WASHINGTON SQUARE

WORCESTER

COMPILED BY

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and

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WASHINGTON SQUARE.

My Theme is Washington Square. What a misnomer to call that space a square! The definition of a square, when applied to land, is a space having four equal sides and four right angles. Seldom is such a square seen! That definition does not apply to Washington Square in either respect. Occasionally in new portions of a country, where everything is planned by line and compas, a square corresponding to the definition, may be seen. I recall one such in Patros, Greece, an old town to be sure, barren, dirty, unkempt, devoid of shade, shrubs, and ornamentation, repulsive, as was the town itself, its streets almost impassable with mud, and its atmosphere saturated with unhealthy smells. These spaces or squares differ from, not only the true square, but also from each other, in size, shape, contour, purpose, adaptability, harmony and attractiveness. They resemble nature, individuals, character, towns, cities, communities; also in shape, from the simple triangle through all the geometric figures to the polygon of many sides and angles, which latter, if carried to an infinite number, becomes a circle, which is rarely, if ever, called a square.

That name circle recalls immediately the Circles in the City of Washington. One of these, the "Thomas Circle", at the intersection of Massachusetts and Vermont Avenues, is as attractive as any among the many that ornament the city. It is encircled by palatial residences, among which are the embassies of several foreign countries. On approaching it the first object to attract the attention is the splendid equestrian statue of General George H. Thomas, one of the ablest generals of the War of the Rebellion, ranking high in the roll of a host of loyal, patriotic and successful men who led their armies on to victory. We expect to see that spirited horse, on which the General sits secure, leap

forward as he "smelleth the battle afar off and saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha!" The statue, on its massive pedestal, is placed in the middle of a circle, within the greater, adorned with flowering shrubs, and beds of beautiful flowers set in closely shaved grass of velvety texture.

These squares are generally without plan, destitute of any scientific design, dropped down in any place, convenient or not. Some are symmetrical and beautiful, others a hodgepodge of ugliness and unfitness. Some one, seeking a name, probably, called them Squares; usage and custom, which are all-powerful, have fastened the appellation, and we quarrel with it in vain. Any one can test the truth of the above description by calling to mind those in our own city and those in localities, either at home or abroad. Persons, dissatisfied with the incongruity of the appellation, have given other and more pleasing names, such as Place, used both in this country and in France. Terrace, of English origin, and adopted here; Plaza, a Spanish name; Piazza, of Italian origin; and Platz, German.

Frequently towns and cities have associated with the common name, Square, that of some distinguished individual or important event, either local or national, thus keeping them constantly before the community and thereby perpetuating their memory.

I remember one Square, that comes as near that figure as a parallelogram can, namely, the Piazza of Saint Mark at Venice; a place crowded with stirring events both glorious and diabolical; enriched by generations of noble history and the centre of civic life. Of immense area, it is formed by two parallelograms connected at right angles. In memory's chamber is a summer evening: the heat of the day was tempered by the soft air from the Grand Canal—or as much of it as was left after the woman who wrote to her husband and said she was sitting in a gondola on the Grand Canal "drinking it all in", and added, "life never was so full before". Moving to and fro, quietly, good-naturedly, were several thousand persons of all ages and various countries, listening to national music from the Royal Band, or sitting at small tables in family and friendly groups of three and four, sipping light drinks

or eating ices in the enjoyment of quiet and pleasing conversation. Half a million electric bulbs covering the sides of the tall surrounding buildings made the place rival the light of day. Above all towered the restored Campanile in its ancient splendor.

Were I attempting to exhaust this subject it would be pleasant to write at length of Squares of historic interest, but time and space forbid. The location of the Square under consideration is well known to my audience. Its shape is approximately that of a right-angled triangle, that angle being in the northeast corner; of the other two that at the northwest corner is the more acute, —the north line is a little longer than the east line. The hypothenuse is curving, or composed of two straight lines joined near the middle by an obtuse angle, as appears in a map made from a survey and published in 1829 by Mr. Clarendon Harris, at that time a bookseller and publisher in the city, and for many following years Secretary of the State Mutual Life Assurance Company until his death in 1883, a most estimable man.

The City Engineer, Mr. Frederick A. McClure, informs me that the "Square to-day is substantially the same it has always existed so far as any records in this office indicate; that the plan of Mr. Harris is the first one made that he knows of; that its lines were retraced in 1852, when the records showed there was little information to be had about the Square or who laid it out originally; that with the exception of a slight addition to the easterly line he has no knowledge of any change in its lines; that the present southerly line (or hypothenuse) is composed of several short lines, and the area is about one and three-fourths acres."

Its surface has been graded so often that it has at this time a gentle slope from the right angle towards the hypothenuse. Mr. Reade, a friend to be introduced hereafter, writes: "The slope was not as even as it is now, but had various ups and downs. Near the Wesson tavern, a little to the south, was quite a depression. I recall the heavy rattle of artillery down the slope when the guns were traveling from Vermont to Rhode Island during the Dorr rebellion in 1842. The hay scale made another irregularity, for the ground on the beam side of the scale was about

four feet lower than the platform. A new scale was set up about 1840."

A tall spreading elm was growing a little east of the centre, planted by some kindly man, not for his own sake entirely, but for those who should come after him, that its beauty might fill them with delight, its grateful shade shield them from the sun's burning rays, its towering height tell the approaching traveler a hospitable dwelling was near. An elm is a human tree; it lives and thrives in the society of mankind. Wherever one tree, or a cluster of them, is found it is pretty sure that a dwelling is near, or if time has been unfavorable for its continuance, the cellar hole bears silent testimony to its ancient existence. This was growing, mayhap, long before this Square was known, before the owner dreamed of progress and the march of improvement, ruthless enemies of cherished objects. This generation plants trees, the next cuts them down, and substitutes railroads, asphalted streets, granolithic walks, iron lamp-posts, canvas shades, etc.

Just at this time the ancient and historic town of Lexington, in this State, whose citizens fought and laid down their lives for its preservation, is contemplating, so it is reported in the newspapers, cutting down the magnificent elms, the glory of the town, that line its splendid avenue, witnesses of the defeat of the enemies of the land, and their inglorious retreat, and the slaughter of some of its honored inhabitants; and for what, forsooth? to widen its thoroughfare that automobiles may rush on their way at the rate of thirty, forty and more miles an hour, to the terror of the people, the running down, maiming and killing of women and children, and to the injury of the town. The plea for this, utility, progress, improvement! Can these be attained by the wanton sacrifice of human life and the destruction of beautiful and useful things? This, however, is like preaching to sinners in their absence.

Near the hay scales was the town pump. Our ancestors were a generous folk: they thought not of themselves alone. At the settlement of a town, almost before their own heads were covered, they made provision for a meeting house and land for the minis-

ter's support, a school, a grist and saw mill, and a well in a prominent place, to which all might have free access. The grist mill was of necessity placed on some stream for its help in grinding their grain; the first in this town was on Mill Brook in the north part of the town a little above Lincoln Square.

As is well known the Great and General Court granted a territory of eight miles square called Quandsicamond, or however spelled in a dozen different ways, for a township, which subsequently took the name of Worcester, said to mean "War Castle," and afterwards appointed a Committee, called the "Proprietors," to allot the land to actual settlers under certain conditions. Prior to assuming their duties, however, several persons had entered upon and made their own selections. The Court itself had made large grants. It became necessary to modify both. After the lapse of many years, it is impossible to fix with accuracy all the locations owing to the frequent brief descriptions by the surveyors; the variation of the compass; the destruction of trees; the decay of stakes; the removal of stones marking the bounds; and the incidental changes in locations then familiar. According to the opinion of those who seem competent to judge, this Square was, in the first allotment, made to John Oulton, of the firm of Oulton, Palmer and Waldo, extensive holders of, and dealers in, real estate.*

* On 20 May, 1768, Book 63, page 423, Worcester County Registry of Deeds, Jacob Holmes sold to Lydia Allen, a small piece of land which was part of Washington Square. In 1777 she conveyed to Thomas Bill, and in 1785 Bill to Nathan Heard, and 1785 Heard to George Lynde.

In 1793, Book 126, page 264, Jacob Holmes conveyed the farm of over a hundred acres to Willard Morse. This lay west, south and east of the Square, and included the Square except the Lynde piece.

In 1800 Morse conveyed another small piece to Lynde, and in 1823 Lynde conveyed to Samuel Hathaway, and these small pieces rejoined the old farm.

In 1798 Morse conveyed to Henry Fish, Book 133, page 479.

In 1800 Fish conveyed to Willard Morse, Book 141, page 555.

In 1801 Morse conveyed to Darius Daniels, Book 144, page 536.

In 1811 Daniels conveyed to Wing Kelly, Book 187, page 234.

In 1822 Kelly conveyed to John W. Hubbard, Book 224, page 608.

In 1822 Hubbard conveyed to Samuel Hathaway, Book 228, page 189.

In 1832 Hathaway heirs conveyed to Augustus N. Goddard, Book 286, page 241.

At this point, through ignorance and consequent inability in the preparation of this paper, I wish to express my great indebtedness for help received, especially to Mr. Josiah T. Reade, a native of this city, but for the past forty years a resident of Lombard in the State of Illinois, engaged in business in Chicago. His early education was obtained in the schools of this city; he was graduated from Amherst College, taught school in his adopted State, and has been largely instrumental in building up the town of Lombard, which was just starting when he first located there. He is eighty-six years young, bright, alert; his mental powers have suffered no decay, his memory is perfect, he is well read in connection with the world's affairs, visits this his native city occasionally, and expects to be present at the reunion of the High School this year. His family is long-lived: his mother passed away at the great age of one hundred and one; one sister is living at the age of ninety-two, another at ninety, and a brother at eighty-three. He is not rich as people count wealth now-a-days, but has accumulated a large store in the respect of the community, in the consciousness of having acted well his part in the sphere where he has been placed. He is descended from John Reed of Rehoboth in this State, who came from England in 1630. His grandfather, Ebenezer, came to Worcester from Uxbridge or Milford in 1794, with most of his twelve children, nearly all of whom grew to maturity. He purchased two hundred acres, more or less, in the north part of the town, lying partly on Winter Hill, embracing the lately well-known farms of Granger Pierce and Ebenezer Jewett at North Worcester, bounded on the north by my grandfather Thaxter's farm. At his death in 1823 the farm was divided about equally between his sons, Samuel Torrey, the father of Josiah T., and Benjamin, who remained unmarried. I remember Benjamin as an elderly man in the grocery business for a few years before his death with the late

The description in all of these runs along Pine Meadow road, to Lynde's, and then on Grafton street. But 286–241, 7th April, 1832, for the first time runs along Pine Meadow road to *Washington Square*, but nowhere do we get any reference to a gift or grant to the town of the Square.—*James A. Saxe to the writer.*

William L. Clark, in Granite Row on Main street, north of the old Calvinistic Church, which church was erected in 1823; its name changed to Central in 1879; abandoned and sold in 1885; present edifice erected same year; the old building used for business purposes till 1914, when it was demolished and a brick building erected in its place.

Samuel T. received the Pierce farm, lately sold, and Benjamin the Jewett farm, still in that family.* Samuel T. died in 1832. The farm was sold in 1837, and the family moved to Washington Square in 1838, when Josiah T. was nine years old, where they lived about four and one half years, when they went for a short time to Mechanic street, and then to Portland street, where they remained till their removal to the West in 1860.

Henceforward this paper will be a transcript of Mr. Reade's more complete knowledge, and my own somewhat briefer recollections. My memory carries me back to about 1840, when I was ten years old. As a preliminary I will speak of the stream flowing through this valley long before its settlement by white people. The name ordinarily applied to it after that event was Mill Brook, undoubtedly from the grist and saw mills located on its banks. But other names were familiar, such as Bimeleck—its meaning still unknown—Weasle Brook, Danson's Brook, for an extensive owner of land, Blackstone river, and lastly Blackstone Canal, when its waters became the chief supply of that waterway; it will be spoken of hereafter as the Canal. It crossed Front street, or more properly speaking, Front street crossed it, by a rough bridge of logs, similar to the crossing at Lincoln Square, —renewed from time to time as the old yielded to decay,—till a more substantial structure, elevated sufficiently for the passage

* When Ebenezer Reed bought his farm of two hundred acres, he lived in an old house on the farm, near the site of the present Jewett house. After Benjamin received his portion of the farm he continued to live in the old house until 1834, when he pulled it down and built the present Jewett house, which he later sold to Ebenezer Jewett senior. Samuel T. built the house called the Pierce house, prior to 1807, in which he lived until his death in 1832, after which it was sold to Nathan Rogers, father of George P. Rogers, who was in the grain business on Front street.

of canal boats, became necessary. This crossing was at nearly the same place as the present overhead viaduct of the railroad.

Starting at this point, the northwest angle of the Square, a large open field is seen on the left, measuring about two hundred feet on the north line of the triangle, and extending northerly a long distance, having for its western boundary the tow-path of the Blackstone Canal, opened in 1828, and discontinued about 1848. This field sloped downwards toward the Canal and furnished a good coasting-place in winter. Through this field a cart-road ran northwesterly to a house on the tow-path occupied by a family bearing the name of Childs, whose son Charley was a schoolfellow of ours. At this time a disreputable woman by the name of Kate C——, who haunted and hunted that end of the town, was run over by a locomotive of the Boston and Worcester railroad, then recently opened. She was taken to this house where her arm was amputated. As anæsthetics were then unknown her cries of pain pierced the neighborhood. After the Childs family moved away the house was occupied by numerous Irish families. Next east of the field, on the north line of the Square, stood the large house with tall pillars in front, occupied successively by William and Edwin Draper, Witherbee, a Tailor, Mr. Rice of the firm of Rice and Bradley, car manufacturers, and others. In the second building going east the Reade family lived for four and one half years a very unhomelike and bare place. A business front has been added to the house, but the peak of the old gable still shows on the sky-line. A shed connected this house to the next one east, which formed the southwest end of Summer street. The first floor of the building in which the Reades lived was occupied by the store of Harmon Chamberlin, father of Henry Harmon Chamberlin, for many years a dry goods merchant of this city. In the second story Timothy S. Stone made thick boots; he became prominent in that line. On the first floor also a man by the name of Davis kept a rummery with grocery trimmings; he became involved in some trouble with Samuel A. Way of Boston and Martin L. Draper of Worcester, a respectable carpenter. The latter suffered punishment, but afterwards "braced up", went West, and became a leading citizen of Oconomowoc, in the State

of Wisconsin. Davis subsequently opened another store on Franklin street, where Jubal Harrington was his clerk. Harrington later was postmaster of the town from 1833 to 1839; he had a brother Oliver, who was the first agent of the Western railroad in 1840; he, Oliver, had a son Oliver, who was our schoolmate, a fine fellow but handicapped by deafness. Davis's business finally caused his death. One of Jubal's daughters was the first wife of Joseph H. Walker, recently deceased.

In the basement of this building was the "Hole in the Wall", a store kept by a son of Harmon Chamberlin, and brother of Mrs. Joseph Pratt and Mrs. George Perrin. Mrs. Perrin later became the wife of Clarendon Wheelock, the relator of "Carl's Tour in Main street", so interestingly written by Mr. John S. C. Knowlton, the able editor for many years of *The Worcester Palladium*, and Sheriff of the County. The "Tour" was first published in 1855; since then there have been several editions. Mr. Wheelock had a son Rinaldo, called by us "Dido". It is not known that Mr. Chamberlin sold liquor, although the name of his establishment was suspicious. Recently a grandson of Harmon Chamberlin has published, in a very creditable manner, a book of verse.

A well-remembered person was one Haven who sold rum in the "Hole in the Wall", and very likely gave it its doubtful character. He reformed at the time of the Washingtonian movement in 1842, exhorted in their meetings, kept a little cookey and soft drink stand on Main street between the American Temperance House at the corner of Foster street and the bookstore of Dorr & Howland, where now the Burnside block stands. Afterwards he took a cobbler's bench in the second story of the house in the Square, over his old "Hole in the Wall". He became an artist in leather, and some of his work deserved a place in the Arts and Crafts museum.

Turning the corner on the west side of Summer street going north were two or three very fair two story houses owned and occupied by colored people. In the first dwelt Peter Rich, Jr,, a powerful, muscular teamster, and his brother-in-law, the dandy light mulatto barber Scott, whose shop was on the south corner

of Main and Foster streets, where later the Universalist Church stood. In the other house lived Peter Rich, Sr., and the White and Hemenway families. "Aunt" Hannah Hemenway, the famous maker of wedding cake, lived there, I think.

Proceeding northward on the west side of the street and the same color line, across the railroad track was a poor little hut in which lived Henry Toney, a small boy, but the most irresponsible little nig that ever dropped into life without a legal invitation. He was the reputed son of the greasy Toney who had a barber shop in the north end of the old Aaron Bancroft house on Main street south of Thomas. Opposite, on the east side of the street, was a broad field extending northward from the north side of the triangle to the building of the State Lunatic Hospital, now covered with shops, factories, and dwelllngs, through which runs Asylum street north of the skate factory. This field was planted with broom corn, then extensively grown in New England; but the boys were more interested in the ice formed there in winter. I remember being taken by my father to this field to see Van Amberg's menagerie of wild animals under huge tents pitched there. One season the boys had with them in their tag games on the ice a speechless old Russian sailor, a luny. Whether he was really a mute, or only simply modest, was never discovered.

Turning to the left a little and going northeast towards Pine Meadow, the first house on the left was the Babbitts', teamsters and general jobbers by occupation. Henry B. became a doctor; another was Lysander Clinton Clark Babbitt, (called "Clint" for convenience), so named probably from Lysander Clinton Clark, a brother of William C. Clark, the owner of the United States Hotel built in 1818, at the corner of Main and Mechanic streets, on which site subsequently, in 1854, Mr. Clark erected a large block bearing his name; he also owned a farm on Burncoat Plain in the northeasterly part of the city. That one of the Babbitts named for Mr. Clark, it is supposed became the Hon. Clinton Babbitt, a model farmer and stock dealer of Beloit in the State of Wisconsin. Further along on the same side of the street (designated Pine Meadow), lived one Hastings where lodged the ancient "Aunt"

Molly Hastings, a well-known "Monthly", who had been a peripatetic lying-in-hospital for a host of decent old-time families.

Keeping on towards the Square, on the other side of the road, was the house with basement shop of Charles P. Nichols, painter. He had two sons, one, Charles, always called Major, was a dwarf of perhaps four and one-half feet in height, who served as "Guidon" in The Worcester Guards, a military company organized in 1840, and taking the name of City Guards when the town became a city in 1848. Still going on towards the Square, the Boston and Worcester railroad freight house, with the large woodshed adjoining, is passed. Wood was burned in locomotives at that time.

As we enter the Square, near the northeast angle was the Washington Square Hotel, better known as Wesson's Tavern or Drovers' Tavern in 1840, and later as Swan's Hotel, of which, under the management of Elliott Swan, more will be said later. When in the hands of the former it was well soaked in rum and gambling, though it was said boys were not allowed in the bar-room, neither would the fleecing of lambs be permitted by the sports who patronized the place. William R. Wesson, the landlord, had three daughters: Elizabeth married a Britton; Mary became the wife of Fisher Flagg, a naturalist and a son of Isaac Flagg; and Sarah who married James Rice, son of Thomas H., the well-known lightning rod man. Mary and Sarah were handsome women. Their brother, George R., known as "Pug", was a prominent athlete, though that designation was unknown or seldom used then. He was the owner of a fast pony which he drove in a gig just at evening up and down Front street. As he drove with chain traces his approach was heralded before he was seen. He married Miss Brimhall, a handsome woman, whose sister was a fashionable dressmaker.

One of the most constant habitués of the tavern was Captain B., a rich farmer of the south part of the town. He rode in a chaise with the top turned back. His morning round took in the Elephant on Front street, so named from the supposed shape of an elm to that animal opposite; the Central and Eagle on Main street; Stearns at Lincoln Square, Wesson's and home. When

asked about the purple-red glow of his countenance, he said it cost a deal to paint his face, but almost nothing to keep the color in repair. At this time there was another frequenter of the Square, of whom Doctor John Green, then the leading physician of the town, and years later the founder of the Free Public Library, said "he was a fairly decent man considering his origin".

Some time in the fifties my friend, walking through the Rural Cemetery in this city, was amusing himself at the inscription on the shaft that marked the resting place of Mr. Blank, when one of the Old Mortalities of Court House Hill, where a stone-cutter's yard was located, came up behind him and remarked: "A pooty fine monimint that; cost six hundred dollars." "Yes, Mr. Lewis," said he, "I see it is your work, but isn't that a queer label for old B?

'Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.' "

"Well," said Lewis, "Some wants one thing, and some wants another, and we puts on just what they wants."

To return to the hotel. There is a long interval from 1714 or 1727, whoever owned the land of which this Square is a part. Towards the latter part of the eighteenth century it had many owners unknown to us. But in the latter part of this period we find it in the possession of John W. Hubbard, Wing Kelly, and Darius or Joseph Daniels, brothers-in-law, who, early in 1822, sold one hundred acres more or less, near to and possibly including this Square, to Samuel Hathaway, who had recently disposed of the Central Hotel on Main street, the site of the present Bay State House. Mr. Hathaway immediately erected the hotel and carried it on until his death in 1831, when it was purchased by the Boston & Worcester Railroad Company who leased it to Mr. Wesson, who was its landlord till 1837, when Elliott Swan took possession, and it became known as Swan's Hotel; he was its landlord till about 1872 when it was removed to the east side of Grafton Street, a short distance south of the railroad tracks, and was kept there by the Wessons, father and son, until their deaths. This removal was made to make room for the Union Station.

I have pictures of this Square in which appear the hotel with the name "Swan's Hotel" in large letters across the south gable, the low wooden station of the Western Railroad, with its long platform extending westward, and tracks across Grafton street, also the large elm and the adjoining buildings.

The Union Station of great size, built of stone and covered with a semicular roof of steel and glass, was admirably adapted to the uses of the several roads entering it. The city took pride in it, and like the stone jail at Lincoln Square, it was thought it would endure for half a century at least, but like the former also, fifty years did not pass before the need of a new structure was felt. This station was erected under the superintendence of James White, a carpenter and builder, who also superintended the erection of the Technical School buildings, and several other large structures.

After Mr. Hathaway's purchase already alluded to, he sold eight acres to the town about 1826 for the Pine street burial ground, located east of the Square, and bounded on the north by said street. Many of the prominent citizens of the town were interred there. It continued to be used for about forty years, when it was sold to the railroad company, and is now covered with their tracks and sheds.

Allusion has been made to the purchase of the Washington Square Hotel by the Boston and Worcester Railroad Company; this was done to secure land for its sheds and tracks, which ran along the north side of the Square, crossed the canal and Bridge street by a long elevated wooden bridge, and skirting the north side of the Mechanic street Burying Ground, terminated just east of Main street, on the site now occupied by the Worcester National Bank. The road was opened its entire length July 4, 1835, four years after its charter was granted, and the event was celebrated with great eclät by the citizens of the town. I dimly remember, for I was then only five years old, being taken by my father to see the first train loaded with passengers from Boston and towns along the line, enter the station built on the garden spot of John Stanton, whose house stood on the corner of Main

street, afterwards occupied by the Universalist Church. The lower part of the Church building was occupied by stores, the corner one being the hat and cap store of John P. Kettell, whose residence was on Thomas street, adjoining that of William A. Wheeler, for many years a leading manufacturer of the town and city, who established a foundry at the corner of Thomas and Union streets which is still in existence; both houses gave way long since to the Worcester and Nashua railroad and a factory.

The auditorium of the Universalist Church occupied the upper story. This Society's first building was on Union street, and was destroyed by the fire which consumed Allen & Thurber's pistol factory.

The first section of the station was moved back to the east side of Norwich street in 1839. The Norwich and Worcester railroad was opened in 1840, at which time the station was enlarged by extending it southerly along Norwich street. I have a picture of the station as it then appeared. The last named road entered the town from the south by crossing the Common, much to the detriment of that training field, and years of effort were spent before its tracks were removed. It occasioned as much discussion as the present effort to abolish grade crossings in the north part of the city, which is not yet accomplished. The space between the south end of the station and the Common was dangerous, although used as a thoroughfare for foot passengers. Mr. Alvan Allen, an esteemed citizen, and dealer in pianos, father of the musicians, Albert S. and Benjamin D., was run over there and killed November 29, 1859. After this road was opened it became a popular link in the route to New York for the people of Boston and eastern Massachusetts. A train called the "Steamboat" was put on, which arrived in Worcester late in the afternoon, swung round the corner by the engine house towards Front street, and backed into the station, from which, after a brief stop, it resumed its course. This was discontinued after the Western railroad was found to be more direct. The latter road was opened to Springfield in 1839, and to Albany in 1841. The first depot at Washington Square gave way to the Union Station in 1875. The Boston and Worcester and Western roads were consolidated in 1867, only

after long discussion and criticism both severe and acrimonious. It was contended that the union would be injurious to the roads and detrimental to the best interests of the city, alleging that the latter would become only a way-station and eventually left out in the cold, but the result has been beneficial to both, and the united roads took the name of the Boston and Albany. In recent years —1900—the latter was leased to the New York Central road, not without much discussion, objection, and opposition however.

It has been stated that the first depot of the Boston and Worcester railroad was located on the south side of Foster street where the Worcester National Bank now stands. It remained there only five years when it was moved back to the east side of Norwich street, to get room for an addition to accommodate the Norwich and Worcester road then entering the town. On the site of the enlarged depot now stand the Lowell block and the Telephone exchange. On the north corner of Foster street Alfred D. Foster, a lawyer, brother-in-law of Samuel M. Burnside, a lawyer also, built the American Temperance House between 1824 and 1830; he in 1835 built a house on Chestnut street, at the south corner of the present Cedar street, where he resided. Foster street not named at first, was laid out originally eastward to the large livery stable of Lysander C. Clark, Nahum Parker and H. T. Bonney, successively, on the site of the present brick block of Washburn & Garfield company, where it turned northward a short distance, then turned eastward down into the low ground of the swamp, a great sea of "medder grahs", with only a foot-path where Union street now is.* Many years later it was extended from the stable aforesaid, not long after the tracks of the Boston and Worcester railroad had been removed, eastward till it merged in Mechanic street, in its passage cutting off a considerable portion of the northeastern corner of the Mechanic street burying ground.

*That swamp of "medder grahs" was a dismal place. My mother told me that her brother was doing an errand at a house about opposite Park street, on Main, and was detained till late in the evening. It was very dark; there were no street lights and few houses; his lantern was at home; he wandered into this swamp, and it was several hours before he reached his home, wearied and nearly draggled out.

We have already spoken of the lack of information regarding the early history of this Square. An examination of the titles by which Hubbard, Kelly and Daniels held the land prior to its sale to Hathaway might throw light on the matter.* A year and a half ago, in a conversation with the Librarian of this Society, he gave me his impression that Mr. Darius Rice, who lived at Rice Square on the Grafton road, but died in 1882, had constructed an aqueduct conveying water from his neighborhood to Washington Square in hollow logs, a method often used for short distances. I communicated with Mr. Rice's son, George H., who informed me that three aqueducts had existed in that part of the city, one of iron pipes, the first to be used in the town, was constructed in 1798 by Samuel Hathaway and others, from the foot of the present Barclay street to carry water to the distillery and bakery in Washington Square; one a little later, of lead pipe, from Suffolk street, through the Boston & Worcester meadow and Washington Square, across the brook, by Mr. Hathaway to his house on Front street at the east corner of Church street. The third was built by his father, Darius, of lead pipe, about 1850, the water being carried from the corner of Grafton and Cutler streets. Mr. Rice bought the first aqueduct in 1850, and in 1864 turned the water of his spring into that of the iron pipes purchased by him, and sold eleven hundred dollars' worth of old lead pipe at the price of 14¾ cents a pound which cost him 5 cents a pound. How is that for a trade fifty years ago? Mr. G. H. Rice added this information, that his father was a member of the city council in 1845, when the city took over the rights in Bladder or Bell pond on Millstone Hill, and a Committee recommended placing three public watering troughs, one each at Washington and Lincoln Squares and one at the head of Front street. I called the attention of my friend at Lombard to the story of the log aqueduct, who replied that during his stay in the Square the bridge over the brook was repaired, and the small boys who superintended the work would have been sure to see any pipes laid across or under the water; besides, he doubted if a wooden pipe would have stood the necessary pressure. But probably at that time any aqueduct ever existing would have been discontinued.

* See footnote, page 7.

Resuming our narrative, diverted at Swan's Hotel, I will copy largely from Mr. Reade. Following south past the hotel garden, on the east of the Square, came the Hathaway house (Samuel's widow and children Isabel, Ruth, Samuel and John within), then Mrs. A. N. Goddard's, with her two boys, and in the same house our playmate, Rodney Augustus Miller Johnson, (so named probably from the Reverend Rodney Augustus Miller, pastor of the Old South Church from 1827 till about 1844), then the house of Walter Raleigh Bigelow, high-grade carpenter, and his boys, George (nicknamed Pipe) and Sam. who was later prominent in finance and one of the founders of the Worcester Trust Company. George died in his young manhood while giving promise of coming ability; then the double house of Mrs. Harmon Chamberlin of whose family mention has been made; half of this house my Reade cousins occupied before they went to live with their uncle, Charles P. Bancroft on Portland street. Mr. Bancroft, with his brother Timothy, were well-known auctioneers at the corner of Main and Exchange streets, men highly respected; Timothy lived on Front street at the east corner of Church street, where Samuel Hathaway formerly dwelt; he was the silent partner, while his brother's glib tongue and attractive stories induced his hearers to "walk up, step up" to the "going, going, last call, gone!" Charles P.'s house on Portland street, south of the Reades', remains; he afterwards was a partner in a large furniture house in Boston.

Several houses intervened till the creek, coming down from Pine Meadow and forming the swimming pool, known by the name of "Cherry Rum", was reached, where the Loverings lived, one of whose daughters turned up in my geometry class and afterwards became a teacher. Opposite and next to the creek was the Brewery, built about 1824 by Samuel Ward and George A. Trumbull, empty when I first knew it and afterwards occupied by Osgood Bradley in his car works; it was subsequently made into tenements. Turning and going northward on the west side of Grafton street, we passed several houses and came to that of Osgood Bradley. There were boys there (nothing else counted in our life), two sons, Henry O. and Osgood Jr., who succeeded to the business after their father's death later than 1877; he was born in 1800. Henry O. died several years since. The works

were transferred to Greendale, a suberb of the city, recently, and continued under the management of Osgood Jr.

The Western railroad in crossing Grafton street about 1839 obliterated the Hathaway house previously mentioned, and whatever was opposite on the west side of the street. Wing Kelly's house stood formerly about where the Bloomingdale road enters the east side of Grafton street; that road runs northeastwardly on the westerly side of the ancient "Oake Hill", through a settlement called "Dungarven" at one time.

Between Mr. Bradley's house and the railroad tracks was a shed in connection with the Rice and Bradley car works. Mr. Bradley was living at the time of his death in a house built by William Hovey, a prominent business man, early in 1800, just east of the subsequent location of the tracks of the Norwich and Worcester railroad, and occupied prior to Mr. Bradley's possession by Rejoice Newton, a leading lawyer.

Immediately north of the tracks of the Western railroad was the Worcester Distillery of brick, erected in 1827 by Frederick W. Paine and Daniel Heywood; it stood somewhat back from the street, was subsequently occupied for many years by Irish families, under the name of the "Arcade"; later it became the property of the "Malleable Iron Works", and was torn down in 1875, when the Union Station was built. This railroad crossing became more and more annoying and dangerous to travelers, for Grafton street was one of the important thoroughfares of the city; efforts were constantly made to effect a change, but it is only recently that it has been accomplished by the erection of a handsome and costly station that necessitated the elevation of the tracks and the depression of the street which passes beneath a substantial and ornamental viaduct. The regrading of the surface of the Square followed, thus giving opportunity for laying out a small plot of ground with trees, shrubs and grass, so that the city possesses a Square of which it need no longer be ashamed.

Going northwesterly on the line of the hypothenuse was the two-story bakery and tenement of Augustus N. Goddard, former landlord of the hotel after Mr. Hathaway's death in 1831, whose bells used to jingle through all the country round about. Afterwards Mr. Charles S. White occupied the first floor of this build-

ing for an apothecary store. He, later, went to New Jersey, and manufactured sulphur in company with his brother Thomas. Subsequently Mr. Charles Whiting had a grocery store and manufactory of vinegar, whether made from cider or some other material is not known.

Following the line of the triangle westerly, the first building was a two-story brick block of four stores. The east one was occupied by George M. Rice, for a grocery. Later Mr. Rice became prominent in the affairs of the city as bank president and head of the rolling-mill south of the Square. He afterwards became interested in the development of a coal mine in Rhode Island. The next store was occupied by Draper & Edwards, grocers. As Edwards wished to sell rum and Draper did not, the partnership was dissolved. Edwards formed a new connection with one Hatch, and later the firm was Nims & Edwards, still in the grocery business with liquor included, for the former did not use the beverage. Nims's wife was a charming woman, and they had a pretty daughter; Edwards had a daughter called May and a son nicknamed "Tip."

The other two stores Joseph Pratt, iron dealer, occupied, afterwards Pratt & Hatch, and later Pratt & Inman. After Mr. Pratt's death the business was continued by Mr. Inman. Mr. Pratt lived at Northville for several years. The west and last store of the block was sublet to Edwin Draper and Joel P. Muzzy, who were grocers; the latter carried on the business alone for a time, closed it up in 1842, married Mr. Reade's sister, and went to Michigan. After the dissolution of the partnership, Mr. Draper started the flour business with Mr. John S. Clark on the south side of Front street, immediately west of the bridge, which was carried on for several years. Mr. Draper was one of the substantial men of the city, thoroughly trusted by everybody.

Next west of the brick block was a one-story wooden building in which Pitt Holmes and Benjamin K. Conant had a grocery store. Mr. Conant had been a clerk in George M. Rice's store, afterwards took up the business of a brick mason which he had learned of Peter Kendall, a prominent builder. His wife was a sister of Charles S. White, already mentioned, and of Reverend

William J. White, of this city; his home for many years was on Maple street, south of and adjoining the High School building. This house has lately been taken down to make way for the extensive addition to this school. He left a son, Edward D., for some years doing a successful hardware business at Franklin Square with Isaac D. White under the name of White & Conant. For twenty-five years he has resided at Newton, and carries on a prosperous brokerage business in real estate. He has always borne a stainless reputation and maintains the reputation of a long line of worthy ancestors.

The last building on the east side of the bridge, forming the west end of the hypothenuse of the triangle, was a cheap wooden structure, the rum shop of Christopher Brothers, as the legend on the front of the building ran; whether this meant the brothers Christopher, or Brothers as a surname, was never discovered.

We have now circumambulated the triangle Square, the last part of the way having been along the many-sided hypothenuse. Most of the persons doing business in the Square were men of character, who by their presence saved the place from utter degradation.

On the west edge of the canal and north side of Front street, stood the stone block erected about 1836 by Silas Bailey from the hewn granite stones of the jail at Lincoln Square. The jail was built in 1788 and, in the words of *The Massachusetts Spy*, "supposed by reason of its solidity and capaciousness that it would endure for centuries." What tales those stones could tell! I believe that building is still standing, though with a new and cheaper front, so that one by listening intently could hear from those usually mute witnesses the story of the cruel incarceration of the patriot Colonel Timothy Bigelow, who sprang to his country's defense on April 19th, 1775, and who died therein March 31st, 1790.

One of the two stores in this block was occupied by Cheney Hatch & —— Conklin. Mr. Hatch afterwards went to Leicester, kept the village tavern, and ran the stage-coach to Worcester. The basement wall of this building went sheer down into the water. Mr. Reade recalls seeing a canal-boat cargo of western corn discharged into the basement. This was near the closing of the

canal for transportation purposes. In the west end of this basement felt hats were made, the water of the canal being used for washing out the superfluous black dye. As felt hats were not used in the town at that time they must have been shipped away.

Rum flowed freely in the Square. There were never less than four places where liquor was sold. From the Edwards store jugs bottles, coffee-pots and tea-kettles were almost a procession. There was one alleviation—the pump-handle. About five families used our well; but Edwards and the rest *sold* more water than all the families used.

The Square was a terribly sore spot in the town that required heroic treatment. The knife went deep, the cancer was removed. The recovery was slow but sure. No more malignant sores; no more putrefying wounds; no more contagious odors. Enlightened moral and Christian public opinion, combined with honest business principle, were the result. Cleanliness, sweetness, purity, have driven out foulness, vice and wretchedness.

In this narrative we have attempted to tell what Washington Square was a long time ago. There is no need to say much of its present, for it is at your doors. Were Mr. Reade and his contemporaries to be set down in it to-day, without having visited the spot in the mean time, they would ask, "What locality is this?" Rubbing the Rip Van Winkle sleep of seventy years from their eyes they would put the question, "Where are we?" Being told they would look around and say, "We never saw these surroundings"; and would begin to inquire for the skating and coasting fields, the waving corn, Wesson's or the Drovers' or Swan's Hotel, and we answer, "Gone", and continue, "Gone the Brewery, the Distillery, the stores, the rummeries, those sources of misery, crime, poverty, sorrow and tears." With united shout, "Good riddance to them" is heard. Looking westward, they inquire, "Where is Danson's Brook, Where Mill Brook, Where the Canal?" Once more we repeat, "Gone out of sight. The bright sparkling water that rippled through the valley a willing servant of man, to turn his mill-wheels, to grind his corn, to saw his lumber, to weave his cloth, still flows, ashamed to be seen, for it only serves as a sewer to carry away the filth of the city." Turning eastward we say to

them with outspread hands, "Here is Progress; this is the March of Improvement. North and South, East and West, you hear the shrill sound of the locomotive whistle. Electric cars with their clanging bells pass over the streets; the ugly honk of the automobile warns you that life has become cheap, that you have no rights which it respects. Over the canal basin, into which some of you years ago flung dead cats and maltreated dogs, where you once sailed your miniature craft in summer and skated in winter, over also the block of stores, the 'Arcade', the grocery, and iron shops, rises that beautiful structure of white with its towers pointing upward." Turning to our visitors we continue to address them: "You have seen some of the visible signs of Progress. Listen, Washington Square is shaking hands with Mount Wachusett, asking her to come down to see the great change in her dress and in her moral character. Once more the hand-shake stretches to Grey Lock away in the northwest corner of the State, and we hear her telling of the great prosperity of Williams College. Again a voice is heard from Chicago announcing the success of the woman's suffrage movement in that city. A whisper is heard from San Francisco saying the 'Liberty Bell' has started on its homeward way 'Proclaiming Liberty throughout the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof.' Finally a more distinct message from Paris, 'France heralds the joyful news of the Allies' victories'." "Wonderful, most wonderful!" they exclaim as we separate.

We read of a new earth, as well as a new heaven, wherein dwelleth righteousness, that is, where man does justly by his brother man, and loves mercy, and walks humbly with his God, and where eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for those who love him.

I am glad to bring this rambling narrative to an end, and you are gladder. Therefore I will close with the story of the Scotch parson, who was asked, after preaching more than two hours, if he was not tired, replied, "Nae, mon, but it would hae dune your soul good to see how weary the people were."