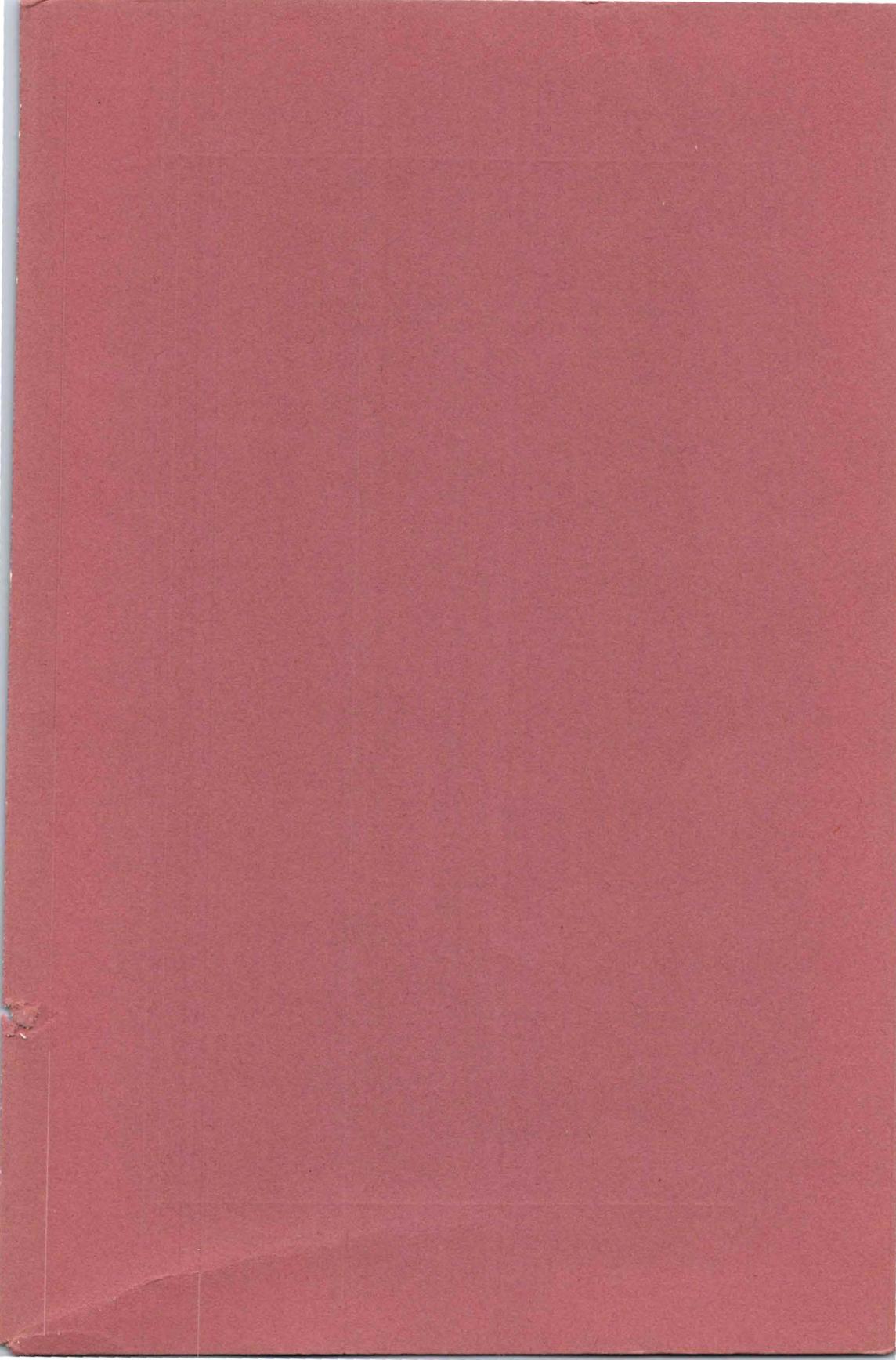


The  
Worcester Historical Society  
Publications

New Series  
Vol. 1, No. 6

April, 1933

Published by  
The Worcester Historical Society  
Worcester, Massachusetts



The  
Worcester Historical Society  
Publications

New Series  
Vol. I, No. 6

April, 1933

Published by  
The Worcester Historical Society  
Worcester, Massachusetts

LIST OF OFFICERS, 1932-33

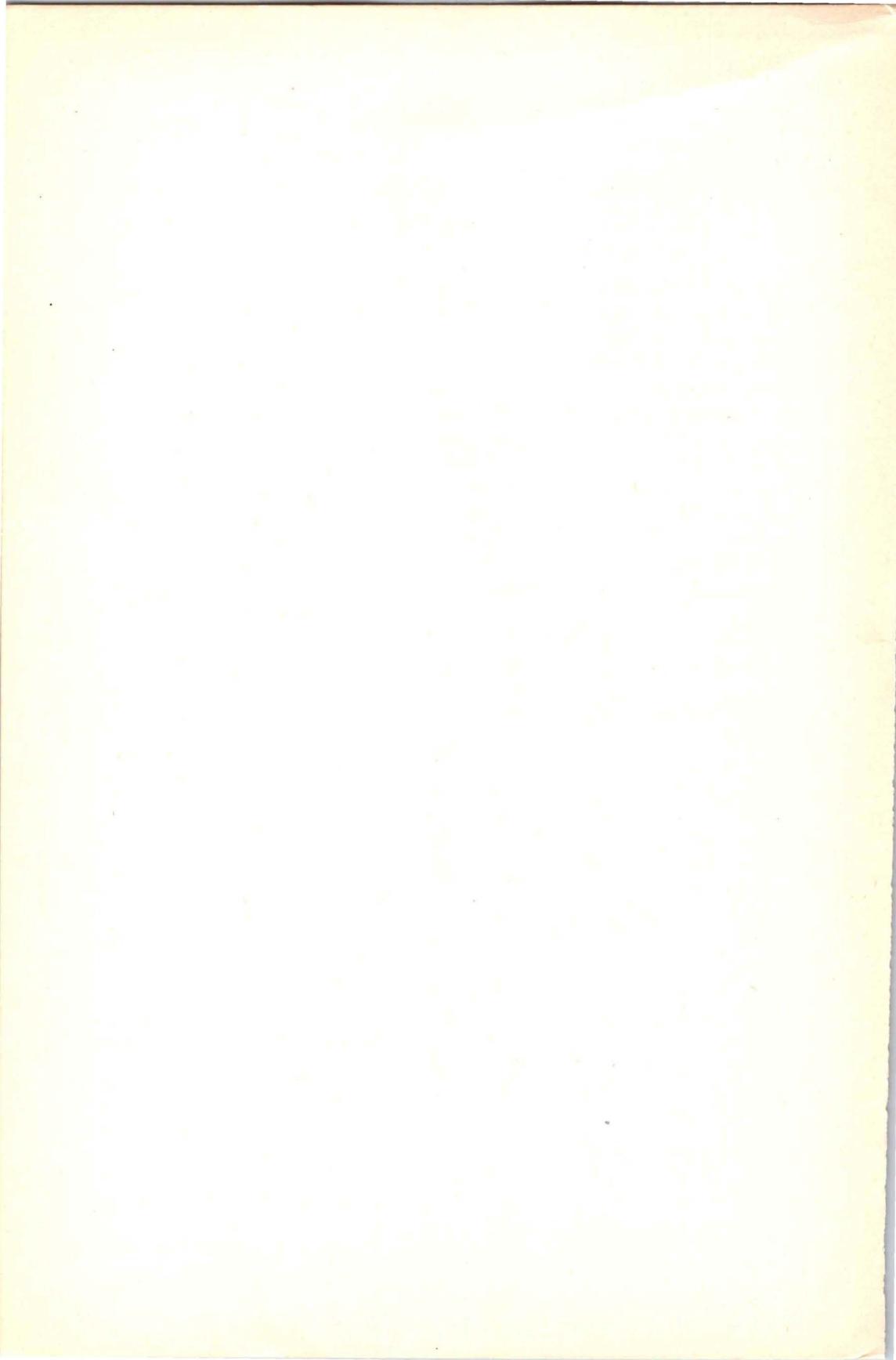
<i>President</i> . . . . .	ALBERT FARNSWORTH
<i>Vice-Presidents</i> . . . . .	{ CHANDLER BULLOCK MISS JEANIE LEA SOUTHWICK CHARLES T. TATMAN, ESQ.
<i>Secretary</i> . . . . .	WILLIAM H. CUNNINGHAM
<i>Treasurer</i> . . . . .	DWIGHT S. PIERCE
<i>Executive Board</i> . . . . . the above-named officers and	{ U. WALDO CUTLER MRS. CHETWOOD SMITH
<i>Committee on Finance</i> . . . . .	{ GEORGE W. MACKINTIRE MISS FRANCES C. MORSE EDGAR L. RAMSDELL

*Executive Staff*

U. WALDO CUTLER, *Executive Director*  
HOBART A. WHITMAN, *Assistant Executive Director*  
FRANK COLEGROVE, *Librarian*  
CHARLES H. LINCOLN, *Custodian of Manuscripts*

## CONTENTS

PAPERS	PAGE
The Story of a Little Dress—DR. SAMUEL B. WOODWARD	299
Hannah Greene Chase—MISS ANNA THERESA MARBLE . . .	309
The Usher Lot, or Land Titles Near Highland Street, Worcester, Massachusetts—GEORGE W. HOWLAND . . .	312
What and Why the Forefathers Read, with a Brief Review of the Best Seller of Three Hundred Years Ago— U. WALDO CUTLER . . . . .	326
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES	
William Trowbridge Forbes—ZELOTES W. COOMBS . . .	338
Col. Theodore S. Johnson—GEORGE E. WIRE . . . . .	342
Thomas Francis Kenney, M.D.—GEORGE B. O'FLYNN . . .	345
Annual Report of the Executive Director, June 24, 1932— U. WALDO CUTLER . . . . .	350



## THE STORY OF A LITTLE DRESS

Read before the Worcester Historical Society  
by Dr. Samuel B. Woodward, April 8, 1932

This wedding dress, this veil, these slippers and stockings and this riding whip belonged to my mother, Lucy Elizabeth Rogers Treadwell, and this wedding waistcoat to my father, Samuel Woodward. The Treadwell and Woodward ancestors, Thomas Treadwell and Henry Woodward, came to this country in the company following the Rev. Richard Mather, father of Increase and grandfather of the perhaps more famous Cotton Mather. From Dorchester in 1635 the Treadwells moved to Ipswich, the Woodwards with Mather to Northampton, and never did the two families meet until Lucy Treadwell, left an orphan, came with her half sister to Worcester, where lived her two first cousins, Mrs. F. H. Kinnicutt and Mrs. Joseph Mason. From Mrs. Kinnicutt's house, then standing at the head of Pearl Street on the present site of Union Church, she married Samuel Woodward, a partner of Mr. Kinnicutt, September 14, 1852.

This silk dress was, for some reason unknown to me, preserved by my Grandmother Woodward, née Maria Porter, and is said to have belonged to her before her marriage in 1815 to Dr. Samuel B. Woodward, a practicing physician in Wethersfield, Connecticut. Mrs. Woodward was a great-granddaughter of Jonathan Edwards and Sarah Pierpont, through their daughter Susannah, who married Eleazer Porter of Hadley, September 17, 1761. This grandmother of hers she remembered to have seen as a child, so that, as she herself did not die until 1873, I can, as it were, with one intermediary, personally go back along the ancestral trail for 192 years, Susannah having been born in 1740.

Mrs. Woodward was born in Hadley in what is now known as the Hooker House, one of the best of the many old houses in that sleepy town, for Eleazer, her grandfather (there were two Eleazers—father and son), was a prosperous man, noted for keeping slaves until slavery in Massachusetts was abolished by statute in 1834.

When Dr. Woodward was made Superintendent of the Worcester Insane Asylum on Summer Street, ninety-nine years ago, he came to Worcester, followed in due course by his family, travelling, as all

did in those days, by stage, and, if I may be permitted to be personal, had it not been for a fortunate circumstance I should not be here now on this platform. From Hartford to Worcester was a two days' trip. Sturbridge was the halting place for the night. The stage stopped. Mrs. Woodward was wakened from sleep. A shriek of despair, "Where is my baby?" Search proved that it had not left the stage by way of the open window, but was sound asleep uninjured and unsmothered in the straw under the seats. This child was my father. My grandmother lived to be seventy-six years of age, and died in what is now my house on Pearl Street in 1873.

The maker, or at any rate the embroiderer of this christening gown and cap was Sarah Pierpont Edwards, wife of the distinguished divine, scholar and philosopher, Jonathan Edwards, whom George Bancroft classes with Benjamin Franklin as the only two of all the philosophers and scholars of the new world who had acquired a permanent reputation, and John Fiske called the wonder of the world and probably the greatest intelligence the western hemisphere has produced. She married him when she was seventeen and he twenty-four; was with him through his twenty-four years in Northampton, the six in Stockbridge, and died but seven months after his own death in 1758. To her was largely entrusted the direction of the temporal affairs of the household, and it must be that she was able practically to take the whole care of them off his hands. Household bills have been preserved and we know that her husband, who is said to have spent thirteen hours of each day in his study and rarely to have called on his parishioners, unable as he was to enter into light conversation, relaxed at times, else why twice in three months were one dozen long pipes purchased. And we are glad to learn that Mrs. Edwards herself had at least some desire for personal adornment, that her rare grace of spirit was not disjointed from a human love for the beautiful, for in 1743 she purchased for eleven pounds a gold locket and chain, and eleven pounds was no small sum of money in 1743. And we also find that Jonathan,—who at the age of ten wrote a metaphysical tract on the nature of the soul, at twelve a paper said to be remarkable for accuracy of observation and acuteness and breadth of reasoning on the habits of the flying spider, who entered Yale at thirteen and at fourteen, after having read Locke's essay on the Human Understanding, tells us that he

read it with a pleasure far higher than that of the greediest miser gathering handfuls of silver and gold from a newly discovered treasure,—that this man paid four shillings and six pence for a child's plaything. Jonathan Edwards purchasing playthings for his children, human but almost unbelievable. Perhaps Mrs. Edwards made the purchase. That their life together was a happy one, that to her her husband was as devoted as she to him is shown by his message to her at Stockbridge from his death bed in Princeton, when to his daughter Lucy he said, "It seems the will of God that I must soon leave you; therefore give my kindest love to my dear wife and tell her that the uncommon union that has so long subsisted between us has been of such a nature as I trust is spiritual and therefore will continue forever." She bore him eleven children. She made his house in Northampton a center of genial and attractive hospitality, according to one writer. "A sweeter couple I have never seen," said Whitefield after a visit of several days during the great awakening in 1740. She was a woman of rare beauty, if one may judge from the portrait, painted probably by Smybert at about that time. To this portrait a descendant writes—

O lustrous eyes so dark and deep  
Filled with a shimmering haze,  
O eyes that holy angels keep,  
Tears into mine unbidden leap  
As I return your gaze.  
Why look on us with mild surprise,  
Ancestress of the beautiful eyes?

As her husband's reputation grew throughout the colony, her name became everywhere associated with his, but also known and revered on her own account. With all her religious enthusiasm there was nothing morbid or sad about her own religion, and it must have been, it seems to me, a penance to listen to some of her husband's long and impassioned sermons with their terrible denunciations of sinners and portrayals of what was in store for them. For hours on end (sermons were sermons in those days), she listened to sermons on hell and eternal punishment, about that world of misery, that lake of burning fire extended abroad under us, about the dreadful pit of the glowing flames of the wrath of God, hell's mouth gaping wide open and you with nothing to stand on

nor anything to take hold of, was told that God, holding you over the pit of hell, much as one holds a spider or some loathsome insect over the fire, abhors you and is dreadfully provoked at you, and learned that you are ten thousand times as abominable in his sight as the most venomous serpent in ours, and finally that it would be no wonder if some persons that now sit here in some seats of this meeting in health and quiet and secure, should be in hell before tomorrow morning. Neither is it very comforting for a mother to be told that the souls of certain children are by no act or choice of their own predestined to eternal bliss and those of others to eternal damnation or that as innocent as young children seem to be to us, yet if they are out of Christ they are in God's sight young vipers and infinitely more hateful than vipers. "Can it be," some one has asked, "that Jonathan would have changed the scriptural invitation to 'Suffer little vipers to come unto me?'" Is it any wonder that, during the great revival, faintings, hysterical outbursts and convulsive seizures were not infrequent punctuations of such discourses. Seven times at the very least Mrs. Edwards escaped these sermons, for seven of her children were born on Sunday.

Sarah Pierpont was the daughter of James and Mary Hooker Pierpont of New Haven. Rev. Thomas Hooker, her grandfather, was the father of the Connecticut churches. Her father was an eminent divine, a founder and trustee of and professor of Moral Philosophy in Yale. He was the youngest son of Sir John Pierpont of Holme Pierpont, County of Nottingham, England, and traced his ancestry to Hugo de Pierpont, Lord of the Castle of Pierpont in Picardy in 980.

To Sarah, Jonathan Edwards was attracted long before he saw her, writing in his diary of her as follows:

"I learn that there is a young lady in New Haven who is beloved of that great being, who makes the world and that there are certain seasons in which this great being, in some way or other invisible, comes to her and fills her mind with exceeding sweet delights and that she hardly cares for anything except to meditate upon him, that she expects after a while to be received up where he is, to be raised out of the world and caught up into Heaven, being assured that he loves her too well to let her remain at a distance from him always.

She has a strange sweetness in her mind and singular purity in her affections, is most just and conscientious in all her conduct, and you could not persuade her to do anything wrong or sinful if you would give her all the world lest she should offend this Great Being. She is of wonderful sweetness, calmness and universal benevolence of mind especially after this great God has manifested himself to her mind. She will sometimes go about from place to place singing sweetly and seems to be always full of joy and pleasure and no one knows for what. She loves to be alone walking in the fields and groves and seems to have some one invisible always conversing with her."

Who told Jonathan all this I do not know. We only know that she was thirteen, Jonathan twenty, when he thus wrote of one of whom he says he had heard. Prepared to love the image which he thus describes, he found the image no unreal one when four years later he married her and bore her away to the banks of the Connecticut.

Said President Woolsey of Yale, one of her descendants, one hundred years later, "Mrs. Edwards' standard of Christian life was undoubtedly as high as that of her husband, certainly more joyous. She was a *sine qua non* for the ministerial usefulness of her husband and she undoubtedly helped his broad-looking, overburdened mind over many an obstacle on the road of life. To her by the perception of her spiritual beauty Jonathan was led as to the resting place of his soul." Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his essay on her husband says:—"She was spiritual to exaltation and ecstasy." And in a memorial address in 1870 she was called "his noble wife, a great specimen of exalted, almost seraphic piety, of great intellectual strength united to a worldly wisdom hardly inferior. She took all care of his family and worldly concerns that he might give himself wholly to his work." Father Moody of York, who had spoken highly of Edwards on a public occasion, supposing him to be absent, did not hesitate to say to him, "Mr. Edwards, I did not intend to flatter you, but one thing I will tell you. They say your wife is going to heaven by a shorter road than yourself."

While Edwards remained in Northampton he was at the head of one of the largest, wealthiest and most cultivated congregations

in the colony, but there was a very different state of affairs when, dismissed from the church after religious differences, he went at the age of forty-seven to Stockbridge with his wife and nine children as resident clergyman and missionary to the Housatonic Indians at the munificent yearly salary of six pounds thirteen shillings and four pence besides two pounds for wood. There they remained until in 1757, two days after the death of his son-in-law, the Rev. Aaron Burr, he was elected President of Princeton in his place. He went to Princeton in January, 1758, but died of small-pox in March. His widow, coming on during the summer to look after her grandchildren now orphaned, for the mother also died in this fatal year, took them to Philadelphia only herself to pass on in the autumn, seven months after the death of her husband.

Edwards must have had a practical side to his nature, although that is never stressed by his biographers. He portioned off two of his daughters, sent his son Timothy through college, supported his large family, and yet left for the time and place quite an ample estate of nine hundred pounds. Unable at once to dispose of his Northampton house he was, however, in debt for some 2,000 provincial pounds when he went to Stockbridge, where he and his family lived in a small house with few rooms and he, from motives of economy, saved for his writings every scrap of paper he could lay his hands on.

What infants have worn this little christening robe and cap? If Sarah Edwards made it early in her married life for the use of her children, there were eleven of them who may have benefited from it. If it was embroidered, as some think, after the removal to Stockbridge, where she and her daughters are supposed to have supplemented the meagre annual income by such work, it can only have been used by grandchildren, for all her children were born in Northampton before the removal. Did all the grandchildren benefit from its manufacture it was not made in vain, for they numbered no less than seventy-nine, and even if its use was limited to those readily accessible from Stockbridge, its journeys back and forth must have been practically continuous for a somewhat long term of years before, finally, for some reason, Sarah's daughter Susannah retained it and it came down to me.

The first possibility is her daughter Sarah, born in 1728, who married Elihu Parsons of Stockbridge, in 1750, the year before the

hegira to that border town. One wonders whether the possibility of being near to this daughter and another married in Northampton in the same year had anything to do with Jonathan's refusal to accept the offers of a church in Scotland and another in Virginia and the decision to go into what was literally the wilderness. One can at least understand the reluctance of the mother to be thus permanently separated from her two recently married daughters, and that her influence may have had much to do with her husband's decision. Whether or no daughter Sarah was habited in this gown, her children must have been, and we can see the eleven, prettily named Ebenezer, Esther, Elihu, Eliphalet, Jonathan, Jerusha, Lydia, Lucretia, Lucy and Sarah, in turn thus clothed. Then comes Jerusha, second child of the Edwardses, betrothed to David Brainerd, who died soon after, in 1747. Brainerd had been befriended by her father during his trouble with the New Haven authorities, and died in his house in Northampton.

Late in May, 1752, Reverend Aaron Burr, President of Princeton, made a three days' visit on Mr. and Mrs. Edwards in Stockbridge. In these three days he seems to have settled matters with Esther Edwards, the third daughter, on whom he before this time had never laid eyes, for two weeks after his return to college he sent a young man to conduct her and her mother to him, and on June twenty-ninth, one month after their first meeting, the man of thirty-seven married the girl of twenty. In 1754 their child Sarah was born, and in 1756 Aaron, afterwards Vice President of the United States, who killed Hamilton in a duel and was later acquitted of treason, after one of the most remarkable trials ever held in this country. Aaron was brought up by his Uncle Timothy Edwards, his father, his mother and his grandparents all dying in the same year, before he was three years old.

Mary, the fourth daughter, seems to have been her father's favorite. Her choice of a husband seemed to him so wise that he made it the subject of a sermon, from the text: "Mary has chosen the better part"; whether intended as a reflection on another daughter that he thought had not done so well, does not appear. She married Timothy Dwight of Northampton, November 8, 1750, at the age of sixteen, he being twenty-four, the early marriage being probably on account of the move to Stockbridge, then pending. Dwight was considered the strongest man in town, and

was said to have carried Mary, who was a little thing, around the room, sitting on his open palm, held at arms length. The only Edwards to remain in town after the dismissal of her father, Mary so resented the treatment accorded him that she never, on Sabbaths, sat in the church, but always in the vestibule, and used to ride twelve miles on a pillion with her son Cecil in the saddle, to partake of the Lord's Supper in Huntington.

Her husband was Judge of the Common Pleas, and the oldest of her thirteen children, Timothy, but seventeen years her junior, became President of Yale, as did two more of her descendants, Theodore Dwight Woolsey and Timothy Dwight. Of her eight sons, Cecil was the smallest, and he the only one not over six feet in height,—a little fellow, for one of the Edwards blood, but even he weighed two hundred pounds net. It must not be forgotten that Jonathan, the father, had ten sisters, the famous sixty feet of daughters of his own father Timothy and Esther Stoddard.

Lucy, the fifth daughter, married Jahleel Woodbridge, of Stockbridge, in 1786, and died at the age of fifty. She had ten children, and I assume that many, or most of them, were christened in the famous robe. Stockbridge was pretty well filled with Edwardses, as is apparent to those familiar with arithmetical problems.

Timothy, the sixth child and first son, graduated from Princeton, married Rhoda Ogden, and settled in Elizabethtown among her relatives as a merchant. The death of his parents in 1758 left him, aged twenty, at the head of a family of eight, half of them under fifteen years of age and the situation complicated by the care of the Burr children, also made orphans in that year. But Rhoda, his wife, was not to be discouraged by multiplicity of children, being the third child in a family of twenty-three, moving into a family of ten at the time of her marriage and having, in due time, fifteen children of her own, some of which latter family may well have been encased in the christening robe, as from 1771, the Dwights were in Stockbridge where Timothy opened the first store in the county of Berkshire, became a member of the Committee of Public Safety, Judge of Probate, and prospered exceedingly.

He educated all their children, sent through college his two younger brothers, Jonathan and Pierpont, and seems to me a rather shining example of what a man can do if he has ability and determination and is also blessed with a wife who can herself care for a family of twenty-five children.

The seventh child was Susannah, my ancestress, who married Eleazer Porter, of Hadley. She had nine children, all candidates for the robe. It was after the birth of this seventh child, in June, 1740, that Jonathan wrote into the family record of births and deaths the only interpolation in that long record:—"All the family above named had the measles in the latter end of this year." The poor man must have been in despair, with a wife and seven children all ill with this disease at one time.

Eunice, who came next, married Thomas Pollock of North Carolina and Robert Hunt of New Jersey. I doubt if the robe travelled to these distant parts, although there were five Pollock children awaiting its arrival, also an unrecorded number of Hunts.

Jonathan, Jr. remained in New England until he became President of Union College in Schenectady, New York, in 1799. He married for his first wife his sister-in-law, Mary Porter of Hadley, and later, Mercy Sabine of New Haven. There were four children.

Elizabeth died, unmarried, at the age of fourteen.

Pierpont, the eleventh and youngest child, also remained in New England. He married Frances Ogden, his sister-in-law, and was judge of the United States District Court of Connecticut. Their children numbered ten.

Sarah Pierpont had, therefore, eleven children and seventy-nine grandchildren, who may, or may not have seen this little garment of which I was asked to speak.

I was not asked to say anything of this ancestress of mine, but having the opportunity, could not refrain from bringing before you, imperfectly pictured as it may be, the lovely woman who presided over that home of little children, a new arrival every two years, from the time she was eighteen until she was forty; to whom came denial, toil and care; who could inspire Whitefield to say of her: "She was a woman with a meek and quiet spirit, who talked so feelingly and so solidly of the things of God and was such a help-mate to her husband, that she caused me to renew those prayers which I have for some months put up to God, that he would send to me a daughter of Abraham to be my wife."

One well acquainted with her said she knew how to govern her children. She knew how to make them regard and obey her cheerfully. She needed to speak but once and she was obeyed. Murmuring and answering back, quarrelling and contention were, in her

family, unknown. Three of her sons graduated from college; five of her daughters married college graduates; thirteen of her descendants were college presidents and sixty-five were professors in universities.

We hear much of the Pilgrim Fathers, not so much of the Pilgrim Mothers. It is surely not untimely to call to mind the fact, as someone has said, that these mothers had not only to endure what the fathers endured, but also occasionally and in certain instances, perhaps not in this, to endure the fathers as well.

## HANNAH GREENE CHASE

Read before the Worcester Historical Society  
by Miss Anna Theresa Marble, April 8, 1933

My subject tonight is Hannah Greene Chase, the second wife of Anthony Chase of Worcester, Massachusetts. Hannah Greene was born in East Greenwich, Rhode Island, April 26, 1824. She belonged to the Greene family of which General Greene of Revolutionary days was a member. She was educated at the Academy in East Greenwich, married Anthony Chase in East Greenwich in 1854, and died in Worcester in 1918.

She comes before you tonight because various articles once belonging to her are at present in the Museum of the Worcester Historical Society. She was in no way a public character. What is said about her tonight deals with her entirely as a woman in her home. I really should have said "lady" in her home, however, for she was of the day when the words were not necessarily synonymous. That she was typical of her time I hope will make these few remarks interesting.

Will you try to see her as I used to see her—a little, slight lady, with rosy cheeks and smooth, fine, gray-white hair, parted in the middle and always in perfect order, hair which was brushed regularly a certain number of times every morning and night, in the fashion of her day? Order was characteristic of her—her house was always in order—her life was in order. Did you ever see bureau drawer after bureau drawer full of boxes, each one containing its own treasure, each in its appointed place, which was so well known to its owner that she could find anything she wanted in the dark? That was the way a lady's possessions should be kept; and that was the way Mrs. Chase kept her belongings. She must have acquired her orderliness at an early age, for in our museum are her toys—her best doll, Elizabeth, brought from London and still wearing the dress in which she made the voyage; her glass tea set, her pewter tea set, made of such soft pewter that I can hardly touch it without bending it. How many little girls of today will have glass and soft pewter toys, I wonder, to leave behind them to museums? Everything of those days was treasured. Did you ever see a pasteboard box carefully mended with thread? I possess

such a box once belonging to Mrs. Chase. In it came, the day it was bought, the magnifying glass with which she studied botany. That was the box in which the magnifying glass belonged, and there it stayed. Botany was one of Mrs. Chase's abiding interests. New wild flowers were properly analyzed and classified; and she had a wild flower garden, carefully tended for years.

For Mrs. Chase's generation things had to be done in a certain way. For instance, no lady went out of her house without her gloves on, and buttoned. You know, when the new neighbors moved in, they could be placed socially by observing the lady of the house when she went out. If her gloves were on, and completely fastened, she *was* a lady. Was she buttoning her gloves? Then it wasn't necessary to call promptly. Did she go out without wearing gloves? Well, one didn't need to call. Also, no lady went out on the street without some kind of covering over her dress. Mrs. Chase possessed all the gradations of outer wraps from the fur-lined circular for coldest weather to a lace cape reaching modestly to the waist for hottest weather. Ladies turned out their toes in walking in those days, placing the toe first. This Mrs. Chase always did.

Of course a lady sewed and mended. Who does "transfer work" today? When the cloth on which there was embroidery began to wear out, the embroidered pattern was cut out and "transferred" to new material. All gathers were made by counted threads—over two, under four, put in the second row to match, stroke the cloth with the needle between each two gathers. There was no other way to gather.

Also, Mrs. Chase was a mistress of cookery. Here is one of her recipe books written in a careful Italian hand. What does it contain? Ninety-one recipes for cake, including Fairy Gingerbread; eight ways of making Sponge Cake; Bachelor's Buttons, Centennial Cake, Mother's Cake from an old Rhode Island recipe, and Orange Cake, a Nantucket recipe of 1800; thirty-seven kinds of puddings, some to be eaten with Fairy Butter for sauce; Fairy Omelette; Scratchback, a kind of corn cake; Brandy Peaches; ten kinds of wine. Brandy peaches were very important, as brandy peaches and at least two kinds of cake were always served when visiting Friends ministers came to supper after Quarterly Meeting.

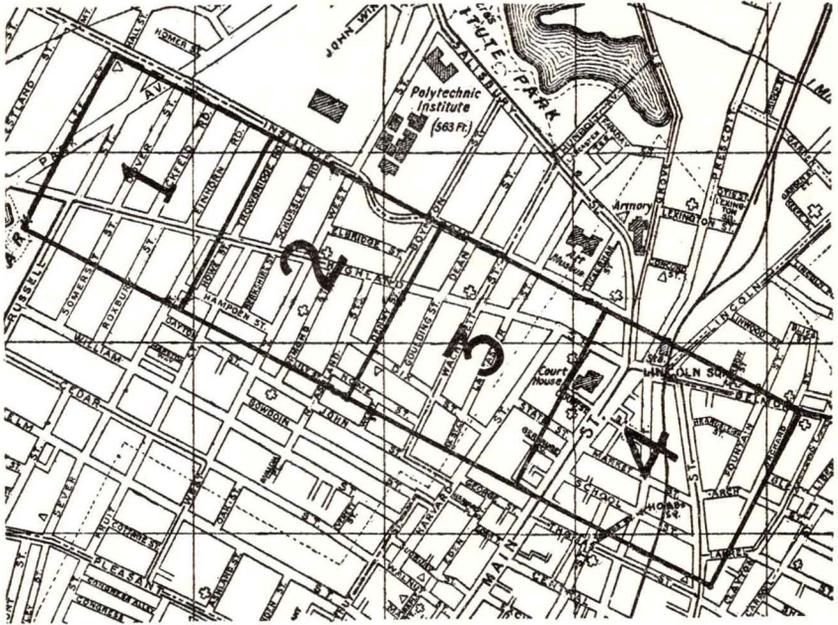
In the evenings, Mrs. Chase played games—logomachy, back-

gammon, checkers—and read and recited poetry. Do you know “The Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz,” “King Volomer and Elsie,” “John Anderson,” “Where has my little basket gone? said Charlie Boy one day,” “Why Phoebe, have you come so soon, where are your berries, child?” All these poems were read or recited with the rhythm and justness of emphasis learned in school days and never lost. She left behind her scrapbooks of poems and stories, neatly cut out and pasted in old, leather-bound account books. Of course, one didn’t buy new scrapbooks for such a purpose, one saved old account books.

Can you fill in a picture? A lady of a former day, with her neatness, her propriety, her excellence in cookery, her love of poetry.

The real reason, though, why we speak of her tonight is because of her wedding dress, now in our Museum. The trousseau of which this dress was a part was bought at Stewart’s in New York City, where she went, accompanied by her mother, to visit relatives for these important purchases. On her wedding day she wore the dress exhibited here with a veil fastened on with a string of Roman pearls. The veil has disappeared. Now, before she began to buy her trousseau, she was told that she must buy a white bonnet to go with the wedding dress, because an out-of-town bride made her first social appearance in Worcester at a tea party at Madam Salisbury’s. Until that important event the out-of-town bride stayed quietly at home. Can’t you imagine how she felt as she waited for the important invitation? When it arrived, the bride, attired in her complete wedding outfit, plus the white bonnet bought especially for the occasion and, I believe, never worn again, appeared at Madam Salisbury’s tea party. You see, the Worcester ladies could not see the wedding outfit, otherwise, and, of course, ladies always wanted to see how the bride was dressed. I wish that I knew more about those tea parties. I am sure that there was cake to eat, and I believe there was shrub to drink. I know that the ladies walked out on the lawn, sometimes to the detriment of the newest bride’s white satin slippers.

And so, shall we leave Mrs. Chase, in the costume here tonight, politely regarded, certainly not stared at, by the Worcester ladies at Madam Salisbury’s tea party, beginning her social life in Worcester, as she did everything else, in proper form and order.



*Ting Lot No. 1    Usher Lot No. 2    Winthrop Lot No. 3    Minister's Lot No. 4*

THE USHER LOT  
or  
LAND TITLES NEAR HIGHLAND STREET, WORCESTER,  
MASSACHUSETTS

Read before the Worcester Historical Society  
by George W. Howland, November 14, 1930

For a generation after the Puritans landed at what is now Boston, Massachusetts, in 1630, nothing is recorded regarding the land that is the 1930 site of Worcester, Massachusetts. [W 11] Then on May 6, 1657, the General Court of the Bay Colony granted to Increase Nowell of Charlestown a tract of land of five square miles, 3200 acres, in the vicinity of Worcester. [W 13] Five years later the same body granted 1000 acres in the same vicinity to the church in Malden, Massachusetts. Also, on October 19, 1664, the Court

gave 2500 acres to Ensign Thomas Noyes of Sudbury. Within a few years several people settled in the Worcester area, and on July 13, 1674, the Indian title to a tract of land eight miles square, that is 64 square miles or 40,960 acres, was purchased by the payment of 12 pounds lawful money. [W 20] This, I think, in the money of 1930, would be at the rate of about a cent per acre. In the summer of 1675 the King Philip War, so called, broke out, and the Worcester settlers abandoned their homes, which the Indians destroyed in the following December. [W 30]

A second attempt was made in 1683 to settle this region, but as we have no records from 1686 to 1713 it is impossible now to state how much progress was made. [11] We do know that about 1700 the land was again abandoned because of new Indian outrages, and that during the Queen Anne War, 1702-1713, nothing was done towards settlement at Worcester. [W 55]

A third, and successful, attempt was made here in 1713, and we may say that Worcester's real history then begins. [W 55] At this time the General Court of the Bay Colony placed the authority to settle here in a group of men who were designated "THE PROPRIETORS OF WORCESTER." It is from their records, published by the "Worcester Society of Antiquity," (now the "Worcester Historical Society") that many of the following facts have been secured. [W 62-3-4]

In the early days of the settlement the trail or "country road," so called, from Boston to Worcester, passed the northern end of Lake Quinsigamond, [WS—R] came along a high level plain to what is now Lincoln Street, followed down this to about the present Henchman Street, where it turned to the west, crossed the Mill Brook by a ford, turned south along the brook, passing the FORT and Captain Wing's MILL; then it turned sharply to the west onto what was called the "JO BILL ROAD," which is the present Institute Road—with this difference, that the JO BILL ROAD went over the little rise just south of the Boynton Hall of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute whereas the present Institute Road goes to the south around the foot of the rise. [WS—R] The JO BILL ROAD therefore passed STRAIGHT over the hill which is now the site of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute, dipped down to what is now Park Avenue, passing on the descent the home of Joseph Bill (which was on the present Dover Street), turned left,

that is, south, and by a winding route that does not seem to be clearly known proceeded towards Springfield, Massachusetts.

From the Records of the Proprietors we shall now quote, and the reader may keep in mind that the NORTHERN boundary of three of the four lots now mentioned is the JO BILL ROAD, the present—1930—Institute Road.

“(72) Worcester March 1714 By order of the honol comitte layd out a forty acre lot for the minister at Worcester with all the right in comon belonging to sd lot of forty acres whc was granted by the comotte May 20 1714 lying on both sides mill brook on ye south side Capt Wing’s homestead, now in possession of Mrs. Sarah Tomlin; bounded WEST by land in possession of Collr Winthrop South by a lot laid out to Deacon John Haywood, East by comon land, a highway runing thro part of this land as it is signified in hte plat surveyed

David Haines [W 101]”

The original grant to the lot of Collr Winthrop, as above mentioned, the writer has not been able to find, but has found the following reference to it. [W 102] On page 102 of the records—“The lott following fol 73 was laid for Collr Adam Winthrop but was exchanged by him per order of comitte for ye same quant of land adjoying to his comitte lott Deer 30 1715 when the lott was approated to the ministry by order of the said comitte as in booke of their entries may be seen fol 12.” Again, “(73) Worcester November 6 1714 By order of ye comitte I have renewed the bounds and markes of Collr Winthrop’s four ten acre lotts & added thre more acres to it out of part of the citadel he joins on bounded North by land formerly Capt Wings, West by land of MRS. BRIDGET USHER, East by ye minister’s South by undivided land as surveyed.”

The writer is not certain that the first of these two references is to the lot of Collr Winthrop in the section of Worcester under discussion, but the second clearly is.

“(53) Worcester November 14 1714 By order of the honour comitte for Worcester at the desire of Mrs. Sarah Tomlin I have perambulated & renewed the bounds of eighteen ten acre lotts besides hutt lotts formerly Capt John Wings; bounde South by a highway or MINISTER’S land, tutching the N. E CORNER OF BRIDGET USHERS LOTT; bounded Westby undivided

land. North by undivided land in part & partly by mill brook; East by mill brook; and undivided land in ye platt p D Haynes surr for wch Messr Palmer & C have fulfilled the courts order." [W 83]

## THE USHER LOT [W 93]

"Worcester Decr 23 1714 By oder of the honour comitte laid out to MRS. BRIDGET USHER in Worcester four ten acre lotts, bounded East by land Adam Winthrop South by undivided land, West by land laid out to the right of Hezekiah Usher, North by land formerly Capt Wings, this land lyeth in and joyning to long swamp and prospect hill as surv

p David Haynes"

(Note—the Hezekiah Usher above was Hezekiah Usher JR. who was the second husband of Mrs. Bridget Usher.)

"(62) Worcester Decr 23 1714 By order of the honoul Comittee laid out to Collr Jonathan Ting esqr of Hezekiah Usher four ten acre lotts, bounded East by MRS. BRIDGET USHERS LOTT; North partly by land that was formerly Capt Wings; everywhere else by undivided land. This land is joying to prospect hill and long swamp as surveyed

David Haynes" [W 91]

From the above records it appears that there were four lots, each of forty acres, extending from the vicinity of Lincoln Square along both sides of Highland Street to Park Avenue. The word "forty" is not used in the records but each lot is spoken of as being "four ten acre lots." It would seem that ten acres was the unit of measure. The order of these lots, beginning at Lincoln Square was: the MINISTER'S lot; COLLR ADAM WINTHROP'S lot; MRS. BRIDGET USHER'S lot; COLLR JONATHAN TING'S lot.

To show that these lots lay in one "squadron," to use the old-time word, the compass directions and the dimensions (when given by the record) now follow and in the order mentioned above. One may keep in mind that the lots were all rectangular; that two were a square, and that three of them had the JO BILL ROAD for a north boundary, the exception being the minister's lot.

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
Minister's lot			
E 15 D S 104 rods S 15 D W 76 rods W 15 D N 50 N 15 D E 30			
(dimensions incomplete in the records)			

Collr Adam Winthrop's lot  
 E 15 DS 86 rods S 15 DW 80 rods W 15 DN 86 rods N 15 DE 80 rods

BRIDGET USHER'S LOT  
 E 15 D S 80 S 15 D W 80 rods W 15 D N 80 N 15 D E 80

Collr Jonathan Ting's lot  
 E 15 D S 80 S 15 D W W 15 DN 80 rods \*(N 15 D) 80

In order to get a close idea as to where these lots lay along the present Highland Street the writer secured the following data from the books of the Engineer of the Street Department of the City of Worcester, Massachusetts, on October 25, 1930.

Streets and Blocks	Distances in Feet	
from		
North side of Millbrook sewer (formerly Mill Brook) to the south-east corner of Main and High-		
land Streets	180.00	Minister's lot.
To Harvard Street	505.76	-----
Harvard Street	50.00	
To Lancaster Street	284.10	
Lancaster Street	45.70	Collr Adam Winthrop's
To Wachusett Street	191.50	
Wachusett Street	40.30	lot.
To Goulding Street	244.00	
Goulding Street	31.00	
To Denny Street	225.70	
Denny Street	30.00	-----
To North Ashland Street	203.70	As near as the writer can
North Ashland Street	41.00	judge the LOT of MRS.
To Ormond Street	196.26	BRIDGET USHER which
Ormond Street	35.00	was a square having 1320
To West Street	182.00	feet on each side extended
West Street	50.00	From Denny Street to Sever

\*Only the 80 is in the record.

To Berkshire Street	163.00	Street. Highland Street was
Berkshire Street	45.00	not the boundary but cut
To Fruit Street	149.00	across the lot from east to
Fruit Street	45.00	west.
To Highland Court	92.00	
Highland Court	30.00	
To Sever Street	146.50	
Sever Street	51.00	-----
To Roxbury Street	290.00	
Roxbury Street	51.00	Collr Jonathan Ting's lot
To Somerset Street	252.00	laid out on the right of
Somerset Street	51.00	Hezekiah Usher, the first
To Russell Street	252.00	owner, who died July 1697.
Russell Street	81.00	
To Park Avenue	406.00	-----
Park Avenue	104.00	TOTAL 4,744.62 feet

The following distances on the JO BILL ROAD from West Street to Park Avenue were copied from the "Merrifield Building Site Plan" which is on record in the Registry of Deeds in the Court House of Worcester, Massachusetts, by the writer on October 25, 1930.

West Street	50.00	
To Schussler Road	200.00	
Schussler Road	50.00	
To Trowbridge Road	240.00	
Trowbridge Road	50.00	
To Einhorn Road	250.00	
Einhorn Road	50.00	
To Hackfeld Road	240.00	
Hackfeld Road	50.00	
To Dover Street	232.00	
Dover Street	40.00	
To Park Avenue (estimated)	30.00	TOTAL 1,482 feet

(There is a stone monument on the west side of West Street and on the east side of Park Avenue.)

With the above data for a guide the writer suggests the following location for the USHER LOT. There would appear to be no doubt

that the north bound of the lot was the JO BILL ROAD, keeping in mind that that road was then straight. A note here on the origin of the name of the JO BILL ROAD will be interesting. Mrs. William T. Forbes of Worcester told the writer recently that about 1905 she talked with one of the aged residents of the city who told her that as a child he often played in the cellar hole of the JO BILL home on Dover Street, that being all that was left of it then. The old gentleman was living on Dover Street, quite near his boyhood home. To resume: the east side of the Usher lot was probably near the present Boynton, North Ashland or Denny Streets. The south bound was probably near John Street while the west bound was near Sever Street and ran through to the JO BILL ROAD between Einhorn and Trowbridge Roads.

The Usher Lot was a square of 80 rods or 1,320 feet on a side, though as I have mentioned before it is always spoken of in the proprietor's records as four ten-acre lots.

The reasons for the above suggestions are as follows. From east to west the four lots whose bounds were mentioned before are: the MINISTER'S lot; the COLLR ADAM WINTHROP lot; the USHER lot; the COLLR JONATHAN TING lot. The northern boundary of these four lots is one straight line which runs east 15 degrees south which is the approximate direction of the JO BILL or Institute Road. In several deeds that I have read which record the transfers of lots in this vicinity the Usher lot is said to be bounded on the north by the JO BILL ROAD or the COUNTRY road.

For a starting point in arriving at the approximate distance that the Usher lot was from the Lincoln Square of 1930 in a westerly direction one may use the data on the diagram of the Minister's lot on page 101 of the proprietors' records. There the northern boundary of that lot is given as 104 rods lying east 15 degrees south. The west side is a broken line with the part lying next to the northern side a line 30 rods long which is one side of a rhombus. To the south is a "jog" whose dimensions are not on the diagram in the proprietors' book. The Mill Brook crosses the Minister's lot and is the east bound of the rhombus. Taking a point on the bank of the Mill Brook as a point of beginning and going west on the east 15 degrees south line the distances are as follows: 30 rods on the Minister's lot; 86 rods on the Winthrop lot; 80 rods on the

Usher lot; and 80 rods on the Ting lot. The total length of this line is 276 rods or 4,554 feet. By the records in the city engineer's office the distance from the west side of the Mill Brook (now a sewer running through Lincoln Square) along Highland Street (which runs 10 degrees away from a parallel to Institute Road) to the east side of Park Avenue is 4,744 feet. In this line a point 116 rods or 1914 feet from our starting point comes near the corner of Boynton and Highland Streets which would therefore seem to be about the eastern boundary of the Usher lot. From the intersection of Institute Road and West Street a distance of 80 rods or 1,320 feet going south brings one to a point nearly at the present John Street, which, therefore, seems to be about the southern boundary of the Usher lot. Again, proceeding along Highland Street in a westerly direction from Boynton Street for 1,320 feet or 80 rods, one comes to a point a little east of the present Sever Street, so the western boundary of the Usher lot was probably near this point and ran between Einhorn and Trowbridge Roads to the JO BILL ROAD.

As the writer is living at 79 Institute Road in Worcester, Massachusetts, on a lot which he believes is a portion of the Usher lot, which is the subject of this paper, he tried to look up the owners before himself. The result is rather unusual as he is now able to give a COMPLETE list of these owners from Indian times prior to the white settlement to the present year, 1930. This record now follows;

The Indians—Algonquin race [CO]

The KINGS of England—based on the discoveries of John and Sebastian Cabot. [Br]

“The Governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay in New England” by charter issued directly by the crown. [BRI]

Grant by the General Court of the above Company to the Proprietors of Worcester.

Lastly, the following data from Worcester County Registry of Deeds (mostly) [W-93]

GRANTOR	GRANTEE	DATE OF RECORD	BOOK	PAGE
Proprietors of Worcester	Bridget Usher	1714-12-23	....	...
Bridget Usher	Joshua Rice	?	20	375

(The above record is in the East Cambridge Registry of Deeds)

Joshua Rice, estate of	Samuel Rice East Cambridge Registry of Probate #18754			
Samuel Rice	Jacob Hemenway	1780-6-9	83	313
Jacob Hemenway	(He willed this lot to his daughters Sally Wiswell and Molly Hubbard whose husbands were Ebenezer Wiswell, Jr. and Levi Hubbard)			
Ebenezer Wiswell	Isaiah Thomas	1802-3-13	146	510
(This deed by Wiswell was signed by all the above mentioned parties and was given through his attorney Daniel Heywood)				
Isaiah Thomas	(He willed this lot to his grandson, Isaiah Thomas, Cincinnati, Ohio.) The details are given in the deed in			308 58
Isaiah Thomas (grandson)	William Thomas	1834-12-8	303	546
William Thomas	Levi Lincoln	1835-5-12	308	58
Levi Lincoln	Oliver Hall	1840-9-15	352	506
(This is the last time the Usher lot is transferred as a whole)				

Oliver Hall sold two pieces of land from this lot; one to Asa W. Nickerson and the other to William T. Merrifield. These pieces were separated by a stone wall. From all the information received from Mr. Merrifield's daughter, Mrs. W. T. Forbes, and some people who bought lots in the vicinity about 1860 it seems that this wall ran along the eastern slope of the hill between Schussler and Trowbridge Roads with one end on Highland Street and the other on the JO BILL ROAD and near the foot of the slope so that the writer's home might have been on either piece. So the transfers will be given for both pieces.

Oliver Hall	William T. Merrifield	1851-4-2	474	190
William T. Merrifield	Nathaniel Liscomb	1896-6-2	1507	462
(By his 3 executors—see Merrifield Building Sites—			4	2 & 3)*
Nathaniel S. Liscomb	Ellen E. Liscomb	1899-4-11	1604	601
(By admx. Mary E. Liscomb, dau., surviving admx. with will annexed)				
Ellen E. Liscomb	Herbert C. Fisher	1899- 7- 1	1617	282
Herbert C. Fisher	Marion C. Cutler	1905- 8-24	1811	593
Marion C. Cutler	Charles W. Andrews	1909- 5-11	1904	395
Charles W. Andrews	Nellie H. Lansing	1910-11-23	1949	355
Nellie H. Lansing	Alphonsus T. Wickham	1916- 4-13	2100	434
Alphonsus T. Wickham	George W. Howland	1921- 4-18	2241	122
George W. Howland	Helen S. Howland	1921-12- 1	....	...

the transfers for the other piece are

Oliver Hall	Asa W. Nickerson	1848-12-16	444	300
Asa W. Nickerson	Edward Earle	1850- 7- 1	465	461
Edward Earle	Henry Gates	1852- 7- 5	493	500

\*Wor. Reg. Deeds—Merrifield Building Sites—owned by N. S. Liscomb—Book 4, pages 2 and 3, shows lot 36 as containing the lot now 79 Institute Road.

Henry Gates	Luther Marsh	1858- 6-21	599	277
Luther Marsh	Elijah Stowe	1862-10-20	658	109

(Elijah Stowe by will drawn and recorded in November and December respectively in 1862 left his real estate to his heirs, etc., in 25 shares with Newell Moore and Luther Marsh, both of Holden, as his executors.)

Newell Moore	William T. Merrifield	1865-4-27	701	428
--------------	-----------------------	-----------	-----	-----

(In the above deed Newell Moore quitclaims 3/25 of Elijah Stowe's estate. The writer has not looked up the other 22/25. From this point the record is the same as the preceding list.)

After the writer had satisfied his curiosity as to who had held the title to the land which was his Worcester home, he looked up the life story of the first white person who had owned the land, Mrs. Bridget Usher. We are often given the impression in the writings of our New England historians that there was not a very close relation existing between the early settlers there and the mother country, old England. It is true that there was 3,000 miles of the stormy Atlantic Ocean between the two, but the story that now follows gave the writer at least a fresh conception of the way that one family might be tied together, though living on opposite shores of an ocean. In it one may glimpse how the New England folks still had some close ties with the homeland.

The story opens in England. [DN] In 1630 John Lisle, a barrister, an ardent supporter of Oliver Cromwell, as time went on, married for his second wife, Alicia Beckenshaw, who was twenty-five years of age. The children by this marriage were Bridget Lisle and Tryphena Lisle, the dates of whose births the writer has been unable to find. Under Cromwell, Bridget's father became Sir John Lisle, a member of the House of Lords, and Commissioner of the Great Seal. It was he who drew up the indictment of King Charles I under which he was convicted, and he also drew up the sentence of death under which he was beheaded. At the restoration of Charles II, Sir John Lisle fled to Lausanne, Switzerland, where, one day, while on his way to church, he was murdered on August 11, 1664.

It is at this point that our Bridget of the Usher lot, who was no other than Bridget Lisle, meets the first of a series of troubles that would have wrecked the life of many a woman, or man, for that matter.

After the murder of her father the family still stayed in England, though it may be inferred from a knowledge of those days that

the life of the family must have been one of intense anxiety all the time, for it is scarcely likely that Charles II forgot that it was the husband and father in this family who had been so prominent in beheading his father.

It is not surprising then to find that on July 8, 1672, [DN] our Bridget arrives in Boston, Massachusetts, as the wife of an English dissenting minister, Rev. Leonard Hoar, the ancestor of George Frisbie Hoar, a distinguished citizen of the old Bay State. [D] Rev. Mr. Hoar at once became the assistant minister of the Old South Church, in Boston, and on December 10, 1672, he was elected president of Harvard College, the first graduate of that institution to be so honored. Church troubles wrecked his administration and he resigned on March 5, 1675. The next month, April, the General Court of the Bay Colony granted to Dr. Hoar a house lot of 25 acres in Worcester. [W 23] In November of the same year Dr. Hoar died, many saying of a broken heart, leaving our Bridget in a strange land with a two-year-old baby girl, little Bridget Hoar. [SEW 1-11—note: Sew 1, 104] So, when the world must have looked so good to the young mother, Bridget Hoar meets her second deep sorrow, one which from time to time appears as a scar not to be healed.

If one now remembers that the situation in her homeland does not invite her return to the loved ones there, one is not surprised to learn that after exactly a year and a day since Dr. Hoar had been laid to rest in Quincy, his mother's home, our Bridget marries one of the leading citizens of Boston, a wealthy bookseller, Hezekiah Usher, Jr. [DNB-DN] Again trouble dogs her steps for she leads a most unhappy life with him, which, to judge from the few facts that we have, could not have been entirely her fault.

During this unhappy time came the most tragic sorrow of her life, the loss of her mother. The story returns to England again. In February, 1685, Charles II died and James II came to the throne of England. James was a staunch Catholic and determined to be an absolute monarch. His nephew, the duke of Monmouth, led a rebellion against him but was defeated. After the battle Bridget's mother, Lady Alicia Lisle, gave a night's lodging to two of the refugees, one a lawyer who had been a close friend of her murdered husband, and the other a minister who had been a great source of comfort to her after her husband's death. [DN] A friend of

the king reported this. She was immediately arrested and tried for high treason though she was an old lady eighty years of age. [DN] Unfortunately the bloody George Jeffries sat as the Judge on her case. She was allowed no lawyer for her defense, the judge browbeat the witnesses she offered, and so threatened the jury which was inclined to dismiss the charge, that it found her guilty. The judge sentenced her to be BURNED ALIVE that very afternoon. But the ministers of the town rallied to her defence so strongly that the judge was forced to postpone the execution for five days and to change the sentence to beheading. So, on September 2, 1685, this aged mother of our Bridget was beheaded in Winchester and the headless body sent back to Moyles Court, the ancestral home which she had inherited from her father. [DN] As if this were not enough a few days later her head, laid in a basket, was pushed secretly into a pantry window of her home.

This horrible news reached Bridget Usher on Friday, November 13, 1685, [SEW 1, 104] and, coupled with the almost unbearable life she was living, must have caused her to decide to return to her English home, for on July 12, 1687, she set sail with her fourteen-year-old daughter for England. The record says Hezekiah wept at the parting, and is silent regarding her. [SEW 1, 182]

Two years later this young Miss, then sixteen years of age, became the bride of Rev. Thomas Cotton, who later was a liberal benefactor of Harvard College, over which the father of his wife had once been president. [DN & H]

In this same year one bright spot did come into the life of our Bridget. The attainder for treason was removed from her English home, and she came into the possession of Moyles Court, where her girlhood had been spent. [DN] It was, no doubt, a goodly heritage, for, after she returned to New England, she seems to have had plenty of money.

About January 1, 1696/7 Hezekiah Usher, Jr., was severely injured by a fall from his horse while he was riding in Malden. [SEW 1, 449] After a few weeks he was carried to his home in Boston, where he seemed to recover completely, but on a visit to "Lin" in July he died and his body was taken to Boston and laid in his father's tomb on July 14, 1697. [SEW 1, 104—note also, SEW 1-456] If one is interested in curious documents, perhaps one should say unique, Hezekiah's will is worth reading. [H 120-1-2]

A glimpse may be sufficient for us; after laying out his wife in proper style, so to speak, calling her in modern language "a gold-digger," warning young men to beware of her type, claiming that her trip to England was practically a divorce, he closes with these words "but, if she returns, and loves me, she shall have 300 pounds." (He left quite a few thousand pounds and a good bit of real estate.)

Soon after hearing of her husband's death our Bridget Usher returns to Boston, takes legal action to get possession of her husband's property from which she had been cut off in his will, and is successful in having the court give to her the house and land "on the common" at "Turn Again Alley," which, as the writer was walking along Tremont Street in Boston during the TERCENTENARY celebration of the city, appeared as a sign at the present Temple Place. She took possession of the property in April, 1699. [SEW 1, 104—SEW 1, 495—SEW 2, 11]

For the next quarter of a century she is one of the leading society ladies of the old Bay City, a dear friend of Judge Sewall, to judge from the many references to her in the diary that the famous Massachusetts judge kept for fifty years. [SEW 1-2-3 many ref.] When Mrs. Usher died, she made Samuel Sewall, her friend, the judge, one of her two executors. [SEW—3, 325 note] In the "Sewall Papers" which are in the 7th volume of the MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS on pages 400 to 408 (inclusive) is evidently the report which Judge Sewall made as Mrs. Usher's executor. It is interesting reading and shows that she was quite a business woman as well as a society lady. [W-93] This may account for having the General Court grant and lay out to her 40 acres in exchange for the 25 acres which they had formerly given Dr. Hoar. [W-23]

On May 25, 1723, BRIDGET LISLE HOAR USHER passed to her reward in Boston. [DNB] One of her last requests gives us a glance into the torn soul of this lady of the early days of the old Bay Colony; [SEW 1, 104] she asked that she be laid in the grave of the husband of her youth, who had gone to his long home forty-eight years before her. So, if you will enter the old burying ground in Quincy, Massachusetts, you may see where Bridget Usher lies beside her beloved husband, Dr. Leonard Hoar, and both rest beside his mother, Mrs. Joanna Hoar, a typical mother of the old colony days.

## "REQUIESCAT IN PACE"

## THE SOURCES

Abbreviations	Books	Vol.	Pages
B	Book of Noble English Women by C. Bruce		122-146
BR	Encyclopaedia Britannica, II Edition	3-4	921-923
BRI	Encyclopaedia Britannica	17-18	858
CO	Worcester County, History of by C. F. Jewett & Co.	1	Chap. 3
DNB	Dictionary of National Biography	27	23
DN	Dictionary of National Biography	33	339-340
D	Dictionary of National Biography	33	341-342
GR	A Short History of the English People by J. R. Green	4	1447
H	Historical Magazine, September, 1868 2nd Series	3-4	118 120-1-2 124
How.	Howell's State Trials	11	298-382
MAC	Macaulay's History of England	2	629 630 634 640
		4	1652 1770
		6	302-4
N. E.	New England Historical and Genealogical Register, January, 1856	5	
SEW	Massachusetts Historical Collections, 5th Series The Sewall Papers (Worcester Pub. Lib. No. 974.4 M 414 V 45-46-47)	5-6-7 1-2-3	
Sib.	Biographical Sketches of Graduates of Harvard University—Sibley	1	228-252
Sav.	Savage—Genealogical Dictionary	11	431-432
Q	History of Harvard University—Quincy	1	31-35
W	Worcester Society of Antiquity Collections—Records of the Proprietors of Worcester (Worcester Pub. Lib. No. 974.43 W 9 ws)	3	
WS	Worcester Society of Antiquity Proceedings (Worcester Pub. Lib. No. 974.43 W 9 ws)	18	206-217
R	Reminiscences of Worcester by C. A. Wall (1877)	preface	4 20-23

WHAT AND WHY THE FOREFATHERS READ,  
with a brief review of the  
BEST SELLER OF THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

Read before the Worcester Historical Society  
by U. Waldo Cutler, October 14, 1932

The first permanent settler of Worcester opened a village school, as the law of the Colony had, since 1647, required of every established community. Thus early was it recognized that popular government without education could not succeed, that enlightened moral principle in each individual was the basis of a democratic system, that *sterling character* brought out in every citizen is the surest safeguard against treasons, stratagems, and spoils in a free state. We all know how that old law reads:

Colonial Record for November 11, 1647:

“that learning may not be buried in the grave of our fathers in the church and commonwealth, . . . it is therefore ordered that every township in this jurisdiction, after the Lord hath increased it to the number of fifty householders, shall then forthwith appoint one within their town to teach all such children as shall resort to him to write and read etc.”

We cannot help wondering, however, what preparation Jonas Rice had received for this, his *avocation*, for first of all he must have been an agriculturist. We wonder too what teaching facilities were available then, now regarded as necessities for even the most poorly equipped school room. Did little Adonijah, the teacher's son, have free paper and pencils and textbooks, regular health tests, a constant temperature of 68° and all those other so-called requirements for an efficient modern school, supplied out of the public tax? Was his scalp duly looked after lest the Indians who might scalp him any day should be contaminated? Was his playground properly graded and supervised? and was there a school bus to bring together, perhaps over the Plantation Street hill, the children from those two widely separated sections of Jonas Rice's promising townlet? Perhaps there were lumps of chalk from the white cliffs of Southern England and an unpainted pine board in lieu of crayon and black slated wall panel, but not even slates yet.

Coming nearer to the immediate inquiry of this paper, What home reading could Pedagogue Rice require or what recreative reading could he suggest as stimulus to the youthful Worcester minds for the sake of a more abundant life than had been possible for their grand-parents as they landed from the "Arbela," or the "Anne," or the "Mayflower" itself? *Robinson Crusoe* and *Gulliver* were not names even to think about in the decade of the earliest migrations to our Quinsigamond region. *Pilgrim's Progress* had been in print a few years, and *Paradise Lost* for nearly a half-century, but imported books were costly, and reading purely for recreation would hardly be thought thrift or good morals in those far-off Puritan times. An almanac had been printed in Cambridge, Massachusetts, with some regularity for seventy-five or eighty years when Jonas Rice began keeping school, and was read to tatters before the year's end. The *Bay Psalm Book* and John Eliot's translation of the Bible into the language of the natives had somehow gotten themselves printed, and there were a few religious books and books of laws in printed form from that wonderful Cambridge Press, but these were hardly exhilarating reading matter for out-of-doors boys and girls of 1713 or 1720. Anne Dudley Bradstreet's famous poem had then been printed, but in England, and would hardly have found its way back across the Atlantic and out to Worcester in time to enliven that first generation of boys and girls here.

A modern teacher would feel powerless in such a public school room, even if a log with Mark Hopkins at one end and a student at the other might make a college. Possibly by the time Worcester began its corporate existence some studious migrant had brought to the Bay Colony a copy of John Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*, much read in those days, condemned and ridiculed in ours, and this may have been little Adonijah's only "collateral reading" to supplement the Bible as standard textbook in that village school over on what we know as Heywood Street. School textbooks, as such, were, of course, not to be had; there were no publishers to crowd them on the attention of the Worcester School Board, if there had been a school board.

It has become the habit of most of us to speak rather flippantly of this monumental work of John Foxe, so unique in more than one respect. Many, without knowing much about seventeenth century

life or caring much about the spirit or the real purpose of Foxe in writing his book, use the fact that it was very widely read six or eight generations back to try to prove that Puritanism was cold and hard and heartless. The few illustrations in the earliest editions, revolting, of course, to our sort of cultured taste, are too often assumed to be characteristic of the whole book, and so the prejudice spreads, until nowadays the once famous martyrology is hardly spoken of without a laugh or a sneer.

A rather careful study of the mediaeval romances of chivalry, so popular and so influential in the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and a deep interest in old-time legends and in the stories of the Bible, led me, from curiosity, to seek to know more about this sixteenth century book, which certainly once rivaled the Arthur Stories in popularity and probably in influence for good. And so there resulted a paper read before this Society some years ago, "An Old-Time Chronicler: Foxe's Book of Martyrs and the Puritan Home." This study I did not then file with your Publication Committee, for I hoped to give further thought to a subject that I had found both interesting and profitable. There is probably no one present here who listened to my paper of twenty-one years back, or who remembers it if possibly present at that meeting of the then Society of Antiquity. While meantime I have not carried my study of Foxe very much further, I have learned to appreciate better the limitations and the merits of the pioneer settlers of the Bay Colony and our privilege in being their successors, and I now re-submit my study, modified somewhat of course, for your consideration and candid criticism.

What is the real nature of Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*, which everyone assumes to have an opinion of, but which very few in our day have ever even opened for themselves? Why was it so widely read in the time of Elizabeth and the Stuart Kings? Was it so brutalizing to the children growing up in the first generation of New England homes, as so many imagine? Is it worthy of any recognition by us upon whom the ends of the world are come? Can any of its stories of heroic struggle, of purposeful fortitude, of intelligent, independent endeavor for a better world in which to live, furnish any incentive to originality of thought or spirituality of life in a rather easy-going, materialistic age? Or should the few remaining copies of the earlier editions, though thought so invaluable by

antiquarians, be publicly condemned, perhaps burned by the public hangman, as corrupters of youth, or perhaps be allowed quietly to moulder away in the hopeless oblivion of a great, unused historical library?

Foxe furnished Shakespeare with first-hand material, quickened the imagination of at least two centuries of English life, and inspired the faith and sharpened the mental processes of periods when to think for one's self cost much; has he anything to say to us moderns?

John Foxe was born in the year that More's *Utopia* was published, the year before Luther, in Germany, made his first open stand against a corrupt and arbitrary church, three years after the battle of Flodden Field, only ten years after Columbus died unhonored at Valladolid. The printing press had then been even known of in England but little more than a generation; the Bible existed in no modern tongue except as a few manuscript copies of Wiclif's translation were circulated secretly; the study of Greek in English schools was unheard of, and that means that all independent inquiry was an intrusion upon the private domain of an arbitrary ecclesiastical system. Books then had to be lived, not read, for there were almost no books to be had, at least outside the monasteries. This was a quarter-century before even a Bible in English could be CHAINED for public use in the churches, only three years after the Bodleian Library was first opened at Oxford.

Facts like these show what an adventurer in the world of thought John Foxe really was. What incentive for study could this orphan boy in the streets of the other Boston across the sea find in those times that to us seem so far off? But somehow the spirit of the New Learning got hold of him, and we know of his successes at the university, of his protesting tendencies even during his Oxford days, and of his writing of Latin plays before the modern drama was dreamed of. At length his liberal opinions drove him out of his comfortable fellowship in the quiet of the university, and he became tutor at Charlecote Manor forty years before Shakespeare was tried for deer stealing there. When, at the accession of Mary Tudor, the wheels of progress turned backward for a while, he lost his position as tutor and preacher at the castle of the Duke of Norfolk, and there was nothing to do but to go with so many others over to the freer cities of Germany and Switzerland. Here, at the suggestion, it is said, of Lady Jane Grey, in poverty and exile, with

no libraries to consult, with no free press, he somehow got together material for the first edition, in Latin naturally, of his *Acts and Monuments*.

In a way much of his twenty-five years of previous study had been a preparation for this task, but a very large part of the great mass of material had now to be gotten from scattered and obscure sources as well as at first hand from those who had *lived* the thrilling history of those tumultuous times. After Queen Mary's pathetic death he could return to England, where, in 1563, he published the first edition of his book in the English language, and where he lived a respected, industrious, but rather retired life for twenty-four years longer. He was assigned an obscure country parish, but dwelt much in London, partly in "Grub Street," which fact perhaps tells its own story. He wrote one or two other books during this time—books that are no longer thought of—prepared three new editions of his *Acts and Monuments*, and left a record for modesty, simplicity, kindness, fidelity, honesty, courage, persistency, industry, progressiveness of thought, that, all together, make him almost an ideal Puritan at a time when that name was just beginning to stand for a definite type of pioneer through a wilderness section of our race's intellectual progress. He was devoted to his family, a lover of his fellow men, a strong supporter of virtue and justice, upright always, human and humane. To say that he was a lover of dogs adds a touch of nature that makes us sure of his kinship to other flesh-and-blood strugglers of his own and later times. In the life he chose for himself he followed no easy path, but what he believed to be the right one. He had opinions, and we should not respect him if he had not; he did not know toleration in the modern sense, no one then did, but he could hardly have been allowed existence anywhere in that sixteenth century, if he had preached or practiced toleration. There was no such thing then, and the new life and purpose and ideals of those strong days could not have asserted themselves along any half-hearted, moderate lines. Henry Morley says: "To a right student the value of such a book (as Foxe's) is rather increased than lessened by the inevitable bias of a writer who recorded incidents that had for him a deep, real, present interest, and who had his own part in the passion of the controversy he described."

We must judge him by his own age, not by ours. For his time

he was quite as tolerant as you and I like to think ourselves now. In our time he would be a different sort of person, no doubt, from the one we see on the pages of Elizabethan history, but yet the same, in that he was and would now be in the advance guard of thought and morals. The year of the first English edition of the *Book of Martyrs* was the year of the end of the long Council of Trent, which closed with the Catholic Church's anathemas upon all heretics. For his own time Foxe was a man of moderate views, and not strongly partisan. If he had been, he would not have remained the life-long friend of the Catholic Duke of Norfolk, attending him to his execution as a traitorous plotter with Mary Stuart for the overthrow of the government. He was no recluse, and made and kept friendships among the most active men of those stirring times. John Cheke, Hugh Latimer, and William Tyndal were fellow students. Burleigh, Walsingham, Sir Francis Drake, the Earl of Warwick were among his intimates. He is mentioned as one of the earliest students of Anglo-Saxon in modern times, but in the confusion of his environment it is hard to see how he found the leisure for the cultivation of purely abstract tastes.

The *Book of Martyrs* seems to have met with popular favor upon its first appearance. The second edition (of 1570) was by royal decree placed for public reading, chained of course, in all cathedral churches, and many parish churches followed suit voluntarily. Besides the four editions demanded before the author's death, in 1587, (the first three in black letter type, the fourth only in Latin characters), a fifth was issued nine years later. In spite of Archbishop Laud's official disapproval in the days of Charles I, four editions were called for during the next century, the century of the migrations to New England, folios like the five of the earlier century, and all furnished with gruesome woodcuts, "embellished with forty elegant copperplates," says the New York edition of 1794, "embellished with superb engravings" reads the title-page of one of the still more modern editions (of 1813). Throughout the period of predominant Puritan influence this popularity continued. Only in later years, when people incapable of idealization or quite given over to prejudice, try to cast reproach upon a class who by their force of character and uprightness of life were able to arrest the narrowing trend of scholarship—only in such days is it necessary to defend this extraordinary work of old John Foxe from popular detraction and ridicule.

As literature pure and simple we no longer need it as it was needed back in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. As literature it did its best service before the days of the novel and the romantic poem. It gained its foothold before there was even the romantic drama. England's young people had to wait one hundred and fifty years after Foxe appeared for *Robinson Crusoe* and *Gulliver*, yet the thirst for mental and emotional stimulus was strong then, as now, since Puritan youth was intensely human. Foxe's stories of heroism doubtless stirred the souls of boys and girls in Tudor and Stuart days much as Sir Philip Sidney, just before, had said his soul was stirred by the old ballad of Chevy Chase, "as by the sound of a trumpet."

But Foxe's book was more than mere literature then—it was a book of patriotic loyalty and of religious devotion as well, when loyalty and religion were one. With true Puritan intensity it supported those ideas that were the basis of Elizabeth's claim to the English throne. If separation from Rome was not right, then Henry the Eighth's marriage with Elizabeth's mother was wrong, and the Stuarts would have been England's rightful rulers. As a handbook of religion also the *Book of Martyrs* was no less significant, defending as it did in long, now almost unreadable, arguments the principles of Protestant creed and polity. Foxe's motive in writing was, of course, to denounce Catholicism, but that in his day was good patriotism. As a patriot some have thought him too zealous, but tremendous wrenches were necessary to throw the social wheels out of the intolerable rut into which they were sunken. In accomplishing his task Foxe employed a picturesqueness of style that in part accounts for his popularity before modern ideas of simplicity came into vogue. Moreover his narratives are based on personal statements of the martyrs themselves, in many cases, or of their immediate friends, and so possess a unique value as showing the social customs and ways of thinking of his own time. Still further he quotes extensively from invaluable historical sources since lost, so that his book has great importance as a storehouse of historical material. But perhaps its highest value lay then, and still lies, in its fundamental principle that each individual has a personal responsibility for his thought and conduct that no human power can relieve him from or deprive him of. Consequently all governments must see to it that their laws are founded upon principles

of justice and truth, and all churches must recognize that creeds can not be permanently established through persecution or arbitrary dogmas.

The psychology of persecution it is hard for us nowadays to understand. Perhaps there entered into it something of the instinct of the brutes to inflict physical pain for its own sake—an impulse going far back in the story of evolution, and already only rudimentary when the human race appeared, and assumed responsibility for more than a brute existence. Now and then, by the working of some obscure law of atavism, in any age there may crop out individual traces of this purely animal trait, ages ago sloughed off by our race as a whole. Even today this pre-ancestral characteristic now and then manifests itself, and to an alarming extent. In the evolution of the *intellectual* man also there seems to have been a stage of development when the only way to deal with a supposed error of opinion was to torture or kill the person holding that error. This stage also in the ascent of man the party to which Foxe belonged had largely outgrown before his day. The reformed churches in general did not persecute for religious opinion's sake to the extent of burning, and did not continue very long any religious persecution of a physical, bodily sort. Foxe's interest in his subject gives no suggestion of animal-like gloating over pain inflicted. His stories held the attention because of the high adventure, the noble bearing, the undaunted principle of those knights and ladies who were engaged in encounters where the rewards were far more exalted than those of chivalrous tournaments. It is said that Cervantes, in *Don Quixote*, thirty years after Foxe died, laughed the romances of chivalry out of existence. May it not better be said that the *Book of Martyrs* replaced them by true stories of adventure quite as suitable for household use, quite as thrilling, quite as worthy to endure, quite as capable—if rightly told and adapted to later conditions—of forming character upon worthy lines?

And the much condemned pictures—what can be said of them? As a matter of fact, good or bad, Foxe is not responsible for many of them. Most of them have been introduced only in later editions. But whether of Foxe's choice or the choice of another, no one defends them as works of art. Foxe was contemporary with the greatest painters the world has known. I wish he might have seen

Michael Angelo's *Last Judgment*, finished only ten or fifteen years before Foxe and his associates were driven to the Continent for safety. But he was too poor to cross the Alps, and if he had done so, Rome was no safe place for such as he. As to the moral effect of Foxe's prints, however, (the point most often called in question), I am not sure that they have been in their way any more mischievous than have some of the famous paintings of Reubens, who was born five or six years after Foxe's book was first chained in the cathedrals of England that all might read it.

Such then is the very popular book that may have served Mr. Schoolmaster Rice as mental stimulus for the rising generation of first settlers in Worcester. It is no wonder that it was more widely read than any other except the Bible. It is no wonder, as Green's *Short History of the English People* implies, that it passed from public reading in the churches to careful perusal and free discussion by the fireside. It is no wonder that it came across the Atlantic to find goodly place in the homes of early New England. Perhaps the fact of its general reading accounts for the tattered condition of most of the old copies and for the entire absence of whole volumes of sets. For instance, the American Antiquarian Society Library has, or had at the time of this study, one volume each of two sets of one of the earliest editions (that of 1583, as given in the Catalogue of 1837). There is no perfect copy of the first edition known to exist. In the Library of the Massachusetts Historical Society the edition of 1632 is represented by only the first volume, ending with the time of Henry VII. One wonders whether in just those days when Archbishop Laud was resisting its popular influence, the completion of the publisher's plan was prevented by the arbitrary censorship of the press, only about a decade before Milton's *Ariopagitica, a Plea for Unlicensed Printing*, appeared. What entered so largely into the past of English speaking people forms no unworthy part of that composite we call the Present, which is "the sum of all man ever was and all man ever did." To know this whole, root and all, we need to know the component parts. We cannot, then, laugh away the tremendous influence of "gentle" old John Foxe.

The *Book of Martyrs* was not among the early issues of the press in America. Before Franklin's time the only reprints of English books were Baxter's *Call* (1702) and Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*

(1706). Dr. Dexter's catalogue of Elder Brewster's library contains no mention of Foxe, and his book is not mentioned in the Mather list nor in that of Governor Thomas Dudley nor among those given by John Winthrop to Harvard College. I spent some time trying to discover whether a copy was included among the 440 books that John Harvard bequeathed to his college, but apparently all means for obtaining a complete list of that historic library disappeared, with all but one of the volumes, in that unfortunate fire back in the eighteenth century. Our own American Antiquarian Library has a perfect set of the ninth edition (1641), three volumes. The copy of this same edition which was Bunyan's solace in the county jail at Bedford, marked on each title-page with the prisoner's verified autograph and the date, 1662, was, twenty-two years ago, offered for sale in order to raise funds for the prevention of foreclosure of a mortgage on the valuable Bedford Library. It had been valued at \$40,000. A Worcester citizen at that time, it may be well known, made an offer of \$1,000, which, it is needless to say, was not accepted; but the Heart of the Commonwealth, that boasted not a single white man when Foxe died, may well have craved the distinction of possessing a book that was doubly so distinguished. The early editions were as follows: 1559, Latin; 1563, 1570, in two volumes each; 1576; 1583; 1596; 1610; 1618; 1632; 1641; 1684; all folios. All after the first were in two or in three volumes.

Foxe is mentioned among the ninety books in Michael Wigglesworth's library, and in Robert C. Winthrop's *Life of Governor Winthrop*. Henry Browne, grandfather of Governor Winthrop, is quoted as writing to his son-in-law, "I praye you send me my boke of Martyrs." Undoubtedly it figured largely in numberless similar Puritan and Colonial homes, but I have wondered at its very infrequent mention by American historians of the period. As a matter of fact this whole subject of Colonial libraries and the reading matter at the command of the first two generations of New Englanders seems as yet to have been but imperfectly covered by students. Our own general library, rather largely the collection of Rev. George Allen, contains three different abridgements and adaptations of this historic old book, dating from 1813, 1830, and 1850, all duly "embellished" with hideous woodcuts.

Franklin P. Dexter, in an interesting paper, published in Vol.

XVIII, New Series, p. 135, of the *Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society*, "Early Private Libraries in New England," says: "For New England the fact remains, and can hardly be stated too baldly, that the early settlers and their children lived without the inspiration of literature. It was 'plain living and high thinking,' and that their lives and their work were worthy of reverence is all the more to their credit." It would be interesting for us members of this Society to make notes upon any inventories of old estates we chance upon in our reading with this matter of books in Colonial homes in mind, and to combine our data for some future paper. Dr. Dexter mentions some early items of this sort—for instance: In the list of the estate of John Wakeman of New Haven is the item, "three shirts and some old books, 15 shillings"; Nathaniel Bowman of Wethersfield,—“Books, bottles and odd things, 12 shillings”; etc.

This fact also, it seems to me, should be recognized, that reading purely for recreation was hardly in keeping with Puritan ideas or Puritan moral principles. The Almanac was all right for information in ordering the daily work. Sermons and other religious books were more freely put out by the American Press than any other, for they were supposed to contribute to the higher life and spiritual culture; but recreation as such was hardly known to our Colonial forebears.

There have been many attempts to abridge Foxe, but none of them seem very satisfying to the modern taste. Some one might well prepare for present-day use a new condensed edition of readable size, and without the old illustrations, a book that will give, by introduction and notes and extracts, what I have very briefly tried to do in this paper—some adequate impression of the thrilling effect upon earlier generations produced by Foxe's picturesque narratives, and some adequate impression also of our own twentieth century debt to this industrious, forward-looking writer of three hundred and twenty-five years ago.

In conclusion, then, what did the forefathers read? They certainly did not read many books. Books were a rare commodity, and if libraries, public or private, had been available, time was lacking for their use. And if or as they had a little leisure, they had definite and rather unmodern ideas about the best use of it. What they read was *life* itself, at first hand, great volumes of it, and

there is abundant evidence that they profited by this sort of education. The few books they had they *used*. Our Society's collection of early Almanacs gives good evidence of this, as does our collection of old Family Bibles. What they learned in the hard school of experience they *knew* and could apply toward their daily needs. Our collections of early tools give proof of their ingenuity, their command of themselves and of such natural resources as they yet understood—their power to progress in knowledge of the facts of life and in appreciation also of the higher interests of their community.

I am not attempting any apology for the crudeness, the incompleteness, the narrowness if you insist upon it, of the newly-come Caucasians on Worcester territory. I am only recognizing that the fundamental qualities in a free and responsible citizenship are much the same in all periods and are not dependent upon labor-saving devices or patented jimcracks or copyrighted literary novelties. Quite possibly it was well that Dominic Rice had few books at his command. *Schooling* may involve *extensive* reading; *education* certainly involves reading some things *intensively*. The culture of the earlier generations consisted largely in a thorough knowledge of the Bible and perhaps a few other books auxiliary to it. And along with this exact mental training came the establishment of high moral standards that are fundamental for a self-governing people in any age.

Some books well read are more likely to result in education than many only carelessly read. (This was written before I saw the article in the October *Atlantic*, "Too Many Books.") History is not a dead thing out of the more or less distant past. History is a living and vital part of the present. Old books sometimes seem dead as a door nail. Contact with a receptive mind may show them to be potent still for good or ill. History, teaching as it does by examples, may serve to enlighten quite as effectively as many *modern* instances. Perhaps a few days in Jonas Rice's school might be very wholesome for us of the easy-going, lavish Present. We are *schooled* too much; are we really being *educated* in the very essentials of an honest, dependable, self-controlled, law-abiding, forward-looking existence together as a socialized community? If my question does not answer itself, I leave it unanswered.

## WILLIAM TROWBRIDGE FORBES

Read before the Worcester Historical Society  
by Z. W. Coombs, March 11, 1932

William Trowbridge Forbes was born in Westborough, Massachusetts, May 21, 1850, and died in Worcester, November 8, 1931. He was the son of Ephraim and Catherine (White) Forbes. Preparing for college in the schools of his native town, he entered Amherst College at the age of seventeen, graduating with the Class of 1871. His college course was marked by distinguished scholarship. He won prizes in mathematics and in German. In outside activities he was a leader, serving as class historian, as editor of the college paper, the *Amherst Student*, and rowing on his class crew in the regatta of 1870.

On graduation, Judge Forbes went to Turkey and spent three years as instructor in mathematics in Robert College, Constantinople. Here he became profoundly interested in the sociological, racial, and historical features of Turkey and of the smaller adjacent nations, as well as in their politics. Of the conditions in these Balkan states he made profound studies, became an authority on them, and gained an interest in them that he never lost. He traveled extensively in that part of the world, and, at one time, in coöperation with President Washburn, of Robert College, made a geological survey of the region, collecting over 2000 fossil specimens, which were exhibited at the Vienna Exposition of 1874, and attracted much attention.

Returning to this country Judge Forbes came to Worcester and studied law in the office of Bacon, Hopkins and Bacon, the leading law firm of that day in Worcester County. After his admission to the bar he practised for some years in his native town of Westborough. Already he had been appointed justice of the First Eastern District of Massachusetts, while yet a law student, and he held this office for three years, resigning in 1879. Meanwhile he had represented Westborough in the Massachusetts House of Representatives in 1881 and 1882, and had served two terms in the State Senate, in 1886 and 1887.

Judge Forbes was appointed Judge of the Court of Probate and Insolvency for Worcester County in 1888. He was then thirty-

eight years old. He had already gained a high reputation as a lawyer, and this reputation was to be greatly enhanced during his thirty-seven years of service on the bench. He resigned as Judge of Probate in 1925, retiring that he might devote his remaining years to the general practice of the law for which he was so eminently fitted, and which held so strong a fascination for him. With his son-in-law, Linwood M. Erskine, Esq., under the name of Forbes and Erskine, he continued this practice until his death. He had secured the right to practice before the Supreme Court of the United States, and before that exalted tribunal he argued one of the most important cases that ever originated in Worcester County. This was the famous Worcester County National Bank case, involving the right of a national bank to act as a trustee and executor. In this case, Judge Forbes was associated with Newton D. Baker, former Secretary of War.

In the cases that came before him as Judge of Probate, Judge Forbes was an authority. These had to do with wills, estates, divorces, etc. His broad training, his human sympathy, his service in the Legislature, his long experience as lawyer and judge, had given him exceptional preparation. He was ranked among the highest in his decisions on these matters, his advice was constantly sought, his decisions were rarely appealed, and were almost never reversed by the higher court.

Notable as were the services and accomplishments of Judge Forbes in his chosen profession, they by no means cover the many activities of the man. He traveled extensively in Europe, in the Near and the Far East, and was frequently called upon to lecture on his experiences in these travels. But in the city of his adoption his interest in matters civic, literary, historical, financial, was strong, his zeal untiring. He had served as President of the Central Association of Amherst Alumni, as President of the Rufus Putnam Association, of the Worcester Shakespeare Club, of the Worcester Economic Club, of the Worcester Congregational Club. He had been a member of the Worcester Parks and Recreation Commission, where his skill in gardening and horticulture had had free play. He was a member of the American Antiquarian Society, of the Worcester Historical Society, of the Westborough Historical Society, of the Worcester County Horticultural Society, of the Worcester Rotary Club. He had been a Vice-President of the

Peoples Savings Bank of Worcester, a member of the Massachusetts Minimum Wage Commission, a Trustee of the Worcester Free Public Library, of Leicester Academy, of St. Vincent's Hospital. He had served as Vice-President of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, on the Advisory Board of the Worcester Animal Rescue League, as a Director of the Worcester Associated Charities, of the Memorial Home for the Blind, of the Home for Aged Men, as President of the Rural Cemetery Association, as Historian of the Sons of the American Revolution, as Trustee of the Worcester Natural History Society, and of the Worcester Art Museum. A Congregationalist in religion he was a member of Union Church and served that church faithfully in many capacities. He belonged to many strictly social organizations, and the beautiful grounds of the Tatnuck Country Club owe much to his skill, his care, and his interest. And with all these activities, in connection with organizations so varied in nature, he found time to draw up numerous laws which were enacted by the Legislature, relating especially to the incorporation of churches, the settlement of estates, the disposition of property, corporations, and to probate practice in general. Moreover, he found time to write a history of his native town, Westborough, and many historical papers on different topics.

Bred to the law, a jurist of high repute, a historian and antiquarian by taste and by inclination, deeply interested and profoundly versed in natural history, in art, in matters educational, in economics, in literature, in social and charitable undertakings, in politics, Judge Forbes essayed in many fields and in each he did outstanding work, making real and lasting contributions. His youthful interest and exuberance never left him. To his hosts of friends he was a companion, charming in conversation, genial and entertaining, an encyclopedia of information on every subject, of buoyant, almost exuberant, spirits. On the bench, the even-minded and even-tempered interpreter of the law in the intricacies of probate practice, he showed a marvellous insight into the perplexing problems that came up before him, a consummate skill in analyzing and deciding the endless questions that crowded the docket of his court. Many a married pair appearing before him, and bent on severing the marital tie, under his wise and kindly and fatherly counsel left the court room, repentant of the misunder-

standings, determined to forget their differences and to begin a new life based on mutual trust and forbearance, and grateful to him for his advice.

All the world was his domain, his fellow men and women, his friends, and they it was who formed for him the most interesting objects of study. But he loved Nature, too, the great outdoors, the flowers, the fruits, that Nature yields to skilful care. This care, this skill he possessed, and many an arid spot bloomed under his expert and loving attention. Of himself he gave the best and without stint to every good cause, and all who came within his wide influence mourn his passing from among us. But we who are left look back upon his many years of useful activity, upon his contribution which has made the world so richly more worth the living, and we rejoice in the privilege that has been ours, to know him, to come within his influence, to enjoy him. And we shall carry on through the years yet remaining to us those pleasant memories of the man, our friend, of what he was, of what he did, of what he strove to do, whereby the world was made better and more cheerful, "memories that shall not be blotted out."

MEMORIAL  
OF  
COL. T. S. JOHNSON

Read before the Worcester Historical Society  
by Dr. George E. Wire, February 8, 1929

Colonel Johnson was born July 1, 1843, in Dana and died here in Worcester, January 21, 1927, thus rounding out nearly eighty-five years of life very largely in this community. His earliest ancestor on this soil was Solomon Johnson who settled in Massachusetts prior to 1639. He was born on his father's farm in Dana, the third in a family of three, two boys and one girl, his father being Theodore Wilder Johnson and this boy carrying his name Theodore. His mother was Emily S. Johnson and he evidently got the S. in his name from her. His father's farm bordered on Pottapaug Pond, or lake, in that ill-fated territory doomed to be a water reservoir for the benefit of Boston. In his later life Colonel Johnson bought up this property and established a commodious camp on the border of the pond where he was wont to dispense old-fashioned hospitality to his friends.

The old homestead stood on the county road just opposite the private road leading in to the camp. His father sent him to the Petersham High School and to Wilbraham Academy and he was a graduate of both these institutions. He always remembered his instructors, particularly Dr. Miner Raymond who was at the head of Wilbraham at that time. In my old home town, Evanston, Illinois, I knew Dr. Raymond for years as a near neighbor.

Colonel Johnson studied law in the law offices of Dewey and Williams, two well-known members of the Worcester bar. Admitted to the bar in 1866, when he was twenty-three years old, he went outside of Worcester and opened a law office in Blackstone. In the next year, 1867, he was appointed trial justice and held that office until 1871 when he was appointed Judge of the Municipal Court of Worcester.

In April, 1873, he married Melvina Allen, daughter of Amos Allen of Blackstone, who died a few years ago. They had no children. In 1881 on the establishment of the Central District Court, Colonel Johnson was appointed clerk and served there until

he was appointed clerk of courts in that very year, 1881, serving in that office until his retirement on pension in 1923, a period of forty-two years. So much for his official life of which much more might be written.

His military title came from being appointed on the staff of Governor Talbot in 1878. Much might be written of his political life for he was a power, in fact *the* power, in county politics for years. He always remembered his friends and was a politician of the old school. Personally, as many of you will remember, he was a magnificent figure, fully six feet tall, of good physique, did not accumulate fat as he grew older, and to the day of his death was active and able to be around, mind as keen as ever.

In his later life he became a director in the Quinsigamond National Bank, and after that was absorbed into other banks, Colonel Johnson served on the Board of Directors of the Merchants National Bank, now the Worcester County National Bank, also the Five Cents Savings Bank. He also handled some large estates, particularly that of his friend, Mr. M. V. B. Jefferson.

He was fond of outdoor life and his devotion to it probably much prolonged his life. I remember of his telling me of his hunting trips West and South, and he was proficient with both rifle and shotgun, and at one time he engaged in fencing and became an adept at the foils. In his later life he was given to fishing at his summer camp on Lake Pottapaug. When I came here in 1898 to take charge of the Worcester County Law Library I remember he drove a fine horse and was a great lover of horses. As time went on he used to own a White Steamer and did as long as these cars were made. One of the prized pictures in his office was a large framed photograph, taken on the road to Millbury, of President Taft and his escort in the Colonel's car. At that time the President would ride in nothing but a White Steamer, and as Colonel Johnson possessed the only one in Worcester he was honored by having it used by the President.

Colonel Johnson was for years a member of this society, and, like many others, probably did not take much if any active part in its affairs. His real part in local history was of course his work as clerk of courts for over forty years. The records of his office were all well and truly kept and so far as the law allows were open to the inspection of persons for necessary information. Perhaps we

do not always realize the value of these public records at the Court House and City Hall until some time we want something of them and want it bad. We are inclined to forget that through all these years some one or several people from generation to generation have been accurately and faithfully keeping these records. The records of 1732 and succeeding, in the clerk's office and the Registry of Deeds, are almost in constant demand now, two hundred years later.

Colonel Johnson, in his Bowdoin Street home, had a large room on the main floor fitted up as his library and its walls were and are at the time of writing and presenting of this paper, lined with well-filled bookcases. He picked up many a scarce and rare old volume, and in his library there are one or two items of the Isaiah Thomas press which are unique; one of them I believe is the only known copy, certainly outside of the British Museum.

When the court house was rebuilt in 1898-1900, Colonel Johnson's private office, as well as all the offices of the clerk's office, were moved from their old place on the ground floor, southeast corner of the 1853 building, to the second floor northeast corner of the new building. The new offices were sooner or later equipped with steel desks, but Colonel Johnson retained his big old black walnut desk and chair, and on his retirement in 1923 his staff bought them both from the county and with his framed pictures, so long in his old office, he set up a new office in the new part, fourth floor, of the Central Exchange Building, again on the northeast corner. Here sitting at his desk early in the forenoon of January 21, 1927, he peacefully passed away, literally dying in harness.

THOMAS FRANCIS KENNEY, M.D.—  
A MEMORIAL SKETCH

Prepared and Read by George B. O'Flynn at a Meeting  
of the Worcester Historical Society, April 10, 1931

On September 20, 1880, in Worcester, Massachusetts, was born Thomas Francis Kenney, the son of Thomas and Anastasia (Quinn) Kenney. At that time the family, who were comfortably well off, lived on Summer Street.

Young Kenney attended the Thomas Street School and, upon his graduation from that institution, the Classical High School. At the Classical High School he proved himself both student and athlete. He was a serious-minded boy who applied himself earnestly to his studies and achieved a splendid academic record. In athletics he was especially interested in running, even entering a competition against Arthur Duffy, the world champion sprinter. His early interest in music is evidenced in the fact that he was the composer of his class song and class pianist at the graduation exercises.

In his sixteenth year, Thomas F. Kenney suffered a severe attack of rheumatic fever, which affected his heart; but he recovered sufficiently to continue his studies.

Upon his graduation from the Classical High School he entered Harvard University and was graduated from the Harvard Medical School in 1905 with the degree of Doctor of Medicine. Dr. Kenney then did postgraduate work at the University of Berlin and the University of Vienna. At Vienna he was associated with Dr. Bela Schick in the development of the now famous "Schick Test." The direct result of this graduate study of Dr. Kenney is written in the enviable place Worcester today holds in the work of immunization in diphtheria.

During these student days at Vienna, Dr. Kenney found time to continue his study of music. It was also at this time that he met his future wife, Miss Maud Reber, who was studying music in the Austrian capital.

Miss Reber is the daughter of the late James Calvin and Catherine (Snyder) Reber, prominent residents of Dayton, Ohio. Some years later Dr. Kenney and Miss Reber were married in Worcester on

February 8, 1910, by the late Dr. McCoy, then rector of St. Anne's Church.

Upon the completion of his work at Vienna, Dr. Kenney made two trips around the world. He grew especially interested in public health and sanitation and made an intensive study of his specialty in different countries.

Dr. Kenney then returned to Worcester where he established himself in the practice of his profession. Later, he was appointed a school physician, one of the sixteen original school physicians in Worcester. After the death of James C. Coffey, for many years member and agent of the Board of Health, the position of head school physician and agent were combined and Dr. Kenney was appointed Director of Health and School Hygiene on September 11, 1922.

Dr. Kenney brought to the work his broad training and experience and has given the board a standing second to but few in this country.

The prevention of epidemics and the decrease of infant mortality were his principal objectives. Important changes, under his direction, were made in the system of vaccinations so that the congestion at City Hall was avoided and the children were vaccinated at the school to the great convenience of both children and parents. The staff of health nurses was increased from time to time, as funds were made available, and house visitations were begun for the improvement of home conditions and the stamping out of disease at its source. Belmont Hospital for contagious diseases was enlarged.

The results of Dr. Kenney's work for the prevention of disease speak for themselves. Not a case of smallpox was reported during the time he was head of his department and typhoid fever, scarlet fever, and diphtheria have been reduced to a minimum. Unflagging interest was taken by Dr. Kenney, likewise, in the prevention and cure of tuberculosis. One nurse was assigned to give full time work to clinic cases and follow-up work, while other work was carried on by staff nurses by districts.

Dr. Kenney very soon turned his attention to children between two and six years of age, the pre-school group, with special care of those about to enter school. The summer "round-up" program carried out by physicians and nurses of the department, and the

diphtheria immunization clinics established by the personnel of the department and the Worcester District Nursing Association are two outstanding features of his pre-school program.

Dr. Kenney made a great effort always to gain the coöperation of the home in having corrected the defects in the children found by physicians after the children had begun school. He was particularly interested in the work done to improve defective hearing and eyesight and he was extremely active in the establishment of dental clinics in several central schools.

Social work he instituted on the part of health nurses in procuring necessities for school children whose parents were unable to provide for them. Food and milk for undernourished children, glasses, shoes, arrangements for hospital service, the collection and redistribution of clothing, and the placing of children in summer camps were only a few of the activities he supervised.

Dr. Kenney insisted on strict rules and regulations concerning the handling and sale of milk and food. He placed great stress on the improvement of the sanitary conditions of bakeries, stores, and restaurants. Regular and routine inspections were instituted and considerable improvement has resulted.

It is important to note that because of the care given the health and sanitation of the city during the past nine years the number of deaths in the city yearly is now less than ten years ago, in spite of an increase in population of about ten thousand. And a very significant achievement is the marked decrease in infant mortality.

In addition to his varied duties as health official here, Dr. Kenney found time to conduct a course of lectures on health and sanitation at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. In fact, it is known to the writer, that Dr. Kenney could have become affiliated with the Institute in a full-time capacity had he so desired.

He was in constant demand as a speaker and writer, frequently on subjects associated with his health work. He firmly believed that education of the people along the line of disease prevention was the most efficient method of procedure and he rarely, if ever, refused an invitation to address groups no matter how small.

Always gracious, he never complained of the sacrifice of his own leisure, a leisure which he would have used so profitably. He loved choice books and possessed many; he loved fine paintings and had an interesting collection; he cared deeply for music, especially the opera.

Dr. Kenney held fellowships in the Worcester District Medical Society, the Massachusetts Medical Society in which he served on the State Public Health Committee, and the American Public Health Association. He was a member of the American Medical Association, Massachusetts Association of School Physicians serving on the Executive Committee; Gorgas Memorial Institute, serving on the Executive Committee from Massachusetts, and he was attached to the Department of Biology and Public Health of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology as a special lecturer.

Dr. Kenney became a member of the Worcester Rotary Club in 1920. He served as chairman of the boys' work committee in 1924-1925, as vice-president in 1928, and president in 1928-1929. At the Dallas Convention he was elected governor of the thirty-first district for 1929-1930. He was appointed to the International Service Committee for 1930-1931.

He was a member also of the Monday Evening Club, the Worcester Historical Society, the University Club, and the Worcester Country Club.

In the fall of 1930 he attended a meeting of the International Service Committee of Rotary in Hamburg and later toured Germany, Belgium, and England, visiting schools and hospitals and making a study of the health work in these countries. It was on the return voyage to the United States that Dr. Kenney contracted a severe cold and upon his arrival he suffered alarming heart symptoms, which necessitated his removal, later, to the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston where he died March 15, 1931.

Dr. Kenney is survived by Mrs. Kenney and four children: James, a freshman at Harvard University; Marjorie, a student at Dana Hall, Wellesley; Reber at Worcester Academy, and John Durbin who is studying at home under private tutors. Two brothers and two sisters also survive him: George F. Kenney of Worcester, Mass., James F. Kenney of Boston, Mass., Mrs. Emily Kenney McGrail of Bronxville, N. Y., and Miss Mary J. Kenney also of Bronxville, N. Y.

A man of large personal means, Dr. Kenney could have, if he had so chosen, spent his life in the pursuit of pleasure; but the call of service to his fellow men sounded for him a more appealing note. In ways far truer for him than for most of whom it is said he was a

great public servant. In his passing Worcester has suffered a loss of which only the years can teach the greatness.

For his friends and associates, the doctor's going means a very real and very personal grief.

For us all Dr. Trowbridge, his colleague and friend, says it, "In life he possessed a charming personality. In death may sweet memories of him abide with those who were privileged to know and love him."

## WORCESTER HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Annual Report of the Director, June 24, 1932

Last month the Annual Meeting of the American Association of Museums was held in Cambridge, and the obligation seemed to rest upon me to represent our Society there, at least at the Registration Desk on one of the three-day sessions. The discussion in particular that it fell to my lot to hear related to the work of Museums in Times of Depression. The papers presented were all from administrators of large museums, with extensive budgets, from people who could talk expansively about reduced appropriations from a city treasury, and about salary cuts, million-dollar buildings, and wealthy patrons. I craved an opportunity to seek counsel for an institution that knows no resources but what are limited, and where there are no real salaries to be cut in these depressed times.

And yet I found one sentiment vigorously expressed to which I could give hearty mental response—the thought that in its task of *feeding the spirit* a museum should find special opportunity and fresh stimulus in times like the present. This I feel strongly in our own case. In workless, comfortless, zestless days people want to forget the doubtful present and the many unstable material things, and to find cheer through stimulation of the imagination and in thoughts of life as it has been lived under conditions when, perhaps as now, material comforts were few or lacking, and people were thrown upon their own resources for amusement or incentive. “There is,” says one of the newspaper reports of the next morning, “no form of investment in the public interest more favored, except perhaps our great universities, than American museums of art, history, industry and science” . . . , “and our immediate duty in the face of restricted resources will be not to add to the burden of unemployment. The argument is sometimes heard that museums do not stand in the same category as so-called essential services such as police and fire protection. But some of us feel that the feeding of the spirit in these times, when the morale of our communities is being undermined by real want following on unemployment, is just as important as police protection.”

But the best to be gotten from such a great gathering of people

of like interests does not always come from elaborate prepared papers so largely as from personal contacts with eager doers of things along the special line of one's inquiry. Even during a brief attendance such contacts may alone compensate for all the expenditure of strength, time, and currency. There was, for instance, the man from Manchester, New Hampshire, where the depression is particularly severely felt, who was eager to talk of nothing but his new \$100,000 Historical Museum Building into which he was about to move; the New Bedford man, fully convinced of the importance of the recently extended Whaling Museum of his town, with which the new museum at Nantucket bore no comparison; the complacent woman from the great Smithsonian which was the only thing worth mentioning; the New Jersey boy who had caught the idea of the newest of the professions, and was soon to enter upon his four-years' course of study in preparation for it. There was Dr. Adams from Springfield, whose Connecticut Valley Historical Society is so attractively housed in the new Pyncheon Memorial Building, to some extent administered jointly with the Public Library, the Art Museum, and the Natural History Building, all in the same quadrangle; and many other people from places more or less remote and representing, in many cases, institutions with resources, even in depressed days, far in excess of anything to be seen even here at the very heart of the Heart of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, which we still like to call Armory Square, in spite of the foolish practice of renaming every four corners after some individual who may have won distinction in past military service.

On the single day when I was present at the Cambridge meetings, the historical museum idea seemed not to have the opportunity that the program promised or present conditions require. When other props are growing weak, or are failing us, the foundations of civilization out of the past should be carefully reëxamined, and a basis for confidence and an incentive for advance found through observing how other people on the same ground that we are just now finding so insecure have lived hopefully and achieved much under conditions perhaps no less hard than our own.

In my report for this year I have wished to review briefly, by suggestion more than by any detail, what is really going on at large in a Historical Society's province, as a slight basis for a reason-

able estimate of what we are in way of accomplishing here. There is, for example, the small town with no wealthy patrons, which has dispelled its inferiority complex by an awakened consciousness of its historic background, accomplished through the organization of its Historical Society some years ago. It now owns its own old homestead in the community's center for its local museum and library, a real social center for most of the town's social activities. There is the great manufacturing city, the products of whose industries are distributed, in normal times, all over the world, whose museum of historic industries, amply housed and elaborately developed, is a focus for educational work in all grades and all departments of community life. There is the average city with one or two, perhaps more, special industries, each with its own museum, like our neighbor of the American Steel & Wire Co., the Crompton & Knowles, and others in our own city, each telling from its own viewpoint why that particular place became a thriving, happy one to live in. There is the county town or district center, like Salem, with its great Essex Institute and its Peabody Museum, alive and potent with numberless signs and symbols of historic tragedy or adventure that can furnish innumerable thrills for impressionable boy and girl visitors. And there is the museum of metropolitan aims and possibilities, like the recently opened Museum of the City of New York, or the great number of widely separated historic houses representing the early life of New England, all owned and administered by the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities, or our own highly esteemed neighbor, the American Antiquarian Society, or the National Museum at Washington. All such institutions have their well defined, inclusive or exclusive lesson to teach, a large place to fill, a large responsibility to meet because of great endowments, possibly an unwieldy task to perform just because of an ambitious programme to be rendered.

Ours is a modest local museum of life and livelihood, to a large extent specialized upon the plan to show the way in which our own home folks have made a living while making a life that has been worth while. To illustrate this with actual relics and records and symbols, so far as our limited space and limited financial means will allow, has been the underlying purpose in organizing and extending our collections. The year's progress in this work it now remains for this report to define or suggest.

Between June 1, 1931, and June 1, 1932, the number of visitors at our building has been 2264, rather more than during the last fiscal year, even though fewer schools have come in a body. These guests have been of all ages, from places near and remote, with various objects in mind; or perhaps they have come with no object except to get under cover from the cold, or to kill time in an idle afternoon. But even so, as already suggested, we may be doing a worthy service in these times of depression. To review at this time the varied quests of our guests at the building or the varied topics upon which correspondence has been carried on, would be tedious as a part of this report. We have held old friends and made new ones by numberless civilities spoken and written, and acted also through guidance among our treasures and, under careful conditions, loans made for special local occasions. There have been fewer opportunities for gain through sale of duplicates than in earlier years, partly because the supply is reduced; and yet many of the numbers of earlier publications of the Society, for which there has been a steady sale, are still to be had.

It is a pleasure to report the accessions for the year, 143 to the Library, 179 to the Museum. This pleasure comes partly from the number and character of the items themselves, partly from the helpful spirit and the wide distribution of the donors. Mr. Herbert Wesby is an industrious organizer of newspaper material, and his long row of attractively mounted booklets of clippings supplements Mr. Woodward's extensive system of files of this material, all of which will greatly help in the research of students for long years to come. Another active friend among our members is Mr. Charles E. Ayers, whose contributions to our files of Worcester pictures will earn the gratitude of the generations. Mr. Reidy, Miss Southwick, Mr. Russell Hawes Kettell, and others have added greatly to the interest and value of our Manuscript Collection. Mr. Henry L. Chapin, of Los Angeles, who, so far as I know, has never seen our building or ever been known personally by any of us, has proved a most generous helper in our work, and his varied gifts deserve a more extended recognition than you will wish to listen to at this time. They are all duly entered on the Accession Books. During the year past he has sent us, for one thing, the Chapin Family Bible, containing extensive genealogical records, which, just as a material product of the art of book-making, has interest for us because it is a Thomas imprint, published here in 1791.

Such are a few of the accessions to our interesting and growing library, made more and more complete and usable from year to year through Mr. Colegrove's skill in organization. Many of the 179 accessions to the Museum are of much interest and value. Eighty of the number belong to the collection of women's costumes, a part of the Museum to which Mrs. Forbes and her committee have devoted much time and study, and which is highly appreciated by visitors, and recognized as a unique and beautiful exhibit by itself, independently of the Museum as a whole. It is encouraging to find that young people, boys in particular, have caught the idea upon which we are working, and bring items of interest and value for our collections, in Museum as well as Library. We have a few such prospective supporters and officers for our institution in the next generation. It is also of interest that Mr. John E. Morse, who moved from Worcester many years ago, should continue loyal to our Society, and should send items for our collections from time to time. It is worth while for an institution as well as for an individual to make and keep friends. I have already mentioned the benefactions of Mr. Henry L. Chapin, of Los Angeles, in connection with the library. Within a few weeks three items of considerable value have been received for the Museum from this source—one a costly carved ivory sword cane, another a beautifully mounted miniature of the donor, made many years ago in Paris, and third, an expensive Paris clock, together with a \$500 bond, the income from which is for the care of his donations, so far as needed, the surplus for the general purposes of the Society. It may be thought that gifts like these bear no close relation to our work, which is to collect and make useful historical material relating in particular to Worcester. But Mr. Chapin was born in Worcester and still has brothers here; and, in any case, general history is a background for all local history, and our growing collections, of timepieces for example, are of local value, even if some individual items have no immediately local associations, for Abel Stowell, Worcester's clock maker of 125 years ago, identifies clock-making as an industry with our city for all time.

It is within the year that Russell Hawes Kettell brought to us the valuable marble bust of his grandfather, Dr. Russell Hawes, the well-known and versatile Worcester inventor of ninety years ago, together with several letters—patent of his inventions, not,

however, including the most important of all—that on his envelope machine. It is pleasant also to remember in this connection the two historic and still very useful family bookcases from Miss Maud Chase, the firebags used by William T. Merrifield in the days when the Worcester Fire Society was a public service organization rather than a social one, the substantial arm chair made by Levi W. Fifield from wood of the old Old South Church, the important old Pendleton lithograph of the Battle of Lexington, and a genuine Hessian helmet of Revolution days, both willed to us by Waldo J. Farrar of Leicester. Then there is the old school desk out of the little red schoolhouse days, secured for us by Mr. Speirs, a feature of the Lower Museum that is very interesting to youthful minds of all ages. The collection of Rogers Groups has been extended through the thoughtfulness of Mrs. E. R. Goodwin and others, and our interesting collection of historic jewelry and curios has been enriched by a number of choice locket, combs, etc., from various sources. In this connection we shall wish to remember the thoughtfulness of that friend of the whole city, Miss Jessie E. Tyler, long of the Public Library staff, who left us by will a choicely mounted portrait cameo brooch of her father, Rev. Albert Tyler of Oxford, a true and tried supporter of the work of this Society a generation back, and a frequent contributor to its publications as well as to its collections. The cameo was cut by Mr. Kenney, the Worcester artist, of whose workmanship we have at least one other example. A complete outfit of Odd Fellow Regalia from our very helpful friend and fellow worker, Mr. W. A. Lewis, brightens up a dark corner of the Main Museum, and Ex-mayor O'Hara has repeatedly shown appreciation of our aim and method of teaching Worcester history, most recently by the gift of the first Dial Telephone used in this city, and the inscribed Greeting to Worcester, dropped by Charles Lindbergh, when he flew over in 1927.

Such are only a few of the long list of gifts to the Museum. The Accession Book shows that about 79 different persons have recognized this as an opportunity to help on a work of education as well as to contribute toward a rather popular feature of the City Recreational System.

At this time the Society should also be reminded of its eight unusually successful meetings, already listed in the Secretary's report, and particularly of its public service through its publica-

tions. Our annual April booklet has received encouraging expressions of approval, and our work through the columns of *This Week in Worcester*, begun three years ago, with some hesitation and some sense of responsibility for its establishment, if at all, on scholarly as well as attractive lines, is proving of some real help to us as well as, doubtless, to the publishers of the little periodical itself. A group of some of the earliest of these "Jottings" has been put into permanent form and published as a book under the Society's imprint; it is now on sale, if members care to encourage this sort of study of Worcester traditions by purchasing it.

The crowded condition of our building is often spoken of by visitors, and members know very well that additional floor and wall space is already a necessity for the proper continuance of our work. We own, free of any encumbrance, this substantial but not fireproof building. Your Executive Board have within a few months decreased the fire risk somewhat by installing in the more hazardous parts of the structure fire-preventing appliances; but still careful people, going about among our irreplaceable treasures, for which we are responsible, ask "Is this building fire proof?" We find what comfort we can by replying that it is of slow-burning construction. It may be the time will soon come for the appointment of an Outlook Committee of men of good judgment and of clear understanding of the part this Society has to take in the building up of the city's higher interests, and who also know Worcester's material conditions—a committee to study what would best be done in order to provide better for the particular service that we, as no other organization, can render to the community. It is not too soon to begin a consideration of the problem of securing new floor and wall space, either on our present lot, almost the most desirable in all the city's lay-out, or on some other spot, if opportunity were sought and found for a profitable sale of our present holdings and for erecting a fire-proof and appropriate building in a less conspicuous and less valuable, but equally accessible place elsewhere.

The Fowler bequest, made available during the year past, is encouraging to our efforts, and is greatly appreciated. If it could be supplemented by many similar tokens of appreciation of what other cities of Worcester's class are doing toward a study of the home community's history, we might feel that we were fairly

launched upon the career marked out for us fifty-seven years ago. At this moment your coöperation is particularly invited in building up the, so far as I know, absolutely unique Out-of-Doors Museum. Observation shows that a considerable proportion of the many who pass this building stop to read the inscriptions on the Indian mortar and the Franklin milestone, and to give a thought about life and livelihood as it has been right here about us. Other items are definitely in mind for this collection, but one difficulty is that we have no funds with which to defray the cost of moving heavy objects, not to mention the possible price on the objects themselves.

Finally a word should be said about the loyal support we are having from the group of people who assume responsibility for the active administration of the Society's work every day at the building. Besides to Mr. Colegrove and to Mr. Lincoln, stand-bys in their respective departments, we are under obligation to Messrs. Whitman, now active as Assistant Director, Lewis, Rice and Chase, for loyal and intelligent coöperation as relay attendants, afternoons. This system of having men on call for service as occasion requires makes it possible to have two or three or even four on the ground to serve as guides or caretakers or research helpers during visiting hours. Dr. Lincoln is uniformly at his desk in the Manuscript Department to meet any who need assistance in that growing and important section of our resources, and Mr. Colegrove, who has not missed a day at his work through the year, will leave his typewriter and his cataloguing to assist in any possible way. In some other connection I have mentioned the possibility that a group of women members of the Society, people of wide acquaintance in the city, of social experience and educational instincts might see it as a privilege to visit the building in relays on certain afternoons in order to help in greeting strangers, guiding children, and interesting many who hardly know how, at first, to use and enjoy a museum and library of our sort. We cannot, of course, afford a salaried corps of uniformed attendants on the three floors of our equipment, but we do need, at some times more than at others, a number of friendly but dignified people at hand to answer questions, make suggestions, and, we must confess it, to safeguard our property in some cases. Possibly on certain occasions special entertainment might be offered by such a voluntary committee, with refreshments or previously announced talks upon special features of our collec-

tions, perhaps associated with special days of the historic year. Some plan of this sort might widen the range of our service and strengthen our friendships throughout the community at large.

As director of your work for successive years I wish to express my appreciation of your confidence and encouragement, and of the opportunity that has been mine for a service that may sometime be better understood than at present. I assumed the duties of my office because no other person seemed available. Now that some of the merely mechanical features of the task are to an extent behind us, I recognize something of the privilege in acting as your representative to the extent of my ability under the counsel and coöperation of the considerate and efficient Executive Board provided by your vote.

Respectfully submitted,

U. Waldo Cutler



