SEVEN GENERATIONS

A STORY OF PRATTVILLE AND CHELSEA

BY

WALTER MERRIAM PRATT

AUTHOR OF "THE BURNING OF CHELSEA," "TIN SOLDIERS," "THE MARITIME PROVINCES AS SEEN FROM AN AUTOMOBILE."

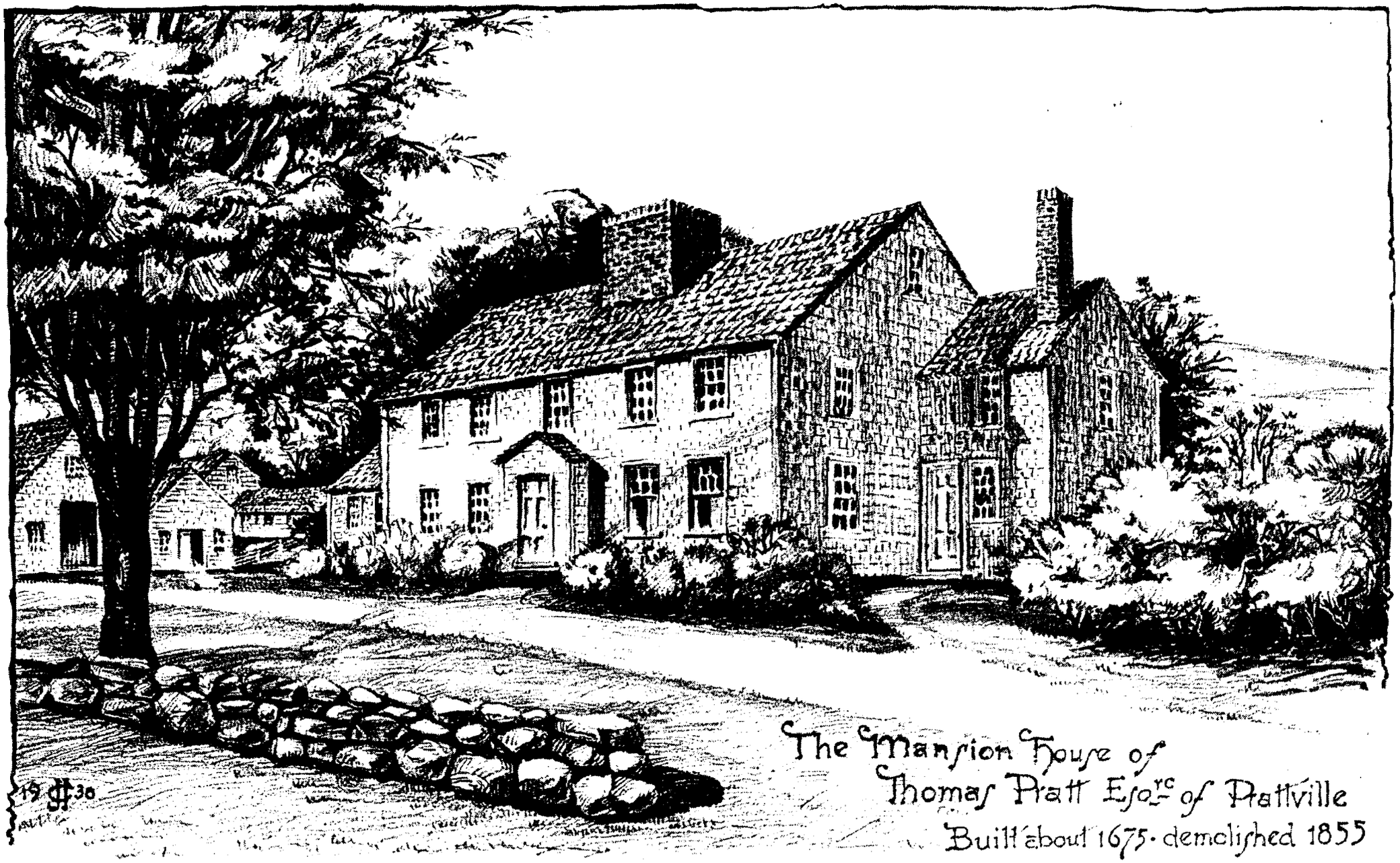


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VISITED BY WASHINGTON DURING THE SIEGE OF BOSTON 1775–76. BIRTHPLACE OF FIVE GENERATIONS OF PRATTS

To the Memory of

HON. HERMON W. PRATT

MAYOR OF THE CITY OF CHELSEA IN 1897,
A GENEROUS AND PUBLIC-SPIRITED CITIZEN
WHO THROUGHOUT HIS LIFE
WORKED FOR THE BEST INTEREST OF CHELSEA

THIS BOOK IS
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

Author's Note

" Seven Generations, a Story of Prattville and Chelsea," is presented this year of the Massachusetts Tercentenary as a contribution to local history.

The book consists of three parts — First: A colloquial history of Chelsea from the arrival of the first settlers in 1624 to and including the reconstruction period, following the fire of 1908. Second: A story of Prattville and the Pratt family. Third: The author's experiences and observations in Chelsea and elsewhere.

Material for Part One has been collated from broadsides, old papers, pamphlets, manuscripts, vital records of Chelsea, Boston, Charlestown, and Malden, directories, sermons, almanacs and early maps. Much information is for the first time made easily available.

The second part is not just family pride. The Pratts of Prattville figure prominently in the civic, military, and social history of Chelsea. Lieut. Thomas Pratt, in 1695, purchased land that was a grant to Sir Henry Vane by the town of Boston in 1637; his descendants for seven generations dwelt upon it. The author possesses land on which his family has paid taxes for 230 years.

The observations and experiences of the author will interest those who participated in them and, it is hoped, help some future historian write on the time we live in, as similar reminiscences printed in old pamphlets have helped in the compilation of this book.

Grateful acknowledgment is given Walter Kendall Watkins and Frank Roy Fraprie for suggestions, information and encouragement; the *Chelsea Gazette* for certain pictures; and to Colonel Julian I. Chamberlain for his patience and skill in making the maps of Chelsea.

The "Chamberlain Documentary History of Chelsea" (two remarkable volumes, but difficult ones to read) is authority for many dates and facts, as are also some of the publications of the New England Historic Genealogical Society and Sons of the American Revolution. Thanks are extended to the staff of the Boston Public Library for assistance in research work.

WALTER MERRIAM PRATT

Boston, Mass.,
March, 1930.

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PART I

The History of Chelsea

CHAPTER I

The Story of Chelsea

"Have we not a beautiful country? Stand on any of these hills and look which way you will, when will you see anything more beautiful?" Thus spoke Judge Mellen Chamberlain at the laying of the corner stone of the Prattville school.

The hills referred to are the Naval Hospital Hill, 138 feet in height; Mount Revere of Revere Highlands, 192 feet; Mount Bellingham, 110 feet; Powderhorn Hill, 230 feet; and Sagamore of Mount Washington, 200 feet.

From the top of any of these hills a large expanse of country may be seen embracing hill and valley, ocean and harbor, country and city, rivers and creeks. The view to-day is far different than the first settlers looked upon. If they could come back, how they would rub their eyes trying to realize the changes. One looks today from Powderhorn Hill across the lower parts of Chelsea, with its population of 50,000, to Boston, a city of close to a million people. To the right are Cambridge and Somerville, one hundred thousand each; to the west is Everett with its 40,000, and beyond Malden and Medford each with fifty-odd thousand; to the north is Prattville now thickly settled; while to the east Revere with thirty thousand and Lynn beyond, one hundred thousand more. Two million people live within one's

vision from these hills. When Chelsea was set off from Boston scarcely a thousand homes were visible within this range.

In place of beautiful meadows and wooded hills, salt marshes and fine old farmhouses nestling beneath noble elms, one sees factories, schools, tenements, and oil tanks and freight yards belching forth dirt and noise.

Even Prattville, which in my boyhood was real country with its hundreds of beautiful elm and maple trees, is thickly peopled. Houses actually seem to march rank after rank up the side of Mount Washington. A continuous string of automobiles pass day and night along the Revere Beach Boulevard; while other streets are filled with noisy honking auto trucks loaded with commodities most in demand.

Marshes have been or are being filled in and the cities and towns are growing so together that already it is impossible to tell where some start and others stop.

Airplanes overhead; steamers in the harbor; trains tooting; trolleys rumbling by. Telegraph and electric poles disfigure the sky line; klaxon horns honk at every crossing, and horseless carriages back firing with reports far louder than a British man-of-war of old.

All this, where once hunted the Sagamore Indians in moccasins with bow and arrow. Then, the loudest noise was the screech owl, or the wild duck. No wonder the red man feared the thunder in the heavens.

Winnisimmet must have been very attractive to its early visitors, where rivers, uncrossed by bridges, ran seaward past shores and about islands covered by primeval forests, with fertile soil on warm southern slopes.

The first marked change in the geography of Chelsea

was made in 1789 by the construction of Island End Dam on its southwesterly side, and of Eastern Avenue on the east. At high tide the sea once covered these marshes and made the upland peninsula picturesque to look upon.

The first settlers arrived in 1624 and found the Pawtucket Indians; repulsed their attacks; gave them rum, bought their furs, and after a time became their friends.

Maverick and his party probably chose Winnisimmet because it was at the mouth of the Mystic River, and because there were Indians to trade with. He may have thought it an island. Nearly half of it was under water at full tide, and but for higher land near Cary Square and Broadway, it would have been.

Few know, and it is difficult for others to realize that, until nearly 1800, tide water came from the lower Mystic to the west up Island End Creek, and overflowed the marshes to within a few feet of Cary Square, and but a block from the City Hall. Broadway, if then in existence, would have been under water between Cary Avenue and Parker Street. Everything east, where Eastern Avenue, Highland Park, and part of Marginal Street now are, was under water flowing in from Chelsea Creek with the high tide.

For one hundred and fifty years Chelsea was a part of Boston, and called Winnisimmet, Rumney Marsh and Pullin Point, although it was not certain until the lines between Charlestown and Boston were established to which Chelsea belonged.

The Government ordered 14 May, 1634, that the people in that place, before the next General Court, join themselves to either one town or the other, or the Court

would decide for them, and on September 3rd, it was ordered, " That Winnisimmet should belong to Boston." 6 May, 1635, the lines of the two towns were definitely fixed.

It would be impossible to follow them now. They ran from, " One marked tree " to another; from, " The creek in the creak upward," to " A little neck of land; " from " A tall pine upon a point of rock," to " The other side of Rumney Marsh; " and " From out side to outside by a straight line." This line was not satisfactory apparently, for 28 March, 1636, then appears an agreement by which " The bounds between Boston and Charlestown, on the north-east side of the Mistick River, shall run from the marked tree upon the rocky hill above Rumney Marsh near the written tree no: no: west upon a straight line by a meridian compass up into the country, to the bounds of Lynn Village."

Thus the line which now separates Chelsea and Everett, and runs through Prattville, was fixed. This explains why that line runs right over Mount Washington, dividing not only these two cities but Suffolk and Middlesex Counties, and the Pratt farm.

10 January 1739 that part of Boston known as Winnisimmet Village, Rumney Marsh, and Pullin Point, in consideration of the fact that they had since 1710 maintained and supported a meeting-house, were set off as a town to be known by the name of Chelsea. The area included within the town at that time was what at present constitute Chelsea, Revere, Winthrop, and part of the town of Saugus.

The Pan Handle was acquired by a mistake in surveying about 1649, and set off to Saugus in 1841. North

Chelsea was set off in 1846, from which Winthrop was cut off in 1854.

In 1631 a ferry to Boston was established, and ten years later a road built to the settlement of Salem. In 1710 the population had increased sufficiently to require a church and a grist mill, saving a trip to Malden. Then came the Revolution and all the stirring events subsequent to it, and after one hundred and eighty years, in 1803, a bridge to Charlestown. All this time the town was retarded in its growth because of the difficulties attending the trip to and from Boston. At the time of its incorporation (1739), it required with a team, a journey of more than twenty miles via Medford, Cambridge, Brighton and Roxbury, although the distance across the water was less than one and a half miles. With the Toll Bridge and the Steam Ferry, which started in 1831, avenues opened up in other directions, and the town grew rapidly. A new and delightful village sprang up in the vicinity of the ferry. By 1847, the year the first directory was published, it contained nearly 5,000 inhabitants, and over seven hundred buildings, "Erected on spacious streets with sidewalks, lamps, etc.," giving the place, as the directory says, "The appearance of a city."

Chelsea at this date was divided into two distinct parts — Ferry Village and Prattville (North Chelsea had just been set off). Prattville is referred to as easy of access, two miles from the ferry and which, "For beauty of scenery, and for purity of air, should soon become popular for homes of those who wish to be away from the noise and tumult of the Village."

Each of these developments and subsequent ones,

down to and including the fire of 1908, are told in as much detail as space and patience will permit; the essential details at least are recorded.

IMPORTANT EVENTS IN CHELSEA HISTORY

Before going into detail and for easy reference a list of important dates is here set down:

1619 Death of Nanepashemet, last of the Indian Chiefs.
1621 Visited by Myles Standish and Plymouth men.
1624 Settled by Samuel Maverick.
1631 Chelsea Ferry established (oldest ferry in Colony).
1632–1634 Winnisimmet, Rumney Marsh and Pullen Point declared part of Boston.
1641 First County Road in Colony (laid out to Salem).
1693 First burial in old Revere Cemetery — deeded to town 1752.
1709 First Free School. Thomas Cheever, teacher.
1710 First Church built.
1732 Tide Mill established at foot of Mill Street, Revere, by Thomas Pratt.
1739 Winnisimmet Village, Rumney Marsh and Pullen Point became Town of Chelsea.
1775 May 27, Battle of Chelsea Creek.
1775–6 General Washington visited Chelsea on several occasions.
1789 Dike and Dam at Island End River authorized.
1803 Chelsea-Charlestown bridge and Salem Turnpike built.
1834 Bridge to Chelsea Street East Boston built.
1838 First Steam Railroad through Revere (Eastern Railroad).
1839 Bridge Saratoga Street, East Boston, to Pullen Point built.
1841 Panhandle set off to Saugus.
1846 North Chelsea set off.
1848 September, Abraham Lincoln visited Chelsea.
1849 Grand Junction Railroad and connection with Eastern Railroad built.
1852 Winthrop set off from North Chelsea.
1855 Bridge to Meridian Street, East Boston, built.
1857 Chelsea a City.

1857 First Horse Railroad in Chelsea.
1859 Lynn and Boston Street Railway built.
1871 Name of North Chelsea changed to Revere.
1875 Boston Revere Beach and Lynn Railroad built.
1888 First electric trolley railway in Massachusetts at Revere Beach.
1895 Revere Beach Parkway began.
1908 Great Chelsea Fire.
1915 Revere a City.

CHAPTER II

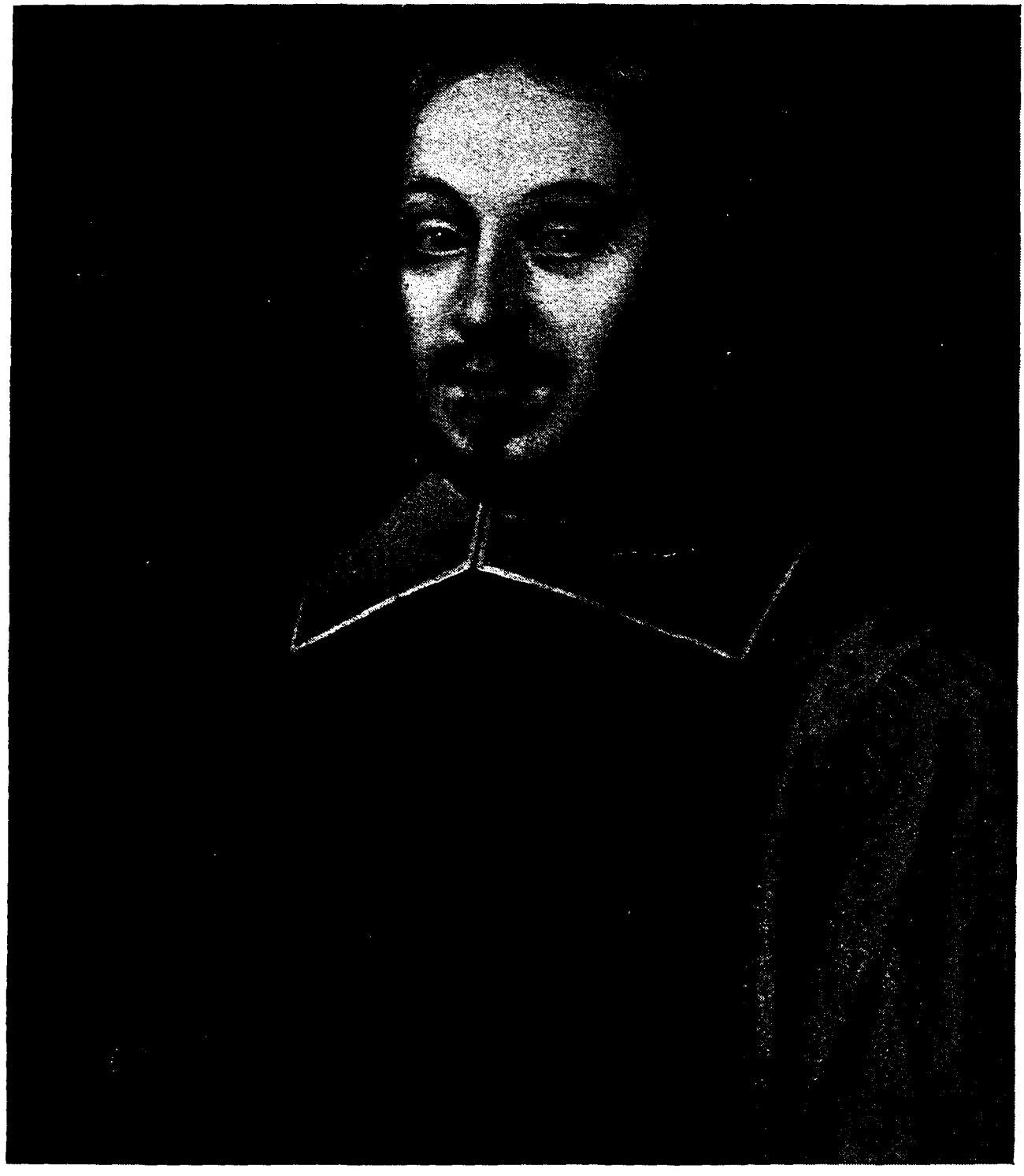
The Indians of Winnisimmet

Winnisimmet means — "Good Spring." It is derived from the Indian, Winni (Good), Ashin or Ashem (Spring), and Et (Nearby). This name was well chosen, as Chelsea has always been blessed with good drinking water, through many fine springs. One of the earliest was not far from the ferry landing, and seemed to have an inexhaustible supply, as for many years many of the ships in Boston harbor replenished their supplies from it. Mount Washington spring was also well known for many years and its bottled water travelled far and wide.

When the first planters arrived, they fortified their houses as the region was inhabited by Indians though greatly reduced in numbers by two causes. In 1615 the Tarratives, a powerful tribe, had made war on the Pawtuckets of whom the Winnisimmet Indians were a part. The other cause, the plague of 1616, was fatal to both tribes.

The chief of the Pawtuckets was Nanepashemet of Lynn until the war with the Tarratives, when for safety he moved to the Mystic near Medford and built a fortified house, but he was killed in 1619. He left three sons, Sagamore John of Winnisimmet, Sagamore James of Lynn, and Sagamore George of Salem.

Sagamore John became chief. He was a kind, gentle



RICHARD BELLINGHAM

Governor of Massachusetts Bay Colony 1641. Owner of Nearly all the Present City of Chelsea to 1638

and good Indian, and when in 1629 the Narragansetts planned to massacre the English, John Sagamore warned the inhabitants.

In 1838 the *Bunker Hill Aurora* published an article about smallpox among the Indians. In an editorial note they said the labor had been to a great degree that of compilation; and if their publication should do anything in spreading the knowledge or increase interest in the Sagamores, their end would have been fully accomplished.

The article states that — " 1633, December 5.) John Sagamore died of the smallpox, and almost all his people; (about thirty buried by Mr. Maverick of Winesemett in one day.) The towns in the bay took away many of the children; but most of them died soon after.

" James Sagamore of Sagus, died also, and most of his folks. John Sagamore desired to be brought among the English, (so he was;) and promised (if he recovered) to live with the English and serve their God. He left one son, which he disposed to Mr. Wilson, the pastor of Boston; to be brought up by him. He gave to the governour a good quantity of wampompeague, and to divers others of the English he gave gifts; and took order for the payment of his own debts and his men's. He died in a persuasion that he should go to the Englishmen's God. Divers of them, in their sickness, confessed that the English-men's God was a good God; and that, if they recovered, they would serve him.

" It wrought much with them, that when their own people forsook them, yet the English came daily and ministered to them; and yet few, only two families, took any infection by it. Among others, Mr. Maverick of

Winesemett, is worthy of a perpetual remembrance. Himself, his wife and servants, went daily to them, ministered to their necessities, and buried their dead, and took home many of their children. So did other of their neighbors.

"Montowampate, (or James Sagamore,) was succeeded in his government by his brother Winnepurkitt, at the age of 13 years, and this chief, — it may be interesting to remark here, — married his wife from Nahant. Winnepurkitt, otherwise called George Rumney Marsh, was born at Medford, probably in the year 1620, and resided there with his father until called to the vacant Sachemship of his brother, in 1633. Concerning his wife and her family, Lewis has gathered the following:

"'Poquannum, or Dark Skin, lived on Nahant. He had two children. Queakussen, born in 1611, and generally known by the familiar appellation of "Captain Tom." He removed to Mistick, and afterwards to Patucket. Mr. Gookin, in a deposition, 1686, says he is "an Indian of good repute, and professes the Christian religion," and Ahawayetsquaine, called Joane, who married Winnepurkitt.'

"Winnepurkitt, (as I much prefer to speak of these native children of the forest by their Indian names,) was the proprietor of Deer Island in Boston harbor. He had three daughters, viz: Petagunsk, called Cicely; Wuttaquattinusk, or the Little Walnut, called Sarah; Petagoonaquah, called Susannah; — In the latter part of his life he went to Barbadoes. It is supposed that he was carried there with the prisoners who were sold for slaves at the end of Phillips war.

"Winnepurkitt was the last of the Sagamores! He

died in 1684, soon after his return from Barbadoes; and his wife, — the first wooed and probably the first wedded of the native children of Nahant, — died the following year.

" The Saugus or Lynn Indians belonged to the great nation called Aberginians, extending from Charles River to the Merrimack, governed by a powerful Sachem,



called Nanepashemet or the New Moon. The Sagamores Wonohaquaham, (John Sagamore of Winesemett,); Montowampate, (James Sagamore of Lynn,); and Winnepurkitt, the last of the Sagamores, were the sons of the ' New Moon,' who had a daughter also, called Abigail. Whether Masconomond, the Sagamore of Agawam, (now Ipswich,) was of the same family, I have not ascertained. Nanepashemet lived at Medford, and was killed about the year 1619. The Government was con-

tinued by his queen, called 'Squaw Sachem,' to whom most of the tribes in Massachusetts were subject. In 1635, she had a second husband, whose name was Wappacowet."

There is ample evidence that the colonists, as a whole, treated the Indians fairly well. They purchased their lands at prices deemed equitable to both parties. They were given equal protection with the whites before law and an honest endeavor was made to bring them under the influences of civilization and Christianity. The savage simply could not conform to regular industry and the restraint of his old roving habits. He soon found that the sale of his lands interfered with his hunting and fishing and he regarded exclusion from the land which he had sold as unjust.

By 1685 the Indians in Winnisimmet and in fact about Boston were few, and were neither useful nor respectable. It was necessary to place them under guardianship, and deny them rights as citizens. In spite of a sincere effort to do so, it was impossible to incorporate them into our political and social system, and extermination, if not the law, was what took place.

CHAPTER III

The First Settlers

In 1614, Captain John Smith explored the coast of New England, came up Boston harbor and named the Charles River for his king. Fishermen from Europe are supposed to have found their way hither long before this, and to have traded with the Indians and repaired their ships. And there is a record of Captain Myles Standish and his men from Plymouth making a trip to Winnisimmet to trade with the Indians on 12 September, 1621. But the first permanent settlement in Boston harbor was made at Winnisimmet, now Chelsea, by Samuel Maverick in 1624, where he built a fortified house, the first permanent house in Massachusetts Bay Colony. Houses older than his, including those of the Pilgrims, were but log huts and soon disappeared. This house was located near the stone pier of what is now the United States Naval Hospital.

The *New England Historic and Genealogical Register* for January, 1885, prints a brief description of it by Samuel Maverick himself, written about 1660, as follows:

"Two miles south from Rumney Marsh on the North side of Mistick River is Winnisime which though but a few houses on it, yet deserves to be menconed. One house yet standing there which is the Antientest house in Massachusetts Government, a house which in the yeare

1625 I fortified with a Pillizado and fflankers, and gunners both belowe and above in them which awed the Indians who at that time had a mind to cutt off the English. They once faced it but receiving a repulse never attempted it more although (as now they confesse) they repented it when about 2 years after they saw so many English come over."

Nothing is known of Maverick's parentage, or from where he came, or whom he came with. In his diary he stated he was born in 1602, therefore he was but twenty-two years old when he landed and built his house. Undoubtedly there were other planters with him, but of them we have no records. He had ability and education and is called " Mr." in early records and grants.

Modern Chelsea, excepting Prattville, traces most of its titles of a thousand acres back to Samuel Maverick, Elias Maverick, his brother, and John Blackbach. Maverick entertained in his fortified house Governor Winthrop and his party of exploration when they came up from Salem into Boston Bay, 17 June, 1630.

Maverick married the widow of David Thompson, who had inherited much property from her husband. In this way he acquired large possessions and influential position and had Noddle's Island granted to him, 1 April 1633, where he built a house, and from this time on his history belongs to East Boston.

Maverick's life and character while he lived in Winnisimmet are little known; it is supposed he traded for furs with the Indians and also with the few settlers and fishermen along the coast. His house was at the mouth of the Mystic River and not far from the Charles down which river the Indians came to the sea.

Maverick's conduct and writings show an able mind; his hospitality, courteous manners and humane acts are remembered after all these years. He sold Winnisimmet to Richard Bellingham, March 1635. The date of his death is not known. He was alive October 15, 1669, but it is known he was dead May 15, 1676.

CHAPTER IV

The Winnisimmet Ferry

The first ferry in New England, probably in North America, was between Winnisimmet, Charlestown and Boston.

On 9 November 1630 the Court of Assistants ordered that whosoever shall first give in his name that he will undertake to set up a ferry between Boston and Charlestown, and shall begin the same as appointed, shall have one penny for each person, and one penny for every hundred weight of goods he shall transport. The offer was not accepted until 14 June 1631 when Edward Converse undertook it. 18 May 1631, Theodore Williams started a ferry between Winnisimmet and Charlestown for which he received three penny a person.

On 3 September, 1634, it was ordered that the ferry at Winnisimmet be granted to Samuel Maverick, but 6 May, 1635, a second ferry was granted.

The Maverick ferry passed successively to Bellingham, Watts, Williams and the Winnisimmet Company. This ferry ran from Winnisimmet to Boston. The second ferry ran from Windmill Hill (Copps Hill) Boston to Winnisimmet. At first the rent was paid to the treasury of the Colony, but later to the town who let the ferry and made the regulations.

The two ferries conflicted and finally the new ferry was merged by purchase with the Winnisimmet Ferry.



THE FIRST FERRY BRINGS THE MAIL FROM CHARLESTOWN TO WINNISIMMET IN 1631

The ferry played an important part in the life and development of Chelsea over the nearly three hundred years of its existence. For the first one hundred and fifty years the only other way of reaching Boston was by land and was through Malden, Medford, Cambridge, Brighton and Roxbury.

The ferry landings both in Boston and Chelsea changed their positions more than once. The first landing in Chelsea was on the Naval Hospital grounds westerly of the bridge, and later easterly of the bridge a third of the distance to the foot of Winnisimmet Street, where it finally was located.

29 June, 1749, the General Court found the number of boats theretofore were insufficient and ordered that from 1 October 1749 there should be " four sufficient boats " for the more speedy transportation of passengers, with two sober, able-bodied men (one to be a white man) constantly to attend each boat, two of which to be equipped " with good sails and two good oars, the other two to be rowboats or barges and furnished with four oars each." Two of said boats (one to be a rowboat) should constantly ply from Boston to Winnisimmet from sunrise until nine at night, from April to November and from 8 A.M. to 8 P.M. the remainder of the year. Also it was enacted that when any one of the boats landed on either shore, the other boat on the same side should immediately put off. Suitable penalties were provided for neglect of duty. The fares were for each passenger in a rowboat — nine pence; " for a horse, eighteen pence; for a horse and chaise or chair, with two wheels — three shillings; for other luggage over fifty pounds at four-pence half penny per hundred; for each passenger in one

of the sail boats — six pence; for a horse — eighteen pence; for a horse and chaise or chair, with two wheels, three shillings."

The ferry was not merely for the conveyance of the people of Winnisimmet, for before the opening of the Salem and Newburyport turnpike to Boston, about 1803, it was the only means of direct travel between Boston, Salem, Portsmouth, and the whole eastern country. Members of the General Court, Judges and Military Companies from Essex County reached the Capital by this ferry.

The boats were inconvenient for teams; ice in winter, head winds and rough water at all seasons made the passage irregular, long drawn out and often dangerous.

Cotton Mather describing a trip across in May 1709 said, " A fearful hurricane and Thunderstorm overtook us, just as we got out of Winnisimmet Ferryboat (a Ferry three miles wide) ; which, had it overtaken us four or five minutes earlier, we had unquestionably perished in ye waters."

The difficulties in crossing led to the setting up of inns at Winnisimmet. It was customary for travellers to leave their horses in Winnisimmet or, if coming from Boston, to hire their horses there. Goodwin Smyth of Winnisimmet was granted a license, November 13, 1644 to sell wine and keep a house of common entertainment.

The ferry franchise and real estate were sold to the Winnisimmet Company, 15 November 1836.

The first steamboats commenced to run in 1831. These boats were a great curiosity, being the first to run in Boston Harbor. They cost the enormous sum for those days of $11,000 each, but while the sailboats had

taken in but $150 a month, the steamboats were soon taking that much a day. Ferriage for a horse and chaise was 12½ cents.

The *Chelsea Directory* for 1856 contains the following about the ferry:

" So intimate are the relations, and so interwoven the interests of the town of Chelsea with the Chelsea Ferry, that we cannot speak of the former — of its unparalleled growth and prosperity, and of the causes which have contributed thereto — without the latter becoming prominent in our minds, as one of the chief instruments in bringing about these results."

The access to Chelsea from Charlestown and over the bridge was through a long and weary way. The boats and the pleasant water offered a temptation to try the ferry conveyance to the beautiful territory, which lay smiling at the base of old Powderhorn, and emigrants soon saw and felt the advantage which Chelsea, as a residence near to Boston, possessed over all other towns in the vicinity. As a consequence, emigration soon increased and called for new facilities — new and larger boats, — and the company, in response to such calls, furnished the required boats and improved facilities, — giving to the citizens accommodations which compared very favorably with those of any other ferry in the country.

A residence in Chelsea was not now isolated and obscure, depending on slow coaches and hourly cars for communication with the world. The boats conveyed citizens safely across the ferry, every fifteen minutes in the day, — an arrangement that enabled the resident to pass to and from his business in the city with the loss of

little if any more time than if he resided in the city. Through these and other facilities, Chelsea grew to be a town of over 10,000 inhabitants in an incredibly short space of time.

The little steamer " Tom Thumb " ran one season previous to 1831 to bring over pleasure parties. In the summer of 1831, Captain John Rice of Boston ran the steamer " Byron " as a passenger boat by consent of the trustees. In the spring of 1832, the trustees ran the old sailboats until July 25, when the new steam ferry boats " Boston " and " Chelsea " took their place. The " Malden " was afterwards bought and the " Mystic " built. The Company tried the experiment of building in Chelsea the steamer " Bellingham," a boat with a passage through the centre for carriages, but she proved a failure.

The " Winnisimmet " was built in 1841; the " Delaware " in 1847, and the " Trimountain " in 1854. Later the " City of Chelsea " was built in 1874; " City of Boston " 1880, and " City of Malden " 1882. This latter boat was built by Montgomery & Howard in Chelsea; she was 150 foot keel, 182 foot deck, 51 feet wide, a great advancement from the rowboats.

After nearly three centuries of continuous service, during much of which time Chelsea's actual existence depended upon it, it lifted its gang plank and made its last trip.

Competition with the electric cars, that made better time to Boston by the tunnel and bridges, had become very keen, and when the motor truck and automobile came in, the venerable old ferry, Chelsea's friend for so many years, went down to defeat.

Among the advantages of residence in Chelsea, the Ferry Company pointed out in an advertisement in 1852, was " The social and free discussions held on board the boats, when questions affecting the State, and Nation are taken up, discussed, and settled, with promptness and decision which would do credit to our halls of legislation." Imagine a free discussion to-day in twenty different tongues.

That the ferry was much appreciated in Prattville cannot be doubted, when we read a notation in Caleb Pratt's diary to the effect that the new boats conveyed one safely and almost imperceptibly in fifteen minutes to the Boston shore.

CHAPTER V

The First Country Road in Massachusetts Bay Colony

The old " Country " Road as it was originally called, became instituted by the General Court in October, 1641.

It ran from the ferry landing in Winnisimmet to Salem, wiggling through the town like a snake. From the ferry it passed over what is now part of Broadway, then Park and Hawthorn Streets, out Washington Avenue through Prattville, past the old Daniel Pratt house and the Prattville school, down the hill turning sharply to the left with the car tracks at Garfield Avenue and Fenno Street, but leaving the tracks at the next turn and going straight over the hill into Revere, and down the east side of Woodlawn Cemetery. Here it followed the boundary line between Everett and Revere (then Boston and Charlestown) thence northwest along that boundary toward Lynn, making a shallow loop eastward through what was then Captain Keayne's farm to Saugus and thence on to Lynn and Salem.

The Country Road followed the general direction it is presumed that the Indian Trail took from Prattville to Mavericks' near the ferry. The Indians used their canoes whenever possible and while they travelled in this way along the coast down the Mystic and the Charles

Rivers to Maverick's Trading Post, it was quicker for the Sagamores to follow the trail.

The County Road, which must not be confused with the Country Road to Salem, led to Medford and from there to Boston, and in the other direction to Reading. It started from the Country Road at what is now Washington Avenue and ran over the present County Road to and along the present Ferry Street, Everett, and then by Belmont Street to Malden and on to Medford. This road was first a trail made by Francis Smith in travelling between the ferry and his Inn in Reading. May 1647 Francis Smith and Lieut. Sprague were appointed by the General Court to lay out a highway from Winnisimmet to Reading.

Rumney Marsh people travelling to Boston used the road from the Old Meeting House along the southern slope of Fenno Hill now called Fenno Street, joining the Country Road at Mills Corner, thence past the Pratt house to the County Road.

Then was built a short road from Cary Square, where the old Cary gate stood, past the Cary house to what became Broadway in 1802, when The Chelsea Bridge and Salem Turnpike Company built the bridge to Charlestown and Broadway from the bridge through Chelsea and Lynn to Salem.

In 1855 a charter for a free bridge to East Boston was granted. Chelsea assumed six thousand dollars of land damages on her side, without any liability for repairs of the bridge or for further damages. Little progress was made, and in 1856 the City of Boston purchased the charter and built the bridge.

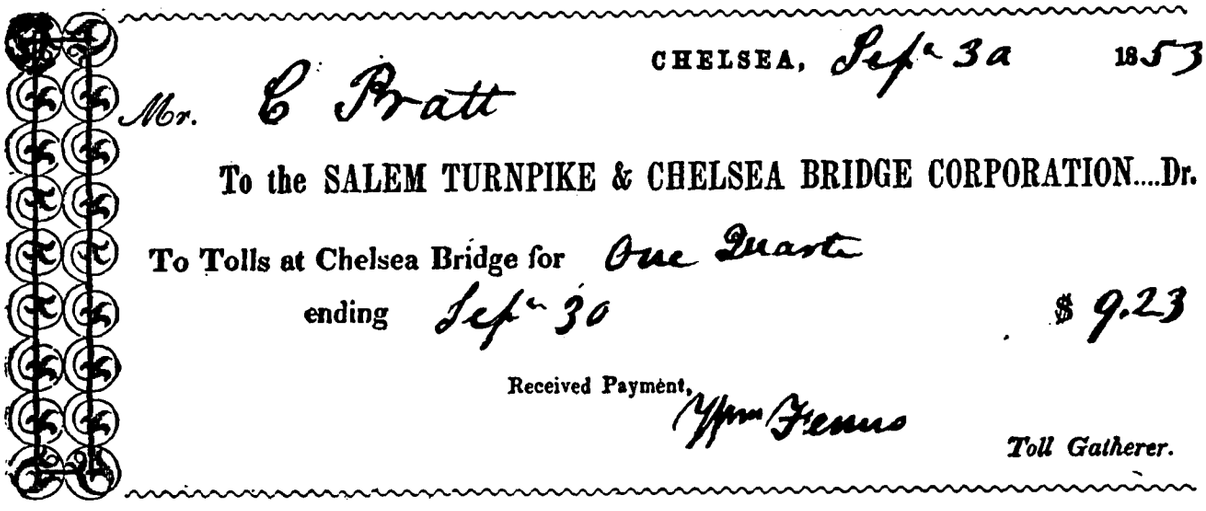
CHAPTER VI

Toll Bridge

In 1802 The Chelsea Bridge and Salem Turnpike Company received a charter and during that year and the next built a toll bridge between Chelsea and Charlestown.

The toll upon a horse and chaise from Boston to Chelsea and back over the Charles River and Chelsea Bridge was 72 cents to a non-resident and 46 cents for a resident.

Before me are several receipted bills of the Turnpike Company. One is typical of all —



CHELSEA, Sept 3a 1853

Mr. C Pratt

To the SALEM TURNPIKE & CHELSEA BRIDGE CORPORATION....Dr.

To Tolls at Chelsea Bridge for One Quarter

ending Sept 30 $ 9.23

Received Payment, Wm Fenno

Toll Gatherer.

The *Chelsea Pioneer* on Saturday, November 6, 1869 carried the following news items:

"The Bridge toll-house was closed up this morning at 9 o'clock, and the freedom of the bridge was tested and found to be an undisputed fact. The City Clerk

had not received any official notice regarding the matter at 11:50 A.M.

" Dr. Wm. C. Cutler of this city was the last person that paid fare on Chelsea Bridge, $1, saying that was cheap enough.

" Mr. Tudor's team from Nahant was the first team that passed over free of toll; came along with a yoke of cattle, and hearing the bridge was to be free at 9 o'clock, waited 20 minutes, to be the first one to pass over free."

CHAPTER VII

The Evolution of Chelsea Transportation

The ferry, which has just been described, came first. Then the toll bridge, enabling teams to reach Boston without the twenty-mile trip, and shortly followed the public conveyance.

In 1832, the omnibus "North-Ender" commenced running from Chelsea Ferry to Boylston Market; fare 12½ cents. It was the second bus to run in Boston.

About 1851, an omnibus route was established in Chelsea to run from the Ferry to any part of the village on the arrival of each boat from eight in the morning until seven at night.

The directory of 1852 carries two advertisements — the first reads:

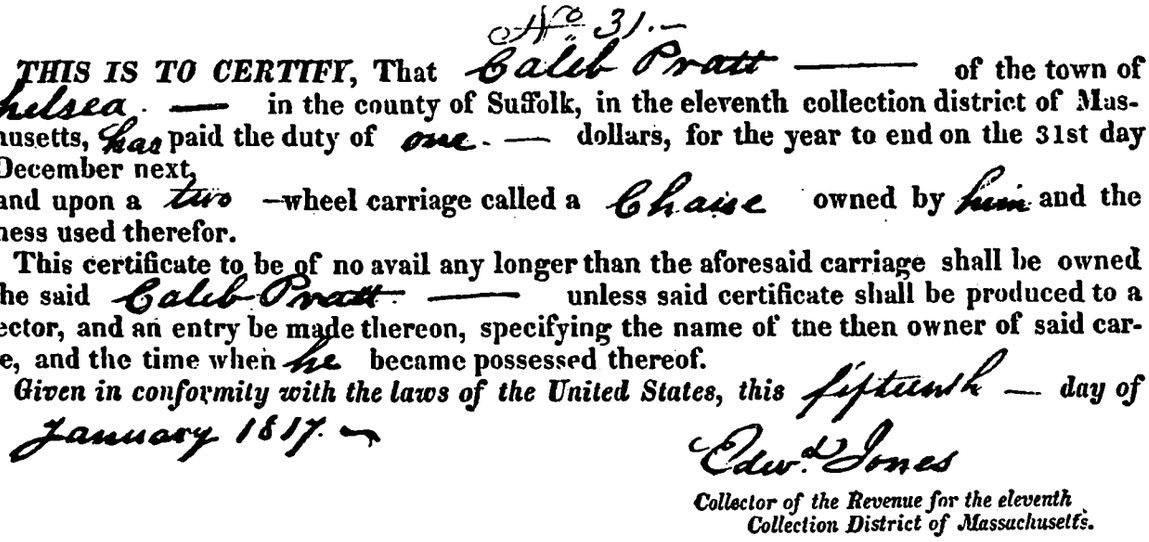
"Boston and Chelsea Hourly. The subscriber has established a line of Omnibuses from Chelsea passing through Charlestown to Boston. His coaches are in good running order; his teams are good; his drivers kind and courteous and all measures will be taken to accommodate, in the best possible manner, the rapidly increasing travel between Chelsea and Boston. Coaches leave every hour as follows: Chelsea 7 A.M. to 6 P.M., Boston 8 A.M. to 7 P.M. Fare Office to Office — 6¼¢, to be called for and delivered in Chelsea — 12½¢.

Benjamin Farnum, Proprietor.

Chelsea, January 1852."

The other advertisement reads as follows:

"NEW OMNIBUS ROUTE. From Chelsea Ferry to any part of the village. The subscriber would respectfully inform the citizens of Chelsea that he will run an Omnibus from the Ferry to any part of the village at the following rates: To any residence this side of Mount Bellingham for five cents. Between Bellingham



No. 31.

THIS IS TO CERTIFY, That Caleb Pratt —— of the town of Chelsea — in the county of Suffolk, in the eleventh collection district of Massachusetts, has paid the duty of one — dollars, for the year to end on the 31st day of December next,
for and upon a two —wheel carriage called a Chaise owned by him and the harness used therefor.

This certificate to be of no avail any longer than the aforesaid carriage shall be owned by the said Caleb Pratt —— unless said certificate shall be produced to a collector, and an entry be made thereon, specifying the name of the then owner of said carriage, and the time when he became possessed thereof.

Given in conformity with the laws of the United States, this fifteenth — *day of* January 1817.

Edw.d Jones

Collector of the Revenue for the eleventh Collection District of Massachusetts.

CHAISE TAX OF 1817

One tax bill reads "A two wheel carriage for the conveyance of persons with wooden springs called a chaise."

Street and Railroad, eight cents. Between the Railroad and Sills Factory, ten cents.

Leaving the ferry landing on the arrival of each boat from 8 o'clock A.M. to 7 P.M. Order slate at Pike's Hat and Clothing Store — No. 13, Winnisimmet Square.

J. J. Pike, Proprietor.

N. B. Passengers carried from one residence to another, or out of town, at a reasonable price."

Each of these advertisements carries a cut of what might be a circus band wagon, drawn by four prancing and spirited horses.

In 1849 a new era of transportation entered upon the scene, soon to take the place of the stage coaches. On February 23rd of that year a charter was granted the Grand Junction Railroad to run from East Boston by way of Chelsea to Boston; on May 2nd of the same year the Eastern Railroad obtained a charter to extend its road from North Chelsea to connect with the Grand Junction, thus giving steam-car connection with Boston and also to the eastward.

On 26 May 1857, the Boston and Chelsea Horse Railroad received a charter to run from the Revere line along Broadway to Boston. On the same day the Winnisimmet Railroad got its charter to run from Prattville, along Washington Avenue, Hawthorn, Pearl, Park, and Winnisimmet Streets to and across the Ferry, and in February of the next year the Chelsea Beach Railroad, and April 1859 the Lynn and Boston were chartered, giving connection with the beach and also with Lynn.

At first the horse cars had straw upon the floor in winter to keep one's feet from freezing, but later they were equipped with stoves, and it was the regular custom when about half way across the bridge, for the conductor to come into the car and put coal on the fire and shake it down, dust and smoke often filling the car, and when it came to the little hill by the Navy Yard, just before the Admiral's house is reached, out from the sidewalk would come an extra horse, led by a man, who would hook it to the dasher to help the other two horses

haul the car up this hill. This method of transportation was endured for thirty years, when it was succeeded by electric cars, and then the elevated bridge over the tracks; the combination of electricity and bridge cut the time from one hour to Scollay Square to less than half an hour.

CHAPTER VIII

Early Time-Tables and Old Advertisements

The perusal of old advertisements and time-tables is not as dull and void of interest as one might think. Try it out some rainy day. The time-tables among other good effects will reconcile you to present-day transportation privileges by demonstrating that your grandfather was much worse off.

We complain for instance because the shortest time from Boston to New York by rail is five hours. In 1860 the Boston and Providence Railroad with typographical emphasis bragged that the running time between the cities was eight hours, and this time was merely what they hoped to do but seldom did.

Back in 1800 the Mail Stage left for New York, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at ten o'clock in the morning, arriving Thursday, Saturday and Tuesday at one o'clock in the afternoon. Over three days, and to-day we fly in a little over one hour.

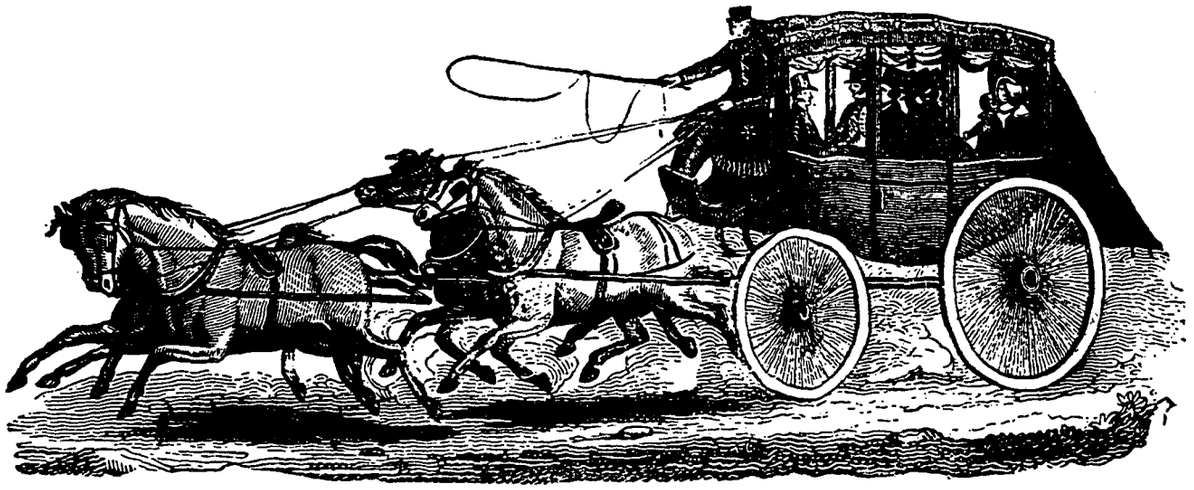
The Salem Mail Stage set off every day in the week at three o'clock in the afternoon, arriving at Salem at eleven the next morning; thirty minutes by the railroad to-day.

Chelsea to Boston by the Ferry was one hour, boats leaving on the hour, against fifteen minutes by East Boston tunnel to-day in the trolley car.

The quickest method of travel in and about Chelsea

in the early days was in the saddle or by chaise. Prattville to Ferry Village a trip of twenty minutes is reduced by the automobile to five.

When the " steam-cars " started to run about 1850, the people of Prattville and the upper wards of Chelsea, to a large extent, gave up the Ferry and used the quicker and more comfortable way of travel to Boston. The peak of the train service was reached in the eighties. The official time-table of the Boston & Maine Railroad, Eastern Division, winter arrangement of 1885, showed



twenty-five trains leaving Boston for Chelsea between 6:10 A.M. and 11:15 P.M., and twenty-six trains stopping at Chelsea on the way to Boston, between 6:03 A.M. and 10:24 P.M. This in comparison to the four or five trains to-day tells a story.

The time-table referred to is interesting in itself; in size but two inches by three. It is printed on heavy card stock, and has four pages. There is a picture on the cover of an engine with no cowcatcher, or bell, but an enormous smokestack belching forth a great cloud of black smoke. It appears to be defying all laws of gravity. It has two large wheels at the rear and two tiny

ones about the centre. The caboose and baggage cars are like little packing cases, but the one passenger car resembles an office building, two stories high with fourteen windows in each story.

Some of the advertisements printed in early directories and papers are interesting and amusing and furnish information not available otherwise.



In *Boston Gazette* of 12 March 1770, we find that "Brimstone in Boxes, Cod Liver and Twine by the calk or dozen are sold very cheap at No. 4 Long 'Wharff.'

"Best Sperma Candles made and sold by John Longdon in Fleet Street, above Hancock's Wharf, near the Old North Meeting House, all as low as can be had at any Place in Town. (Note that in 1770 it was even then the Old North Church.)

"To be sold by George Spriggs, gardner to John

Hancock, Esq., a large assortment of English Fruit Trees.

"To be sold or 'Lett' on reasonable terms, a large genteel house with wood and chaise house in Dorchester about 5 miles from Boston Town House and near the great road to Plymouth and about a mile from the Meeting-house.

"Cash to be given for Potash, damaged Potash or Black Salts by Nathaniel Sawtell."

In 1847 the Chelsea Directory announces that "Eben D. Jordan is a wholesale and retail dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, 146 Hanover St. opposite Parkman Place, Boston.

"John Buck, Winnisimmet St., Chelsea, announces that strict and careful attention is given to the selection and compounding of Family Medicines. All medicines bought of J. B. will be warranted pure, and sold as low as articles of the same quality can be obtained elsewhere.

"George W. Wells, general assortment of Provisions and Fruit. Goods delivered to any part of the Village free of expense.

"William G. Wheeler, M.D., Physician and Surgeon at Mrs. R. Moore's, Winnisimmet Street. Refer to Rev. J. W. Olmstead, Rev. W. S. Bartlet, S. Butterfield, Esq.

"Cheapest and Best — Gas Light, something New, Safety Gas Lamps, being something entirely new, an improvement upon Porter's Burning Fluid. A brilliant, cheap and safe light, far preferable to oil, entirely free from smoke. I. D. Woodbury, Agent, 54 Court St.

"The *Chelsea Telegraph,* W. E. P. Haskill, Editor,

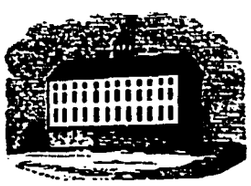
Slades Building, Broadway, published every Saturday morning at $2.00 per annum, strictly in advance.

"Livery Stable, James S. Green, Proprietor, Williams, near Winnisimmet Street. Buggies, Chaises, Phætons, Barouches, Carryalls, constanly on hand. Saddle Horses for Ladies and Gentlemen.

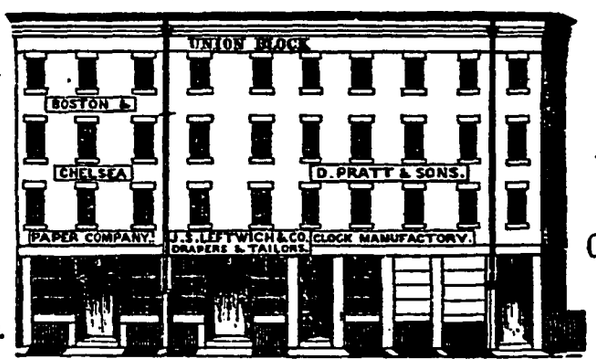
"Merrill and Morrison. Furniture and Cutlery, Park Avenue, Chelsea.

BOSTON AND CHELSEA PAPER COMPANY,

Incorporated, 1848.



Factory at Chelsea, Mass.



DANIEL CUMMINGS.

WM. R. PEARMAIN,

OTIS MERRIAM,

Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Paper Hangings,

No. 4 Union Block, Union Street, Boston.

Boston, Oct. 17 1851

Mr. C. Pratt

Bought of BOSTON AND CHELSEA PAPER CO.

"Indian Doctor, Dr. R. Mapbet may be consulted at his office in Hanover St. near the ferry upon all diseases free of charge. Advice given by letter, a postage stamp being enclosed. He can prescribe equally as well for persons sending particulars of their complaints. The doctor has travelled over a great portion of the world and his medicine has cured thousands.

"John L. Stevens on # 2 Faneuil Hall Sq. has for sale in large or small quantities, Fine Bourbon Whisky, Fine Brandies, Choice Wines, and Liquors.

"Otis Merriam & Company, manufacturers of Paper

Hangings, Salem and Endicott Streets, Boston; factory at Chelsea. Merchants and others are invited to call and examine for themselves. The proprietors are particular in procuring the best help and selecting the best stock the country affords which enables them to manufacture equal to the French.

" Orders from the country answered with promptness, and forwarded to any part of the Union.

" Paper Hanging Stock, and Paper Rags received in exchange for Paper Hangings, 1 January 1841."

CHAPTER IX

Chelsea Meetinghouses

It is generally thought that the church edifice owned by the Unitarian Society in Revere until recently sold to the Masonic Body is the structure erected in 1710. It was remodelled in 1857 and again in 1887. It stands on Beach Street, and in Colonial and Revolutionary days was the parish church of the whole town. Its pastors were Rev. Thomas Cheever, 1715–1741; Rev. William McClenachan 1749–1754; Rev. Phillips Payson 1757–1801; Rev. Joseph Tuckerman 1801–1826. The entrances to the right and left of the main entrance were to the galleries; one was for colored men and the other for colored women.

Unlike the custom of country towns in New England, the churches of Boston were maintained by voluntary contributions, not by town rate; its inhabitants attended the church of their choice. Some living in Rumney Marsh joined the church in Lynn which was accessible by land when Boston harbor was blocked with ice. For those living along the "Country Road" to Lynn and especially for those living in the "Pan Handle" this was the most accessible church.

Nicholas Paige of Keayne farm owned a pew in Malden, as did Thomas Pratt of Pratt Village, and Daniel Hutchings of the "Pan Handle."

In 1650 the North Church was built, and as it stands

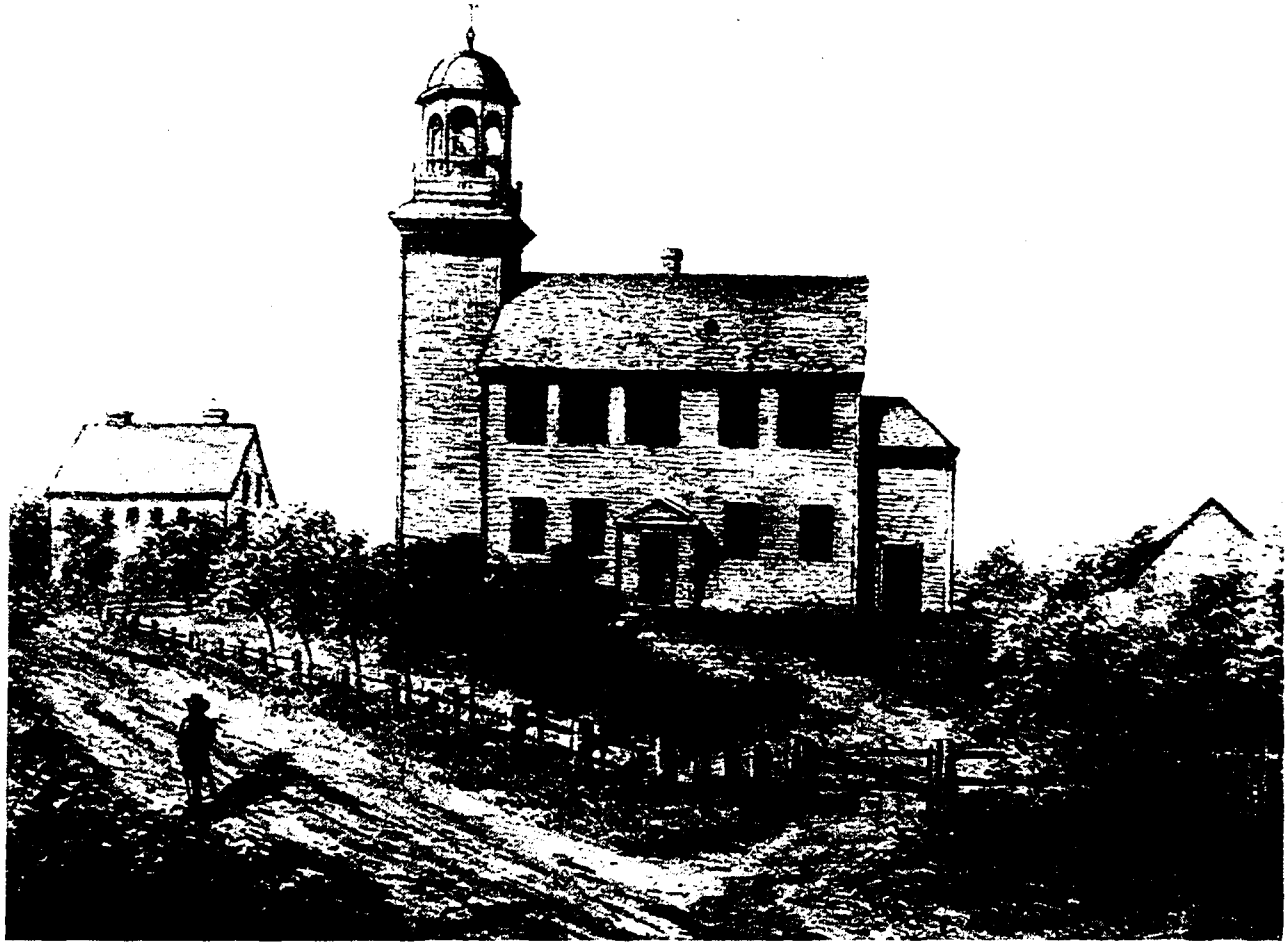
near the landing place of Winnisimmet Ferry, it was the Boston church most frequented by the people of Rumney Marsh.

The records of the First Church during the pastorate of the Rev. Thomas Cheever are still in existence and are of great interest. Mellen Chamberlain in his history of Chelsea in volume two prints such portions of it as are of historical or genealogical interest.

The following facts about the First Church of Christ in Chelsea are taken from a sermon by its pastor, Joseph Tuckerman, printed in 1821:

" A church was first gathered in this place on the 19th of October, 1715. Our township was then a part of Boston, and was called Rumney-Marsh. On the same day Mr. Thomas Cheever was installed here the first pastor; and the church was organized by the celebrated Cotton Mather. Mr. Cheever had been minister of the church in Malden.

" There was at that time more of ostensible discipline in the church, than there is at this day; and the minute detail which he has left of complaints and investigations, of publick censures, acknowledgments, and pardons, at once indicate the strong feeling which the church then had of its power and its duty, and shew that he was not behind those of his cotemporaries, who were most zealous for ministerial fidelity, in this department of the sacred office. But I know not that we have any reason to think, that this mode of exercising power contributed to the advancement of the true interest of the church. That it gave occasion for the indulgence of bad passions, is as certain, as that it availed in any instance to the correction of evil. It grew, however, out of the spirit of the



First Meeting House of Rumney Marsh 1710

time, and is now almost unknown in this section of our country.

" In consequence of his age and infirmities, it was determined that the 7th of October, 1747, should be observed as a day of fasting and prayer, for the purpose of imploring the direction of Almighty God in the choice of a minister, as colleague with the Rev. Mr. Cheever.

" And it is worthy of remark, that on the 19th of the same month, it was voted by the church, ' that the town's committee be requested to invite, and agree with, the Rev. William McClenachan, to preach for the term of two months, on probation; ' and again, that he should be ' desired to supply the pulpit for a further term, as the town's committee should agree with him.' This recognizance of the rights of the town in the choice of a minister, shows an important advance of public sentiment and feeling."

It is not improbable that, when he grew old, Mr. Cheever became more liberal in his feelings than he was in the early part of his life. It is the natural tendency of a strong mind, profiting by its own observation and experience.

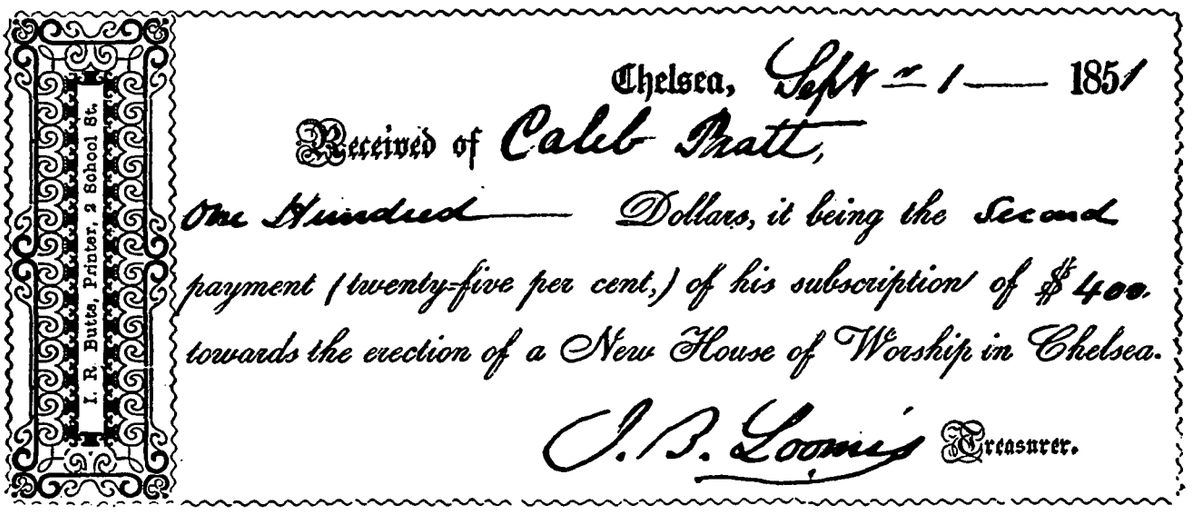
It does not appear that a salary had ever been voted to Mr. Cheever, by the town. He received his support from the voluntary contributions of those who heard him. But in March, 1748, the town voted " L12. 10 shillings, old tender, quarterly for him, during his life, as a consideration of his quitting any claim he may have to the contribution, hereafter to be made on the sabbath."

The town and church were coördinate bodies for the maintenance of religious worship. In the warrant, March 7, 1743, " Would the town purchase a Bell?

Passed in the negative: reconsidered and left to Thomas Pratt, Nathan'l Oliver, Jun. Deacon, Jacob Hassey to consider."

May 18, "Accepted of the Hon'ble Samuel Watts, Esq. of 100 pounds, old tender to purchase a Bell and a report that a 300 pound weight, would do."

"March 8, 1748 after hearing the Rev'd Mr. William McClenachan for the space of near ten months and that, to the very general satisfaction in the town, the


Chelsea, Sept 1 1851

Received of Caleb Pratt,

One Hundred Dollars, it being the Second payment (twenty-five per cent,) of his subscription of $400. towards the erection of a New House of Worship in Chelsea.

J. B. Loomis Treasurer.

I. R. Butts, Printer, 2 School St.

THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

church met to see what they should do with regard to the supply of the pulpit in the future.

"On April 13th the church met in the meetinghouse and chose the Rev'd McClenachan by a great majority. On April 18, a town meeting was held to see if the town would concur with the church in their choice. They voted by 'written votes' and passed in the affirmative to concur with the church.

"Wednesday, 12 October, 1848 the venerable and Rev'd council sent to the church, consisting of ministers from eleven churches, met at the meetinghouse in Chelsea, in order to install the Rev'd Mr. Wm. McClena-

chan, into the pastoral office over said church, as colleague with the Rev'd Mr. Thomas Cheever. The Rev'd Nathaniel Appleton was chosen Moderator of said council.



THE BAPTIST CHURCH, SECOND CHURCH ERECTED IN CHELSEA, BROADWAY AND THIRD STREET

"Deacon Jacob Hassey, Messrs. Elisha Tuttle, Samuel Floyd, Nathan Cheever, and Thomas Pratt rose and opposed the installation of said gentleman, presenting sundry allegations against him, both with regard to his ministerial qualifications and his moral character, all of which the Rev'd Mr. McClenachan acquitted himself;

except that once they found him guilty of indecent passion and uttering unbecoming words. It was not until December 20th that the council voted to install him, which was done the next day. Several deacons and members of the church asked for 'dismission' from the church shortly after this."

And so for one hundred and twenty-six years this church continued to be the sole church in Chelsea. The next church to get a foothold was the Baptist Church which erected a house of worship in 1837 on Broadway at the corner of Second Street. They later erected a handsome brick edifice opposite the old city hall on Central Avenue and Shurtleff Street. This was destroyed in the fire and a third building was erected on Bellingham Street at Shurtleff. In 1838 the Unitarians started the third church. In 1841 a Congregational Church was built on Broadway at Winnisimmet Square. After years of rapid growth, the membership made a friendly division, the old society giving up the church edifice, but retaining the society, organization, and name, and built a new edifice on Chestnut Street, between Third and Fourth Streets. Later this First Congregational Church combined with the Third Church in Prattville and built the present building on County Road, Prattville.

St. Luke's Episcopal was organized in 1841, the Methodists founded a church in 1839, and in 1853 a second church. The Universalist Church dates its organization from 1842. The Roman Catholics established a church in Chelsea in 1849, and a second church in Prattville just over the Everett line on Nichols Street in recent years.

CHAPTER X

Rumney Marsh Burying Ground

The town burial ground, although near the Meeting House, was not town property until more than half a century after its use began.

7 March, 1743 the town voted to accept the conveyance of the land from Joshua Cheever Esq., as per the following extract from his will:

" Item, the Burying ground in my land at Chelsea. I give the same to the said Town for ever for that use only, with so much more land contiguous as shall be necessary for use, with a convenient way to carry their dead to said burying ground, reserving to my heirs, executors, administrators and assigners forever the Herbage."

It is located about 200 yards from the Revere Beach Boulevard, near where it crosses the railroad tracks at the Revere Station. It was probably the property of Lieut. Joseph Hasey when first used for burials, as he inherited it from his father in 1639. The earliest burial we have a record of is 1693, found on the gravestone of Mary, wife of Capt. John Smith. She was the daughter of James Bill, one of the first permanent residents of Pullin Point. Beside her is buried her husband, Capt. John Smith, military leader, inn-keeper, ferry man, buried in 1706, aged 85.

Near the centre of the burying ground is a pathetic

little group of stones, marking graves. Forgotten and uncared for by the descendants of Deane Winthrop, son of Governor Winthrop; Jose Winthrop, his daughter Mercy, wife of Atherton Hough of Boston, a granddaughter of Priscilla Adams, grandson Jotham Grover, his wife Margaret, Prudence Grover, wife of grandson John Grover, and a little great-grandson Eliah Adams.

With the exception of Prudence, these burials all took place before the death of Deane Winthrop in 1703–4. Jose, Mercy and Priscilla fell victims to smallpox, leaving Deane Winthrop at the age of 80 bereft of all his children.

In the Winthrop Public Library is the original of the following note written just after his children's deaths:

"The Honorable Wait Winthrop Esq., and Adam Winthrop in Boston: with speed

Pullen Poynte
Ye 27th November 1702

To Kinsmen: —

I would desire ye favor to come down in ye Boat with my son Haugh (Mercy's husband). For to give me some advice in ye settlement of my affaires that I may live in Peace and nott be Incumbered with ye affaires of ye world.

I am your affectionate Kinsman
Dean Winthrop."

Here in this little old burial ground are buried three of the seven generations of Pratts we write of. With the exception of an iron fence about the lot, things are about as they were in the old days.

Captain Thomas Pratt was buried here in 1780. Near

his grave lie his son Daniel Pratt and his grandson Caleb Pratt 3rd.

Thomas Pratt Sr. is buried beside his grandfather in the old burying ground at Edgewood in Malden. Caleb Pratt 4th, and Hermon W. Pratt are buried in Woodlawn Cemetery, Everett.

There are many quaint inscriptions on the gravestones in the old Rumney Marsh graveyard, and among them are the following:

Rebecca Pratt — 1854

Blessed is he that rear'd these stones
But cursed is he that moves my bones.

Caleb Pratt — 1804

Death though hast conquer'd me
I by thy dart am slain
But Christ hath conquer'd thee
And I shall rise again.

Mary Pratt — 1853, aged 95

Aged pilgrim all thy work is done
—(illegible)——
Dust to kindred dust but thy freed spirit
God hath called thee to dwell among the blest.

Mary Lash Pratt — 1819

We die to live again.

Children of Andrew and Deborah Pratt

He laid them softly to his breast
And soothed their little woes to rest,
" These lambs are mine " he gently said
And breathed a blessing on their head.

Daniel Pratt — 1841

Father of Heaven our parents' God
Before thy blissful seat,
Among the glorious heirs of light
May we these parents meet.

Caleb Pratt 2d — 1828

Swift flies the soul, perhaps 'tis gone,
Ten thousand leagues beyond the sun,
Or twice the thousand times twice told,
Ere the forsaken clay is cold.

Charles Pratt — 1848

Thou did'st not sink by slow decay,
Like some who live the longest;
But every tie was wrenched away,
When life and hope were strongest.

Hannah C. Slade — 1833

Stop here my friend and cast an eye,
As you are now so once was I,
As I am now so you must be,
Prepare for death and follow me.

Capt. John Smith — 1706

Here lyes a frind to many
Who do great los susstain,
But our great loss
Is his eatarnell gaine.

Capt. Samuel Sprague — 1783

Prepare all friends to follow me
If you the face of God in love do hope to see.

Joseph Belcher — 1832

Friends nor physicians could not save
My mortal body from the grave
So mourning friends dry up your tears.
I must lie here till Christ appears.

Sophia Better — 1875

Sleep on Dear mother, take thy rest
God called thee home, he thought best.

Ensign John Center — 1706

The strongest man alive
In time must yield his breath;
It's greatest wisdom in ye world
For to prepare for death.

Henry H. Crooker — 1850 — aged 5 years

This lovely bud so young and fair
Called hence by early doom
Just came to show how sweet a flower
In Paradise would bloom.

Abegail Eustis — Aged 91 years

Let serious tho'ts now follow me,
That I was once in the world like thee;
But now lie mouldering in the dust
In hopes to rise among the just.

Noah Floyd — 1706 — 10 years

All you that are alive
Do you for death prepare
Lest sudden death do come
On you at unaware.

Mrs. Esther Fuller, also Susanna and Andrew — 1806

Adieu, dear Wife and Children dear,
Sweet is your rest, till Christ appear.

Joseph Green — 1801

A wit's a feather and a chief a Rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of God.

Sarah Newhall — 1856

Stranger as on this spot you tread,
And meditate among the dead,
Improve the moments as they fly,
For all who live must shortly die.

Mary F. Nelson — 1846

You that pass by stop here and see
Prepare and follow after me.

John Gale Oliver — 1769

This stone declares a solemn truth,
That Death spares none, no not a youth.

Mary Ann Oliver — 1802

Some hearty friend may drop a tear
On these dry bones and say
These limbs were active once as thine
But thine must be as they.

Bridget Pinkham — 1846

Sleep on dear mother take thy rest,
In the bright mansions of the blest;
And in the morning when we rise
We hope to meet you in the skies.

James Tewksbury — 1799

I chose this work to leave behind
Hoping a better world to find.

Sarah Tewksbury — 1802

Come all my children unto me
And of my kingdom you shall be.

Abigail Tewksbury — 1812

Reader, if love of worth thy bosom warm
If virtue please thee or if friendship charm
Upon this stone drop a tender tear
Worth, Virtue, Friendship, all are buried here.

Andrew Tewksbury — 1814

Friends nor physicians could not save
My mortal body from the grave;
Nor can the grave confine me here
When Christ the son of God appear.

Abegail Battis — 1856

Her journey on earth forever is past
Believing in God she breathed her last.
She's gone to her home, the home of the blest,
Where she will be ever and ever at rest.

Sarah Pratt — 1799

Dust we are & unto dust we must return,
Prepare all friends, to sleep with me
That you, God's face in love may see.

To Frank W. Tucker, President of the Winthrop Historical Society, I am indebted for the following facts which are the result of careful and painstaking research upon his part:

" The Rev. Thomas Cheever was buried here in 1749 at the age of 92. He was a son of Ezekiel Cheever, first master of the Boston Latin School. Thomas was the first teacher in Rumney Marsh, where he taught from 1709 to 1719, and became the first preacher from 1715 to 1748. It was his son Joshua Cheever who gave the town the land for this burying ground.

" Thomas Cheever's first wife was Hannah, daughter of James Bill, the early permanent resident of Pullen Poynte.

" James Bill's three sons are buried here, Jas. Jr. in 1717, Joseph in 1717, and Lieut. Jonathan in 1729.

" The father and mother dying in 1687 and 1688, are buried in Copp's Hill.

" A considerable and notable group of graves is that of the Hasey family, also referred to in old records as Holsey.

" The original William was born about 1619 and lived in Boston. Joined the Ancients in 1652 and became a freeman in 1665. In 1674 he was promoted from the rank of Cornet in the 3-County Troop to that of lieutenant, and in 1675 was in command.

" A purchase of the Cole farm in 1653 points to that date as his arrival at Rumney Marsh, but the statement of his daughter Esther Green would indicate that it was 1650 or earlier. William Hasey of the first generation is buried in Wakefield, but his sons William Jr. and

Mr. **Dr.**

No. 595 *To* John F. Newton *Funeral Undertaker.*

Funeral Expenses, Burying Nancy Dudley

To the SUPERINTENDANT, viz.

Grave dug,		
Opening of Cemetery or Tomb,	.75	
Use of the Funeral Car,	2.00	
Use of the Public Vault,		
Certificate,	.25	3.00

To the UNDERTAKER, viz.

Digging Grave feet deep,		
Opening and closing Tomb,	.75	
Services at the House,		
Notifying families, 5 cents each,		
Tolling Bell,		
Placing Corpse in the Coffin,	1.00	
Carrying Corpse to the Car, and from thence to the Vault or Grave,	3.00	
Use of 1 Horse in the Car. and Leader,	1.50	
Carrying Corpse into Church,		
Use of Pall,		
Extra charge for Frost,	.50	6.45
	$	9.75

I allow the above Bill.

John H. Heyer *Superintendant.*

Delivered this Bill, Feb 7 *182*3

Reed Raymant

John F. Newton

FUNERAL BILL ISSUED BY THE BOARD OF HEALTH, 1823

Lieut. Joseph are buried at Rumney Marsh together with many members of the family. William died in 1695, and Joseph in 1707.

" Buried here also are the sons of Joseph; Abraham in 1713, Asa in 1725, and Deacon Jacob in 1753. These three brothers were dismissed from membership in North Church to help organize the Rumney Marsh Church and gave the land as a site for the church edifice.

" Elder William, son of William Jr. buried 1734, was the ruling elder of the church.

" John Chamberlain came from Malden and was a tenant in the Capt. Keayne house, later owned by Col. Nicholas Paige, and still later by Gov. Dudley. Died in 1721. His son, Deacon John, buried 1753.

" His first wife was Hannah, daughter of Lieut. Joseph Hasey. First deacon of the Rumney Marsh Church. At one time an owner of the Newgate farm. Purchased the house at Pullen Poynte, built in 1637 by Maj. Edward Gibbons, from James Bill in 1726, and moved there a short time later.

" Jacob Chamberlain buried in 1734. The ancestor of the late Judge Mellen Chamberlain, Historian of Chelsea. He is not known to be related to Deacon John although their wives were cousins.

" Edward Watts buried 1714 and his wife Rebecca in 1715. Parents of the Hon. Samuel Watts, an outstanding citizen of his time.

" The mother Rebecca was sister and heir at her death of Penelope Pelham, second wife of Gov. Bellingham.

" Samuel Townsend buried 1704. A tenant of Gov. Bellingham from 1663 to 1704, and by his accounts we

learn that the clay pits and brick yards northeast of Powderhorn Hill were worked as early as 1664.

" Jeremiah Belcher buried 1722, the first of the Belchers in the Rumney Marsh district. He was not related to Gov. Belcher. Was a tenant of Judge Sewall at Hog Island, now Orient Heights, also of Gov. Bellingham.

" Ensign Joseph Belcher, his son, buried 1739.

" He purchased the original Gov. Winthrop allotment at Pullen Poynte, which included Point Shirley, in 1720 which was sold by his widow to Lieut. Thomas Pratt. His wife Hannah was granddaughter of James Bill.

" Sarah Floyd, widow of Capt. John Floyd, noted Indian fighter, buried 1717.

" Their son, Lieut. John Floyd, buried 1723.

" He was concerned in the Bellingham suit. As assessor at Rumney Marsh from 1716–1723 he was known by the disgruntled as ' The Lord Ruler att. Winnisimmet.' One of the founders of the old church.

" Ensign Floyd, buried 1730, owned the Cogan farm.

" There are nearly two dozen marked graves of Revolutionary Heroes prominent of whom was Capt. Samuel Sprague, buried 1783, leader of three companies of minute men and militia, including the Pullen Poynte Guard. As he was over 63 years of age at the beginning of the Revolution, his greater activities were more of a civic nature as Committee of Safety, Inspection, Enlistment, and such.

" Rev. Philip Payson died 1801. Was preacher at the old church from 1757 to 1801. Was very active and public spirited. Representative to General Court and

to the Constitutional Convention. He is sometimes referred to as the 'fighting parson.'

"In Gordon's History of the Revolution is found the following: 'On April 19, 1775, a few Americans headed by Rev. Mr. Payson of Chelsea, attacked a party of twelve British soldiers carrying stores to the retreating troops from Lexington and Concord, killed one, wounded several and made the whole prisoners and gained possession of the arms and stores.'

"Abijah Hastings, sergeant, lieutenant, adjutant, died 1826, age 95 years. He was very active in the town's affairs, was town clerk and for many years both he and his wife were teachers in the schools at Rumney Marsh and Pullen Poynte. His home near the old church is still standing and occupied by descendants.

"Deacon John Sale, Jr., buried 1803. His mother was Ann Townsend, daughter of Penn Townsend, nephew and heir of James Penn, a deputy and elder of the First Church in Boston.

"Through his mother, Deacon Sale inherited what is now Beachmont, but was known as Sales Farm. It was the original allotment made to James Penn in 1637.

"The Deacon was prominent in town affairs as moderator, town clerk, town treasurer and member of important committees. Was a delegate to the Provincial Congress and Representative to the General Court.

"Joseph Green buried 1801 and his son Joseph Jr., buried 1825. The senior Green was a sergeant. His house, formerly owned by the Hasey family, is still standing near the Boston & Maine Bridge on the Revere Beach Parkway from which the soldiers engaged in the Battle of Chelsea Creek received refreshments on the

day of the battle, a fact that gives us some idea as to how far the line extended to the eastward. His son although an enrolled soldier was only 17 years of age.

" William Low buried 1787, 67 years old. William Low, Jr., buried 1812, 64 years old.

" Then four Lows in the army

" Edward Waitt buried 1822, 64 years.

" Lt. William Oliver Jr., buried 1831, 87 years.

" Moses Collins buried 1810, age 85 years, owned part of Watts Estate. Bought the Capt. Keayne farm.

" Lt. Samuel Pratt, 1809, 56 years.

" John Pratt 1790, 62 years.

" Caleb Pratt 1804, 66 years.

" Caleb Pratt, Jr., 1838, 74 years. Wife was a daughter of Capt. Sprague.

" There were eleven Pratts in the service.

" James Tewksbury buried 1800, age 56, was a member of Pullen Poynte Guard. A descendant from James Bill and Lieut. Joseph Hasey.

" Also of the Pullen Poynte Guard were Jas. Tewksbury's two brothers John and Andrew, with another member Nathaniel Belcher.

" And last but not for me to say least was Job Worrow, a free negro, perhaps part Indian, farmhand, unlettered and uncouth, but nevertheless patriot and a minute man who responded to the call of duty with his more favored associates and his name will always be found on the roll of the Pullen Poynte Guard in spite of the fact that he died a charge in the Chelsea Almshouse at the extreme age of 100 years and lies in a pauper's grave, unmarked, in the yonder southeasterly corner of the burying ground."

CHAPTER XI

Old Chelsea Landmarks

There still remain a few old houses that can date their existence back to the first of things in Winnisimmet, Rumney Marsh, and Pullen Point; among them are the —

NEWDIGATE-YEAMAN'S HOUSE, REVERE

Among the earliest grantees of land at Winnisimmet was John Newdigate of Boston. The house is said to have been built for Nathaniel Newdigate or Newgate, about 1680. It afterward was owned by the Shrimpton and Yeaman families, and is called the Yeaman's house. It has been occupied also by members of the Cheever and Watts families. In a story, " The Old House on Romney Marsh," by Hezekiah Butterworth, the house is referred to as one of the oldest houses in America, and has been often pictured — artists love it; its sides seem about to drop out here and there, but it holds the sturdy old New England character. The house is associated with old-time merry makings, but not with any tradition of ghost lore. It has great historical interest, and its green fields and orchards have a tradition.

BELLINGHAM-CARY HOUSE, CHELSEA

This house stands on what was formerly the Cary farm. It was erected by Bellingham, was enlarged for



THE BELLINGHAM-CARY HOUSE

Containing Many Interesting Reminders of Early Chelsea.
Open to the Public

the use of the Townsend family, tenants who occupied it in 1664. From the Bellinghams it came into the Watts family, and by intermarriage into the Graves, and then the Cary family. J. W. Freese, in his "Historic Houses and Spots in Cambridge and Near-By Places," 1898, says: "This is certainly as fine a specimen of a Colonial house as one meets with in many a day's travel, and bears with dignity the name of mansion." It was undoubtedly the summer residence of Governor Richard Bellingham, as he also had a very substantial house in Boston, near Pemberton Square. He came here from England in 1634, and became one of the wealthiest and most extensive landowners of the chartered company. In 1641 he became Governor, serving ten years in that capacity, and thirteen as Deputy Governor. He was twice married, performing in the second instance the marriage ceremony himself. For this he was prosecuted, but escaped by refusing to leave the bench.

PRATT HOUSE, CHELSEA

Thomas Pratt, of the Malden family of that name, came to Winnisimmet in 1695, and purchased the Ireland-Way farm, which included that part of Chelsea later known as the Pratt Neighborhood or Prattville. Erected on this farm were two houses, one of which is still standing. The other on the opposite side of Washington Avenue was noted as a resting place of General Washington during the siege of Boston. Freese, in the work quoted above, says of this house: "In all our searches for famous old country houses, rarely, if ever, have we found one more satisfying to the eye than is

this, built, it is supposed, about 1660. It is a somewhat rare combination of the 'gambrel roof' and the 'lean-to' and is pleasing as a whole and also when studied in detail."

ANDREW TEWKSBURY HOUSE, WINTHROP

This house was built early in the seventeenth century and still stands on the hill, at Point Shirley. Andrew Tewksbury and his descendants occupied the house for 125 years. Gerry Tewksbury, who died in 1889, was the last of the Tewksbury name to occupy the house. Governor John Hancock's summer house stood about 10 feet west of this house.

WINTHROP HOUSE, WINTHROP

Built about 1649; the house of Deane Winthrop, son of Governor John Winthrop. Judge Sewell visited the house on the occasion of Mercy Winthrop's wedding in 1699, and also at the time of Deane Winthrop's funeral, in 1703. For a number of years previous to 1825 members of the Tewksbury family lived there, and since that time it has been the home of four generations of the Floyd family. David Floyd, Senior, moving to the house in 1825, from that part of Chelsea now Revere. The house stands on Shirley Street, near the Ocean Spray Railroad Station.

BILL HOUSE, WINTHROP

Built about 1650 by James Bill; occupied by his son, Lieutenant Jonathan Bill, of the Boston Militia; his grandson, Jonathan Bill, a boat-builder, and by Jona-

than Bill, 3rd, who was a selectman of Chelsea in 1744 and 1753. In 1779, when owned by John Tewksbury, a room in this house was used for a schoolroom for the Point district of the Town of Chelsea. The school was in session seventeen weeks, and twenty-two persons attended. John Tewksbury's descendants occupied the house until about 1875. The house stands on Beal Street, south from Main Street.

CHAPTER XII

The Bellingham Estate

The grants of land to Governor Bellingham and Sir Henry Vane included most of Chelsea, but where Vane disposed of his land which became Pratt Village, later Prattville, Bellingham kept his intact and leased it, imitating the vast manorial estates in England.

The four Bellingham farms comprised all of Chelsea to Mill Creek and Chelsea Creek. West of Broadway was the Ferry farm. Governor Bellingham's Great House is believed to have been on the slope bounded by Shurtleff, Shawmut and Marginal Streets. Beyond the Ferry farm was the Center or Carter farm reaching north to the Pratt farm. Broadway passes through the Townsend-Cary farm. The Eustace or Shurtleff farm lay east of Broadway. In 1694, John Brintnall was lessor of the Ferry farm.

By his will Bellingham left the whole estate for religious purposes. The will was disputed on the ground that it was hastily made. The contest over it was one of the most memorable of which there is a record. It has no parallel in this country. It lasted 114 years, the town every time gaining the case, when it was considered by a jury, the courts overruling their decision. The town finally prevailed. Rebecca, wife of Edward Watts, inherited from her sister, wife of Samuel Bellingham, the Cary farm. The wife of their son Edward, after in-



CAPTAIN AND MRS. SAMUEL CARY
Painted by Copley, 1772

heriting it, conveyed it to Thomas Graves of Charlestown who left it to his stepdaughter, Margaret, wife of Capt. Samuel Cary.

The Cary and Watts mansions were famous far beyond Chelsea. The social glory of Chelsea lay in these finely architectured and nobly situated residences. Still standing on Parker Street, the Cary house, shut in as it is to-day by apartment houses, is a structure which has great charm. Its lines have refinement, dignity and beauty. In all modern Chelsea there is not a building that equals it for master architecture.

Capt. Samuel Cary obtained the Cary farm, the one regarded as the best of the four Bellingham estates, from his stepmother, Anna Graves. (His heirs sold the property, in 1852, for $152,000.) Capt. Samuel's son Samuel Jr. graduated from Harvard and became a planter with huge interests at St. Kitts, Grenada, of the West Indies. In 1796, he retired and came back to the Cary mansion in Chelsea. He now proceeded to enlarge and embellish house and grounds to a degree that made it one of the most fashionable rural seats Boston has ever known.

To form some picture of what this property must have been in its day let one stand at the junction of Broadway and Washington Avenue and imagine the maze of buildings that now pack this triangle bounded by Parker Street as a splendidly cultivated farmland. In the half-mile distance, on a gentle crest, beyond terraced gardens, shrubs, flowers and fountains, sat the Cary mansion. Splendid horses and carriages were driving along the roads and about the grounds were the important people of the day, the gay-hued headdress of negro and

Indian servants and retainers scattered here and there. All about were entrancing vistas of splendidly kept farming area, picturesque hill, and enchanting bits of the blue sea. The Cary estate was one of the principal resorts of the fashionable and wealthy merchants of Boston.

No sport in or about Boston quite equaled the sally to Planter Cary's. The row or sail across the harbor; the drive to the grounds; the wines and foods; the brilliant men and fascinating women.

The Cary children were educated in Europe. Copley painted the family portraits.

The " Cary Letters " published in 1891 were written by members of the Cary family between 1779 and 1827, principally by Mrs. Margaret Graves Cary, wife of Captain Samuel Cary, to her son Samuel in the West Indies, who after graduating from Harvard College received from his father one thousand pounds and went into business at St. Kitts on the island of Grenada. They are charming letters, and show a refinement and culture that might be envied to-day, and truly remarkable for women of that period. From them we can gather much of their life in Chelsea and an usually clear picture of the Cary estate.

The house stands on an elevation and was approached by two avenues lined with cherry trees, one leading from Cary Square and the other from the Turnpike, now Broadway. Tall poplars, elms, chestnuts, and oak trees grew in profusion on the estate. At the back of the house was the apple orchard sheltered by Powderhorn Hill, near the top of which were two cedar trees. A zigzag path led to the summit, and halfway up was a

spring which furnished an ample supply of water to the house.

From the top of the hill in one direction could be seen the winding creek, sometimes called Snake Creek, and the old Thomas Pratt grist mill, later the property of the Carys; to the left the Pratt Homestead and Sagamore Hill with its many trees; turning about a grand expanse of ocean was to be seen. Then to the right Breed's Hill and Boston beyond, and nestled at the foot of the hill the "Retreat," as the Carys called their estate.

About a mile away could be seen the parsonage, and still farther in the direction of the beach was the church, standing quite alone, with nothing showing between it and the sea. It is described as a queer, little, high-shouldered church with thick-set spire. Inside the church were square pews, with high railings made by rows of round balls set on perpendicular rods.

The Harrison Gray Otis family were close friends of the Carys and visits were frequently exchanged. Harriet Otis in writing of the estate says, "I can hardly recollect the period when Chelsea did not seem to me the most delightful abode I could imagine; to other eyes it may seem less, but there are no pleasures for me equal to a tranquil walk with one of my youthful affection, just as the gleams of the departing sun give a yellow radiance to the various landscapes, which present themselves upon the hill."

The life in Chelsea of the Carys was probably much the same as that of other people of education and taste. Reading aloud was an institution of the household, Shakespeare, the old comedies, poetry, and every new book attainable. Afternoon teas to Boston friends who

found it worth their time to make the long trip; horseback riding and hunting made up the average day.

Letters tell of the garden with its border of cinnamon pinks, its clusters of jony jump-ups, and bouncing bets, its trim box hedges and gardens of roses and hollyhocks, and in the distance, the dell lined with hawthorn, bayberry and sweet fern.

Inside the house wide hallways and broad staircases; at the left, the west parlor with its deep window seats and family portraits. To the right, the library with big lounge in front of the fireplace.

Could the walls but echo the voices of other days, what stories we would hear of the West Indies, pirates, governors, of the secret chamber in the house reached by a secret passageway hidden in the walls, running from cellar to attic, and the marks on the stairs when the young officer was wounded in a quarrel when troops were quartered in the house during the Revolution. What stories could be told about young bloods and belles, and of the visits of many famous people and of local squires.

The original house was erected by Governor Bellingham in 1659, on the site of his shooting lodge, and was used by him as his country house, his town house being in Pemberton Square, Boston. It was remodeled by Samuel Cary at a cost of $12,000, a large amount for those days.

In 1912 the house was purchased by the Cary Association, put in repair and is now maintained by the Association as a museum. In it are some of the original Cary books, papers, pictures and furniture, as well as relics of the Pratt family and others of the early families.

CHAPTER XIII

Relief from Taxation

In 1765 Chelsea petitioned the General Court for relief of taxes; nothing resulting, a committee reopened the matter in the following petition:

"May 27, 1767

"To his excellency Francis Bernard, Esq.: Captain-general and Governor in Chief, in & over his Majesty's Province of the Massachusetts Bay. The honorable, his Majesty's Council & house of Representatives, in General Court assembled, this 27th May, 1767.

"The Petition of Messrs. Thos. & Saml: Pratt, a Committee of the Town of Chelsea, & in the behalf of said Town, most humbly sheweth — That the real Destresses of the impoverished Town of Chelsea, through a very unequal proportion of publick Taxes, together with an unexpected burden this present year, are such, that we conceive all impartial Reason must allow, justly claim Relief from this honorable Court.

"In the year 1739, the Town was incorporated into a Township, and the year following a Valuation of Estates was taken, when for the want of some person to Represent the poverty of the infant Town, it has such an unequal weight of Taxes imposed & Continued for a Course of years, as laid the foundation for the destresses it is now groang & sinkg under.

" In the year 1748, Memorial to this honorable Court obtained some Relief, but in the year 1750, when a Valuation was again taken, the unfortunate Town, by some oversight or other, had that part of the burden added, that was taken off in 1748, and continued till the year 1760; so that, for the Term of 19 years, the unhappy Town paid twenty shillings, as your petitioners humbly conceive, upon the thousand pounds, above its equal proportion, which has so reduced the Town, notwithstanding the utmost diligence and Frugality of its Inhabitants, as justly astonishes all acquainted with its present poverty & destress, but unacquainted with the Cause of them. The like Instance your petitioners conceive was never known in the province: Nor ever a petition of the like kind prefer'd to this honorable Court, dictated from more real destress.

" Your petitioners, therefore, humbly pray, that in Justice to the Oppressed & Compassion to the miserable, this honorable Court would consider our Grievances, and by grant'g us an order on the province Treasurer, or in Some other Method your Wisdom shall dictate, refund, in what proportion you shall think proper, that sum we have so unequally paid, and such has so much impoverished us; that the sinkg Town may be saved from Ruin. — And your petitioners as in Duty bound, shall ever pray. —

Thos. Pratt,)
Samll Pratt,) Com'ete.

This presentation of the distressed condition of the people was unavailing, as the next year Thomas Pratt, Samuel Watts Jr., and Samuel Pratt were appointed a

committee to wait upon the General Court, in order to get some relief in taxes, but it was not until nearly 1800 that taxes were equalized.

But for the fact that Winnisimmet, Rumney Marsh and Pullen Point were taxed out of proportion to other parts of Boston, and that little of the money so received was spent in that district, it is doubtful if Chelsea would have later petitioned to be set off as a separate town.

CHAPTER XIV

Geographical and Political Changes

By an act of the great and General Court, passed 10 January 1739, that part of Boston known as Winnisimmet Village, Rumney Marsh and Pullen Point, "in consideration of the fact that they had long since built a meeting-house and supported the same," be set off as a town to be known as Chelsea.

More than once since, has Chelsea tried to be reannexed to Boston. In the town meeting held in 1851 it was voted. The General Court left it for the people to decide. 3 April 1856 an act passed in favor of annexation. The acceptance of the act was voted down by the voters of Boston. A second act was passed 8 June 1874. The citizens of both cities voted November 4th; Chelsea accepted by a vote of 1637 to 839, Boston voting "no."

The area included within the town at that time was what at present constitutes Chelsea, Revere, Winthrop and part of the town of Saugus. The first change in these bounds was made 22 February 1841, when the strip known as the "Pan-Handle" was set off to the town of Saugus.

The Pan-Handle, as described elsewhere, was a narrow strip of land with paralleled sides, twenty-five hundred feet wide and four miles long, extending through what is now Malden, Melrose and Wakefield. The next

important change in outline was made 19 March 1846, when North Chelsea was set off, reducing the town to its present size of about two and one-quarter square miles, or 1,441 acres.

In 1857, the population having increased to over twelve thousand, a committee consisting of Erastus Rugg, Stephen D. Massey, Mellen Chamberlain, Samuel Orcutt and Hosea Ilsley was elected to draft a city charter and present it to the General Court for its action.

The petition was presented February 4th, and 13 March 1857 a charter was granted. March 23rd the new charter was submitted to the town and was accepted by a vote of 733 to 107. The town was divided into four wards, and Francis B. Fay elected Mayor.

The Colonial census, which is the earliest, recorded the population in 1776 as 439 and it increased steadily, except from 1800 to 1810 when it lost 255 and again in 1908 when it temporarily lost 17,000 due to the great fire. In 1831 it was 775; at the time of the fire in 1908 it was 33,000. To-day it is in excess of 50,000.

CHELSEA A TOWN 1739

The first town meeting was ordered called by J. Quincy, Speaker of the House of Representatives, 4 January 1738–1739. The warrant was issued by Samuel Watts and read as follows:

"To Constable Samuel Floyd, Greeting . . . .

"Pursuant to the order of the Genl. Court of the twelfth of this Instant, a Copy whereof is here to annext. You are hereby required to warn all the freeholders and

other qualified Voters of the town of Chelsea to meet at the new meeting house in said Town on the first monday in March next, at ten of the clock, in the forenoon, in order to choose a Town Clerk and other town officers, as the law directs, to serve for the year then next ensuing. Hereof fail not, and make return of this warrant with your doings thereon unto myself at or before said day. Given under my hand, at Chelsea, this 27th: day of Jan'ry, in the twelfth year of his Majesties reign, A Domini, 1738–9.

The meeting was held and the minutes of the same are as follows:

"At a town's meeting for the choice of a town clerk and other town officers, the fifth of March, (1739), voted as moderator of this meeting, Samuel Watts, Esq.

"It was moved by several that the town officers be chosen by a majority of the electors present, and voted in the affirmative.

"The town proceeded to the choice of town officers, and voted as town clerk, Nathaniel Oliver, Jr.; as town treasurer, Mr. Samuel Tuttle; as selectmen, Messrs. John Brintnal, Thomas Pratt, John Floyd, Samuel Floyd, Nathan Cheever.

"Voted, the selectmen to be overseers of the poor and assessors.

"Then voted, this meeting be adjourned; accordingly adjourned to three o'clock, post meridiem.

"Post Meridiem four o'clock. Met and proceeded to the choice of the other town officers, and voted as constable, Mr. Daniel Tuttle.

"It was moved whether the selectmen should be the surveyors of highways; and it was voted in the negative.

"Then voted as surveyors of highways, Messrs. Nath'l Oliver and Samuel Pratt.

"Voted as sealer of leather, Mr. John Parker; as fence-viewers, Messrs. Nathan Sergeant and Samuel Berry; as hog-reavers, Messrs. James Stowers and Jonathan Belcher; as sealer of weights and measures, Mr. Jacob Hasey; as an haward, Mr. John Hasey. Ten it was voted this meeting be adjourned, sine die."

CHAPTER XV

The Pan Handle

The Pan Handle was a long narrow strip of land extending between Charlestown and Lynn from the Pines River to Reading. The boundary line on the Charlestown side was determined by a committee appointed by the General Court in 1649; that of Lynn shortly after.

The strip between the two boundaries was about twenty-five hundred feet wide and nearly four miles long. There is no known reason why Chelsea should have had such a peculiar outline, but an old legend ascribes it to a difference between surveyors for the town of Charlestown and the party who laid out Lynn, the latter mistaking the bounds but running the correct course.

While Chelsea was seeking the enlargement of her territory by the annexation of the adjacent islands, the people of the Pan Handle, whose relations were with that part of Lynn now Saugus, petitioned the town, 30 December 1745, to be set off as a parish with others of Lynn. The petition was referred to the March meeting, 1746, when Thomas Pratt, Samuel Watts, and John Brentnall were chosen to consider and report in May. Their report, presumably adverse, was accepted. The petitioners, not content, appealed to the General Court, 15 June 1747. The town chose Samuel Pratt,

Nathaniel Oliver, Stephen Kent, Hugh Floyd, and Samuel Tuttle a committee to oppose their petition. The town again refused their petition, 7 March 1748, and it was not until 1841 that the part of Chelsea known as the " Pan Handle " became a part of Saugus.

CHAPTER XVI

Old Chelsea Taverns

Samuel Maverick's house, built in 1624, was the first house of entertainment in Chelsea, and while he did not keep a public house, any respectable fur-trader or traveller was welcome overnight.

The first tavern was built, it is supposed, shortly after the ferry was started in 1634, as it is described in 1804 as being very old and dilapidated. It fronted toward the river and, until the Salem turnpike and Chelsea bridge were constructed, held almost undivided possession of things about. The new turnpike ran to the rear of the tavern, giving the venerable structure the appearance, as Shillaber once said, of having turned its back on the advancement of civilization in a fit of disgust.

For one hundred years it was the only building in the vicinity. Its sole mission was to care for the traveller while he waited for a ferry, and if the last ferry had left for Boston, or if on account of ice or storm it could not run, comfortable rooms and beds and hospitable cheer made the delay bearable at least, and a haven for many who were abroad in the storm. It must be remembered that travelling in "ye olde days" was anything but a comfortable undertaking. It is described as a comfortable old wayside inn, two stories high on the front and one story in the rear, toward the turnpike. The front was perforated with many windows opening to the

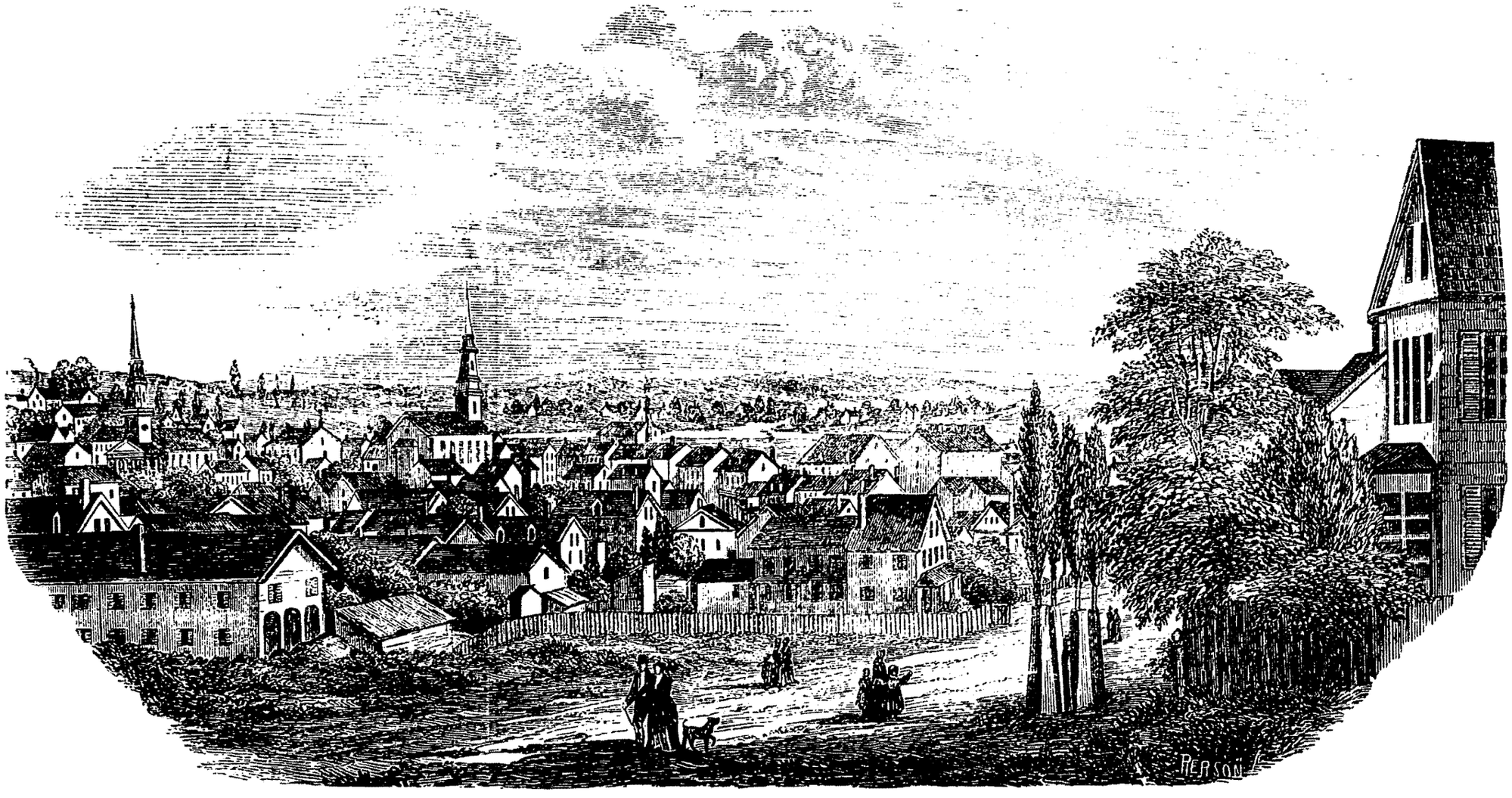
south, which admitted the sunlight and a view of the river and upper harbor. A porch and several stone steps made an imposing entrance. Nearby was a stable and a well which supplied the house with water. The well I am told still exists, yielding the same sweet water that once made the Fenno punch so popular in its day.

The tavern became a famous resort for Bostonians, who came over in the sail ferryboats, or by private conveyances, to shoot on the marshes or along the shore of the river or creeks which abounded in birds of different kinds, then to return to the tavern for food and drink. Hundreds met there at a time in hot weather, and the punch bowl being inadequate, we are told, a wash tub was often used to mix the punch. We are further told that the punch was formed of honest stuff, with none of the fiery qualities which make men mad.

In 1831, the Watts-Williams homestead was turned into a hotel, the old tavern losing its prestige and falling into disuse — its decay dating from this period. The new hotel was a fine old manor house, two stories high, very spacious, with a wide balcony extending the entire length of the lower story. It sat on a gentle hill commanding a fine view of the harbor before it; a green lawn descended to the smooth and hard gravel shore which was fringed with poplars, and no wharf or building marred the view. In the rear was a spacious garden filled with trees and flowers and an " old open bucket well." As a public resort it soon lost its homelike character: the garden gave way to flying horses for the children, and here the great Lauriat made his first balloon ascension (1832); dramatic exhibitions, acrobatic and tight-rope performances followed in endless variety.

The hotel was run at first by the Land Company who owned the ferry, and was at various times called the Chelsea Hotel, Taft's Hotel, the Tavern. The first of several landlords being Payson and Fenno, and the last Taft and Bowditch. The Taft in the latter firm was the father of the famous Taft of Point Shirley, and here is where the younger Taft acquired much of his ability that rendered him so popular later on.

In 1833 the easterly side of the hill was cut away to form Winnisimmet Street, leading to the new ferry site. The popularity of the new hotel was shortlived, and by 1850 the house, hill and everything connected with the hotel had disappeared before the leveling hand of improvement.



CHELSEA FROM MOUNT BELLINGHAM LOOKING WEST TO CHELSEA CREEK AND MALDEN ABOUT 1850

CHAPTER XVII

Ferry Village

Up to 1831, the year the first steamboat commenced to ply back and forth on the Winnisimmet Ferry, the only buildings near the ferry were the taverns. Most of the population of Chelsea was located in what is now Revere where the church, town hall and burying ground were located. In Pratt Village there were a few houses and there were single farmhouses scattered about the town.

The growth of the town, and especially of that part now Chelsea, had been greatly retarded due to two things: First, Richard Bellingham who owned the greater part of the territory, tried to establish a kind of feudal system; he divided his estate into farms and rented them. Upon his death, his will was contested for many years and the property did not change hands to any extent.

The second reason was due to Chelsea being twenty miles from Boston by land and only light loads could be carried by the ferry; but with the steam ferry which permitted a loaded oxen team to be carried, the development of a village at the ferry was rapid.

The first house in Ferry Village was erected in 1831 by Joseph S. Edwards on the corner of Winnisimmet and Williams Streets.

The next year John Low built a one-story store, twenty feet by thirty, at what is now the corner of Broadway and Everett Avenue. His friends ridiculed him for locating a store so far out in the country and prophesied he would have no dwellings near him for twenty years.

In this store were kept dry goods, groceries, medicines, the post office, and baiting for horses! It being the only public place in the village, except the hotel, was a general resort for the few early inhabitants, and many a merry evening was spent there by Major Chase, Ben Chittenden, Squire Knapp, Samuel Batchelder, Squire Stewart, Samuel Pratt, J. S. Edwards, Samuel Chittenden, Dr. Stedman, Joseph and Charles Hanscom, Colonel Fay and the " Ferry hands."

The first fire in the village was in 1834 in Hanscom's wheelwright shop, which was located on what was afterwards Chelsea Square. There was no engine in Chelsea, but hand engine No. 15 came over from Boston, contrary to regulations. In appreciation the citizens presented the company with a silver trumpet as a token of gratitude. After this fire Chelsea purchased an engine and built a firehouse in Winnisimmet Square.

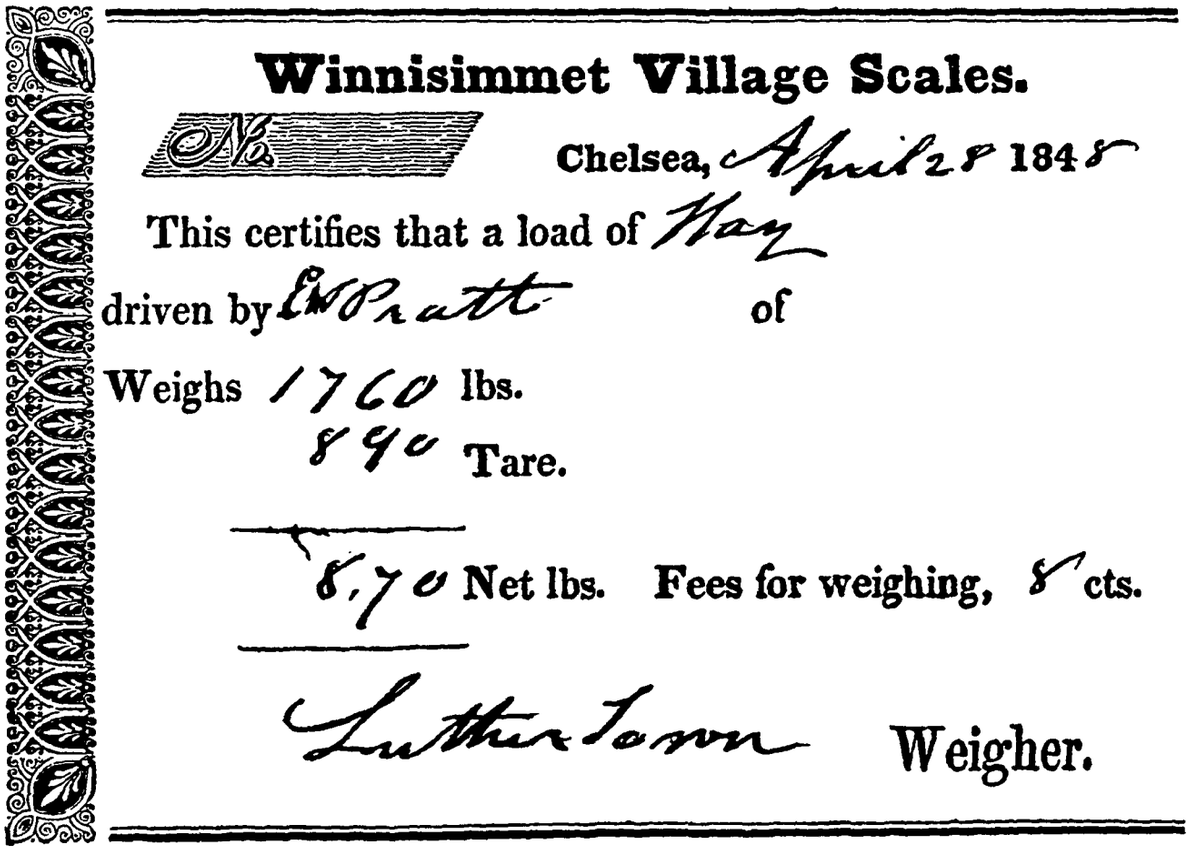
From 1831 Ferry Village grew by leaps and bounds and soon passed Pratt Village in population and within a few years equaled the Center. In 1805 a new brick school had been built at the center, but in 1833 a schoolhouse was built at Ferry Village near the corner of Chestnut Street and Washington Avenue.

John Low and Benjamin Shurtleff were elected constables, and in 1847 the town engaged a night watchman, his pay being forty dollars a year. In 1842 the village had twelve street lamps at corners of the streets, thirteen

more were added in 1849, and in 1850 there were, all told, fifty lamps cared for.

In 1831 Chelsea relinquished all claims to the county buildings belonging to Suffolk County — in 1821 an act having been passed freeing Chelsea from any taxation for county purposes.

In 1835 the Town House was built and the people of



Ferry Village asked that it be located about one-fourth of a mile nearer the ferry, but they were refused. Before long, however, the residents of Ferry Village had a majority of votes and ordered the meetings to be held in the Hall of the India Rubber Factory, located on Walnut near Malden Street. Later the town voted $3000 to build a new Town House. The building cost $3036, for which the committee asked the indulgence of the town.

The people of the Center could not adjust themselves to the new condition of things and petitioned the legislature to be set off as a separate town. The petition was granted and on March 19, 1846, what had been Rumney Marsh and Pullen Point were set off from Chelsea as North Chelsea, taking with them practically everything of the old Chelsea but the town records.

In 1852 a charter was granted the Chelsea Gas Company to lay pipes in the streets of the town. The first sewer had been built in 1846, and the first edgestone was set on Winnisimmet Street in 1850.

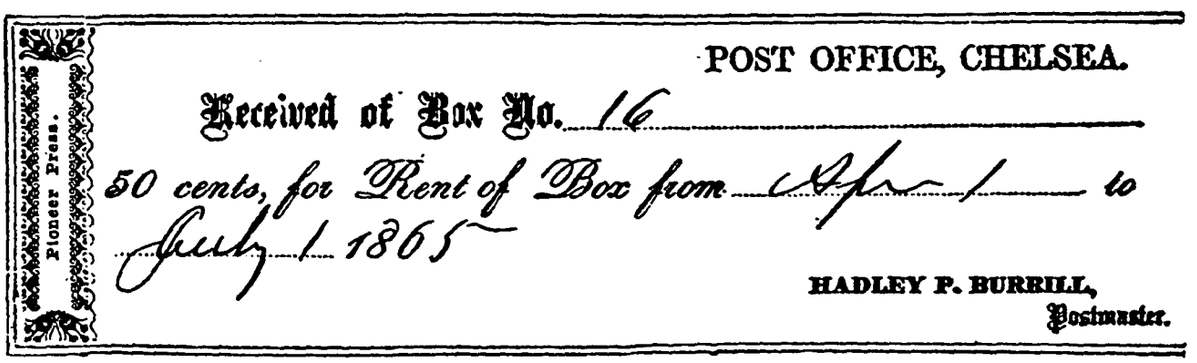
In 1863 the Chelsea Library Association made over its list of one thousand books to the city, but due to the Civil War it was not until January 1870 that the Library was thrown open to the public. It was located in Green's Block and started with about 3000 books.

In 1867 negotiations were commenced with the Mystic Water Board of Charlestown for a supply of water. Water was first let into the pipes 21 November, 1867, and allowed to pour out of the fountain in the square before an assemblage of thousands of people.

In 1854, there occurred an uprising against the foreign element and the Catholic Church. A society was formed, known as the "Knownothings," whose principle was to drive out the foreigner and discourage his coming. A prominent agitator in this society went by the name of "Angel Gabriel." On Sunday, May 7th, he blew his horn in Chelsea Square and in a short time a large crowd collected, all in sympathy with the agitator. Led by "Gabriel" they proceeded to the Catholic Church, located on Cottage Street. What their intentions were it is not known. The crowd broke windows

and pulled down the cross from its position on the front peak of the gabled roof. The selectmen swore in fifty special police, called out the militia and by prompt action prevented a serious riot and loss to the town.

In April 1854 a charter for a Five Cents Savings Bank was granted Hosea Ilsley, Francis B. Fay, and Henry Slade. It commenced operations in a room at the Town House, July 5, 1854, with 600 depositors, and the whole amount deposited was $20,000.


POST OFFICE, CHELSEA.

Received of Box No. 16

50 cents, for Rent of Box from Apr 1 to July 1 1865

HADLEY P. BURRILL,
Postmaster.

Pioneer Press.

For many years Chelsea was a residential village and town. It was the express desire of the earliest residents that it should remain a city of homes. The change from a residential city was slow but sure. *Hayward's Gazette* of 1847 says: "Neat and commodious steamboats are continually running across from Boston, making the Winnisimmet of the Indians the Hoboken of Boston."

In 1847 there was a printing office, an extensive iron foundry, a laundry, steam saw mill, planing and turning establishment, and a blacksmith shop — but outside of Ferry Village the inhabitants were generally engaged in agricultural pursuits. Its rich soil and climate tempered by the salt breezes from the water almost surrounding it, offered an attractive dwelling place for the pioneer farmers and his successors.

The Post Office at Chelsea was established July 6, 1832, by Postmaster-General Amos Kendall. It became a station of Boston, July 1, 1873. The first postmaster was Horatio Alger, father of the author; the post office was located at Fenno's Corner, now Revere.

In February 1849 the Grand Junction Railroad was granted a charter to run from East Boston through Chelsea to Boston.

CHELSEA IN THE CIVIL WAR

On the 12th of April 1861 when the first gun for the rebellion was discharged on Fort Sumter, it dispelled the fears of the timid and inspired the loyal — sympathies were melted into one grand resolve to maintain the Union and crush the rebellion.

When President Lincoln's proclamation of seventy-five thousand men was issued, followed by that of Governor Andrew, the Chelsea Light Infantry began to make preparations to answer when called. The call came the 19th of April to march that afternoon. The company commander did not feel there was sufficient time to get his company ready and so reported to the Adjutant General. The company was at once disbanded, and an officer sent to take over the arms. At this point Lieut. Sumner Carruth announced his determination to organize a new company. Most of the men agreed to follow him. This was at 3 P.M., and at nine o'clock the new company moved out escorted by Mayor Frank B. Fay and many citizens. This originated the Chelsea Volunteers, Company H, First Massachusetts Regiment, being the first company in the



SAYING FAREWELL 19 APRIL 1861

COMPANY H OF CHELSEA WAS THE FIRST COMPANY IN MASSACHUSETTS TO VOLUNTEER AND TO BE MUSTERED INTO THE UNITED STATES SERVICE FOR THREE YEARS IN THE CIVIL WAR

state to be mustered into the United States service for three years. July 16th they made a part of the forward movement which resulted in the disaster at Bull Run. They gained the reputation of being a fighting company, being engaged in many battles in some of which they lost heavily. Lieut. Carruth returned to Chelsea the Colonel of the 35th Regiment.

During the Civil War, Chelsea furnished 2108 men and 80 commissioned officers. A remarkable showing for a town of 13,395 with a voting list of but 1500.

Chelsea paid during the War for recruiting purposes $182,297, and for military incidentals $14,657, a total of $196,954; to this must be added $104,662 paid out in the form of aid to soldiers' families.

Mayor Frank B. Fay was made a member of the Sanitary Commission and spent most of his time during the War at the front caring for the sick and wounded, acquiring for himself a national reputation for his philanthropy and patriotic services.

CHAPTER XVIII

The Chelsea Schools

One of the first subjects that received attention of the Puritan colonies was a public school system that would at least provide a rudimentary education to all children. As early as 1647 laws were enacted requiring each and every town that had increased to fifty householders to appoint one to teach all children to read and write, and when the number of families multiplied to one hundred a grammar school must be set up.

Children in Rumney Marsh were entitled to free education, but it was not until 1708–09, upon the motion and request of sundry inhabitants, that the selectmen arranged with Mr. Thomas Cheever to undertake and attend the keeping of a school at his house, four days in a week, weekly for one year, an account to be rendered to the selectmen once every quarter of the number of children or scholars belonging and who do duly attend; he to be allowed and paid out of the Town Treasury at the rate of twenty pounds a year for his services. Thomas Cheever kept the job until August 10, 1719, although in October 1715 he was settled as pastor of the church then gathered at Rumney Marsh.

The first grammar school was started between 1709 and 1739. It was near the center in a building owned by private parties. In 1749 there was a schoolhouse in Winnisimmet, and the one in Rumney Marsh was moved

to the schoolhouse near the church. In 1749, April 10th, Samuel Pratt reported he had engaged Mr. Rand to keep the town school for six months, at forty pounds per quarter and his board. (The price of education had already started up.) School to be opened at the schoolhouse in Winnisimmet and continued for the time being.

5 April 1790 it was voted not to allow Pratt neighborhood to join Winnisimmet with their appropriation of money for schooling. May 10th it was voted to let the Pratt neighborhood join Winnisimmet with their proportion of school money, but they must build a schoolhouse at their own expense.

As late as June 1805 it was voted that the town did not consider themselves holding any right in the Winnisimmet and Pratt neighborhood schoolhouse. It was also voted that no child under six be allowed to attend school while under the instruction of a man; that no boy over nine be allowed to attend school while under the instruction of a woman. In 1833 the town was divided into three districts for school purposes: the Ferry district, the Center district, and the Point district (Winthrop). The first school in present Chelsea was near the corner of Chestnut Street and Washington Avenue. In 1840 this house was moved to Central Avenue, and used until 1860. From this time on the development of the Chelsea school system would fill altogether too many pages. In 1872 the Bellingham High School was built. It was the last thing in schools of that day and was described as an ornament to the city, both exteriorly and internally. It even had a laboratory and study rooms, with shutters so arranged as to enable one to exclude the light from the room for spectroscope experiments or camera

study. There was a hall on the third floor for gymnastics, military drill and singing.

Styles in buildings change as rapidly as do women's clothes. It was my misfortune to attend this school, and an uglier or more uncomfortable building I never expect to see. The school system of Chelsea was brought to a very high grade between the years 1880 and 1910. Graduates of this high school, especially under Principal Hill, entered most colleges without further examinations. After the fire Chelsea grouped the burned schools in two groups, each covering two city blocks, and renamed one " The Williams School " and the other " The Shurtleff School," after two of the Bellingham farms.

The first school that was built in 1833 at the corner of Chestnut Street and Washington Avenue was moved in 1840 to Central Avenue, opposite the Garden Cemetery, where it remained until 1861, when it was sold to Michael Hurley, and disappeared.

The second schoolhouse was erected on Shawmut Street in 1845, and was moved to the corner of Shurtleff and Middlesex Streets, and thence to Walnut Street in 1855. In 1857 it was enlarged by adding one room to its length, and thus enlarged was occupied until 1860, when in order to make room for the Williams Schoolhouse it was moved to the corner of Walnut and Fifth Streets; and later in the same year was cut in two, one half going to Bellingham Street, the other to Forsyth Street, between the engine house and Washington Avenue, where it remained in service until the Carter Schoolhouse was built in 1868. It was then sold to Hon. Frank B. Fay and removed to the corner of Hawthorn Street and Congress Avenue where it remained until 1900.

Thousands passed and repassed, without giving it a thought or a glance in later years, and yet in this insignificant structure hundreds of ambitious boys and girls had secured the education that had made them successful men and women.

In 1900 Mr. and Mrs. Fay presented it to the Daughters of the Revolution, who received permission to move it to the rear of the Carter schoolyard, where it could be preserved as a typical schoolhouse of the olden times, and a forceful reminder of the great changes that have taken place.

CHAPTER XIX

The Cary Improvement and Other Land Companies

With the increased growth of population from 1830 came great activity in the sale of land. In 1831 Francis B. Fay and others, acting for the proposed Winnisimmet Company which received a charter March 27, 1833, purchased the Williams farm of about one hundred and thirty acres. The farm and ferry together cost $22,500 with an additional $5000 to the City of Boston for a release of claim made to landing in Boston. In 1835 the same company purchased the Shurtleff farm consisting of two hundred and twenty acres. In 1831 the first plan of the Winnisimmet Company was laid out by Alexander Wadsworth. A second plan was made in 1836 by Alonzo Lewis. In 1846 J. H. Shearer made a third plan.

The Cary farm was the largest and most favorably situated of the Bellingham farms. Fairly divided into upland and meadow, it was the most productive. Unlike many of the great Chelsea farms, it was occupied in earlier and later days by its proprietors. Four generations of Carys were born and lived on it. May 1852 Captain Samuel Cary's heirs sold all but about one acre and the house for $150,000 to the Cary Improvement Company — about 300 acres. No mill rights were conveyed. These rights dated from 5 May 1722 and

were purchased from Thomas Pratt. In February 1795 Samuel Cary, Joseph Cheever, Edward Pratt, Caleb Pratt, Caleb Pratt Jr., Samuel Pratt, and Joshua Cheever petitioned the General Court to be incorporated to build a dike across Mill River. They claimed to be owners of upward of seventy acres of salt marsh, which land was subject to tidewater and of little value, but could be made valuable property if the dike was constructed.

29 April 1819 Sarah Cary of Chelsea quitclaimed to the Town of Chelsea for $412 her right to erect a mill and keep the meadows flooded.

The Cary Improvement Company incorporated and added to its purchase of the Cary farm other lands: all the land east of Broadway and north of the railroad, excepting a few small parcels; also westerly of Broadway following the railroad, Washington Avenue.

In May 1854 Caleb Pratt and John Cheever started a company to develop Sagamore Hill in Pratt Village. John Low laid it out and his map reads: " Plan of Green Mount Village in Chelsea and Malden " (this name was shortly changed to Mount Washington). This map shows thirteen houses in Prattville; Warren Street, now Nichols, ran only to Franklin Street; Freemont Avenue was called Green Mount Avenue; Eustice and Harvard Streets are not even laid out on the map. The years from 1830 to 1861 were busy ones in the development in Chelsea, but with the Civil War it naturally came to an end for the time being.

The opening of the new Highland Park Hotel 10 July 1873 was celebrated by a dinner at which upwards of 500 persons sat down to the good things provided,

and discussed the improvements and distribution of lands to take place thereafter, for which the Cary Improvement Company had made extensive arrangements. The Chelsea brass band discoursed excellent music. The " Roast Beef " call was sounded by cornet, and the great assemblage invested the tables set in the spacious dining hall the entire length of the building. Prayer was offered by Rev. I. P. Langworthy.

A. P. Blake, agent of the Improvement Company, made an interesting speech concerning railroads, hotels, and sales, and was followed by Hon. E. C. Fitz who remarked that, that Indian must have been a stupid fellow who sold the hill beneath their feet for a horn full of powder. Mayor Ferson, President Dillingham, Rev. Mr. Foster, Rev. I. P. Langworthy, Rev. Mr. Green, and Rev. Mr. Gurney were also speakers. Salutes of artillery were given from the summit of old Powderhorn while the guests adjourned and the auctioneers drove off to the sale, followed by crowds of bidders.

CHAPTER XX

Chelsea the Summer Resort

Chelsea for many years and until after the Civil War was a summer resort for Boston people. Governor Bellingham who had a substantial residence in Bowdoin Square, Boston, built what is now the Cary House for a summer home. The Highland Park House at the eastern end and near the top of Powderhorn Hill compared favorably in size and architecture to the big hotels of the period at Saratoga, and Manhattan Beach. Here people from Boston and many parts of the country spent the summer. By an act of legislature in 1889 this hotel was made into the "Soldiers Home in Massachusetts."

My grandfather Merriam lived in West Chester Park, Boston. He had a manufacturing plant in Chelsea, and about 1850 built a house on Williams Street because he loved the country. My mother used to tell me how when but a little girl she could see from their cupola, way off to the north, a big house nestling among the trees, and how she resolved that some day she would go exploring and find it. One morning very early she started. She walked out Washington Avenue and into the country and on to Prattville, and there found the house. She wished to go beyond to the top of the hill but was stopped by a big red gate just beyond the house, on what is now Franklin Street. My mother little real-

ized that this gate would, before long, be open to her and that the hill would become a favorite ride on horseback with my father for her companion. The house that from a distance so interested and appealed to my mother was strangely enough the home of my grandfather Caleb Pratt.

Later Otis Merriam retired from business and wishing more land and a larger house, purchased of Caleb Pratt several acres on the southwesterly slope of Mount Washington on the Malden, now Everett, side of the hill. Here he lived the life of a country gentleman. His home, greatly changed, is at this writing the Whidden Memorial Hospital of Everett. Otis Merriam loved his family, his friends, and his horses. Here he entertained with a lavish hand until financial reverses caused by the aftermath of the Civil War compelled him to again become active in business.

Among his frequent guests at the Mount Washington home were Benjamin P. Shillaber whose nom de plume was "Mrs. Partington" and Samuel F. Smith the author of "America."

In my mother's autograph album I find the two little poems printed below. They are in the handwriting of the two famous men and were presumably composed, at a time when they were houseguests, for the daughter of their host:

"Firm trust in God, a conscience clear,
A heart resigned and dutiful,
Make Heaven a sphere more sure and near,
And Earth a world more beautiful.

April 30th, 1869. B. P. Shillaber."

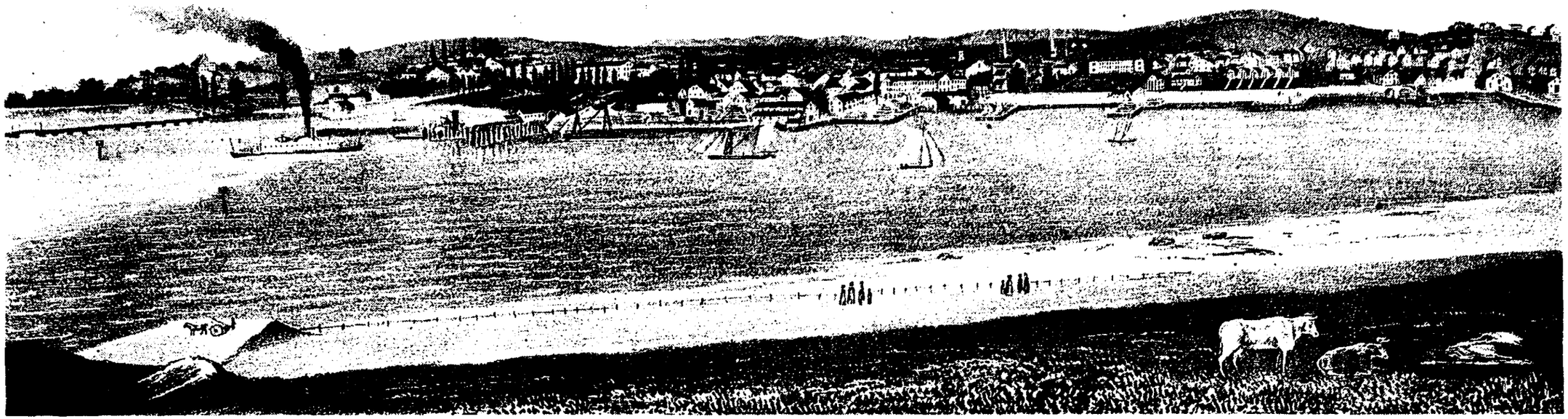
" Symbol of innocence, — the earth
Rests 'neath her robe of white, —
Symbol of joy — the brilliant sun
Pours forth his morning light —

" The charm of purity and truth
Be to thy young life given;
And then the light of perfect joy
The endless life of Heaven.

S. F. Smith.
A Sunny Morning after
a Snow Storm. Jan. 7, 1867."

Mrs. Merriam was a Lamont of Bath, Maine; a granddaughter of Colonel John Lamont, one of six sons who served with distinction in the American Revolution. Her father, Captain Samuel Lamont, was engaged in the West Indian trade and his life and memoirs, form the last and most interesting as well as exciting chapter. Otis Merriam's mother was Patty Lawrence, a daughter of Amos Lawrence of Groton. With family connections, ample income and a beautiful estate — also a cordial and hospitable personality, it is little wonder that interesting men and women were constantly to be found at the Merriam home.

Examine closely the picture of Chelsea from East Boston published by Benjamin Rivers about 1848, you will see the steam ferry boat " Winnisimmet," the old Inn to the left, the naval hospital, three church spires, a beautiful rolling country in the background, sandy beaches on both sides of the water, and in between sail boats; while at anchor is a man-of-war, which may have



FERRY VILLAGE, CHELSEA IN 1848 TAKEN FROM NODDLES ISLAND

been the " Constitution." This was Ferry Village with approximately 5000 inhabitants, although it is hard to locate all their homes. In 1831 Chelsea had but 771 people, about twenty of whom lived at Ferry Village. The steam ferry made and then ruined Chelsea as a summer resort. It jumped the population in two years to 300; in five to 650; by ten years it had grown to 1714; and in fifteen, after setting off North Chelsea with its 700 as a separate town, there was a population of 4523.

If one looks closely he will see in this same picture of Ferry Village six houses in a row, all very much alike. This was called " Sea Captains Row." They were set up high facing the sea, with nicely kept terraces running down to Marginal Street. These stately old houses still remain, but their grandeur is gone, although the tall Grecian columns lend them dignity in old age. These houses are all that remain to remind one of a popular shore resort, one hundred years ago. On the beach where some of Boston's favored children used to play, manufacturing concerns now stand. Factory whistles disturb the quiet, chimneys belch black smoke that tell a tale of industry, but of ruin to a residential district. Many a tale these old houses could tell if houses talked. Some of the richest men in Salem and Boston in 1840 were sea captains. They took Medford rum, beads, and trinkets around the Horn and traded with the Indians in Oregon and Washington for furs; and then went on to China and the East Indies, where they exchanged the furs for silks and needed things at home. A single voyage sometimes netted a fortune. It was no uncommon thing to net one to two hundred thousand dollars. From these old houses many a wife and Captain's family

waited "for their ship to come in." Only the skeletons of these places now remain; the same old "sea-turns" drift in; the same east wind; the same old moon shines down — but everything else is different.

The water-front became too valuable for residences and little by little was converted to manufacturing and shipping; the ferry dumped the crowded North-end of Boston into Chelsea. In 1848 there were 5000 inhabitants, but in 1857 the town had over 12,000, and became a city. At first the newcomers were substantial citizens, but as the immigrants took possession of Salem and Hanover Streets in Boston so did the overflow change conditions in Chelsea. Old residents built new homes on the sides of Mount Bellingham, in Caryville, on the south side of Powderhorn Hill, and finally in Prattville. Two of Chelsea's leading citizens (it is best not to mention names) did much to develop slum conditions in the new city by building ugly, long, low-priced brick blocks on narrow streets with the narrowest of alleys and yards at the rear, and nothing whatever of space in front. The front wall flush with the line of the diminutive houselot; the front door pushed up in a recess let into the front. Mean houses, mean in looks and mean in substance; meaner houses were never offered, probably, for human habitation in any urban community. The streets where these factory-like settlements sprang up were on the salt marsh that had been retrieved from the sea by building the Island Creek dam and dike.

They were always sagging into the ooze only partially fortified by ashes and like materials of the dump. It was in this region and from one of the ever smouldering dumps that the fire of 1908 started and wiped out those

original nest eggs of overcrowded Chelsea. Grasping and unscrupulous avarice found a pretty village and turned it into city slums. Where once on a summer day cattle could be seen standing knee-deep in the shining tide overflowing the broad creek, as in one of Pierce's pastoral pictures, now flourishes the greatest rag market of the United States.

Chelsea's green hills in the early days ran down into the salt water and were divided by stone walls, overgrown with barberry bushes; with here and there a great elm or a Lombardy poplar, or a huge clump of weeping willows, as a landmark. On and between the gentle hills, composing the town, were hawthorn hedges which blossomed white in spring and in fall had red berries. No wonder that in these days Chelsea was the resort of Boston, as Prides Crossing and Manchester-by-the-Sea are to-day.

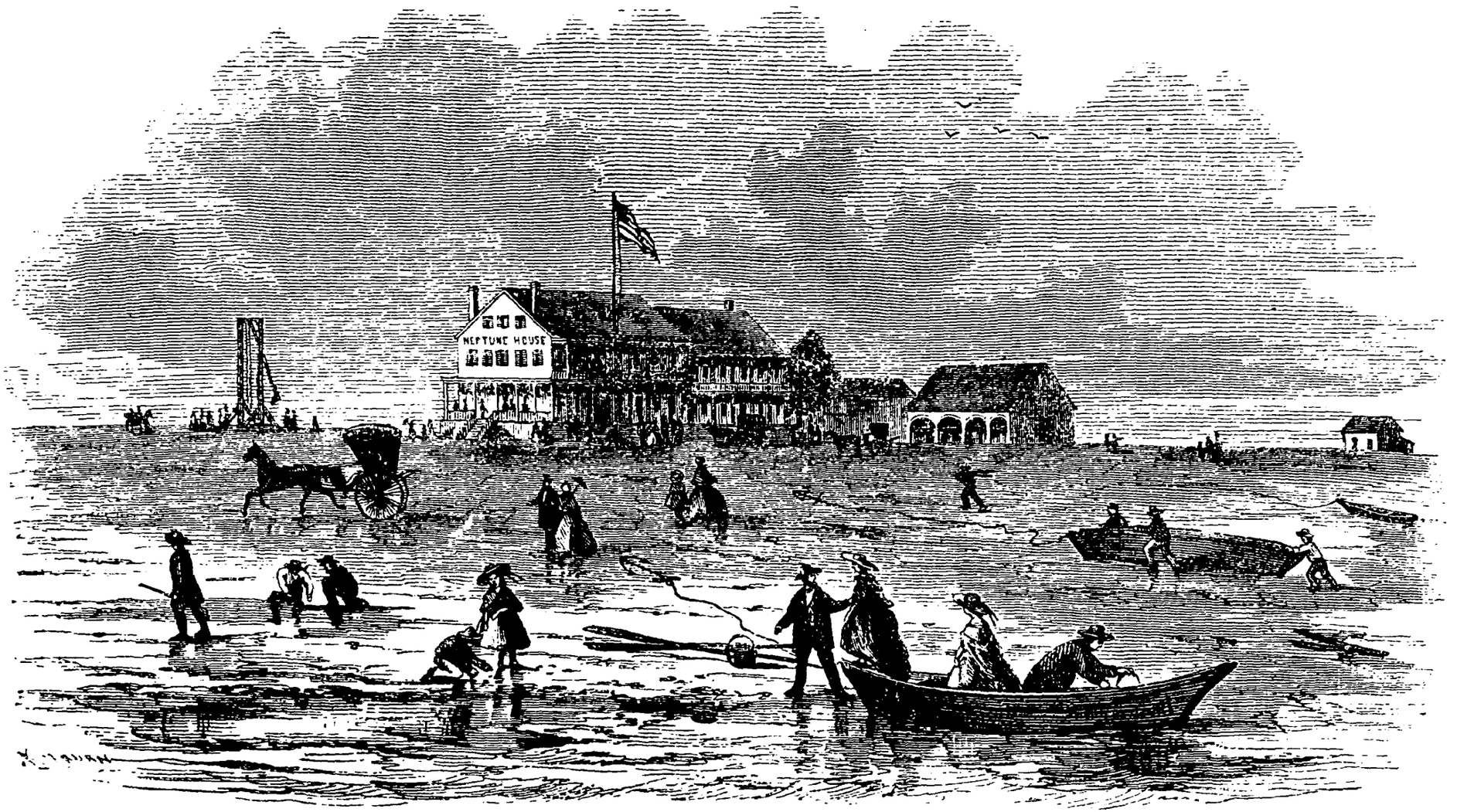
Business, bringing its congestion of population, pushed on like time and tide — from the ferry up Winnisimmet Street to the square, then along Hawthorn Street and Everett Avenue and finally Broadway to Bellingham. Gradually, very gradually, those who wanted quiet and country packed up and went away; but for every one who went, two arrived. The migration started in the eighties and the fire of 1908 completed it, nearly if not entirely. Many of the old residents had no intention of moving. They lost their homes in the fire, the strongest tie left, took the insurance and departed. The new population will stay. The city sooner or later will again become a part of Boston. It is to every one's advantage to have it so. This, time will prove.

THE CHELSEA BEACHES

Chelsea Beach became Crescent Beach and finally Revere Beach. Three miles of beautiful hard sand with no one to enjoy it, has become a playground for three hundred thousand people, on pleasant Sundays in summer. Back when Chelsea was a summer resort, there were just the Neptune House and the Robinson Crusoe House, both catering to the most discriminating class of people. Then came the Surfside Hotel and less imposing and particular hotels. Finally bath houses appeared close to the water's edge. These were followed by swings and flying horses, until when the State took the beach over in 1893 it was in deplorable condition. Nearly the whole shore was occupied by the cheapest kind of shanties, used for undesirable purposes, which attracted a rough and disorderly element.

The State Commission moved back the Narrow Gauge Railroad, built a boulevard where it had been, tore down every building between it and the water, and extended the boulevard in one direction to Lynn and in the other through Prattville to Malden.

This beach was less than three miles from Prattville, a favorite drive or even walk before it became crowded and unattractive; after that we would drive to the Point-of-Pines over a very sandy road, at times hidden from the sea by piles of stones or sand dunes. Here was the Hotel Goodwood and about 1886 the Hotel Pines, truly a wonderful structure, both in general design and details, enormous in size, with a tremendous piazza on all four sides ten feet above the ground. Never have I seen quite its equal. Though close to the sea, there were



NEPTUNE HOUSE, CHELSEA, NOW REVERE BEACH

clumps of pines and small oaks with intervening lawns to contrast with the long stretches of beach. Under the trees were tables and seats, with thousands of flowers all about. At night hundreds of colored gaslights made it all into a fairy land, with the Salem cadet band playing as the cool east wind came in from the sea. Oh! why did dear old Point-of-Pines have to go?

The Taft Hotel at Point Shirley gained an almost national reputation among connoisseurs of good food and wine. Mr. Taft, his son and grandchildren were life-long residents of Chelsea.

Ocean Spray and Winthrop Beach, and that part of Revere now known as Beachmont, were popular summer resorts in earlier days.

CHAPTER XXI

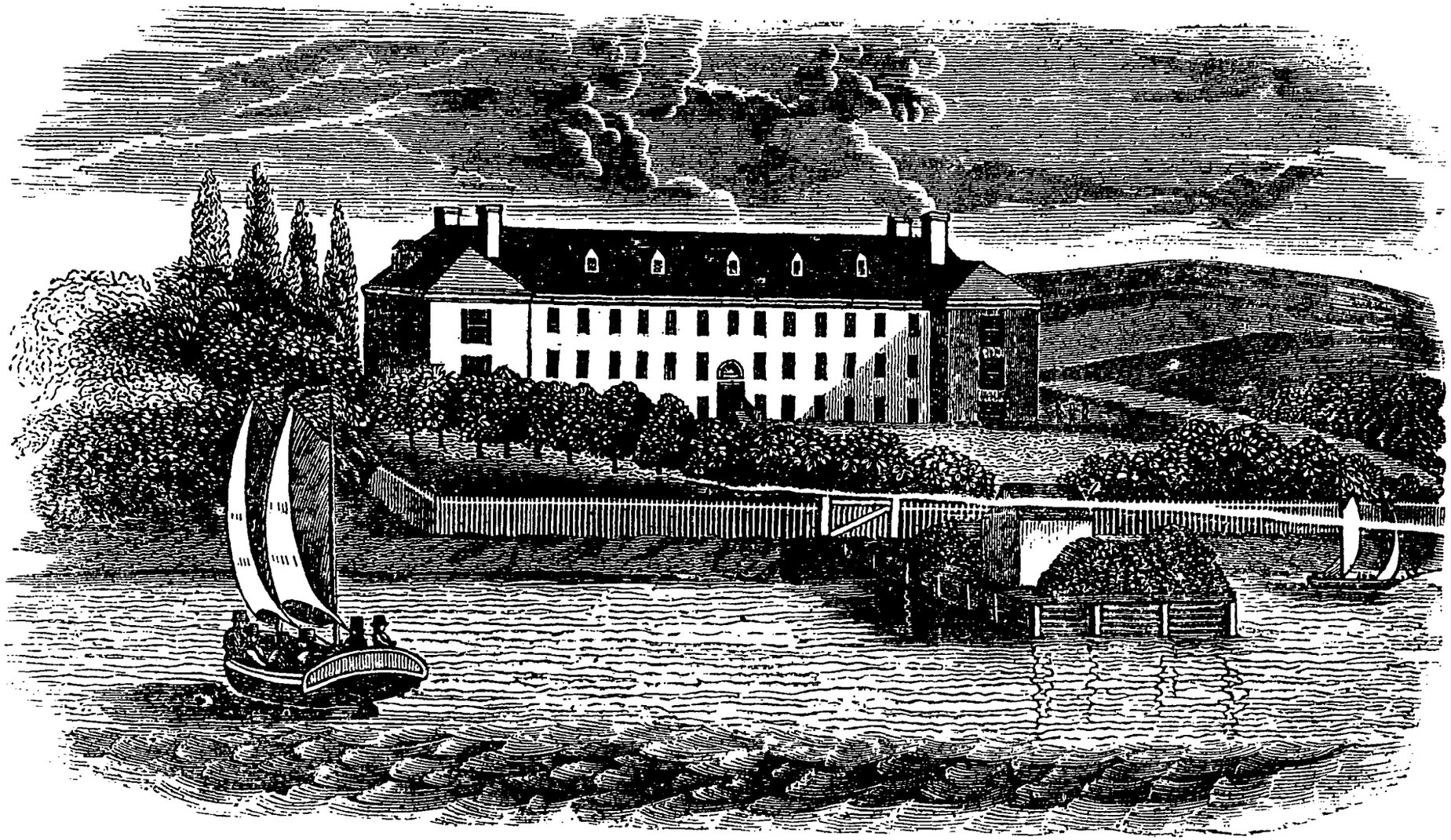
United States Naval and Merchant Marine Hospitals

Congress passed an act July 16, 1798, making provision for temporary relief of sick and disabled seamen. At first the money was raised by a tax of twenty-five cents a month on each man's wages, but this part of the law was later repealed and the expense defrayed out of the national treasury.

In 1826 the State ceded to the Government about ten acres of land between the creek and Park Street, and a line from the angle of Park and Hawthorn Streets to Marginal, Pearl and Shurtleff Streets. On this land was built the Stone Marine Hospital which was abandoned and sold to the city 18 May 1857, together with 50,000 feet of land. The building was used for many years afterward as a school and was called the Hawthorn School.

On 28 February 1828 the State ceded to the United States land lying northerly of Broadway and bordering on the Mystic River, about seventy-five acres. On this land was built the Naval Hospital, and when the old Marine Hospital was sold to the city the Government built a new one on the present site, at the head of Chestnut Street facing Broadway.

The original Naval Hospital was built near the water, at the foot of the hill; the new one completed shortly



United States Merchant Marine Hospital 1827, Chelsea Creek With Sail Ferry-Boat, Mount Bellingham in Background

before the World War is on the crest of the hill, from which point the women and children of Winnisimmet watched the battle of Bunker Hill. This position was occupied by part of the left wing of Washington's army during the siege of Boston, and the first ferry landed in front of the old Naval Hospital which is now used as a nurses' home.

In the picture of the old Marine Hospital will be seen the Sail Ferry. First the ferry had only row boats then both sail and row boats and after 1831 only steam boats.

Dr. Charles Stedman was surgeon and medical director from 1837 to 1844. Augustus Dawley lived opposite the hospital on Shurtleff Street. One of the naval officers fell in love with his daughter and the wedding was the greatest social event held in that village up to that time. There were many guests; the Admiral and his staff attended in full dress uniforms and three boatloads of musicians came over from the Navy Yard. The band from the ship of the line, " Ohio " lay off shore in boats, under the light of a full moon; the music was enjoyed by all the people of the village, from the hill overlooking the harbor. About 11 o'clock the boats left and went to Taft's Tavern, where refreshments were served the musicians and the sailors.

Gasper Golderman, a Swiss who lived near the Dawley's on Pearl Street, opened his fine gardens and his conservatory, the only one in town, to the wedding guests.

CHAPTER XXII

Chelsea Journalism

On Saturday, 17 November 1838, Abel Bowen issued the first number of the *Winnisimmet Chronicle,* the first newspaper to be published in Chelsea. It was a four-page paper, 6 x 9½ inches in size, price 6 cents per copy. The second copy did not come out until December 26, 1840, two years and one month later. This copy contained really the first directory of Chelsea, about two hundred and fifty names and addresses. In 1847 its name was changed to *Winnisimmet Chronicle and Chelsea Advertiser.* In 1857 it became the *Chelsea Herald* and was purchased by Hollis and Haskell.

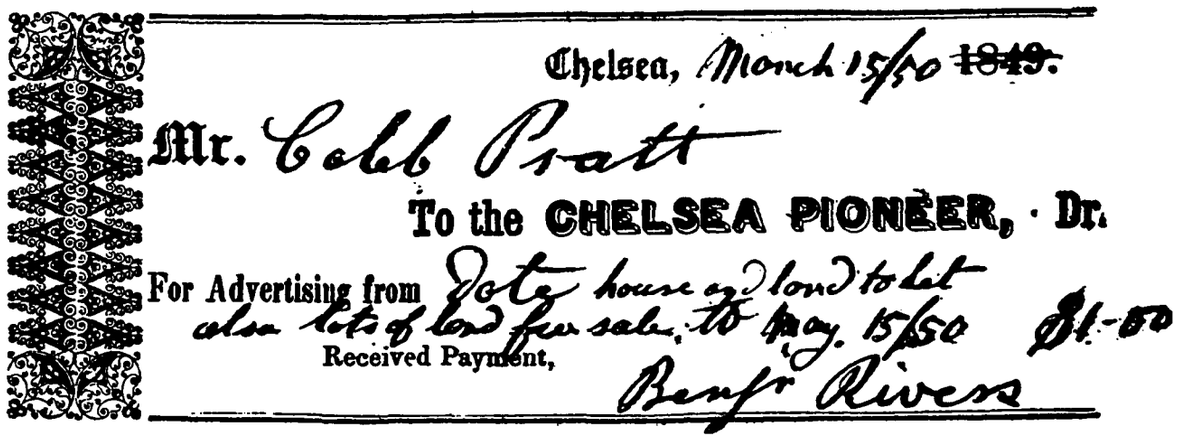
In 1843 the *Chelsea Record and Temperance Advocate* started but ran only a few months.

In 1845 Benjamin Rivers started the *Winnisimmet Pioneer,* size 9 x 12. Rivers published in 1847 the first directory of the Town of Chelsea. He seems to have been a man of considerable enterprise, for in 1848 he published a picture of Chelsea from East Boston, about two by three feet in size, a few copies of which are still to be seen. In his directory he styles himself " counselor and agent for the purchase and sale of real estate, Winnisimmet Street, near the ferry." His paper survived for many years.

Rivers enlarged the *Pioneer* to 12½ x 19½, in 1847, and issued it semi-weekly. In 1854 it was united with the

Chelsea Telegraph, a paper a year old, and became known as the *Telegraph and Pioneer,* the publisher and editor being W. E. P. Haskell. March 24, 1855, it passed into the possession of Henry Mason, long a resident of Chelsea, an able writer and a man of wide experience in journalism, and until then publisher of the *American Cabinet* of Boston.

The plant was located at 47 Winnisimmet Street until 1861; then at 132, where it remained until 1896. At the close of the Civil War the firm became H. Mason and


Chelsea, March 15/50 ~~1849.~~

Mr. Cobb Pratt

To the CHELSEA PIONEER, Dr.

For Advertising from July house & land to Let also lots of land for sale. to May. 15/50 $1.-50

Received Payment,

Benjr Rivers

Son. Henry Mason Sr. died in 1874; his son in 1895. The paper was continued by Julia C. Mason, a daughter of Henry Mason Sr., as proprietor and publisher, with Herbert F. Jenkins of the *Boston Herald* as manager. The size of the paper was changed in 1897 and the plant was moved to 18 Fourth Street. In 1898 A. S. Arthur succeeded Mr. Jenkins as editor and manager. After an existence of nearly seventy years, the *Telegraph and Pioneer* went out of business.

Abel Bowen in 1848 started a new paper named the *Village Guide,* but it had but a brief life. In the same year the *Chelsea Union* started which ran successfully for several years.

In 1853, S. T. Damon published a paper called the *Chelsea Advertiser.*

In 1857, the *Chelsea Citizen* was started by Graham & Coulliard, who later prefixed the title *Suffolk Democrat* which put it out of business in a few months.

In 1863 Coulliard started the *Bulletin* which lasted less than a year.

The *Chelsea Pioneer* had a clear field until 1869 when Hovey Brothers began the *Mystic Press,* but after two years gave it up.

April 20, 1872, Gilman and Bassett began the publication of the *Chelsea Public.* In the fifth year Gilman withdrew, and a year later it was suspended and later published for a short time as the *Chelsea News.*

In 1874 a coarse, scurrilous and wretchedly printed sheet called the *Little Giant* flourished for a short period of time.

The *Leader,* a Democratic paper, started in the early 80's and was an active partisan sheet for several years.

The *Chelsea Gazette* was established in 1886 by Arthur B. and Henry L. Champlin, the first issue appearing on April 3rd. The paper achieved popularity from the first. While controlled by its founders, Arthur B. Champlin became mayor of Chelsea and subsequently state senator, both of which facts gave it prestige. On July 13, 1896, it was sold to George J. and William Olcott and John L. Wright — three energetic, able and popular men, and the *Gazette* became an influence for good in the community. On November 14, 1906, it came into the possession of Hon. John E. Beck, mayor of Chelsea in 1908, in which year the plant was completely destroyed by the fire but it did not lose an edition, and

has continued to this date to be a force for the best interest of Chelsea.

The *Chelsea Evening Record* was established in 1890, and some years later was purchased by S. H. Robie, who is its present editor and proprietor, as well as one of the leading and most respected citizens of Chelsea.

The *Catholic Citizen* started 5 September 1888, and under the editorship of Tom Punch has had a successful career. His " Basement Club," a column published each week, for subtle wit and irony has never been equaled in Chelsea publications.

The *Free Lance,* a syndicated, humorous sheet with local news on the alternate sheets, was issued weekly for several years in the 90's.

CHAPTER XXIII

The Great Fire of 1908

The Chelsea fire started near the Everett line a little before eleven o'clock, Palm Sunday morning, 12 April 1908, and before it was out had swept the center of the city, covering a space a mile and a half long and three-quarters of a mile wide. It destroyed practically all the business section, most of the municipal buildings, twenty-eight hundred and twenty-two other buildings, and made seventeen thousand four hundred and fifty people homeless.

It burned thirteen churches, eight schools, twenty-three oil tanks, the City Hall, Frost Hospital, Board of Health Building, the Young Men's Christian Association, United States Post Office, four newspaper plants, Masonic Temple, three fine bank buildings, two fire stations, and over three thousand shade trees. Ruined miles of granite curbing. Over seven hundred business firms and professional men were burned out; included fifty grocery stores, twenty-nine barber shops, twenty-eight doctors, twenty-eight tailors and dressmakers, twenty-one real estate offices, seventeen insurance offices, thirteen apothecaries and twelve bakers.

It is the third largest fire in point of area in the history of this country. The insurance loss was $8,846,879. The taxable value of property destroyed was $12,450,-000, and other personal property brought it up to $20,-000,000.

The fire travelled more rapidly than any other of the large fires. It reached its most distant point in five hours, and inside of ten all of the buildings burned were totally destroyed. Eighteen bodies were recovered and others perished it is known. Over three hundred injured were treated at the hospitals. Forty million gallons of water were used in Chelsea April 12th against the average consumption of three; so it cost $1,600 in water to put the fire out.

The origin of the fire is not known. It started in a building just off Summer Street. It may have started from sparks from a dump to the windward. At all events, the flames were first seen licking up the roof. Immediately upon his arrival, Fire Chief Spencer ordered a second alarm sounded as a matter of precaution, owing to the high wind. The firemen did good work and soon had the initial blaze well in check. Soon after the second alarm was sounded the firemen and spectators were astonished to see the three-story rag shop of T. Lewitzky & Son, fully two blocks away, burst into flames. It was this fire that doomed Chelsea, for sparks from it started fires in several directions.

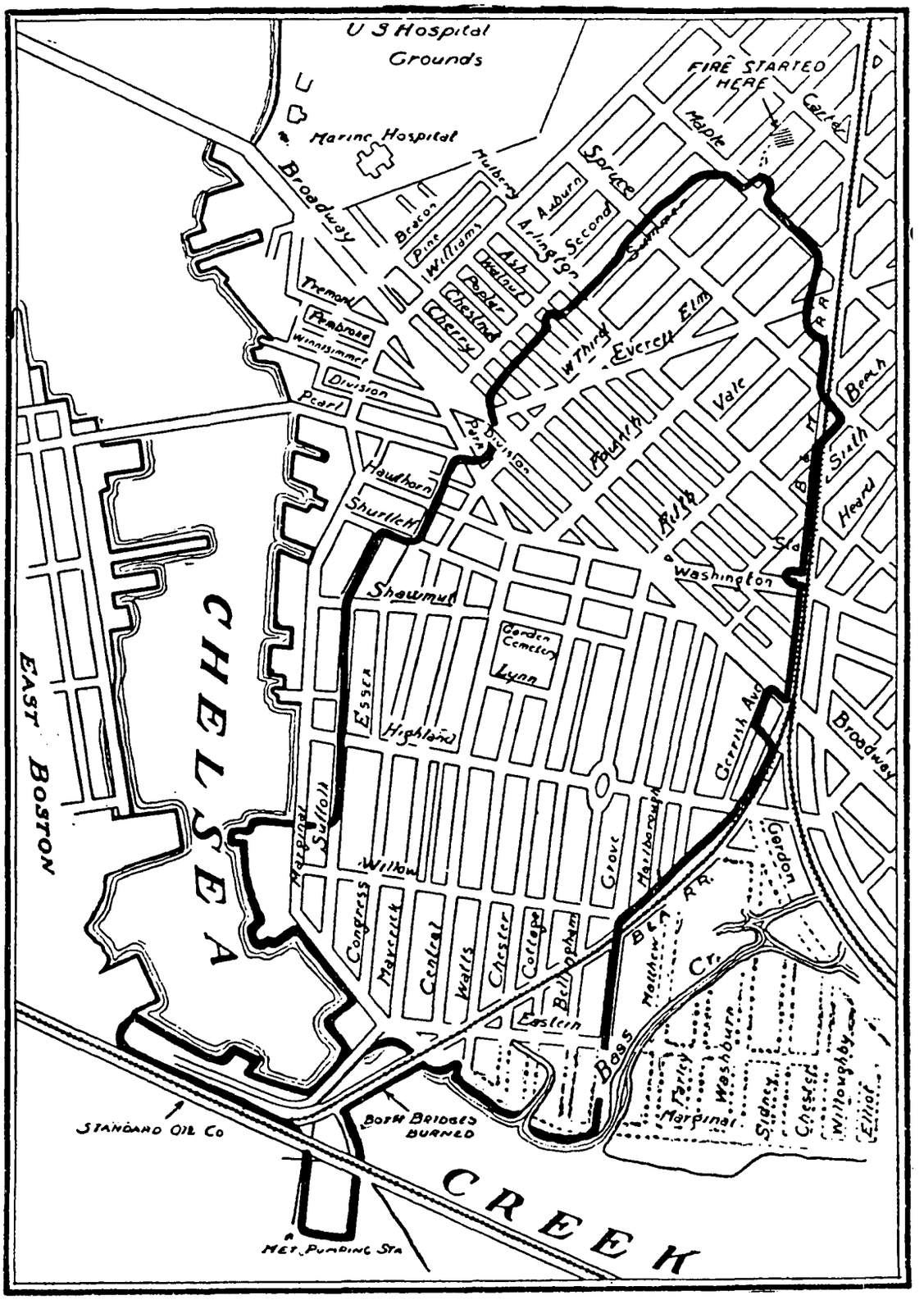
Opposite Lewitzky's factory was the tar paper factory of Chapin & Sawdin. The fierce heat from the tar paper drove the firemen back. A shed containing a large quantity of gasoline near by soon caught fire and blew up, setting fire to houses in the vicinity, mostly old wooden ones, and gave the fire much impetus and spread it out diagonally in a fan shape across the wind. When it reached Everett Avenue and Fourth Street and set fire to the Perkins hay sheds, it looked as if nothing would save the Standard Oil plant. The Malden fire-

men arrived and did save it, however, and probably saved all of Caryville by doing so.

As it was, the fire did not cross the tracks until an hour later, and then there was enough apparatus to extinguish it. After once getting hold of the little buildings on Maple Street the flames almost simultaneously laid relentless hold of wooden buildings on all the surrounding streets. It raced down Summer, West Third, and Elm Streets to Arlington Street, burning everything on Spruce Street and Everett Avenue. From the moment the fire crossed Arlington Street there was no formidable stand made against it; it spread so rapidly under the impulse of the gale and stretched out over so long a front, backed by acres of lurid flames.

Not till it passed Arlington Street did people have any apprehension that it would not be stopped at this line, where the houses were of substantial brick construction. Ash Street, next to Arlington, was soon blazing, spreading the fire towards the railroad tracks in one direction, and Second Street in the other. The people on Walnut Street, next beyond, began moving out; soon Union Park, near by, was filled with household goods. Women with babies in their arms stood huddled in the smoke; old men stood guard over the few things they had saved, and crying children hunted in vain for their parents. All the section about Walnut Street was inhabited by poor people with large families. Jews predominated, but all nations were represented. Many could not speak English, and panic seized all.

It seemed as if every one tried to save a mattress, which would become ignited and add to the volume of the flames. The yards and open spaces were strewn with



MAP SHOWING AREA BURNED OVER IN THE FIRE OF 1908

bedding and other inflammable material, which assisted in spreading the fire. Trunks and other heavy things were dropped from upper windows, regardless of those beneath. In some cases men and women fought as to what they should save, while their houses burned. One man loaded a team with old junk; some women cried and refused to look at the flames, others were hysterical and looked and laughed. Many Jewish women carried live hens in their arms. All fled toward the park, but this haven of refuge was only temporary, for soon the suffocating smoke drove them out, and later the flames destroyed most of the property laboriously removed from the houses. From here people dragging little ones or some articles of furniture made for the railroad station, with the flames in close pursuit.

While the human beings were having such a hard time of it, dogs and cats were also suffering. Looking into Walnut Street one dog was seen rushing madly about; when last seen it was headed into the flames. On many streets dogs, cats, and hens were found after the fire burned to death. Many horses also perished. Two thousand cats were burned to death. Cats are devoted to their homes; dogs are more devoted to their masters, whom they followed, and few perished.

From Walnut Street the fire leaped across Fifth and entered the windows of the new Jewish Synagogue and literally lapped it up. Then hurled itself against the imposing brick walls of the Central Congregational Church at the corner of Fifth and Walnut Streets. This church was one of the largest in the city, yet the flames took but a few moments to go from the basement up through the immense auditorium into the tower.

While these buildings were burning the fire had destroyed on the other side of the city and at intermediate places the African Methodist Church, two Jewish Synagogues, one on Walnut Street and one on Fourth Street, the Williams School, the Universalist Church and the Polish Church on Chestnut Street, and was headed straight for Broadway.

The Universalist Church caught first in the steeple, as did most of the churches. It burned very slowly, but finally the great golden cross fell with a crash into Fourth Street. The deacons had saved the communion service and had loaded a team with other church property, including valuable books and documents. On top of these they piled many pew cushions — a fatal error. The cushions caught fire before they had been taken two blocks and were instrumental in setting fire to several wooden houses in the vicinity of Chestnut Street and Washington Avenue.

The wife of Dr. J. B. Fenwick of Chestnut Street lost her life in the fire, together with her niece, Mrs. Walter C. Barnes of New York, and Elvina Boyn, Mrs. Fenwick's maid. Mrs. Fenwick was prominent in Chelsea, a member of the School Board, and active in the Woman's Club. It is not known how the women met their death, but it is believed they left the house by the rear door, as the street in front was thick with smoke and flying firebrands. They may have first turned up Cherry Street, a narrow street which ran past the rear of their house, and been stopped by the falling tower of the Polish Church. This would have caused them to return towards Fourth Street. At about this time Granite Block on Broadway, directly back of which their bodies

were found, was dynamited in an attempt to check the conflagration, and the women probably took shelter in the porch of the building where their bodies were found, and were overcome by smoke.

Dr. George Fenwick, the son, saw them on the second floor of his home. As he was going to his room on the third floor, Mrs. Barnes handed him a wet towel to put over his face. The house had not caught fire, but the windows were cracked and broken by the heat from the fires across the street, and the building was full of smoke. He was not in his room over five minutes collecting his valuables; when he returned downstairs the women had left. After making sure of this fact he made a dash down the street. Here he met his father, who had previously gone out with things of value. As the women left before young Dr. Fenwick, both men supposed they were safe. The bodies were not found for four days.

On Chestnut Street, not far from the Fenwicks, lived Miss Ellen M. Stone, the missionary who was captured by Macedonian brigands and held for a large ransom. Her home contained many valuable books. Miss Stone was away over Sunday. Her brother, knowing that she was out of town, secured a horse and wagon and drove to the house to save whatever might be possible. The doors were locked, and while he was battering one in the structure caught fire. When the door finally yielded the interior was ablaze, and nothing could be saved.

Every one seemed sure that the fire would be stopped at Broadway. The buildings were substantial structures built of stone and brick. No one even then judged rightly the havoc which must ensue before the fury would abate. The local militia (the Fifth Company,



THE BURNING OF CHELSEA, 1908, FROM POWDERHORN HILL

Coast Artillery Corps) had been summoned, and the militiamen had donned their service uniforms and overcoats, leaving in their lockers their civilian clothes, watches, and money. Hardly had they been assigned to their posts before Broadway was threatened, and soon their new $100,000 Armory became a volcano of flame as the element of destruction spread on. It first reached Broadway between Third and Fourth Streets. Here a heavy battery of engines was assembled to prevent its crossing, but the efforts of man and the floods of water were of no avail; the fire was beyond human control.

Up to now the flames had rushed through the tenement district, but when it passed Chestnut Street it entered the business center. Before the fire had even reached Chestnut and Fifth Streets awnings in Bassett Square, two and three blocks away, caught fire. The fire reached Bellingham Station about two o'clock. The sight from here, looking down Broadway and Hawthorn Street, was beyond description. The fire fairly lay across the streets in a cyclonic whirl of flame.

The new six-story Young Men's Christian Association Building caught in the upper story and then all over; hose was burned at this point as fast as laid. An electric car of the Boston and Northen Railroad stopped on Broadway below Bellingham, by the shutting off of the power, was pushed over the bridge by a hundred men. East of Broadway lay blocks of substantial residences. The flames were gnawing up structures on Hawthorn Street, and the Unitarian Church and Newspaper Row on Fourth Street were quickly burned. The fury of the spreading flames was indescribable. There would be no sign of fire in a building, when it would seem to

fairly burst into flames and simply melt away. One large double house, timed, took eight minutes to burn from the moment the flames were seen until the building was a mass of ruins.

All this time people were fleeing from the fire, many moving things to what they considered a place of safety, only to be obliged to move them again and eventually have them burned. Many people who lived east of Broadway went out to see the fire before it had crossed that thoroughfare, only to return and find their homes either on fire or already destroyed. No one seemed to realize how fast the fire was travelling except those who fought it. If people had heeded first warnings of the soldiers and police, many could have saved something; but they waited, not wishing to appear timid, and afraid of ridicule if they started too soon. In the face of the great battle they had to fight, firemen and police could not heed the frantic appeals of women to save furniture.

It was no uncommon sight to see white-faced women walking aimlessly along the street, heedless of where they were going, yet carrying a frying pan or tin dipper. One man rushed into his house, at the risk of his own life, to save the family cat. After carrying it a block the cat scratched itself free and dashed back into its burning home. Hundreds of people saved canary birds. One woman, remembering that she had left a pocketbook on her dining-room table, rushed back and grabbed what she thought was her pocketbook, but when several blocks away she found in her excitement she had taken a piece of cut glass. Another woman ordered out of her house by a militiaman would not go until she had first filled her teakettle with water. Some went tem-

porarily insane. On the Washington Avenue bridge a man stood for hours making appeals for volunteers to fight the fire; his coat was off and his hair was mussed. People paid no heed to his frantic gestures. Another man committed suicide by shooting himself near Union Park. Some lost the power of speech.

One woman lugged a marble clock under one arm and a dog under the other for three-quarters of a mile. The dog couldn't walk when set down. Many people saved things of little value and left things impossible to replace. One man carried twenty-two pieces of cut glass loose in a sheet thrown over his shoulder, for a mile through all the excitement, and not one piece was smashed. A fireman entered Freeman's drug store while it was burning and, taking the reflection of himself in the long mirror at the end of the store for another fireman, walked into the glass. Two men trying to save an upright piano gave it up when the cloth in the back caught fire, opened the lid and played, " There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night," while the buildings all about burned.

The railroad tracks which passed through this part of the city had been considered an eyesore. They were the means, however, of saving the northern part of the city, the best residential section. When the fire started up Mount Bellingham, hurried calls were made for ambulances to take patients out of the Frost Hospital. The doctors and nurses showed great heroism. But for their running into the street and hailing automobiles and teams in the vicinity none would have been saved. As it was, before the last patient was out the roof was blazing. The children at the day nursery had been taken

care of and were housed at the home of Mr. Jesse Knowlton, on Powderhorn Hill.

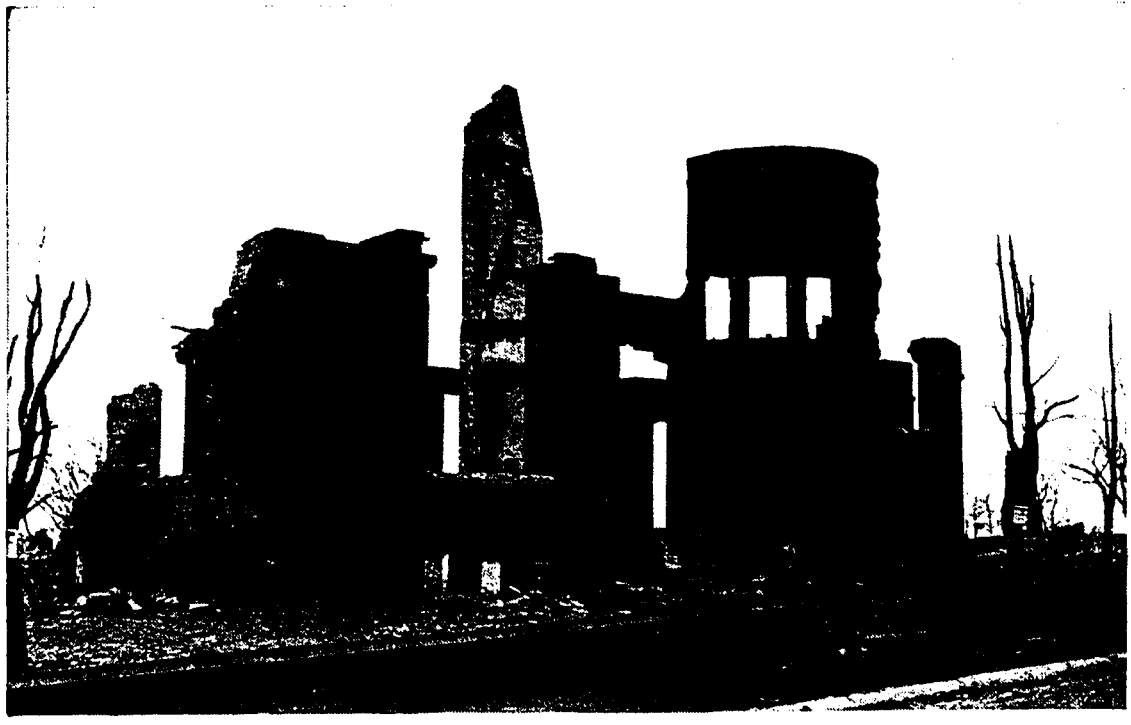
The City Hall did not last long after the flames took their first mouthful. The city treasurer, Thomas B. Frost, early recognized the peril and removed the city funds. The books were locked in the safes by the city clerk, Charles H. Reed. The beautiful Baptist Church across the street melted away before the flames in a few minutes.

Many people made a mistake by thinking they were safe in the Garden Cemetery. Those who did were surrounded on all sides by the flames. For hours they crouched behind tombs, fighting the burning embers and gasping for breath.

The flames shot up Bellingham Street, on which were many fine homes. Among them, on the very top of the hill, was the estate of ex-Mayor Thomas Strahan, filled with valuable paintings, tapestries, and art treasures collected from all parts of the world. The house was brick and stone with a slate roof and plenty of land about it. It seemed as if it could be saved. The view from the tower of the Strahan house can never be forgotten. As far as one could see a seething mass of flame, like a tidal wave, was rolling up the hill. So fast had the fire approached that the Lynn engine, stationed halfway up, was unable to get away. The firemen did not abandon it until their faces were burned and their hair singed, and it was with difficulty that they were able to save their lives, as the fire completely surrounded them.

At this time the fire had already passed the Strahan house in the valley to the left, and the Highland School, halfway up the hill on that side, was in flames. Great





RESIDENCE OF EX-MAYOR STRAHAN BEFORE AND AFTER THE FIRE OF 1908

pieces of burning wood came into the tower and the wind was so strong that it was hard to stand against it. So fascinating was the sight that it was not until the Strahan barn, a few feet away, burst into flames, that the writer descended from the tower to help the Strahans escape; they, like too many others, had waited too long in hopes their home would be saved. With the help of the servants we carried out several blankets filled with clothing, silver and jewelry.

We fled down the hill in the direction of Orient Heights. Hundreds were going the same way; poor and rich were on equal terms. The wind blew with such force that women were blown into fences and trees or lost their balance and fell. Great pieces of furniture went bounding end over end down the hill, blown by the wind. Horses were running away, and the scene was one of terrifying confusion. Escape was possible only by enduring the hostile breath of the flames, running, tripping over abandoned furniture in the blinding, sickening smoke, toward the marshes to the northeast; there, although safe from flames, the refugees suffered from the hailstorm of stones and showers of blazing embers that fell upon them, burning holes in their clothes and starting grass fires in every direction. The many horses set loose on the marsh endangered lives. The wails of frantic parents vainly searching for their children added to the excitement.

In the crowd racing down Mount Bellingham were many men who had assumed the duties of clearing houses of inmates, lending a hand to all the weak and faltering, until they themselves were obliged to flee for their lives. Perhaps the most touching spectacle was old people, for-

gotten by their relatives. In many cases these old women had to be carried bodily to safety, and it speaks well for the city that there were men doing this work amid the confusion and at the risk of their own lives. Men and boys, crazed by the thought of losing their homes, clambered to the roofs and tried to save them with puny buckets of water, replying to frantic warnings to escape while there was time, only with curses. The flames came down the hill like a forest fire. They were upon the people before they realized it, and when they attacked at the front door there was but one thing to do, that was to make a rush for the rear door.

In the meanwhile, on the south side of the city the fire had burned from building to building. There was no stopping it, although the firemen worked desperately. It kept on toward the water front until it reached the buildings of the Tidewater Oil Company. Here five oil tanks caught fire, exploded, and set fire to the docks along the water front; then three barges loaded with oil a little farther on caught fire and spread to the Ellis yard, where more oil was stored. The fireboats came as near as they dared and poured streams of water on the flames, but it was like trying to check a volcanic eruption.

The two bridges to East Boston next fell and cut off this means of escape, and thus a Boston engine was burned and a boy lost his life. Near the bridges were many yachts, that of Mr. Seaver being worth $50,000. This and other vessels were burnt. One broke away from its moorings and drifted to the East Boston shore, setting fire to the Standard Oil Works. This was about four o'clock, but from the time the fire began to spread

into the east side of Chelsea, East Boston was in peril from the shower of sparks and burning brands which the high wind swept over its roofs.

Despite the desperate efforts of the many engines the flames spread to a one-story brick building, containing three hundred barrels of oil, and soon four other buildings of the plant were burning. Next the great oil tanks went up, the flames shooting several hundred feet into the air and sending skyward great clouds of flame and thick, black smoke. This swept down the harbor, across the bay, and out to sea, continuing to do so for two days and two nights. Reports from Scituate, Cohasset, and other places showed that showers of embers dropped from the clouds, and in places good-sized pieces of burnt shingles were picked up. Grass fires were started in Nantasket and Winthrop. The glare from the fire in the evening was seen from Portland, Maine.

Meanwhile about fifty houses in East Boston had their roofs damaged. These fires mark the extreme limit of the flames in this direction. Although much credit is due the firemen, they were helped by the fact that the velocity of the wind began to decrease about the time the oil works caught fire.

While this contest was being waged, another army of firemen was struggling on the north. About two o'clock the Armory burned; and when it was all ablaze, a quantity of ammunition stored in the building exploded with a tremendous report. Tons of burning wood were shot across the street and into the adjoining buildings.

The Public Library across the street, a gift to the city from the Hon. Eustis C. Fitz, containing over eighty thousand volumes and many historical records

and relics, caught and burned without an attempt being made to save it or its contents.

The Convent and Parochial School caught from the Armory. The twenty-eight sisters made a hasty departure. Next went Saint Rose Catholic Church. Beyond this was the railroad track, and here a determined stand was made. Thousands of people lined the opposite side of the track, and water was played on most of the buildings. Soon after the Catholic Church commenced to burn the Melrose fire department crossed the track with a line of hose and climbed the steep bank just in the rear of the church, which was like a flaming furnace. Hardly had they got the water on when the roof fell. The heat was so terrific the firemen dropped flat on their faces with their hands under their bodies. Even then they were more or less burned about the neck and ears.

By six o'clock the firemen were keeping the fire confined to the buildings already burned on the south. On the north they had succeeded in preventing its crossing the railroad tracks, and on the east and west it had burned itself out; while in East Boston the firemen seemed to be holding their own. It was not until one o'clock in the morning, however, that Commissioner Parker announced that all danger of its further spreading had passed.

On the south of the city firemen were stubbornly fighting to save Winnisimmet Square. The flames, upon spreading along Everett Avenue, had made away with the Chelsea Trust Company Building on the corner of Everett Avenue and Broadway. They then reached out to the other corner and caught on every

floor of the building. Across the street was the Post Office and this was doomed, but at the Park Hotel the flames were checked.

As night approached the problem of protecting the seventeen thousand refugees and their goods confronted those in authority. It was realized that it was too great for the local company and the detail from the Marine Corps to handle. The State was called upon for more military assistance, and eight companies of the Coast Artillery, four of the Fifth Infantry, six of the Eighth Infantry, and four of the First Corps of Cadets were rushed to the scene, making twelve hundred troops on duty before morning. At ten-thirty the city was declared under martial law. No one was allowed in or out until morning. Seven hundred tents and seven hundred and fifty blankets were ordered down from the barracks at South Framingham. A special train brought them through in record time. All trains on the Boston and Maine and all electric cars on the Boston and Northern and the Boston Elevated had been stopped. The Chelsea Ferry was commanded to cease its trips and a cordon of soldiers was thrown entirely about the city. At the principal approaches it is estimated one hundred thousand curious people were turned back. The telephone exchange had been burned and the service was useless. Early in the day the electric power plant was shut down to prevent death by live wires. The streets outside the burned district would have been dark, but for the glow which was reflected from the sky, and the moon which dimly beamed through the pall of smoke.

At the Court House, where scores of injured were taken in ambulances, doctors and nurses, under charge

of Dr. J. A. Johnson, worked as best they could by the light of lanterns. In the court room were homeless women huddled in gray despairing heaps on hard benches. At the back of the room rows of rubber-coated men leaned back on benches, their inflamed eyes completely hidden by squares of soft absorbent cotton soaked with ointments, which showed up with startling effect against their blackened faces. In the center of the room, under the sickly ray of a red lantern was the big court table piled high with thick square loaves of bread, big four-gallon cans of milk, and a fifty-gallon can of coffee. At either end of this table were well-dressed women, their faces pale and haggard, some cutting slices of bread and others pouring coffee. Men ate in huge gulps and drank from thick white mugs and quart dippers, then rushed out to the fire, taking handfuls of food to those who could not leave their engines.

All night long ambulances dashed from the ruins to the United States Naval Hospital and the United States Marine and Soldiers' Home Hospitals, and but for the unflagging efforts of hospital sergeants, doctors, and nurses many more lives would have been lost.

Mayor Beck, who had lost his home and his newspaper plant, did what he could and it was nearly morning when he lay down on a policeman's cot at the station, completely exhausted, for a few hours' sleep. Many policemen on duty lost their homes, but stuck to their posts, although they did not know where their wives and families were.

About midnight a gang of men started to clear the street railway tracks on Broadway and Everett Avenue, which are the outlets from Boston to the northern sub-

urbs. In places they were piled several feet high with bricks, granite blocks, and other debris. The rails themselves had been twisted and bent into all conceivable shapes by the heat. The trolley wires and poles were down. In spite of miles of track thus destroyed the company ran cars through the city the second day.

Through orders of Henry Mitchell, chairman of the School Committee, the doors of the High School on Crescent Avenue had been thrown open early in the day to women and children who were wandering aimlessly about the streets and parks. The corridors were now filled to overflowing with sobbing women, little children, and a few old men. Husbands and brothers were out hunting for relatives, directing people to shelter, or helping in some other way. Few men slept during that night. Hundreds had their eyes so badly burned and inflamed by the smoke and heat that they were in great pain. The High School could hold only a limited number. It was pitiful to see women and children huddled together for warmth in little groups along the railroad tracks, in the parks, or side streets. Thousands flocked to Powderhorn Hill and spent the night sobbing out some story of woe to any bystander who might seem at all interested.

During the evening a citizens' meeting was held in the High School, which was attended by many prominent men. A Relief Committee was formed to care for the destitute and needy. Wm. E. McClintock, chairman of the State Highway Commission, was chosen chairman; City Treasurer Thomas B. Frost, treasurer, and Benjamin P. Nichols, secretary.

As the sky grew light and the morning mist cleared

away, it disclosed a vast expanse of smoking ruins. The night had passed, and what a night! — filled with vivid, awful memories of the dead and injured, the homeless and destitute. The great blackened tract over which the fire had swept — which only the day before had been covered with dwellings, stores, and public buildings — was deserted save for soldiers, and here and there little groups of firemen, tired and worn-out, but still working. As it grew lighter more people appeared. On the playground to the west soldiers were pitching tents for the homeless. As far as one could see lay nothing but a barren waste, with here and there the ragged walls of a church or school standing out against the sky like the ruins of some old castle.

On the sides of Bellingham Hill, with the exception of the walls of the Highland School, nothing remained. Far off in the distance towards the west stood the ruins of the Frank B. Fay School. Broadway had been partly cleared during the night and was passable. The other streets were piled with debris. The telephone, electric light, and street railway wires were in a tangled mass all over the city. By noon the telephone people had six lines operating for official business. A line of hose had been kept playing on the vaults of the County Savings Bank all night, and about ten o'clock they were opened. A great cloud of smoke poured out, but the contents were intact, giving confidence to the other bank officials that their securities were safe, which later proved true. To the southeast the huge oil tanks still belched forth clouds of smoke and flame, showing that here the fight was not yet over.

The granite curbs that edged the streets were crum-

bled into little piles of sand and gravel. In the entire area there was not enough inflammable material to kindle a kitchen fire. So intense and searching had been the heat, that the telegraph poles in places were burned four feet into the ground. Nowhere were there any ashes, they had all gone with the gale. It was the most complete sweep that could be imagined; hardly a brick wall stood, save those of public buildings. The sight was like nothing so much as the skeleton of Pompeii, with the great smoke clouds of the oil tanks to represent Vesuvius. The cellars were often filled with glowing coals; here and there a darting flame and drifts of black smoke.

The horror of the devastation thrilled the tingling nerves, and it all seemed like a dream until a sharp "Halt! Who's there?" from a guard brought back the reality of the thing. With the dawn the people of Chelsea got their first glimpse of the burnt area, and began to realize what the fire had accomplished. The work of over one hundred years had been destroyed in a few hours. In every direction were the skeletons of what had been beautiful shade trees that it had taken God fifty years to grow.

CHAPTER XXIV

The Reconstruction Period

Keep the Commission

Chelsea had a fire,
The date was nineteen eight;
It burned so many buildings
That many met their fate.

The loss was in the millions;
The injured, many score;
Thousands were made homeless,
And it inconvenienced more.

The " know it alls " assembled
Before they went to bed
Cremated — they asserted,
In place of being dead.

They did not know the spirit
That existed in the town,
They simply made assertions
Because it had burned down.

The city has recovered;
It's richer than before,
Because the politicians
Reign supreme no more.

Queen city of this commonwealth
You'll surely earn your name,
If government by commission
Is permitted to remain.

BOARD OF CONTROL — 1908–12

In the days immediately following the great disaster all were busy caring for the homeless and the poor. A generous public poured $360,000 into Chelsea; but other problems began to confront men's minds. Amid the confusion there developed a widespread feeling that the best interests of Chelsea demanded some special body of men, with unusual powers.

This demand for a new government was no reflection upon the Mayor and the Aldermen. It arose from a conviction that a few well-paid men selected for especial fitness, giving their whole time and given unusual powers, could better deal with the problems than a large body of unpaid officials whose time must be divided between their personal business and that of the city. Mass meetings of citizens were held, virtual agreements were reached, and the Legislature acted and supplanted the Mayor and Aldermen by a Board of Control, consisting of five men. This Board, according to the act of its creation, was to be appointed by the Governor, three men for five years, one for two years, and one for one year, the latter being subject to the electorate at the end of their respective terms, and the whole Board passing out of existence at the end of five years, after serving the fifth year together with a Mayor and Board of Aldermen elected by the people in the fall of 1911,

while in the fall of 1912 the people would vote upon the question, " Shall the Chelsea Board of Control be continued? " If an affirmative vote be recorded, the Governor shall appoint a Board of Control of three members to serve respectively for one, two and three years, together with the Mayor and Board of Aldermen, elected by the people. Under this act, Governor Draper appointed William E. McClintock, Alton E. Briggs and George H. Dunham of Chelsea, A. C. Ratshesky of Boston, and Mark Wilmarth of Malden.

The Board of Control began its régime 4 June 1908. With its coming into being the Mayor, Aldermen and School Committee went out of office. Municipal elections were abolished until 1911. License was to be settled at State elections. The Commission appointed a School Committee of five members. The Commission could appoint or remove all officials, and fix all duties, powers and salaries.

The Commission could establish parks, squares and streets, or widen or discontinue streets; could establish building line and regulate height and character of buildings; could make public improvements and assess betterments.

In 1912 Chelsea was to vote on the question, " Shall the Chelsea Board of Control be continued? "

The Commission was made up of a civil engineer, a banker, a builder, an educator and a business man — all able men. With the exception of Mr. Ratshesky, who drew no salary, all devoted their entire time to the interests of Chelsea.

The first thing the Board did was to float a bond issue of $1,000,000 — one-half at 4%, and one-half at 3½% —

and furthermore made a premium of $41,831 which was applied to the sinking fund which at the maturity of the loan will amount to $307,280. With this money the Board built the Williams and the Shurtleff School groups; took the land bounded by Broadway and Washington Avenue and built upon it a replica of Independence Hall for a City Hall; erected new city stables capable of housing all the various departments, new fire houses, a new Public Library with money presented by Andrew Carnegie and put $20,000 worth of books in it; widened and straightened many streets, and planted hundreds of shade trees. These and many other things, in addition to carrying on the daily routine of the various city departments, the Commission did, and did exceedingly well. Then the people of Chelsea on election day in 1912 voted to abolish the Commission and return to the old form of government, consisting of a Mayor and Board of Aldermen.

In writing the verses named " Gratitude," published in the *Chelsea Gazette* at the time, I believed I expressed the sentiment of many of those who had the best interest of Chelsea at heart.

GRATITUDE

I came to a wonderful City Hall
Surrounded by gardens and stately walls,
With gilded dome and a lighted clock
And a park that covered a city block;
" Who built this magnificent place? " I cried,
And men in the street at once replied
The Commission.

I entered a school that was massive and fine,
The second completed by contract time,
'Twas a model to copy over the land —
Built without graft you understand;
" A splendid building this," I cried,
And a man with a uniform on replied
The Commission.

I rode over pavements delightfully smooth;
On great wide streets, with wires moved,
Lined by new buildings, trim and true
And brilliantly lighted, with system new;
" Who planned such boulevards? " I did cry,
And a voice by my side did proudly reply
The Commission.

I found the city's rating high,
Taxes lower, perhaps is why,
Assessed valuation larger each day
And the city improving in every way;
" Why, how unusual," was what I cried,
And Charlie Reed with a smile replied
The Commission.

I watched the policemen old and new,
Each on his beat for some new clew;
Inspected the fire system, fast and fleet,
Even Boston city could scarce compete;
" Who is to thank for this? " I cried,
And one of the lucky " cits " replied
The Commission.

The city I mention is filled with pride,
Her people are many, her fame is wide;
She has risen from ruins by science and art,
Proved greatness of muscle, and mind and heart;
" Who did such a wonderful job? " I cried,
And a man with his chest in the air replied
The Commission.

At last the Commission's work was done,
Their problems completed, one by one;
The election then offered the Chelsea men
Their chance to thank by a stroke of the pen:
" Who was turned down? " at night I cried,
And a gleeful " pol " at once replied
The Commission.

CHAPTER XXV

The Chelsea Flood of 1909

Chelsea is a town unique.
Constantly growing week by week,
Heat and fire, rain and flood
Have purified our City's blood.
Earnest people everywhere.
Energetic, prosperous, free from care.
Larger, better, bigger place.
Live times and business face to face.
Surrounded completely by water and hills.
Sufficient room for many mills.
Every advantage under the sun.
Exactly the same to every one.
After reading what we say
All hope to see you here some day.

Almost every one in the United States remembers the Chelsea Fire, but when I tried to give Chelsea a little publicity back in 1912, and printed up some postal cards with the above verse, my friends actually wanted to know what I meant by flood.

If the unbelievers will consult the newspaper files a few days before Christmas 1909, they will find quite as much about the flood as they do about the fire.

Here is the headline of one Boston Paper in type one inch high across the top front page:

Three Dead, Thirty-One Missing, 2,500 Homeless.
Raging Waters Tear Away Dike In Chelsea.
Great Section Flooded. People Rescued
from Second-Story Windows by Boats

Then followed in fourteen point type —

" Caught unawares by the sudden terriffic flood of water which tore great gaps in the old dike that had for sixty-five years confined the tide in the Island-End River — two thousand people were driven from their homes. Half a square mile of the thickly populated part of Chelsea was inundated.

" The breaking of the dike was caused by a seventeen-foot tide, one foot higher than the greatest tide ever recorded in Massachusetts. In 1851 a sixteen-foot tide was recorded, but the Chelsea dike withheld the rush of waters at that time."

Now the facts are that for a hundred years people in that part of Chelsea had been living in houses built on land below the sea level, and those of later generations were in ignorance of this fact. When the dike broke the ocean came rushing in via Mystic River and Island-End Creek, and continued to do so until the tide started out. The dike was soon repaired, but it took time to dry things up. This is an old story in Holland and the Mississippi Valley, but unusual in New England.

Practically all the land bounded by Williams Street, Chestnut Street, Addison Street, and the Everett line was under water at high tide before the Dam and Dike

were built. This, of course, includes the Everett Avenue Park, Union Park, Everett Avenue and the Boston & Maine tracks. A marked change was made in the aspect of Chelsea by the construction of Island-End Dam.

This territory had been among the old Chelsea marshes, without any descriptive name. It stretched from the mouth of Island-End Run, Everett, to the foot of Powderhorn Hill. Originally this marsh was intersected by several creeks which were navigable by shallow boats, and at high tide the whole was covered by water.

By act of Legislature, 1789, the proprietors of the marsh were authorized to build a dam across the Malden River above the landing place, and a dike to run from the dam across the marsh to the upland on Green's Farm, now the U. S. Naval Hospital grounds, " for the purpose of fencing out the sea from said marsh."

The water went to the tops of the mantels on the first floor of most of the houses. Of course it ruined much furniture and many fixtures, and made people generally uncomfortable, but those who had to flee from the water were back in their homes the next day.

CHAPTER XXVI

Chelsea Tercentenary

Chelsea celebrated its three hundredth anniversary of the arrival of her first settler, Samuel Maverick, during the summer of 1924. The crowning feature of the week's celebration was the big military and civic parade, held on the last day.

Thousands of people lined the streets over the entire course. National and State officials reviewed the parade, and both the visitors and the old Chelsea residents were loud in their appreciation of the historical pageant which passed before them.

The elaborate floats symbolic of the principal phases of the history of Chelsea are worthy of recording, especially in view of the fact that Chelsea's celebration was among the first of these events held.

First came a float representing Chelsea's Original Settlers, the Indians. " Open area on bank of Mystic River with wigwam from which led a narrow trail; squaw and papoose seated in front of wigwam; Indian bucks standing on rock, peering into distance."

Next was Myles Standish Trading with Chelsea Indians, 12 September, 1621. Winding Mystic between shores leading off from the distance; Standish and party in a shallop with Indian guide in bow; Indians on shore.

Then the coming of Samuel Maverick, 1624. Mave-

rick being received on bank of Mystic by Indians; background of woodland.

The next float represented Chelsea Ferry, the oldest in United States. Established in 1631 by Thomas Williams. A flat-bottomed punt, containing passengers and propelled by stern oarsmen, landing at pier in Naval Hospital grounds, with Charlestown in background.

Then followed Chelsea a Town, 11 January, 1739. Chelsea's old meeting-house with people wending their way to same. After which the Battle of Chelsea, 27 May, 1775, was depicted; Noddle and Hog Islands in background; river scene with two-masted schooner and sloop being towed by barges filled with marines, to escape attack from Chelsea shore by armed soldiers; sails of schooner riddled and torn; mast of sloop shot in center, flames bursting from cannons in portholes and over side of schooner.

The next float pictured General Washington's Visit to the Pratt House, July 1775. Pratt House on hill facing County Road, oldest house in Massachusetts Bay Colony; Washington and staff at gate received by Thomas Pratt and sons.

Then Abraham Lincoln's Visit to Chelsea, 17 September, 1848. Exterior of Cary House which Lincoln visited after addressing meeting in Haskell Hall.

Chelsea a City 1857 followed. Interior scene; several city fathers seated at council table.

Then soldiers of the Civil War bidding good-bye to wives in Chelsea Square.

The next float depicted the opening of Soldiers Home on top of Powderhorn Hill, formerly the Highland

Park Hotel, in 1882. Then came the Spanish War, Roosevelt in the background, and the Chelsea Company leaving for the War.

Then was recorded the Chelsea Fire, Sunday, 12 April, 1908. Background, city in flames; woman with two children fleeing from fire.

Next came the Chelsea Flood, Sunday 26 December, 1909. Water, tops of houses; woman with two children trudging through snow.

Then President Taft's Visit to Chelsea, 19 September, 1912. Taft speaking in front of State Armory; and finally the World War battlefield scene with dead soldiers on ground which was strewn with helmets, trappings, etc.

CHAPTER XXVII

Official Seals of Chelsea, Revere, Winthrop, Boston, and Malden

The seal of Chelsea is rich in design and suggests important events in its history. The seal is based upon the old State seal of Massachusetts, with an Indian standing between two wigwams and holding in his right hand a bow. This signifies peace. If pictured as holding his weapon in his left hand, the significance would be war.

The background of the seal shows a waterway, in which are seen a steamboat and a small sloop. These two boats represent the Winnisimmet ferry at different periods. Surrounding the whole is a circle that informs us that Chelsea was settled as Winnisimmet Village in 1630, became the town of Chelsea in 1739, and a city in 1857. As a matter of fact, Chelsea was settled in 1624; Judge Mellen Chamberlain made that discovery among the State archives long after the seal was in use.

Revere's seal is chiefly a large shield on which is shown the figure of a man riding a white horse by night. This is a representation of the historic ride of Paul Revere, for whom the town was named. The dates on the shield tell that Revere was part of Chelsea in 1738, was incorporated as North Chelsea in 1848, and incorporated as Revere in 1871.

The Winthrop seal shows the first church and the first school built in that section, and in the upper part is a

plow to indicate that the district was a farming section. In the foreground is a sailboat indicating that it is a seashore town. The town was incorporated in 1852.

Boston's seal was adopted in 1823. It gives a view of the city in outline. Above the sketch of the city, represented as on a hill, is the legend " Sicut patribus, sit Deus nobis," which translated is " As God was with our fathers, so may He be with us." Other inscriptions in



Latin give the date of the settlement of Boston as 1630, and its establishment as a city in 1822.

The seal of Malden was designed after that of Maldon, England, showing an encircled shield bearing three lions, " passant recordant," with a crest showing an open Bible. The words " Mystic Side " hint of the geographic situation of the Massachusetts Malden; and the information is given that Malden was settled in 1640, became a town in 1649, and a city in 1882.

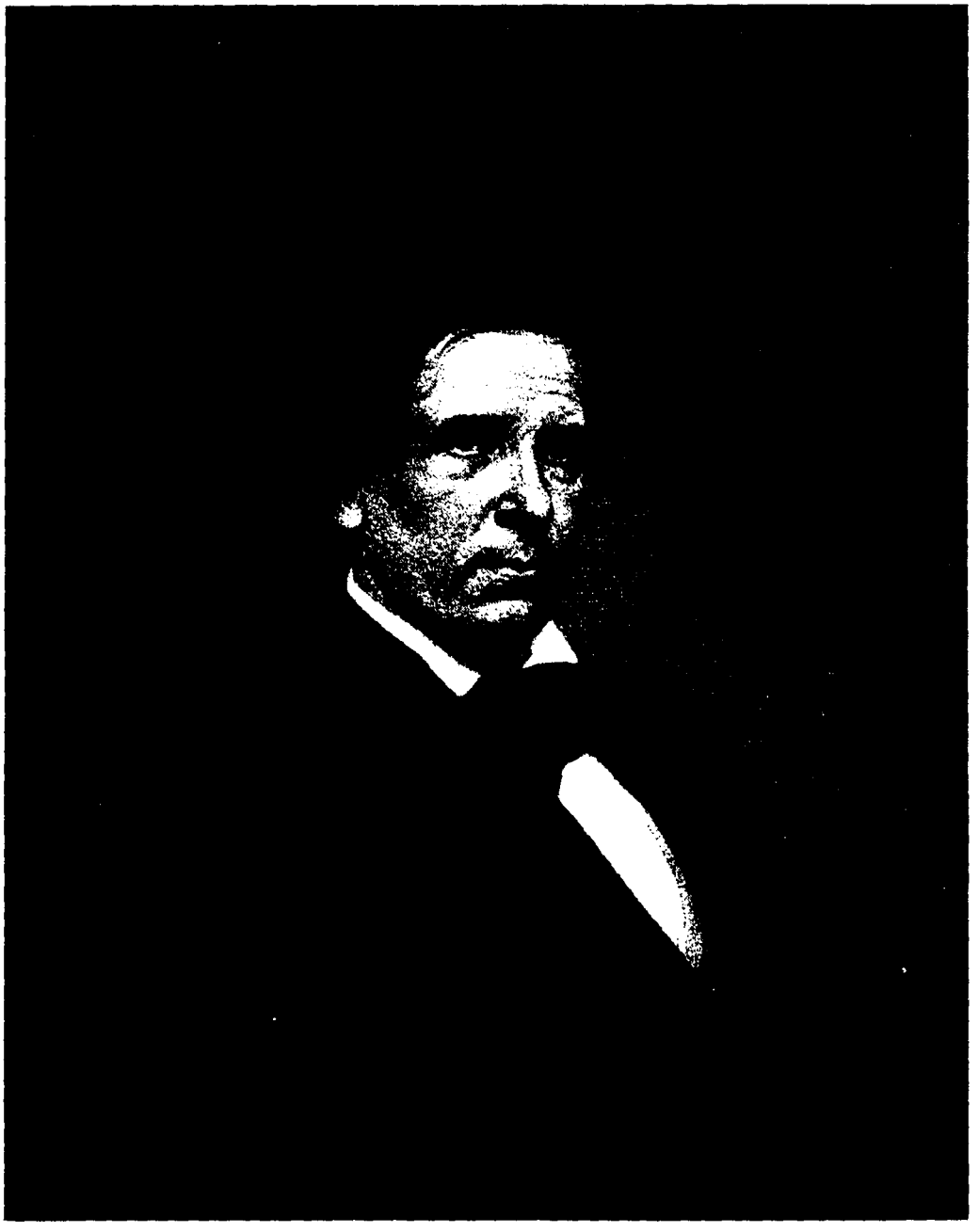
CHAPTER XXVIII

Notable People

Chelsea has a long list of men and women, either born or who at some time during their lives lived in the city to whom God gave a special gift which they used to advantage, and almost without exception for the uplift and pleasure of mankind. Those included:

Mildred Aldrich lived, when a child, near the Marine Hospital. In 1914 she found herself directly on the edge of the War Zone, her own home being located on the crest of a hill commanding a view of the Battle of the Marne. Here, within sound of battle, she wrote "A Hilltop on the Marne," "On the Edge of the War Zone" and "Told in a French Garden."

Horatio Alger, Jr., author of 119 volumes; was born and grew up in Chelsea. His father was a Unitarian minister. His first story was printed in the *Chelsea Gazette* when he was 13 years old. It was a simple, well-written little short story, something like the ones the high school children write for contests. It was called "The Race up the Hill." He went to Harvard, and was the smallest man in his class. He fell in love with a Cambridge girl. Later he went to the Harvard Divinity School. He taught in Professor Moore's private school in Boston, and made friends with a hunchback newsboy on Tremont Street. He tramped Boston,



BENJAMIN P. SHILLABER (MRS. PARTINGTON)

half starved, looking for work, as so many of his boy heroes have done. He lived in a room without heat, and once wrote in his diary: "I am lonesome and despondent. Today I had three slices of bread and a pot of tea." In 1864 he became pastor of the Unitarian Church at Brewster, Massachusetts. He died in South Natick in 1899. Millions have read Alger's stories of humble boys who rose to eminence, but few knew who he was, where he lived, and what were his aspirations. On his sick bed, he wrote his epitaph: "Beneath this stone lies the body of Horatio Alger, Jr. Well, what of it?"

MARY ANTIN, born Polotzk, Russia, 1881; came to Chelsea, 1894; married Professor Amadeus W. Grabau of Columbia University, 1901. Author: "From Polotzk to Boston," 1899; "The Promised Land," 1912; "They Who Knock at Our Gates," 1914.

CHARLES CARLETON AYER, PH.D., professor of romance languages at University of Colorado.

JOHN L. BATES was a graduate of the old Williams School. He was granted degrees A.B. and LL.B. from Boston University, and LL.D. from Wesleyan. Served as Speaker of the House of Representatives, Lieutenant Governor and Governor of Massachusetts.

MRS. H. H. A. BEACH was the greatest woman composer in this country. She composed a symphony and much classical music dear to the hearts of music lovers all over the world.

GOVERNOR RICHARD BELLINGHAM for many years maintained a summer home in Chelsea.

ABEL BOWEN was the first to introduce wood engraving into Boston in 1812. He had several pupils of ability who became distinguished artists.

JOHN BOWER introduced one of the first pastel works in Boston.

CAPTAIN J. B. BRIGGS, graduate of Annapolis. He was executive officer of the Battleship "Baltimore" at the Battle of Manila Bay under Admiral Dewey. Commodore Briggs died at Washington while still in office, with rank of Captain.

AMY BROOKS is the author of books for girls. Few writers have possessed the faculty of reaching the hearts of little girl readers to the extent Miss Brooks has. She illustrates her own stories. Her works are, "Dorothy Dainty Series," "The Randy Books," "The Princess Polly Series," etc.

COLONEL WILLIAM BRYDEN, U. S. A. Brig. Gen., Field Artillery, during World War. Graduate of West Point.

HON. MELLEN CHAMBERLAIN, LL.D. and LL. B., judge, statesman, and historian, was one of the best known authorities on literature. He was librarian of the Boston Public Library, and wrote a Documentary History of Chelsea.

HON. PATRICK A. COLLINS, a former citizen of Chelsea, was Mayor of the City of Boston for several terms. Mr. Collins was a member of The Massachusetts House of Representatives 1868–9, Massachusetts Senate 1870–7, Judge Advocate General of Massachusetts 1875, and Democratic Consul General at London under President Cleveland.

PETER W. COLLINS, lecturer of national reputation. Traveled 250,000 miles, visiting every State in the Union, speaking in more than 1000 cities. He talked against socialism and on social problems. He wrote much on those subjects.

MRS. PEARL RICHARDS CRAGIE (John Oliver Hobbs) was born in Chelsea in 1867. Later she went to England to live and became a politician, social reformer and religious thinker. She is the author of twenty books.

GEORGE CURTIS, widely recognized as a painter of marines of great beauty and power. His paintings are the valued possessions of art connoisseurs the world over.

LIEUT. WILLIAM B. CUSHING, U. S. N., won fame by his heroic work in blowing up the Confederate ship "Albemarle" during the Civil War.

MARY DENISON, American novelist, a contributor to American and English periodicals. She wrote the book, "Capt. Molly."

HON. FRANK B. FAY, ex-Mayor of Chelsea, Chief of United States Sanitary Commission during the Civil War. Executive of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

CLARA ATWOOD FITZ, an illustrator of children's books.

BEULAH DIX FLEBBE received her education in Chelsea schools and Radcliffe College. While in her senior year, she was the first woman to capture the Sohier prize. At the beginning of the War she presented two plays dealing with the War: "Moloch" and "Across the Border." "Hidden Pearls" is her latest production.

HAROLD FLETCHER was one of the finest restorers of old paintings in the country.

FRANK ROY FRAPRIE, B.S. (Harvard), 1898; S.M., 1902; student University of Munich, 1902–3. Instructor Chelsea High School, 1898–9. Editor, *Photo Era,* Boston, 1900–5; editor *American Photography,* 1905–; Fellow and medalist Royal Photographic Society of

Great Britain. Author: "A Manual of Photography," 1906; "Among Bavarian Inns," 1906; "Castles and Keeps of Scotland," 1907; "The Art of the Munich Galleries;" "The Raphael Book," 1912; "Practical Photography Series," 1915–19; "Cash from Your Camera," 1921; "The Spell of the Rhine," 1921; Translator: "Optics for Photographers" (from German), 1918; "Bromoil Printing and Bromoil Transfer," 1923; "The Spell of Alsace" (from French), 1919; "The Spell of the Heart of France" (Hallays), 1920; "The Spell of Provence," 1921.

BELLE GERRISH, a designer of stained glass windows.

FRANK GILLEY, for many years teacher of chemistry and physics in the Chelsea High School. Author of many scientific books.

ELIZABETH PORTER GOULD, well-known writer of poetry. Miss Gould was one of the founders of the Chelsea Women's Club. She was an ardent Suffragist.

WILLIAM GRUEBY invented the Grueby green and dull finish with the beautiful colorings of the tile now used all over the country.

HENDRICKS HALLET, marine artist. Studied at Antwerp and Paris.

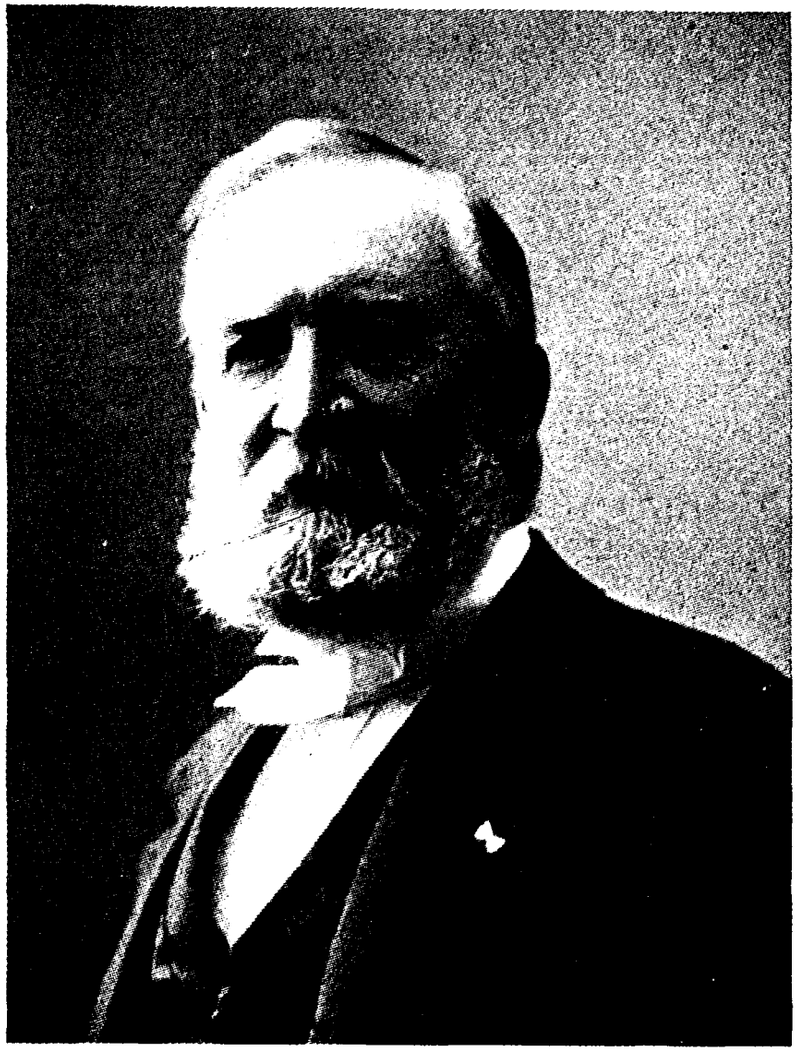
PROFESSOR FRANK HILL for sixteen years principal of the Chelsea High School. Later principal of the English High School of Cambridge and Mechanic Arts High School of Boston. Mr. Hill also served as secretary of State Board of Education.

HON. WILLARD HOWLAND, ex-Senator, and chairman of the State Board of Arbitration and Conciliation.

CHARLES HUBBARD painted a great many Masonic emblems in New England. He also painted a majority



ELLEN M. STONE
Noted Missionary Captured by Macedonian Brigands



JOHN C. LOW
Originator of the Famous Art Tiles of that Name

of the glass panels in the famous Aaron & Simon Willard clock.

ROBERT EATON HUDSON, founder of the Merchants Reading Room in Wall Street, New York, originator and publisher of "Hudson's Shipping Lists." He was recognized by merchants and publishers as the pioneer of foreign news service.

IDA STEBBINS JARVIS studied art in Paris and Dresden. While in Dresden she studied Dresden china painting and has received prizes for her work. Mrs. Jarvis was much interested in the Gobelin tapestry painting used for interior decoration.

CHARLES EDWARD JEFFERSON, clergyman; S.T.B., Boston University, 1887; D.D., Oberlin College, 1898; Yale, 1903; LL.D., Ohio Wesleyan University, 1905; ordained Congregational minister, 1887; pastor Central Church, Chelsea, Massachusetts, 1887–98; Broadway Tabernacle, New York, 1898–; Fellow Yale Corporation since 1902. Author: "Quiet Talks with Earnest People in My Study," 1898; "Things Fundamental," 1903; "The Minister as Prophet," 1905; "The World's Christmas Tree," 1906; "The Old Year and the New," 1907; "The New Crusade," 1907; "My Father's Business," 1909; "The Christmas Builders," 1909; "Why We May Believe in Life after Death," 1911; "The Minister as Shepherd," 1912; "The Cause of the War," 1914; "Christianity and International Peace," 1915; "A Fire in the Snow," 1916; "The Land of Enough," 1917; "Forefathers' Day Sermons," 1917; "Old Truths and New Facts," 1918; "What the War Has Taught Us," 1919.

GEORGE LAWLOR studied in Boston and at the Aca-

demie Julian in Paris and was awarded four prizes and two medals for drawing and painting, including the Grand Prix Julian. Also studied at Academie Colorass and École des Beaux Arts. Has exhibited in Paris, including the Salon des Artistes Français, and in this country.

A. GARFIELD LEARNED studied in Vienna, Munich and Paris. His "New England Girls" won for him recognition. For ten years he devoted himself to pencil and etched portraits and decorations for homes. Among the famous people he has drawn are: Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, first wife of the President; Edward Markham; President and Mrs. Menocal of Cuba, and John Burroughs. Mr. Learned's work is on exhibition at Congressional Library, New York Public Library and Brooklyn Art Museum.

LAURA LEE, noted for her fine portrait paintings; was also a fine colorist.

JOSEPH CROSBY LINCOLN, author; educated Chelsea, Massachusetts; married Florence E. Sargent of Chelsea May 12, 1897. Associate editor *League of American Wheelmen Bulletin,* 1896–9; removed to New York 1899. Author: "Cape Cod Ballads," 1902; "Captain Eri," 1904; "Partners of the Tide," 1905; "Mr. Pratt," 1906; "The Old Home House," 1907; "Cy Whittaker's Place," 1908; "Our Village," 1909; "Keziah Coffin," 1909; "The Depot Master," 1910; "Cap'n Warren's Wards," 1911; "The Woman Haters," 1911; "The Postmaster," 1912; "Rise of Roscoe Paine," 1912; "Mr. Pratt's Patients," 1913; "Cap'n Dan's Daughter," 1914; "Kent Knowles," 1914; "Quahaug," 1914; "Thankful's Inheritance," 1915; "Mary

'Gusta," 1916; "Extricating Obadiah," 1918; "Shavings," 1918; "The Portygee," 1919; "Galusha the Magnificent," 1921.

JOHN ADAMS LOUD, son of ex-Mayor John C. Loud. A musician of note; composer and teacher of both piano and organ.

ROMINER LOVEWELL'S specialty was marine subjects. His pictures have been exhibited in the Boston Art Museum, Boston Art Club, Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, International Art Exposition, World's Fair at Chicago.

JOHN G. LOW, originator of the famous Low art tiles. Won first medal in London over all the potters of the world for his beautiful glazes and artistic designs in tiles.

HON. WILLIAM E. MCCLINTOCK, member of the State Highway Commission in 1892 and served many years as its chairman. He retired from the commission in 1908 to become chairman of the Chelsea Board of Control which was the local governing body following the great fire and had charge of the reconstruction of the burned area. He was the first president of the Massachusetts Highway Association and instructor of highway engineering at the Lawrence Scientific School, Harvard University. Died March, 1930.

HERMON ATKINS MACNEIL, sculptor, born Chelsea, Massachusetts, 1866; graduated from Massachusetts State Normal School, 1886; pupil of Chapu at Julien Academy, and for two years of Falguiere at École des Beaux Arts; married Carol Brooks, December 25, 1895. Taught three years at Cornell and three years Art Institution, Chicago; won Roman Rinehart scholarship in

sculpture, 1896–1900; awarded designer's medal, Chicago Exposition, 1893; silver medal, Paris Exposition, 1900; gold medal, Buffalo Exposition, 1901; silver medal, Charleston Exposition, 1902; commemorative medal, Louisiana Purchase Exposition, 1904; gold medal, Panama Exposition, 1915; medal of honor, Architectural League of New York, 1917; Medalist's medal, Numismatic Society. Did important decorative work at Chicago, Paris, Buffalo, St. Louis and Panama Expositions; the spandrels on portico of National Pavilion, Paris, France, and exhibited groups. "The Sun Vow, and Last Act of the Moqui Snake Dance," at Paris Exposition, 1900; executed main cascade fountain for St. Louis Exposition, 1904; member jury of awards, same; executed "Coming of the White Man," City Park, Portland, Oregon; McKinley Memorial, Columbus, Ohio; Soldiers' and Sailors' Memorial, Whitinsville, Massachusetts; Soldiers' and Sailors' Memorial, Washington Park, Albany, New York; Orville Mitchcock Platt Memorial, State Capitol, Hartford, Connecticut; "General Washington," Washington Arch, New York; groups, "Physical and Intellectual Development," Northwestern University; Ezra Cornell Memorial, Cornell University; "The Pilgrim Fathers," Waterbury, Connecticut; Thomas Burke Memorial, Seattle, Washington; Four Busts for Hall of Fame, New York University; Civil War pilons, Parkway, Philadelphia; frieze, State Capitol, Jefferson City, Missouri; teacher of modeling, National Academy of Design, New York. Has works in Art Institution, Chicago; Peabody Institution, Baltimore; Cornell University; Metropolitan Museum of Art; Corcoran Gallery, Washington, D. C.;



HERMON ATKINS MACNEIL

Art Museum, St. Louis, Mo.; Johns Hopkins University, etc. Member Academy Arts and Letters, National Academy of Design, National Sculpture Society, Architectural League of New York, Century Association, National Arts Club, Town Hall Club.

THEODORE MARSDEN, a painter of animal life.

CHARLES EDWIN MITCHELL, banker, born in Chelsea, October 6, 1877. Began with Western Electric Company, Chicago, 1899, and became assistant manager 1904; assistant to president Trust Company of America, New York, 1907–11; head of C. E. Mitchell & Co., investments, 1911–16; President the National City Company since 1916; became President National City Bank of New York, 1921; also President National City Safe Deposit Company, National City Realty Corporation; Chairman Board International Banking Corporation.

HENRY MITCHELL was official engraver of dies for the stamped envelopes of the U. S. Government. He executed many of the State seals for New York, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Wisconsin and California; also seal for secretary of the navy of the United States, seal of Harvard College, Boston Public Library and all the seals for the Hawaiian Government.

BRIG. GEN. HENRY E. NOYES was appointed to the United States Military Academy at West Point from Fifth Massachusetts District in 1857. He fought in the battles of South Mountain and Antietam, Fredericksburg, Beverly, Ford and Brandy Station, Va., and many others. He was twice promoted for "gallant and meritorious" services.

SAMUEL ORCUTT, inventor of the first rapid printing press ever patented in the United States.

JOSEPH OTT, well-known comedian, the eldest of the famous Ott Bros., known throughout the United States. His first appearance was with his brother-in-law, W. A. Mesteyer, in "The Tourists." Later he played in "The Dazzler," "The Star Gazer," etc. At the time of his death he was playing at the New York theatre in "A Million Dollars."

WILLIAM PICKNELL, artist, studied in Rome and Paris. He received honorable mention in Paris Salon. His pictures are in the Corcoran Gallery, Washington, Boston Museum and Metropolitan Museum of New York.

REAR ADMIRAL JOHN ELLIOTT PILLSBURY, of the United States Navy; was appointed midshipman by President Lincoln, and entered Naval Academy September 22, 1862. He commanded the "dynamite" Cruiser "Vesuvius" during the Spanish-American War. He was for several years engaged in the investigation of the flow of the Gulf Stream and established many of its laws.

REBECCA R. POMROY was one of the most beloved nurses in the Civil War. Mrs. Pomroy helped to sustain President Lincoln and his family at a time when that strong man was almost overcome by sorrow from the death of his son. Mrs. Pomroy was at the White House when the news came of the Battle of Port Hudson. The President walked the floor in an agony of distress, saying "the Lord have mercy on those poor fellows." "This is a righteous war and God will protect the right." "Many lives will be sacrificed on both sides but I have done the best I could, trusting in God." "Mr. Lincoln," Mrs. Pomroy answered, "prayer will do what

nothing else will: can you not pray?" Mrs. Pomroy served her country three years and seven months, then received an honorable discharge April 1, 1865.

HON. ERNEST W. ROBERTS was congressman for twenty years from the ninth district. Mr. Roberts graduated from Boston University Law School, also studied with Hon. Ira T. Drew; admitted to the bar in 1881. He was a member of the State Legislature and State Senate, Representative to Congress from 1899–1917 where he was on the Naval Committee sixteen years, gaining high reputation for ability and faithfulness as a public servant.

HUGH ROBERTSON, the Chelsea potter, succeeded after two years of study and experiment in producing a glaze which was the triumph of Chinese decorative art in ancient days, but has been unknown for the past two centuries. Artist and connoisseur agree that the beauty and finish of these pieces belong to the best type of our progress in art.

NATHANIEL RUDD during his leisure hours devoted his time to wood engraving and designing. In 1854 he entered the office of a leading wood engraver to perfect himself in the art; afterwards he connected with the American Tract Society. When wood engraving was superseded by modern methods he devoted his time to painting in oil.

BENJAMIN P. SHILLABER was a celebrated poet and humorist. For years he was connected with the *Boston Post* and wrote under the nom de plume of Mrs. Partington. He wrote nine books in all. The one in which he took the most pride was "Lines in Pleasant Places."

FRANK SIBLEY, war correspondent and reporter and

special writer with the *Boston Globe.* Served overseas for his paper with the 26th Division.

COL. ROBERT T. SNOW, U. S. A., graduate of United States Military Academy.

ELLEN M. STONE, the noted missionary, was a graduate of Chelsea grammar and high schools and taught in the latter two years following her graduation. She then became associate editor on staff of *Boston Congregationalist,* September 1901. She and Mrs. Katerina Tsilka (wife of an Albanian Protestant preacher) were kidnapped by brigands on a mountain road between Bausko and Dyumia, Macedonia. These brigands demanded ransom of $66,000 which was raised by public subscription in United States, and they were released after six months' captivity. The manuscript of her book upon the captivity and valuable mementos of her twenty-three years among Balkans were destroyed in the Chelsea fire.

THERESA OTT VAUGHN, a successful actress. Her greatest success was in "1492." She played at Park Theatre, Boston, for nearly one year, and in New York two years. She had the pleasure of singing for his Majesty, the King of England. She had a wonderful contralto voice and was a great favorite throughout the world.

CHARLES WALKER, inventor of the monotype picture. These monotype prints were exhibited in London and Paris and throughout the country with great success. Mr. Walker later devoted much time to painting in oil and water colors. He was a contributor to most of the annual art exhibits of the country. For ten years he devoted his time to the gathering of important private

art collections, notably those of the late Joseph Jefferson, Francis Wilson and William Cotton.

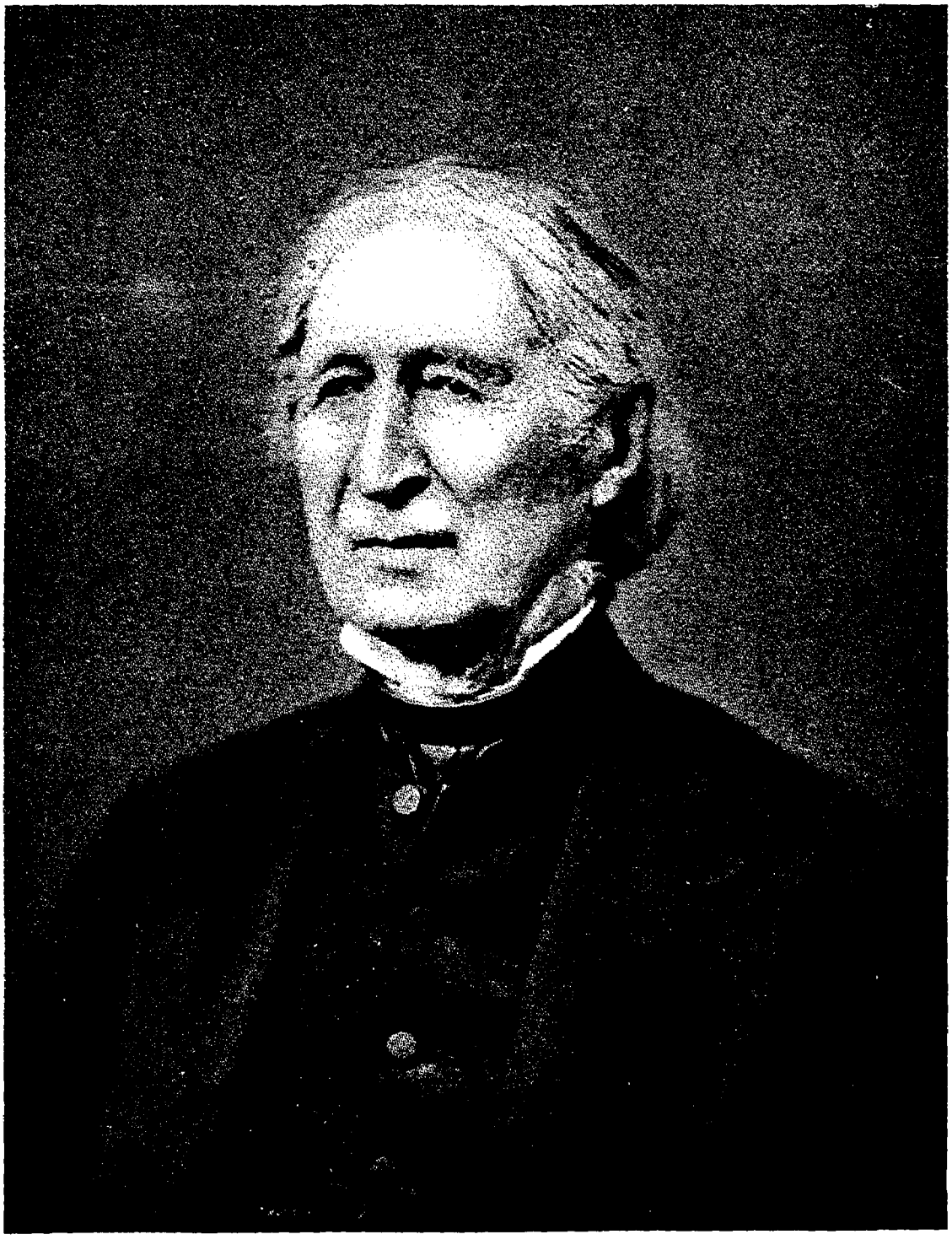
GEORGE CHANDLER WHIPPLE, president of Boston Society of Civil Engineers, professor of Sanitary Engineering at Harvard, and Sanitary Engineering Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and secretary of School of Public Health at Harvard. He was sent as Major and Deputy Commissioner to Russia by American Red Cross. He is the author of several scientific books on state sanitation, fresh water biology and typhoid fever.

All of these men and women of Chelsea have left their footprints in the sands of time. Undoubtedly others have gone forth into the world with equal success, but their connection with Chelsea has been lost sight of. Few communities can point with equal pride to so long a list of outstanding and distinguished persons.

CHAPTER XXIX

The Mayors of Chelsea

Francis B. Fay	1857
Hosea Ilsley	1858–59–60
Frank B. Fay	1861–62–63
Eustace C. Fitz	1864–65–66
Rufus S. Frost	1867–68
James B. Forsyth	1869–70
John W. Fletcher	1871–72
Charles H. Ferson	1873–74–75
Thomas Green	1876
Isaac Stebbins	1877–78
Andrew J. Bacon	1879–80
Samuel P. Tenney	1881–82
Thomas Strahan	1883–84
Eugene F. Endicott	1885–86
George E. Mitchell	1887–88
Arthur B. Champlin	1889–90
Albert D. Bosson	1891
Alfred C. Converse	1892–93
George H. Carter	1894–95
John C. Loud	1896
Hermon W. Pratt	1897
Seth J. Littlefield	1898–99
James Gould	1900–01
Edward E. Willard	1902–07, 13–14, 17–18
John E. Beck	1908
No mayor	1908–12
James H. Malone	1912, 15–16



FRANCIS B. FAY — FIRST MAYOR OF CHELSEA

Melvin B. Breath	1919–21
Lawrence B. Quigley	1922–26, 1928–29
John J. Whalen	1927–1930

Chelsea has had a long list of able and distinguished mayors. No story of the city's history would be complete without reference to them. It is impossible to do justice to each in the space available, an outline giving the salient points of administrations to 1900 is given.

Francis B. Fay, Chelsea's first mayor, was born in Southborough, Massachusetts, 12 June, 1793. He represented his town in 1830–1 in the Legislature. In May 1831 he became agent of the Chelsea Ferry and Land Company, and moved to Boston. In 1833 he moved to Chelsea, building the seventh building in Chelsea south of Prattville. He represented Chelsea in the Legislature 1834–35–36, 1840–43–45. In 1852 he was elected to Congress to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Robert Rantoul. He was the first president of the Chelsea Savings Bank, a director of the North Bank of Boston and several other banks. In 1857 he was elected mayor of Chelsea by the following vote:

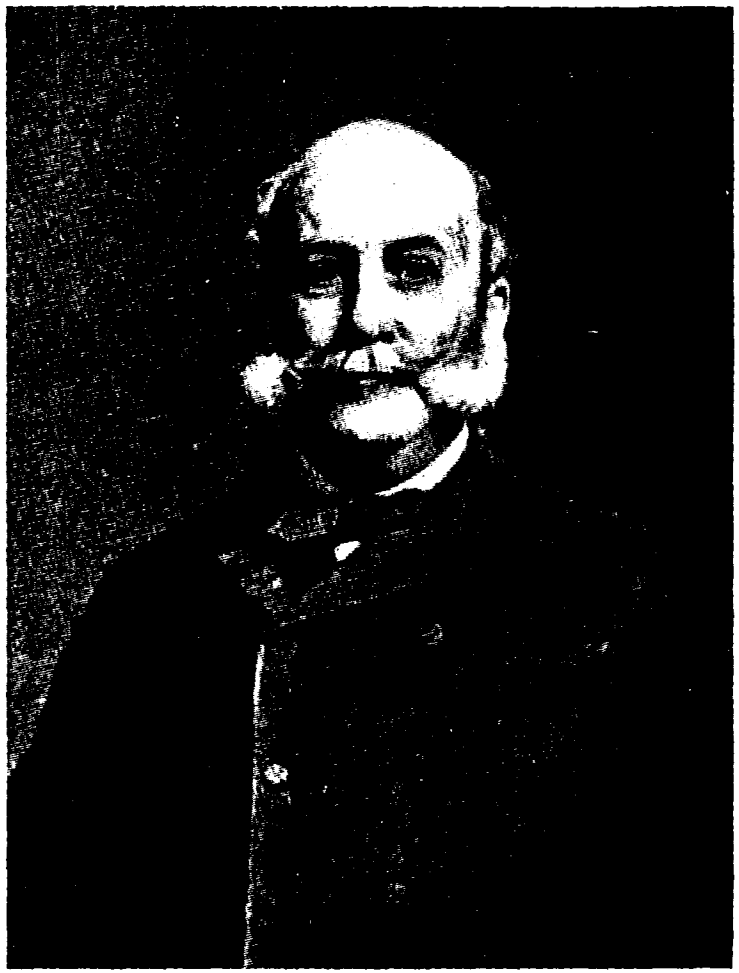
Francis B. Fay	375
Erastus Ruggs	74
Hosea Ilsley	30
Isaac Stebbins	18
N. Boynton	12
Ruggles Slack	9
John Fenno	9
John Taylor	6
Scattering	15
Whole number	548

He did much to develop the lower part of the city by forming the Winnisimmet Land Company in 1833. He died 6 October 1876.

HOSEA ILSLEY, Chelsea's second mayor, was born in Newbury, Massachusetts, 25 February 1799. In 1838 he was elected to the State Legislature of Maine from Portland, where he was then living. In 1839 he moved to Chelsea and served as town moderator for several years, and chairman of the selectmen in 1843–47–48. He represented Chelsea in the Legislature in 1842–43–44 and was senator from Suffolk County. He served as Mayor in 1858–59–60. He died 25 October 1887.

FRANK B. FAY, known as the " War Mayor," a son of Francis B. Fay the first mayor, was born in Southborough 24 January 1821, and moved to Chelsea in 1834. He served in the Legislature in 1857; was mayor 1861–63, and State Senator in 1867. During the Civil War he spent much time at the front looking after Chelsea's soldiers and others. In 1864 the United States Sanitary Commission established the Auxiliary Relief Corps of which he was made chief with power to choose two assistants. During the last year of the War over one hundred thousand sick and wounded came under the care of the corps. He served as a delegate to the Republican Conventions of 1864 and 1868. Union Park was erected as a result of his efforts. During his life he opposed capital punishment and took an active interest in the societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, holding office in each for many years. He may well be called a great humanitarian.

EUSTACE C. FITZ, Chelsea's fourth mayor, was born



Hon. Eustace C. Fitz
Donor of the First Public Library



Hon. Rufus S. Frost
Founder of the Memorial Hospital

in Haverhill, Massachusetts, 5 February 1853, and died at his home on Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, 27 May 1895. His parents moved to Chelsea in 1841. He served in the common council in 1861–62–63, and as mayor in 1864–65–66. In the Legislature 1872–73, and in the Senate 1875–76, and on the Governor's Council in 1881–82. He was president of the Boston Board of Trade in 1881–82, president of the Blackstone National Bank, a director of the New York and New England Railroad, and trustee of the Five Cent Savings Bank. He was a trustee of Brown University, Wellesley College, Newton Theological Institution, and served other institutions. He was the first president of the Chelsea Y. M. C. A., and purchased and gave to the city the George W. Gerrish estate for a public library. At its dedication, James Russell Lowell was the orator.

Rufus S. Frost, fifth mayor, was born in Marlborough, New Hampshire, 18 July 1826; died in Chicago, Illinois, 6 March 1894. He entered the woolen business in Boston, became mayor of Chelsea 1867–68. In 1871–72 he was a member of the State Senate. In 1873–74 he was a member of Governor Washburn's Council. In 1874 he was elected to the Forty-fourth United States Congress. During his administration as mayor, new projects were undertaken, new organizations formed, new interests created. The city was piped for water, Union Park was completed, and a soldiers' monument built, now located in Basset Square. On 29 August 1868, the Chinese Ambassador and other high dignitaries were guests of the City of Chelsea. Mayor Frost met the Ambassador at the Chelsea end of the bridge with a magnificent yellow barouche, and drove him and Mayor

Shurtleff of Boston — followed by the rest of the party — to the City Hall. Mayor Frost founded the Chelsea Memorial Hospital.

Dr. James B. Forsyth, sixth mayor, was born in Farmington, Maine, 25 October 1809. Graduated from Harvard Medical School, and in 1842 settled in Chelsea. He served in the common council in 1857–58; in the Board of Aldermen 1860–61; 1863–64. He was mayor 1869 to 1870. He was a man of few words. He once said, "I cannot talk, though I can pray, but give me something to do and I will do it." The Great Peace Jubilee and Music Festival was held in Boston in June 1869. The Chelsea Choral Society made up a part of the grand chorus of over ten thousand voices. The building of the immense coliseum was watched with great interest by the lovers of music and others in Chelsea. He died 8 March 1872, and is buried at Woodlawn.

John W. Fletcher, seventh mayor, was born in Norridgewock, Maine. He served in the Civil War, being discharged with the rank of Captain. He served as mayor in 1871–72; his election was the most exciting contest in Chelsea's history up to that time. The defeated candidate was C. M. Whittlesey, who was the choice of the citizens' caucus. Mr. Fletcher won by 517 votes. A barouche drawn by four horses with silver-mounted harness was sent to Boston to bring the mayor-elect home. He was escorted through the city by the Chelsea brass band and a large procession of citizens with great rejoicings, illuminations, and fireworks.

Mr. Whittlesey, feeling sure of the election, had engaged a banquet hall and provided a liberal feast for

the reception of friends and fellow citizens. With magnanimous heart he invited Mayor-elect Fletcher and backers to participate with him, but the invitation never reached him, being rejected unofficially by one or more subordinates. The outstanding events of his administration were the appropriation for the high school — $70,000 — and the widening of several of the principal streets.

CHARLES H. FERSON, eighth mayor, was born in Francestown, New Hampshire, in 1819; moved to Chelsea in 1843. He was overseer of the poor; councilman 1860–61 and 1868; city marshal 1869–70; mayor 1873–74–75; representative to the General Court 1879–80. During his administration the city grew in population (doubled in size over the population of 1868) and taxable property. He died 5 September 1891.

THOMAS GREEN, ninth mayor, born 13 July 1822, in Boston. He served two years in the common council, and was mayor of Chelsea in 1876. His habits and tastes were quiet and bookish. Chelsea was fast getting into debt and the dominant thought of the citizens was to choose an honest, faithful and capable city government. People were clamoring for many needed improvements but, with the high rate of taxation, it was impossible to make them. He was elected to handle the situation as the best and most practical man, irrespective of party or creed. He died 22 April 1887.

ISAAC STEBBINS, tenth mayor, born at Stanford, Connecticut, 3 October 1817. Became a citizen of Chelsea in 1842; served as selectman, representative to the General Court 1874–75. After extensive travel abroad, he was elected mayor in 1877, and re-elected in 1878. He

founded the Tradesman's Bank, which became the First National Bank, and for thirty-eight years was its president. He was president of the Chelsea Gas Light Company. He built and controlled the Academy of Music, where many famous old plays were acted. 21 June 1888, Chelsea lost by death a public spirited citizen, and an honorable upright man. By his will he left the city $6500 for a drinking fountain for man and beast to be located in Chelsea Square.

ANDREW J. BACON, eleventh mayor, born in Watertown, Massachusetts, 8 October 1834; came to Chelsea when a boy. He served in the Civil War with the Chelsea Company until promoted to Lieutenant of the 29th unattached company of heavy artillery for conspicuous bravery, and before the end of the war became a Captain. He served as an alderman in 1877–78, and as mayor in 1879–80. Died January, 1916.

SAMUEL P. TENNEY, Chelsea's twelfth mayor, born in Barre, Massachusetts, 6 December 1838. He was married in Chelsea 26 July 1862; served five years as a councilman and four as alderman, and as mayor in 1881–82.

THOMAS STRAHAN, thirteenth mayor, was born in Scotland, 10 May 1847; was married in Chelsea in 1867; manufacturer of wall paper. After two years in common council was elected mayor 1883–84.

EUGENE F. ENDICOTT, fourteenth mayor, born 14 October 1848; was the first mayor to be born in Chelsea. He served five years in the council, and as mayor in 1885–86.

GEORGE E. MITCHELL, fifteenth mayor, born 8 May 1844; served in the common council 1878–79, and as

alderman in 1880–81. Was mayor in 1887–88. His son, Charles E. Mitchell, is president of the largest bank in the world, the National City Bank of New York City. He served in the army during the Civil War. Was a member of the firm of Goodall, Mitchell & Dexton, produce dealers. During his administration electric lights were introduced in the streets of Chelsea, and the reservoir was built on Powderhorn Hill.

ARTHUR B. CHAMPLIN, sixteenth mayor; born in Chelsea, 7 February 1858. He served in the common council from 1880 to 1886; in the State Legislature 1887–88. He was mayor in 1889–90, and State Senator in 1891–92. In a speech before the Senate he referred to Chelsea as Queen City of the Commonwealth, a name which clung to it for many years.

ALBERT D. BOSSON, seventeenth mayor, born in Chelsea, 8 November 1853; graduate of Brown University 1875, Boston University 1877. In 1882 he was appointed associate justice of the Chelsea Court. He was elected the first democratic mayor in the year 1891. He was the first to advocate the overhead bridge to Charlestown. Governor Russell appointed him judge of the Chelsea Court in 1893.

ALFRED C. CONVERSE, eighteenth mayor, born in Ringe, New Hampshire, 17 March 1827. He served in the council in 1877, and in the Board of Aldermen in 1889–90, and as mayor in 1892–93. Much work of permanent character was done during his administration.

GEORGE H. CARTER, nineteenth mayor, was born in Chelsea, 5 May 1859, at 461 Broadway. He entered the employ of D. & L. Slade Company at fifteen, and before his death became the head of the firm. He served

two years in each branch of the city government, and became mayor in 1894 and 95. He advocated annexation to Boston (a greater Boston) and a new charter — the latter became a fact. He vetoed several matters which were then defeated.

JOHN C. LOUD, twentieth mayor, born at Plymouth, Maine, in 1844. Served in the Civil War. Came to Chelsea in 1875. He served in the council and then four years as alderman. In 1891–92 he served in the State Legislature. In 1896 he served as mayor. During his administration money was appropriated to build the Highland School and a police signal system was installed.

HERMON W. PRATT, twenty-first mayor of Chelsea; born 20 July 1845. He served in the council in 1884–85–86; as alderman 1887–88–95–96, and was mayor in 1897. Through his efforts Washington Park was secured for the city, Garfield and Sagamore Avenues were laid out. Washington Avenue, between Cary Square and the bridge, was widened to permit two tracks. Winnisimmet Square was beautified. No special loans were made during his administration. Money was provided for connecting the city with the metropolitan sewerage system. A contract with the Frost Hospital was made to the benefit of both. The Prattville School was built. The annual report was printed before appropriations were made: $10,000 was appropriated for macadamizing roads, as a start for better streets. The top of Powderhorn Hill was purchased for a park. A Bill was presented to the Legislature requiring all wires to be buried. The Boston & Albany R. R. Company was induced to remove the freight yard at the Chelsea station

and turn it into a park. An attempt was made to induce the Government to build a drive on the water front of the Naval Hospital grounds; the stone wall surrounding it was removed, and an iron fence erected in its stead. The Carter playground and Highland parks were purchased and laid out. His vetoes were few, but wise, notably that which vetoed the granting of oil tanks in Ward 3 and car tracks on Nichols Street. He declined to run for a second term on account of his health, but later carried on his work for Chelsea as president of its Board of Trade. He died 2 May 1918.

SETH J. LITTLEFIELD, twenty-second mayor, was born in Waterboro, Maine, in 1839. He came to Chelsea in 1865. Was elected to the city government in 1889, and served three years in the council and was alderman in 1893–4–5–6. He was elected mayor in 1898–99.

CHAPTER XXX

Roll of Honor

To Chelsea's long list of famous men and women and distinguished mayors should be added the names of many able, progressive and generous citizens. Some were local merchants, some were manufacturers of national reputation, all were active in local affairs of their generation. It is impossible to include all, many names are unintentionally omitted. Those mentioned worked for the advancement of the city:

Raymond Alley
Azel Ames
Franklin O. Barnes
Samuel Basset
John Bell
Benjamin Brintnall
Alfred W. Brown
David H. Buck
George H. Buck
Rev. R. Perry Bush
Simeon Butterfield
Charles A. Campbell
Joseph R. Carr
Nathan F. Carruth
Charles S. Cary
Prescott Chamberlain
Joshua Cheever
Nathan Cheever
Abram T. Collier
John H. Crandon
Col. John H. Cunningham
Dr. William C. Cutler
Frederick L. Cutting
Benjamin Dodge
John Duncan
George D. Emery
Kimball Esterbrook
John Fenno
Albert A. Fickett
Moses Fickett
James B. Field
Alfred W. Fitz

Samuel Floyd
Elma L. French
Thomas B. Frost
Frank M. Gilley
Thomas Goldthwait
C. Willis Gould
Jesse Gould
Col. William Grantman
George B. Guild
John T. Hadaway
Andrew L. Haskell
Adijah Hastings
William S. Hixon
Edward R. Hood
George H. Hood
Harry W. James
D. Frank Kimball
Robert Lash
Dr. Charles Leeds
Charles E. Legg
Alexander Leslie
Caleb Lombard
E. Shirley Lombard
Judge David A. Lourie
John G. Low
James A. McCann
William E. McClintock
John C. MacNeil
Frank A. Magee
John Magee
Arthur B. Martin
Thomas Martin
William Martin
Henry Mason
George Matthews
William F. Mayo
Otis Merriam
Marcus M. Merritt
Eugene Milliken
Jabez K. Montgomery
Col. George W. Moses
Alfred Nash
Dennis A. O'Brion
Saul Orr
John H. Osgood
Rufus S. Owen
W. R. Pearmain
James T. Phelps
Benjamin Phipps
Albert H. Plumb
Caleb Pratt
Daniel Pratt
Samuel Pratt
Captain Thomas Pratt
Dr. J. M. Putnam
M. E. Rice
Colonel John A. Roberts
David Salde
Levi Salde
Harlon P. Sanbourn
Henry Sawyer
William B. Shackford
Benjamin Shurtlett
John Soley

Samuel Sprague
Edward Stickney
Charles A. Stone
Henry B. Swazey
Alonzo C. Tenney
James Tent
James Walker
George P. Wardsworth
Samuel Watts
H. N. Wentworth
Dr. William C. Wheeler
Walter Whittlesey
John H. Wilkinson
William W. Williams

Chelsea is a better place because these men lived. Each contributed something — his time, his money, or himself — to the advancement of the city, and deserves to have it said "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Chelsea's citizens have frequently held important positions of trust in the state and national government, creditably filling executive chairs in Boston, the State House and in the Halls of Congress. They have commanded ships of war and regiments of troops, preached the word of God, and taught the young in institutions of learning.



Ex-Mayor Isaac Stebbins

Donor of the Stebbins Fountain



Robert Lash

For Whom the Masonic Lodge was Named

CHAPTER XXXI

STATISTICS

Chelsea covers 1440 acres, of which 61.7 are devoted to public parks and playgrounds. There are six miles of steam railroad and 13.40 miles of electric railway; 54 acres of land are available for manufacturing purposes. There is a water front of 4.15 miles.

POPULATION

The earliest recorded census is 1776, at which time the population was 439.

1790 — 472	1857 — 12,400
1800 — 449	1860 — 13,395
1810 — 594	1865 — 14,404
1820 — 642	1870 — 18,547
1830 — 770	1875 — 20,737
1840 — 2,182	1880 — 21,785
1845 — 4,100	1885 — 25,709
1846 — 4,300	1890 — 27,909
1847 — 4,700	1895 — 31,295
1848 — 5,300	1900 — 34,072
1849 — 5,700	1905 — 35,000
1850 — 6,151	1910 — 32,452
1851 — 7,000	1915 — 43,426
1852 — 7,300	1920 — 43,000
1853 — 8,800	1925 — 47,247
1854 — 9,800	1930 — 44,827
1855 — 10,153	

INDUSTRIES

Chelsea's interests to-day are primarily industrial; the principal industries being rubber, elastic webbing, boots and shoes, and paper stock. Flexible tubing for electric wires was first made in Chelsea.

Chelsea clocks are the best known nautical clocks, and are to be found on ships the world over. Magee furnaces and stoves are world famed, and the Magee plant on Marginal Street, made up of twenty-three buildings, is probably the largest of its kind in the United States.

Everlastik, Inc., was founded in 1871 by Thomas Martin and brother. Even before its consolidation with the Bayonne, N. J., and Pawtucket plants it was the largest webbing manufacturing concern in the United States.

The Forbes Lithograph Manufacturing Company is renowned both in America and foreign countries for the high quality of its work.

The Thomas Strahan Company, are manufacturers of the finest of domestic wall papers, which are sold in all parts of the United States.

The great shoe plants of A. G. Walton & Company and other plants turn out over 15,000 pairs of shoes a day and employ several thousand men and women.

The box manufacturing plants of Atwood & McManus and Russell Box Company, W. J. Murdock Company Electrical Specialties, Griffin Wheel Company, and Samuel Cabot, Inc. are all large and well-known concerns.

Other industries, important and diversified, include many large packing plants, where rags and paper are

sorted and shipped to the paper mills; a shipbuilding plant, stave and cooperage factories, chair and office furniture manufacturing.

Chelsea has many advantages to offer the manufacturer: water front and railroads, metropolitan water and sewer systems; a record of health vouched for by the low death rate; good roads in all directions; and many thousand thrifty and skilled men and women, young and old, able and willing to work. Steady employment is given to many thousands by Chelsea's large factories.

Industries come and go in all cities, and two famous Chelsea concerns are no more — the Low Art Tile and George D. Emery Company; the latter for years maintained a fleet of ships between Chelsea and Nicaragua employed in bringing mahogany to this country. They were located on the water front and Broadway. In 1898, by the payment of $100,000, they secured from Nicaragua a mahogany concession and expended some $250,000 in building a railroad and in machinery. In December 1906 President Zelaya of Nicaragua abruptly annulled the concession and seized land, buildings and railroad. The Emery Company asked the United States to send warships, but were refused. This loss and the death of Mr. Emery a few years later brought about the liquidation of the company.

THE LOW ART TILES

In 1878 John G. Low, in association with his father, John Low, founded in Chelsea the nucleus of what became the largest manufacturing plant of high-grade art

tiles in the world. John G. Low had an excellent foundation for his life work, having studied painting under notable masters for several years both at home and in Paris.

Their practical yet artistic tiles met instant favor, winning prizes at the Philadelphia Centennial, and as early as 1880 receiving the highest awards in English competition over firms with years of prestige behind them. In France and Spain medals were awarded; while in America they acquired a practical monopoly of the market. Former tiles seemed crude by the attractiveness and great variety, multitude of shapes, sizes and designs of the Low art tiles. They became a fad, were used for clocks, furniture, candlesticks, paperweights, ashtrays, and then in the construction of soda fountains. The Chelsea tiles, as they were often called, went to all parts of the world and it is not too much to say that for a quarter of a century they brought international fame to the city. The death of John G. Low and changed conditions were causes for the liquidation of the company.

DEAR OLD CHELSEA

I've just been back in Chelsea, Bill,
I've seen a city new,
The place has changed so greatly
It's made me fearfully blue.
Familiar scenes are missing, Bill —
The fire, don't you know,
It altered almost everything
Some twenty years ago.

I wandered through the city, Bill,
I missed the dear old trees
Upon the many side streets
That sheltered you and me.
Our old high school is gone, Bill,
I guess it had to go.
They've built a new one elsewhere
Some thirty years ago.

You ought to see the city hall.
You never would have thought
Since schoolboy days
Such changes could be wrought.
It's planted next to Bellingham —
The town is growing so
That up town's down town
Since thirty years ago.

Do you recall the monument
Which dignified the park?
They've moved it, Bill, to Bassett Square
You see it after dark.
The soldier still stands guard —
The cars pass to and fro —
He stands and watches, keen, alert
As thirty years ago.

The ferry runs no more
With paddles on its sides.
The trolley cars pass back and forth
Regardless of the tides.

There's nearly twice the business,
The town is growing so,
Since last you saw the water front
Some thirty years ago.

I found the boys at drill, Bill,
Upon the Armory floor —
Old Lincoln Hall on Second Street
They have no use for more.
Instead, they've got a building
Which cost a lot of " dough,"
And a waiting list increasing
Since forty years ago.

Old Powderhorn looks natural,
Its top is now a park,
And's about the only object
That recalls our many larks.
Dear schoolmate, do you remember,
It coated o'er with snow,
Affording us a sliding place
Just forty years ago?

Do you recall Snake River,
With marshland on each side?
This place is now a parkway,
The stream appears less wide.
The swimming pool has gone, Bill,
The water's far too low —
But the spice mill's still a-grinding
As forty years ago.

The population's changing,
You'd hardly know a name;
There are so many strangers
The place don't seem the same.
Some classmates rest at Woodlawn
Where flowers I took to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved
Some forty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, Bill,
But tears come in my eyes
As I find so many missing
And the many broken ties.
But I love the dear old city,
And when I'm called to go,
I hope they lay me where we played
Just fifty years ago.

PART II

The Story of Prattville and the Pratt Family

CHAPTER XXXII

The Story of Prattville

Prattville of to-day is the part of Chelsea, roughly speaking, that lies north of the Metropolitan Boulevard. There is the Prattville School, the Prattville apothecary, the Prattville market and some twenty-five other shops.

It has a Catholic Church, a Protestant Church, its own Fire Station, a Sub-Postal station, Washington Park, and several thousand inhabitants.

This substantial and prosperous community has developed gradually in the past hundred years on what, in 1695, was the farm of Thomas Pratt.

The original deed describes the estate as beginning at the northeast corner of the Carter Farm, a point near the junction of County Road and Washington Avenue to-day, running westerly to the Malden, now Everett line; thence northerly along that line, but going westerly at same point so as to include thirty-five acres in Everett before reaching the Revere line, continuing to the Newgate Farm, then easterly across the top of Fenno Hill to the marsh, then southeasterly across it to Chelsea Creek; thence westerly by the Creek, at the foot of Powderhorn Hill, to the beginning.

The boundaries include besides the Prattville of to-day, a part of the Fenno Farm and the Cheever Farm in Revere, Revere Highlands and Woodlawn Cemetery.

They also include the site of " The Battle of Chelsea " (the first Naval Battle of the Revolution) ; the site of the first Tide Water Mill, and Sagamore Hill now called Mt. Washington.

Besides this property the Pratt estate included forty acres in Malden near " Black Ann's Corner " referred to as the wood lots, marsh land, now part of the Lynn marshes, and a large tract of land at Pullen Point, now Winthrop, which included Point Shirley.

Prattville has an interesting and historical background. Few places of its size can point to more really first things than can this little settlement. Samuel Maverick settled in Winnisimmet in 1624, at the mouth of the Mystic River, two miles from Prattville, which was nearly isolated by the marshes that ran to the southern slopes of Powderhorn Hill, excepting for a narrow strip of land leading to what is now Cary Square. Over a trail, which by necessity must have followed closely what is now Washington Avenue, the Sagamore Indians would pass to Maverick's Trading Post to sell their furs. This mild and friendly tribe inhabited Prattville when the English first arrived, or at least used it for hunting and fishing.

During the writer's boyhood it was still a common thing to find Indian mounds and Indian relics in parts of Prattville. It is impossible to locate exactly the haunts of the Indians. Their rude cultivation of the soil was subordinated to hunting and fishing. There are, however, historical memoranda and a few traditions which, in a general way, indicate some places of their temporary abodes. As early as 1641 and until 1855 Mount Washington in Chelsea and Everett was known

as Sagamore Hill; a name one might wish it had retained, as it implies that on, or near it, the Indians of that name had one of their seats. Many years ago, Isaac Pratt, then in his eighty-third year, said he thought their principal abode was not far from his house in the pleasant valley which slopes gently to the sun from Woodlawn to the foot of Mount Washington, or Sagamore Hill. He had found the remains of an old fort near the brook, beside which he had dug up clam shells, mortars, pestles, axes and other Indian implements which he enjoyed showing to visitors. Besides this fort, there were marks of two others: one on the top of Fenno Hill, and the other on Powderhorn Hill. Between 1806 and 1810 Mr. Pratt recalled some Leominster Indians visiting Sagamore Hill, and occupying during their visit a house belonging to the estate of Caleb Pratt, Sr.

As has been the history of the Red Man, he was no match physically or mentally for the English. The traditional story of Powderhorn Hill being exchanged for a horn of powder is an illustration as to their weakness as traders.

Partial civilization brought smallpox and consumption, and by 1700 the Sagamore Indians had practically passed out of existence. The Sagamores willingly traded away their lands, but they never took kindly to being excluded from them afterwards. Little trouble was experienced, however, during the life of John and James Sagamore, but upon their deaths the succession passed to their brother George. Sagamore George made trouble for the landowners in Rumney Marsh and Prattville. For more than ten years, sometimes by suit in the inferior courts, and at other times by petitions to the

General Court, he claimed the lands were unjustly withheld. He pestered the court by petition until, out of patience, it declared, May 19, 1669, that " his claim concerned not the General Court, but was for the proprietors of the land to decide."

In 1641 the Country Road was built from the ferry in Winnisimmet through Prattville to Salem. This was the first improvement of Prattville, and while not built with any such intention did much to develop the district.

Thomas Pratt held office in Rumney Marsh in 1695, but did not acquire the Way estate until the following year. The house at that time was 20 years old. He enlarged it and lived in it during his life. It was torn down in 1855, a portion of it being used in the construction of the house still standing at the corner of Franklin and Harvard Streets. The house on the Ireland estate, which Thomas Pratt acquired a few years later, was much older and is still standing. It is known to have been standing as early as 1652.

Captain Thomas Pratt and his wife lived there until after the death of his father in 1732. Later he moved into the newer house, and his son Daniel Pratt occupied the older house.

The town of Boston, 8 January, 1637, allotted to Sir Henry Vane a tract of 200 acres in that part of Rumney Marsh now known as Prattville. This nobleman and statesman, born at Hadlow, Kent, England, in 1612, was a son of Sir Henry Vane, secretary of state and treasurer of the royal household under James I and Charles I. He was educated at Westminster and Oxford and, after a short residence at Geneva, returned to England a Republican and Puritan. After the attempts of Bishop

Laud to return him to the Established Church, he sailed for New England, arriving in Boston October 3, 1635, where he was enthusiastically received, and was chosen governor in 1636, at the age of 24 years.

His attempt, however, to separate religion from civil authority, and his sympathy with Anne Hutchinson when attacked by the clergy, lost him a reëlection and gained him the enmity of the ministers, which has been handed down to the present day in the writings of Mather, Neal, Baxter, and others. John Winthrop was elected in his place in 1637. Vane sailed for England August 3, 1637, a large concourse of people accompanying him to the wharf to bid him farewell. He received the office of treasurer of the navy, shortly after his return, and was elected to Parliament. He was knighted June 23, 1640, and on July 1, 1640, was married to Frances, daughter of Sir Christopher Wray.

In the long Parliament he was a zealous opponent of the Royalists, but during Cromwell's reign disapproved of his methods and retired to private life, and later his opposition resulted in his confinement in Carisbrooke Castle, on the Isle of Wight; and still later to the Tower, after the restoration of Charles II. He was executed on Tower Hill, June 14, 1662, and his remains were interred in the family vault of the Vanes, in Shipborne Church, where his coffin was seen during the rebuilding of the church in 1879.

At the entrance of the Boston Public Library is a splendid statue in bronze of Sir Henry Vane by MacNonnies; considered one of the best works of this great artist — beneath it is the inscription:

SIR HENRY VANE

Governor of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay 1636
Born 1612 — Beheaded 1662
An ardent defender of civil liberty and
Advocate of free thought in religion
He maintained that God, law and parliament
Are superior to the King

Shortly after receiving the grant of land Sir Henry Vane disposed of it to William Brampton, or Brenton, as recorded in the note book of one Thomas Lechford, a lawyer, who received sixpence for a copy of a grant of Powderhorn Hill. The land is next found in the possession of one Nicholas Parker of Boston, a merchant, 1639.

By Liber I, page 207, of Suffolk Deeds, we find that Nicholas Parker sold part of the tract, 160 acres, to George Burden of Boston and that on 12 February, 1651/2 Burden conveyed the same to Aaron Way and William Ireland for 230 pounds.

From the ownership of Way and Ireland this land came into the possession of the Pratt family, about 1696, for 830 pounds.



Sr. Henry Vane.

First Owner of Prattville 1638

CHAPTER XXXIII

French and Indian Wars

There is much romance in the history of Chelsea. The settlers of Winnisimmet and Rumney Marsh were among those who founded a nation. The Indian Wars never directly affected the early settlers; for before hostilities commenced, the frontiers had been advanced some miles into the interior, but her men were called upon for the defense of more exposed towns, and promptly responded.

In 1650 the population of Massachusetts was mostly confined to Boston, and about thirty other villages in the neighboring counties. Everything else was forest, except a little group of villages in New Hampshire, and a few scattered settlements on the Maine coast.

As a result of King Philip's War, 1675–78, scarcely any Indians were left in New England, but twelve out of ninety towns were utterly destroyed, and more than forty others were the scene of fire and massacre. More than a thousand Englishmen and many women and children were killed. Winnisimmet was never attacked, but there was fighting within a few miles, and she paid her share of the war debt. John Pratt of Malden, father of the first Thomas of Chelsea, fought throughout the war.

Chelsea had her share in the trouble occasioned by the French Wars. Samuel Pratt had charge of the stock

of arms and ammunition which each town kept on hand for any emergency. In 1757 two expeditions were contemplated, one against Louisburg, and the other against the French Forts in New York. The Chelsea quota was six men, and on March 17, 1757, the town voted thirty-six pounds to encourage six men to enlist in the expedition. Henry Newhall was one of the six. He was sent to Lake George, and went through Mohawk Valley. He was a grandfather of Isaac Pratt, who was born March 25, 1796. While in the country, Newhall learned the Mohawk language. He could sing the Mohawk songs. The Boston Tea Party painted themselves as Mohawks. It is a family tradition that Robert Lash, father of Robert Lash for whom the Chelsea Lodge of Masons is named, and grandfather of Caleb Pratt, 4th, was of the Tea Party. He was a friend of Paul Revere, lived near him, was a Mason, a patriot, and about thirty-five years of age. No list of those participating was kept, but in most references to Robert Lash by my ancestors they mention that he was of the Tea Party.

Prior to the Revolution there were about twenty-five negro slaves in Chelsea. In the will of Thomas Pratt, Sr., he gives away three slaves. During the Revolution most of these slaves went to war. They were loaned for the purpose and security was given for their safe return. No mention is found of what happened in case they were killed.

The enrolled militia consisted of all males from eighteen to forty-five years. Annual inspection, first Tuesday in May, when the rules and articles were publicly read to the companies. Each captain was required to parade his company on three days in addition to the

annual inspection. All persons between the age of forty and forty-five were exempt from all military duty by paying annually to the town treasurer the sum of two dollars and, before the first Tuesday in May, producing the receipt to the commanding officer.

In 1829 the age was dropped from forty to thirty-five. In 1831 the law had this provision: " Treating with ardent spirits on days of military duty and at election of officers is prohibited, and court martial may punish, for all offenses by reprimand, removal from office and fines not exceeding $200."

CHAPTER XXXIV

The Acadians

When the Acadians were removed from Grand Pré in 1755, and banished, after living happy and prosperous lives for generations in Nova Scotia, about a thousand of them arrived in Boston at the beginning of winter. No provisions had been made in case the government should refuse to take them under its care. The assembly, however, passed an act permitting them to land, and directed they should be sent to such towns as a committee appointed for the purpose should think fit. Chelsea had her quota, as is proven by bills sent to the Province. These are now to be seen in the State Archives.

One bill for food for the " Frensh Peopel," submitted by Nathan Cheever Junior in 1758, amounts to 190 pounds, seven shillings and eleven pence.

Samuel Watts of Chelsea was chairman of the council to provide for the care of these unfortunate people.

In 1762 the council advised that the Governor permit a new arrival of 46 sick Acadians to go ashore at Point Shirley, with the approbation of Thomas Pratt, Thomas Goldthwaite, Samuel Floyd, Samuel Sargent and Samuel Watts, Jr., the selectmen, and to remain until further orders. It is probable that most of those residing in Prattville and Rumney Marsh housed one or more of these people until they could take care of themselves.



House of Deacon Daniel Watts about 1750. Junction of the Country Road (Washington Avenue) and County Road. Powderhorn Hill to Right. Prattville to Left.

CHAPTER XXXV

Prattville's Part in the Revolution

During the siege of Boston the left wing of Washington's Army was located in Chelsea, and Colonel Gerrish's regiment was quartered in barracks built in Prattville. On at least one occasion, when inspecting his troops, General Washington dined at the Thomas Pratt House, the doorstep of which is incorporated in the wall of Washington Park, and has the following inscription upon it:

"This stone once the doorstep of the Old Pratt Mansion visited by Washington during the seige of Boston, stands opposite the barrack grounds of Colonel Gerrish's regiment 1775–76."

A bronze tablet on the outer wall of the Prattville Schoolhouse bears this inscription:

"This site is a part of the allotment by the Town of Boston to Sir Henry Vane in 1638, Governor of Massachusetts in 1636. This building faces the First County Road in the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Opposite here stood the Pratt Homestead in which General Washington was entertained in 1775. This locality was an outpost of the left wing of the American Army during the siege of Boston 1775–76. Extensive barracks occupied by Provincials being near here."

During the war for independence, the citizens of Winnisimmet rendered good service to the cause, both at

home and on other fields. Rev. Philip Payson, their settled minister, showed zeal and capacity in civil and military affairs.

A signal station was maintained on Powderhorn Hill, and the movements of the British fleet and army, as well as of the boats which crossed to Winnisimmet were signaled to Winter Hill, Somerville, and soon made known to Washington at Cambridge.

The people in Prattville by order of the Committee of Safety removed their livestock and much other property to Malden to prevent their falling into the hands of British foragers.

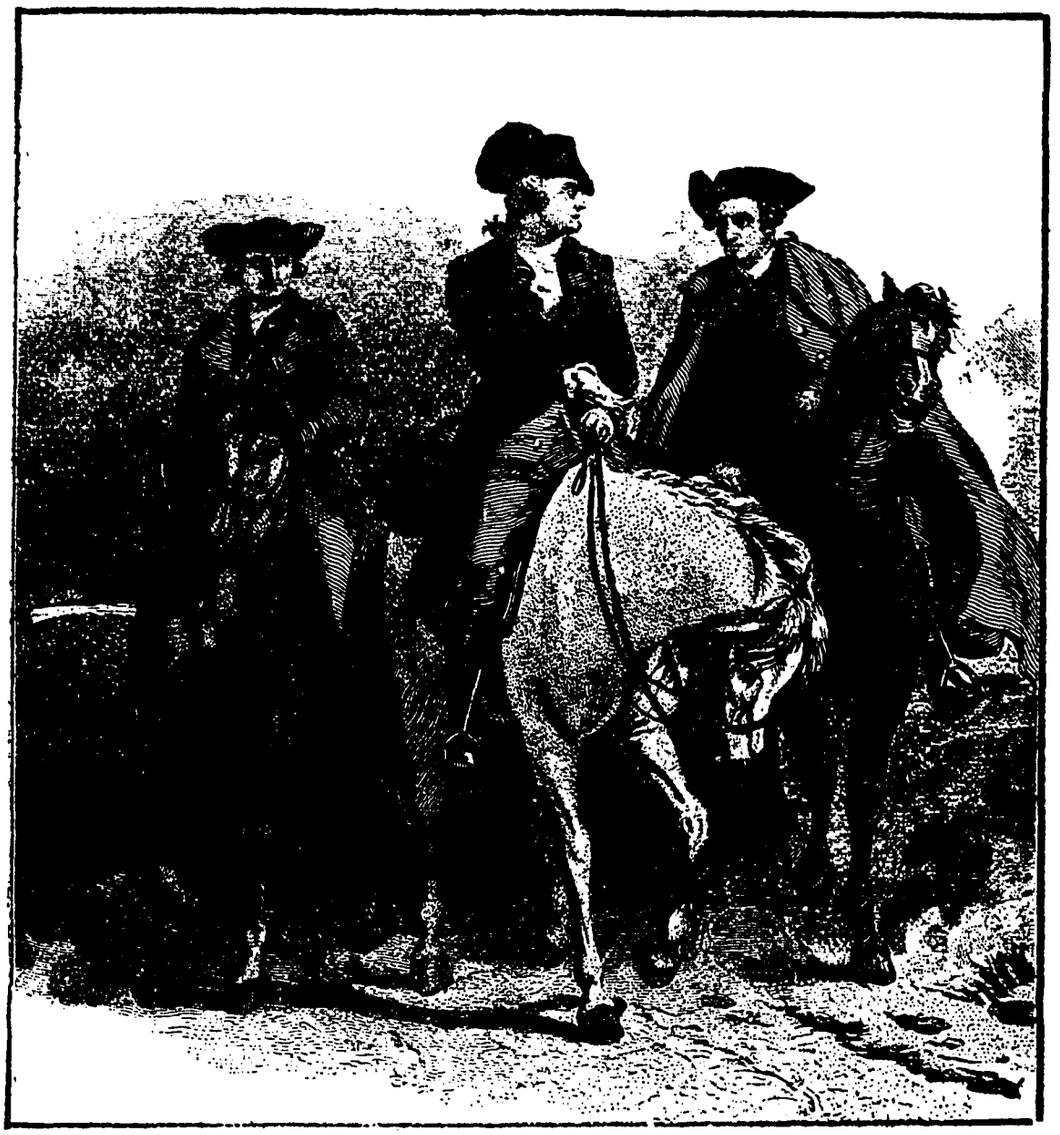
Soon after April 19, 1775, Prattville was occupied by undisciplined soldiers from remote parts, who sometimes from necessity, and often from mere wantonness, committed serious injury to the Pratt estate. The loss to Thomas and his brother Samuel amounted to several thousand dollars.

19TH APRIL "1775"

By afternoon the country was aroused and men from Suffolk, Middlesex, and Essex counties, hastening to the conflict, intercepted the British on their retreat from Concord. Chelsea was remote from the conflict, and the route to it circuitous, but some of her citizens rendered important service. When Lord Percy went to the relief of Colonel Smith's hard pressed troops his convoy fell behind the main party, and was intercepted at what is now Arlington.

This convoy was captured by a few Americans headed by Rev. Mr. Payson of Chelsea who attacked the party

of twelve British — killed one, wounded several, made the rest prisoners and gained possession of the arms and stores. Thomas Pratt and John Pratt are among those listed as being present.



GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON AND HIS STAFF VISITED CHELSEA IN 1775–76 TO INSPECT COLONEL GERRISH'S REGIMENT, QUARTERED AT BARRACKS BUILT ON THE PRATT ESTATE

Captain Samuel Sprague's Chelsea Company, of which Daniel Pratt and Caleb Pratt were members, marched on the Lexington Alarm and did not return until 16 May, 1775.

Among my inherited and cherished heirlooms are three old blue plates, three saucers, two cups, and a sugar bowl. These are supposed to be the last of Captain Thomas Pratt's best set, and George Washington may have eaten from them. There is also a saucer of brownish color very different in make and design. These dishes were kept by my grandfather in a specially built fire-proof box, set in the big chimney, so that no harm could come to them. Family tradition has it that the little brown dish was captured from the British. For many years I tried to get the details. Recently while digging through the Simon Butterfield papers in the Boston Public Library I was rewarded. I found the following, dated 1880:

"These reminiscences of the past I gathered from conversations with Isaac Pratt, Esq. of Prattville, (born 1796, son of Samuel and Mary), about ten years ago. Although a little infirmed in body, his mind was vigorous and active. He probably had more knowledge of the early days of Rumney Marsh than any living person.

"At his beautiful residence adorned with the choicest of fruits and flowers with his well cultivated farm, his estimable wife and daughter, he has lived to a patriarchal age."

* * * * * * *

"So many regiments had come to assist at the siege of Boston that two companies from Nashua, New Hampshire, were sent to protect Chelsea.

"One company was encamped at Washington Avenue and County Road, the other at the Cary House. The flats were quite hard and the channel of the river quite shallow. There was a post, so a light could be

hoisted when men went over to Noddles Island on a raid in the night that they might find the place to cross.

" Putnam sent for these two companies to make a raid on Noddles Island and get the cattle, kept there by the British for the use of the army. They went over and one of the men looked into a small house where the officers were stationed near the old East Boston ferry. All being asleep and seeing a handsome set of brown china ware by the dim light in the dining room, such as he had never seen before, he determined to take it. He took off his trousers, tying the lower part of them, and filling them up with ware, he got to the crossing, getting nearly drowned in crossing over, and losing all the china ware but one saucer which he put in his breast. He wandered around in darkness until he came to Capt. Thomas Pratt's house, knocking at the door and gave the saucer to Mr. Pratt who furnished him with pants and a coat. It is still preserved.

" The rest of the company got some cattle and they were put on Powderhorn Hill to pasture.

" The British were very mad the next morning at not getting their usual supply of milk.

" General Putnam sent orders again for the companies to go over and burn the house and barn and drive off or kill the rest of the cattle.

" The British saw them landing and sent a force over near the old East Boston Ferry. They advanced against the Americans who retreated from tree to tree and got behind stone walls." This started the Battle of Chelsea.

CHAPTER XXXVI

The Battle of Chelsea

Israel Putnam, on a sunny day,
Disputed the British right of way.

Leading a party of no great wealth,
But all endowed with rugged health —

He captured an English man-of-war,
In the cleverest battle you ever saw.

Chelsea Creek near Noddles Isle
Is where they fought for quite a while.

'Twas May twenty-seven in seventy-five,
Our hero Warren was still alive.

The sun went down in the golden west
As the men arrived in Sunday best.

The British stole a lot of cattle
Which gave good cause to fight a battle.

" Provincials have no rights," they cried,
And for this cause our soldiers died.

To safely guard their stolen sheep
Help was summoned of the fleet.

But Providence here had planned affairs —
The British, alas! had many cares.

The ship " Diana " was sent around
But very promptly ran aground.

Says Putnam to Warren, " Tell me true,
Don't she look pretty good to you? "

" Here's a prize upon the land
To capture a ship, it would be grand."

The troops were trenched upon the hill
And orders given, " Men, fire at will."

Our ancestors fired so fast and well
The English thought they were in Hell.

Before the smoke had cleared away
The Redcoats headed down the bay.

They loudly cursed their rotten luck
But hustled off through all the muck.

Putnam's men, the histories say,
Were at the finish all O. K.

The riches they so justly earned,
For safety's sake they had to burn.

These are the facts, just roughly told,
Of the Chelsea battle, grand and bold.

On Monday next at half past four,
Please stop and think of one thing more —

This battle, fought right where you are,
Of naval battles, is first, by far.

Had a traveler in 1775 visited Prattville he would have found a beautiful section of farming country, fertile fields, broad meadows and rolling hills; but he would have found only four farmhouses. If he had looked into their outbuildings he would have seen no cattle, no sheep — no live stock. Boston was held by British troops, and the American forces were besieging them. Chelsea's farms could not be protected against the foraging parties of the British Army; so the cattle had been sent further inland.

On Hog Island (now Orient Heights) the British were keeping some 400 sheep and on Noddles Island (now East Boston) the British were maintaining a detachment of 400 marines who had in their charge a large number of cattle and sheep, and stores of hay and products.

General Ward decided to try and capture their live stock and so, on the 27th day of May 1775, he sent Colonel John Stark with a detachment of 300 Americans. The Americans captured the sheep on Hog Island, and drove them to a place of safety on the mainland. They killed some of the cattle and drove off a portion of them from Noddles Island, when they were intercepted by the gun fire from an armed schooner in Chelsea Creek. It mounted four cannons and twelve swivels. It was accompanied by an armed sloop, and

eleven barges filled with marines from different British men-of-war.

Their objective, of course, was to cut off the retreat of the Americans. When they arrived at a point near "The Mills" (now Slade's Mill) they began to fire upon the American forces drawn up on the shore, and a brisk fight ensued. About two o'clock, General Israel



ISRAEL PUTNAM ON HIS WAY TO THE BATTLE OF CHELSEA

Putnam arrived with reinforcements of two cannons and 300 men, among them Dr. Joseph Warren. For two hours the Americans fired upon the British vessels, when the schooner ceased to reply.

The British attempted to tow her down the creek to a point of safety, but were driven off by Putnam's forces. At last she went aground on the Chelsea shore. Her crew took to the boats and escaped. The Americans

took from her whatever was valuable, and burned her so she should not fall into hands of the British who were in possession of the harbor. Chamberlain's History states that Samuel Pratt carried down hay with which to burn the ship.

General Putnam continued the attack upon the sloop, killing and wounding many of her crew, and the sloop was obliged to retire, being towed off by the barges. The battle continued throughout the night; a large barn full of hay and a farmhouse on the Island were burned. During the whole of the following forenoon the Somerset man-of-war of 68 guns continually fired on the people of Chelsea.

Despite the neglect of historians in the past and the lack of complete records from participants, the facts stand out clearly to-day — that 600 to 800 provincials from several New England Colonies on land contested with several hundred British troops and marines, both on land and sea in armed vessels; that only three or four casualties were suffered by the Americans, while those of the British were variously estimated from sixty-four to several hundred. The expedition was a glorious victory at arms for the Americans.

The Continental Congress promoted Israel Putnam to Major-General, upon receiving news of the Battle. It was the first naval battle of the Revolution. The first time cannons were used, as well as the first instance of armed co-operation in and for the purpose of the Revolution by men of several colonies, and it took place on the Prattville side of Chelsea Creek.

Mr. Robert D. McKay of the *Chelsea Evening Record,* Editorial Staff, collected and collated much ma-

terial regarding the Battle of Chelsea Creek which was published by Samuel H. Robie in the *Evening Record* in issues of May 26 – June 3, 1925, and later printed in pamphlet form in an edition of 100 copies for private distribution. It contained about 15,000 words and without doubt is the most complete record of this important event yet published.

CHAPTER XXXVII

More About Chelsea in the Revolution

There is a difference of opinion as to whether the three Chelsea companies participated in the fight at Bunker Hill. Frothingham says that two of them did. The writer has in his possession a cannon ball; family tradition credits Thomas Pratt with bringing it away from Bunker Hill when he retreated. It is supposed to have been fired from a British man-of-war in Boston Harbor during the battle, and has been passed along by will together with the story from one generation to the next.

During the winter of 1775–6 military operations about Boston were suspended, except that each side watched for a favorable opening to attack, and to prevent a surprise. The companies at Chelsea were sheltered in barracks built for them in Prattville which were 96 feet long and 16 feet wide.

During one of General Washington's inspection trips to the east wing of his line, and while eating his dinner at the Thomas Pratt house, a cannon shot was heard. Washington, who was seated at the table, got up with a turkey leg in his hand, and went to the window. This tradition of the Pratt family is handed down in writing and was quoted by Judge Mellen Chamberlain in his speech at the dedication of the Prattville School. Chamberlain added, that returning to the table he finished his

dinner and in due course finished the war as was his custom in anything he undertook.

EVACUATION OF BOSTON

Prattville did its share in bringing about the British evacuation of Boston, 17 March 1776. Loads of pressed hay were carried from there to Dorchester, and deposited in barns for the purpose of building the fort on Dorchester Heights and to lay over the roads a foot deep to deaden the sound. A large quantity of saltpetre was also made in a building belonging to Lieut. Samuel Pratt; the same being manufactured from the rubbish collected under old buildings in Prattville — there being a great scarcity of gunpowder among the Americans.

The fort at Dorchester Heights was actually built in one night, and the British, deceived by the apparently formidable breastworks, which was mostly hay, withdrew their forces from Boston. The siege of Boston had made food and fuel very scarce for the British. The cattle and supplies captured or destroyed during the Battle of Chelsea was a serious matter, and in less than ten months, aided by the guns of Washington at Dorchester Heights, it compelled the British Admiral to pack his troops and all the Tories in Boston into his ships and sail for Halifax.

After the evacuation of Boston the war drifted off to New York, and except to furnish her quota of men, arms, ammunition and supplies, Chelsea had no immediate connection with military affairs. Numerous records exist, however, to show that the Pratts were doing their share: such as, " voted — 12 March 1781 to allow

Caleb Pratt as much as his son Caleb's poll rate amounted to, in Captain Joseph Pratt's company toward his services as a soldier.

"July 24, 1780, Samuel Pratt and Joseph Pratt, a committee of the town, agreed to pay Daniel Pratt $1200, money advanced to pay soldiers.

"July 26 Lieut. Daniel Pratt lent the town 162 pounds to hire three months' men etc."

THE SMALLPOX

The Revolution entailed upon Chelsea more than upon any other town the scourge of the smallpox, which did not depart with the British army, and not until some years after the close of the war.

A smallpox hospital was established at Point Shirley, as the British were sending those afflicted with it in Boston to Chelsea, all of whom were burdensome to the Chelsea people, who especially dreaded lest they should become infected with the disease and indirectly communicate it to the army at Cambridge.

On July 29, 1775, General Washington went into the matter and made a personal investigation — letters of his pertaining to the subject are in existence.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

Prattville Items

The town was very considerate of its poor. As early as 1742 there is record of money being "voted to be raised" for a needy inhabitant.

March 13, 1786, Capt. Samuel Sargent, Mr. Joseph Green, and Mr. Daniel Pratt were made a committee to procure a house for the poor of the town to live in. Voted May 29th, to hire the barracks of Daniel Pratt in Pratt Village for the poor of the town, at three dollars per quarter.

In 1792, April 4th, it was voted to build a poorhouse, and a substantial farmhouse and barn were built at Eustice and Nichols Streets. Washington Park was the garden where enough garden truck was raised to feed the inmates. The poor-farm was given up before 1860 but the house still stands.

FIRST SCHOOL IN PRATTVILLE

The young people of Prattville before 1800 received more or less instruction at home. Schooling was considered a necessity of life. The *Old Farmers Almanac* in 1792 among other instructions for preparing for the winter on the farm said: "Secure your cellars from frost. Fasten loose clapboards and shingles. Secure a good schoolmaster."

In 1839 a primary school was started in Prattville, but

apparently it was not all that could be desired, as the school committee's report states that, "a stump, with a piece of board on top for a seat, having no back attached, affords no enviable resting place." This school was discontinued in 1846 on account of the number of scholars being reduced to seven, and reorganized later in the small schoolhouse on Washington Avenue.

In 1877 a school was organized in Prattville, in one small room in the building at the corner of Washington and Webster Avenues. This building was moved to make way for the Revere Beach Parkway about 1900; then for a long period of years the Prattville children attended the Carter Farm School located at the foot of Carter Hill, near Orange Street. Then the Carter Grammer School was built near Cary Square and the Bloomingdale primary school, which took care of the education of the young until the splendid new twelve-room Prattville school was built in 1897.

Prattville, as far as I can learn, never had a tavern. There was no need of one. Travellers stayed at the Ferry Tavern or went on to Lynn. From about 1800 until steam cars came in, there was one to be found every ten to fifteen miles on all the post roads. It usually was an extensive, substantial house, easy to locate, whether or not it had a sign. The food was invariably good; the landlords in general well informed, well behaved and of independent manners, with an apparent consciousness that, both with respect to situation and intelligence, he was at least on the level with his guests. He sat at the table with the visitors, while the domestic service was performed by his daughters with or without the assistance of hired "help."



THE DANIEL ATKINS HOUSE, BUILT 1800, DEMOLISHED 1903

Sketched by Hermon W. Pratt. Here Caleb Pratt, 4th, was married to Pomona Atkins

It might be said that Prattville was a " close Corporation " up to 1850, as the land was owned almost entirely by members of the Pratt family. In 1854 Caleb Pratt and his friend John Cheever of Charlestown, to whom he had sold a good acreage, started a land development and renamed Sagamore Hill, " Green Mont. Village in Chelsea and Malden." The name was changed shortly to Mt. Washington which it still bears, and that part of Malden became Everett. The survey was made by John Low.

At this time there were but 13 homes in Prattville. Land was sold at five cents a foot on Harvard Street in 1859, and in other more remote places at $2\frac{3}{4}$ cents a foot. Elm and chestnut trees were set out on Mt. Washington in 1859, and many of these still survive.

WOODLAWN CEMETERY

This is the most important cemetery north of Boston. It is owned by the lot owners, residents of Chelsea, Boston, Everett, Malden, and in fact the present owners live in a large number of cities in Massachusetts. This beautiful " City of the Dead " is located in Everett, on the Revere line and not far from Chelsea. It was once part of the Pratt estate. Caleb Pratt 3rd sold this part of the farm to Daniel and Thankful Atkins about 1815 at which time they moved here from Wellfleet and built a house. Their daughter Pomona Atkins married Caleb Pratt 4th.

The cemetery was incorporated August 31, 1850. It is about the size of Mt. Auburn Cemetery in Cambridge. It has extensive lawns, walks, and drives, and contains thousands of forest trees. At this time there are over

forty thousand interments, including most of Chelsea's best known people who have passed on during the past eighty years, as well as prominent persons from other cities. There are many beautiful, costly and artistic monuments and great care is taken to preserve them and their records, improve conditions and give perpetual care to all.

WASHINGTON PARK

The history of the beautiful little park in Prattville is little known to the present generation.

Back, just previous to the Civil War the land which is now Washington Park was used as a garden, rented to individuals by the City to whom it belonged. It was completely surrounded by a wooden picket fence, in a chronic state of unrepair. About this time Caleb Pratt, the councilman from old Ward 4 — for this was 1857, the year Chelsea became a city — attempted to have the city turn the land into a public park. His son Hermon, a boy of twelve, carried a petition for his father from house to house securing many names, but when it was presented to the City Government the petitioners were promptly given leave to withdraw, and the first attempt to make a park in Prattville failed.

Then came the Civil War and all that went with it and, as during the World War, public improvements had to give way to war necessities. So for many years the plot of land was little used except as a dumping ground — a disgrace to the neighborhood and an eye sore to the passer-by. The fence was broken in many places, and pedestrians used the land as a thoroughfare — much to their discomfort in muddy weather.



WASHINGTON PARK, PRATTVILLE

Years went by, the omnibus gave way to the horse-car, with straw on the floor in winter to keep one's feet from freezing while crossing the marshes to Boston. The telephone arrived, and many new houses had been built in attractive Prattville, when in 1873 Hermon W. Pratt started a second petition asking the City Government to give the land for a park on the condition the citizens would beautify it. Six hundred dollars was pledged to start with, and the petition was presented to the Board of Aldermen by Alderman James T. Phelps who worked hard for it; but this petition like the first was promptly turned down, a strong element in the lower wards opposing any improvement in Ward Five.

An attempt was made to get the city to sell the land but this also failed, and so for the next 13 years it remained a mud hole and a dump for ashes, with as fine a collection of old boots, hoop skirts, tin cans and the like as one would often see.

In 1885 Hermon W. Pratt was elected to the Common Council and at once started to get a park for Prattville. He circulated a petition once more and, receiving assurance that " the third time never fails " from members of the City Government, asked the State Legislature for an act to establish a park. Mayor Endicott, City Solicitor Kimball, and Mr. Pratt appeared before the committee at the State House with the result that the following act was passed:

" (Chap. 80.)

" An Act to Authorize the City of Chelsea to Lay Out and Maintain a Public Park.

" Be it enacted, etc., as follows:

" Sect. 1. The City of Chelsea by its city council may, at any time within three years after the passage of this act, lay out and maintain a public park, in that part of said city called Prattville, on land now owned by the said city, bounded northerly by Warren Street, southerly by Hancock Street, easterly by Washington Avenue and westerly by Franklin Street.

" Sect. 2. The said city, within sixty days after it votes to appropriate money to lay out and maintain said park, shall file in the registry of deeds for the county of Suffolk a description of the land, sufficiently accurate for identification.

" Sect. 3. No money shall be appropriated at any time for the laying out or maintaining of said park, except upon a two-thirds vote of each branch of the city council, taken by yea and nay.

" Sect. 4. This act shall not take effect unless accepted by said city of Chelsea, upon a majority vote of each branch of the city council, taken by yea and nay. (Approved March 18, 1886.) "

The petition was then presented to the City Government and the land was given for the purpose of creating a park. As the city was laboring under a heavy debt, no funds were available to beautify it, and Mr. Pratt personally solicited subscriptions. It was no small matter to collect the $2500 necessary, and many times he felt thoroughly discouraged and was tempted to throw the whole business over; many made light of the undertaking and ridiculed it. Aside from a few subscriptions of one hundred dollars or so, only small amounts of five and ten dollars could be secured.

When the first thirty feet of wall was built there was

scarcely enough money to pay for it, but the sample pleased and money commenced to come in. Bevis Tucker was given the contract to build the wall, with instructions to build each week only so far as the money received would pay for. The work was started in the fall of 1885, cold weather set in early and it had to be stopped until the following spring when it was continued until the following fall when both ends met, many tons of ledge stone being used.

The wall is three feet six inches above ground, two feet six inches below and rests on two feet of broken stone and is eighteen inches in thickness. The survey and laying out of the park was carried through under the supervision of City Engineer William E. McClintock. Late in the fall Mr. Pratt started a tree subscription which proved popular, and over 250 trees were secured in this way, mostly English and American elms, and maples, and about 200 vines which were planted along the wall. The park was finished in the spring of 1887 and dedicated July 4.

This was before the Safe, Sane, Noiseless Fourth — quite to the contrary; for, according to a local paper, his honor, the mayor, issued an order requesting the ringing of the various church bells at sunrise and asking all law-abiding citizens to bestir themselves and with revolver, bomb or cracker, vie with the small boy in creating independent enthusiasm and confusion. Mr. Pratt was chairman of the Fourth of July Committee that year, so the city paid for a band of twenty-two pieces for Prattville and quite a display of fireworks with an elaborate set piece representing George Washington — over which was Washington Park and under "Dedicated

July 4, 1887." With a military and civic parade, a reception to Mayor Mitchell and the Board of Aldermen at Mr. Pratt's home, with a suitable punch and many speakers, Washington Park was dedicated. To quote from the official program of the day, " Amid the melody of charming music, flaming cataract and the luminous presence of our Pater Patriae." The original subscription list of Washington Park is in the custody of the Chelsea Public Library where it may be seen.

A notation in my father's memorandum book written by him some years later: " I went to the city hall to accomplish the Washington Park scheme, and succeeded. The result is we have a beautiful park in Ward Five, costing the city only the land which it owned, the same being beautified at the expense of the citizens to the amount of several thousand dollars; every dollar of which I raised personally by subscription."

Judge Mellen Chamberlain, Ex-Chief Justice, Librarian of the Boston Public Library, and author of the " Documentary History of Chelsea " spoke as follows at the laying of the corner stone of the Prattville School September 25, 1897: " We are here to-day to dedicate an interesting public building of which His Honor, the Mayor, has just laid the corner stone, and he gives us the assurance that during the coming year this fine structure will be open to the education of your children. It is a fortunate coincidence. It is one on which we have a right to congratulate ourselves and to thank the City Government.

" I am not here to-day especially to participate in the act of dedication, or to speak those things which would more appropriately come from one more particularly

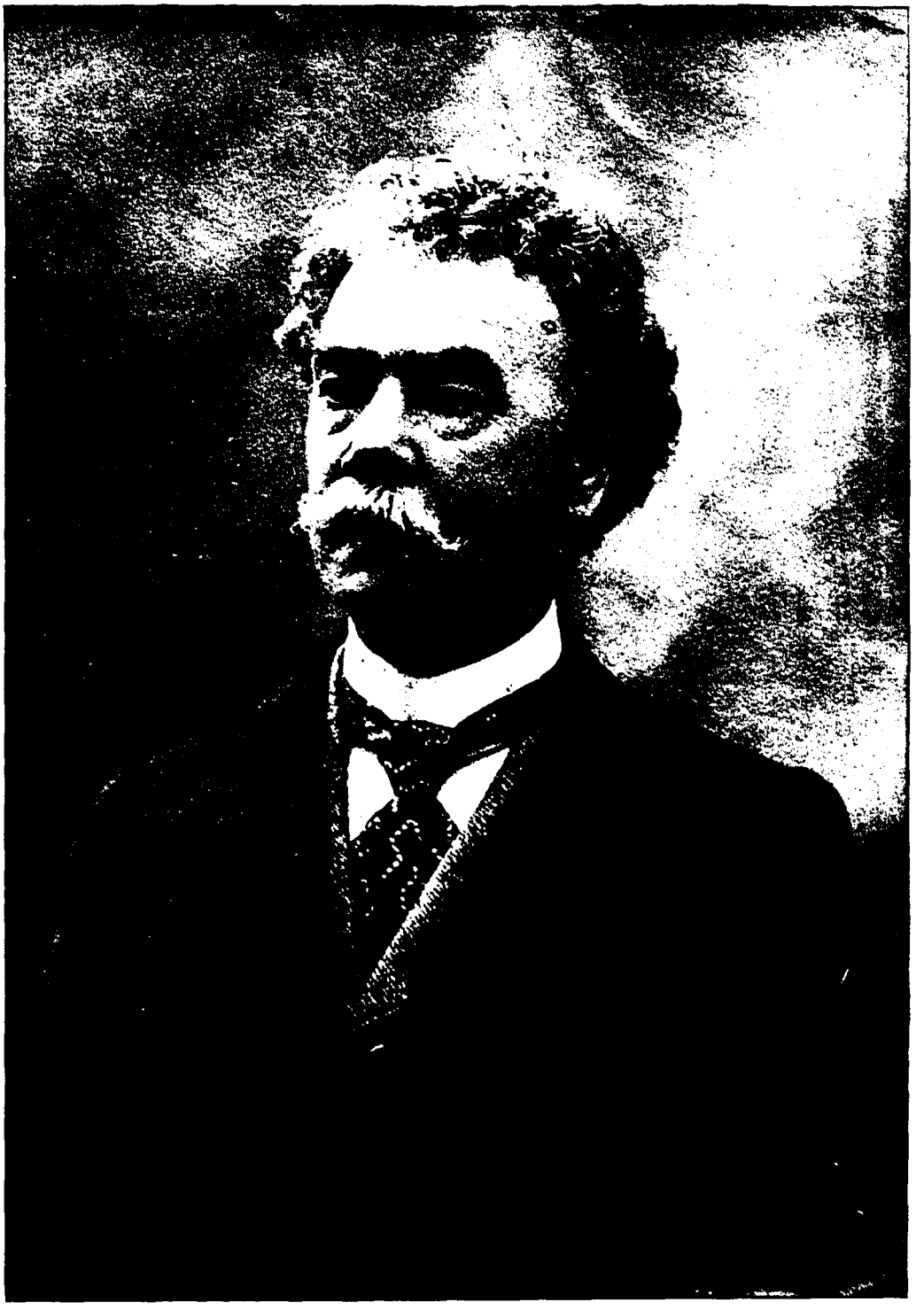
engaged just at present in the work of education. I am here to say something about the antiquities of this old town of Chelsea, and something about the historical associations connected with Prattville. Now, I suppose that I might as well say that among the living antiquities I have a very respectable place myself. I am the sole survivor of the first Board of Aldermen of the City of Chelsea. From 1857 to 1897, 40 years ago, I participated in laying the foundation of this city and I alone of those aldermen, as I have said, am alive. All of the facts of the history of the City since 1859, so far as I have participated in, still remain in my memory. But, as a student of history, my mind goes back over 200 years, and notes the remarkable history of this beautiful town of Chelsea. More than any other town in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, more than any other town known to me in America, there are associated with it more of those things that are termed first things.

"On the southerly slope of the beautiful hill now owned by the United States, Sam Maverick fortified against the Indians the first erected structure in the Colony of Massachusetts Bay. That structure was attacked by the Indians, and they were repulsed. They said some years later, when they saw the great number of Europeans who were coming over here, they were sorry they did not attack it again. Had they done so, we do not know what would have become of it. As probably as late as 1820 Chelsea had within its borders the oldest structures in the Massachusetts Bay Colony. In 1630 or 1631 there was set up the oldest ferry on the continent. About that time they began on the public grounds of the United States Naval Hospital, near

where the pier is, the oldest county road on this continent, and you are standing on it today. It ran through Prattville going towards Lynn and Salem. Time would hardly allow me to go more particularly into these things, but what I want to say, and what to me is of interest, is that we stand today on historic ground.

" The first allotment of the old town of Boston in 1638 was the very ground on which we are now standing. To whom was that allotment? To that distinguished Governor of Massachusetts, Sir Henry Vane. He went to England and he became involved in some political difficulties, and was beheaded in 1662. To me it is a source of gratification that I stand today on ground that is historic ground. On this Pratt farm there still stands the house owned by Daniel Pratt. The Ways I believe still live. The Irelands, I do not see many of them by exactly that name now.

" It is generally known, I suppose, that in the year 1775–6 the American Army had its headquarters at Cambridge, and its right wing was at Roxbury and its left wing was where the old Pratt house stood. A house now stands on the site where Washington visited to see if everything was well this way; and while he was taking lunch there he heard the report of a musket, and he got up from the table with a turkey bone in his fingers, and went to the window and found that it was nothing of great consequence. He then went back and finished his meal. In due time he finished the war. I feel with interest that we can tread on the very spot where Washington, in the performance of his duties which he never neglected, found his way in protecting his left flank from any hostile invasion of the British parties.



MELLEN CHAMBERLAIN, JUDGE, HISTORIAN, AND LIBRARIAN OF THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

"Fellow citizens, have we not a beautiful country? Stand on any of these hills and look which way you will, where will you see anything more beautiful? Anything more worthy of being cultivated? Anything more worthy of being inhabitated by a refined and intelligent people? The citizens of Chelsea have always had a high reputation. You know very well the immense sums that have been spent in the past forty or fifty years in establishing just such institutions as this. It is a fair question whether we are maintaining relatively the standard which our fathers set for us. It is a question which ought to be asked. Fellow citizens, it is your question and problem!"

Hon. Hermon W. Pratt made the following remarks at the dedication of the Prattville School: "On the 25th of September, 1897, it was my privilege, as Mayor of this city, to lay the corner stone of the Prattville School and it was with regret that I felt it my duty to myself and family to relinquish the cares of office before the completion of this building, so near and so dear to my heart. I am pleased, as a citizen, and as one who has taken a deep interest in the growth of Prattville, the home of my family for many generations, to participate in these exercises.

"I congratulate our citizens on the completion of this beautiful and commodious building; for the increased facilities which it affords, and which, for the first time in many years, provides ample accommodations for all the Prattville children. In behalf of the school children of this district who for years, through deep snows of winter and heat of summer, have wended their way down town to school, I desire to thank the city authorities for their

liberality and wise action. I congratulate the Public Property Committee on the success which has crowned their efforts.

" Probably no public occasion in this city can ever be of so much interest to me as the event of this evening. From boyhood I have lived in this section, going to the old schoolhouse located only a few steps from here, and the comparison between that building and this marks well the march of progress in our city. There are here to-night some who remember our one-room schoolhouse where we boys and girls of the 50's were gathered together to receive such education as our fathers could afford and that the times deemed necessary. At that time, this was a farming community and the homes of Prattville were few and far between. How well I remember our boyish pranks — how the orchards suffered, how we used to go swimming in the creek, the banks of which I hope to see in a very short time laid out by the Metropolitan Park Commissioners as a boulevard connecting Revere Beach with Middlesex Falls. It seems but yesterday when we boys and girls had our post office in the fields behind the old red gate which stood at that time near the corner of what is now Franklin and Harvard Streets.

" At the time of the laying of the corner stone of this building I took occasion to mention that we stood on historic ground and that our scholars should be made familiar with these facts, for I am of the opinion that one of the principal duties of the teacher is to instill into the minds of the children love and veneration for our country, and an interest in our local history, thereby creating in the citizens of tomorrow a pride and respect

for their home city that cannot fail to redound to the benefit of the community.

" Chelsea has always nobly responded in defense of the flag whenever assailed; and in every war has covered herself with glory. In 1775 she was among the first to respond to the call to arms; in 1861, with a population of 13,395, she furnished 2,108 men and 80 commissioned officers, making 194 above her quota. She paid state aid, during the war, to soldiers' families amounting to $196,786.87; the Ladies' Aid Society furnished $6,217.56, making a grand total furnished by our citizens from 1861 to 1865, of $203,004.43. In 1898 the school boys of the 80's to 90's were ready and anxious to die, if need be, in the defense of national honor and integrity. It is something more than the love of adventure that creates the American volunteer — it is a love of country that is imbued in the boy by his early training and education, and when we see them offer themselves, as they did four short months ago, when we see the united country ready and willing with men and money to uphold the nation, it is an object lesson teaching us that the republic and its institutions are as solid as the Rock of Ages, and that internal dissensions, partisan strife or foreign foe can have no effect upon their stability to the perpetuation of our glorious heritage.

" What a splendid record has been made by our army and navy! To-day our flag stands not only for liberty, freedom and equal rights at home, but is a symbol of justice and humanity that makes the whole world better. Let love of country and respect for the flag, and what it signifies, be a part of the daily teaching in this school — yes, in every school in this broad land of ours. Let

us so educate our young men that they may always stand as a solid phalanx of the nation's defenders; such teaching will go far toward obtaining for us a position among the nations that will be a guarantee of security and peace for all time. Let our places of education be our strongest fortifications and our scholars so taught that they may, by their intelligence and patriotism, constitute a standing army of citizens that shall command the respect of the entire world."

CHAPTER XXXIX

Meteorological Events

Great snow of 1717; cold winter of 1741; dark day of 1780; eclipse of 1806; meteoric shower of 1833; gale and earthquake of 1869.

All generations of the Pratt's religiously recorded unusual actions of the elements. Caleb Pratt 3rd, in his memorandum books, covering thirty years, made almost daily mention of the weather. The first frost — the first snow — the first thunder-storm are given quite as important entry as Wellington's victory over Napoleon at Waterloo or the visit of Lincoln to Chelsea in 1848. Clippings and notes regarding the variety of climate are tucked into the pages of these and other books.

The weather was an important factor in the life of our ancestors, especially to the farmers of the seventeenth century, and was an animated topic of conversation.

Prattville and, of course, New England, has a greater variety of climate than any other part of the country. The mercury travels from thirty below to one hundred above. Every week in the year is liable to sudden change. January may have its thaw; June its frost and sleet.

Many think the winters in the old Colonial times were more severe and the depth of the snow greater than to-day. From the records I have it does not prove so. Cities throw off heat; and the cold is not felt and dreaded to-day, with well-heated buildings and warm clothing, as it was in the old days.

The first settlers were illy provided with shelter, food, fuel and clothing. Had the "Mayflower" landed the Pilgrims in June instead of November so many deaths the first winter would not have occurred.

During the three centuries since the first settlers arrived, we have had in the extreme of heat and cold, in the quantity of rain and snow, and in the violence of wind, electricity and hail, little of startling occurrence or of destructive results. We have had storms talked about for a decade or a generation, as we to-day speak of the Portland storm, meaning the blizzard of November 1898 when the "Portland" boat was lost with all on board.

In 1637–38 the snow at Rumney Marsh and Lynn continued on the ground from the 16th of November until the 12th of April.

In 1642 the winter was exceedingly cold, with deep snow, and Boston harbor was in most places passable for teams for five weeks. The Indians said it was the coldest winter in fifty years.

In 1717 occurred the greatest fall of snow ever recorded in New England. It started on the 20th of February and lasted four days and nights. Old Indians said their fathers had never told them of such a snow. It was many days before the County Road to the ferry could be broken out. In Prattville the small buildings were completely covered, and tunnels were dug under the snow to the barns, so the cattle could be fed. Some farms lost their sheep; and in some instances sheep and swine, which were saved, lived for days without food. Deer and other wild animals came out of the woods for food. This storm became a tradition all over New Eng-

land, and old people in relating a story dated it so many years before or after the great storm, just as we do about the Portland storm.

Governor Winthrop's report says: "We lost at the farms 1100 sheep, besides some horses and cattle. It was very strange that twenty-eight days after the storm, the people of Fisher's Island, in digging out the remains of a hundred sheep, found two alive. They had kept themselves alive by feeding upon the wool of the others."

The winter of 1741, Thomas Pratt states, was the coldest ever known. The quantity of snow was moderate and travelling was less interrupted than usual by drifts. Francis Lewis drove his horse the length of Long Island Sound on the ice to Massachusetts.

The Boston *Post Boy* of January 12, 1741, said: "For three weeks we have had a continued series of extreme cold weather, so that our harbors and rivers are entirely frozen up. On the Charles river a tent is erected for the entertainment of travelers. From Point Allerton along the South Shore the ice is uninterrupted for more than twenty miles."

The Boston *News Letter* of March 26 (same year) said: "We hear that great numbers of cattle and sheep are famishing for want of food. Three hundred have died on Slocum's Island, and 3000 on Nantucket. Some farmers offer half their cattle for the support of the rest till the last of May, but in vain."

On April 2 the same paper said: "People from Thompson's Island, Squantum and the adjacent neighborhood, have come fifteen Sabbaths successively upon the ice to meeting at Dorchester."

The drought of the summer of 1749 was severe. There

was very little rain from the sixth of May till the last of July. Extreme hot, dry weather so scorched the pastures that animals could barely live. Immense multitudes of grasshoppers appeared in some localities. They were so thick on Nahant that the inhabitants, forming a line, marched with bushes in their hands, and drove them in vast numbers into the sea.

The 19th of May 1780 was the celebrated dark day all over New England. At midday it was so dark that people could not see to read or eat without lighted candles. It began at ten in the morning, at eleven it was so dark that fowls retired to their roosts and the cattle collected about the barns as at night. The darkness continued until next morning. It was afterwards supposed that it was caused by smoke from forest fires combined with thick fog from the sea. The darkness at night was so intense that many who were but a little way from their houses could not find the way without a light.

On Monday, the sixteenth of June, 1806, the residents of Chelsea witnessed a total eclipse of the sun near midday. It commenced a few minutes after ten and continued about two and a half hours. The sun rose clear; the morning was unusually pleasant. As the eclipse advanced the air became cool, like the approach of evening. The birds at first flew about in astonishment, and as the stars appeared, retired to their roosts. The shadow of the moon traveled across the earth from west to east, and at the moment when the last ray of the sun was intercepted, all things around appeared to waver, as if the earth was falling from its orbit. It was a scene of unparalleled interest and grandeur. Some

of the more impressible fainted, and many took hold of objects near them for support. The total darkness lasted about three minutes. When the sun came forth from obscurity the silence was broken; the cocks began to crow, the birds renewed their songs, and man and creature rejoiced.

The 19th of January 1810 was a memorable day to Daniel Pratt. The temperature dropped from 47 above zero at sunset to twelve below in eight hours. It was accompanied by violent piercing wind which destroyed trees and overturned buildings, and some of his cattle were frozen. Many wild animals perished and travelers and stage drivers received earmarks which they wore through life. In other parts of New England it was even worse than in Chelsea.

Near the close of 1833, in November, a phenomenon occurred never before witnessed in this country. Soon after midnight on the morning of the 13th meteors were noticed to be unusually frequent. At four o'clock the heavens presented an extraordinary and sublime aspect. Small meteors of surprising brilliancy, as numerous as the stars, were seen flying from the zenith in all directions, through a clear, unclouded sky, leaving luminous trails behind. Often one larger and more brilliant than the rest would shoot across the heavens, causing a light similar to a flash of lightning. In whatever direction the eye was turned the scene could be compared to a shower of burning stars falling to the earth. Thousands of people scattered over North America, from Nova Scotia to Mexico, witnessed the spectacle. As the light advanced the meteors began to disappear, and terminated their display with the coming of dawn.

On February 8, 1861, Caleb Pratt writes in his memorandum book: " Very cold, the mercury fell in less than 20 hours 65 degrees. At three o'clock yesterday it was 45 above zero, and this morning at seven it was 20 below."

March 8, 1862, he writes that it is the fifty-third day of good sleighing, and so it went, year in and year out, hardly a day without some reference to the weather being recorded.

The condition of the atmosphere — the constantly changing weather — is a theme that still forms a large part of our daily conversations, as it has from the time Noah hurried into the ark.

On 8 September 1869 occurred the Great Gale. At half-past four a heavy wind with rain blew up from the south and did much mischief, increasing in violence till about seven. Everything was shaken thoroughly and devastation followed. When the hurricane was at its height, so Henry Mason, Sr., of the *Telegraph and Pioneer* records, he saw the roof of the four-story brick block on Beacon street, near the ferry, taken up bodily to the height of one hundred feet, where it swayed like a balloon for a minute, collapsed and then fell on the small brick block opposite, on the same street, causing much destruction of property.

The people vacated their homes and fled for their lives. Chimneys fell in all directions, and trees were laid level with the earth. The upper part of Ballard block on Park Street was carried away and deposited upon the vestry of the Broadway Church, smashing in the roof and endangering the life of Mr. Tenney, the sexton. The steeple of the Baptist Church oscillated

fearfully, and that of the Universalist suffered a sprain or twist which has spoiled its equilibrium.

The roof of a fine new building on Beacon Street, Boston, was blown off and carried away so that it could not be found. The Boston coliseum became a ruin. The hurricane finished the question, "What shall we do with it?" The roof was blown in, covering up and destroying the organ.

20 October 1869 the visitation of an earthquake was very perceptible in Chelsea as in other places. About eleven in the morning the walls of the houses began to tremble, being shaken by the vibrations of the earth. All inanimate things were in motion.

The shock lasted from one to two minutes and came from north and south. In the *Pioneer* printing office the employees were much alarmed; the cases moved violently, the iron presses swayed from their moorings, so that all who were inside ran out lest the building tumble. Bells in houses on Chestnut Street rung, and several schoolhouses were shaken more or less.

CHAPTER XL

LINCOLN ASSASSINATION AS TOLD BY THE HEADLINES

Among the Caleb Pratt 3rd papers are newspaper articles giving in detail the story of President Lincoln's assassination, and the attempt upon the life of Secretary Seward and others.

The *Boston Traveler* has one column "spread" in black type dated Saturday morning, April 15, 1865, which reads: "TRAVELER EXTRA by Telegraph. Latest. Death of the President. Abraham Lincoln died this morning at twenty-two minutes after 7 o'clock. The President shot and mortally wounded. Mr. Seward stabbed and not likely to recover. Mr. Frederick Seward assailed with a club. Major A. H. Seward also stabbed. Escape of the murderers."

On the 16th, the *Boston Sunday Herald* has the front page devoted to the news. One column reads: "TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD. Our National calamity. 'Hung be the Heavens in Black!' The secret, cowardly murderer still free. Superhuman efforts for the arrest of Booth and his accomplices. Revelation of their plot, cool, calculating, villainous, secretive. Seward very comfortable. His son will not survive. No trace of the assassins." Another column reads: "The Grief of the Metropolis. Monster meeting in Wall Street. The

North in mourning. Inauguration of Andrew Johnson as President. An impressive scene."

The *Boston Daily Journal* carries the headlines Tues-



Yours &c
A. Lincoln.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AT THE TIME OF HIS CHELSEA VISIT IN 1848. A RECEPTION AT THE CARY HOUSE FOLLOWED HIS PUBLIC ADDRESS

day, April 20, 1865: "Boston in Mourning. Honors to our late President. Meetings in the churches. Impromptu citizens' processions. Grand Mass Meeting on the Common." The *Journal* of the 24th of April has

ceased to discuss the assassination although the assassins were not yet captured.

On the 28th, however, the papers again are filled with the news. The *Boston Herald* has three one column headlines: "Telegraph to the Herald! The Capture of the Assassins. Flight of Booth and Harold. Rebels conceal and harbor them. Represent themselves as paroled rebel soldiers. Rebel cavalry supply them with horses." Another column reads: "TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD! Good News. The Assassin Booth shot and killed. His body in Washington. Capture of Harold. Assassin found in barn. They refuse to surrender. The barn is set on fire. Booth offers to fight a squadron of cavalry. He is shot by a sergeant."

On July 9, 1865, the *Herald* heads its principal column: "THE NATIONAL TRAGEDY. Last scene of it all, conspirators executed. Mrs. Serratt Displays Dignity in Despair. Unbroken firmness of Powell. Atzerodt a babbling cringing craven. Harold vacillating and wandering to the last."



GRAVE OF LIEUTENANT THOMAS PRATT, BELLROCK CEMETERY, MALDEN. FIRST OF THE CHELSEA PRATTS

CHAPTER XLI

The Pratt Family

Chart

John Pratt, died at Maldon, England, 1619

Richard Pratt — Came to America 1638

John Pratt, died at Malden, Massachusetts, 1708

Lieut. Thomas Pratt; born 1669; died at Chelsea 1732

Captain Thomas Pratt 1699–1780 — Samuel Pratt

Daniel Pratt 1724–1803 — Benjamin — John — Joseph

Caleb Pratt, 3rd, 1764–1838 — Edward — Daniel

Caleb Pratt, 4th, 1804–1887 — Robert Lash

Hermon Washington Pratt, 1845–1918 — Henry Pratt

Walter Merriam Pratt

Lieut. Thomas Pratt, the first of the family to settle in Chelsea, was born 1669, died 25 June 1732. Married Mary Davis Lewis (1691) who was born 31 January 1662/3, died after 1732. Their children were Elizabeth, b. 24 January 1692/3; Ann, b. 11 February 1694/5; Sara, b. 10 August 1697; Thomas, b. 6 May 1699; Samuel, b. 27 January 1703/4.

Capt. Thomas Pratt, the eldest son, who was born 6 May 1699, died 29 March 1780; married 27 April 1721 Mary Floyd; born 25 March 1699; died 14 October 1775. Their children were: Thomas, b. 9 May 1722; Daniel, b. 17 April 1724; Benjamin, b. 20 July 1725; John, b. 26 May 1727; Edward, b. 22 December 1728; Mary, b. 30 May 1736; Joseph, b. 26 October 1737.

Daniel Pratt, the eldest surviving son, was born 17 April 1724; died 1803; married 2 April 1752 Mary Brooks; born 20 December 1731; died 8 March 1818. Their children were: Anne, b. 26 January 1753; Mary, b. 20 September 1755; Sarah, b. 25 September 1758; Daniel, b. 28 August 1760; Edward, b. 12 July 1762; Caleb, b. 16 July 1764.

Caleb Pratt 3rd was born 16 July 1764; died 28 October 1838; married 18 April 1802 Mary Lash who was born 4 November 1770 and died 19 May 1819. Their children were: Caleb, b. 23 June 1804; Sarah, b. August 1808; Robert, b. 1806.

Caleb Pratt 4th, the eldest son, born 23 June 1804; died 19 November 1887; married 12 March 1828 Pomona Atkins; born 24 May 1807; died 9 June 1879. Their children were: Caleb Atkins, b. 20 April 1829; Mary Lash, b. 1 November 1830; Sara Francis, b. 5 June 1833; George Hermon, b. 23 June 1836; Caroline Francis, b. 13 October 1838; Elizabeth Ann, b. 28 June 1842; Hermon Washington, b. 20 July 1845; Henry Eugene, b. 13 February 1849.

HERMON WASHINGTON PRATT, eldest surviving son, born 20 July 1845; died 2 May 1918; married 15 June 1870 Emily Merriam, b. 23 November 1846; died 5 May 1897. Their children were: Gertrude Merriam, b. 27 March 1871; Albert Merriam, b. 11 February 1875; Emily Merriam, b. 10 July 1876; Walter Merriam, b. 13 July 1880.

WALTER MERRIAM PRATT married Marietta Harkness of New York City 16 April 1914.

The name of Pratt is traced back over 500 years in European history. Anthony Du Prat, who was Chancellor of France and Prime Minister to Francis I, was born in 1465. He was sent as a delegate to the Pope at Rome, and was distinguished for his loyalty to the crown and love for his sovereign.

The first of the Pratts to appear in Chelsea was Thomas Pratt who was appointed constable at Rumney Marsh in 1694. He was a descendant of John Pratt of Maldon, Essex, England (Alderman in 1595–1605; died 1619, and lies buried in All Saints Church Yard near the ancestors of George Washington.

The following is quoted from a letter written by Mayor Charles L. Dean of Malden, Massachusetts, to His Worship Edward A. Fitch, Mayor of Maldon, Essex, England, dated May 13, 1899, at the time of two hundred and fifteenth anniversary of the incorporation of Malden:

" Our historian has given me the following items of information in regard to the old settlers and I hope that you may be able to trace some of them as coming di-

rectly from your borough. A leader in the settlement of our town was Joseph Hills, who was married at Burstead Magna, Billericay, in 1624. He was of your parish of All Saints in 1631, and the births of his children are recorded there. In 1638 he came to New England with others. His son-in-law, John Wayte, who was a leading man here, was from Wethersfield, Essex. Another of our early settlers, Richard Pratt, is said to have been a son of John Pratt of your borough, where he was baptized in 1615. Salmon, History of Essex, 424, says that John Pratt, an alderman of Maldon, was buried in All Saints in 1619. Thomas Ruck, an early land-holder but not a settler, is said to have come from Maldon."

"It may interest you to know that out of the little settlement of 1649, which was named Maldon (now changed to Malden) have grown three cities with an aggregate population of about seventy thousand people."

The territory now included in Malden, Everett, and Melrose originally belonged to Charlestown and in 1634 it was known as "Mystic Side." The settlement of Malden was actually made in 1640, but the town was not incorporated until 1649, when the following record appears: "In answer to the peticon of seull inhabitants of Misticke side their request is graunted, viz, to be a distinct towne of themselves & the name thereof to be Maulden." The name has been spelled Maldon, Mauldon, Maulden, and Malden.

Richard Pratt, son of this John Pratt, came to America from Maldon, England, with a group of planters and settled Malden, Massachusetts. His son

John died in 1708, having among other children Thomas, the first of the Chelsea Pratts.

John Pratt fought in Captain Turner's Company in King Philip's war. Bodge's History, Page 251, includes his name in "A list of ye soldiers yt were in ye Fall Fight inder Capt. Wm. Turner approved off by ye committee of ye Gen. Court," (Dated June 1736); and on Page 253, Thomas Pratt, Malden, son of John Pratt, is included in "A list of soldiers and descendts of such as an deceased that were in the fight called the falls fight above Dearfield who are instituted to the township grant by the Generall Court as follows."

Charles Pratt, philanthropist and founder of the Pratt Institution, Brooklyn, New York, endowed by him at his death with $2,000,000, was a great grandson of John the second of Malden, Massachusetts, and a son of Asa Pratt of Watertown, in whose name he established and endowed the free Public Library in that city, as one of his many charities.

His sons were Charles M. Pratt, George D. Pratt, Herbert L. Pratt, John T. Pratt and Frederick B. Pratt, all of New York and associated with the Standard Oil Company.

CHAPTER XLII

LIEUT. THOMAS PRATT
FIRST OF THE SEVEN GENERATIONS

Thomas was born in 1669 at Malden, died in Chelsea 25 June 1732, and is buried in Edgewood Cemetery, Malden. He married Mary (Davis) Lewis of Groton who was born 31 January 1662/3, the widow of Isaac Lewis. Their children were Elizabeth, Ann, Sarah, Thomas, and Samuel.

Thomas Pratt purchased in 1695 the Way-Ireland farm. He became prominent in town affairs and was one of those who formed the " First Church of Christ in Rumney Marsh " in 1710. It was the first church building erected in Chelsea, Revere, or Winthrop and still stands (1930).

By will he gave to his son, Thomas Pratt, the house in which the son was then living with the barn belonging to the same, and the northernmost and southernmost portions of the estate, the northern boundary of the southern parcel crossing the road to Lynn a little northeast of the house. He gave to his son Samuel the remainder of the farm, that is, the central portion on both sides of the road. The minute provision for the widow, Mary, shows what was considered a comfortable maintenance for a farmer's wife at that day. If the widow married, she was to leave the farm and receive an annuity of twelve pounds; but during her widowhood the house in which she and her husband had dwelt was to

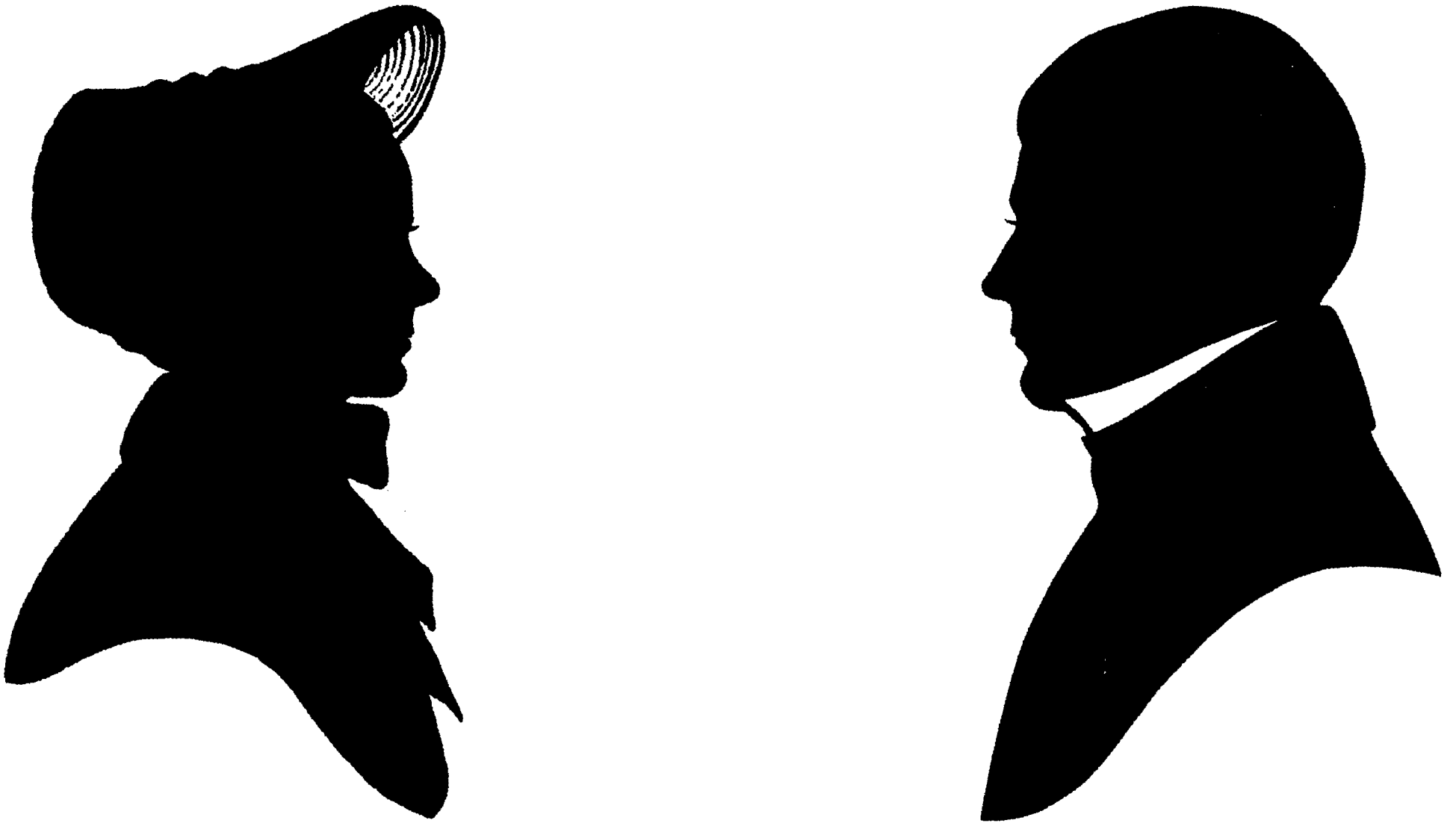
be hers, with the household stuff therein. Two cows, two geese, two turkeys, six hens, and a pig were to be kept for her on the farm both summer and winter, and there was to be delivered at the house each year one hundred pounds of beef, one hundred twenty pounds of pork, ten bushels of Indian corn, two of rye, two of malt, six of apples, two barrels of cider, and firewood cut ready for burning. She was to receive an annuity of ten pounds in money, and was to be transported to meeting and home again as often as she desired. A similar provision was made for his widowed daughter, Elizabeth George, who might live with her mother on the farm during her widowhood. A daughter, Sarah Blanchard, and grandchildren, Anna, Samuel, and Thomas Sargeant, — were mentioned in the will, also a sister, Abigail.

The will of Thomas Pratt of Rumney Marsh was dated June 9 and probated July 10, 1732. The record of his death is from his gravestone in Malden. Apparently he originally attended the Malden church, as he contributed to the rebuilding of the meeting house there in 1704.

The inventory of the estate shows signs of prosperity. In it is mentioned a watch, a wig, silver shoe and knee buckles, a clock, a desk, oval tables, chairs with carved backs, a carriage (chair), three negro slaves, two pews in the Chelsea Meeting House, and many other objects. Besides the Old Mansion House, and the house that his son Thomas lived in, there were two barns, a tan house and yard, and a shoemaker's shop.

Samuel, the younger son, received from his father 104 acres, leaving Thomas approximately 286 acres.

The original grant to Sir Henry Vane, although in the same family, was for the first time, after nearly 100 years, divided. With each subsequent generation of Pratts, further division and sale of the property was made. The writer, however, still owns one piece of land on which a Pratt has paid taxes without interruption for 230 years.



Captain and Mrs. Thomas Pratt, Hosts to George Washington
1775–76

CHAPTER XLIII

Captain Thomas Pratt

Thomas Pratt 2nd acquired his title of Lieutenant in the French and Indian Wars; and later that of Captain, as commander of the Chelsea Military Company.

He was born 6 May 1699; died 24 March 1780 at Prattville. He married 27 April 1721 Mary Floyd, the daughter of David and Mary (Hallowell) Floyd of Malden. They had seven children: Thomas, Daniel, Benjamin, John, Edward, Mary, and Joseph.

He was one of the leading citizens of Chelsea. He served as Selectman for twelve years between 1730 and 1754, and again in 1762. He was representative to the General Court 1745 to 1748, 1766, 1771, 1772. He was chosen " Committee Man " to its Convention which met in Faneuil Hall 22 September 1768; was a member of Committee in 1768 and 1770 to ask of the General Court relief from over taxation. He was a member of the Committee of Correspondence in 1775. He was an Ensign 1734, a Lieutenant in 1754, a Captain 1775; signed the Covenant 1757; Moderator of the Town Meetings, and host to General George Washington. He fought in the Battle of Chelsea at Lexington and Bunker Hill. His home was known as the Washington-Pratt House and was torn down in 1855. In 1735 he built the first tide water mill in America.

FIRST TIDE WATER MILL

From the earliest days Boston was supplied with windmills for grinding corn, and later with tide mill ponds, the most famous of which was on the Back Bay; but as late as 1733 the inhabitants of Rumney Marsh had to cart their grain to Malden.

In 1721 its people started petitioning the town for relief. These proceedings apparently were fruitless until about 1735 when Lieut. Thomas Pratt built at his own expense what was known as "The Mills," and later — and to the present day — as the Slade's Mill (the first tide water mill built in America).

He sold a quarter interest to Samuel Watts on April 26, 1739. Upon the death of Watts in 1770, Thomas Pratt again became sole owner, but March 9, 1780, he sold one half of the Grist Mill to Samuel Clark for 600 pounds and 50 Spanish dollars.

In 1827 Henry Slade bought a half interest in the property, and acquired the balance in 1859. In 1884 the mill became the property of the D. & L. Slade Company. It burned to the water July 18, 1885, after a continuous existence of 150 years. Rebuilt, it burned a second time July 26, 1901, and again on November 14, 1902; each time being rebuilt on the same spot. It is still operated by tide water. The first in the country, and one of the few to-day.

SALE OF POINT SHIRLEY

The writer has in his possession a silver can handed down by will for six generations. It was made by Benjamin Burt, silversmith, a contemporary of Paul Revere.

It bears this inscription, " The Gift of the Proprietors of Point Shirley to Mrs. Mary Pratt 1752."

That precinct originally known as Pullen Point, Rumney Marsh, now Point Shirley, Winthrop, was owned by Lieutenant Thomas Pratt, who, with Mary his wife, on September 1, 1752, sold for 466 pounds, 13 shillings, and 4 penny, 140 acres to Henry Atkins, Ezekiel Goldthwait, Nathaniel Holmes, John Rowe, Thomas Goldthwait, John Baker and Thomas Mitchell, capitalists of the town of Boston who attempted to carry on the fishing business there. A portion of this same tract of land sold to a land company some years ago for over one hundred times the amount.

The cup was presented to Mrs. Pratt the following year in commemoration of the purchase, at which time the name Point Shirley was given the place in honor of Governor Shirley who was present.

Chamberlain's " Documentary History of Chelsea " contains an amusing and interesting account of the occasion, in which it says that " The speculators believing the occasion should be made an auspicious one, invited Governor Shirley who was exceedingly popular with Bostonians, and a number of gentlemen of distinction who were selected because they could make a good speech, tell a good story, or sing a good song, or at any rate, could eat a good dinner and drink good liquors."

The governor and party went to the Point by boat and as they passed Castle William, now called Fort Independence, they were saluted with a discharge of fifteen guns, and received the same salute upon their return. They were received at Point Shirley with all the demonstrations of joy so new a settlement was capable of.

Thomas Pratt's will is an interesting document, and for that reason is printed in full. No other evidence is necessary to show that Captain Thomas Pratt was an able, forceful, religious and educated man.

WILL OF CAPTAIN THOMAS PRATT

" In the name of God Amen the fourteenth day of March in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty: I Thomas Pratt of the Town of Chelsea in the County of Suffolk in the State of the Massachusetts Bay.

" Gentlemen: being sick and weak in body; but of sound and disposing mind and memory, thanks be given unto God: therefore calling to mind the mortality of my body and knowing that it is appointed for all men once to die; do make and ordain this Last Will and testament, that is to say; principally and first of all I give and recommend my Soul into the hands of God that gave it, hoping through the merits Death and passion of my Savior Jesus Christ, to have full and free pardon and forgiveness of all my sins, and to inherit everlasting life, and my body I commit to the earth to be decently buried at the direction of my Executor hereafter named; nothing doubting but at the general resurrection I shall receive the same again, by the mighty power of God, and as touching such worldly estate wherewith it hath pleased almighty God to bestow upon me and bless me with in this life I give dismiss and dispose of the same in the following manner and form, that is to say —

" First, I will and order that all my just debts, funeral and probate charges shall be paid and discharged in a convenient time after my decease by my executor here-



In Commemoration of the Sale of Point Shirley by Thomas Pratt — 1752

after named out of that part of my estate that I herein give to him and order to be paid to him.

"I give to my well beloved and eldest son Daniel Pratt, his heirs and assigns for ever; to be by him freely possessed and enjoyed, and to be at his own dispose for ever; all my estate of all sorts, both real personal and moveable that I shall or may die leased and possessed of that is mine either in possession or reversion; excepting that part and parts of my estate that I herein particularly give to my son John Pratt and to my son Joseph Pratt their heirs and ossigns or particularly otherwise dispose of herein and except as herein excepted and I will and do likewise appoint constitute make and ordain my said son Daniel Pratt my only and sole executor of this my last will and testament.

"I give to my well beloved and second son John Pratt, his heirs and assigns for ever; to be by him freely possessed and enjoyed and to be at his own dispose for ever; a certain wood lot I own in Malden that contains about eleven acres of land be it more or less. Said wood lot is bounded Westerly on land that was owned by Nathaniel Jenkins and Southerly on land that was formerly owned by Capt. Benjamin Blany deceased and one half of my pew that is at the Southern end of Chelsea Meeting House said pew is next adjoining to a pew formerly owned by Elisha Tuttle and my straight bodied Chocolate colored coat; and four Spanish milled dollars and also the sum of nine hundred pounds of Lawful money Currency; said nine hundred pounds to be paid to him by my said executor within four months next after my decease, out of that part of my estate that I herein give to him the said Daniel Pratt except as here hereafter

excepted and whereas I have in time past paid for my son John Pratt a debt that was due from him to Mr. Pitts of Boston, to the amount of about one hundred pounds lawful money, and of my Son John Pratt is indebted to me for about fifty sheep, and a yoke of oxen, and also as he owes to me several sums of money on other accounts, and for other things and for the improvement of considerable of my lands for several years, and whereas I suppose he has some accounts against me for some things I have had of him, and for some service done by him for me, and as I conclude the balance of my accounts between us will be in my favor and if said balance shall be in my favor I give it to him but if any balance of our accounts shall or may appear to be due to my son John Pratt, anything whatsoever, my will is and I hereby order that if my said son John Pratt does not give to my said executor a full and clear discharge for of and from all debts dues claims and demands of every sort name nature and kind whatsoever that has been heretofore is now, or shall hereafter be due or payable to him the said John Pratt, his heirs, executors or administrator; (excepting only what I herein give to him) that my executor shall have the use benefit profit and improvement of all the money and estate that I herein give to him my said son John Pratt, with out my executors paying any thing therefor until he the said John Pratt does give said full discharge and clear my estate and executors from him the said John Pratt, his heirs, executors and administrators and all other persons from by or under him or them and in case the said John Pratt does demand and recover of my estate or executor any sum of money more than he owes to me, my will is, and I hereby impower

my executor to take and sell, give good and lawful deed or deeds and conveyances of so much of the land I have otherwise given to him my son John Pratt as may and shall be necessary and sufficient to pay all that he recover and to pay all cost and charges of what so ever nature that arise thereby.

" I give to my well beloved and younger son Joseph Pratt, his heirs and assigns for ever, to be by him freely possessed and enjoyed, and to be at his own dispose for ever, the dwelling house he now lives in, and the land adjoining thereto, bounded Easterly on my other land, where the stone wall now stands and on the roads from Winnesimmit to Lynn, and Northerly on land of Thomas Waitt Westerly on land of Jaber Sargeant, Southerly on land of the heirs of Samuel Pratt, deceased and on the land of Daniel Pratt and also a certain piece of land called the sheep pasture bounded Easterly on land of Joshua Cheever, Northerly on land of the heirs of Mr. Yeomans, Southerly and Westerly on said road Southerly and South-westerly on the town way and also a certain piece of salt marsh land that contains five or six acres of land laying below the wigwams so called and is bounded Southerly on Marsh of Daniel Green, Northerly on a creek Westerly and Southerly on marsh of Doctor Deveranac's heirs, and also the Northerly one half of a thirteen acre lot of wood land that I own in Malden. Said lot is bounded Easterly on land of Ezekiel Jenkins and also the one half of a pew that is at the Southerly end of Chelsea Meeting House. Said pew is next adjoining to a pew formerly owned by Elisha Tuttle and also my blue cloak.

" Further my will is and I hereby give to my son

Daniel Pratt his heirs and assigns over and above what I herein before gave to him the sum of thirty pounds of lawful money currency to be paid to him by my son Joseph Pratt but of that part of my estate I herein give to him my said son Joseph Pratt said sum is further to enable my son Daniel Pratt to pay my just debts and funeral charges. Furthermore my will is and I hereby order that in case my son Joseph Pratt does bring any claims debts dues or demands against my executor, or estate that so much as he demands and recovers shall be paid to him out of that part of my estate that I herein give to him and I hereby impower my executor to dispose of so much thereof as shall be sufficient for that purpose.

"I give to my beloved granddaughter Mary Oliver, her heirs and assigns for ever the sum of fifty pounds of lawful money currency to be paid to her or her heirs within twelve months next after my decease, by my said son Joseph Pratt, out of that part of my estate that I herein give to him, and the reason I give her no more is because she has had so much already. Also my will is and I hereby order that if either of my said sons, their heirs, executors or administrators do not pay and perform as I have herein ordered that; then that part of my estate that I have herein given to him or them that do not perform as I have herein ordered shall be responsible for the payment and performance thereof.

"And I do hereby utterly disalow revoke and disannul all and every other former Will, Testaments, and Bequests and legaces, and executors by me in any way before this time named willed and bequeathed ratifying and confirming this and no other to be my last will and

testament in writing whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal the day and year herein before written.

" Signed sealed published pronounced and declared by the said Thomas Pratt as his last will and testament in presence of us the subscribers, viz.

" (Signed) Thomas Pratt "

Captain Thomas Pratt lived to be 81 years old. His name appears with practically every civic, military, or religious activity for a period of fifty years.

By his will 11 acres of land in Malden were given to his second son John; and some 15 acres in Chelsea to his youngest son Joseph. During his life he had sold the 140 acres in Winthrop; thus the original Thomas Pratt's estate was divided into some six or eight farms. His eldest son, Daniel Pratt, became head of the family, owning the Mansion House and about 200 acres of land.

CHAPTER XLIV

Daniel Pratt

Daniel, the eldest son of Captain Thomas Pratt was born 17 April 1724, died 1803, and is buried in the old graveyard in North Chelsea (Revere). He married 2 April 1752 Mary Brooks, the daughter of Capt. Caleb Brooks of the British Army, and sister of Maj. Gen. John Brooks, Governor of Massachusetts, 1816 to 1823. Their children were Anne, Mary, Sarah, Daniel, Edward, and Caleb.

Daniel Pratt was highway surveyor of Chelsea in 1755; he signed the church covenant in 1757. Served as Selectman eight years, and for many years was Town Treasurer. He was a Minute Man and served in the Alarm list of Captain Sprague's Company. He served with this company in Lexington, and his house was used as barracks during the Revolution. His will is an interesting document. It gives information of an intimate nature about the well-to-do farmer of the day.

WILL OF DANIEL PRATT

" In the name of God, Amen, I, Daniel Pratt of the town of Chelsea, and county of Suffolk and Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

" Gentlemen, — Being of sound mind and memory and health through the abundant mercy and goodness of God, do constitute this my last will and testament,



HOME OF DANIEL PRATT, BUILT ABOUT 1660 AND STILL STANDING.
INCREASE SUMNER WAS CONCEALED IN THIS HOUSE BEFORE
HIS ESCAPE TO ENGLAND

and desire it may be received as such. I humbly bequeath my soul to God, my maker, beseeching his most gracious acceptance of it through the merits of Jesus Christ, my Redeemer, my body to the dust to be decently buried by my executors hereafter named.

" My will is that all my just debts be paid by my three sons, viz: Daniel Pratt, Edward Pratt, and Caleb Pratt, except my funeral charges to be paid by Edward and Caleb.

" Of my beloved wife, my will is that she have the improvement of the west end of my dwelling house, so long as she remains my widow, and that she be decently and comfortably maintained as to bread, meat, wood, and every other article for her subsistence, by my above named three sons equally, and if either of them shall refuse or neglect to do his full share, he or they or either of them shall herein be obliged to pay her their said mother 35 Spanish Mill Dollars, a year, as yearly salary as long as she continues to be my widow.

" My will is that there be paid to my daughter Mary Hall, 16 — to be equally paid by my executors hereafter named or to her heirs.

" My will is that my daughter Sarah Pratt be supported with her mother out of my estate while she remains single, and if she should remain single, after her mother's death her support to be continued with the improvement of the West End of said house unless her brothers can agree with her to live in one of their farms; while she remains unmarried, that she have a good cow; that it be kept on my estate for her the whole of the year till her marriage. If she should not be married before my decease, that at marriage she shall have two good feather

beds and bedding and 30 pounds, paid to her in cash, or in household furniture to her acceptance of that value, and that she have 60 pounds paid to her in two years after my decease — all which privilege and sum of money be paid equally by my three sons, and if my daughter should die before the time of payment of said 60 pounds, and had no children, the said 60 pounds to remain equally in the hands of my above said three sons.

" My will is that my son Daniel Pratt and his heirs shall have and enjoy all the estate I bought of my brother Joseph Pratt, the dwelling house and barn, upland, and marsh, together with so much of the west part of the out pasture as to include three rods to the East of the pond, and a wood lot lying in Malden containing about six acres called the Rock Lot, and another wood lot in Malden containing about five acres, called the Skinner Lot, with a small lot about three acres and lying in Lynn called 600 Ames, with his equal part of my pew in the Meeting House in Chelsea with his two brothers.

" And my will is that there be paid to my granddaughter Sally Stuart, 30 pounds lawful money when she is 21 years of age, to be equally paid by my executors.

" I give to my grandson, Aaron Hall, 1 good cow, to be put out for him until he shall become of age — 21 years old.

" And all my real estate and personal estate, except what is herein disposed of, I will and bequeath equally to my 2 sons Edward Pratt and Caleb Pratt, and their heirs for ever.

" And I do appoint my three sons my executors of this my last will and testament, equally, and I do utterly revoke and disannull, all other wills; heretofore made

by me in witness hereof I have this 7th day of April 1790, set to my hand and seal, signed, sealed, publicly declared by said Daniel Pratt as his last will and testament in the presence of

Ezra Sargent
Samuel Pratt
Samuel Hutton Pratt

By —
Daniel Pratt"

The Daniel Pratt house which is still standing in Prattville is thus described by William R. Comer in his book "Landmarks in the Old Bay State": "In all our search for famous old country houses, rarely if ever have we found one more satisfactory to the eye than this old Daniel Pratt House. The peculiar shape of the roof, the sturdy independent way in which it stands, almost seems to say, 'I was here first! What are you doing around here?'"

Here Increase Mather, President of Harvard College from 1684 to 1700 and Pastor of the North Church in Boston for sixty-two years, took refuge from the persecution of Governor Andros. At night he went by boat down Snake Creek, past what is now Slade's Mill; thence through Crooked Lane (dividing Nodles and Hog Islands) to the sea, and boarded the "President," and sailed for England in behalf of the Colony, where he was instrumental in gaining their second charter in 1692.

Quoting again from Comer's book: "Not a few stories are told about the way in which the Pratt family used to entertain their guests, and who after were refugees from other Colonies on account of some petty misdemeanor.

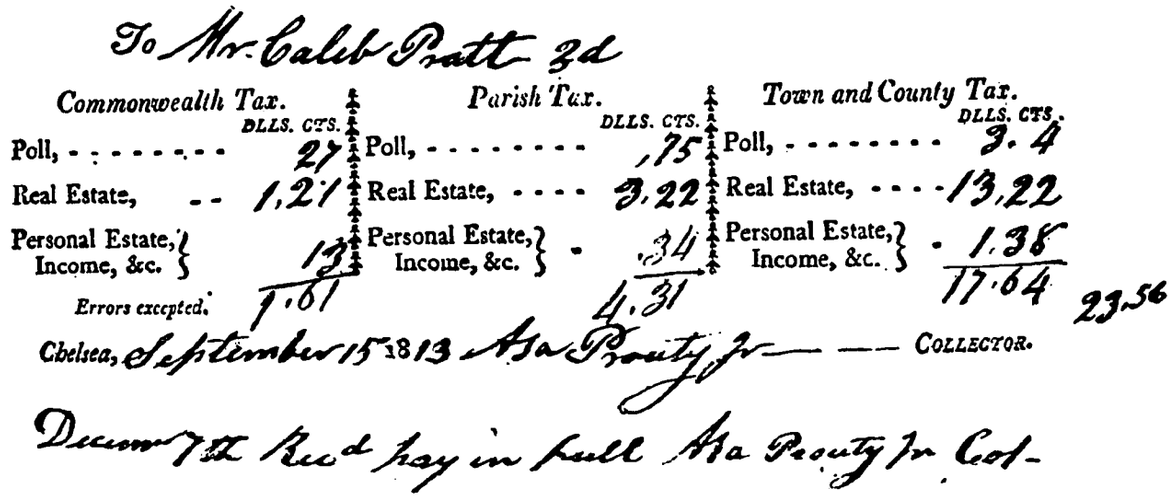
" The Pratt descendants have many mementos of the days when to be able to count yourself a 'Pratt' or one of their descendants, was thought more of in Chelsea, than to be a Vanderbilt or an Astor in New York City to-day."

CHAPTER XLV

Caleb Pratt 3rd

Caleb Pratt, son of Daniel Pratt, was born 16 July 1764; died 28 October 1838; married 18 April 1802 Mary Lash who was born 4 November 1770; died 19 May 1819. Their children were Caleb, Sarah and Robert.

He inherited from his father the old Mansion House, known as the Washington-Pratt house.


To Mr. Caleb Pratt 3d

Commonwealth Tax.	DLLS. CTS.	Parish Tax.	DLLS. CTS.	Town and County Tax.	DLLS. CTS.
Poll,	27	Poll,	,75	Poll,	3.4
Real Estate,	1,21	Real Estate,	3,22	Real Estate,	13,22
Personal Estate, Income, &c.	13	Personal Estate, Income, &c.	,34	Personal Estate, Income, &c.	1,38
Errors excepted.	1.61		4.31		17.64

23.56

Chelsea, September 15 1813 Asa Prouty Jr — — Collector.

Decem 7th Rec'd pay in full Asa Prouty Jr Col-

Caleb served in the Continental Army under command of Captain Zebulon King, and was discharged 16 January 1781 at West Point, New York.

He was named for his grandfather, Caleb Brooks, father of Governor John Brooks. His son, born 1763, was known as Caleb 4th. Caleb Pratt, son of Daniel and Mary, is identified as Caleb 3rd.

Mary Lash, wife of Caleb 3rd, was the daughter of Robert Lash whose home was on Salutation Lane,

Boston, which runs from Hanover Street to the water. He served under Lord Jeffrey Amherst during the invasion of Canada. He is supposed to have been a member of the "Boston Tea Party," December 1773.

He was a Free Mason, shipbuilder and friend of Paul Revere. He is buried in Vault No. 4 Old North Church, Boston.

The Robert Lash Lodge (A.F. & A.M.) in Chelsea is named for Mrs. Pratt's brother Robert Lash 2nd.

At a meeting of the Lodge held December 23, 1867, and upon the motion of Benjamin P. Shillaber (originator of the famous "Mrs. Partington") it was decided that the new Lodge be named after "the late venerable and esteemed man and Mason P. M. and M. E. Sir Robert Lash."

Robert Lash's (2nd) daughter, Rebecca Snelling Lash, born in 1803, lived to be 99 years old. From 1854 to her death she lived at the corner of Fourth Street and Chestnut Street in Chelsea. As a boy, on several occasions, I visited her with my father and heard her tell how when a child she played with Harriet Revere, granddaughter of Paul Revere, who then lived on Charles Street nearby. There was a doll belonging to Harriet, which was sometimes taken to visit Rebecca and how when returning the visit with her doll she would see and talk with the infirm old gentleman, Paul Revere, always clad in a dressing-gown.

To shake the hand of one who had shaken Paul Revere's hand made a lasting impression upon me as a boy.

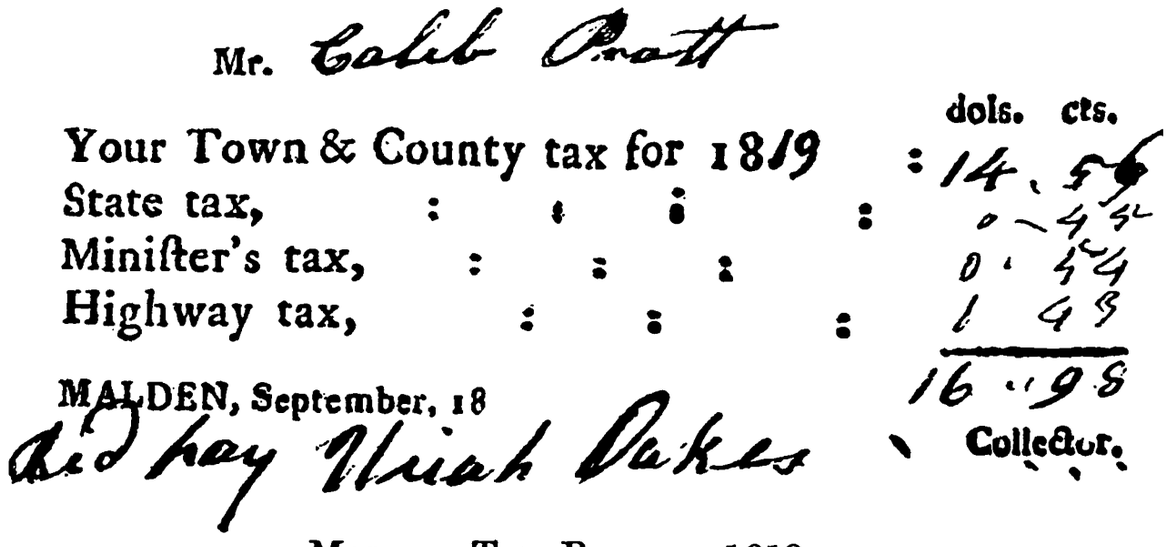
In my library are some of the books of Caleb Pratt 3rd, bearing his signature. The titles are interesting, as they give some idea of the books in circulation in 1800.

Among them are:

The Holy Bible

Juvenile Trials for Robbing Orchards, Telling Fibs and Other Heinous Offences Pub. 1786

The Court and City Register or Gentlemen's Complete Calendar for 1774


Mr. Caleb Pratt

	dols.	cts.
Your Town & County tax for 1819	14	56
State tax,	0	44
Minister's tax,	0	44
Highway tax,	1	49
	16	98

MALDEN, September, 18

Recd pay Uriah Oakes Collector.

MALDEN TAX BILL OF 1819

Mr. Culver's Strange and Wonderful Version of Heaven and Hell. Boston, in America, printed by E. Russell near Libery-Pole 1795

An Adventure in Vermont or the story of Mr. Anderson. Printed by the American Tract Society, 1825.

Narrative of the Shipwreck and Sufferings of Miss Ann Saunders, 1826.

Bishop Burnet's History of His Own Time. Printed in the year 1724.

Discourse on the Death of Rev. John Eliot D.D. by John Lothrop D.D. 1813.

Sermon, occasioned by the death of Mrs. Sarah Whitman, the amiable and virtuous consort of The Rev. Levi Whitman, Wellfleet, Dec. 20, 1803.

History of England by Dr. Goldsmith, 1825.

Affectionate advice to a New Married Couple by Rev. James Bean, 1824.

The Optick Glasse of Humor. Pub. 1630.

Moral Amusement. Intended for the instruction and mental improvement of young ladies and gentlemen. Pub. 1808.

Washington's Political Legacies. Pub. Boston, 1800.

Poems attempted in the style of Milton by John Philips, 1774.

Private Thoughts Upon Religion. 10 Editions, 1720.

Principles of Politeness by the late Lord Chesterfield. Pub. Portsmouth, N. H., 1786.

Life of Alexander Pope, 1769.

These and also numerous sermons, many deeds recording land transactions and several broadsides including:

" Two Favorite Songs on the Evacuation of the Town of Boston by the Britons March 17, 1776."

" The Death of General Washington, with some remarks on Jeffersonian Policy." Printed by N. Coverly Jun., Printer, Mills St., Boston, 1800.

" A Bloody Battle. Between the United States Troops under command of Gov. Harrison and several tribes of Indians, near the Prophet's Town, Nov. 7th, 1811."

CHAPTER XLVI

Caleb Pratt 4th

Caleb Pratt 4th, oldest son of Caleb and Mary, was born 23 June 1804; died 19 November 1887; buried in Woodlawn Cemetery. He married 12 March 1828 Pomona Atkins, daughter of Daniel and Thankful Paine Atkins; born 24 May 1807; died 9 June 1879, a direct descendant of the Right Hon. Sir Robert Atkins of Totteridge in Hertfordshire, England, who lies buried in Westminster Abbey (1750) and also of Stephen Hopkins who came to America in the "Mayflower" in 1620. Their children were Caleb Atkins, Mary Lash, Sarah Francis, George Hermon, Caroline Francis, Elizabeth Ann, Hermon Washington, Henry Eugene.

Caleb left home when fifteen and went to Charlestown where he learned the trade of carpenter, and became a builder. Many houses still standing in Charlestown, Chelsea, Revere, Malden and other places were built under his direction. He remained in Charlestown until 1848 holding office as a member of the Board of Health for several years and, as is shown from the following notice, was a member of the Board of Assessors in 1846 with James K. Frothingham and William H. Keith.

"At a Town Meeting in Charlestown
by adjournment from 23, March
last — May 4, 1846.

Mr. Caleb Pratt was chosen an Assessor of the town of Charlestown to fill the vacancy in the Board of Assessors of said Town for the current municipal year.

As appears of Record
Attest — David Dodge, Town Clerk

Mr. Keith, one of the Assessors, has just called on me, and says your assistance is now much wanted. Will you be so good as to call immediately, take the Oath of Office, and join the Board in the performance of duty? Will inform where they may be found.

Respectfully your hum. Servt.
David Dodge, Town Clerk"

COLUMBIAN GUARDS.

SIR,—The Company will meet at their Armory for drill on Tuesday evening next, at eight o'clock.

Per Order,

C. PRATT, CLERK

Charlestown, 1828.

Shortly after arriving in Charlestown in 1827, Caleb Pratt joined the Columbian Guards and became company clerk.

This company was, or else became, quite important for in 1852 *Gleason's Magazine* published a large wood cut of the company. Each man in the picture was at least six feet tall, with a waist line even the girl of today would envy.

Beneath the picture is the following — " The Columbian Guards were chartered in 1798. Our artist has given them as they appeared a few days since, before the entrance of their Armory, when celebrating their fifty-fourth anniversary, June 17th. On this occasion they visited Quincy and dined with French, the popular and gentlemanly landlord of the Hancock House.

" The company makes a most soldier-like appearance. They turn out from fifty to fifty-four guns, and produce a most substantial and military effect. The uniform is blue and red with bearskin caps. This excellent body of citizen soldiery were never in a more prosperous condition than at present, and should they be called to actual service, they would give a good account of themselves.

" The spirit of good fellowship and brotherly feeling that has so long characterized this company, is worthy of praise and emulation, and should serve to promote this excellent and most desirable state of things in other city associations of this character."

At the dedication of Bunker Hill Monument he was on duty and stood at attention, but a few feet from General Lafayette, while he delivered his address. I have his gun, and as a boy was the proud possessor of the bearskin hat and feathered pompon.

Other reminders of the Charlestown days are tax bills, deeds, and receipted bills. One of " Nancy Winchester for 7 yds. black ribbon, lining 2 bonnets, five collars at two shillings a piece, making Black Bonnet $5.76."

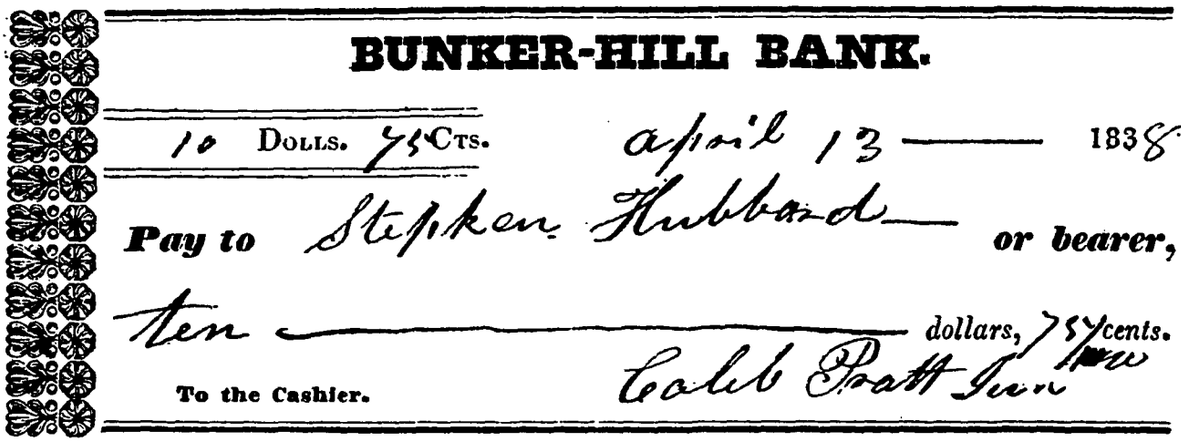
Another one reads:

Mr. Caleb Pratt to J. P. Frothingham — Dr.
1834

Jan.	29	To Horse & Sleigh Medford and Malden	$1.50
Mar.	5	To Horse & Top Waggon Chelsea Day	1.75
Sept.	4	Baiting Horse	.25
Oct.	17	Horse & Chaise East Cambridge	.50
"	19	Do " do Malden	1.25
1835	"	Due bill given up	2.00
Feb.	10	Horse & Chaise Chelsea Day	1.50
			$8.75

Received pay
J. P. Frothingham

Apparently bills were rendered but once a year, and credit was enjoyed by Caleb Pratt.



BUNKER-HILL BANK.

10 DOLLS. 75 CTS. april 13 —— 1838

Pay to Stephen Hubbard **or bearer,**

ten —— dollars, 75 cents.

To the Cashier. Caleb Pratt Jun

An advertisement in the *Bunker Hill Aurora* reads: "To Let. A House in Mount Vernon Street, in Charlestown, now occupied by Rev. Mr. Townley. Said house contains 12 rooms and double parlors, sitting room, and everything convenient for a genteel family. Possession given the second week in May. Apply to Messers Hills' Grocery Store, Main Street or to the owner C. Pratt; also a small house for sale as above."

He returned to Chelsea in 1848 where he built himself a large and substantial home in Prattville, on that part of the Pratt estate which he had inherited of his father. He became one of the Overseers of the Poor; was elected a member of the Council when Chelsea became a city in 1857, and was owner of a pew in the Winnisimmet Church. The Rev. D. C. Colesworthy writes of him:

"In all the relations of life he is strictly reliable and to a high degree generous and accommodating. No better man can be found in these degenerate times."

Another glimpse of his personality is gathered from a school essay —

"This boy with humble garb and hat,
So pleasant in his speech and mien,
Will prove another loved and honored Pratt
Of talented and studious breed."

In my library are memorandum books which Caleb Pratt kept from 1857 to within a short time of his death in 1887. Here I find sandwiched in between the almost daily report of the weather — which, of course, was of great importance to a farmer — many notes of a personal nature, of local interest or national importance; some pathetic, many humorous and others historical.

The following notes are taken at random from the books:

April 1, 1859 — Malden Bridge freed after some years of tolls. Great rejoicing in South Malden.

May 15, 1859 — Elden Watts negro woman was received to full communion and baptised by name

of Phillis, according to church records, June 18, 1737.

June 17, 1859 — Had lightening rods put on house, cost $30.50.

July 11, 1861 — Dr. John Bell who married my daughter Caroline moved into new house, I built him at 179 Harvard Street.

Aug. 9, 1861 — We visited the Navy Yard this afternoon and saw the preparations for War.

March 7, 1862 — This is the 53 day of good sleighing in rotation.

July 16, 1862 — News came of the death of Robert Atkins my nephew, killed in the Battle before Richmond fighting for the Union.

August 28, 1862 — News from the War was read by Rev. Plumb this morning from the pulpit and after singing and prayer the meeting was dismissed.

October 5, 1862 — Money raised to buy revolver for Lieut. J. W. Fletcher our Sunday School teacher.

July 15, 1863 — Riot in Boston last night about drafting etc., a number were killed or wounded.

Sept. 24, 1863 — Attended State Convention at Worcester as delegate. Nomination of State Officers.



HOME OF CALEB PRATT, 4TH, FRANKLIN AND NICHOLS STREETS. THE ENTRANCE TO MT. WASHINGTON, PRATTVILLE IN 1850

Oct. 9, 1863 — Robert Lash who died the 7th, was 83 years 11 months and was buried with Masonic honors, the Masons turned out in a body with band of music and marched to Woodlawn Cemetery. It was a beautiful day, and the trees with all their different shades and the flowers all served to conspire to render it more beautiful.

Feb. 7, 1864 — Daniel Pratt was buried this afternoon at Woodlawn; the going was very muddy.

May 25, 1864 — Company H of the First Regiment returned home from the War, or what remains of them. The citizens turned out generally and gave them a reception.

Sept. 7, 1864 — Thanksgiving day proclaimed by President Lincoln — "Thanks to God for the success of our Armies."

Dec. 22, 1865 — Forefather's day was celebrated by returned veterans returning their shattered banners to the State for safe keeping.

July 4 & 5, 1866 — Great fire in Portland $15,000,000 destroyed.

July 11, 1867 — Broke ground today for the introduction of water from the City of Charlestown. The ceremonies were singing by school children with the band. Address by the Mayor. Prayer by Rev. J. P. Langworthy.

Oct. 1, 1867 — Started building house for Dr. Cheever on Mt. Washington.

Nov. 26, 1867 — Water turned on in Chelsea for the first time.

June 17, 1868 — Staked out cellar for Henry Mitchell's house and my daughter Elizabeth broke ground with new spade.

Aug. 11, 1868 — Water from the street pipes turned on in Prattville. Introduced into my house and stable.

March 22, 1869 — Mystic water first turned on in Prattville.

April 19, 1869 — Commenced work on street (Franklin) to connect Harvard and Freemont Streets.

Nov. 9, 1872 — A great fire commenced this evening in Boston.

Nov. 10, 1872 — The fire has continued all day destroying millions of property. City under marshal orders. The marines called out and also the militia. Chelsea Company goes.

Nov. 11, 1872 — The fire was stopped this morning after burning over 60 acres of buildings in the business part of the city. Fire companies from all the

cities and towns about Boston also from New York, Bangor and Portland helped.

Nov. 16, 1872 — Another fire occurred last night in State Street block. Loss about $200,000.

Nov. 20, 1872 — Rand & Avery were burned out last night. Loss heavy.

Dec. 18, 1879 — Rev. Silas Cook installed over Congregational Church in Prattville.

Perhaps the most remarkable notation is to the effect that in all the years no entery has ever been made on the Sabbath.

In one of the books is a small clipping giving the account of a terrible accident in 1871 near the Revere Station of the Boston and Maine Railroad in which thirty people were killed; also a clipping announcing his election as a director of the new horse railway now part of the Boston and Northern Street Railroad.

The Caleb Pratt 4th house, built in 1847, stood on land that is now the corner of Franklin and Nichols Streets. The house was a big square one with long ell and prominent cupola. Inside it was large, spacious and comfortable; just the place for family reunions and many there were, made up of children and grandchildren.

Back of the house was a big woodshed with grape trellises, many fruit trees, and lilac bushes. There were hen houses and a corn-crib, and a great big barn. Then there was the carpenter shop which was so big that when

moved to Cheever Street in 1888, it was turned into a three-tenement house.

The house was reached from Washington Avenue, the nearest public road, by a lane, now Nichols Street, which turned up Franklin Street to a big red gate; then the entrance to the Pratt barn yard. The house faced on what became Franklin Street, but in 1897 the ell was removed, and it was moved back and turned to face Nichols Street, and the new house of Hermon W. Pratt was built on the site.

About 1855 Caleb Pratt laid out the whole of Mt. Washington, planted elm and maple trees, many of which I have often heard my father say, he held while one of the farm hands shoveled in the dirt. The streets were named for famous men and relatives; such as Hancock, Franklin, Freemont, Harvard, Webster, Warren (afterwards changed to Nichols), Lash, Eustice, Lawrence, etc.

A story which Caleb Pratt often told was how when a boy of nine he watched, with his father, from the top of Powderhorn Hill the famous battle between the British frigate "Shannon," and the American frigate "Chesapeake" off Boston Light, June 1, 1813. In my library hangs the spy glass used on that day.

Caleb Pratt 4th was born in the Washington-Pratt house, the home of his forebears. Sentiment, however, did not prevent his demolishing it in 1855; parts of it were used in constructing a house at the corner of Franklin and Harvard Streets for his son Hermon, in which the writer was born. I have in my possession a door panel sixteen inches wide taken from the old house, and in my library is an attractive and an interesting old

armchair on the bottom of which was painted, when made in 1887, the following inscription:

"Made of part of House called the Washington House, Prattville, Chelsea and belonged to the late Caleb Pratt and supposed to be 200 years old — 1887."

One of the features of this house apparently was a tremendous chimney in the centre measuring thirteen feet by eight on the ground floor. The roof on the north side ran nearly to the ground and the children would climb to the ridge pole.

Caleb Pratt was a member of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association instituted 1795 — Paul Revere, President — for many years an important factor in Boston life. He was a liberal supporter and constant attendant at the Third Congregational Church in Prattville, which afterward consolidated with the First Church, and as I write I have before me a book plate which reads:

Third Congregational
Sunday School Library
Chelsea, Mass.

Purchased for Library out of income
from legacy of Caleb Pratt

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord,
their works do follow them."

The income of another legacy was to be used in supplying the pulpit while the regular minister was on his vacation.

A black ebony gold headed cane bears this inscription:

Golden Wedding Gift
from funds to
Caleb Pratt
Chelsea, March 12, 1878

Another cane, I now own, was presented to Caleb Pratt 4th by a Captain Caton. It is made of a whale jaw which was seventeen feet long. The oil taken from the whale sold for $8000.

CHAPTER XLVII

The Great American Traveler

Oh, where is the man so lean or fat
Who's never heard of Daniel Pratt.
Let Shakespeare stand behind the door,
Let Byron take the pen no more,
Let Milton moulder in the tomb,
And give the great American room.

From Maine to Georgia, all the way
Great Pratt of Prattville takes his way,
And quick as lightning, gives a hop
To Rocky Mountain highest top;
Then to the Pacific he springs like a cat,
A casual thing, for Daniel Pratt.

— *Anonymous*

The preceding verse appeared some years ago in a Boston paper with this note:

"The other evening I saw a few lines concerning Daniel Pratt in your column. When I was a mere boy, way back in Kansas, my father used to repeat some poetry which went something like the enclosed. At that time neither he nor I knew there was a Daniel Pratt or a Prattville.

J. S. W."

Daniel Pratt of Prattville was a cousin once removed of Caleb Pratt 4th. He was born 11 April 1809; died 21 June 1887, unmarried.

He was a familiar figure at Dartmouth, Yale and other colleges where he talked to students on "The Four Kingdoms," "Harmony of the Human Mind," "Solar System," and of himself, his travels, and troubles.

In an autograph album he writes in 1874: "I have travelled over 200,000 miles, visited Washington, D. C. seventeen times, and amongst 16 tribes of Indians. I stumped for Harrison, Taylor, Lincoln, and Grant all without a cent of pay. I have been given over 200 public receptions, the last at Dartmouth College, October 8, 1873."

My father has told me of Daniel Pratt's visits to his father's house. He was always welcomed and permitted to remain as long as he wished. Caleb Pratt was fond of this cousin, but considered him an "odd stick."

There is no doubt that during his life he travelled over much of the country, and became widely known, due largely to his distinguished appearance and eccentric ways and speech.

A clipping from the *New York Sun* in 1914 gives a little side light on Daniel Pratt. It is headed:

"DR. THOMAS AND THE INCOMPARABLE DAN'L PRATT

"This seems to us rather a pleasant letter, and not so much because it says pleasant things about *The Sun* as because it says pleasant things about one of the greatest philosophers, meteorologists, the one and unapproachable and only old reliable Dr. Robert Baily Thomas, now or formerly of West Boylston, Mass.:

"'To The Editor of *The Sun* — Sir: Which head in *The Sun* office is the mental storehouse of the doings

of the long line of New England patriarchs, beginning with our old friend R. B. Thomas and including that sterling philosopher Daniel Pratt? The influence of the former is still felt not only on this side of the Atlantic but on the other, for a certain friend whom I see in Paris yearly has a copy of the current *Old Farmer's Almanac* on his desk always. He says he likes it for the weather forecasts, which he finds nearly correct, even if they are published for longitude 72° W., instead of longitude 10° E.

"'I used to hear the Hon. Daniel Pratt make speeches on the Chelsea ferryboat when I was a child and almost invariably he would say: "Every cent I've got in the world cost me a dollar, a dollar!"

"'If he were living in these times it is not unlikely he would say: "Every cent I've got in the world cost me five dollars, five dollars!"

"'The bringing out from the storehouse of all the reminiscences of our New England worthies is a source of joy to me, and besides it gives us a chance to have fun with ourselves and *The Sun*. F. H. W.

"'New York, November 26.'

"Even more memorable is our fortunate correspondent in having the Great American Traveller stored in his mind. We too have been in Acadia and Chelsea, Mass.; we too have heard the incomparable, the really and truly god-like Dan'l scatter words over many a campus and at least one yard. How careless Americans are of their monuments. Dan'l Pratt had a historic, a noble, rockbound Yankee countenance. There was something in it of William Maxwell Evarts, with his ancient hat, his look of shrewdness. A couple of hard

old New England centuries beetled from that stern old fastness. A million modern statesmen do not come within a million miles of Dan'l Pratt, G. A. T., the genial, the eloquent, the first man who impressed undergraduates with the value of word laboratories and vocabulary works."

CHAPTER XLVIII

Hon. Hermon W. Pratt

Hermon W. Pratt, eldest surviving son of Caleb 4th and the sixth generation of Prattville Pratts, was born at Charlestown 20 July 1845; died 2 May 1918 at the Widden Hospital, Prattville, Everett, which was the estate of his wife's father, Otis Merriam, at the time of his marriage (15 June 1870) to Emily Merriam, born 23 November 1846; died 5 May 1897. Their children were Gertrude Merriam, Albert Merriam (died in infancy), Emily Merriam (died 15 October, 1914), and Walter Merriam.

Hermon W. Pratt served in the Chelsea City Council in 1884–85–86, and was Alderman in 1887–88–95–96. He was elected Mayor of Chelsea by an almost unanimous vote in 1897, receiving both the Republican and Democratic nominations. His term of office was full of honor for himself and benefits to the city. During his administration the Highland and Prattville Schools were built, the top of Powderhorn Hill was acquired for a park, and the Carter and Highland playgrounds purchased and laid out. He declined re-election owing to the condition of his health, spending 1898 in California.

In 1881 he raised by subscription the several thousand dollars necessary to lay out Washington park, and presented it to the city. In 1889 he presented to the city the stepping stone of the old Pratt mansion where

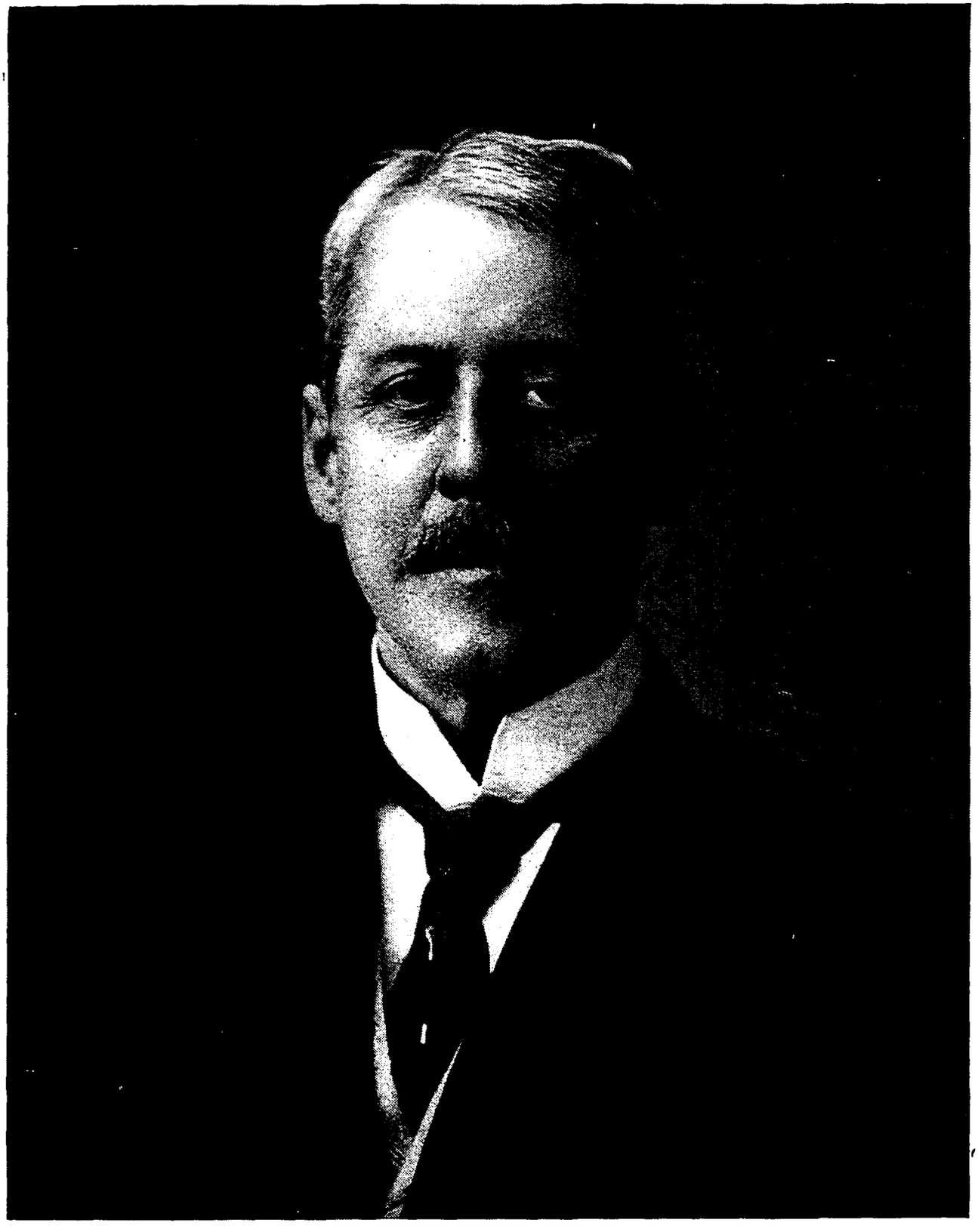
Washington was entertained, which is now incorporated in the park wall, and which was the first historical tablet erected in the city of Chelsea.

It was due to his efforts that Winnisimmet Square was beautified in 1896, while for the laying out of Sagamore and Garfield Avenues he gave the city many thousand feet of land. In 1896 he built, in Prattville, one of the finest residences in the city.

Hermon W. Pratt was a loyal citizen of Chelsea and a worker for anything that would be for its best interests. As President of the Board of Trade, he brought many prominent men to Chelsea. He was a member of the Old Suffolk Chapter, Sons of American Revolution, the Society of Colonial Wars, the Mayflower Society, Robert Lash Lodge of Free Masons, Boston City Club, Mayors' Club of Massachusetts. He was Vice President of the Travelers' Mutual Accident Association, and on the Board of Directors of the Chelsea Day Nursery.

His business kept him much of the time in New York City where he made his home for many years at the Holland House. During his life he traveled extensively both abroad and in this country.

In the Fall of 1896 Hermon W. Pratt ran for Mayor of Chelsea and was elected by the largest vote ever given to a candidate up to that time. His opponents for the Republican nomination were Seth J. Littlefield afterward mayor, and Deacon John T. Hadaway. After winning the Republican nomination, the Democratic party, in caucus, indorsed his candidacy; Deacon Hadaway after being defeated in the primaries, ran on an independent ticket.



Ex-Mayor Hermon W. Pratt

The following verse, printed in the *Catholic Citizen,* tells of the campaign:

A Night-Mayor

Listen, while I recite
Something that, Monday night,
Breathed of the mayor-fight —
Who'll win the glory:
Hermon, of Pilgrim line —
Sethy, of whiskers fine —
John, who would not decline —
But to my story:

Under his high plug hat,
Thus mused the valiant Pratt:
Let me think where I'm at
In this affair;
Did not the Roberts men
Say, "Help us land him, then
We'll do the proper when
You run for mayor?"

Now Seth comes in the fight,
John, too, asserts a right,
My chance is out of sight —
Else stop this folly;
Here come my rivals now,
With John I'll raise a row,
To Seth I'll cringe and cow —
He'll take the jolly:

"Sethy, my friend, desist,
Take your name off the list,
For if you will insist,
Our vote's divided.
Come now, old friend, don't fool,
Let us our issues pool,
Let us the caucus rule —
Is it decided?"

"Nit!" answered Littlefield,
"I'm in this fight well-heeled,
I'll not a tittle yield —
Not for a minute!
I've got the inside lay
I've got the firemen's say,
I've got the A.P.A. —
Pratt, you're not in it!"

Then said Deacon Hadaway:
"Both you have had a say,
I'm in this fight to stay —
Go which way let it;
I've got the churchmen true,
I've got the people too,
I've got a cinch on you —
Don't you forget it!"

Then the bold Pratt grew pale,
Then the shrewd Seth turned tail,
Each some good men to nail
Coming from prayer —

(Just then the morning broke,
And at the church bell stroke
From the dream I awoke —
'Twas a night-mayor.)

The following paragraphs are quoted from Mayor Pratt's inaugural address:

"Boys must have their playgrounds, and if they are deprived of them here they seek other places for amusement, and the result is they are apt to influence their parents and cause their removal to other cities and towns.

"It is hardly necessary to refer to the disagreeable and dangerous use of Union Park for bicycle races, or the miserable, if not unhealthy marsh land that our schoolboys are compelled to trespass upon for their games, but it is a fact that there is no suitable place in our city dedicated to the use of healthy sports and recreation, and I recommend that the Park Commissioners give this matter their thoughtful consideration and present to the Board of Aldermen a report looking to the purchase of a sufficient quantity of vacant land to be secured under the Chelsea Park Loan Act of 1895. We need not improve the whole section immediately, but could improve it by doing a little each year, finally converting it into a beautiful and convenient spot."

POWDERHORN HILL

"It is often said, and I believe it to be true, that there is nowhere in Massachusetts a more magnificent view than from the summit of our own Powderhorn Hill,

embracing as it does hill and valley, city and country, ocean and harbor. It is a spot which should be reserved for all time for the benefit of our citizens, and as the tendency of population is rapidly moving in that direction, the uses of that spot will soon be lost to us forever, unless action is now taken by the Park Commissioners, and I recommend that steps be taken to at once secure the top of Powderhorn hill."

As a result of these recommendations, and some follow-up work, Chelsea has to-day the Highland and the Carter Playgrounds, and the top of Powderhorn Hill as a park.

PRATTVILLE SCHOOL

Mayor Hermon W. Pratt, in his inaugural address, recommended the building of a twelve-room schoolhouse on a lot of land which had been bonded for the purpose; after much discussion in the Board of Aldermen, it was voted to build a ten-room building and the committee on public property were instructed to erect the same. There were some twenty-five sets of plans submitted and after they were examined, there was no question that the plans of Wilson & Webber, who were the architects for the Highland School, were the best suited for the lot and location, and as it was thought that the building could be erected for the amount appropriated, plans were perfected and bids were asked for. When bids were opened it was found that Isaac Weaver, who built the Highland Schoolhouse, was the lowest, and the contract was awarded to him at once as his work on the Highland School was satisfactory.

The building was started immediately. In laying out

the structure and placing on the lot, which is not square with the street, it was found that one corner of the building came very near the sidewalk. This would have spoiled the appearance of it, and after due consideration and consultation with Mayor Pratt, it was decided to place the building ten feet farther back. This made a large additional expense, but it was deemed wise so to do. It was expected that the building would be completed about Jan. 1, 1898, but every part moved so slowly that it was not ready for use until the fall school term began. It was voted by the committee to name the building the Prattville School.

At the laying of the corner stone of the new schoolhouse in Prattville, September 25, 1897, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the following gentlemen sat upon the platform: Mayor Hermon W. Pratt, Judge Mellon Chamberlain, Rev. R. Perry Bush representing the School Committee; the Public Property Committee consisting of Alderman Gorham H. Tilton, Chairman, Alderman William Martin, and Alderman Herbert A. Norton; and the Rev. Samuel A. Cathcart who made the prayer and pronounced the benediction.

His Honor, Mayor Hermon W. Pratt, spoke as follows:

" Fellow Citizens, Friends, and Neighbors: It is with a peculiar sense of gratification that I stand here today as Mayor of this City, to assist in the ceremonies of laying the corner stone of the Prattville Schoolhouse. Man and boy, I have lived in this locality, and in the lapse of years have seen it change from a farming community to what it is today — one of the prettiest suburban spots in the vicinity of Boston. And I feel that

I may say, without danger of being called egotistical, that my fathers before me have had a share in making Prattville what it is today.

"You will pardon me if in my remarks I become reminiscent, and take you back to my boyhood days, to the year 1850, when with some fifteen or twenty other boys and girls, I attended school on almost this very spot. How well I remember that little old-fashioned schoolhouse, built by the neighbors giving their time and material; its one story, its one room, with its dingy windows; its coat of paint worn off, its one big door, its row of homely benches, and last, but not least, the huge chimney and the cheerful fire of crackling logs. And how well I recall our beloved teacher, Miss Smith, who taught us our a, b, c's, and our 'reading, writing and arithmetic.' And when I perceive the magnificent building that early in 1898 will receive the scholars of this district, I congratulate them on the march of progress that has been made in this locality the last fifty years.

"While, as chief magistrate of our City, I have tried to do my whole duty by the entire community, and have had as much interest in the welfare of the lower wards as in this locality, it is but natural that I should feel especially proud to participate in the laying of this corner stone of the beautiful building that will be erected on this spot during my administration. Future generations, as they receive their education in this school, should not be unmindful of the fact that this is the spot where the extreme left of Washington's army rested during the siege of Boston. They should be taught that on this very hill encamped a band of patriots who placed country

before all that was dear to them, and by their efforts enabled us to stand here today as citizens of the most free and enlightened country in the world.

" And as this corner stone is placed in position, (laying corner stone) let me say that as the builder slowly but surely raises the structure, cementing block upon block, and brick upon brick, until in its completion it stands as a glory and a pride, perfect in architectural design, — so may our boys and girls receive in its spacious chambers those precepts and instructions that will so mould their characters as to make them useful citizens of this great country of ours, and a credit to the City of Chelsea."

Among the papers of Hermon W. Pratt is the following story about the Carter Farm School where the Prattville children were sent between 1840 and the time the Bloomingdale School was built. It shows how primitive schools were at that time.

CARTER FARM SCHOOL

" One early morning in the year 1851 — our summer vacation well gone — the children of this region and all the Pratts from North Chelsea and also myself, a very little chap then six years old, with our satchels of books and our dinner pails, were gathered around the respectable two-storied, four-roomed wooden structure called ' Carter Farm School ' situated on a spur of what is now Bloomingdale Street.

" The windows of this school looked out upon a vast marsh. No side streets then from Washington Avenue — just a long springy path, well beaten, cut a bee line

across this marsh starting from down town by what is now between Fourth and Arlington Streets, a boggy green either side of it. In rainy weather, it was a very sloppy highway not to be used. We were waiting expectantly for another new teacher for — after the first teacher, it is said that there followed ten substitutes, and so the internal condition of that school was quite demoralized, and the position of teacher not a sinecure for any incumbent.

" But this coming teacher was not to be a substitute. Along that marshy path we espied the ' Committee-man,' the Rev. Isaac P. Langworthy of the ' Winnisimmet Congregational Church ' now the First Congregational Church, bringing to us a young Miss who had just joined his church. It was said that, if she succeeded well here, she was going to be a teacher all her life; that she had stopped in the middle of the High School course to test her ability as a teacher and after a year's trial was going back to complete her education in Chelsea and in Boston; that in her examination all alone before the Committee of Ministers and Doctors she had come out ahead of the other candidates; that old Dr. Otis was the only ' Committee-man ' who was determined that this young Miss should teach the Carter Farm School rather than in the easier Grammar School for girls down town, and he was an old Scituate relative. He said that was the school to educate her for a teacher.

" The big boys called her Miss ' Fifteen-year-old,' and intended to test her well. In the next house to the school the keys were kept. The woman who brought them out exclaimed to Mr. Langworthy, ' Brought that little lady to teach here? Well, she'll find the devil in

there!' The 'Committee-man' looked askance at his protegee timidly facing so discouraging an introduction, but she never winced; perhaps, not having had practical experience in the world, she didn't believe he was there.

"In we rushed to our seats, wide-eyed children, 'little pitchers with big ears,' the very large sixteen or seventeen year old and the new comers of just four. It was a typical district country school. After prayer — the Bible had not been turned out of school then — Mr. Langworthy came round to our seats. He labored to impress each boy personally that he must be very good. He came in three times that same forenoon, his keen vision probably detecting the devil the woman had so casually mentioned.

"As soon as the coast was surely clear of Minister Langworthy this spirit proceeded to test the novice. When she opened with prayer and shut her eyes, they whistled, tattooed on their desks, notes flew as by post. At recesses one would have thought 'twas battering ram working on the foundations of that little wooden schoolhouse, but no one could be caught or discovered by her.

"After a while of gentleness, the old ferule was lifted out from the desk and displayed; after a while it attacked the youngest sinners only to arouse the big boys. 'She's mean on little uns because she darn't touch us big uns'; finally it reached a 'Big Un' named Daniel, he caught it in his hand and the two spun around till the hair pins came down. No wonder that twice that season the young teacher went quietly out of the room and builders opposite saw her gently lie down on the entry floor head in her hands.

"Then 'twas that Committee-man Dr. Chase went

to her home and told her father that she should be transferred now from those barbarians to the Girl's Grammar School, the one she would have had but for that dissenter Dr. Otis.

"But to the astonishment of all, the young lady refused the transfer and, as if hurt anew, said 'If I give up "Carter Farm" now, how should I know that I would ever be a successful teacher? I'll stay there till I conquer, however long.' The good Doctor surprised so suddenly, responded, 'I greatly admire your spunk!'

"Rev. Dr. Bartlett of the Episcopal Church, the mild, very deaf committee-man, was sent to rid the school of the ring leaders, the five largest fellows whose years justified rigid severity of the Williams School under the principalship of 'Master' Payson, a terror to every 'Peck's bad boy.' This public action brought to our school five frantic mothers each telling how good a boy hers was and reasoning that it was so far for him to go down town to school.

"Suffice to say that order, peace and progress was the result. Daniel, the golden-haired, remained and became good. At the end of the school year, 'Carter Farm' had an exhibition, the first in its history of ten years, and then Miss Mason, satisfied with her success, resigned to continue her higher education, and was presented by the Committee with $50.00 additional to her salary to defray her carriage hire for that year."

Hermon W. Pratt's sister, Mary Lash, married John C. MacNeil. Their son Hermon Atkins MacNeil is one of the world's great sculptors to-day. His mother showed artistic talent as a painter. A sketch of his life

and works in "Who's Who in America" is included among notable Chelsea people. The following is from a recent letter:

"I wish I could find some souvenir of the early days in my meagre collections of Chelsea. They were not collecting days for me at that time and moving about, of course, has diminished any little data I may have had.

"Your speaking of Pine Grove recalls to me the time when I had to drive our eight or ten cows up there daily and as a young boy, it got to be kind of an irksome job and bringing them back in the evening so that to relieve the irksomeness I had the brilliant idea of riding the biggest cow, 'Nellie' by name, up the long hill to the entrance to the Grove. I expect that is how I got my taste for horse-back riding. It was something of a novelty, I presume, for the neighbors used to smile as I passed. Also, as a youth, my recollection of the old days when we used to make the New Year's calls; taking Uncle Henry Mitchell's shaggy horse and driving old Doctor Langworthy, the preacher, around from house to house on New Year's Eve. I thought I was quite important with such a responsibility on my hands, and it looked like very high life and wicked to me, as I would see the trays of cigarettes, etc., passed around to the guests in these homes.

"And of dear old Frank Hill our principal in the high school and of Mr. Stickney in the grammar school, we all have, of course, the most vivid and pleasant recollections. Each one of these men in their different temperaments had a strong influence on me. And, so it goes. We can, all of us, feel the effect of youth for each benefit or otherwise as we get along in life."

Wilbur James MacNeil, another son, is professor of entomology in the University of Honolulu.

Hermon W. Pratt's second sister, Caroline Frances, married Dr. John Bell, whose son Alfred McPherson is known for his artistic stained glass designs. Other children are Grace Bell Ashford, wife of Colonel Francis A. Ashford, a brother of Bailey K. Ashford, discoverer of the hookworm as a cause of death by anemia.

Hermon Pratt Bell of Wellesley is also a son.

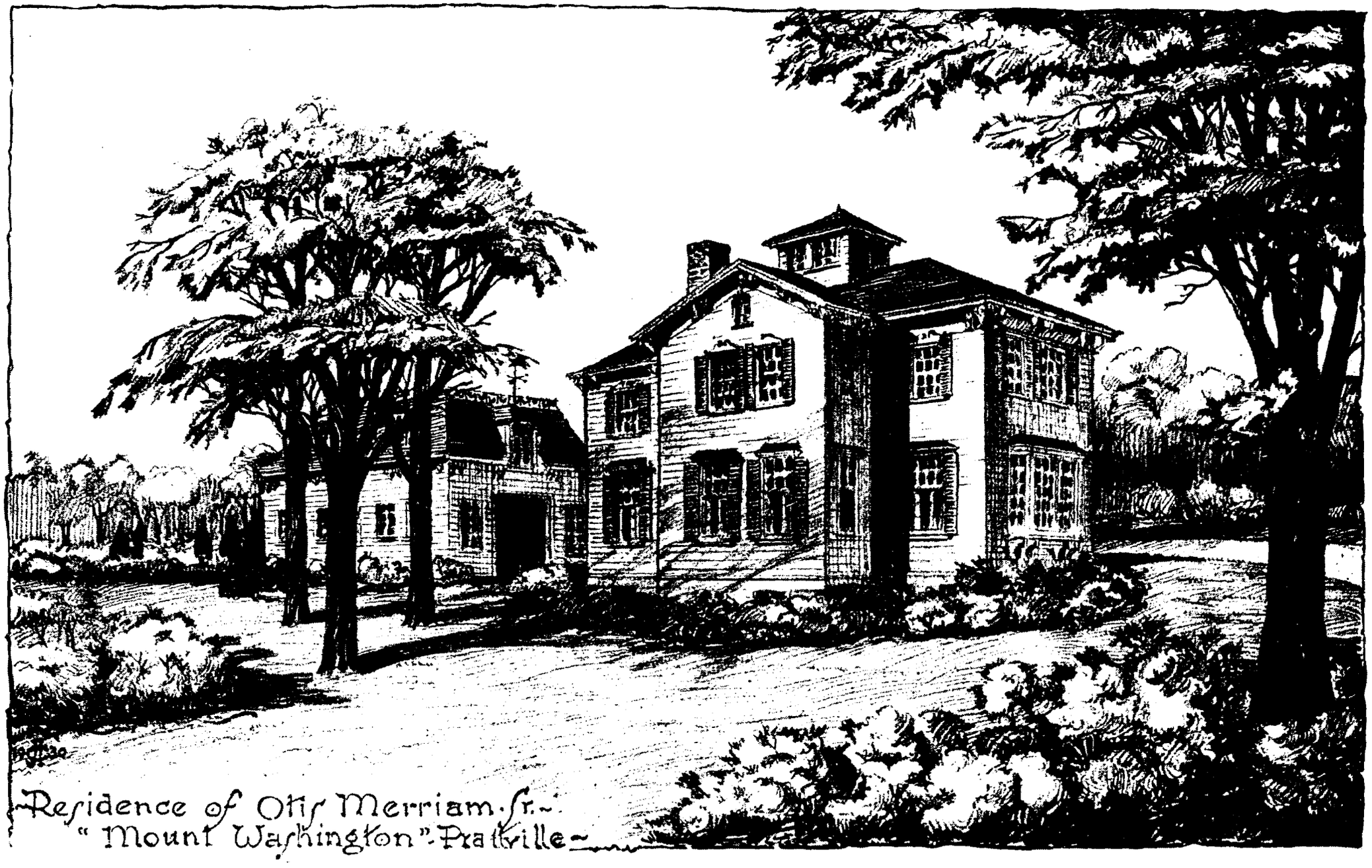
Mr. Pratt's third sister, Elizabeth Ann, married Henry Mitchell, famous for his seal engraving, which is more fully mentioned elsewhere. Their son Norman McClain Mitchell has established a reputation for the excellence of his work with platinum.

Waldo E. Pratt of Wellesley for many years a resident of Chelsea, President of the Hollingsworth & Whitney Company, was a cousin to Hermon W. Pratt.

Practical Politics printed the following article in the Spring of 1899:

"Hon. Hermon W. Pratt, Mayor of Chelsea in 1897 was Mayor only one year. Ill health drove him to the sunny and healing climate of South California just as the mayoralty term was closing, and he could not accept renomination, and re-election, which no man could have wrested from him, had there been a desire to do so. If Mr. Pratt goes into the fight this Fall, there will be all kinds of fun.

"He is one of the most popular men who ever served as chief executive in Chelsea. He was and is a hustler in everything he does for himself, or for the city, and, moreover, he is a handsome man and picturesque.



As it Appeared in the Sixties. Remodeled it is Now the Whidden Hospital of Everett

"As a host he is valued by those who give attention to the art of getting the best, and all in all, Mayor Pratt was a complete success. It is not easy to say whether or not he could push back into line after being out of the game so long. However, there is no doubt but that a formal announcement of his candidacy would result in a genuine stampede to him by the friends of at least three of the other four men whose names are being used in connection with the whole situation."

CHAPTER XLIX

Poems of B. P. Shillaber and S. F. Smith

The following verses by the famous authors and poets, Benjamin P. Shillaber and Samuel F. Smith, friends of my grandparents, were written for Mrs. Otis Merriam. The original manuscripts are a part of my collection:

A Few Rhymes for Mrs. Otis Merriam's Seventieth Birthday Anniversary

by

B. P. Shillaber

Feb. 12, 1816 Feb. 12, 1886

Old Father Time suspends his flight,
To gaze upon this pageant bright,
So full of fondness and delight,
That love endears.
Inspired by her who counts to-night,
Her seventy years.

And Time, who at her early start,
Assumed a patronizing part,
Here sees a ripened life, whose chart
Rare service shows.
And golden fruitage of the heart,
In joy disclose —

A quiet life. The course it took
Like some clear crystal bubbling brook
That gently moves by many a nook
To cheer and bless,
And give the leaves in Nature's book
More loveliness.

And gaining strength as on it sped,
To broader fields its mission led,
And joining life's wide stream ahead,
It abler grew.
To higher, nobler uses wed
With purpose true.

Where Poverty made loud appeal,
Benevolence inspired her zeal,
Her melting pity sought the weal
Of the distrest.
And emphasized the verb, to feel,
With generous zest.

Where Temperance preferred its claim,
With energy of act and aim
Her courage led with voice and name
Where duty lay.
And upward looked where Heaven's bright flame
Revealed the way.

And in God's temple she has stood,
With every pulse attuned for good,
Her heart full of beatitude
And holy fear,
But humble in pure womanhood,
And faith sincere.

But in her home's bright circle, best
Has she her worth made manifest;
The wife and mother's happy test
  Has she sustained.
And by her love and care, confest,
  Has triumph gained.

And here, in fitting tribute due
From all who in her virtues knew.
And yielding her the homage true
  Her claims incite,
With flowers of soul, her way bestrew
  This festal night.

A wreath upon her brow appears,
More queenly than the jewelled sphere,
That queens adorn, which more endears
  Than diadems;
The wreath of honorable years,
  More rich than gems.

Here husband, children, kindred meet,
To lay their offerings at her feet,
And on her seventieth birthday greet
  With heartfelt cheer,
One who has made life's round complete
  By action dear.

And thus they consecrate the time,
With wish and prayer and votive rhyme,
The phase in human life sublime
  That here appears,
And ring out joy's mellifluous chime
  O'er seventy years.

And may her after years be free
From care and pain that many see,
Who've passed the threescore-ten degree,
  Till God's good time
Shall give her record, happily,
  An end sublime.

The Lady to Her Husband on the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of their Marriage

by

Samuel F. Smith

Newton, Oct. 10, 1864

Blest was the day when, years ago,
  We took the path of life together;
Pledged to be one, in weal or woe,
  With sunny skies, or stormy weather.

And time has brought its varied scenes,
  Its toilsome work and childhood's prattle;
We know what joy, and sorrow means,
  Love's tranquil flow, and life's stern battle.

But love has crowned each opening day,
  As sunlight crowns the bubbling fountain;
And chased each shade of grief away,
  As light, the shadows on the mountain.

So on we fare, — with mercies more
  Than man, or earth, or time can measure;
And every blessing in our store
  A loving life makes added treasure.

More years may come, through God's blest will,
But naught this holy bond shall sever;
One heavenly hope shall bind us still
In ties of love that last forever.

Written to Mrs. Harriett Merriam.

PART III

Reminiscences and Experiences of the Seventh Generation with Bibliographic Data

CHAPTER L

The Seventh Generation

The seventh generation was born in Prattville on Friday the 13th and if you don't believe it, look in "Who's Who."

No child ever had a happier or healthier childhood, roaming over the hills and fields, playing at Cowboy and Indians in "Pine Grove" back of the hill and on the edge of a swamp with heavy underbrush, into which we rarely ventured, and where we were sure real Indians hid; skating in Winter on Malden Pond long since filled in and built upon; digging dandelions for so much a peck in the Spring and picking rum cherries later in the season; horse-back riding over the surrounding country; apple fights with the "Car Station Gang"; cherries, apples and pears waiting to be picked; grandfather's big barn with its hay-mows to play in when it stormed; lots of cousins and boy friends for playmates, everything a boy could want to make him happy. "Huckleberry Finn" suggested nothing to us youngsters we hadn't already tried.

No boy ever had a nicer or kinder mother. The twilight hour was always mine and no story books were as interesting as the stories she told me of when she was a girl. My father was my hero to my mind, but to my mother I went, as most boys do, with troubles.

Prattville was a place quite by itself. A trip "down

town" was like going to another city. It had several approaches, the principal one was by Washington Avenue — and a beautiful and attractive way it was, lined with the terraced estates of Otis Merriam 2nd, Frank Magee, Henry Sawyer, Henry Kimball, Judge Mellen Chamberlain, Charles A. Campbell and many others. Then down the hill, past the car-barns, and to the little hamlet with its few stores and Washington Park. In those days there were only a few families in Prattville.

Every one was related, or if not knew each other so well they acted much the same. There were my cousins, the Mitchells, the Bells and the MacNeils. Our friends the Goulds, the Guilds, and Mayos, and the Sibleys on Nichols Street, and on the hill the Tenneys, Cooks, Lombards and the Andrews families, all frequent and welcome guests.

My father was Uncle Hermon to the young people. It was indeed a rare privilege to grow up in such a neighborhood among such kind and friendly people.

I remember how badly the neighborhood felt when Willis Gould was shot by a burglar he courageously tackled in his house the night before Christmas.

We even knew the cats and dogs and to whom they belonged; in fact we called them by name.

There were few telephones until later, but every little bit of homely news travelled as rapidly as to-day. Every one in Prattville showed a keen and friendly interest in each other.

For many years we had the same postman, a splendid, high-grade, fine looking man — every one's friend. His name was Chadbourne, but we "kids" called him "General," a name he did not relish. Weeks before

Christmas, money was collected for his present and some years it was worth being postman to get.

Many and numerous changes have taken place since these days. The telephone is now a necessity. As a boy ours was a luxury, and little better than a toy, there were so few in existence. The electric arc-light threw the lamp lighter out of business. Electric cars have done away with horse cars, and the automobile has made the horse an object of interest to the young and is gradually putting the electrics out of business. The gasoline engine made possible the airplane, then came the tractor; the talking machine, moving picture, and the radio now all a part of our daily life. The submarine has made Jules Verne stories less of fairy tales — surely there has never been so wonderful a mechanical age to live in. But what has become of some of the popular things of my boyhood? Where has the Pug dog gone to? What has become of the mustache cup? Where are the mud scrapers on the door steps and the door mats with the big "Welcome" on them? What has become of the red and white barred stockings that made little girls look like sticks of peppermint candy? Where are their muffs and their woolen mitts?

Where are the "God bless our Home" signs, and the plush picture frames? The whatnots in the parlor corner, with the glass dome covering the stuffed birds, the Rogers groups and the old plush piano stool with fringe hanging from it? Where are the sealskin caps in winter and the linen dusters in summer?

Where is "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and the "Old Homestead" and the good old melodrama and the six day go as you please bicycle races? The prize fights with bare

knuckles, and croquet? The marble top tables and the old wooden wardrobe in the bedroom; are there any more anywhere?

What has become of all the cigar store Indians, and the German Bands, and the doorbell you pulled out, and that went, ting-a-ling-a-ling? The high bicycle and the balloon sleeves the ladies wore?

Do you now hear "Any One Here Seen Kelly?", or "Two Little Girls in Blue," "After the Ball." "Was Jack in the Beanstalk," or "In a Trench at Santiago," "In 1492." Is "The Rose of No Man's Land," "Over There," or "Marching Through Georgia."

My mother's death when I was seventeen and my sister's marriage shortly afterwards made things lonesome for me in the Prattville house. My father had an apartment at the Holland House in New York City, and lived there much of the time after my mother's death in 1897.

Until her sickness, my parents often entertained persons of note who visited the city. To me the most important of these guests was Llewellyn Powers, then Governor of Maine, because after dinner a torch light procession headed by a band called for him and escorted him to where he was to speak.

John D. Long, then Secretary of the Navy, was another who impressed me, because the papers had so much to say of his visit. I recall at other times Professor Todd of Amherst, Charles Bartell Loomis, Hermon Atkins MacNeil, Hendrick Hallock, and other well known persons.

At school I played on the foot-ball team, took part in all its activities, and gave as little attention to my studies

as possible, and get by, which fact I have many times regretted and for which I am thoroughly ashamed.

Unless one lives a humdrum life, there are events that stand out in bold relief. I call them milestones and date other events before or after them. My first was such a little thing, yet it stands out sharply on the sky line of my life — a fire in the Carter School. I can hear the cook announcing it. I can see my home lessons going into the air with a whoop!

Milestone number two was my first long journey. A trip with my father, mother and sister to the World's Columbia Exposition in Chicago, and then on to visit our relatives, the Merriam Chadbournes in San Francisco, California, and how we got held up for six weeks in Los Angeles by the Pullman strike of 1894.

CHAPTER LI

Experience as a Cattleman

"Wanted: — Cattlemen: 100 men this week to feed cattle on steamers for Liverpool and London; four sailings. Call and reserve places. Free return ticket. J. C. Ballem, 232 Commercial Street."

The next outstanding event of my life resulted from the above advertisement.

I was eighteen, probably fresher than new paint; there wasn't much I didn't know, in my own mind. This trip was a valuable part of my education as it took nearly all the freshness out.

Without the consent of my father, I went with another boy and signed on. We were assigned to the "S. S. Barrowmore" and soon were on our way to foreign lands.

The boat was an old, patched-up affair and after another trip was sent to the Transvaal with troops, and sank on the way down, but we never gave it a thought and from the time the advance guard of the half-wild beasts clattered out of the cars, across the docks and up the narrow chute, until by clips and forks and tail-twisting the last burly brute was forced into place, there was not a moment's time given us to think. The incessant "Hi, you!" and crash of broken stanchions, as the wild-eyed creatures were driven down the aisle and shunted behind the boards; the yells and bellows, and above all



THE AUTHOR'S BOYHOOD HOME IN PRATTVILLE

the constant cursing of the foreman, can never be forgotten.

At seven o'clock we were glad to turn in; the night being fine, we slept on deck in preference to a bunk in the room reserved for cattlemen. This room is worthy of description. It was fearfully and wonderfully constructed, located amidship on the starboard side of the lower deck, wedged in between the ship's outer wall and the partition that shut off the furnace shaft. It had two tiers of bunks on either side, three in a tier, and one tier at the end, fifteen in all — no ventilation but the door, and no light.

At four o'clock next morning we were awakened by a kick and told to get to work. First the cattle were watered. On the modern boats this is an easy matter. Water is run through troughs. On the " Barrowmore " it was accomplished by a few buckets and manual labor. Each steer drank three to five pails full in the morning, something like two thousand to be carried from amidship. Not the easiest of propositions in semi-darkness through two-foot alleys with rows of horns on either side, a pail of water in each hand and a good-sized sea on.

Two hours of this work on an empty stomach, then the daily task of hoisting forty to fifty bales of hay and a large number of sacks of corn from the hold. The modern boats had dummy engines but on the " Barrowmore " our muscle furnished the power. Half the bales were opened, the hay fed to the cattle, then we were allowed to stop for breakfast.

Each cattleman had a tin pail, cup, and knife and fork, which he was responsible for until returned at the end of the trip. To the galley, a pan of pork, a pail of

" scouse," and an apology for coffee, molasses for sweeting, occasionally " salt horse." We had a loaf of bread every other day with cottolene for butter. More care for the comfort and the food of the cattle than for the men who attended them. It was the object of the foreman to land his charge well and fat, even if he does so at the expense of one or two " stiffs."

Our foreman was a big, sharp-eyed, quick-tempered, but generally good-natured man, on a previous trip had sent a cattleman forward for a pitchfork. The boy fell overboard and was drowned before the vessel could be brought about. The foreman it was said swore for days because he had taken a pitchfork with him. Another story told of a dispute with a cattleman because he could not work, being sick. The foreman kicked him, breaking two ribs. With such a reputation we obeyed promptly, with no argument.

After our breakfast we fed the cattle corn, cleaned the bins out and swept the alleys. At three we again fed them hay, distributing two thousand more pails of water. Ate supper and turned in. The same thing day after day with sickening regularity.

On the fifth day there were indications of a storm. The next night it broke with all its force. We little realized it was a terrible Porto Rican hurricane. Upon the bridge they may have had some inkling of what was coming.

We had been driven from our open-air berths on the upper deck by the fog the previous night, and found a place near the bunker-hatch on the deck below. About midnight we were routed from sleep by the splash and crash of tons of water coming over the hatch near us.

The "Barrowmore" had listed badly to starboard, a heavy sea was running, and we could hear the wind howl above us. All this, together with the moanings of the terrified cattle, heaving and pulling and crushing, powerless to resist bumping against each other, at every cant of the ship, drove terror to our hearts, and I am not in the least ashamed to say I was good and scared and wished I were again a little boy at home with my mother. I prayed, and my guess is that the most hardened villain aboard did the same.

The remainder of the night was spent on a pile of newspapers. This position was only retained at times by clinging to an upright stanchion. Here we were at least out of the water which piled in at every roll of the ship. As morning approached the storm increased until it seemed that the ship must give in to the elements. As we lay clinging to our places hour after hour in pitch darkness, thoughts of home would flash across our minds. If ever we reached that bright, gay country again, we would never leave.

I could continue, and tell how for three days and three nights, wet to the skin and weak from loss of sleep, we took care of the cattle; how before the third day the boilers gave out, and we found ourselves drifting in mid-ocean at the mercy of the waves, which had been lashed into great mountains by the fury of the storm, but "That's another story."

The storm and repairs delayed us four days and brought the time to the fourteenth day, when the Scilly Islands were sighted. The next day we passed Brighton, Southampton and Dover, and anchored off Gravesend for the night. In the morning the old "Barrowmore,"

badly battered, with a dizzy list to starboard, steamed slowly up the river Thames, and after discharging the cattle into the landing stage at Deptford passed through the Royal Albert docks to her berth in the Victoria docks.

Cattlemen just off a ship are reasonably safe in Whitechapel and we saw it all. To-day I'd want police protection to drive past Limehouse. We saw Buckingham Palace from the outside and the Tower from within, Trafalgar Square and Piccadilly. Up the embankment and down Bird Cage Walk and Rotten Row we went; but sad to relate, it was not Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's, the Cheshyre Cheese, or the Old Cock with their atmosphere of traditions that made the greatest impression. It was, I tremble to admit, the Chamber of Horror's in Madam Tussaud's Waxworks.

From London we travelled, third class of course, to Dover, then across the Channel to Calais and to Paris, and, of course, stayed up very late and got very sick, but our finances wouldn't allow this luxury long, so soon we were off to Brussels. What a wonderful place the Palais D'Ete was; the finest music hall in Belgium. It must have been; it said so in big electric lights on the outside. Officers in their snappy uniforms, and such beautiful ladies in evening gowns. The lights, the music and the gambling halls; this was like the story books.

We arrived in Antwerp, the big day of the great Van Dyke Tercentenary, to which half the people of Belgium had thronged. No anniversary of celebration has quite equalled it, at least in my mind.

We found there was barely standing room on the pavements, and not more than moving space between

them. At two o'clock the great procession commenced to move, so interesting did it prove that the two hours which it took to pass seemed but a few minutes. It is to the Continent one must go for the old traditions and magnificence in such proceedings. In America we have not the spirit of outdoor shows.

It consisted of a prelude of ten tableaux, each with an immense symbolic car, any one of which would have formed a respectable procession. A huge whale led the line, spouting this way and that at the direction of a cupid on its head. Dolphins followed, and a full-rigged ship filled with sailors. Then came a giant and giantess, figures dear to the hearts of the populace. After these came a view of art across the centuries. Egypt first; harpists, singers and dancers in bright colors, followed by a huge sphinx and a many-colored temple with priests before its altar, after which were represented, each in turn and each in a way as elaborate — Assyria, Greece, Arabia, etc., until Gothic art was reached, and so on to Dutch art and Van Dyke.

Anything more artistic and complete would be difficult to imagine. Thousands took part in it, and the music accompanying each tableau was appropriate to its age. The costumes were wonderful; the cars quite filled the narrow streets and in many instances reached to the topmost windows.

In the evening the illumination was beautiful. There was more light than on Broadway to-day, and it was better and more artistically used. Both sides of the popular streets displayed an almost continuous stream of fire; lines of tiny gas-jets, festoons of electric bulbs and hidden flames that reflected a crown of light above

the roofs formed a decoration that was clear and resplendent. There were no vivid outbreaks of dazzling searchlights; house joined house in a persistent chain of flame. We could not be blamed for keeping late hours looking at a sight so pretty and so rare.

Holland was toyland to me; crooked houses, gable ends to the street, each with a little slanting mirror fastened outside its windows. Here and there in the distance the arms of windmills, like great sea gulls alighting, and in every direction a singular mingling of trees, masts and red tiled roofs.

Dutchmen in clumsy wooden sabots and baggy breeches, water-carriers with funny yokes from which suspended water-tubs; carts drawn by " Spitz mokers " so small as to be ridiculously out of proportion to their burdens; while in the canal were many boats, some hitched like horses to their owners' doorposts; others being slowly propelled up and down the canals. The red tiles of the roofs, the green foliage, the gaily painted boats with their white, yellow or chocolate sails, formed a color effect that was at first startling, then attractive and beautiful.

From the car windows ditches, canals and ponds were to be seen everywhere, while in any direction windmills were visible, clustered together on the canal banks so close that their great arms almost touched as they revolved. Some were sawmills, some gristmills, but the principal use is for pumping water into the canals from the lowlands, as a large part of the country is below the level of the sea.

And so finally across the North sea to Harwich, England, to London, and home.

CHAPTER LII

The Chelsea Fire Milestone

The Chelsea Fire certainly stands out vividly in my mind, it must in the minds of the many thousands made homeless. It marks the end of an old Chelsea life and the start of a new for many. To those who had an active part in the terrible catastrophe it can never be forgotten.

A chapter has been devoted to it, but in my files is the copy of a letter written my sister, while the excitement was still at its height. It seems worth printing, although somewhat personal in character.

Prattville, Chelsea
Wednesday, April 15, 1908

My dear Gertrude:

This, my first opportunity since the Chelsea fire started, I take to write you.

You have read the story in the papers and know the facts. The fire started just before eleven on Sunday morning. I was at home in the library reading, when I heard the alarm. Looking out the window I saw clouds of smoke in the direction of the Everett line to the south-west about a mile. The wind was strong, blowing from the west, and I realized the situation was serious.

In ten minutes I reached the buildings of the Liberty Oil Company, which were in the path of the fire. With three men I helped get out nineteen horses. I then went

to the roof of one of the buildings with a garden hose, which gave little water. The building soon caught fire and almost immediately there was an explosion which set fire to several near-by buildings. This was a narrow escape for me.

I then went to the rear of a brick block on Everett Avenue, and helped people remove furniture from their homes which had started to burn. As I looked out the front window of one house the windows in front of me burst in, and flames entered from unseen sources.

I made a hasty exit and went to West Third Street, and was asked to assist in running a line of hose through an alley to a court. Three sides of this court were on fire, and the stream did little good. It got intensely hot in this place and the smoke was terrible; my coat was badly burned, and when we left we did not have time to take the hose with us. The firemen lent me a rubber coat and hat.

By degrees I worked up town, helping where I could until I came to the Central Church and, thinking of old gentleman Levitt whose house was doomed, I ran to it and offered my assistance. They had no idea the fire would touch them, and made no effort to save anything. I succeeded in getting them to lock up and leave the house — and none too soon, their house was in ruins in half an hour.

From here I went to Bellingham Station. Smoke was coming from the upper windows of the Y. M. C. A. I went into the building but could not live in the smoke. There was nothing I could do. I ran across the street to help Mr. Freeman get some things out of his store. I was inside the building but a few minutes, when I came

out buildings on both sides of his store were in flames. It was a case of running for our lives. We were not safe until we reached Bassett Square. People were rushing to this point from all directions and furniture of every description was piled in the square, only to be burned a few minutes later.

I went down Shurtleff Street and turned up Bellingham, taking a last look at our old house on Shurtleff Street. People were commencing to flee up the hill carrying all conceivable articles of household furniture and, even as terrible as the situation was, many things happened at which I could not help laughing. I rushed into several houses and urged a number of people to get out in time to save something. None seemed to realize the terrible speed at which the fire was now advancing driven by a forty-mile an hour gale.

I kept on up the hill to ex-Mayor Strahan's. I wanted to do something to help him if I could. I rang his bell and he answered himself. He was excited, but did not think the house would burn. I suggested I go up to the tower with some pails of water to keep it from catching fire. I cannot describe the scene I witnessed. Thomas Strahan's house is on the top of Mount Bellingham and the picture from the tower was indescribable. Great brands of fire came sailing from every direction over my head, pieces of board several feet long, clouds of smoke, and as far as I could see in two directions nothing but flames. Down in the Highland district below I could see the Highland School in flames and people fleeing in all directions.

Without warning, Strahan's barn, about 100 yards from the rear of the house, burst into flames. I saw no

reason why the house would not do the same. I hustled down through the house and found Mrs. Strahan on the stairs apparently unconscious of anything going on.

I got Mr. and Mrs. Strahan and Miss Strahan out of the building and together with the maids we succeeded in carrying to a place of safety three or four blankets filled with clothing, silver, and a few valuables.

We went down the hill in the direction of Orient Heights, across the railroad tracks, and I left them at the Cordage Plant, having no idea that this place would later in the day be burned, and that they would again have to escape, this time leaving most of the things taken from their house.

The wind was blowing a gale, great pieces of furniture were blown end over end down the hill. Poor and rich were mixed together, horses were running away. I succeeded in scaring one horse into an open field, when he was headed for a crowd of people and might have injured someone.

After I left the Strahans, I tried to go back up the hill, that is the east side; as you understand, I first came from Broadway up one side and went down the other. I found the heat from the burning houses on both sides of the street too intense. As I was about to turn back an elderly woman grabbed me and begged me to save her mother, who she said was an invalid, pointing to a white house, the roof of which was already on fire.

I rushed into the house and on the second floor found the woman; she appeared unconscious. At first I took her for dead. I picked her up. It was all I could do to carry her, but in some way I managed to get out of the building and to the street where I got assistance

and brought both women to a place of safety. They said their names were Ames. They asked my name and seemed to know me. They have lived in Chelsea many years they said.

The fire by this time had reached the bridge to East Boston, and was burning it. Sparks had set East Boston on fire in a number of places. The wind was commencing to shift to the south, which brought new perils. The fire had gone about as far as it could east and if the wind changed to the southeast, Prattville was doomed. This being the case, I decided to try and get back to the northern part of the city; going down to the Boston & Albany tracks, I ran up the track. This track, together with the Boston & Maine, did more to save the best residential part of the city than anything else, as it made four tracks with a good deal of land on each side as a barrier.

As I passed the St. Rose Church, the Parochial Schools and the Cobb stables were a mass of flames. I put the fireman's hat down over my face to keep it from blistering. Across the tracks from the Catholic Church is the Review Club, the new high school and a number of nice houses, which looked about to catch on fire. I climbed the banking and helped the Melrose firemen haul a hose to the rear of these buildings, but when we had the same laid we could not get water, and it was some twenty minutes before additional lines could be laid to a second hydrant. Through their working in this way these buildings were saved, and as soon as we could stand the heat we crossed the tracks with the hose and climbed the banking on the other side; just as we did this, the roof of the Catholic Church fell. For a few

moments we lay flat on our faces hardly breathing, the heat was so terrible.

Hundreds of spectators stood idly watching and joking about the fire, never offering to assist in any way, and there were many things that could have been done if they had thought less of their lives and personal comfort.

When I had done all I could I left and went down the track again to the Chelsea railroad station. I thought of Dr. Green, whose house was threatened, and went down Washington Avenue to it. The brick block opposite was a mass of flames; embers were flying in every direction. His house was protected in the rear and the north by Union Park. The Greens had moved out a good many things and Mrs. Green and her daughter had left. Edgar Hamilton was there and the Doctor.

I went up on their roof through the skylight and tied a rope around my waist, stood there with buckets of water which Edgar handed me through the skylight. In this way I put out three fires which started in different parts of the roof. While I was busy trying to put out these fires, the Doctor got the firemen to direct their hose, which were playing on the buildings already practically destroyed, to his house and the adjoining house, which had not yet caught fire. The captain of this company put two lines on the next house, which is Jim Hudson's. We had shut all the blinds in the house and in some marvelous way, with the help of the two lines of hose, these two houses were saved. These houses were the only two south of the Boston & Maine tracks saved in the entire burnt district.

I was on the roof of the Greens' house about two hours.

I had nothing to eat all day, and I was so black that you wouldn't have recognized me. My nose had been bleeding, which was getting me a great deal of sympathy, as it looked as if my face was cut; my hands in several places were cut. A little after 6 o'clock I came down from the roof and started down through the burnt district. The fire had been so fierce that it had burned everything and burned it quickly. I walked the whole length of Broadway, or rather groped my way along over piles of hot bricks which had fallen from the buildings into the streets, and finally by a circular course reached Winnisimmet Square, where the Post Office and the First National Bank Buildings were still burning.

The Militia had arrived and Marines from the Navy Yard. I asked who was in command of the marines and found that Capt. Williams was. He and Lieut. Moses and other friends were on duty. I located them and they gave me coffee and a sandwich from their relief cart. It was very welcome. I was wet; the hose had been played on me time and again while I was on Dr. Green's roof, and would have knocked me off but for the rope tied around my waist.

They took off my rubber coat and hat and lent me a dry coat and a hat which belonged to a sergeant of Marines. This uniform passed me through the lines, and I stayed with the detachment, helping to keep the crowd back, until 12 o'clock when we were relieved by the 5th and 8th regiments of National Guard.

I then went to the Police Station, and offered my services to Lieut. Hewey and worked during the night on one of the police ambulances, carrying injured people

up to the U. S. Marine, Naval and Massachusetts Soldiers' Home.

At 6 o'clock, as I found my battery was not called out, I volunteered my services to the 8th Co. Coast Artillery, which had just arrived. Captain James H. Smyth accepted and ordered me to go to my Armory and get in uniform.

Returning I reported for duty and have been on guard almost constantly up to this morning, when I was relieved until 6 o'clock to-night. The first forty-eight hours with no sleep, and but little since. About two thousand two hundred troops are patrolling the burnt district. No one is allowed in without a pass; no passes are recognized either in or out after 10 o'clock at night. We have orders in case anyone does not halt to fire one shot in the air; if this does not stop them, to shoot them in the legs.

Monday night I was on duty along the water front. It was pretty cold. I don't think I have ever been more uncomfortable than between 2 and 3 A.M. At 4:30 we were relieved and marched to Grand Army Hall where we had some beans, coffee and crackers. We were then marched to the old Walnut Street School where we proceeded to the third floor, which is to act as our barracks. We fell out and I fell asleep in two seconds on the floor.

I was put on guard in Chelsea Square at 8 o'clock and remained there with a guard drawn directly across the Square until 10 o'clock, when I was transferred to an easier post in front of Rice's dry goods store, which is partly destroyed. I had to keep people from the walls of the adjoining building, which threatened to fall. A good many friends passed me while I was on this post,

but few recognized me; I had not shaved for several days, and had seen no soap since Sunday morning.

At 11:30 I was relieved and sent to the Walnut Street School to get something to eat. In just one hour and a quarter, I was sent to the Old Armory, which is used for a hospital and relief station; I stayed on guard here until 2:30; then was sent down Fourth Street to guard the body of an old man which had been taken out of the ruins, for about one hour until the coroner arrived.

The 9th regiment arrived to-day which makes it easier for us. We will be given shorter duties. I have all day off and report again at 6 o'clock to-night.

You have probably read that Dr. Fenwick's wife was burned and that the Putnams lost everything. The Wilkinsons lost over $200,000 worth of property (no insurance).

It is almost impossible to tell where you are in the burnt district, and people who have lived in Chelsea all their lives stopped me yesterday and asked the way. Here and there is a church wall or some familiar mark. The heat was so intense that the railroad tracks curled up into all conceivable shapes and a hundred freak things happened, which I cannot attempt to write about.

W. M. P.

CHAPTER LIII

The Texas Milestone

In the spring of 1911 I was ordered to duty in Texas, together with two or three hundred other militia officers from different parts of the United States. A division of regular troops had been mobilized at Fort Sam Houston, Texas; the largest mobilization since the Civil War, and we thought it meant intervention in Mexico. Tension and excitement filled the air, and every one was on his toes, so to speak. Coming in to San Antonio over the Iron Mountain route, from St. Louis, I reported out to the camp early in the morning. I found it situated on a waterless, treeless, verdureless plateau of prairie land five miles from the city.

Division headquarters were on a slight elevation, giving a fine view of the camp which seemed to stretch to the horizon. Avenue after avenue of khaki tents rose like mounds of yellow desert sand covering thousands of acres. It was a beautiful morning, the sun not yet high enough to be uncomfortable. Bugle calls echoed across the wide spaces. Off in the distance a cavalry regiment stood out against the sky line. Half a mile away a line of infantry obeyed the commands, "Open chambers! Close chambers!" with simultaneous click. Half a dozen bands practised in different sections. Processions of loaded wagons and pack mules moved in different directions. The smoke from a hundred incinerators

curled upward into the vivid blue sky of southern Texas. What I saw was a small part of the day's continuous activity. Every one had his work; all did their part and did it thoroughly.

I reported to the 13th Infantry; made my official call upon the Commanding Officer, Colonel Loughborough, and was assigned to act as a Battalion Adjutant. For a week or so I was busy getting oriented. One morning I accompanied the Colonel on a ride of twenty-two miles to the Hot Sulphur Springs. The thermometer read something over a hundred, and the glare of sun on the white alkali soil was trying on the eyes, so that the natural sylvan park with its growth of palms and tropical plants at the Springs was welcome when we arrived.

From the Springs we proceeded on foot through the woods to the banks of a dirty, sluggish river lined with weeping willows, oak and banana trees. Reptile life was abundant. Once our way was disputed by a black water snake, while at every step lizards darted with speed to safety. There were some rather large ones that held their tails in the air, and a species of toad with speckled backs was common. Crossing the river on a swinging barrel-stave bridge, we struck out for the ruins of the Mission San Jose, a mile away in the fields, on a trail taking us over aqueducts and ditches dug by the monks two hundred years ago. This mission is the largest and most interesting of those about San Antonio. It was built in 1723, and the carving, or what remains of it, is wonderfully rich and effective.

About a week later the officers of the 11th Cavalry gave a dance at the Hotel Menger. It was a wonderful night with a full moon, and the sight was one you read

about in story books but seldom see: the palms, the fountains playing in the moonlight, the overhanging balconies with beautiful ladies looking down, the brilliantly lighted ballroom opening off the courtyard from which the music of the band could be heard, the women in decollete, the officers in white or their full dress uniforms, together with the foreign atmosphere of everything, made a veritable fairyland.

Returning to quarters, I found orders were out for the division to move out at 5 o'clock for Leon Springs, first call at 3:35. Everything must be carried in the bedding roll, weight limited to forty pounds. I had reported to my regiment with only necessities, but now necessities became luxuries, and luxuries traditions of the past — together with good water, change of uniforms and beds.

At 5 o'clock the regiment moved out, every man and team in line. Ten minutes before it would have seemed a ten to one bet it was impossible. As the day dawned it became hot and humid. The men had been allowed to put their blankets, ponchos and " pup tents " on the wagons but carried their rifle, haversack, canteen and mess-kit (about thirty-five pounds). Soon the last of the thatched Mexican huts on the outskirts of the city were left behind and the trail commenced to wind its way through a wilderness of chaparral growth. The column would march fifty minutes, then rest ten. As the sun climbed higher in the sky the heat and dust commenced to tell on the men.

As hours wore on the sun grew hotter and hotter. There was a breeze blowing across the desert, but that breeze was like the blast from a furnace. The sunrise or

sunset on the desert seldom fails to fascinate but there are few people who are attracted by the scorching noon-day sun. It is difficult to realize how quickly the fierce sun dries up man and beast, and it was a revelation to see the thirsty horses lower the water when the holes at Rattlesnake Hill were reached at a quarter after 9 o'clock.

We had marched sixteen miles, and here we bivouacked until the next day. The surrounding country is the home of rattlesnakes and scorpions, the tarantulas and the centipedes, a place where the grasshopper is four inches long and the sand is mixed with millions of fleas, where the toads have horns and the redbug lives, and razorback hogs roam wild. Now and then a heavily moving buzzard wheeled in circles or balanced himself with outstretched wings between us and the hot sky above. An occasional jackrabbit or armadillo shot off through the cacti.

Before dark we selected a place to sleep, free from cactus, and stretched out on our blankets with heads on our saddles. It was a strange feeling to be here in this wild country listening to a band playing familiar tunes while about one gamboled lizards and horned toads. Occasionally we could hear the cry of coyotes. The stars seemed near as I lay there — with only a blanket and space between us. It was a warm night, I was tired out, so I stopped thinking about Boston. I heard taps, and the next I knew it was morning and everyone was hustling. At 5:30 we pulled out and "hiked" through Leon Springs to our station at Well No. 5, twelve miles away. As on the previous day, the heat was intense, and after the first five miles men and horses hung their heads

and walked on silently and dejectedly. The white alkali dust rising in clouds from the ground made the men look like flour dumplings. Canteens were emptied, and throats became dry and parched.

The next day there commenced the largest maneuvers ever held by the army in times of peace — the three brigades of infantry, the artillery and cavalry brigades, the engineer corps, and the signal and sanitary troops all participating.

Different problems were taken up each day; sometimes we fought an imaginary enemy, and again the division was divided into two armies. There were outpost problems, employment of the reduced division against re-enforced brigade and the selection and occupation of defensive positions, involving simulated attacks.

Day after day we hiked across this wild country, climbed the barren hills, waded through long stretches of prairie grass, sometimes coming across acres of brilliant colored wild flowers. In our leisure we killed rattlesnakes and hunted for wild bees' nests and honey. Whenever the men halted there were some who busied themselves turning over stones in search of centipedes and scorpions, and when found a crowd would gather to watch a fight to death between the insects. At night we went to sleep viewing the stars and listening to singing insects. During the day the sun would blind and scorch. At night the dew would fall like cold rain and one would shiver with two blankets. It was a country where there were no roses, but where everything that grew had thorns; few trees, no running streams, but an ocean of gray chaparral with white dusty trails; cactus trying to rob you of your clothing, poisonous bugs and in-

sects at every hand. It was the kind of country which made General Sheridan say that if he owned both places he would rent Texas and live in Hell.

It was with little regret that on the ninth of June the water suddenly ran dry in the artesian wells and we were forced to leave immediately for Fort Sam Houston. Why the reservation was named Leon Springs is a puzzle. To the troops, the name soon ceased to suggest an oasis in the desert with waving palms and crystal waters. To all who have been there it spells dust, thirst, perspiration, strained sinews and profanity.

General Carter ordered an all-night march to the Fort, twenty-eight miles away. But so glad were all to go, that no one was dismayed at the ordeal ahead. I was detailed to accompany the regimental baggage train, and pulled out with it at 5:30, starting on what proved to be an unique experience. Participating in an all-night march with a division was as new to the regulars as it was with me. It is not often that one is called upon to sit in the saddle, watch the sun set across the prairie, watch the moon come up and go down, and still be in the saddle when the sun appears in the east.

We proceeded about three miles when the baggage train halted to allow the artillery to pass. The air seemed cool in comparison with the heat of the day. The ground was still warm to the touch. But when we started forward the horses kicked up great clouds of dust. So suffused with dust was the air that only now and then were we able to see further than a wagon ahead; only by tying handkerchiefs about our noses and mouths could we breathe without choking. The night was bright with moonlight, and but for the dust the

trip would have been enjoyable. As in the day marches, the column halted every fifty minutes, and when it did the men would drop in their tracks and be asleep before the bugle sounded attention. I knew that before morning I would need rest, so dismounted each time, throwing the reins over my horse's head, and lay down in dust inches deep. Here there was less likelihood of being bitten by insects. Once, as we started forward, I found a tarantula in my hat; and I found twenty-two fresh red-bug bites the next day, but this was part of the game, and you might as well try to catch Texas fleas with boxing gloves as to hope to visit Leon Springs and not be bitten by red-bugs and jiggers.

About 2 o'clock in the morning we reached Lyons Ranch with its general store and saloon. I rode up and looked in at the door. It was a scene such as Frederic Remington used to paint. The room was cloudy with smoke, and the men — sitting about the tables with cards or dice, or leaning against the bar — were the kind you see imitated on the stage. Their sombreros, with rattlesnake skins or leather straps about them, the broad kerchief knotted about their throats, leather leggings which came to their waists, cartridge belts and revolvers, all seemed like clever make-ups. But it was the real thing. They had ridden miles from other ranches to see the army pass and "have a night of it." These cowboys are not a bad lot, and when you know them you can't help liking them for their sincerity and squareness. They haven't much respect for the law, but live on a code of their own. In this country if a man insults your wife, all you've got to do is to go out and blow his head off, and the unwritten law backs you up. Captain Bill

McDonald used to say, "You've got to be willing to charge hell with a bucket of water," to make good with these fellows. "Come in, brother, and have a drink" greeted me as I stepped before the door, and to my inquiry as to when the first of the troops passed, was told 7:30. The baggage train was the end of the division which stretched out nine miles.

The moon went down about 2 o'clock, and until dawn it was all I could do to keep awake. Time and again I dozed off to be awakened by a lurch which nearly sent me off my saddle. Finally I dismounted and walked for miles. At every halt my horse would try and lie down. A horse must be pretty tired to do that. As day dawned everyone presented a laughable picture, with blackened faces and whitened hair and eyebrows. With the light we all felt better and, after reaching camp at 6:15, some of the men actually got out and played ball.

In time I left for Eagle Pass on the Rio Grande, one hundred and six miles as the aeroplane travels. My disgust for the country increased in geometric progression with each hour I spent on the trip. The country through which I traveled was flatter, dryer, hotter and less interesting than that at Leon Springs. There were stretches for miles with not even cactus or sage brush to relieve the eyes or mark the way. It is this strip of country that we actually went to war with Mexico over, and as Richard Harding Davis once said: "We should go to war with Mexico again and force her to take it back." No one who has not seen the utter desolateness of the place can appreciate the barrenness from description. It is a country where hardly twenty-five centimeters of rain fall in a year, a place of sand storms and

burning heat and no natural deposit of water; where the thermometer goes as high as one hundred and twenty in the shade; where cattle die of starvation, and practically no white men live. It is Mexican in its people, its language, and its mode of life. The inhabitants of this wilderness are ranch-owners and their cowboys. A ranch consists of a saloon and a few thatched adobe houses. These ranches are, on an average, twenty miles apart.

At Eagle Pass were two troops of the Third Cavalry. They were camped among the ruins of old Fort Duncan, which was abandoned and allowed to fall into decay about 1898. These two troops patrolled the bank of the river for fifty miles in either direction. On the east they touched another troop of the Third, who in turn patrolled fifty miles beyond; while to the west was a detachment of mounted infantrymen. In this way a constant patrol was kept up from the Pacific Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico.

I arrived at Eagle Pass about 7 P.M., and reported to the officer in command, Captain Van Way. I found the camp situated on slightly elevated ground with a picturesque setting. The sun was seeking the peaks of the barren hills to the west, their long shadows nearly reaching to the adobe ruins of the old fort. In front flowed the historical Rio Grande. It was muddy and sluggish, but it was water and wet, and bespoke of life and vegetation after many miles of desert. This great river, starting as it does in the San Juan Mountains in Colorado, flows generally southeast into the Gulf of Mexico, and forms on its way the entire boundary between Texas and Mexico, eighteen hundred miles long. At all points

along the course eager hands seize it and appropriate its substance for irrigation purposes until during the summer it ceases being a howling, rushing, dangerous stream, and late in the fall hardly more than dampness is left in the bed. It is impoverished that many may be fed.

Most of the Mexican border cities have race tracks, gambling tables, cock fights and lotteries, with a bull fight every Sunday. A well-filled cartridge belt with a couple of automatics commanded more respect than Uncle Sam's uniform.

Nearly all the border towns are alike. Most of them are dirty, unattractive places, only interesting for their strange and foreign appearance. The streets are long lines of grayish walls, of low flat-roofed adobe houses with heavily barred windows and doorways. The streets are narrow, and the sidewalks are so small that one is constantly obliged to step into the street to get along. The market place is as a rule unsanitary; the meats are left exposed to the sun and flies. Many of the houses have beautiful courts, and often the dirtiest walls hide the gayest of gardens with palms, fountains and gay cockatoos.

Pedris Nuadris, just across the border, was attacked and captured by Madero shortly after my arrival. While the town or part of it burned, those of us at Fort Duncan took shelter from the shower of machine gun and rifle bullets that came our way, and watched the spectacle. The next morning, substituting civilian coats for military blouses, two of us crossed the International Bridge on our own initiative — as civilians and at our own risk — to see just what was going on.

Political refugees, who for months or even years had

not stepped on their country's soil, paraded the streets and sidewalks and greeted their friends. Troops of insurgent cavalry, made up of boys and wrinkled, gray-haired men, guarded the approaches to the city. Their horses and arms were in excellent shape, but their hats and clothing plainly showed the hard usage consequent to a long campaign over the cactus-covered plains and mountains. They were a strange-looking lot with indescribable uniforms. Every man carried three to four and sometimes five revolvers, two cartridge belts about the waist and two others across the shoulders, a carbine and a saber, and about the great white hat many wore a band on which was written "Viva La Madero." General Navarro, an old man broken in health and spirit, was in Nuadris at the time with four hundred and ninety-one soldiers, the remnant of the Mexican army that opposed Madero at Juarez. Many of the officers and enlisted men were just about to leave the hospital. There was bad feeling existing between these bodies of men and street fights were constantly to be seen. We were looked upon with suspicion by both sides.

As we proceeded through the town we were continually accosted by the Victorious troops with a "Viva La Madero." The answer was "Saluta Madero," and everything was O. K. This got monotonous, and when a particularly dirty and dumb-looking greaser stuck his disagreeable face up under my own, I very foolishly said: "To Hell with Madero." Up to now no one appeared to understand English, now every one did, and in less time than it takes to tell, I was being marched to jail. Visions of facing a firing squad were all too real. The jail was a one-story adobe hut with just a

ray of light entering from a slit near the roof. I was shoved in, not so gently either, and the door slammed, bolted and locked from the outside. After falling over a couple of drunken Mexicans, I found a place to stand. The next year — which turned out to be but an hour — was a trying one.

It took this time for my friend to find the American consul and locate Madero. His brother released me, and perhaps prevented an international controversy. It cost me publicity but maybe saved my life. Any way I met this brother of Madero, who was educated at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and General Juarex Banor. They posed for a picture both with and without me, and the interesting part of this story is that in the picture is another Mexican quite unnoticed and unknown at the time; this man's name was Pancho Villa.

My return to the American side and the 3rd Cavalry was not as cordial as the home coming of a hero is supposed to be. I was " bawled out " in no uncertain terms, and my return North by a strange coincidence occurred just about the time it would take a report to get to G.H.Q. and back.

CHAPTER LIV

The Textile Strike of 1912

The Lawrence strike was one of the largest and most serious industrial strikes this country has known. It lasted three months and involved thirty thousand wage earners. The immigration law in vogue was the indirect cause. It permitted the off-scourings of South Europe to pour into this city, and work for wages Americans could not compete with. These people would not assimilate, had no sympathy with our institutions, would scrimp, scrape and starve themselves to save a little pile and hurry back from whence they came.

Socialism had long had a firm grip on Lawrence. The masses had seen the trusts and larger corporations in and out of court show contempt for law. The spark which set off the conflagration was the " Fifty-four hour bill " which went into effect January 1, 1912, and when the first pay day came and there was pay for fifty-four hours instead of fifty-six the operatives walked out. Once out the strikers made many reasonable and unreasonable demands.

Joseph J. Ettor, I.W.W. leader in frightful outbreaks in Brooklyn and Paterson and prominent in the bloody riots of Schoenville, Pa., arrived and took command. The strikers — Italians, Poles, Greeks, Syrians, and other untutored people — did not understand the

economic situation. They did not even understand English. Soon Ettor became their idol. The strike started Saturday, January 13th, when the mills closed down.

The first trouble was on the morning of January 15th, at 6:40, the opening time. Great throngs assembled in the mill section and began a noisy demonstration against the few workers in the mills. The cheering and yelling became so violent that mill gates were locked and barricaded. The strikers then began throwing rocks through the windows, and soon pistol shots were heard. Crowds ranging from a few hundreds to several thousand gathered in front of each of the mills and shouted, hissed and hooted, then broke windows and finally, not being content with this, rushed the gates and entered the mills, where they cut the belts, smashed machines and dragged women operators by the hair from their benches. By 9 o'clock the mayor admitted the police were powerless and signed the precepts calling out the militia.

By noon five companies, in addition to the three local companies, were on their way to the city. I arrived with Colonel E. Leroy Sweetser, as a member of his staff, at 3 o'clock. He at once took command of the Provisional Regiment of five hundred men and officers. He divided the mill section into two districts, divided by the Merrimack River and joined by three bridges. He distributed the companies about the different mills, placed each district under a major, making him responsible for what occurred in his district. The streets were cleaned out, and certain ones closed. When the crowds refused to disperse peacefully, force was used. The determined attitude of the soldiers had its effect, and the crowds

became less hard to break up, and arrests were fewer as the afternoon proceeded.

As night approached conditions became fairly normal. Several strikers were in the hospital with bayonet wounds and about forty men were lodged in the police station — when searched nearly all had revolvers and knives. Cots, blankets, overshoes, mittens and caps were rushed from the State Arsenal. Each outpost was put in touch with headquarters by telephone, searchlights, sharpshooters and telephones were placed in the mill towers, and a field hospital was established.

The sentries had to face a biting cold wind that night as they walked their posts on snow and ice. They were sent out in pairs for safety, but the anticipated trouble did not develop. The strikers were plainly cowered by the glistening bayonets which had inflicted some painful wounds during the day. The next day ten thousand men and women marched through the city streets singing the "Marseillaise" and booing the soldiers, but as they did not try to force their way into the mill district they were not molested. Daily mass meetings were held about the bandstand on the Common attended by crowds estimated from fifteen to twenty thousand. William D. Haywood, Emma Goldman and other agitators of national note arrived and violent speeches were made.

Quantities of dynamite were found in different parts of the city and arrests were made. This dynamite was proven a plant. The soldiers tried to make it clear they were not siding with either side, but were on duty to protect property and those who wished to work. They allowed the strikers so many privileges they apparently

misunderstood and took this attitude for weakness. The women were particularly trying. They refused to obey orders, called the soldiers vile names, threw pepper into their eyes and even spat in their faces. Of course, they were acting for the strike leaders who figured soldiers would not hit women. The soldiers conducted themselves splendidly, but the ice was pretty thin at times.

February 15th, when we felt conditions were improving, the worst outbreak of the strike occurred. It started just before daylight and continued until night. Twenty-four electric cars were smashed, wires cut, people knocked down and beaten in the streets, windows broken, one woman killed by a bullet and a policeman stabbed. This disturbance occurred outside the military zone. More troops were ordered to the scene and arrived during the night, making twenty-two companies of infantry and two troops of cavalry; the local companies were relieved. The entire city was now taken over and placed under the nearest thing to martial law that the Massachusetts laws permit. It was divided into six districts, and when the good and bad people of Lawrence awoke they found guards on every corner and patrols on every street. The disorderly element resented this and showed fight. On one street they congregated and refused to disperse. Bottles, tin cans, coal and even iron window-weights were thrown from windows, while the mob hurled ice, and fired seven shots.

A squad of sixteen men and two officers were sent in with fixed bayonets to clean out this crowd of nearly a thousand. Order was restored and the street cleared. In doing it one man was killed, the only one killed by the

soldiers during the strike. Not a soldier was seriously hurt. Riots occurred throughout the city that morning, and in every case the soldiers had their way without firing a shot.

Colonel Sweetser notified the strikers that he would allow no parades and no open-air meetings. Three men would be considered a crowd and all persons unable to explain their presence on the street before daylight would be locked up.

Ettor was arrested as accessory to the murder of the woman shot, and held for hearing without bail. Many arrests were made for intimidation.

About this time I had my most hectic night of the strike. As Adjutant of the Third Battalion, 8th Infantry, I was quartered in the weave shed of the Pacific Mills. About 8 P.M. this night a man rushed in and between breaths incoherently announced several murders on Valley Street as near as we could get it. There were already four and perhaps more by the time we reached the scene. As landlord he had called for the rent, opened the door and found the bodies.

Major Perry ordered Captain Elliott to follow with a platoon of men, clear the street and surround the house. Led by Landlord Goldburg, we rushed for the scene of battle. The approach was by a dark alley off 127 Valley Street.

In a dimly lighted court were six three-room tenements. Into one and up one flight to the first tenement on the right we went. Sergeant Fisk led the way. I came second, and the Major followed as rear guard. Revolvers in hand, not knowing the murderer had escaped hours before, and half expecting him to make a

dash for liberty, we ascended the narrow, creaking stairs in silence. Everything was cold, dark and clammy. The door was pushed open, our flashlights played about the ill-smelling, blood-bespattered room.

On the floor at our feet lay Evelyn Tanguay, partly clothed, head propped by a table leg, eyes open, jaw dropped, stabbed in the breast and throat cut. Beyond, a man fully dressed lay dead upon an overcoat. To the left a couch upon which was Joseph Savia, stabbed in eighteen places; in a bedroom was Mrs. Savia, her body and head on the bed, her feet and legs hanging out. An empty pint whisky bottle was the only sign of drinking. The furniture indicated a quarrel. The scene was awful. I shall not dwell upon it. Men who have gone through all sorts of experiences later said they had never seen bodies so fearfully slashed and hacked.

Imagination failed to reconstruct the terrible scene that a few hours before had here been enacted. Mrs. Savia had gone to bed. Miss Tanguay had gone to her room, but had not entirely undressed. On the couch lay Mr. Savia and the unknown man was ready to go, coat on his arm. Then something happened, no one will ever know what. A fifth man sprang upon one after another, cut, slashed, and stabbed. He struck more than one hundred blows, and worked so quickly not a single one had time to burst out of the door or leap from a window. He then disappeared, taking his weapon with him.

State police arrived, the coroner came, the undertaker took the bodies. Major Perry wrote his report and I started with it to the commanding officer. At the entrance to the alley I met Frank P. Sibley of the *Boston*

Globe. He asked particulars. I hastily told him the circumstances; a newspaper man let off a flashlight — I didn't faint, but after two hours in that apartment it might have quieted my nerves.

Arriving at headquarters I was immediately sent to investigate a report just received by telephone that dynamite had been found on the railroad trestle crossing the Merrimack River. I found the outpost, secured the dynamite, got the story and returned over the icy pavements expecting at every step to slip and be blown to eternity.

When the chemist made his report, I found I had carried a stick of car-wheel grease. The thrill was just as real however.

I turned in at 2 A.M.; at 3 the telephone over my head rang: it was our outpost at the Public Library. A man was dying with pneumonia, it was thought. I walked in darkness the length of the Pacific Mills to the medical detachment, woke a medico and we went for the man. He certainly was sick. The doctor said the only chance he had was to get him, wrapped in blankets, to the city hospital. We arrived about 4 o'clock. The night attendant said he could not be admitted at that hour. Right then, there came near being a fifth murder in Lawrence that night. We finally got him in, made him as comfortable as was possible, and as far as I know he is still alive. Back to my quarters about 5; I went on duty as usual at 5:30.

The strike gradually petered out. The troops were gradually withdrawn. Normal conditions gradually returned. Mr. Ettor served five years in the Salem jail. Bill Haywood later fled to Russia; Emma Goldman was

exiled. The mill agent who planted the dynamite committed suicide.

At first the soldiers were insulted and had a difficult time; at the end they were saluted and shown respect. Col. Sweetser deserves great credit for maintaining order with so little bloodshed. Strike duty is always dangerous and disagreeable work. Soldiers who have done both vastly prefer war condition.

CHAPTER LV

The Roosevelt Milestone of 1912–16

The Republican Convention of 1912 deliberately and, I believe, dishonestly, took the presidential nomination away from Theodore Roosevelt, and gave it to William Howard Taft. The astonishing feature of the Convention was the audacity of the pilot of the so-called "Steam Roller." In past Conventions the operators at least were able to put up a bluff that they represented public opinion, but in the face of the results in the popular primaries this was impossible. They simply set the verdict of the people aside and substituted the will of delegates from the Southern States, which represented no possible electoral votes.

Like hundreds of thousands of other indignant and formerly loyal Republicans I left the party and followed Theodore Roosevelt into the Progressive Party. I inserted the following advertisement in big type in all the Chelsea Papers:

CITIZENS OF CHELSEA

It is desired that citizens of Chelsea interested in the Progressive Party and the election of Theodore Roosevelt meet at Grand Army Hall, this evening, August 26, 1912, at 8 o'clock, for the purpose of organization. Matthew Hale, Chairman of the Progressive Party of Massachusetts, will be present. If unable to attend send your name for enrollment as a Moose.

Walter M. Pratt.

About forty citizens responded. From this humble beginning an organization was built that carried the city for Roosevelt. Roosevelt with the Republican nomination would have swept the country. Even the *Boston Herald* conceded that to be a fact. During the campaign I served as a member of the State Committee, handling the campaign in the First Suffolk District.

In 1916 I ran as a delegate to the Republican National Convention in Chicago, pledged to Theodore Roosevelt. I had always been an admirer of this great man, and still am. In my library I have over three hundred volumes about Roosevelt. In announcing my candidacy, I said I was for him " because he was the greatest living American; because he had been tried and not found wanting. For seven years as Chief Executive he lived up to our national ideals, maintained our honor, protected our citizens, and kept peace. In Roosevelt the people knew what to expect. They knew he would select for his cabinet men like Root, Hay, and Knox, and be governed to a great extent by their advice. We have had enough of Bryan, Daniels, and Garrison, with his continental army dreams, and a President who is all theory.

" Colonel Roosevelt commands the respect of foreign nations. His election as President would change the whole tone of our foreign relations. He is a man of courage, determination and decision, who thinks before he speaks and means what he says; whose presence in the White House would be the strongest insurance against violation of our rights, which might lead us into war. As President he was ' not too proud to fight,' as Germany knew when she backed down in Venezuela. Instead of writing notes he sent the fleet around the

world and convinced doubting nations we had one. He dug the Panama Canal after others had talked about it for fifty years.

" He brought about peace between Japan and Russia. He forced Congress to pass the Dick Bill, bringing the militia up to its present high state of efficiency. As Assistant Secretary of Navy our fleet was prepared at the outbreak of the Spanish War largely through his far-sightedness. The result was the prompt and decisive victories both in the Pacific and Atlantic. But he did not sit behind his roll-top desk in Washington. He joined the men at the front; his courage and bravery during the war made him governor of New York State.

" He is the only man the past year and a half with the courage and brains to drive home to the people the weakness of the Wilson administration, its folly and neglect regarding Mexico and its almost childish attitude toward Europe.

" Roosevelt stands absolutely for a square deal; race, color, religion or politics make not the slightest difference to him. A student of current problems, an ex-president, a naturalist, historian, biographer, literary critic, hunter, soldier, politician and statesman — he is by training, experience and proven capacity fitted to be our next President, and is the only man certain to defeat Wilson."

My opponent was Harry W. James, City Solicitor of Revere, member of the Republican State Committee and President of the Republican City Committee of Chelsea — so-called political leader of Revere and Chelsea. At the time I felt I was in for a good licking. So popular was Roosevelt in the 9th district, however, that

I defeated Mr. James by a vote of 4927 to 2984, carrying every ward in Somerville, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Revere and Winthrop, and practically every precinct.

The Convention was worth the trip to Chicago and proved an interesting and valuable experience. It was probably the greatest political show ever given up to that time. I shall not attempt to describe it from a political standpoint. The side shows were more interesting.

Chicago had been pre-eminently the Republican Convention City since the memorable Convention in the old wigwam when Abraham Lincoln was nominated in 1860. That Convention not only made political history, but it put Chicago on the map.

The Coliseum, its gray stone walls and steel-trussed roof completely covered with bunting and American flags, with ridgepole, higher than a church spire, and a floor where they hold a three ring circus, held 14,000. Seven hundred seats were reserved for newspaper men, each with a desk and special exit to the telegraph and telephone room. The building also contained a restaurant, emergency hospital and branch post office.

Every train entering Chicago for days before the Convention brought hundreds of visitors. They were from every part of the country and represented every station of life. Prominent representatives of society, politics and financial life crowded the sidewalks and hotels. Men with top hats and white spats mingled with roughly dressed Westerners. Ladies stylishly dressed, negroes of pretentious bearing, senators for the asking, and at every hand governors of States and men and women of national prominence. Everyone for Roose-

velt but the delegates. There were the favorite sons, of course, but invariably when attracted by cheering, one would find that the Colonel was the cause; if singing, it was usually the Colonel. If you were jostled by marchers, you would find their badges were for the Colonel. This noisy, tireless, swelling, bombarding enthusiasm was everywhere, and it was always for Roosevelt. Practically no other name was heard outside the headquarters of the favorite sons. Anywhere, any time, anybody could start a demonstration by simply giving a shout for Roosevelt. But the machine said no! We won't have Roosevelt. It wanted Root, but could not get him, so took Hughes.

The nominating speeches on Friday lasted nine hours. The delegates cheered Hughes, who was first, twenty-one minutes. Weeks was cheered for three, and at the end of a tiresome day Roosevelt received a demonstration from the galleries lasting over three-quarters of an hour. Now, this demonstration was all the Roosevelt men got for their work, and will stand out prominently in my mind to my dying day. As Senator Fall of New Mexico stepped to the platform to put Roosevelt in nomination, the crowd commenced to yell. He said: "There is one colossal figure of American manhood, Theodore Roosevelt," and the crowd was off in another Roosevelt yell. No mistaking the noise. It was the first sincere yell of the day. There were hisses from the delegates and it was necessary for the chairman to pound for order. Fall went on to say if the delegates didn't want to hear of Roosevelt, the whole American people would hear him, and then, in the shortest speech of the day, proposed the name of Theodore Roosevelt.

Instantly the crowd was off in the biggest demonstration of the day, although the delegates took little part. It was like the yell one hears at a Harvard-Yale game after a spectacular play, but it differed because it went on and on. The band, which played for each of the other candidates and which was controlled from the speaker's platform, was not playing, but the noise was so great that it could not have been heard if it had played. The crowd kept yelling, "We want Teddy," but the delegates' faces plainly read, "You won't get Teddy." A woman climbed to the speaker's platform and waved an American flag. She was ordered down.

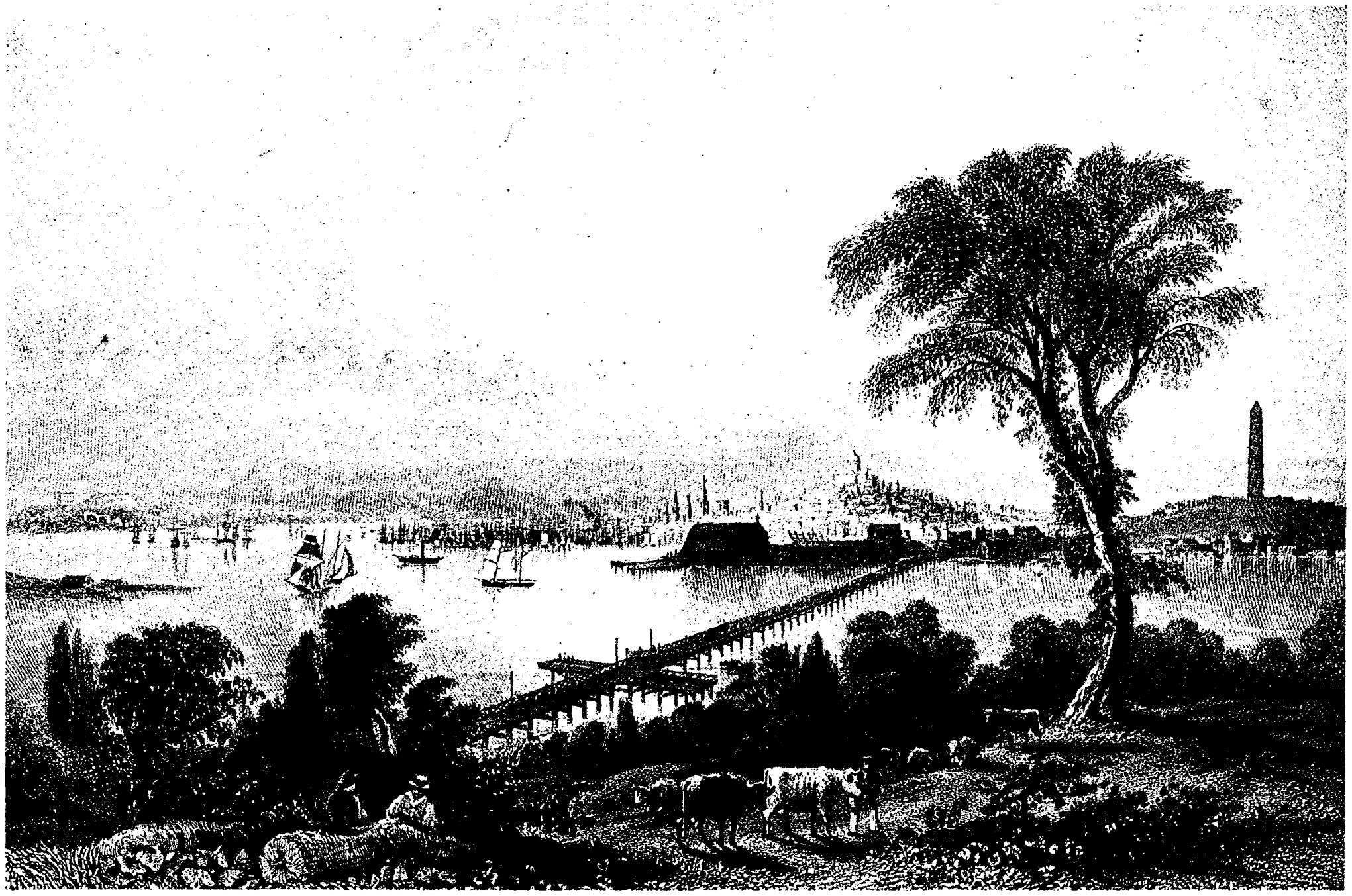
Ten minutes passed; the noise was greater than ever; one woman in the second gallery could be heard above the pandemonium. Women and men all over the galleries tore down the decorations and waved them violently. The Chairman pounded with his gavel for order. The crowd yelled back, "Mind your own business." Two men climbed to the band and beat the bass drum, there was nothing artificial; the crowd was in a frenzy. It looked as if nothing would stop the demonstration. Some one opened one of the large yellow windows, and the setting sun poured into the hall in a blinding stream; four days of rain and here was sunlight for Roosevelt. At half after five the scene was one of the wildest confusion, except among the delegates, most of whom sat silently in their seats, but they alone voted. Four police officers tried to remove from the gallery a pretty girl who had been throwing Roosevelt banners into the delegates' inclosure. The crowd yelled, "Leave her alone!"

Thirty minutes passed. I cannot describe the outburst. The delegates were getting mad; those about

me told me to shut up. In every direction men and women, red in the face, eyes staring, yelled with all their force; based upon the capacity of the house there must have been 10,000 such. Over in the Kansas section stood a man on his chair waving an open umbrella, the chairman pounded with his gavel from time to time, usually it was not heard, when it was, the crowd yelled louder, indignant at the suggestion.

I had stopped; I was weak and hoarse. The noise had lasted 40 minutes and was as loud as ever. The chairman gave instruction to the sergeant-at-arms through his megaphone, and soon the delegates were ordered to sit and word was passed about that we were to adjourn. This was a bluff but it worked, and at last the chairman could make himself heard.

He said, " After such a demonstration as you have had, you should have the decency to allow us to proceed with our business of the day." That killed off the demonstration, and the noise rapidly died away and thus the demonstration closed, Roosevelt having been condemned and sentenced by a well-oiled machine.



BOSTON FROM NAVAL HOSPITAL HILL, CHELSEA, SHOWING OLD TOLL BRIDGE, NAVY YARD AND BUNKER HILL

CHAPTER LVI

Old Chelsea — England

Chelsea in New England is named for the Chelsea of old England which is so rich in tradition that it is entitled to a place in this story. On two of my visits to England, I have set a day aside and spent it prowling about and studying this fine old borough.

Chelsea was for many years, before it was swallowed up by London, a country village with many distinguished residents. It is to-day a borough of London, entitled to one member in Parliament and is governed in local matters by a borough council, which consists of a mayor, six aldermen and thirty-six councillors. In area it is a little less than one-half the size of Chelsea, Massachusetts, having 659 acres as compared with 1141. It is a part of the fashionable West End of London, filled with large houses and smart shops. The Back Bay of London, its Sloane Street our Boylston Street; the Thames (Chelsea) embankment, planted with trees and lined with fine houses, a glimpse into the future of the Boston Esplanade. Their Public Garden is in much the same relative position.

Who is there who has not delighted in stories founded on happenings at Ranelagh Gardens in the days when it was the scene of the wildest and showiest of soirees, visited by kings and ambassadors, ladies of fashion and demimondes, all mingling in the gorgeous amphitheatre

to eat and drink? Ranelagh's has been closed for a century, but its traditions are stamped in bold relief in many places.

Chelsea china, famous and equally expensive, alone would give old Chelsea a secure place in fame. These porcelain works have, like the Low Art Tile Works in Chelsea of New England, long ceased to operate.

A third occurrence that did much to make Chelsea famous was the manufacture of buns. The original Chelsea bun-house claimed royal patronage, and the Old Chelsea Bun-shop has had more than one book written about it.

The most interesting place in Chelsea is the unpretentious house in which lived and died Thomas Carlyle. It is preserved as a public memorial and is filled with furniture belonging to Carlyle, a bookcase filled with his books, fragments of his writing and mementos of his intercourse with Goethe, Bismarck, Emperor Frederick, Disraeli and many others; while, on the second floor, the guide points out, in such a way that it always brings an extra tip from Americans, the room in which our own Ralph Waldo Emerson once slept. In the basement is the kitchen in which Carlyle and Tennyson used to sit and smoke, and through a door one emerges into the tiniest of gardens.

Another building of great historic interest is Chelsea Old Church, one of the most famous in London. Built in 1307, rebuilt in 1660, it ceased to be used as a parish church in 1821. It is filled with monuments and memorials to celebrated people who have belonged to its parish. In the church are the Vinegar Bible and Fox's Book of Martyrs, chained to a desk.

Several well-known institutions are located in Chelsea. Here is the Royal Hospital for old and invalid soldiers, and it is this institution that is supposed to have been the innocent cause of the phrase "Dead as Chelsea," which did so much to hurt our city a generation ago. About the seventies, hundreds of old soldiers quartered there, who had fought under Wellington at Waterloo, were dying rapidly. The flag, continually at half mast, brought forth the phrase on the English stage, which reached America and was taken to mean our Chelsea.

Another important institution is the Royal Military Asylum founded in 1801, where sons of soldiers are maintained and educated. The Chelsea Barracks and Botanical Gardens are worthy of note, as is the Chelsea Public Library containing a valuable collection of relics, Chelsea prints, sketches and busts.

The past of Chelsea is full of interest. I have hardly touched upon it. Henry VIII spent much time at Beaufort House in Chelsea. The witty and hospitable Lady Danvers, the friend of Dr. Donne and Lord Bacon, lived there, as did Sir Robert Walpole, who was often visited by Dean Swift and Alexander Pope. The famous Earl of Shaftesbury resided in Shaftesbury House, in Chelsea. The small house in which the beautiful Duchess of Mazarin ended her life is still standing.

George Meredith, Lord Burleigh, Gay, Newton, Smollett, Swinburne, Shelley, Turner and Whistler were among the famous residents of Chelsea in Old England.

CHAPTER LVII

The Avocation Milestone

Everyone should have an avocation, if for no other reason than to divert his mind from business and other troubles. Mine is the collecting of autographed letters, manuscripts and unusual books; in fact I even call myself a bibliographer.

Man, it is said, pointing to Brigham Young, will collect anything. From boyhood days when my mother found turtles in her bath tub and toads in candy boxes, I have been a collector. Marbles and birds' eggs gave way to stamps and coins, then yielded to rare books and autographs.

Thirty years ago collectors of autographs were few. To-day every city has a group of collectors and it has become an expensive and specialized thing.

With schools and colleges seeking manuscripts of their founders, with awakened community interest in local governmental beginnings, with the growth of historical and family societies and their accumulation of records, and increase of general collectors seeking series of autographs of Presidents, Governors, etc., autograph collecting runs into money.

My collection may be classified by several groupings. There are the letters of the Presidents and their cabinet officers; letters of the Governors and Lieutenant Governors of Massachusetts, the Civil War letters beginning

with John Brown, the stage and operatic letters covering principal figures of the past fifty years. Then there are miscellaneous groupings of business letters in the post-Civil War era of New York and New England, certain journalistic and literary collections, modern military men's letters, and the Pratt family documents going back to the early days of Chelsea.

Many of the letters are framed and make interesting wall decorations. Others have been mounted into books descriptive of the men and times. And still others are catalogued in filing cabinets.

Many to-day take peculiar delight in items showing our early Presidents. A President Tyler letter reads: "Many thanks my dear Sir for the port wine. I do not doubt but what I shall find it excellent. Whether I shall be able to use it or not depends upon its first effects." Apparently the wine was good, for we see the invitation filled in, in Tyler's own hand, inviting Mr. Fendall to dinner at the White House later on.

The value of these presidential items, as in the case of autographs generally, depends upon their contents. If they possess interest or show the character of their writer, they are more sought after than specimens of their author's handwriting containing less interesting substance. Passage of years and increasing scarcity have added largely to values. Thus a John Adams letter which sold for $3.50 in 1886 sells for $100 to-day. A $10 note by Lincoln is now salable at $250. A few years ago a Washington letter could be had for $75 to $100. To-day almost any sort of Washington letter brings $300–$500. When James H. Manning in 1913 paid $4,600 for a document signed by Button Gwinnet,

many people felt he had been unwise. In 1928 a document of the same nature sold at the Anderson Galleries for $34,000.

It is rather odd to think of the Father of His Country in the rôle of land seller. Yet we read in his own writing from Philadelphia his reply, while President, to Colonel William Deakins at Georgetown on the Potomac:

"I have been duly favored with your letter of the 8th inst. and thank you for the information contained in it & for the obliging tender of your services in the disposal of my moiety of Woodstock mannar, — as that land was received in payment of the balance of a debt, the greater part of which had been discharged in such driblets, and in such a manner as really to have been of very little service to me. I will wait a while to see to what hight the price of land thereabouts will rise before I dispose of it — under a full conviction that it will not fall.

With great esteem and regard

I am Dear Sir

Your obed. Hbl. Serv.

G. Washington"

It is further interesting to note that Washington franked this letter. To-day President Hoover pays postage on all his personal mail.

A letter from John Adams, Philadelphia, June 28, 1797, to Uriah Farrett, reads:

"I received yesterday your favor of the 23d and am very much obliged to you for it. The Paper inclosed in

it is a Serious Thing. It will be a Motive in Addition to many others for me to be upon my Guard. It is evidence of a Mind Lowered, yet Seeking for Popularity, and caters to an honey-comb with ambition; yet weak, confused, uninformed, and ignorant. I have long been convinced that this ambition is so inconsiderate as to be capable of going to great Lengths. I shall carefully keep the Secret, as far as it may compromise Character and Names.

" It would afford me great Pleasure to make a visit to the City of Washington, Mount Vernon, George Town, but the Summer will be a busy one; and my own health as well as that of your Friend Mrs. Adams, will oblige us to go Northward if we stir from Pennsylvania this year.

" I received very kindly your offer to communicate information to me from time to time. I shall Stand in need of it from all Quarters and Shall receive it from none with more Pleasure.

I am Sir with great Esteem your Friend & humble Servant.

John Adams "

Thomas Jefferson writing from Philadelphia, Sept. 11, 1793, refers to a terrible epidemic then raging in that city, and says the deaths that week will be at least 200.

Letters of cabinet members such as Timothy Pickering, Alexander Hamilton, Oliver Wolcott, Jr., Charles Lee, Henry Dearbourne, Daniel Webster, Levi Lincoln, are full of interesting items about people and conditions.

James Madison leads one to believe him lax in his finances, as he writes:

"Dear Sir — I have given Mr. Davis a check on B. C. for $1200. I have not time to ascertain the balance in my favor. Shd there be any difficulty. Be so obliging as to overcome it. The B. will I presume at least pay the amount in their hands under the order of the check. We have not recd, a line from you or Mr. C. owing doubtless to some fault in the P. O. Mrs. M. writes by the mail of today

Yrs. aff.

Mr. Catt. J. Madison"

At the bottom of the letter is written "Paid on check 50.25 W. C." Madison's secretary of the Navy, William Jones, writes to Commander Alexander Murray, U. S. Navy, October 1812, regarding the defense of Washington and instructs him not to subject his gun boats to the boisterous seas of Delaware Bay between the months of October and April. Imagine our officers receiving such instructions while they were laying the North Sea mine barrage!

John Quincy Adams writes from Quincy, July 1836, as follows:

"Three score years from the day of the Declaration of Independence, its self evident truths are struggling for existence against the degeneracy of an age pampered with prosperity and lanquisting into servitude, it is a melancholy truth from which I shall in vain attempt to close my eyes. . . ."

Another John Quincy Adams item of interest is a commission in the U. S. Navy signed by the President, but with name and rank left blank to be filled in.

Jackson's Secretary of State, John Forsyth, writes to John Nicholson, Controller General, stating he has discovered a mistake in the calculation of his last lottery office certificate of $500.

W. H. Harrison's letters mark him as a capable and accurate business man.

A long letter from Franklin Pierce to his nephew, congratulating him on his appointment to West Point, says in part:

"This will be in some respects your commencement in life. The commencement of that period when character will receive the stamp & import that will go through life — Everything will depend upon your own exertions, upon the proper cultivation of those powers, moral and intellectual which God has conferred upon you."

Theodore Roosevelt, writing from Sagamore Hill in 1899, while Civil Service Commissioner, to Hon. C. W. Ernst, says:

"I never could make anything out of Mr. Cleveland's letter. My own feeling is that employees in the classified service ought not to take any public part in politics at all. They ought to vote and say what they wish in private but not run caucuses or public meetings.

"Outside of the classified service, I think it better to draw no line than to draw a hypercritical one; and I must frankly acknowledge that up to the present time

I have never seen anyone who could draw the line satisfactorily. In the non-classified civil service I think the "offensive partisanship" business was a humbug. I think a public officer should always behave with decorum, and good taste: but beyond this vague generality I am afraid I cannot go.

"So all I can say is that I would draw a sharp line between these offices the law now makes non-political, and those it does not touch; and would prohibit men holding the former, from all campaign work."

In 1916, Roosevelt writes:

"Until we prepare ourselves, and until we keep our promises, it is idle to talk about entering League of World Peace or anything else. It is our clear duty, to act in some fashion on behalf of Belgium under the Hague Convention. Until our people recognize this and realize that it is a wicked thing to enter into treaties that cannot be kept and a wicked thing not to live up to treaties we do enter into, we are not going to make any progress."

From a sentimental standpoint the most valuable part of the collection is a book 11 x 17 entitled "Colonial and Revolutionary Papers 1660 to 1820" containing letters and documents of the Pratts of Prattville and Chelsea, the Lawrences of Groton, the Merriams of Concord, the Atkins family of Truro and Cape Cod, Colonel John Lamont of Bath, Me., and Governor John Brooks of Massachusetts, all ancestors.

The collection includes many outstanding figures of

the Civil War and slavery agitation that preceded it. Southern moderators, such as Henry Clay, Thomas Benton and Zachary Taylor; extremists such as J. C. Calhoun, Jefferson Davis, William H. Seward, William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Philips, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Theodore Parker, Garrit Smith and many others are represented.

A historical item is the note written in lead pencil by Anthony Burns, the fugitive slave, from the court house immediately after his arrest. It was sent to Rev. Mr. Grimes asking help. Seven other letters written by Burns from the Richmond jail and after his purchase and release have a bearing on this most memorable of fugitive slave cases, which cost the Government a hundred thousand dollars.

An important abolitionist letter is one from "old John" Brown of Osawatomie containing a lock of his hair cut by his family after his execution. There is the original manuscript of Frank B. Sanborn's "Recollections of Seventy Years," which contains the legal opinion of John A. Andrew, in the war governor's handwriting, advising Sanborn regarding his return from Canada.

The Civil War is vividly brought to mind by many contemporary letters. There is one of Robert Anderson, who commanded Fort Sumter, and others by Confederate generals, including Robert E. Lee, Johnstone, Beauregard, and Longstreet. A letter from Ulysses S. Grant from army headquarters to Secretary of War Stanton, asking that a brevet be given to Colonel Hardie. Letters from Union officers also include some by Lieutenant General William T. Sherman, Major Gen-

erals Winfield Scott, McClellan, Fremont, Wool, Mead, Phil Sheridan, Hancock, Dix, Banks, Ben Butler, Burnside and Ord.

A letter concerning "our starving soldiers" and including a card autographed by President Lincoln, and pictures from Rebecca R. Pomroy of Chelsea, the nurse who cared for Tad Lincoln at the White House during his sickness, give a vivid description of a trip to the front.

There are so many other letters of interest that but a few can be selected for quotation.

Mark Twain, writing from Vienna, says:

"In our day the telegraph and water ballast have turned that arrogant old saying the other way around — thus man waits not for time or tide. The altar cloth of one era is the door mat of the next."

A letter from Adelina Patti says:

"The critics have been good, but I have offended many because I would not receive them — they are a pest in this country, one must be so careful about all that one says and does, they literally make you say things you never dreamed of. I sang the 'Messiah' in Cincinnati with immense success I am sure you would have felt as proud as a peacock of me. When I get home please God, Oh! What things I shall have to tell you. No money to be had here, it appears they are as poor as Job."

A letter of Matthew Vassar, founder of Vassar College, apologizes for being found napping in the daytime by saying:

"The next time you visit my residence I'll have the latch greased, but this fact shows the want of more frequent use and you came in for your share of the inconvenience, the more my friends call the smoother things work. I shall not be found napping at midday again but who can help it occasionally with some 400 children to provide mental food for."

The books in the collections number about two thousand. They are presentation copies, extra illustrated books; first editions, examples of binding or unusual books in other ways.

There are separate parts of Bleak House, Frothingham's History of Charlestown, and others. Many books with letters of the writer inserted, original manuscripts, limited editions and very old books.

They have all become personal friends and it would be hard to get along without them.

CHAPTER LVIII

The World War Milestone

The War with Germany was a milestone in the lives of millions. Five months spent in the War Department at Washington, and four at a Port of Embarkation was my fate. My story is one of the side lights which help make up the history of the War.

Joining the Massachusetts Militia May 23, 1905, I served as private in Troop A, 1st Squadron Cavalry until May 14, 1907; was transferred to Battery A, Field Artillery, qualified as a 1st class gunner; commissioned July 29, 1909, 2nd Lieutenant, 8th Infantry; July 3, 1911, promoted to 1st Lieutenant and Battalion Adjutant. Resigned May 21, 1913, because of the election of Colonel Graves.

During these eight years, I participated in most of the large maneuvers held in the East; served with regular troops in Texas, and on strike duty at Lawrence, Massachusetts. Wrote a book on the Regular Army and National Guard, and closely applied myself to the study of Military Tactics.

At the outbreak of the War, I was appointed to the Massachusetts Public Safety Committee by Governor Samuel W. McCall. I assisted in organizing the State Guard. Became Captain and Regimental Adjutant of the 11th Infantry, and served with this regiment on the water front in Charlestown and East Boston during

part of the winter of 1917–18. We later erected and helped organize the influenza hospital on Corey Hill.

Late in the spring I went to Washington to work in the War Department. I accepted this position in preference to an offered commission in the Quartermaster Corps because of its interesting and exciting nature, being of a secret and confidential character. It also held out a promise of overseas work. In September 1918 I was sent, as a reward for long hours and hard work, to the second Military Intelligence School. I graduated, was commissioned Captain U. S. A., and assigned to the General Staff, Military Intelligence Division.

November 4, 1918, I was ordered to Camp Zachary Taylor, Louisville, Kentucky, for duty with the division being formed for overseas duty. I was granted eight days' leave. The Armistice was signed on the 11th; orders were changed and I went to the Port of Embarkation, Hoboken, New Jersey, then to Camp Mills, Long Island, in charge of the Counter-espionage system of six hundred men, percolating into every unit in the camp.

My work was principally looking for graft and dishonesty among the civilian employees and the Army, propaganda, and enemy aliens; helping to keep up the morale and in assisting the Military Police.

On difficult cases, I could if I wished call upon the Corps of Intelligence Police in New York City. We stopped the leak of thousands of dollars, recovered all kinds of property, ranging from stolen pocket books to steam rollers, now a load of lumber, once several hundred tarpaulins, and so on.

The detection of the theft of registered mail in the

Camp Post Office, arrests for impersonating officers, running down writers of anonymous letters, etc. On one occasion the Commanding Officer handed me an especially abusive and profane, unsigned, typewritten letter, regarding himself. It had been sent to the Secretary of War, and forwarded back.

He said, "I want the man who wrote that letter!" I said, "Yes sir." There were forty-two thousand men in camp that day. It looked like quite an order, but he had his man inside the week. It was quite simple; whoever wrote that letter had a personal grievance. He could hardly be a transit troop. That cut out thirty thousand right off the bat. The letter referred to the construction of a new water main and showed knowledge of the work. Therefore, the man was of a labor battalion. I requested each of the twelve companies to send me certain information, without exciting suspicion, and asked for the reply in twenty-four hours. The answers as I expected were all typewritten, presumably on the company's typewriter. I examined the anonymous letter under a glass. Certain letters were imperfect. I found a letter among the reports that had been written on the same machine. I sent for my operative in that company and carefully questioned him, and found there were several dissatisfied men. A form of discipline for minor infractions of camp rule was to make a man work with some other company, returning to his own at a distance for meals. I planted one of my best men, properly equipped with insignia into the company, taking the Captain into my confidence. He made the acquaintance of the discontented, found only one who could operate a typewriter. We brought the

man to the Intelligence Officer, and after an hour's questioning he confessed, in writing, to having written the letter.

This is one of many stories, most of which I shall never tell.

While in Washington I was a cog in a wheel. I saw everything that went on and had part in many cases charged with dynamite, that the public has never heard of.

As Camp Mills Intelligence Officer I was the whole thing as far as my work went. I had no one to ask advice of and assumed the full responsibility of my acts. I seldom knew the final outcome of cases I worked on. One never receives credit or expects it in Military Intelligence. After weeks of hard work the papers would say, " Phoney officer arrested, man long sought by the authorities arrested last night by an agent of the department of justice," or something similar.

Few of us enjoyed being of the " Army of the Potomac," as we dubbed those stationed in Washington, but it was a real pleasure to work under Brigadier General Marlborough Churchill.

CHAPTER LIX

Washington in War Times

More of the war was fought in the National Capital than most people realize.

The conditions were unusual and interesting — with population twice its normal size, hotels and boarding houses crowded, acre upon acre of temporary government buildings erected and many office buildings and private estates impressed into use.

Everywhere crowds of people, not sightseers, but war workers and soldiers. Every one busy and in a hurry. Restaurants crowded in spite of high prices, poor service and food. One was fortunate to get a table at the Shoreham, New Willard, Washington, or any of the best hotels or restaurants. On Pennsylvania Avenue near the treasury building was an enormous "Child's" restaurant and at mealtimes hundreds of people waited in line on the sidewalk to gain admission.

At the theaters, before the influenza epidemic closed them, the "Standing Room Only" sign was out before the show started.

The daily papers carried long columns of "Rooms Wanted" advertisements, in some cases offering as much for a single room in a certain location as a substantial house would rent for before the War.

The street car service was "shot to pieces." Lack of

men, the heavy traffic, and the congestion made it most unsatisfactory.

To gain admission to or to get out of a government building a pass was required, and to a war worker on the telephone you first called the War Department, and if that line was not busy you gave the branch exchange number and that probably would be.

The quickest way to communicate with any one in the War Department was to write a letter and send it special delivery. On several occasions I received a confirmation of a telegram by mail before the telegram was received. These conditions could not be helped and the government had built up a very wonderful machine in a surprisingly short time considering the absolute lack of preparedness.

Thousands of clerks and typists from all parts of the country responded to the Government's call and the problem of housing them was a serious one. The residents of Washington were urged to take them in, by advertisements in the papers, personal solicitation, public speeches and even by threats of commandeering their homes. The government constructed a series of dormitories which were ready for occupancy in December 1918. These helped materially to relieve the situation as they accommodated several thousand war workers.

Hotels and clubs were unusually interesting and picturesque, even for the National Capital, on account of the great number of uniforms; English, French and American of course predominated, and became commonplace, but some of the Italian, Russian and other of the Allied uniforms were quite different. Russian generals, French, Italian and other missions were all fine, dis-

tinguished-looking men, and their uniforms were gorgeous.

Every hotel was filled with statesmen, business men of national prominence, famous inventors, mingling with the little man of everyday life, all doing their part to win the war.

In the park at the rear of the White House, the women employees of the War Department drilled. The drill was compulsory, for the purpose of giving them physical exercise, necessary for health and the proper performance of their work. In another park could be seen almost daily the District of Columbia police, drilling with guns, and in every park were little squads of recruits being instructed.

Soldiers and sailors at every hand. Great army trucks rumbled back and forth, separately or in trains of six, eight or even ten, sometimes loaded with quartermaster supplies, sometimes with soldiers; in the air, balloons, aeroplanes and occasionally an airship. As many as fourteen aeroplanes at one time in the sky, but Washington was accustomed to the whir of airplane motors and the performance of the world's greatest airmen.

Every boat or train that arrived or departed from Washington carried principally soldiers. Colonels and generals attracted less attention than the "non-com." home on leave, while anything in Washington under the rank of captain was "poor white trash."

All government buildings were guarded by police and soldiers; at night a heavy guard was thrown about the White House. Occasionally I would see the President and Mrs. Wilson pass in an automobile — their approach heralded by motor-cycle police. On the front

of the car two men, and in a second car, close behind, five or six secret service men. Everyone made way and the motors travelled quickly.

At night there were practice air raids, and all Washington turned out. As soon as the alarm was given, powerful search lights, a part of the city's aerial defenses, began to direct their illuminating shafts above the city. Another minute, theoretically a dozen anti-aircraft guns came into action, barking forth a shower of bullets as the bombers dodged in and out of the powerful rays. The planes carried three lights, one on each wing tip, and one on the tail. They would drop signal lights, red, white and green, for planes to come to their rescue, and seek a higher level. Theoretically the raiding planes were destroyed and the Capital saved. It was sensational and realistic.

The influenza hit Washington as badly as it did any city, and the crowded, congested conditions gave it fullest play. Although the churches, theaters, etc., were all closed, the war work with the use of masks and inoculation was but little interrupted. For days the epidemic was so bad that the supply of coffins gave out, and soldiers had to be detailed to dig graves.

Even under war and epidemic conditions, Washington was the cleanest of cities. I do not mean morally, although it may have been in that way too. It is the most beautiful of American cities. I do not fear contradiction from anyone who has travelled extensively. The streets are a paradise for automobilists, smooth, wide and straight. The most beautiful is Massachusetts Avenue. Massachusetts has probably stood for more in our national life than any other State. This is im-

pressed upon the stranger by statues in the parks to Longfellow, Webster, Bancroft, Adams, Lowell, Emerson; by memorials of various kinds to Hawthorne, Franklin, Paul Revere, Agassiz, Morse, Bell, and others.

Washington is noted for its beautiful parks and circles, but collectively they do not compare in area with Boston's Metropolitan system. The Zoölogical Park is wonderful; the pleasure ground for thousands of war workers each Sunday. The Zoo is remarkable. Boston's little Zoo and a couple of circuses could be added and no one would notice the difference. Originally, it was not intended for a public park, but was established by Congress as a reservation where might be bred and maintained representatives of many American animals threatened with extinction. It has been enlarged and modified by adding exhibition features, and made a pleasure ground as well as an experimental station.

One of the first things I did after arriving in Washington was to pay my respects to Cogressman Fuller, to whom I later became Aide-de-Camp during his term of four years as Governor of Massachuetts. He had a happy faculty of making his constituents feel very much at home. Chelsea was fortunate to have a man of his type to represent it.

Mr. Fuller showed me a letter he had just received from Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War, in which he said he could not commission him in the Army, for immediate service in France, as he was more useful to the President in the capacity of Congressman.

War conditions almost made Baltimore a suburb, as many a person arrived in Washington without having

made reservations and was forced to go there to sleep. Between the two cities grew up an almost continuous string of shipyards, gas plants, munition works, and other war industries.

Every woman as well as every man in Washington during the War would probably rather have fired across No Man's Land than shoot a typewriter or delve into the filing cases of the War Department, but all could not shoot Huns and those across could not shoot them unless the work in Washington was done eagerly and well. The firing line actually extended back to the desks in Washington. As the artillery is forever firing at targets it cannot see, those in the National Capital were actually smothering the enemy, beating down his marvelous organization of espionage and knocking to pieces his efficiency with a greater efficiency.

CHAPTER LX

A Port of Embarkation

From a steam-heated hotel in Washington I went into an open-air camp, until my barrack was ready. It was Thanksgiving day and good and cold, with hundreds down with the "Flu" and not a friend in sight, and it was some days before I could find my way about the big camp. Everything was strange and new. I felt like the patriotic but bewildered Greek:

Outa Luck

I wanta be de soldier for great U. S. A.
So I join in de Army, wan dollar a day
Dey senda me way to de camp de Mills
When alla day long, we gotta de drills.

Fram da time we get up, 'till dey blowa da tap
Dey showa da technic, but not how to scrap,
"To da lefta give way!" Miesta Captain Ee shout
An denna Ees say to do squads "Right About"!

Da "Squads a do left" and a "squads a da right,"
Ah what's a dot gotta to do widda fight?
Da only wan way for to beata de Hun
Ees to show us da way how to shoota de gun.

Byembye we got ready to sail "over Dere"
We Marcha to Hobok, we geeva "Tree chare!"
When all of a sudden da wheesles ees blown
Da Kaiser Ees finish, Ees quitta de trone.

We gotta "Squads left!" we gotta "squads right!"
We gotta K.P., but no chanca to fight.
Datsa tough!

— *Anonymous.*

After patiently waiting for five months, and when about to go to France, the Armistice came and I was dumped into a port of embarkation.

Few civilians understand what a port of embarkation is. It is a complete administrative unit, combining facilities for the embarkation and debarkation of troops, including camps at which they are held before embarkation or sent upon arrival. The port of embarkation at Hoboken consists of docks at Hoboken and Brooklyn, Camp Merritt, N. J., and Camp Mills, L. I., which had a permanent force of approximately 10,000 officers and men.

Oversea troops were sent to one of the embarkation camps and quarantined until they had been put through the sanitary process. (The soldiers refer to it as going through the delousing plant.) Then split into smaller units, and when transportation was available, sent to the cantonment nearest their home. They were practically guests of the permanent force, fed and quartered in barracks, with no duty to perform except policing of quarters.

Camp Mills was in parts of Hempstead, Garden City

and Mineola. It was made up of the camp proper, with a permanent force of about 4500, a base hospital with 2000 beds and a force of doctors, nurses and enlisted men of 700, and two aviation fields. In area it is about the size of Chelsea; the barracks accommodate 35,000, and tentage for 15,000 to 20,000 more. There were miles of cement roads, sewers and electric lights. Hundreds of trees were planted, and over 1200 buildings built, including a Liberty Theater seating 1200, recreation hall for athletic sports seating 4600, six Y. M. C. A. huts, two Knights of Columbus, two Jewish Welfare, and a Christian Science hut, a Salvation Army Hotel, a Visitors' House (K. C.), a Hostess House (Y. W. C. A.), an Officers' Club, swimming pool, four post exchanges, post office, telegraph office, bank, military police station, two fire stations, camp laundry, cold storage plant, electric light plant, warehouse, garages; in fact everything a prosperous city of 20,000 would have.

The permanent force consisted of the commanding officer; his staff composed of the executive officer, adjutant, camp surgeon, quartermaster, intelligence officer, morale officer, liaison officer, judge advocate and chaplain. The medical detachment, ordnance depot, motor transport corps, utilities division, construction division, salvage company, four labor battalions, one battalion of infantry, signal corps, casual detachment, detention camp.

The work of an intelligence officer was secret and confidential. It consists largely of collateral investigation of various kinds, and worked in the military establishment much as the department of justice does among civilians.

My operatives were selected from a large personnel, and were keen, self-reliant men who had the ability to keep their eyes open and mouths shut. An open-faced operative is as useful in his profession as a burglar with wooden shoes.

I pasted the following in my operative room:

"A wise old owl sat on an oak.
The more he saw the less he spoke,
The less he spoke the more he heard,
Oh, soldier, imitate this bird."

My office force consisted of one field clerk. My permanent operatives included a Philadelphia policeman, a New York City police detective, a Boston newspaper reporter, an Oklahoma cowboy, a civil engineer from California and a lawyer from Chicago. The orderly was detailed to me from a colored labor battalion, and most remarkable of all, my chauffeur came from Alaska.

For obvious reasons I mixed a good deal among the returning troops and ate at the transient officers' mess. In this way I heard their stories and complaints, before they were echoed in the press.

The first troops to return from overseas were 26 Aero Squadrons, about 7000 men. They had not been out of England. They got in bad as they marched into camp by calling out to the sentries, "Hello, Home Guards." The guard was made up of men from the 13th Regular Infantry and casuals. The next day they started anti-English talk; German propaganda, even if not intended as such. They said they were not properly fed, that German prisoners were better treated; it would only

be a matter of months before we went to war with England. After an investigation it was proven there was no foundation for these stories. These men were made much of before they left the United States, they arrived in a country that had been at war four years; soldiers were no novelty. The men attracted the English girls, which made bad feeling with the "Tommies." Food was scarce and high in England, and so they returned after a few weeks' stay with nothing but hard feelings.

Next came the "Anti-French troops" with stories of being over-charged, depravity of the people, etc. Our men had believed there was something superhuman about the French. They found they were only human, the stories followed.

The stories about the conditions at Brest. It was a death trap, mud hole, etc. Official reports denied this, returning officers whose word cannot be questioned stated that the conditions are no worse than at Camp Mills. It rained a good deal and there was mud, but there were board walks and dry barracks with plenty of good food. The men were homesick, the war was over, they wanted to get home, the week or so of waiting for a transport seemed a year. Stories drifted through from the Rhine to the effect that the Germans treated our men better than the French. Of course they did, that was their game. What better propaganda?

One organization had the same story about conditions, another had the opposite. All "sore" at something or other, they recalled only hardships. After discharge and a rest their attitude changed. The disagreeable features of "the great adventure" to a great extent

were forgotten. For those in the war, history started. Events are dated so many years before or after. In other words, it becomes a milestone in their lives.

Practically an entire generation participated, rich and poor, slum bred and socially select; some jailbirds, some failures in every endeavor, many were of proven success, and had charm of manner — it mattered not to the army, the uniform made them equal. The thing that counted most was what the army called "guts."

Men who had no future except the drunkard's grave won places on the Roll of Honor, and lie in heroes graves. The army made real red-blooded men out of snobs. Poor men found some good in the rich, and rich men to-day include among their friends those of inferior social standing.

After the Armistice it was hard to keep up the morale, so entertainments of every description were offered. A pool room with fifteen tables was erected. A splendid library with branches in different parts of the camp offered abundant reading matter. Schools under the direction of the Y. M. C. A., where moving picture projecting, stenography, etc., was taught. At the Liberty Theater there was a professional "All Star" vaudeville or a play each night, admission 25 and 50 cents. At recreation hall, a boxing bout, a dance — the girls being brought into camp by army trucks from neighboring towns, each one checked in and out — a basket ball game or, if nothing else, Charlie Chaplin, Bill Hart or Douglas Fairbanks on the screen. At the Y huts, K. C. huts, and Jewish Welfare huts there were entertainment, moving pictures, a lecture or religious services every night.

The Officers' Club had pool tables, a large comfortable lounging-room with books and magazines, a barber shop and dining-room where the majority of the permanent officers ate.

The barracks were warm and dry and lighted by electricity, two stories high and had one large room on each floor furnished with iron cots. Each quartered 65 men, and for every group of four, two buildings, a kitchen and dining-hall in one, a latrine with shower baths, wash sinks, hot and cold water and toilet facilities in the other.

The utilities camp was an interesting feature. It consisted of the refrigerating plant, a sewerage disposal plant, roads section, water system, educational section, repair department, supply office, warehouses and a complaint desk. All of which would correspond to a city's departments. The motor transportation corps, as its name implies, had charge of all motor vehicles and garages. There were 95 Liberty and Pierce Arrow trucks, 35 Dodge touring cars, and 20 side-car motor-cycles.

The military police headquarters had four stations. They handled traffic and enforced camp rules and regulations, also liquor and vice within a five-mile radius, and furnished a military guard of 20 men each night at the Pennsylvania Station in New York.

The medical detachment was entirely separate from the base hospital; it consisted of 50 doctors, dentists and sanitary officers, a camp infirmary, dental infirmary and a sanitary process plant, equipped for any emergency. All serious cases were at once forwarded to the base hospital for treatment, observation and care.

The salvage company took care of all refuse. Nothing was thrown away. Tin cans were flattened out at company kitchens, collected, baled and sold; grease and garbage separated and disposed of at profit; articles of every description were repaired and put into use or disposed of with profit to the government.

The stockade occupied one of the best locations. The buildings were the same as others and, but for loss of liberty, the prisoners fared as well as any one. Stockades are necessary because men always have, and always will go A.W.O.L., and do other things not allowed. And then enemy agents had been caught and there had to be a place to keep them safely.

I'm just a simple German spy,
  As harmless as can be,
I only want to burn up plants,
  And blow up ships at sea.
It isn't fair to crop my hair,
  And put me into prison where
I really do not like the air.
  Oh! won't you let me roam at large,
For espionage and sabotage?

The Long Island Railroad tracks ran through the camp; running parallel a hundred feet distant was a cement road. Between the two were eleven long warehouses: four for clothing, three for subsistence, one for ordnance, one for medical supplies, one for salvage and one for general delivery. Freight arrived on one side and was issued or delivered at the other. Further along

was the fuel and forage issue station where a similar system existed.

The cooks' and bakers' detachment numbered about 500. They drew supplies, prepared food and served all transit troops.

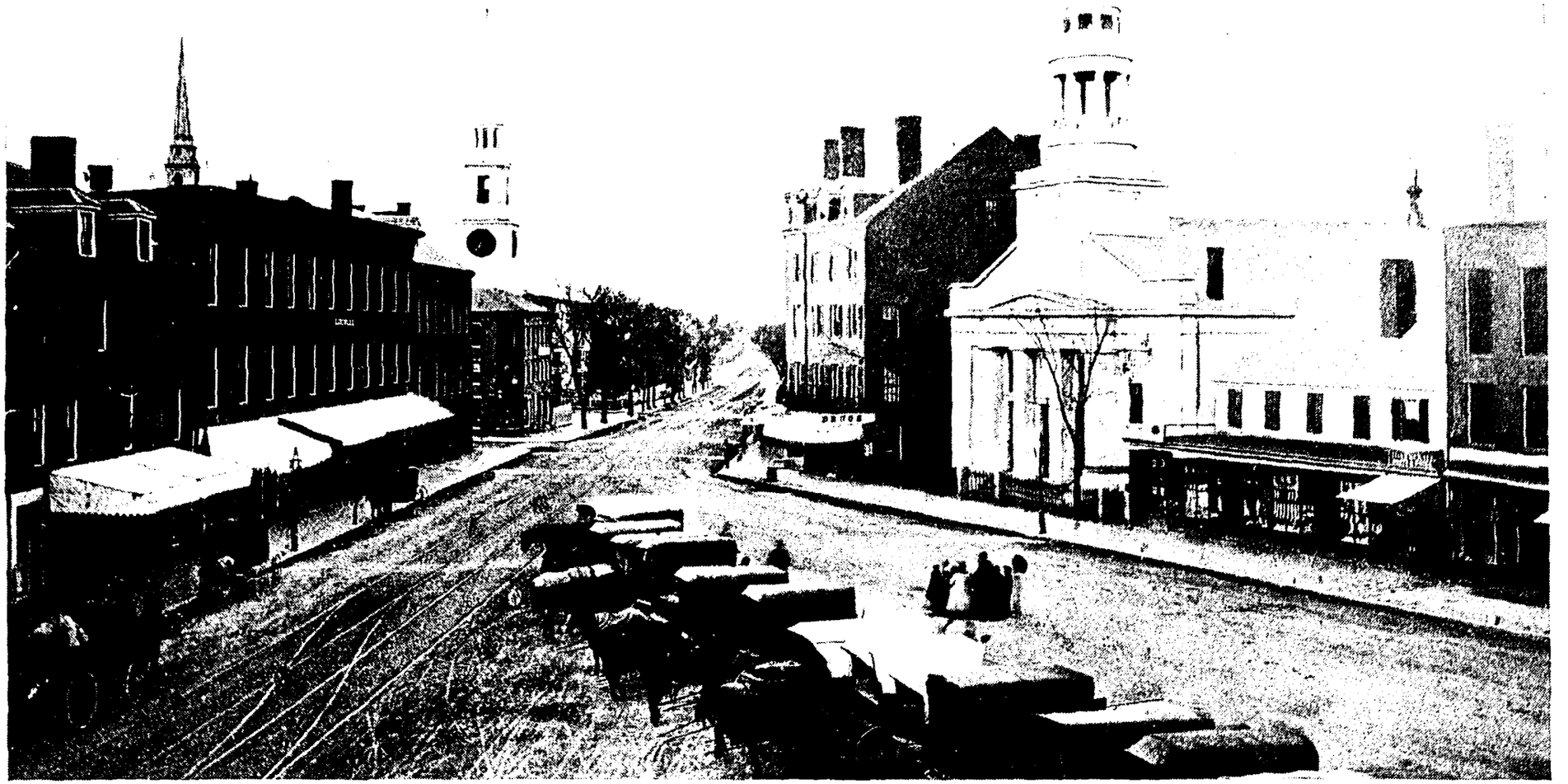
When troops left Hoboken, a liaison officer telephoned the fact, with the result that a hot meal was waiting their arrival. As many as 7000 troops often arrived with one hour's notice, but they found food ready. The old Army slogan, "When do we eat," was not heard often in the camp.

The telephone system was taken care of by the signal corps. There were some 200 telephones, requiring six operators at the Camp central.

The Hostess' house was run by the Y. W. C. A., and the Visitors' House by the K. of C., both were large buildings of attractive architecture. They contained cafeterias and lounging-rooms. Here the families and friends of men could be entertained and could secure information regarding the camp and soldiers.

The base hospital was a tremendous affair, one of the largest and most complete of army hospitals. It had twenty wards, 100 beds to each. The main corridor was one-third of a mile long. The personnel consisted of 85 doctors, 150 nurses, and 460 enlisted men. Including the nurses' quarters and storehouses, there were 26 buildings, all heated by a central heating plant, and it covered 36 acres.

The two aviation fields had barracks for 11,000 aviators. Field No. 2 was a part of the famous Meadowbrook Hunt Club. I have counted 24 airplanes up at a time, and I have seen crashes.



SATURDAY MARKET TEAMS IN CHELSEA SQUARE 1866

Connected with these fields was the Curtiss Aeroplane experimental plant. Here were built while I was at Camp Mills the two trans-Atlantic Hydroplanes which circled the globe. Inside the shop they looked more like good sized yachts than flying ships. I shall always remember what a thrill I got and how small they looked as they swooped down and landed at the Boston Airport about noon September 7, 1924, completing their wonderful trip around the world.

Discharged at Hoboken March 28, 1919, I went to San Juan, Porto Rico. Upon my return was appointed Aide-de-Camp to Governor Channing H. Cox, and retained by Governor Alvan T. Fuller and Governor Frank G. Allen.

Milestones became frequent and, like spokes in a wheel, blurred together, as events of interest occurred in rapid succession. Trips to England, France, the Mediterranean, California and West Indies. Official and personal contacts with eminent persons afforded me an opportunity to study the personality of such notable men as Calvin Coolidge, General Charles G. Dawes, Marshal Ferdinand Foch, General Armando Diaz, General John J. Pershing, Gustaf Adolf, Crown Prince of Sweden; the Polish Commander, General Haller, Major General John A. Lejeune, Admiral Richard Byrd, Sergeant Alvin C. York, Ambassador Paul Louis Charles Clandel, General Fenetar F. G. Passaga, Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, Sir Esme Howard, Lord Willingdon, Amelia Earhart, Monseigneur Ginisty, La Argentina, Prince, Don Alfonso, Marchioness Townshend, John Philip Sousa, William Hodge, General Hanson E. Ely, Bill Sewall, Augustus John, General

James G. Harbord, Oscar W. Underwood, all of whom I met, some of whom I entertained.

Trips with five Massachusetts Governors from one end of the State to the other; to dedicate buildings, lay corner stones, attend county fairs, and every conceivable other event.

Interesting contacts with important people, as a National officer of the Military Order of the World War, and of the Society of Mayflower Descendants; through membership in the Scottish and York Rites of Masonry and service of over ten years with promotion from Captain to Lieutenant Colonel in the United States Army Reserve Corps.

It is not advisable to put these recollections in writing at this time. I shall save them for a book when its publication will embarrass no one.

The seventh generation has advantages undreamed of by the first. Prattville to Boston and back with a chaise — a three-day trip for Captain Thomas Pratt — is a matter of twenty minutes by motor over the bridges to-day.

The telephone, airplanes and radios, tractors to plow the fields, trucks to take products to market, moving pictures reproducing the world before your eyes, electricity to light buildings, streets, cook or wash your dishes, the sewing machine and shoe machinery; the automatic printing press, textile machines and cotton gins; papers at the door each morning with news of the world but a few hours old, instead of months when brought by clipper ship or packet.

We are broadened by travel, books, science, art and contact with people from distant places. We hear and

see the world with radio and moving pictures. We have comfort and leisure and toil more with our brains than our hands. Our necessities were luxuries of old, our luxuries were undreamed of. A dollar when Prattville was settled is equivalent to $100 to-day.

Our ancestors toiled in the fields, made their clothes and material for them, developed the country, built the roads, cut down forests, cleared the land of stones and with them built walls and houses, raised families, fought first the Indians and then for freedom, and at the same time established a government of democracy and freedom.

The "good old times" were times of hardship, privation, sacrifice and toil, of narrowness and superstition. The people of to-day respect the founders of our country, glory in their accomplishments, sympathize with them in their hardships, their sorrows and sufferings; admire their perseverance and virtues, venerate their piety, and thank God they were born in the twentieth century.

I have decided to publish the story of my great grandfather Captain Samuel Lamont of Bath, Maine, in closing this book. It gives a vivid picture of a sailor's life one hundred years ago.

He was a great grandson of Thomas Lamont, a French Huguenot whose son John came to America in 1722 in his 18th year, leaving father and mother and promised wife, Elizabeth McLanathan, to follow when he should send for them. He wrote: "I shall soon send for you to join me in the goodly land of America. Our Huguenot ancestors found a home of refuge in Londonderry, and in the land whither I feel God is calling us,

we shall have greater freedom and prosperity. God will be with us."

He built a log house, which served as a garrison in Indian times, on the New Meadow River in Bath. He also built the first ship in Bath, Maine. His son, Colonel John Lamont, was born August 29, 1743. He served on an "Expedition to the Westwod" in 1760. In 1775 he was commissioned Lieutenant in one of the Georgetown companies. In 1776 he became Captain of the Fourth Company, Colonel Robinson's Regiment. Appointed by John Hancock a Major in the First Regiment of Bath in 1782, and later became Colonel.

His son Samuel, born 12 February 1782, died 11 March 1857, was engaged in the West Indian trade. He married Roxanna Merritt of Scituate, Massachusetts, and their daughter Harriet Lamont was my grandmother on my mother's side.

CHAPTER LXI

The Story of a Sailor's Life One Hundred Years Ago.

Copy of a manuscript left by Captain Samuel Lamont, of Bath, Maine, written in 1849.

I am now 67 years old and reside in the town of Greene. I was born Feburary 12th, 1782 in the town of Bath, Maine, My father and mother were healthy and robust and from them I inherited an almost iron constitution. I was the youngest of four children. My father engaged in the service of his country at the age of 21 and before the close of the war with Great Britain he bore the office of Colonel. He had seven brothers, all of whom lived to be distinguished in office. He died at the age of 87. My mother lived till she was 85. Her father's name was Captain John Robinson of Portland. She had four brothers who were ship-makers and sailed from that port.

AT THE AGE OF ELEVEN YEARS

But to my own history. At the age of 11 years I had the smallpox. With this disease I came near dying. My flesh turned as black as the chimney-back and almost dropped from my bones. I was never sick before, nor have I been since but twice. At the age of 14 I felt strangely inclined to the sea and accordingly engaged with Capt. Mial Peterson in the schooner " Hannibal "

bound to Esseguelo, Demerara, laden with lumber and fish. My wages were $8.00 per month. At that time lumber was $60. per M in Demerara and fish was $11. per bbl. We had forty-five days passage out. Nothing of note occurred on our passage except that our water being taken from a well, grew thick and slimy and before we arrived it became so ropy that we had to suck it down and when we got enough we had to bite it off with our teeth to disengage ourselves. We discharged at the port and for several days and nights our Captain caroused with the officers of the fort until he was taken down with yellow fever. He, however, got well and in twelve weeks we were on our way home laden with men and sugar. In forty days we made the land in a thick snowstorm. The Captain said it was Small Point at the mouth of the Kennebec River. Sailing on in a short time we made a lighthouse. This surprised all hands. No one on board knew where we were. The wind was blowing heavy on shore and we were in danger every minute of shipwreck. We continued to make for the lighthouse and when we came near the light, found hold water where we anchored. This was 3 P.M. and all were wondering where we were.

Shortly there came a man in a boat and told us we were in a dangerous place. The Captain then asked him what light that was. " Why," said he, " don't yer know where you are? That is Cape Neger Light and that outer point is Cape Sable, Nova Scotia." This was 300 miles from where he thought we were. The man offered his service as pilot and we " ran " up 1.2 miles to the town of Sheburn. Here we were frozen in nearly a month. We then made sail for Boston running into Cape Sen.

Here we found Captain Otis of Wiscasset, from the West Indies, who was shipwrecked in the same gale. We saved some of his cargo in a damaged state, took him and his crew on board, and in five days arrived safe in Condy's Harbour.

ESCAPE FROM DROWNING

The next day I started on foot for home 14 miles distant. In crossing New Meadow's River, which is a kind of long narrow bay about eighty rods wide, the ice being rotten, I fell in and should have been drowned had it not been for an old lady and her daughter who lived on the opposite side, fifty rods from the shore, and saw me fall through the ice. They ran to my relief, each taking with them a board. The old lady stood upon the shore and the girl pushed one board after the other until she reached me and gave me her hand and helped me out for I was so fatigued trying to get out and so chilled that I could do but little to help myself. She was more courageous than many men, shoved the boards back again one after the other until we got ashore.

I went to the house and there remained until I got warmed and dried and then started for home. For all this kindness they would accept nothing at my hand. I gave them my warmest thanks, which was all I could do. May God bless their basket and their shave. I shall remember their favor till my dying day. After reaching home, which was five miles from the old lady's, and passing through the common salutations of one long absent and whom they had given up for lost, my mother said, "Samuel, have you not been in trouble?" "Why?" said I. She said, "I have dreamed some ter-

rible dreams about you and I knew you were or would be in great trouble."

I continued at home several months, then shipped with Captain Robert Bosworth for the West Indies. The cargo was lumber and fish. We cleared for Grenada and sailed with a prosperous gale. Nothing of note occurred on our passage until forty days out. We were in the latitude of the island and running down with a heavy trade wind at the rate of seven knots an hour.

CAPTAIN GOES OVERBOARD

At 4 A.M. when the last watch was called, the Captain came on deck in his nightclothes. We were running then, as the sailors term it, wing and wing — that is, with one boom one side and the other the other side. He stepped forward and at that instant the fore boom jibed over and knocked him overboard. We hove over several planks, one of which he got on. We then hauled close to the wind and endeavored to beat back. Our long boat was stowed in with lumber full of shocks with the lashing planks over her. Before we could possibly get the boat out it was daylight. We jumped in and pulled for the planks. There being a high swell and strong wind we could make but little headway. We at length discovered the planks on the top of the sea, and then shortly discovered the captain clinched to one of them with his head in the water at times. We concluded he was drowned for we found him wholly senseless, but soon discovered there was some appearance of life in him. We laid him in the boat with his head downward. The water soon began to run from his mouth. When we

got him on board it was eight o'clock. He then began to heave up the salt water from his stomach and soon was able again to take the command. By this time we made the island and that day got in after a passage of 41 days.

We sold the next day, to deliver our cargo at the N.W. part of the island in an open roadster. Here the surf was constantly running high. We anchored one-half mile from shore and rafted all our lumber. When we got within eight rods of the under-tow we gaged the raft. The plantation was about one-half mile distant on a high hill. This lumber was all carried by female slaves on to that hill. There were 300 of them and it was surprising to see them dive into the surf and take the lumber as we discharged it to them from the raft. Two of them would take a 40 ft. plank on their heads and go off at a quick pace. They seemed to be as well acquainted with the water as with the heat of the tropical climate. Sometimes the surf would capsize the lumber end over end, still but few of them got hurt.

In four weeks we were ready to sail. We ran to join the English convoy as the French were then at war with the two nations. There were four ships of the line and about 300 merchantmen. We got on well to the North before we left the convoy. In 30 days from this we were again in Bath and I was at home. I remained with my folks several months and then engaged to perform a voyage with Captain Patrick Droning to Antigua. We sailed with a prosperous breeze and in 30 days made Antigua. Here we sold, to discharge our cargo in at the N.W. part of the island. We were furnished with a pilot to convoy us to Panam, a fine harbor 16 miles off.

CAPTURED BY THE FRENCH

We discharged and took for returns sugar and molasses. Here I bought of the negroes 1000 lbs. of copper bolts and sheat. My brother, the mate, says to me, "Samuel, we may be taken and then you will lose all your money." I answered, "It may be so." In five weeks we were ready to sail with a valuable cargo. Three days out of port we fell in with a French privateer, who took us and carried us into Bassataw, Gaudaloupe. Here they marched us all to prison where we suffered very much and I might have died had it not been for the fact that my brother was a Free Mason. A French Lieutenant also being a Mason recognized him and showed him particular kindness, which I shared with him. He used to come every week to see my brother and he would give *one coin* at a time, which was about $8. of our money. With this money we could buy provisions at a very dear rate. The prisoners were dying by hunger every day, yes every morning there would be 20 or 30 carried out dead. There were 400 in the prison, which was filled to overflowing, and more forced in every day. We remained in this horrible condition three weeks, then they marched us up to a stone building that had been occupied as a church. Here were several hundred when we came and they still continued to come at all times of the day. Here the prisoners suffered beyond description from hunger and vermin, which bred by bushels, and the dead bodies would be lying in every part of the building. My brother and I on the account of his Masonry did not suffer so much as the rest. The Lieutenant still continued to visit my brother once every

week and give him money, a brother would hardly have done more.

MASONRY

I know nothing of the institution of Masonry myself but have often heard it spoken against as *a wicked* institution, but I have found it to preserve life when nothing else would. We remained in that prison of death and life five weeks longer and by this time the lice had preyed upon us so that we were almost entirely raw from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet.

At the end of the five weeks just spoken of, there came a cartel from St. Kitts to exchange 44 prisoners. What an anxious hour that was. Every ear was open to hear who should be called. My brother, myself, and all the crew were called except one. When we went out the poor fellow cried like a child. We were then taken to St. Kitts where my brother went to the Marine Counsel to get money to buy some clothes for we were almost naked.

YELLOW FEVER

Here we fell in with my uncle, Captain Saul Robinson, taking a cargo for Portland. He wished us to go home with him but we were offered higher wages to go dragging from one island to the other with goods. We continued to visit the neighboring islands five months and then went to St. Thomas. There the yellow fever raged. One vessel had lost all on board by sickness and they wanted us to take her to New Haven. We agreed to run her. We sailed all well but had not been out long before we were all taken down with the fever. But one

died. This was one of the times that I ever had the fever. We had 19 days passage to New London. There they sent men on board and took us to New Haven. Here we were put into the hospital and the vessel was taken to the mouth of the harbour and scuttled.

We remained in the hospital two weeks and then went to Boston, from there to Bath, after an absence of 11 months in feeble health. My parents were overjoyed to think I had been preserved to return once more alive. I remained several months at home and then went to Portland to see my friends. There I fell in with Captain Saddleman fitting out a new ship to go to Charleston after freight and insisted on my going with him. We sailed the first of December. Had very heavy weather. In 30 days arrived. Here she took freight for Europe. I sprained my ankle and could not go. Remained in Charleston three weeks.

AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE

In February, 1800, I shipped on a voyage with Captain Walch to Africa after slaves. He cleared for Gambra River. In 105 days we got on the coast and judging ourselves near the land, hove to, it being in the night, to wait for daylight and at 4 A.M. made sail. At 2 P.M. made the land on the larboard bow. We continued to run until we made land on the starboard bow. Captain Walch thought we were entering the mouth of the river. We continued to run midway and about 4 P.M. the ship struck a bed of quicksand and would not mind the helm. The wind blew brisk so we hoisted the after sails to keep her head on. We found the sand was all

alive and moved with the water. She continued to go ahead for two or three knots until the sand was nearly to the surface of the water. She ran in this way about four miles and then came to seven fathom of water in a beautiful smooth harbor. We ran into five fathoms and then anchored. We were now in a smooth bay. We found the sand bar extended from point to point. This to our great surprise we found was on the cannibal coast, 250 miles from the Gambra river. When we found where we were the Captain was so overcome that he lost all his strength. We saw the smoke of the natives' huts but dared not go on shore.

CANNIBALS

These cannibals were noted for their love of the flesh of the whites. Here we lay five days. This bay abounded with fish of all species and we amused ourselves in catching them. Some fish we caught with four eyes. We surveyed the bay and found it was impossible to get out again unless the bar should shift with the wind, which we learned it afterwards did.

There was a narrow river that led from this bay up into the country which ran up as far as we dared to venture for the cannibals were making a hideous noise along on the shore. We returned to the ship and the fifth day at 4 P.M. what should we see but a schooner coming down the narrow river. She was armed with ten guns and 150 men all black. She ran within 20 rods of us and anchored. Forty of them then took their launch and came on board our vessel. You may judge of our feelings when we saw them coming. We expected noth-

ing but death, if not torture when they boarded us. They did not, however, kill us but they made a terrible noise and brandished their spears over our heads as if to show us that we were in their power and liable to have our heads severed from our bodies if we made any resistance.

CAPTURED BY NEGROES

They took possession of our ship and took us all aboard the schooner. Here they shot us all down forward and placed a sentry over us. Here we remained three days with hardly any food except a few plantains, a kind of fruit that grows there. The fourth day they took us up and as we could not understand a word they said, we were in a deplorable condition. We made them at last understand by signs that we wanted the boat to make off and leave them. Accordingly they granted our request and gave us fruit and water to keep us alive but took everything else from us except what we stood in.

ESCAPE IN SHIP'S BOAT

So we all took the boat except the Captain. He went with the ship and the natives up the river to Gover. In five days after we took the boat we arrived in Gambra River. Here we fell in with an American slaving ship lying at a village 30 miles up the river. They were overjoyed to receive us on board as well as we to get on board, as their crew had all died but five. They offered us any wages we might ask so we listed.

They had been in six weeks and had on board 60 slaves. Here we laid four days and then ran up the river 300 miles further and traded with the natives.

Here they had a large settlement and a king. Here the natives are constantly at war. They that gain victory take their prisoners to the king and he guards them as we do sheep. Slave dealers then barter with the king and buy them 20, 30 or 40 in a lot, and he takes in exchange new men, tobacco, cutlery, beads and all kinds of trinkets. At that time they were about $6.00 a head. Here we could buy a dozen Guinea hens for one head of leaf tobacco. Here we lay three months and it being very sickly we lost the most part of the men. Those five of the former crew all died. We took on board 225 men slaves, 100 women, with 100 tons of ivory and sailed for Buenos Aires, South America. Nothing of note occurred till 20 days out. We had 10 boys to attend on the slaves and one informed us that the slaves had filed the rivets off their irons so that they could take them off in an instant and that they intended to rise up on us at such a time. We examined and found it so. We then put them in double chains and chained 10 together. Our ship mounted 10 guns and carried an arm chest with 200 arms, standing aloft of the wheel and a barricade cropped by the main mast with a big gun pointed forward on each side and two blunderbusses on the top. We kept sentry on this at all times. All the male slaves were kept forward of this, the female had their liberty aloft. We had bathing tubs of 100 gallons each. In these you might see them at all hours of the day and night bathing. Being 30 days out and finding our provisions and water would not hold out to perform the voyage, the Captain thought best to row for the Virgin Islands and in two months we arrived at St. Thomas.

Here we thought to sell all the slaves and took down the barricade and the irons off of the most of them so that they might be quiet. The merchants were coming on board every day to buy. We sold but eight before the Captain got word that slaves were worth $100. at Havana. The Captain concluded to run down and sell there. Our crew numbered 27 in all. Death and the sale of these eight had reduced the number of the slaves down to 207 male and female. We made sail for Havana to run by the Bahama banks. As we were passing the banks we saw a suspicious sail standing in for us. We got all the slaves on deck to help us fight, if it was a privateer, for we had no choice but to fight or run. We were under surdize colors and had two sets of papers. We were a lawful prize to any nation that should take us. This was about 12 o'clock and when the bell rang for dinner the slaves sprang to the arm chest, which was six ft. long and big at both ends, made of black ebony and very heavy, and stove it open in the twinkling of an eye.

MUTINY OF SLAVES

The arms were all ready for action which they discharged upon us, killing a number of the crew. We fought them for about ten minutes and killed a number of them. They having all the arms soon reduced us to a handful. This was quick work. The first mate was the first one shot, three balls with a blunderbuss passed through his breast. The Captain cried out we should all be slain and ran aloft and what were alive followed. The slaves dared not to go aloft. We were under full sail and the weather squally. The slaves never touched

the sails or the wheel but commenced firing aloft at us and shot off several but the ship was in such a motion that they could not get aim at all of us and at length ceased firing altogether and called to the Captain to come down in the Jaleb language, which we could understand somewhat. He went nearly down several times and seeing them kiss their arms, he would run up again. I pursuaded him to go clear down telling it was possible it would pacify them and save our lives. At last he ventured down and as he stepped on the boarding netting there were 40 that fired at him all at once and he fell down dead upon the deck. Then they called to us to come down also. Seeing they were determined to kill us all, I got as high as I could get, sawed off the royal halyard and got down the sail, it being in a bag shape and before the top gallant sail and I got in to it and one of the boys got in with me.

SHOT WITH BLUNDERBUSS

They again commenced firing and shot all off except myself and the boy and one ball went through the thick part of my thigh but did not hurt the bone. As they could not see me and the bag they thought we were all shot off and again ceased firing. By that time, which was about an hour and a half, they had got pretty crazy with rum. We had all kinds of spirits on board and they soon found it. I could see all their maneuvers though they could not see me. Between 3 and 4 P.M. that suspicious sail came up over the horizon and appeared to be overtaking us.

CAPTURED BY THE PRIVATEER "NEPTUNE"

This sail, be assured, I did not dread to see for it was my only hope of salvation from death. She run across on the starboard quarter intending to board us. The slaves stood all ready to receive them with their arms all cocked. Before they got abreast the negroes all fired into them, killing at the first shot 44 men. This put them into such confusion that they had to haul off and take care of the dead and repair damages and then they came across our bow and raked us fore and aft, then she ran down and gave us a broadside. The canister shot would strike and burst and fly all over the deck. Oh how the negroes fell! What a bloody time was that! I could see all the maneuvers, I heard all that was said. The Captain espying me says, "fire low men, fire low, there is a man aloft." When they thought they had cooled them enough to board they run up alongside and began to board. The first five men that boarded were shot dead and then the whole on board rushed on them and run them through and through with boarding pikes. In about 10 minutes they subdued them.

I ran down by the top-gallant backstay and assisted what I could, though the blood was then running from my wound. When the battle commenced there were nearly 200 men slaves on board and when it ended there were but 20 left. Of our crew none escaped but me and the boy. The blood was running out of the scuffers a steady stream and the dead bodies lying in piles, some with the legs off, some with the arms off and others with their inwards all running out. They cleared the deck and hove all overboard that could not walk. This proved

to be the privateer brig "Neptune." Captain Cahoun of New Providence, mounting 18 brass guns. They repaired damages and took us to New Providence.

LONDON

There I remained until my wound healed, then went to New York. There I remained two weeks and then shipped in the ship "Eliza" for London. We took a cargo of mahogany. Nothing remarkable occurred on the passage. In 37 days arrived in London. Here the Captain sold the ship and discharged the crew. I remained in London eight weeks and then sailed in the ship "Atlantic" with Captain Lole of New York for the Cape Verde Islands to get a load of salt. In 35 days made the peak of Yeneriffe and in 10 days more made the Isle of May. Here we lay four weeks and loaded the ship. I will mention the way we got fresh water there. There is a sandbar laying nearly level with the surface of the sea, which at times rolls over it, by digging seven feet down we came to fresh water but it lasts but one day. To water a ship we dig several of them and fill the casks and by rolling into the serf we towed on board.

STARVATION

We sailed for New York and touched into St. Jago to get live stock and fruit. We filled our deck with goats and hogs and bought sufficient as we thought for the voyage. After 10 days out the head of the foremast was carried away and the ship being heavy laden, made slow progress; 35 days out all our fresh grub was gone. We

then came on short allowance. Our ship got so foul and sailed so dull in 10 days we thought it prudent to come on still shorter allowance. We had our colors set union down for 25 days and not a sail appeared to come to us. Our colors continued flying till they were all in ribbons. fifty-five days and we got up the last eatables we had on board, which was a small keg of grapes, and divided them among us, then we had only a part of a hogshead of water and we kept a sentry at that to keep the rats from stealing it. They were very thick. We had got so weak that we could neither make or take in sail. We had the ship under small sail to stand blow high, or blow low.

RATS FOR FOOD

We made nets and set them at all our openings below and in the night the rats would come on deck after the dew. Then we would make a blustering noise on the deck and they would skud for the openings and get into the nets. In this way we caught several hundreds and I can say that those rats were the sweetest food I ever ate. We were several days entirely out of everything and expected never to find deliverance. We even ate the leather off the riggings. The seventh day of our fast a sail hove in sight. How eagerly we watched it. At length we found it was making for us. It proved to be Captain Cross of Portland, bound to Surinam, loaded with provisions. They saw we were in distress and ran to our relief. As soon as they came within hailing distance we hellowed as none but starving creatures can for them to bring something to eat on board as we were so weak that we could not go in the boat. They came and

supplied us with what we thought sufficient to carry us through and very thankful we felt. It was eight or ten days after they left us before we had strength to crowd on more sail. In 90 days we arrived in New York. I remained on shore three weeks and shipped with Captain Smith, "Ship Le Ton" of Gloucester, Cape Ann. Here I went second mate. I was then in my 17th year of age. We loaded with wheat for London. Had a pleasant voyage. In 43 days arrived, discharged and sailed for Boston. In 34 days arrived in Boston.

EAST INDIES

Here I remained one week and shipped with Captain Richard Curtis of Portsmouth, N. H., as second mate to go to East Indies. On our voyage we fell in with an island in the South Sea. We laid by, took our boat and went on shore after water and goats, which abounded there. As we reached the shore the fouls came in a cloud over our heads. We had to pitch battle with them which we did with our oars and partly filled the boat. We also shot a number of goats but could get no water. The island was not inhabited. We returned to the ship loaded with birds, goats and eggs and made sail and in three months cast anchor in Gable Bay, Cape of Good Hope. Laid here five days and sailed for Bombay. In 27 days arrived. Here we traded two years on the North West Coast and during that time we lost two crews. Here I took the office of first mate.

On our return we went to Masam Bique. Here I fell in with my old friend Captain Walch, who went up the river with the natives to Garee when we were taken,

on my first voyage after slaves. He was very glad to see me alive, for he heard we were all killed by the negroes, and I never knew till then what had become of him. We laid here five months and took in 400 slaves for South America, Buenos Aires. This was a Portuguese island and lays five miles from Africa shore. We sailed all well on board. Five days out broke a contagious disease among the slaves and carried off nearly 100 of them, likewise our crew was down sick. In 120 days we arrived at Rio de Janeiro. Here we victualed and watered and sailed again for Buenos Aires and arrived in 15 days. Here the slaves were all sent on shore and yarded for sale. The Superintendent of cargo discharged all hands and hauled up the ship for sale. I kept the ship three months when she was sold.

The Superintendent of cargo says, "Well, Mr. Lamont, I suppose you are glad the ship is sold. Come to the counting house and I will pay you off." The next day I called to settle for three years' services.

LOSS OF TWO YEARS' PAY

He counted me out $1374. in specie. "Now," says he, "Mr. Lamont, you can't take this money from the city, except you smuggle it and you may lose it." At that time all the money must be laid out in the produce of the country, hides and tallow, and there was only our American vessel in port and she was taking in cargo. He said, "I will give yer a draft on the owner of the vessel." I gave him back $1300. and he gave me a draft on Messrs. Clark, Connor and Ham payable at sight. I took passage with Captain Hezekiah Harding in the

Brig. "Molly" for Philadelphia. We arrived in 49 days in New York. Here I fell in with Capt. George Thomas, formerly of Bowdoin, taking freight for Liverpool. He informed me of my brother's death and insisted on my going on a voyage with him. I shipped first mate. Here I had to get a protection. I then measured 6 feet 1½ inches and weighed 233 lbs. This was in 1804. I was then 22. We loaded with cotton and sailed for Liverpool. When we got to sea our men were all in horrible condition being diseased and having the horrors. In five days out hove to on the Grand Banks and caught a number of fish. Here one man jumped overboard and was drowned. Our ship being new and a very fast sailor, we made our passage in 25 days. We discharged, went into the dry dock, coppered and took a load of salt for New Bedford where the ship belonged. I remained there several days and took passage for Bath, after an absence of five years.

I returned home and found all well. I then went on to Portsmouth to present my draft and found Clark & Ham had bankrupt and gone to England. I found Connor and presented him the draft. He said, "I am not able to cash it." I left it in a lawyer's hands and sued for it but his property was all made over, so I lost the whole of it.

I remained at home some time, began to reflect upon my misspent youth and to mourn over it. It seemed as though some unseen hand had preserved me for during five long years while others were cut down on my right and left. I had not seen a single day of sickness, yet I had never bowed the knee to give thanks for my preservation. I mourned deeply for my ingratitude and sin

and continued in the mourning state for nearly three months but never relieved my mind to any person. About this time was called to a freighting voyage and went. I had no clear evidence of any change in my mind. My impressions from this time gradually wore off and by neglecting my duty I remained in a dark state of mind, but the terrors of death I did not dread as before. At times I felt resigned to the will of God.

IMPRISONED BY BRITISH

In 1806 the year of the great eclipse, I was again at home till August when I shipped first mate or chief officer as the term goes, with Captain Perny bound to Barbados. We sailed with a cargo of lumber. In 23 days arrived, sold out, and rafted our lumber on shore. One day about the setting of the sun, as I was standing on the raft taking an account of the lumber a press gang from a sloop of war came along, caught me and hurried me on board. Early in the morning she was to sail for a three years station in the East Indies. Before sunrise Captain Varney came on board to get me but they would not release me. He went at last to the Governor and informed him of the circumstances. He gave him a line to the Captain, which he presented and I was released. My protection they did not regard at all. We then sailed for Bath.

I remained at home two weeks and sailed in the "Eagle" for Antiquar. Arrived safe, sold and sailed for Norfolk laden with pitch pine lumber. Sailed for the Narrows, arrived safe, but here our Captain died. We took freight for Boston and arrived safe there.

MARRIAGE AND SERIOUS ACCIDENT

When I returned to Bath in 1808 I married Roxanna Merritt, the fourth daughter of Captain Consider Merritt, of Scituate, Massachusetts. I remained at home until April, 1809. In January I met with an accident that liked to have proved fatal. I was in the woods chopping timber for my father to haul. I commenced to cut a tree about 20 inches through and had cut it nearly half down when a tree that was lodged in it broke way and came down upon me. It hit me in the head and cut my head open. When my father came in with the team he found me crawling about on the snow senseless. It was judged that I had been in this condition about an hour. He took me home and sent for a doctor. He dressed my head and bled me but could get no blood. However I recovered and was confined only one month.

In 1809 the Non-intercourse Act took place. I then bought a vessel and cleared out for Porto Rico. I arrived safe, sold and returned. In three months Silvest & Lee, merchants of Bath, wanted me to run a new packet to St. Bard and sell her. I went and sold her there and took possession with Captain Coombs of the Brig. "Isaac." Here it was sickly. The third day out the Captain died with the black vomit. The fifth day fell in with a French privateer which put on board of us nine English prisoners. We brought them to Bath and arrived safe. Remained at home five weeks and sailed in the Brig for Bermuda. Arrived, sold and returned to Bath.

In 1810 I sailed again in the same Brig with a load of live stock for Demerara. Going down the river the

pilot run on a ledge of rock at the top of the tide. The Brig filled with water and the stock swam ashore. The next tide we got her off, hauled her on the beach and sent up to town for carpenters to repair damages. In three weeks we sailed again and in 40 days arrived in Demerara. Sold our stock, took a cargo of molasses for Bath. Coming on the coast we had heavy weather and were blown off twice after soundings. We got out of provisions and lived eight days on molasses. In 49 days made Black Island. Took on board a vingar pilot. The wind holding out at north east it began to snow and commenced to blow a heavy gale. We took in snug sail and the pilot thought it best to run down the sound. We ran with our topsails close reefed and settled on the cape. It was so dark that one could see nothing. At four in the morning the man in charge sung out, " Luff to, there is something in the water." In ten minutes we struck on the extension rocks. It was flowing side. The wind ceased a little and the water grew more smooth so that in two hours we were able to get her off. We anchored in three fathoms. In the morning went on shore, and got provisions. At 12 there came along a Hell Gate pilot and took us to New York. We sold our cargo and went to Bath. Then we loaded with lumber and sailed for Surinam on the main. In 37 days arrived and sold, loaded with molasses for Boston. Arrived, discharged and went to Bath. I remained at home three weeks and sailed for Barbados. In 30 days arrived. Sold for specie and returned to Bath. Stayed at home a few days and sailed for Antigua loaded with lumber.

REMARKABLE VOYAGE

This was the most remarkable passage that I ever made. The whole way one would have been safe in a birch bark canoe. The water was so smooth. After crossing the gulf there were two schools of fish came round our vessel. One school of balicaders which remained playing round 20 days. The other school were dolphins. I ordered the men not to shoot at them so they were very tame and when we wanted fresh fish we could have them. But off Cahen Widsor we amused ourselves by painting a fish on the boat and towing it after us. It was perfectly smooth and we were going but two knots.

In 34 days we arrived, sold, and took freight for Boston, discharged and went to Bath. Remained a short time and sailed for St. Martin's in the winter season. We had very heavy weather and lost the deck load. In 20 days arrived at St. Martin's, sold the rest and took cargo for Bath. Arrived in 18 days. Remained at home three weeks and fitted out Brig. " Creslersan " for Demerara with cattle and lumber. In 35 days arrived, sold and took freight for Bath. We ran down to St. Barts.

WAR WITH GREAT BRITAIN

Here we heard that war with England had broken out. Laid here three days and proceeded to Bath. I remained at home some time and then sailed for Antigua. The fifth day out fell in with an English '74. They took us and sent the brig to Halifax. We remained on board five days. They took in this time 12 pieces and

sent 49 prisoners in a surrdish brig to Portland. In five days arrived in Portland. I went on to Bath.

When abreast of old York we saw a suspicious sail standing for us. We hauled in for the land. In a short time they overhauled us. They took us on board and the next day took a coaster and put all the prisoners on board except myself. They would not let me go. They traversed the coast 10 days and run into Tarpalin Cove and took a surrdish Brig Capt. Berry for Boston and sent to Halifax. They coasted several days longer and then ran for Liverpool. I remained there three months and then went to Halifax and took passage in the surrdish Brig they took. She cleared and went to Boston. In 15 days arrived. I then came to Bath. I remained at home three weeks and then took seven mechanics to Eastport.

CAPTURED BY ENGLISH PRIVATEER

On our way fell in with an English privateer. She forced upon me and brought me to. I told them a plausible story that Esq. Parker of Liverpool sent me for the mechanics. They were well acquainted with him so they let me go. In three days arrived at Mouse Island. There the "Phantom," a sloop of war, was lying. She fired at me and brought me to. Took us all on board and sent the craft to Campobello. They kept us four days on board. I wrote a line to Squire Moore of Moore's Island, where the Captain put up, to intercede for me and that I wanted to converse with the Captain. He sent for me to come ashore. I went to see him and told him the same that I did the privateer, that my case was honorable. He gave me my craft and all

that belonged to me and liberty to go. I bought a prize that was taken from the Americans and traded up and down the bay. The mechanics that I took down found good employment. I traded here till the close of the war and then went to Cumberland, the head of the Bay of Fundy, after a load of grindstones. I loaded at Grinstone Islands. This was in December 1815, and sailed for Moose Island. There being some appearance of storm I ran into the perdea. I lay here two days, took one passenger, and sailed again. The weather was very clear and the wind very high.

SUPERSTITION AND SHIPWRECK

I got out in the stream where the tide ran seven knots. At 4 P.M. it began to snow. About this time there were two ravens hovering over our heads as though they had some message for us. This passenger observed that it was a bad omen, that something would soon happen to us of an alarming nature. I told him not to borrow trouble, to hope for the best, the worst came plenty soon enough. Still I had my serious fears. The wind continued to increase to a heavy gale. We took in close sail and ran from sundown to 2 A.M. 80 miles. This bay is 20 miles wide with a number of ledges lying in the middle. Just before 2 o'clock I asked the pilot if he did not hear the wash on shore. I told him I thought I heard it on the starboard shore. We hauled off a little and in five minutes struck the rocks. The sea broke over us and carried the vessel over this ledge into deeper water but still in the breakers. Every hollow of the sea she would strike very heavy which would knock us down. The sea

took the boat and everything else off the deck and in 15 minutes she ledged. The main mast, main sail, gaft and bow all went at once overboard and took me with it. I clung on the boom and in six hours it lodged on a small ledge. I stood 20 rods from the mainland. At low water it was not far between. Here I lay rolling up and down with every sea for I was so benumbed with the cold that I could not move a limb in me. I thought I was frozen all over but still retained my senses. I made more efforts to crawl but I was powerless. At last I got so as to stick out my hands and drag myself up a little. The tide had now left me and I began to rub myself and in half an hour began to have some feeling in my body and legs.

While I lay here the deck came on shore not more than five rods from me. The pilot and passengers were clinched to the planks. They were frozen as stiff as icicles. At length I got so as to crawl and at low water I crawled over the flats to the mainland but found no chance to ascend the bank. I crawled on the bank more than 100 rods and came to a low flat where they had been at work on a vessel. The storm was so violent that it had driven them all off. I hollowed as loud as I could but no one heard. The snow being six feet deep on the upland, I could not get through it.

RESCUED

I then concluded my time was short. My eyes were so filled with salt that I could scarcely see. I had no alternative left but to hollow. I thought as the work on the vessel seemed to be nearly done that somebody must be not a great way off. I could make considerable

of a noise as the ox would low but I could not articulate words. They at length heard me and came to my relief but I could not make them understand my case. They took me to a house that was about 20 rods off where they lived. They took off my wet clothes and put on dry, gave me rum and pepper and warmed the room like an oven almost to make me feel the heat. This was about 2 P.M. In about one hour I began to have some feeling. I was so bruised that I was black and blue all over and so chilled that I felt no pain till the next morning, neither could I use my tongue to tell them my history, but they went round the beach and found the wreck and those two men and took them up and buried them decently. I will mention their names so that any friend who may read this narrative shall know what end they came to. The passenger was Deacon Pierce, of Belfast, belonging as he informed me, to the Baptist Church of that place. His word I had no reason to question for he made several able prayers while on board. The pilot's name was Bequest of Eastport. The next morning I told them the circumstances which brought me there. This place was called Quaco and this house was seven miles from any other dwelling. There were 11 carpenters and they did their own cooking without the aid of any woman. They treated me very kindly and sent to the officers of the town to let them know my circumstances. They sent a sled and men to shovel me out for the snow was five feet on a level and took me to a farmhouse. Here I remained three weeks before I could walk out and what was strange I had not a joint on me frozen. There folks were remarkably kind to me. I wanted for nothing to make me comfortable.

SIXTY MILES THROUGH SNOW DRIFTS

I remained here four weeks and then set out on foot for St. John, New Brunswick, the distance of 60 miles, 20 of which I traveled by spotted trees and the first house from my starting was 20 miles off. I arrived there the first day before night and the snow being deep I was entirely wearied out. I remained there two days and then set out again though I was stiff in my limbs. I traveled 25 miles and called for refreshments. Here the people were very kind. They had seen in the St. John paper my disaster and wished me to tarry a week with them until I got stronger but I was anxious to get home, and giving them my hearty thanks I set out again being 15 miles from St. John. I traveled 10 miles and came to a public house. Here I found a number of sailors and a party of pleasure from St. John. When they knew my circumstances they were very much affected and offered me money. They paid for my dinner but I would receive nothing else from them. After dinner I set out again and reached St. John before night. I found friends here who took me to a clothing store and furnished me with a suit of clothes and gave me money to bear my expenses home. I remained here four days and took passage in a schooner for New York. Being a good pilot on the coast the captain gave me my passage. When we got off against Yaures Ends the weather looked unfavorable and we ran into the harbor. I was then 12 miles from home. I left the vessel and went to my family whom I found all well.

I remained at home a short time and sailed in the

" Governor King " for Matanzas, Cuba. Sold and took freight for Boston, from there went to Bath. After this I made several voyages to the West Indies. Nothing of note transpired on these voyages.

YELLOW FEVER

In 1819 I sailed in the Brig " Charles Jewett " for Havana. Mr. Bemont, one of the owners, went with us for his health. In 25 days arrived. Discharged and went to New Orleans. Here it was very sickly. Mr. Bemont was confined to the cabin and part of the crew were sick. However we got ready and sailed for New Orleans. Here we came out so as to get the sea breeze. The crew were all taken down with the yellow fever except myself and the second mate. The owner and several others died before we arrived. This was a distressing time. Only two of us to work a vessel of 280 tons and take care of eight sick ones. We arrived the fifth day. July 1819 hired men to take the Brig up to New Orleans. Arrived in five days. Put all the sick in the hospital and about all of them died but two. I carried the Brig to John W. Odea. The yellow faver raged dreadfully; 90 died per day. In August all the merchants that were alive moved out of the city, business all stopped, vessels were hauled up. In December the merchants returned again. At this time I had a letter from the owners in Hallowell to sell the Brig. Accordingly I sold her. I remained here until the next June. Then took freight to New York. In 14 days from the Tetugas banks arrived at Cumenden in 12 days. Lost one man. Went to Buck Island and discharged. I re-

ceived a letter to go to Chesapeake and take freight for some port. Being in a poor state of health I could not go. Left the Brig in the consigner's hands and went to Bath. I remained at home two weeks and was taken down with a fever. I was confined two months. The fever left me in a low state of health. It was seven months before I got entirely well. I then made several voyages to the West Indies and nothing of note transpired on these voyages.

SHIPWRECK

In 1825 I bought a packet and traded from Bath to Boston. In 1826 I sailed from Boston with full freight for Bath. Got off the Isle of Shoals and wind shifted to N.E. and began to thicken up. Run in to Sandy Bay, Cape Ann. It came on to blow a heavy gale. I sent my passengers all on shore who were the owners of the freight. I got both anchors ahead and secured all on board for a heavy blow. The shore men told the passengers it would be impossible for the vessel to ride out the storm where she lay so they sent off men to bring her in to the haven. They came on board. At this time it was 9 A.M. They told me that the merchants sent them to bring in the vessel. I told them it was impossible to fetch the Basin as we could not just lay up for it. They said there was no danger. I could not give my consent and told them if they took her in it would be at their own risk. They said they would be accountable for her going ashore. Accordingly they close-reefed the sails and cut the cables. Those on shore made lights by burning tar to direct our way.

We fetched about three rods to leeward of the leepear head. Then we thought the scenes of earth were about closed up with us. For 25 rods to leeward the sea was making a fair breach on the rocks. Five men jumped into the boat to get the hawser on the bear but impossible while the sea ran so high. She nearly filled in 15 minutes. Then striking again a high rock five rods from above the sea made a fair breach over her. We clung on the mast till they brought a boat from the basin and got us on shore. She beat against this rock till she cut in by the grub beam. The pipes of wine that was on deck drove on among the hedges and all the bales of goods that were stored aft washed ashore. In the morning the shore was lined with goods. Had we laid at anchor we should probably have ridden out the storm in safety for we found in the morning that four vessels where we cut cables lay all secure. My vessel was a total loss. We put all the goods that were found on board a Sandy Bay craft and carried them up New Meadows River. I again fitted out for the West Indies and made several voyages in succession in 1827. I went first mate of the ship "Amroa" to Havre-de-Grace, France. We arrived and discharged and took on board 200 Swiss passengers for New York. Arrived safe and I came on to Bath.

CHOLERA MORBUS

I remained on shore a week and sailed in the "Governor King" for St. Croix. Arrived in 25 days, could not sell, run down to Port Au Prince, Hispaniola sold, took coffee to Montreal. Here we lost one man. Here I was taken with the cholera morbus which reduced me

very low. Arrived at Mobeal in 20 days. Here I had to remain on shore. I was carried to the hospital where I remained five weeks. Here were a hundred with the same complaint, no one of whom got out alive except myself, and I must have died had I not by the Doctor's persuasion hired a negro to get me oak and pine bark which he boiled together and I drank the water. I bought milk and had flour and milk boiled together and made it my constant diet. In five weeks I came out and came on to Bath in a feeble state of health, the disease hanging on 11 months.

In 1830 bought part of the schooner " Sarah " and ran from Bath to Boston. In 1831 I sailed in the Brig " India " with lumber and horses for Madeira; in 30 days arrived, sold, and took in some wine for the Isle of May. Arrived safe, and took in a load of salt for Bath.

MEDITERRANEAN

I remained at home two weeks and sailed first mate or chief officer, which is the same, of the ship " South Boston " to Matanzas. We took a freight of sugar to Messina up the Mediterranean. In 27 days arrived in Gibraltar, then ran up the Strait Messina and launched at the city of Messina and then to Tyell. Discharged and sailed for Messina for freight. Took in part of a load and went to Palermo and took in full freight for Boston. This was in the winter, had very heavy weather, our rudder irons were carried away and we sailed five days without being able to steer her. At length we got the rudder fastened and in 45 days arrived in Boston. Discharged and I went to Bath. I remained at home

several months and then went "Coastwise" for two years.

RELIGION

In 1834 I was at home for the most part of the year, lumbering in the winter season. This year I found the pearl of great price. There was at this time a protracted meeting during which I was brought to see my sins in a light that made me tremble and fear for my future condition. I saw no refuge but to flee to Christ the Great Redeemer of perishing souls. To Him I bowed in humble penitence and received that peace of mind which the world knows not of, for which let me always have a heart to raise the note of praise and thanksgiving. In 1835 I went a coasting from Bath to Boston. In 1836 I went to Charleston, S. C., and traded through the winter.

MOVE FROM BATH TO GREENE, 1837

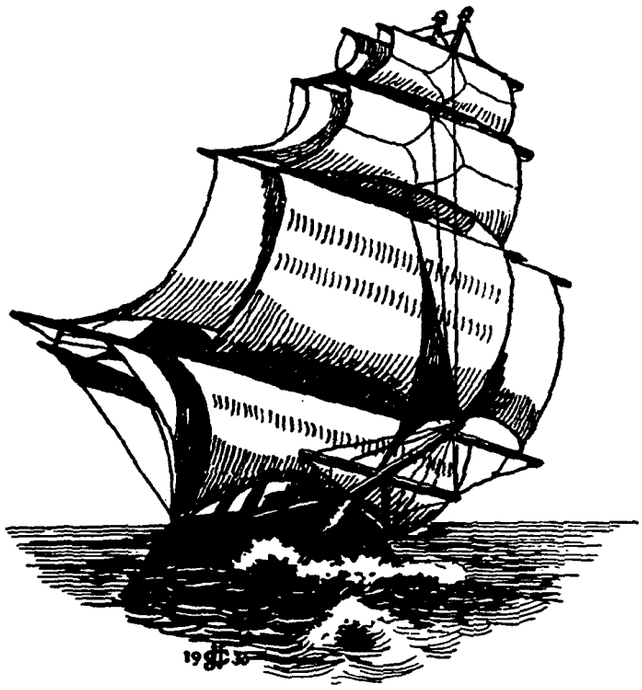
In June I returned to Bath. In 1837 I sold my farm in Bath and bought a farm in Greene. I let this out one year and moved into the village of Bath. I then went on a voyage to the West Indies. Sailed for Port de Paix. Arrived but could not sell. Ran down to St. Georges in Cuba. Here I heard that Trinidad was all destroyed by a hurricane. Ran in there and sold, took cargo of molasses for Bath and arrived safe. Remained at home some time.

In March 1838 moved my family to Greene, Me. In October 1839 the son on whom I depended to carry on my farm died after an illness of 11 days. In November of the same year I sailed from Bath to Charleston, S. C.,

with lumber. On the 17th it came on to blow heavy and increased to a gale which lasted seven days. We ran before it under bare poles part of the time and layed to the rest. We shipped one sea which took the stern boat and quarter rails and all from the quarter deck. I remained at the helm all this time. I dared not trust it in the hands of anyone else for our lives depended on the management of the helm. The best we could do, the sea made a fair breach over her. However we rode the storm and arrived safe in Charleston. There I saw in the papers that in the same gale there were a great number of vessels cast away on the coast. I discharged and traded up the Wageman River bringing leather and shingles to Charleston until April and then took freight of timber to Providence. The fifth day out we encountered heavy gale and lost part of the deck load. In 10 days arrived in Providence, discharged and went to Bath, thence to Greene. This brought me to May 1840 and the last voyage that I ever performed. Since 1840 I have remained at home with my eldest son who carries on the place, except an occasional visit to the seashore to enjoy the sea breezes which seem almost to be my native element.

The History of Bath, Maine states that Captain Samuel Lemont, born in Georgetown 12 February 1782, became a prominent and helpful citizen of Bath. He was engaged in the West Indian Trade with his brother, Captain John Lemont Jr. (who died of yellow fever in South America in 1803). At one time both brothers were taken prisoners by the French and confined for some months in a prison in the West Indies. Captain

Lemont was shipwrecked several times and had numerous narrow escapes from death but spent the last ten years of his life peacefully and highly respected by the citizens, at his home in Bath, surrounded by his devoted wife Roxanna and their several children.



THE END

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