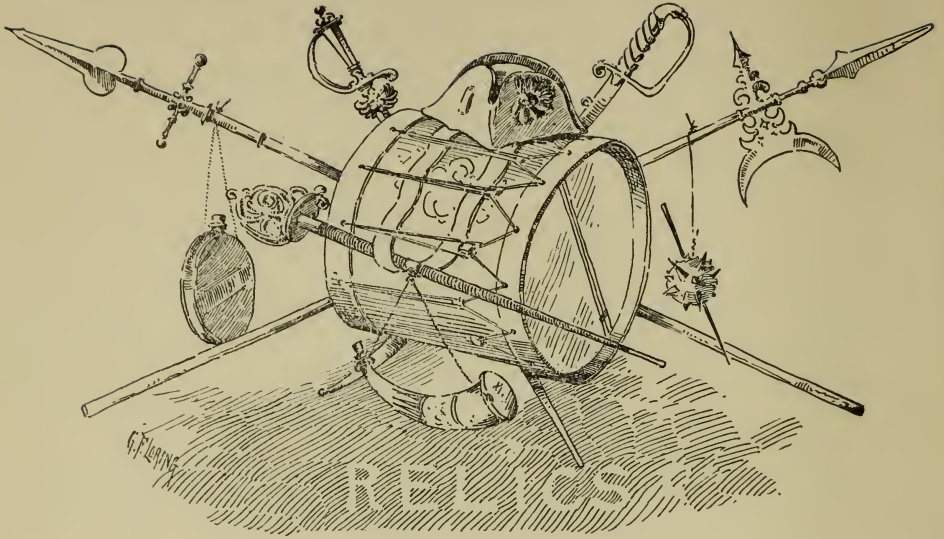
“Sublime the motto which it bore,  
Appeal to Heaven’s high throne,  
That he who brought them to this shore  
Would guard them as His own.  
And here they stood, this gallant band,  
Resolved their blood to spill,  
Defending from a foeman’s hand  
The Flag of Prospect Hill.

“While fervent prayer to Heaven ascends  
To bless the patriots’ cause,  
The air a solemn silence lends,  
As suppliant here they pause.  
Amen! then thirteen hearty cheers  
Were echoed loud and shrill,  
While floating high o’er all appears  
The Flag of Prospect Hill.”

But let us not, with all fond memories of the Flag of Prospect Hill, forget the reverent honor due our own star-emblazoned banner, the Flag of Liberty and Independence.

Out upon the four winds blow,  
Tell the world your story,  
Thrice in heart’s blood dipped before  
They called your name Old Glory!  
Stream, Old Glory, bear your stars  
High above the Seven,  
Stream a watchfire on the dark,  
And make a sign in heaven.





## Maj.-Gen. John Paterson

### Commander at Union Square

**J**OHN PATERSON was Colonel of the Berkshire County Minutemen at the outbreak of the Revolution. His residence was Lenox. He was Connecticut born and bred. He graduated at Yale College in 1762. He was a prime factor in the organization of many beneficent movements. He was a member of the Provincial Congress, and knew well the machinations of the British. He kept his followers in the mountain towns informed of every movement of the King's forces. During the season of 1774 and early 1775 he was in the vicinity of Boston. Knowing the combat to be approaching, he went to his Berkshire home to summon them anew; and no sooner there than the news spread over the country, by flying horsemen, that the "Regulars" had fired upon the "Provincials" at Concord and Lexington. News reached

Lenox, one hundred and thirty miles distant, during the night of the nineteenth of April, and the morning of the twentieth found a fully-equipped regiment on the march to Boston. To be sure, their services were not immediately required, but if that early struggle had been prolonged, the men of Berkshire would have rendered the same sort of service as did the men of Acton, Concord, and Lexington. The Berkshire Regiment came to Boston. At once it was placed at a trying point, and during the Siege of Boston—summer, autumn, and winter—the regiment rendered patriotic services within the limits of Somerville.

Col. Paterson and his command was placed at a strategic point,—at the foot of Prospect Hill,—where “Fort Number Three” was constructed to guard the road to Cambridge, and within speedy reach of Lechmere Point. This “Fort” was at the present Union-square Station on the Fitchburg Railroad. Lechmere Point was at the Court House, East Cambridge. Near the junction of Medford street and Somerville avenue was a redoubt, which was in his special charge. To be sure, the Evacuation of Boston, after a most trying winter in huts and trenches, did not permit a trial of these strategic points. But it was just such military and engineering skill displayed that made the British to think more than twice before opening an attack. If the British had made a move towards Cambridge or the inland towns, the large value of the citadel on Prospect Hill and the forts on Central and Winter Hills and in the intervals guarding the turnpike would have been at once seen. The “red coats” may have had the discipline and the uniform, but the minutemen had the valor and courage of freemen. Col. Paterson had standing orders from Washington himself, during the entire Siege of Boston, on the least alarm to advance with his men to the redoubts nearer the shore to meet the invaders. And so well was he prepared, that as soon as preparations were made for

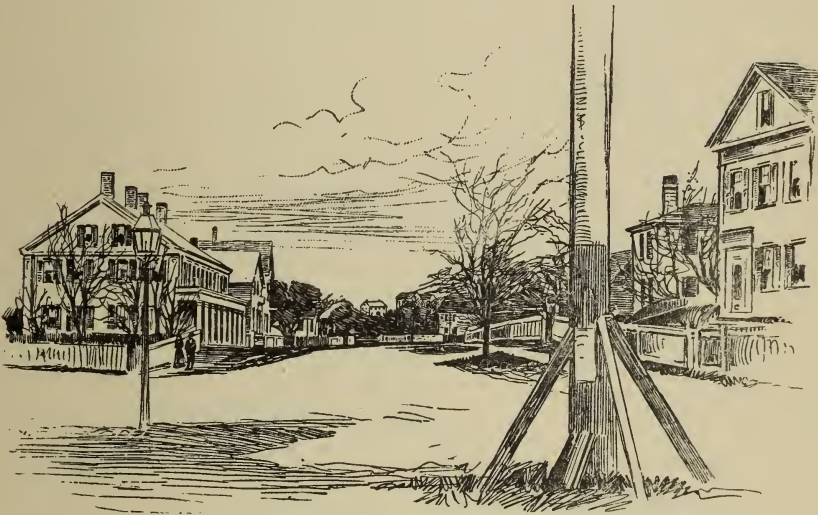
“going to Halifax,” the Berkshire Regiment was sent speedily across Connecticut to guard the lower Hudson. In the mind of Washington the lower Hudson must be retained at every hazard by the Provincial troops. Troops from Boston arrived at New York as soon as the British vessels, which went around Cape Cod. Col. Paterson was at once, and from this time onward, placed at strategic points where military skill was demanded. He was rapidly promoted to the rank of a Major-General. He was a close friend and counsellor of Knox and Washington. His loyalty to the cause in which Washington led was never questioned. He superintended the construction of many of the strong forts on the Hudson River, and was constantly in command. He remained with the patriot army from the first to the last.

It was Gen. Paterson who proved the good friend of Deborah Sampson, the woman soldier of the Revolution. On the return of peace, Gen. Paterson returned to his Lenox home and engaged once more with his accustomed energy in the affairs of peace. In 1792 he purchased a large tract of land in the Chenango valley, Central New York, and migrated thither. He became a judge, and was a United States Senator at the time of his death, in 1808. In the new country, as in his former home, he was foremost in promoting schools and religious interests, and at all times was a devoted citizen, a loyal, liberty-loving man, brave in promoting peace, as he was in the years which tried men's souls.

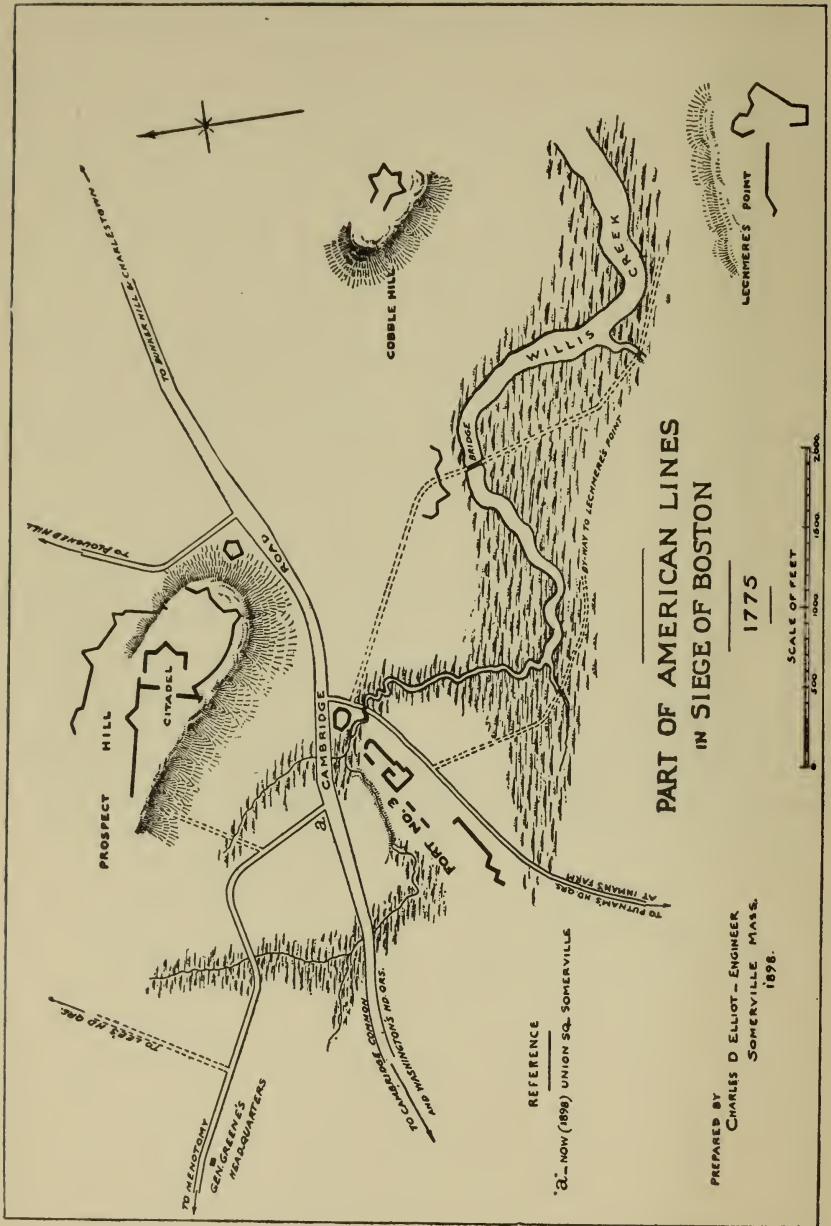
A few years since a monument was reared in Lenox to his memory; and recently a great-grandson, Dr. Thomas Egleston, of Columbia College, prepared and published an extended biography of him. Among the maps in this biography is one of the fortifications of Somerville, showing the relations of one fort to another, and the engineering and military skill with which they were placed and constructed. This map was executed by Mr. Charles D. Elliot,

President of the Somerville Historical Society, and we have no hesitancy in pronouncing it a genuine contribution to the cartography of the Siege of Boston. The monument to Gen. Paterson's memory, and the biography, intelligently and affectionately prepared, will last long to tell the story of patriotism, as shown in his career and character; but longer yet, we trust, will endure the nation, which represents the largest freedom, the choicest liberty, and the noblest spirit cherished in the hearts of men.

ANSON TITUS.



Union Square at the Time of the Civil War



From "Life of General John Paterson," By permission of Prof. Thomas Egleston

# Prospect Hill

## And Its Early History



FEW spots throughout the length and breadth of this country have as many incidents in their history to excite the patriotic feelings of Americans as Prospect Hill. And fortunate, indeed, it is that in this year of 1898 the City of Somerville has decided that a part of the now nearly decapitated hilltop shall forever be preserved as a shrine to American patriotism.

In its connection with the American Revolution chiefly lies the fame of Prospect Hill. Close to its foot the British marched on their way to Concord and Lexington on the night of April 18, 1775, and again they skirted its base late in the afternoon of the following day, when they received the hottest fire during their disastrous retreat. A month later Col. Paterson's regiment occupied a breastwork at the foot of the hill, which had not then been fortified. On the evening of June 16, 1775, Col. Prescott marched from Cambridge, with one thousand men, along the foot of the hill to fortify Bunker Hill, and during the memorable struggle of the seventeenth the hill was occupied by the American reserves. Retreating from Bunker Hill, the Americans took a defiant stand on Prospect Hill, and immediately began to fortify it, under the orders of Gen. Israel Putnam, who superintended the work in person. From then till the British were driven out of Boston, March 17, 1776, it was the strongest and most important fortification in the American lines and a constant menace to the enemy. Nearly four thousand American troops, under the immediate command of Gen. Nathaniel Greene, were encamped here during the Siege of Boston. At a later period two thousand three hundred British troops from

Gen. Burgoyne's surrendered army were quartered in the barracks on the hill for about a year.

The outline of the fortifications at Prospect Hill and vicinity was traced many years ago by Charles D. Elliot, formerly city engineer, who has recently prepared a map to be used by Prof. Thomas Egleston, of Columbia University, in his forthcoming volume on the "Life of Gen. John Paterson." A copy of this map is here presented, by which the reader can easily comprehend the system of fortifications. Cobble Hill on the map is Asylum Hill; Lechmere Point is East Cambridge; Willis Creek was Miller's River, now filled; Fort Number Three was located near the Union-square Station on the Fitchburg Railroad; Cambridge road is the present Washington street; the road to Menotomy (Arlington), Bow street and Somerville avenue; the road to Lee's headquarters, the present School street; road to Putnam's headquarters, Newton and Prospect streets; and the road to Ploughed (Nunnery) Hill, Shawmut and Cross streets. Strong redoubts encircled the steep brows of Prospect Hill, while the citadel occupied a commanding place on the summit.

In close connection with the military importance of Prospect Hill are its sentimental and political aspects. Here on this celebrated hilltop on Tuesday morning, July 18, 1775, "Putnam's Flag," the standard of the Third Connecticut Regiment, was unfurled with appropriate ceremonies. This was the famous "Flag of Prospect Hill." The flag was a scarlet standard, bearing the Connecticut arms, with the motto, "Qui transtulit sustinet," on one side, and on the other, the recognized motto of Massachusetts, "An Appeal to Heaven." The flagstaff must have been a temporary affair, for history records that on August 1 following a mast seventy-six feet tall was raised on the hill, which had been taken from a schooner that was burned at Chelsea.





THE HASTY PUDDING PARTY ON PROSPECT HILL

(From the original picture by Henry Bacon, Paris, formerly a resident of Somerville. By permission of Lothrop Publishing Co.)

Copyrighted in Wide Awake, January, 1891



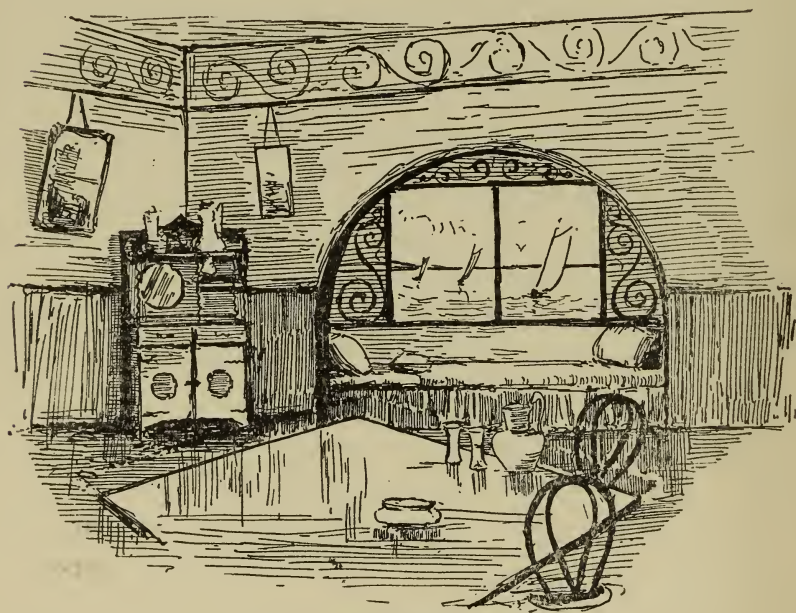
Another, and still more important, flag-raising took place on Prospect Hill January 1, 1776, possibly in the presence of Gen. George Washington, commander-in-chief of the eighteen thousand American troops investing Boston. A committee had been appointed by the Continental Congress, consisting of Franklin, Lynch, and Harrison, to design a "Union" flag. This was the first American Union flag, and was hoisted on the day that the new Continental Army was organized. Its unfurling before the great Provincial Army was one of the most momentous events in the country's history, signifying to the world that a union had been formed, which not even the greatest civil war in history could rend asunder. The flag contained thirteen stripes, but whether these stripes were red and white or red and blue is not known, although historians generally say the colors were red and white. In the corner were the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, indicating still the loyalty of the colonies to Great Britain, and showing but a vague idea at most of independence.

Again, during the Civil War, Prospect Hill became a camping ground for American soldiers. Many years ago an attempt was made to locate the old Revolutionary flagstaff, and after persistent digging a mast was found, probably the original staff, a little back of the house formerly occupied by Rev. Charles A. Skinner on Munroe street, about midway between Prospect-hill avenue and Greenville street.

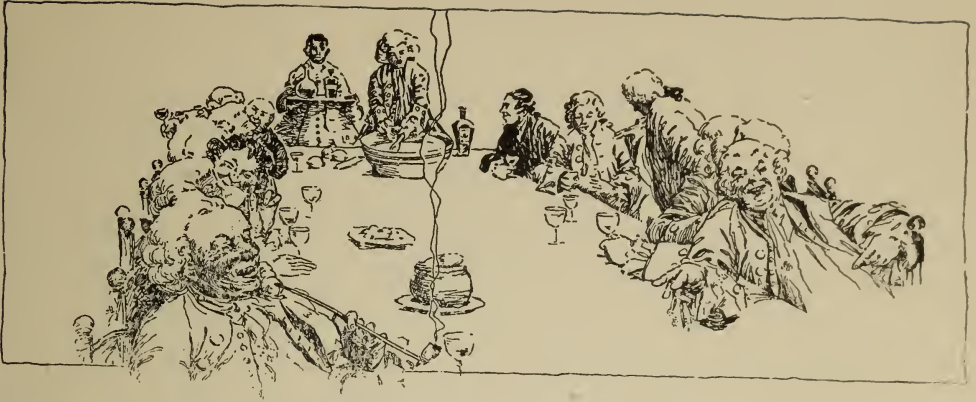
A handsome painting of the historic flag-raising of January 1, 1776, was made one year ago by Clyde O. De Land, of Philadelphia, an American artist, who is deeply interested in the history of this country. Before starting it, he visited Prospect Hill, making sketches and taking photographs of the place. The painting measures 23 x 36 inches, and is now in the artist's possession. From this picture a magnificent double-page half-tone illustration

was printed by Harper's Weekly last January, on the anniversary of the flag-raising, and, very appropriately, an artist's proof of this picture was sent by Harper & Brothers as the first gift to the newly-organized Somerville Historical Society.

WILLIAM P. JONES.



An Ancient Living Room



## When Lafayette Came to Town

**S**EVENTY-FIVE years ago my mother was a small Somerville girl. It was all Charlestown then, rich in historic associations as it is to-day, and sharing with the old town, from which later it was sliced away, alike the honor of Winthrop's farm and the glory of Bunker Hill. Among my mother's papers—she was a Munroe of Prospect Hill—I find a manuscript series of sketches of her girlhood in Somerville, written for her grandchildren and full of good material. From these I select a few passages, as characteristic of life in Somerville in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Chief among these must be reckoned the day when Lafayette rode along Milk row.

It was in 1824 or 1825, during Lafayette's famous visit to America, says my mother, that the gallant Frenchman rode one day from Boston to Cambridge, by way of Milk row and Charlestown. "He rode in a barouche, drawn by four white horses, and, for some reason, the whole line of carriages stopped as they were

passing our house. My sister and I were perched on the top of one of the back buildings, just where we could have a good view of the procession. When the carriages stopped we two little girls took off our cape bonnets and waved them at Lafayette, whereupon the little old man bent forward, with all the grace of a Frenchman, and smilingly bowed to us! Then one of my brothers went to the barouche, and from his hand the man so honored by the whole American nation took a glass of water and put it to his lips. How much we thought of that glass! It is thus that little incidents of the great and good will be treasured not only in the heart of childhood, but all through life."

Here is another sketch of an old-time festivity—the "opening" of the new windmill:—

"On the top of Prospect Hill, made famous by Revolutionary stories, my father built a windmill. It was an eight-sided building, tapering off toward the top like an enormous haystack. It had four wings, which reached almost to the ground, and when the wind blew hard enough to make them turn, the big, round millstones would grind against each other, the bags of yellow corn would be poured into the hoppers, and sweet meal would be ground out.

"While our windmill was being built many curious eyes watched its progress, and when it was completed my father invited all his friends and relatives, far and near, to come and eat hasty pudding and milk the first day the wind blew hard enough to move the wings. . . . At length the good time came. The morning was clear and breezy, and at three o'clock we were dismissed from school and climbed the hill, where already friends and relatives had assembled from Boston, Charlestown, Roxbury, Cambridge, Lexington, Medford, and I don't know how many other places. Fires were kindled on the side of the hill that was

shielded from the wind, and men and women were stirring the freshly-ground yellow meal into savory mush as the miller brought it to them.

“The wind blew, the sun shone, and everyone was in the best humor, each waiting his turn with bowl and spoon. My father had engaged milk from all the farmers weeks previous, and all the guests brought their own bowls and spoons. It was a merry occasion, and we little folks thought the young men very funny, as they went around singing:—

‘Hasty pudding, hasty pudding, hasty pudding and milk,  
Hasty pudding, hasty pudding with a little molasses in’t.’”

Still another picture of Prospect Hill children in those far-away days do I find, and this time in connection with the Harvard boys, whom time, it seems, does not change in their exuberance of spirits.

“Commencement Day at Harvard,” says the manuscript, “was not, in my childhood, associated with halls of learning, but with booths and tents on the grounds around the college buildings, where candy, cakes, and fruit were sold to the children. To exchange our money for these things was to us going to Commencement! For what purpose we thought that young men were behind those brick walls I cannot say; for, when free from the restraints there imposed on them, they were bugbears to us children. Prospect Hill, which, by right, was our playground, and to which we would invite our young companions, seemed to attract those young men also in their recreation hours. They would come with a rush, jumping fences, singing and shouting, breaking the branches from the trees, shaking down the pears, pulling off the apples, and scattering our little groups in the wildest confusion. At the first sound of their boisterous merriment, we would rush from the orchard where we were eating fruit and gathering

flowers and make for a place of safety, calling to each other, 'Run, run; the collegians are coming!'

"Since I have understood mischief-loving young men, I can imagine that those boys enjoyed highly what was sport to them, but death to us—or almost that; for we would be so paralyzed with fear that our little feet could scarcely keep their strength to reach home, where, when questioned as to our alarm, the invariable answer would be, 'O, those horrible collegians frightened us!'"

No reminiscences of Somerville in those old days would be complete without a reference to the famous convent on Mount Benedict—the "Nunnery," as the Somerville children always called it. I find in my mother's manuscript a full description of the place and of its outrageous destruction by a lawless mob, but from this I take only a characteristic child-memory.

It seems that one of the girls who ran away from the "Nunnery," and caused much of the subsequent trouble, came to my grandfather and begged his help to recover some of her belongings. He consented, and so, my mother says, "It was decided that my sister and myself should go for the runaway's property.

"Accordingly," she continues, "we went. As we approached the gate I tremblingly caught my sister's hand, fearing the big dog within. 'Don't go,' I said. 'We must,' she replied; 'be brave,' and, I don't know how, we managed to get inside the gate. We knocked on the outer door. It was opened by a pale, calm-looking woman, who did not seem an inhabitant of this bright, sunshiny world. In a voice which seemed to express doubt as to our success, my sister stated our errand, and, greatly to our surprise, at once the silent woman gave us what we asked for.

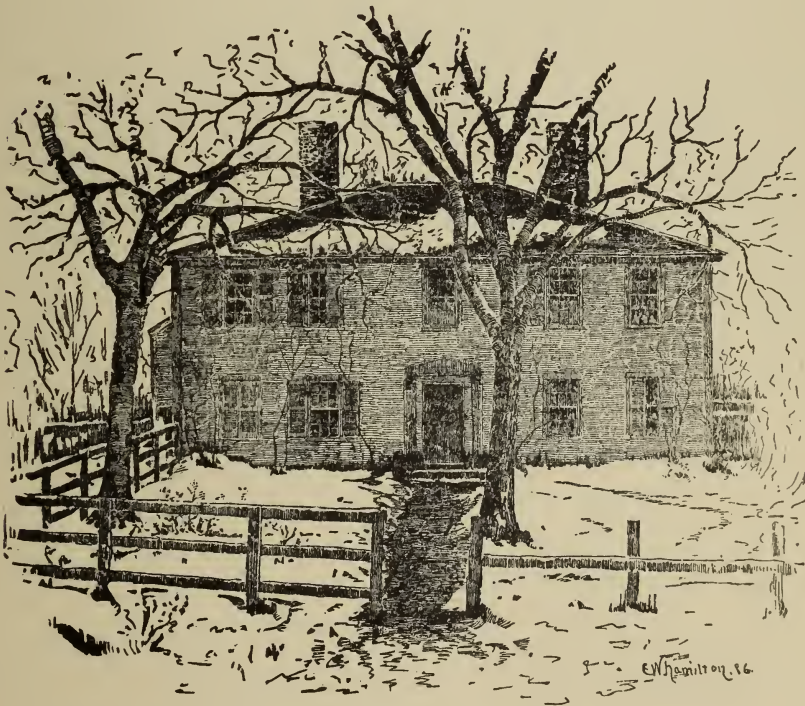
"What a pair of heroines we were when we reached home! All sorts of questions were showered upon us: Were you afraid? What did they say? Did the big dog jump at you? Indeed, we



soon began to think that we really were brave and had done a magnanimous and very daring deed."

So, through the little manuscript run these brief glimpses at childish days amid the orchards and gardens, the lanes and by-paths of what then was a pleasant stretch of hill and valley and fertile farmland, but where to-day a prosperous, pushing city covers plain and upland. Apart from its value as a treasured memorial of one whose whole life was a blessing and a benediction, this manuscript holds, at this season, a renewed interest as a picture of Boston's beautiful suburbs five and seventy years ago.

ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.



Old Stearns House, Broadway



Old Russell House, Broadway, West Somerville  
Drawn by George P. Fernald

## Memories Of Early Days



I have been invited to give some reminiscences of the early days of Somerville, but as I have already contributed several pages to a former publication, "Somerville Past and Present," I feel that I have exhausted my memories of the old places and personalities. Still, there is always a little gleaning after the reaper, and some impressions may steal across my vision which were not photographed upon the other sheets.

When my husband and I first thought of coming here, in 1859, our friends tried to dissuade us from the venture. The only idea they had of the place was what they gained from the vicinity of the railroads in passing up into the country and down. It is not much to be wondered at, and some to this day still cherish the



Winter Hill and Winter Hill Station on Lowell R. R. from Central Hill 1880



delusion. The two stopping-places on the Fitchburg Railroad, named then Prison Point and Hospital Crossing, gave a suggestion of depravity of character and aberration of mind, not favorable to the reputation of the neighborhood. But to counterbalance these prejudices, I can recall what a cultivated young minister said to me: "You are going to a very choice place on those hills"; and so it was. He remembered, probably, his walks over here from Cambridge College and Divinity School, where many a student, with the fine frenzy in his eye, invoked the Goddess of Nature and poured forth his orations, delighting in the sound of his own voice, undisturbed by the noise of electric cars, and only interrupted by the crows cawing in the old elm trees scattered all about the pastures.

The houses were simple, but ample in size, and almost every family had a good piece of land for vegetables and flowers, and especially pear trees, which flourished on these sunny hills, so free from early and late frosts. It was a picturesque sight to see the great loads of hay go through the thoroughfares from the country to market. If you needed hay, you had only to run down the hill and beckon to the driver. The sweet aroma that exhaled from it was quite different from the dry bundles that we buy today. Our horses consequently thrived, and our own white pony, Flora, whom we brought from the hills of New Hampshire, lived to a good old age in this healthy atmosphere, and was known to all the neighbors. She finally yielded to rheumatism, and lying down one warm summer day in our pasture, she could never rise again. She took handfuls of grass from boys that went by, and passed away under the friendly light of the stars, and was buried in our orchard. The long row of sheds belonging to the Unitarian Church were an interesting feature of country life, and the situation on Central Hill was so commanding that it could be

seen all around the suburbs of Boston. It was the "First Congregational Church" of Somerville, and for some time, I think, the only church. Mrs. Columbus Tyler and Miss Whittredge carried on a Sunday school, before worship was established, being troubled because the brick-makers' children were brought up in such an atmosphere of noise and profanity on Sundays.

The schools in Somerville were excellent for the period, and the primary ones were especially interesting, being free from the present crowded condition of the population. The little children were under the immediate eye of gentle and winning teachers, and made happy on their road to knowledge. All the neighbors' children frequented our grounds and pasture, and enjoyed the gymnasium in the barn and the large U. S. Army tent on the lawn. This brings me to the subject of the Civil War. Somerville sent her due proportion of men and money to the war, and the women in all the churches worked faithfully night and day to prepare comforts for the soldiers. Miss Sarah Foster, a daughter of an early esteemed citizen, was supported as a teacher for the Freedmen by the Baptist and Unitarian people on Spring Hill. My husband, the Rev. Charles Lowe, I remember, gave a parting address in his church to certain companies, and his society presented each soldier with a pocket Bible; he also addressed a gathering under the flag at Union square. He never despaired of the cause, and did a great deal by his hopeful demeanor at home and during his work at the South to keep up the spirit of our people. The High School Union, which was first started by the lamented Edward Edgerly, showed the fine progressive and serious spirit of the young graduates of that day.

There were several societies for mutual improvement in the town. The one I especially remember was the "Conversation Club" on Spring Hill, where a few ladies and gentlemen met every

week at each others' houses for conversation on literary themes or educational subjects.

There was a pleasant equality among the people in their various churches, and their parish parties constituted their principal social life, and enhanced the influence of the church upon a community, not so much carried away then with the distractions of the present age.

I fear I have already exceeded my space, and will close these imperfect records and this rambling talk with my best wishes for the success of the Somerville Historical Society.

MARTHA PERRY LOWE.



Samuel Tufts House

# Somerville

## in the Civil War



WE must not neglect the record of Somerville in our Civil War. When the tocsin of war sounded Somerville was a town of about nine thousand people. She was not at a loss as to what her duty should be. Before President Lincoln issued his call for troops Somerville had been roused throughout her borders. Cobble Hill echoed back the old refrain of the Powder House, and Ploughed Hill and Winter Hill sounded across the valley from Prospect Hill the defiant loyalty to the Union flag.

Meetings were called and committees for recruiting appointed. The utterances of the town by resolutions, by pecuniary contributions, and by enlistments, had no uncertain sound. So that within four days of the President's proclamation, — April 19, 1861, the anniversary of the day which helped so loyally to make Somerville patriotic and freedom-loving, — Somerville's soldiers left Faneuil Hall for the seat of war. Hundreds of her men took part in the nation's strife. Other States counted Somerville men in artillery, infantry, and cavalry service. They were to be found in the navy, in the regular army, and the engineer corps.

This fact stands us in place of many words, that Somerville furnished 1,135 men for the defense of the Union flag; that 98 were killed in battle or died in the hospitals; that 250 were wounded in active conflict; and that out of its army of 1,135 men 40 were commissioned officers.

Aside from the treasure of life and strength contributed to upholding the integrity of the nation, the home of national man-

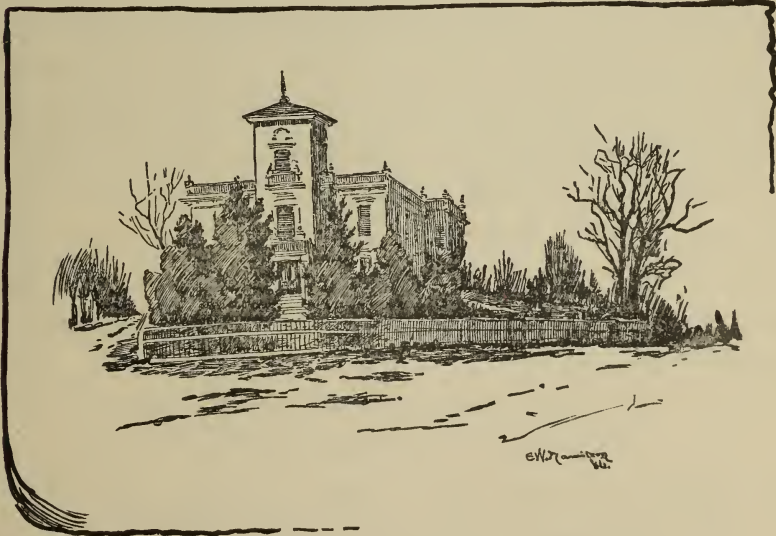


hood, and the power of the nation's flag, it should thrill us with justifiable pride to know that our city raised more than \$200,000 for the Union cause, and that its refined, cultured, and warm-hearted women were unceasing in vigilance and toil in work for Christian and Sanitary Commissions, by which their loving hands cheered the wounded, comforted the sick, and blessed the dying.

We may say, without exaggeration or qualification, that the record of Somerville at home and in the field establishes its rightful claim to loyalty, heroism, and patriotic devotion to this municipality, to this grand old Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and to our great republic, with its unbroken federation of States.

“Nothing can rob thee, oh, beautiful queen,  
Of the names and the fame of thy patriot dead;  
Dead for their homes and dead for their flag,  
Under the shaft or the slab marked ‘Unknown.’  
Honored and loved, they live in thy heart;  
For Somerville's dead are forever her own.”

JOHN S. HAYES



House Once Occupied by Edward Everett, Winter Hill

# Ye Little Old Schoolhouse

## And Its Pupils



FROM earliest times the desire to advance educational interests has been shown by the cities and towns of our Commonwealth. Next to religion, the Puritans ranked education. In front of our State House stands the statue of Horace Mann, the educator, presented to the State by the school children in 1869. One of the reasons why Somerville became a separate town in 1842 was to provide better public schools. A few facts concerning the first schools may be of interest. The Cedar-street Schoolhouse was the first, though built under another name, in 1843. In 1868 it was removed to its present site. The valuation of school property in 1842-43 was \$4,455, and during the same years the sum of \$1,287 was expended for school purposes. Two hundred and twenty-six pupils wended their way in 1842 to ye little old schools. The first three superintendents were Rev. George H. Emerson, O. S. Knapp, and Joshua H. Davis. The schools were under Mr. Davis's care twenty-two years. The salaries paid were as follows: \$600 to grammar principals and \$210 to assistants. In 1856 \$1,000 was the salary paid to high school principals, \$800 to grammar principals, and \$250 to women assistants. In the early days the study of psychology did not receive attention, and the knowledge of the needs of child-life was meagre. Much was expected of the pedagogue; he had to be

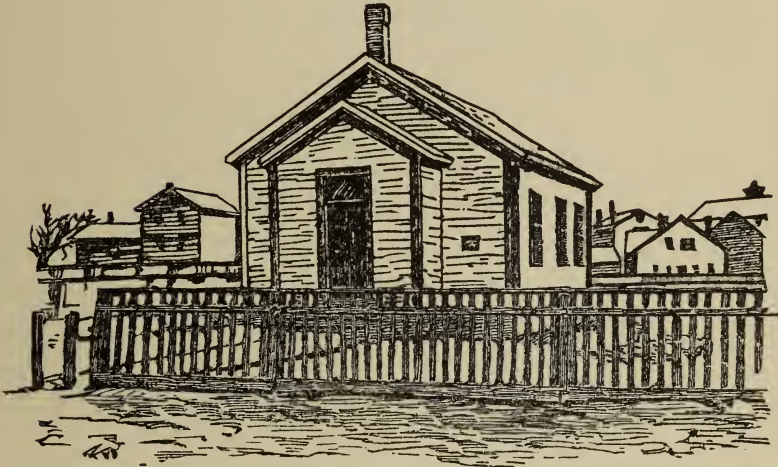
“A man so various that he seemed to be  
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.”

No doubt he aimed for a high standard, and after sixty years of onward march, we look back on the stream of educational

progress and give thanks and praise to the early pioneers who began their work in our public schools.

“A consciousness remains that they have left  
Deposited upon the silent shore  
Of memory, images and precious thoughts  
That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed.”

MINA J. WENDELL.



Union Primary Schoolhouse, Built in 1842

# Cast of Scenes

---

## Scene I. An English Rural Gathering

In charge of Mrs. A. C. Hill, Mrs. E. S. Conant, and Mrs.  
W. M. Hadley

### CHARACTERS

Miss Adella R. Hill	Miss Annie Harvey
“ Amy L. Cole	“ Ethelwyn Drew
“ Lena Crane	“ Ethel Batchelor
“ Alice Spaulding	“ Susie M. Vincent
“ Mary B. Reed	Mr. M. P. Reed
“ Bertha Wright	“ Joseph C. Howes
“ Ella Burgess	“ Ernest Wing
“ Nettie M. Lovering	“ Charles Houghton
“ Bertha Perham	“ W. M. Elliott
“ Bland Thomas	“ Arthur Foss
“ Bertha Richards	“ George Moody
“ Jessie Grieves	“ Joseph Ralph
“ Jennie Perry	
May Queen - - -	Miss A. M. Emerson
Peggy - - -	Miss L. Lund
Geogory the Court Jester -	Mr. W. F. Cutter
Willy - - -	Mr. W. H. Burgess

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## Scene II. Indian Home Life and Arrival of the First White Settlers

In charge of Mrs. C. W. Hale, Mrs. W. S. Brackett,  
and Mrs. A. C. Aldrich

### CHARACTERS

Miss Gertrude Hall	Mr. Ralph F. Reynolds
“ Martha Hale	“ Arthur B. Harlow
“ Bertha Paul	“ Charles M. Houghton
Mr. F. W. Swan	“ P. Bethel Wright
“ Stanley H. Tead	“ Albert W. Hale
“ Frank E. Fitts, Jr.	“ G. L. Peirce
“ Everett Davis	“ H. J. Sanborn
“ Edmund Harvey	“ A. J. Meserve
“ W. C. Nickerson	“ L. Dyer

### INDIAN CHIEFS

Mr. Bradford H. Peirce    Mr. Cushman



## Scene III. Launching of the Bark, “The Blessing of the Bay”

In charge of Mrs. G. M. Harmon, Mrs. G. H. Folger, and  
Mrs. G. T. Knight

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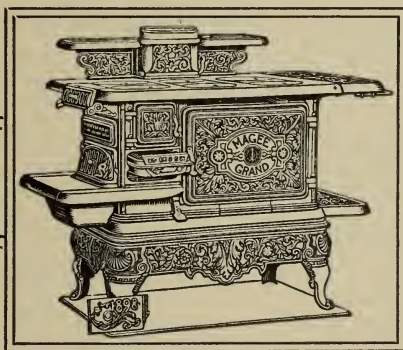
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LAUNCHING OF THE BARK—Continued

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Miss Estelle Bray	Miss Maude Tousey
“ Ruth Capen	Mr. Charles Anthony
“ Ethel Harmon	“ Samuel Capen
“ Louise Mellen	“ Alfred Hensted
“ Isabella Knight	“ Harry Turner
“ Gertrude Knight	“ Carl C. Tarbox
“ Ruth Tousey	“ Louis A. Brown
Gov. John Winthrop	- - Mr. Walter Sawyer



Scene IV. A Social Gathering at Ten Hills Farm

In charge of Mrs. C. D. Densmore, Mrs. A. W. Edmands, and  
Mrs. John E. Sylvester

CHARACTERS

Miss Alice B. Edmands	Mr. John P. Sylvester
“ Adelaide R. Edmands	“ Charles D. Richards
“ Gertrude N. Hall	“ Fred L. Richards
“ Anna B. West	“ F. Frost Barrett
“ Grace C. Howes	“ Hosmer Barrett
“ Mildred B. Howes	“ Philip H. Darling
“ Geraldine Brooks	“ Irving Wetherbee
“ Mabel G. Paul	“ Alfred J. Brine
“ Irma Bradshaw	“ Francis J. Brine



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“ Maude S. Richards	“ Arthur A. Kidder
“ Elizabeth Jackman	“ Gifford Currier
“ Blanche Bradford	“ G. F. Brett
Mr. Edward D. Densmore	“ J. N. Buckingham
“ G. Ellis Densmore	“ A. Rorke
“ John H. Densmore	

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Scene V. A Colonial Wedding

In charge of Mrs. Helen E. Heald, Mrs. E. A. Maynard, and Mrs. H. F. Woods

CHARACTERS

Miss Mabel Fisher	Mr. Harry Stephenson
“ Mabel Fitz	“ William Stephenson
“ Carrie Hoyt	“ Herbert Stone
“ Amy Hamlet	“ C. Nichols
“ Florence Ralph	“ Harold Kneeland
“ Bertha Brown	“ Louis Dearborn
“ Bessie Cullen	“ Harry Osgood
“ Gertrude Thompson	“ Harold Palmer
Mrs. Maude Hibbs	“ Bradford H. Peirce
Mr. Richard Churchill	
Bride - - - - -	Miss Elsie Lake
Groom - - - - -	Mr. Carol L. Nichols

Frank ·  
Bird · ·  
Gardens  
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J. Frank Wellington

Walter C. Mentzer  
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## Scene VI. The Old Powder House

In charge of Mrs. Adella Cummings, Mrs. Alfred T. Nash, and  
Mrs. S. Henry Wilkins

### CHARACTERS

Miss Georgia Reed	Miss Bertha Keyes
Miss D. May Reed	Miss Florence Eaton

### MILLERS

Mr. Louis L. Glazier	Mr. Everett Davis
----------------------	-------------------

### FARMERS

Mr. Arthur E. Ellis	Mr. Ralph Reynolds
---------------------	--------------------

### BRITISH OFFICERS

Mr. John F. McGann	Mr. R. Loring
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## Scene VII. The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere, and The Call to Arms

In charge of Mrs. C. P. Battelle, Mrs. R. H. Riddell, and  
Mrs. Nellie S. Smith

### CHARACTERS

Miss Mattie N. Freedom	Mr. Ralph H. Kenniston
“ Inez M. King	“ D. Frank Rinn
“ Mercy P. Byam	“ L. M. Bacon
“ Ethel C. Wheeler	“ C. E. Nichols



Ride of Paul Revere

RIDE OF PAUL REVERE—Continued

Miss Georgie M. Clark	Mr. Chester W. Butterworth
“ Florence King	“ Lawrence Robbins
Mr. Guy C. Riddell	“ Percy Rolfe
“ G. Waldo Proctor	“ Frank A. Bennett
“ Ralph H. Hosmer	“ Howard Giles
“ W. G. Eaton	“ G. H. Burgess
“ H. Prescott	“ H. Adams
Captain - - -	Mr. Alexander J. Rorke
Stage Driver - - -	Mr. Elmer L. Brine
Farmer - - -	Mr. J. R. Nichols
Farmer - - -	Mr. Walter C. Nickerson
Farmer - - -	Mr. Robert J. Peters
Blacksmith - - -	Mr. Guy P. Moses



## Scene VIII. The Battle of Bunker Hill

In charge of Mrs. S. H. Libby, Mrs. A. S. Hill, and  
Mrs. George F. Loring

### AMERICAN SOLDIERS

Mr. B. D. Bourne	Mr. Russell Pipe
“ Walter Littlefield	“ Charles Shaw
“ Anson M. Titus	“ Harry O’Leary
“ Edward S. Cox	“ F. E. Cross
“ Henry E. Mead	“ Robert A. Bennett
“ Ralph Reynolds	“ E. J. Loring
“ Dana W. Bennett	

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BRITISH SOLDIERS

Mr. Ralph S. Loring	Mr. Thomas P. McGann
“ John F. McGann	“ Louis Pennock
General Clinton - - -	Mr. C. E. Conover
Israel Putnam - - -	Mr. E. W. Curtis
Captain Small - - -	Mr. Herbert P. Yeaton
Lord Rawdon - - -	Mr. Dana W. Bennett
General Prescott - - -	- Mr. E. J. Loring



Scene IX. The Raising of the First Flag  
on Prospect Hill, January 1, 1776

In charge of Mrs. Isaac Rich, Mrs. J. Abbott Clark, and  
Mrs. J. Frank Wellington

CHARACTERS

Miss Marion Gooding	Mr. Ralph Reynolds
“ Grace Simonds	“ Frank E. Fitts, Jr.
“ Josephine Kimball	“ Arthur H. Gooding
“ Margaret Lakin	“ Harry O’Leary
“ Florence Eaton	“ Wallace Hubbard
“ Gertrude Niles	“ Wilder Sturtevant
Mr. Arthur Cushman	“ Frank Hamblin
“ Curtis Fairbanks	“ Stanley Tead
“ Willie McDonald	“ Ernest Kimball
George Washington - -	- Mr. Julian P. Twitchell

*Fred L. Davis*

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## Scene X. The American Flag Dance

In charge of Mrs. Geo. Stephens, Jr., Mrs. W. F. Watters, and  
Mrs. Williston Lincoln

### DANCERS

Miss Anna B. West	Mr. George H. Galpin
“ Martha L. Hale	“ G. N. Buckingham
“ Mabel Paul	“ J. Frost Barrett
“ Bertha P. Paul	“ Philip Darling
“ Alice Sartwell	“ Irving Wetherbee
“ Gertrude Hall	“ Gifford Currier
“ Helen D. Carr	“ Arthur Kidder
Mr. Francis J. Brine	“ A. J. Rorke
Solo Dance - - -	Miss Alice B. Edmands

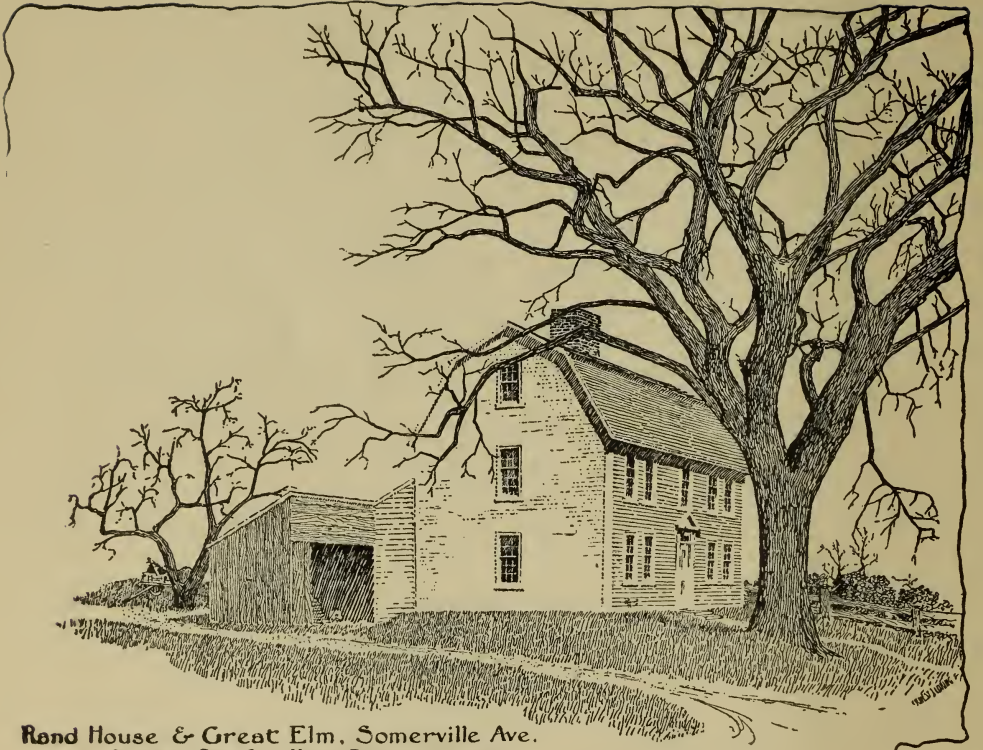


## Scene XI. The Arrival of Margaret Winthrop and John Eliot

In charge of Mrs. Geo. O. Proctor, Mrs. E. B. West, and  
Mrs. A. A. Gibson

### CHARACTERS

Miss Marion West	Miss Helen Higgins
“ Gertrude O’Brion	Mr. J. P. Belliveau
“ Ethel Butterworth	“ N. P. Reed
“ Mabel Proctor	“ W. H. Burgess



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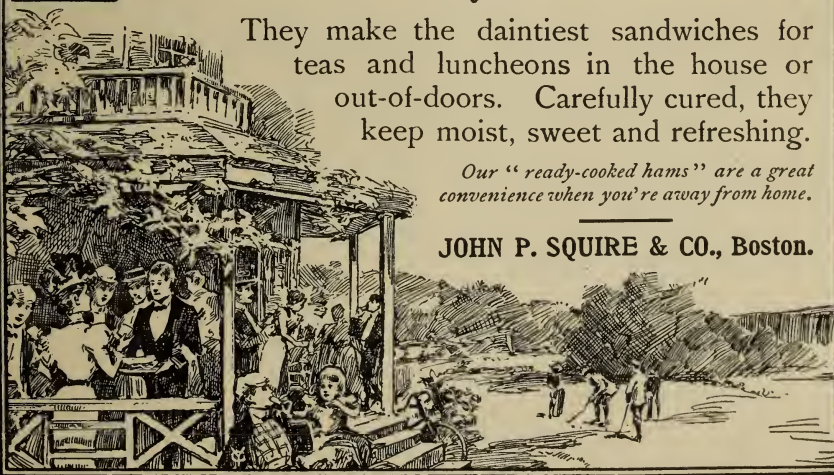
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“ Grace Proctor	“ F. D. Cooke
“ Bessie Wisdom	“ Harold Harlow
“ Hattie Wisdom	

Margaret Winthrop	-	-	Miss Ethel Lincoln
Governor Winthrop	-	-	Mr. H. P. Bradford
John Eliot	-	-	Mr. Walter S. Sawyer



## Scene XII. A Colonial Tea Party

In charge of Mrs. L. V. Niles, Mrs. G. W. Simpson, and  
Mrs. Elbridge S. Brooks

### CHARACTERS

Mr. Charles D. Elliot	Mrs. Charles D. Elliot
“ Charles F. Simes	“ Charles F. Simes
“ Frank W. Marden	“ Frank W. Marden
“ Frank A. Ware	“ Frank A. Ware
“ S. A. Carvill	“ S. A. Carvill
Mrs. George S. Minot	
Soloist	- - - - - Mr. Lon F. Brine

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## Scene XIII. The Flags of the Nations

In charge of Mrs. E. C. Dolliver, Mrs. F. L. Dunne, and  
Mrs. G. W. Freund

### FLAG BEARERS

America	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Mollie Edmands
Russia	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Helen Watters
Germany	-	-	Miss Frances Frost and Mr. W. Pierson				
Italy	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Florence Green
Spain	-	-	Miss Helen Bradshaw and Mr. J. Nichols				
France	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Edna Jones
Holland	-	-	-	Miss Alice Dunne and Mr. F. Rice			
Sweden	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Mattie Bell
Great Britain	-	Miss Ruth Benton and Mr. C. J. Nichols					



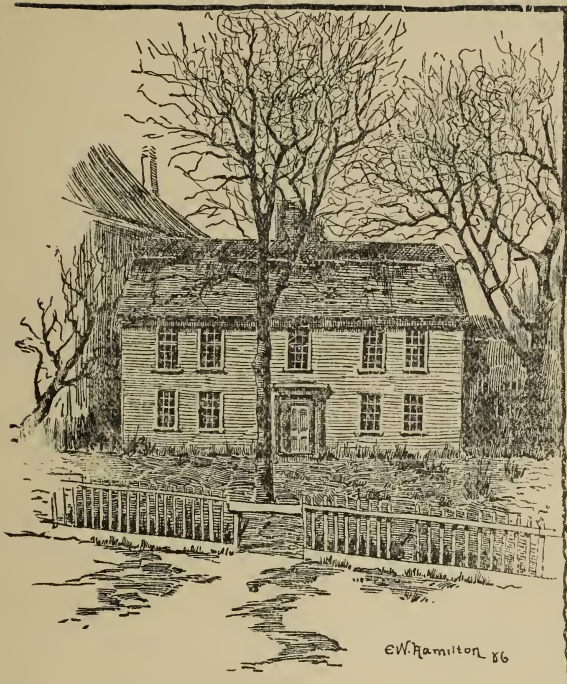
## Scene XIV. The Children's Quilting Party

In charge of Mrs. Edward Glines, Mrs. S. M. Pennock, and  
Miss Gerta M. Colby

### CHARACTERS

Miss Jeannette A. Dawson	Mr. Albion M. Boothby
“ Marcella Kendall	“ Elmer L. Brine
“ Nathalie E. Kinsman	“ Arthur F. Gooding
“ Mildred F. Lincoln	“ Percy J. Holmes





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“ Ina G. Thompson	“ J. Robert Nichols
“ Florence Keeler	“ Bowen Tufts
“ Moses	“ R. H. Kenniston
“ Bertha E. Brown	“ Dorothy Crane
“ Helen Higgins	
Soloist - - - - -	Bessie Densmore



Scene XV. A Dancing School of Y<sup>e</sup> Olden Time

In charge of Mrs. Henry A. Robbins, Mrs. L. Roger Wentworth,  
and Mrs. Arthur C. Whitney

DANCERS

Miss Alice Miller	Master Carl Gleason
“ Louise Whitney	“ Nat Rice
“ Marjorie Loring	“ Prescott Wild
“ Dorothy Joyce	“ Arthur Corwin
“ Isabel Wild	“ Harold Taylor
“ Amy B. Wood	“ Freddie Westing
“ Amy Hubbard	“ Horton Pushee
“ Gladys Hastings	“ Charles Pope
“ Dorothy Crane	“ Moses
“ Helen Higgins	“ Wright Parker
“ Lucy Robbins	“ Brewer
“ Spinney	

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Mrs. E. G. Glines

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“ Edith Winn	“ Louis Lombard
“ Gladys Loring	“ Louis Keyne
“ Susie Richie	“ Ned French
“ Frances Paon	“ Ernest Ware
“ Leila Stevens	“ Howard Miller
“ Helen Barker	“ Charlie Parks
“ Alice Lyon	“ Robert Macomber
“ Cora Taylor	“ Myron Lewis
“ Lucy Sears	“ Harold Dix
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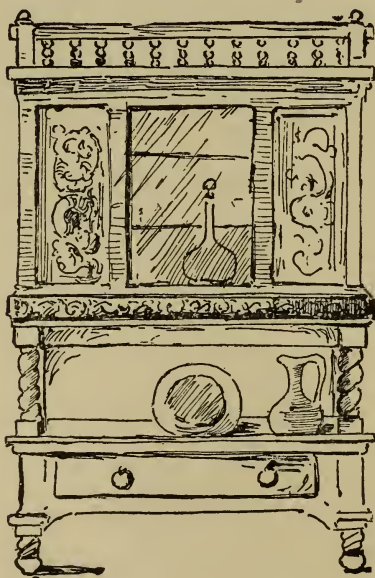
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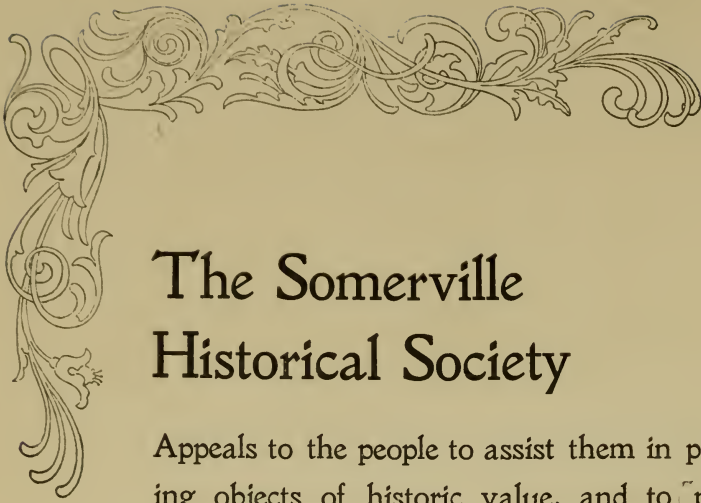
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Frontispiece. Oliver Tufts House on Sycamore Street

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but through an inadvertence his name was		
omitted as the author		

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An article entitled "Early Days of Tufts College," by President E. H. Capen, was received too late for publication, much to the regret of the editors.



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