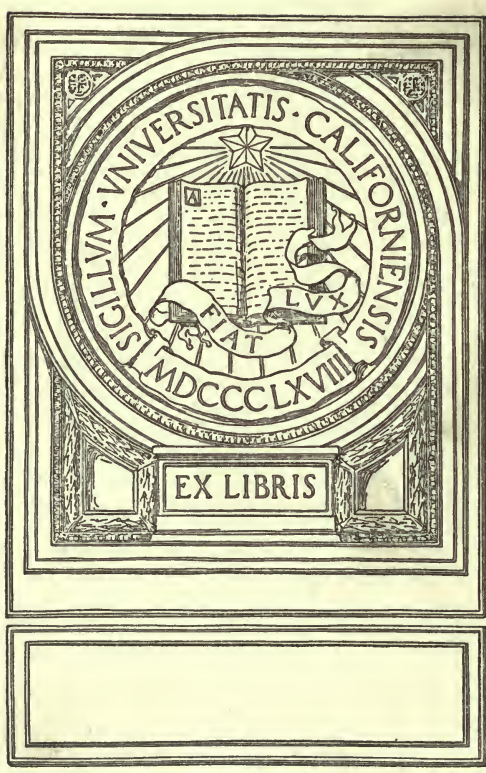


THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

1754-1904

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~~W~~ R. Page.
Lincoln.
Mass.

WOODWARD HUDSON,
CONCORD,
MASSACHUSETTS.

July. 1908.



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The Town Hall





AN ACCOUNT OF THE
CELEBRATION
By THE TOWN *of*
LINCOLN, MASS^{ts}
April 23rd, 1904, OF THE
150th ANNIVERSARY OF ITS
INCORPORATION

1754 - 1904



LINCOLN, MASS^{ts}
PRINTED FOR THE TOWN
1905

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L7L5

FOREWORD

At a town meeting held July 11, 1903, the attention of the town was called to the fact that the following year would complete a century and a half of the town's corporate existence. The following resolution was unanimously passed: "Resolved, That it is appropriate that the town take some notice of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its incorporation next year. Therefore, Voted, That the Selectmen and the Committee on Claims be a committee to consider the matter and report to the town at some future meeting some plan for the proper observance of the day."

At the annual town meeting held March 7, 1904, it was voted, "That the whole subject be left to a committee consisting of the Selectmen and the Committee on Claims and C. Lee Todd, Walter W. Johnson and Harry Russ." The sum of five hundred dollars was appropriated for the use of the committee.

The celebration, an account of which follows, is of great importance to the town in many ways. So far as the records show or memory serves, the town has never before celebrated its natal day. The effort has been made in connection with this occasion to preserve and put in permanent form what has come down

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

to us of record and tradition connected with the history of the town ; and it is desired to make the printing of the records, vital statistics, and other original matter of value now in the town's possession relating to the first century of its existence a part of the celebration of this one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the town's incorporation, and steps to this end have already been taken. The roll of the men of Lincoln who have served their country as soldiers has also been included in this volume.

The committee having in charge the arrangements for the observance of this anniversary have sought to make the exercises of interest and value not only to those who took part in them, but also to subsequent generations through having the proceedings printed. The illustrations that have been included in this volume have been chosen with a view to representing the Lincoln of the past as well as of the present, though all of the houses whose pictures are here given are standing to-day.

The celebration began at daybreak with the ringing of the church bell and the firing of cannon. The day could not have been more propitious, for the sun rose clear and, though there was no rye waving in the fields as by tradition it was on the memorable 19th of April, 1775, the fields were green and the maples and elms were in blossom. The village street was gay with streamers of lavender and white, and "Old Glory" floated above the trees on the Common. The day brought back many of Lincoln's sons

FOREWORD

and daughters, and afforded opportunity for the exchange of friendly greetings. The approach of the Governor was heralded by the ringing of the bell and the firing of cannon. Before the appointed hour arrived the church was filled with townspeople and others from neighboring towns, and as the Governor and the others who were to take part in the exercises of the afternoon entered, the audience rose and stood until they were seated on the platform. The program given herewith was then carried out as arranged.

For the Banquet and the dancing the interior of the Town Hall had been festooned with long strips of bunting, lavender, white, and yellow, the colonial colors, with groups of Japanese lanterns. A colored sketch of a Puritan man and maiden placed in front of the gallery recalled the aspect of our ancestors of 1754. A long table was spread upon the platform, at which were seated the Toastmaster, his Excellency Governor Bates, the orator of the day, members of the boards of selectmen of Lincoln, Lexington, Concord, and Weston, and others who were to speak. The entire floor was occupied by long tables made bright with roses, carnations, and green vines. Two hundred and forty-three persons sat down to the Banquet. A band of music placed in the gallery played at intervals during the supper. A mark of special distinction in the form of a blue ribbon badge was conferred upon all persons who were descendants of families living in Lincoln when the town was in-

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

corporated, and formed a conspicuous feature of the celebration.

At the close of the after-dinner speaking the hall was made ready for dancing; the band moved to the platform; the gallery filled with onlookers; and soon the floor was taken possession of by the young people, who made the most of the time that was left until the hour of midnight and the entrance of the Sabbath brought the festivities of the day to a close.

CONTENTS

PROGRAM	xi
INVOCATION	5
ANTHEM	7
WORDS OF WELCOME	9
“ A MILESTONE PLANTED ” — ADDRESS OF HON. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS	12
APPENDIX	113
ANNIVERSARY POEM	147
ANTHEM	156

The Banquet

ADDRESS BY MR. STOREY	161
REMARKS BY GOVERNOR BATES	164
MR. ADAMS	168
MR. BAKER	169
MR. FLINT	173
MR. FARRAR	177
MR. BRADLEY	178
DR. EMERSON	182
DR. DENORMANDIE	187
MR. HODGES	191

Letters

FROM MR. SMITH	197
MR. STEARNS	200

NOTES ON ILLUSTRATIONS	213
ROLL OF SOLDIERS	235

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

THE TOWN HALL	<i>Frontispiece</i>
VIEW OF STREET LOOKING NORTH	1
VIEW OF STREET LOOKING SOUTH	9
THE WILLIAM HARTWELL HOUSE	24
THE SAMUEL HARTWELL HOUSE	38
THE FARRAR HOUSE	52
THE CODMAN HOUSE	66
THE GARFIELD HOUSE	80
THE NELSON HOUSE	94
THE FLINT HOUSE	108
THE DR. RUSSELL HOUSE	122
THE FOSTER HOUSE	136
THE DR. STEARNS HOUSE	150
THE HOAR HOUSE	164
THE EVELETH HOUSE	178
THE SMITH HOUSE	192
THE ADAMS HOUSE	206
BRENDAN	220
THE PAUL REVERE TABLET	233

ANNIVERSARY PROGRAM

ONE HUNDRED AND
FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

INCORPORATION

OF THE

TOWN OF LINCOLN

SATURDAY, APRIL TWENTY-THIRD
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FOUR

Program

2.30 P. M. IN FIRST PARISH CHURCH

ORGAN PRELUDE	Mrs. Charles H. Trask
PRAYER	Rev. Edward E. Bradley
ANTHEM, "JEHOVAH REIGNS"	<i>Mendelssohn</i>
WORDS OF WELCOME	Mr. Charles S. Smith (Chairman of Selectmen)
ADDRESS	Hon. Charles Francis Adams
HYMN	Words by Mrs. Sarah Phillips Bradley Tune: "Park Street"
ANNIVERSARY POEM	Mr. Julius E. Eveleth
ANTHEM, "GOD OF OUR FATHERS"	<i>Schnecker</i>
BENEDICTION	Rev. Henry C. Cunningham

Intermission

5.30 P. M. IN BEMIS HALL

BANQUET Mr. Moorfield Storey, Toastmaster

8.30 P. M. IN BEMIS HALL

DANCING

HYMN

SARAH PHILLIPS BRADLEY

O God, as this the natal day
Of our fair town we celebrate,
We lift our hearts to thee and pray
That on thy guidance we may wait.

Our fathers crossed the stormy main,
The pathless wilderness they trod,
They sought not any earthly gain,
But freedom here to worship God.

Two hundred years ago and more
To this fair hillside's sunny slope
Came sturdy men who hardship bore
With dauntless heart and steadfast hope.

They toiled and suffered, fought and won,
Nor counted any cost too high
That they may hand from sire to son
A heritage of liberty.

O God, our fathers' guide and strength
Through troublous years of storm and strife,
Thou who to our loved land at length
Hast brought a prosperous peaceful life ;

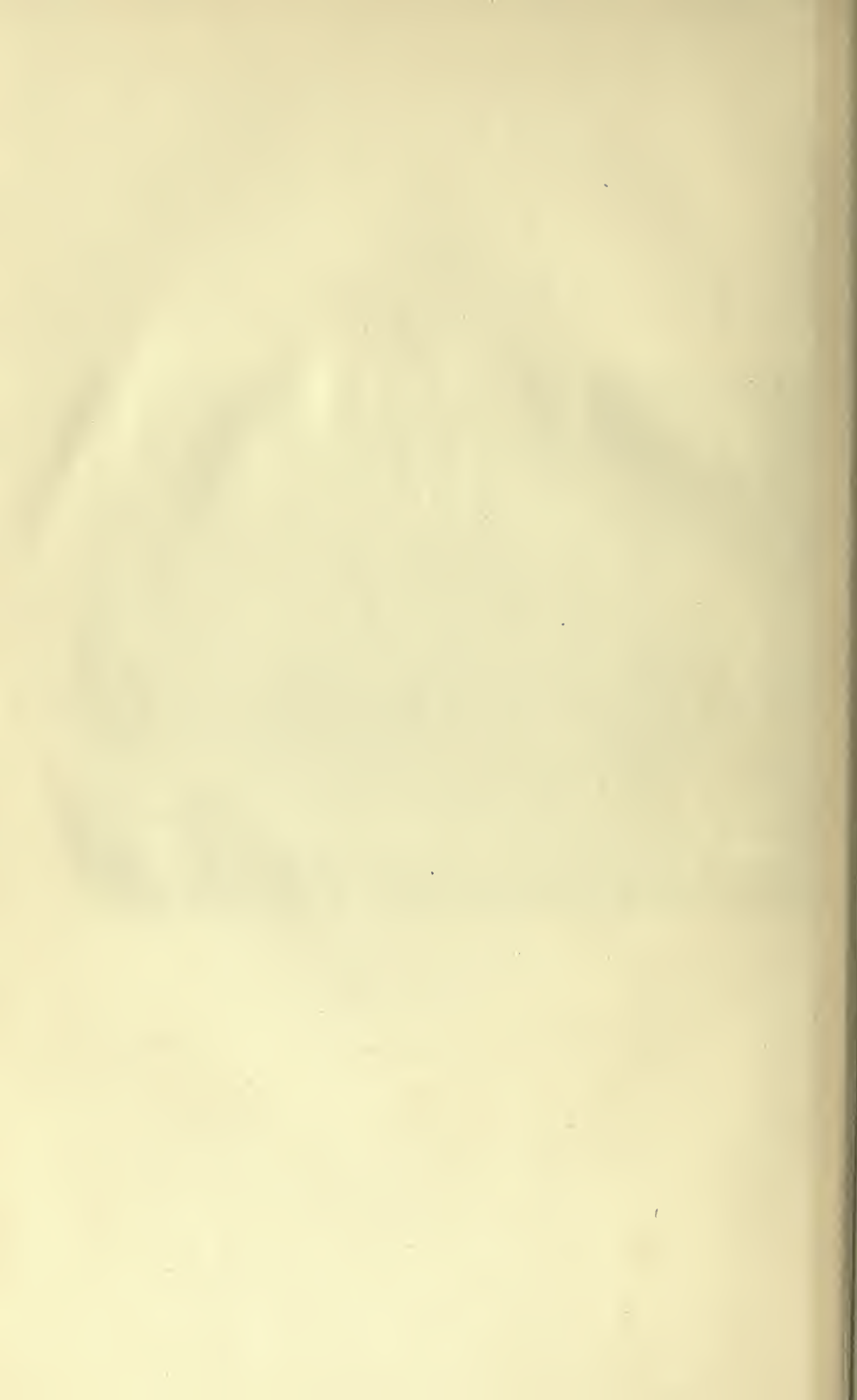
Grant us, the sons of noble sires
Who in thy house to-day have met,
To keep alive thine altar fires,
"Lest we forget, lest we forget !"

ANNIVERSARY COMMITTEE

CHARLES S. SMITH
EDWARD F. FLINT
ANTHONY J. DOHERTY
CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS
MOORFIELD STOREY
JULIUS E. EVELETH
WALTER W. JOHNSON
HARRY RUSS
C. LEE TODD







ANNIVERSARY PROCEEDINGS

INVOCATION

REV. EDWARD E. BRADLEY

ALMIGHTY and ever-living God, thou who art the God of our fathers, we avouch thee to be our God, and desire to acknowledge thee in all our ways. As we have come together to-day to do honor to the men and women who have lived here before us, and especially to commemorate the virtues and the achievements of those who first settled the town, we pray that their character may be so clearly and justly set before us as to call forth afresh our admiration and our gratitude. We thank thee for the priceless heritage of our New England ancestry. We glory in the high motives that brought our fathers to these shores; in their labors and struggles and sacrifices to secure religious freedom and political independence; in the wisdom with which they laid deep and broad and sure the foundations of our national government. We pray that our remembrance of these men to-day, and of the principles for which they lived and died, may serve to sober our minds, to elevate our thoughts, to send us forth to live in our day and generation with the same high consecration of purpose and of deed that actuated them.

May thy blessing and favor be upon our beloved

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

Commonwealth, and upon all within her borders who seek to do justice and to establish righteousness. Finally grant us all, we beseech thee, the wisdom and strength so to fulfil the tasks thou hast given us to perform in town and in State that we can pray in all good conscience, "Establish thou the work of our hands upon us ; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it." And thy Name shall have all the praise, now and forever. Amen.

ANTHEM

JEHOVAH REIGNS

JEHOVAH reigns! Mighty is He, and strong His
arm!

Come forth, ye hosts! with Him to lead,
What foe shall we fear? What harm?

Yes, He doth reign; Power supreme is His, and
Right,

March on for Him, exult in Him,

And sing with the Hosts of Light.

In faith stand firm, victory waits for all

Who obey and answer Him when He doth call,

Our God doth reign. Power supreme He holds and
Right.

Arise! come forth! Exult in Him, rejoice with the
Hosts of Light.

Oh, His mercy endures; He is Love, He is Love,
All the earth doth rejoice in His care.

Field and flower, hill and vale, and the sea, and the
sky,

Are the wonders that He doth prepare.

Infinite Power! ever supreme, He is glorious!

Humble are we children of earth, He is victorious!

Let praise unto His throne be ascending, from mortals
who adore.

Let the Light of His Mansion supernal

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

Shine upon us, blessed by Him, ever eternal!
Let all He has created acknowledge His name for-
ever more.

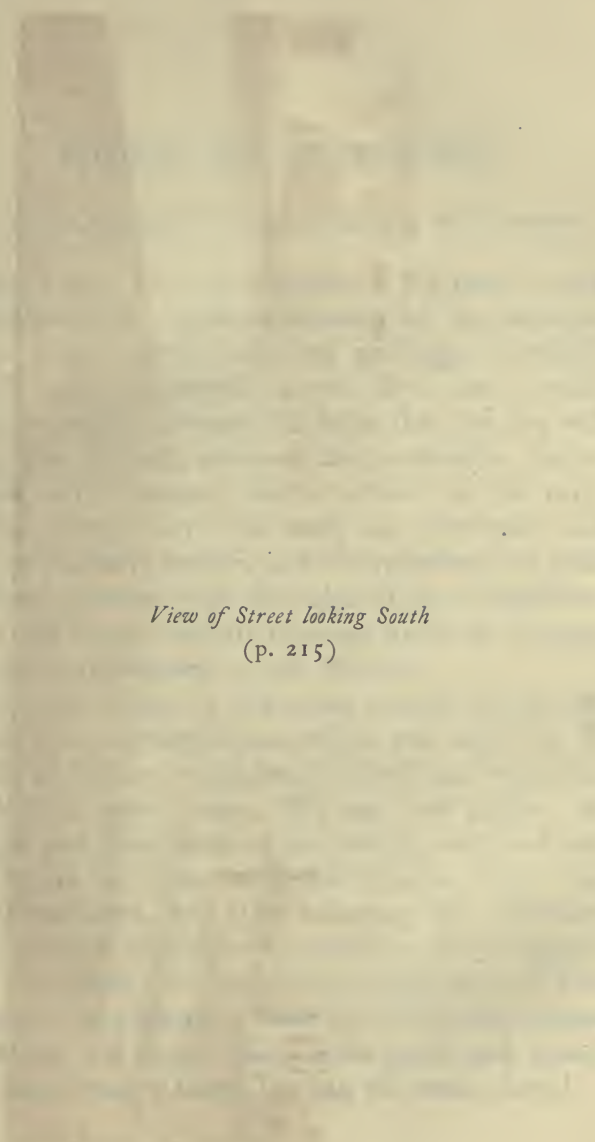
The flowers obeying His own command,
Their brightness give to adorn the land.
The sun's bright rays on earth's green verdure shine,
To aid the grain, to cheer the spreading vine.
The year He crowns with bounteous yield;
His watchful care doth spread o'er hill and field.
Our God doth reign; Power supreme is His, and
Right,

March on for Him, exult in Him, and sing with the
Hosts of Light.

In faith stand firm; valiant ones, victory waits for
all

Who obey and answer Him when He doth call.
Yes, He doth reign over the world and all that live,
Of life and light, the Source supreme,
What praise can we mortals give!
And lo! in all His hand hath made,
His marvellous wisdom there is e'er displayed.
Earth, sea, and air proclaim His word,
While all obey the voice of Him, their Lord.
Jehovah reigns! Mighty is He and strong His arm!
Yes, He doth reign, Supreme is He and right.
Arise, ye hosts, exult in Him! Arise, ye hosts, to
praise again!
Jehovah reigns with power supreme! He reigns!
He reigns!





View of Street looking South
(p. 215)

WORDS OF WELCOME

BY MR. CHARLES S. SMITH, Chairman of Selectmen

FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS: We meet to-day to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the incorporation of this town. It is my privilege, in behalf of the town, to extend to you all a most cordial welcome, and to express the hope that the day will be to you all both pleasant and profitable. As we refresh our memories with a review of the early history of the town, and study the characters and lives of the early settlers and incorporators, we shall be anew impressed with the value of our inheritance, and I trust with the duty imposed upon us of transmitting it unimpaired to our children.

We meet to-day in this house erected on the site of the first meeting-house, which was used for all public functions: religious, political, and social, for more than eighty years. We can but admire the wisdom and good sense of the fathers, first, in choosing homes on these beautiful hillside slopes and fertile meadows, and then selecting this matchless site, accessible to all for the preaching of the gospel and the worship of God, which things were of fundamental importance in their life. The foundations on which our fathers built were good and broad. We may broaden them, but can we better them?

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

Besides good *common sense*, the incorporators of this town had another trait, indispensable then, and indispensable now, if true success is to be attained, — perseverance. This trait is forcibly illustrated by the fact that for twenty years they labored to have this town set off from the towns of Lexington, Concord, and Weston as a separate municipality. Beginning in 1734, and partially succeeding in the intervening years, it was not till 1754 that their labors were rewarded, and a separate town, named “Lincoln,” became an accomplished fact, a blessed reality; blessed to them, and we trust to all succeeding generations.

Besides the two traits already alluded to, viz., their regard for the worship of God, and their persistence in seeking political independence, there was manifest among them a high degree of public spirit, first forcibly illustrated by the gift by a few men of the first Meeting House to the Precinct. Note the language of the givers:

“We, the subscribers, inhabitants of the Precinct set off from Concord, Lexington and Weston, being desirous to promote the public preaching of the word of God in said Precinct, and willing for the ease of others, the inhabitants of said Precinct, to take upon ourselves more than our proportion of the great charge of setting up the public worship of God in said Precinct, have at our own proper cost and charge, erected a house for the public use of the Precinct, and have, in part, finished the same, which house standeth near the centre of said Pre-

WORDS OF WELCOME

cinct and is made use of as a public meeting-house, — do, by these presents, freely, fully and absolutely give, grant, alienate, convey and confirm the said house to said Precinct.” We may well believe that it was a full, free offering of love to the people. These traits have ever been exemplified in the history of the town, and may the day be far removed when they cease to exist and rule in the community.

The town has ever received the gifts of her sons with gratitude, whether of money, buildings, or self-denying service, and has always reciprocated as far as possible. It is recorded that for the valuable services rendered by the Hon. Chambers Russell, who gave to the town its name: “That Chambers Russell, Esq., have liberty to choose his pew in the Precinct Meeting House where he pleases, and build it when he pleases.” I doubt not, Honored Sir, that a like privilege would be freely granted to you for the valued and valuable services you have rendered to the town.

I take pleasure in presenting our esteemed townsman, Hon. Charles Francis Adams, Orator of the day.

Mr. Adams then proceeded to deliver the following address.

A MILESTONE PLANTED¹

And this day shall be unto you for a memorial ; and ye shall keep it a feast to the Lord throughout your generations ; ye shall keep it a feast by an ordinance for ever. — *Exodus* xii, 14.

WHY are we here gathered? Why, old and young, have we left plow and counter and desk, — the furrow, the school and the office, — proclaiming high-holiday in Lincoln, and thus — men, women and children — met under a common roof-tree? The answer to this question, put at the threshold of the day's observances, will give its character to my address, and upon it impose limitations. It is Lincoln's birthday! — the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its existence as a town. We have met to commemorate the event. We are here to plant a milestone, — a memorial for other times and subsequent generations. It will mark the ending of one cycle in our existence as a community, and the beginning of another.

A dozen years ago I was called upon, where I then lived, to bear the burden of the day, so far as the preparation of the conventional address was con-

¹ This address, considerably abbreviated, occupied in delivery one hour and fifteen minutes. It was subsequently revised. The portions omitted in delivery are here included ; and very considerable additions have also been made to it.

A MILESTONE PLANTED

cerned, on a like occasion. It was at Quincy, not my own birthplace, but where I and mine originated, where — bone of its bone, flesh of its flesh — we for two hundred and fifty years had lived, and, dying, gone back to the soil. Responding, though with extreme reluctance, to the call thus made upon me, I took occasion to comment on the character of such commemorations, — their sameness of tone, their self-laudation and lack of individuality, only exceeded in weariness by their constant succession. The historical deliverances customary in such cases, I not untruly asserted, were made up largely of ancestor worship, combined with the ill-considered laudation of a state of things, social, material and educational, which, if brought back and imposed upon us now, would be pronounced unendurable. Of those deceptive, as well as imaginary, portrayals, I declared I had both heard and read more than enough. Like most conventional observances, they at one time had served a purpose, and a useful purpose; for in them, unconsciously quite as much as with intent, was recorded much of historical worth, which otherwise would probably have perished, — not only local traditions, personal memories, the story of the quickly forgotten past, its friendships, its feuds, its great aspirations and its small accomplishment, but phases of thought and expression. Records of the time gone by, those discourses and addresses were also mirrors of what was then in vogue. This, however, was in another age of the world, — the days which knew not newspapers or periodicals, the town history or the histori-

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

cal society. But, though that period is gone, the commemoration address abides ; and so the old straw is everlastingly threshed over, though few indeed are the grains of wheat resultant therefrom. Each age has, or ought to have, some mode of expression peculiar to itself. The occasional historical discourse and the formal memorial address were of an age that is past. Let them go with it.

He, I admit, would be over bold who, standing, in this year 1904, on the threshold of a century, should undertake to forecast the form of expression to which the century will, in its full maturity, addict itself ; but I do not think it will be platform oratory. That was characteristic of the nineteenth century, as pulpit deliverance was characteristic of the eighteenth ; and, speaking frankly as well as honestly, though not without study of both, I do not know which of the two modes of expression, taken as wholes, was the drearier and the emptier. The theological literature of the eighteenth century is vast, and, in largest part, devoid both of interest and value ; but, on the other hand, retrospect reveals a shallowness and affectation of thought, combined with a tinsel of rhetoric, about the platform oratory of the nineteenth century, which goes far in a comparative way to a rehabilitation of what went before.

Thus I felt then, so I feel now ; and so, twelve years ago, I argued to a friend of mine, — one of the antique Quincy stock. He, however, took a different view of the subject. Picking me up at once, and assenting to much of my criticism, he refused to

A MILESTONE PLANTED

accept my conclusions, arguing that it was wholly inexpedient on these occasions to dispense with the time-honored address. It was he who then made use of that milestone simile. In Quincy, and along the old Coast-road, as it was once called, running from Salem through Boston to Plymouth, we had a number of those landmarks, bearing upon their faces eighteenth century distances, dates and initials; and, with them, my friend and I were familiar. Those old colonial way-metes, rough-hewn at the beginning and now furrowed and gnawed by the tooth of time, — as they stood there aslant at the roadside, with inscriptions no longer wholly legible through moss growth and weather stain, — had marked for generations of travellers the distances traversed. And so the printed pages to which I so slightly alluded told for all future time of some point a community had reached in a journey knowing no end. Here those composing that community had paused for a space, and, resting in their march, cast a glance backward over the road by which they had come, and forward over that yet to be traversed. “At such a time,” my old friend, now become my mentor, went on, “we are, or ought to be, a world unto ourselves. Why take thought, on this our birthday, of other people, or their kindred observances, or burden ourselves because of posterity? What matters it who are looking on, or what to-morrow’s ‘Times’ or ‘Herald’ may have to say of that now taking place? Those after us here dwelling will, to remote generations even, give heed to the utterances of to-day;

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

its record will, by them, not be forgotten. Let that suffice! This is our anniversary. Thus far have we got in our journey; and, throwing off our burdens for the moment, we here raise a memorial such as it is, which to those — be they many or few — who care to observe, will tell them that here we rested as we passed a centennial.”

On consideration I had to admit that my friend had the best of the argument. His was the saner, the more sensible view. So I helped plant that Quincy milestone;¹ and, recalling the lesson then received, I am here to plant the Lincoln milestone to-day. But the circumstances are not the same. Then I spoke as one to the manner born, — I was, as I always had been, part of the halted column. Of the town family, its names, its localities, its traditions, were familiar to me. It is not so here; it never can be so. I may be a useful citizen in Lincoln; and hereafter, as for ten years past, it may be my home. I hope it will be. But here I never can be other than a new-comer, — at most and best, a child of adoption. As such, I am conscious I speak to-day; and what I say needs must lack that insight, that sympathy, that absorption of the individual in the community possible only amid those surroundings where “Heaven,” as Wordsworth tells us, “lies about us in our infancy.” So I beseech your patience while,

¹ *The Centennial Milestone*: an Address in Commemoration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Incorporation of Quincy, Massachusetts, delivered July 4, 1892. Concerning the friend “of the antique Quincy stock,” see p. 44 of the address above referred to.

A MILESTONE PLANTED

not wholly of Lincoln, I speak about Lincoln, to Lincoln.

I shall indulge in no generalities or abstractions, much less attempt flights of eloquence. I propose to talk of Lincoln, and of Lincoln only; and that in simple fashion. But the audience I address is not here; so far from being here, it is remote, as yet unborn. The message framed to-day is to the Lincoln of the next century. At the earliest it is to the Lincoln of 1954, — those who will then gather on this hillside to celebrate the bi-centennial of the town. It is not often in these days of the printing-press and tumult of tongues that any one can nourish even a hope, no matter how delusive, that what he says or puts on paper will be remembered to-morrow. Instant oblivion, as a rule, awaits. But the proceedings of to-day are exceptional; they will surely be recalled. The interest in what we say or do is not widespread, — indeed, it is confined to a very narrow circle; — and yet what we this day do and say will abide. Within that circle, the passage of time will make it more curious, more interesting, ever more permanent. It also will be the time-eaten, weather-stained inscription on a moss-covered milestone.

The better to realize this, let us put ourselves in the place of those who are gone, — those we to-day commemorate. To dwellers in it the present is altogether commonplace, and its daily environment, as distinguished from its exceptional events, is deemed uninteresting. It was so in 1754; it is so in 1904; it will be so in 2054. What, in 1754,

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

their vision dwelt on every day and all the time was so familiar that it never occurred to those then living here that a generation to which it would all be remote and strange and curiously quaint would presently people the soil. So they made no record. Yet what they did not dream of, long since came to pass ; and, to-day, there is for us no Lincoln starting-post ! Vainly we seek even a vestige of the landmark.

While we can send a message forward, we cannot send one back. But suppose for a moment we could, — suppose that our voice could reach Chambers Russell, John Hoar, Benjamin Brown and Stephen Weston, gathered at the house of Edward Flint, close to this spot, on the 26th of May, 1746, there and then holding the first precinct meeting, — what would our message be ? If we can frame that message, we can probably form some idea of the similar message our descendants in 2054 would be likely to send back to us here. Unquestionably, we would say to Chambers Russell, and the rest, including the Rev. William Lawrence, — “ Tell us of yourselves and of the Lincoln in which you lived. We do not care to listen to sermons on dead and forgotten theological issues, to disquisitions on the rights of man, or to your conception of the everlasting verities ; — we want to know about you, and the locality in which you lived and had your being, — your homes and your meeting-house, your school, with its text-books, your church and its pastor, the roads, the means of conveyance, the clothes you wore, the

A MILESTONE PLANTED

social life you led, and the bones of contention amongst you! You once lived, and lived here! Of you and yours not a vestige remains save a few old houses, and the stones in the village burying-ground behind our new town hall; not a garment, scarcely a utensil or book, hardly a printed record. What you thought the commonplace of every-day life the passage of years has made quaint. Tell us, then, of yourselves and of the old-time, the original Lincoln, — long since dead and buried and forgotten.”

As it is with us, so, rest assured, will it be with our posterity. That fact dictates the character of the inscription to be cut on the milestone we now plant.

And first of that forgotten past, — that remote heretofore with which there is no connection, whether telephonic or spiritual. To our posterity it will be even more shadowy than it is to us; and to try to revive it, — to inject such degree of life as is possible into those long-buried bones, a ray of animation into eyes for more than a century glazed and sightless, is part of the task to which I to-day must address myself.

In the case of every Massachusetts town the past divides itself into two portions, the prehistoric and the historic, — the last a mere fringe hanging on the garment, yet in great degree conditioned on the first. Our records of Lincoln, — our traditions even, are but of yesterday. They go back only to 1744, or possibly a century or so more at most, — covering the lives of five, or, perhaps, eight, generations of

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

children of the soil. Beyond and behind stretches the vast unknown, a very Sahara of time, to the historian forever a sealed book, and only in degree and through patient study explorable by the geologist. It reaches back to that remote ice age only in traces visible, but which gave to all the region hereabout the character it bears to-day, dictating in advance for each locality the products of its soil, the vocations of its people, and the lines of its thoroughfares; — so, commerce was decreed for Boston, mills for Lowell and Lawrence, agriculture for Sudbury, Concord and Belmont, a railroad for the valley of the Charles, and forests of oak and pine for Lincoln. In our homes, our vocations and our journeyings, — in the field and on the road, in locating a way or a mill, or choosing a site for a house, we do but follow those lines, — whether of least resistance, or of grace and beauty, — which were laid down for us here in New England long before the idea of the pyramids got a lodgment in the brains of the Pharaohs, or the legend of Eden assumed shape in the imagination of the pilgrims of Horeb.

In his sketch of the history of Lincoln, Mr. Wheeler makes this statement: “The hill on which the [Lincoln] meeting-house stands is four hundred and seventy feet above high-water mark at Boston, and though there are other hills of greater magnitude, it is believed to be the highest land in [Middlesex] county whereon men have built themselves habitations. . . . Brooks which are tributaries to the Concord, Charles and Shawshine rise and flow

A MILESTONE PLANTED

out, but not a tubful of water comes into the town from any source except the rains and dews of heaven." Here, in fewest possible words, is the whole secret told of the early settlement and slow development of Lincoln. They resulted from natural conditions; and, talking of the history of Lincoln, is it not startling as well as curious to reflect that, of the seventy or eighty centuries which have elapsed since the natural features of the township became exactly what we see them to-day, a little less than two cover the history which interests us and which we so minutely investigate, — the other sixty-eight or seventy-eight centuries, a few less or many more, are an absolute blank! Yet, through them all, Lincoln hill and Sandy Pond, the Walden woods and Fairhaven-bay, were as to-day they are. We men only are here as of yesterday!

When Lincoln was incorporated, — in those days of Chambers Russell and William Lawrence, John Hoar and Edward Flint, — the word geology had no well-defined meaning. The scientific study of the earth, and of the physical changes it has undergone, had not begun. Indeed, the first chapter of the book of Genesis disposed of that matter, and disposed of it summarily. It was all delightfully simple. The earth was six thousand years old; it was created in six days, and in the form in which we now know it. To question this was impious. The deluge was accepted as an undeniable historic fact; but the actual occurrence of an ice age was a thing as yet undreamed of even by the most advanced and sceptical of scien-

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

tists. Since 1754, and almost entirely within the last half of the period, the geologist has revealed a few facts which, while interesting in themselves, are still more interesting in the possibility of future discoveries they suggest. But upon the basis of what is already known, the remoter past may, for Lincoln as for other like dots on the globe's surface, be to a degree restored. During that remoter period preceding the last ice age, a period to be measured by æons and cycles and not by centuries or millenaries even, all the region hereabout, not Middlesex merely but Massachusetts and New England as well, were in the formative stage; — then the rocks were mixed and hardened below the surface; and the surface itself was slowly shaped by rain and the flow of rivers, until its general form was not greatly unlike that of to-day. Instead of being some sixteen miles from the ocean, Lincoln is supposed to have then been some sixty miles from it; while its altitude above the level of the sea was more than twice what it now is. The continental coast line seems to have then run well outside of what we call Cape Ann and Cape Cod. The site of present Boston was forty miles inland, and a very considerable river with its affluents, the predecessor of the Merrimac, drained all the country hereabouts. Flowing down from the New Hampshire hills and across the present Middlesex watershed, it found an outlet, it is surmised, not where the Merrimac empties itself, but through the channels of what are now the Mystic or the Charles. Then came the long arctic cycle, with its sea of glacial ice.

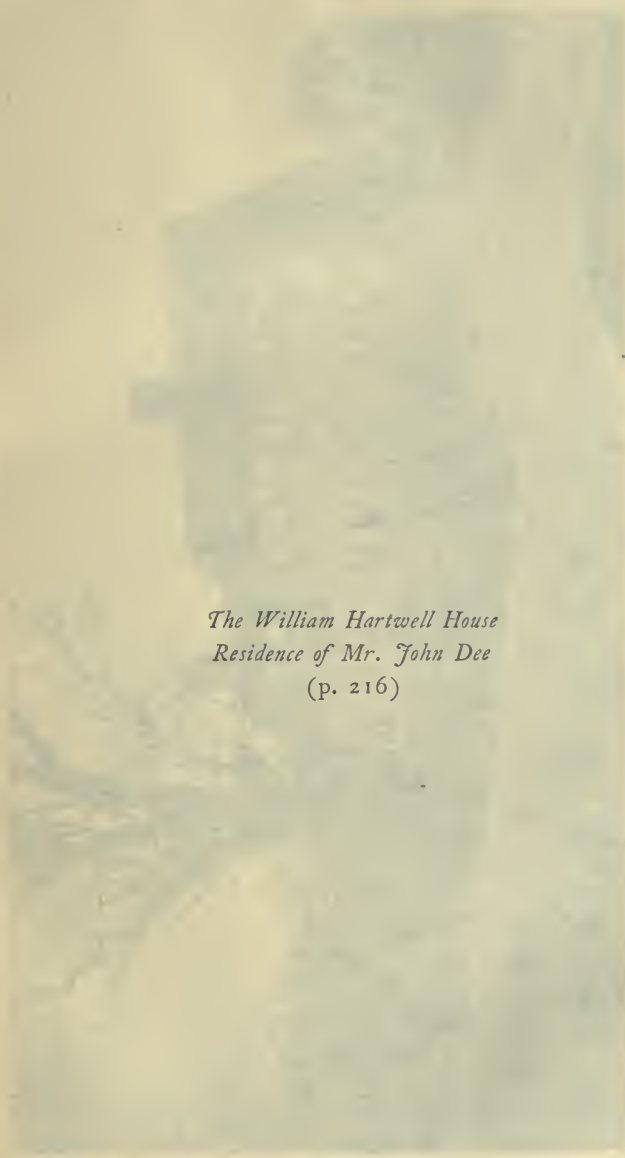
A MILESTONE PLANTED

The dreary waste reached back to the very pole, — one unbroken area of frozen matter, — soil, gravel and ice, — its surface dotted by boulders, like an army moving forward, in New England, towards the southeast in silent, pitiless march. This vast and indescribable desolation was, it is supposed, a mile or more in solid depth, overtopping the summits of our hills by thousands of feet. When all this region, the crest of Mt. Washington even, was submerged by the sea of ice, Lincoln lay simply devoid of life — crushed and mute — under a superincumbent burden of to us inconceivable thickness and weight. Gradually, after a lapse of years concerning which we can form not even an estimate, — it is here all matter of guess-work, — climatic changes again came about, and the ice sheet began to melt away. At the time of its greatest development, its frontier had been some forty miles east of Nantucket and south of Cape Cod, — approximately, perhaps, — for certainty and exactness of measurement are, in this matter, as yet remote, — some 120 to 150 miles from Lincoln; — and, as the grinding and excavating barrier, fold on fold and bit by bit, receded, the continent beneath it emerged, assuming as it did so a different contour and novel shapes.

This may have been ten thousand years ago, more or less, — probably less rather than more, possibly six thousand only. And yet, in comparison with even six thousand years, how small a poor century and a half of municipal life appears, — the narrow fringe on an ample garment! When, however, this

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

region, in process of time to be known as Lincoln by the descendants of a race not yet emerged from barbarism, again saw the sunlight, — like Hamlet's father, revisited the glimpses of the moon, — when this slowly came about, the crust of the solid earth had been depressed some forty feet, — whether by the sheer weight imposed upon it, or by the cosmic conditions which led to the cyclic change; the watersheds were not as they had been, and the streams found new channels and outlets. Meanwhile the interior had become the seaboard; and the old seaboard marked the edge of what are known as deep-sea soundings. In the further interior the whole aspect of the continent had undergone change, the former surface had been ground down or scraped away, the hills had been denuded, the valleys filled up. Everything movable in the region thereafter to be known as Lincoln had been displaced. When not gouged away, the soil had been bodily lifted up and carried over into what are now Norfolk and Plymouth counties, and there deposited; or, perhaps, borne still further on and, literally, cast into the sea. Thus, when Lincoln — the township we know — emerged from under the liquescent mass, it appeared not only in a new form, but with a soil in large degree alien, — a detritus from northern Massachusetts, and the mountains of New Hampshire. As the ice dissolved, moreover, fierce sub-glacial streams flowed to and fro, or made lakes against the barrier, seeking, through a strangely changed watershed, the easiest outlets. These streams also brought down with them



The William Hartwell House
Residence of Mr. John Dee
(p. 216)



A MILESTONE PLANTED

vast deposits of soil, — gravel, clay and sand, — spreading them over the denuded country or the face of yet unmelted ice, thus long held congealed. On an immensely large scale of space and time, it was the process we now see in little each recurring spring. The fields and roadsides are then boggy with water, brooklets in miniature run everywhere, the uplands are in movement towards the valleys, and every hollow in the fields becomes for a time a shallow lake. In certain spots, — recesses in the soil, — bodies of ice accumulate, and, becoming covered with soil, are shielded from atmospheric influence. Presently, the ice formation melts until finally a cavity is left, at the bottom of which lie the matters which had held the ice congealed. On a gigantic scale, multiplied in every case by many thousand-fold, this familiar process then went on.

Take an instance fresh in memory. The winter just ended was with us one of well-nigh unprecedented severity. They say we had a snowfall of some seventy inches; while, on more than thirty days, the mercury registered from thirty to sixty degrees of frost. The ice formation and snow deposit, when the season passed its climax, may have averaged two feet. They certainly did not average more. During that glacial period, as the result of which the Lincoln region assumed its present contour, the ice formation was, instead of two feet thick, perhaps five thousand; and, after lasting not three months but for centuries, it at length broke up through a period and from cosmic causes which the scientist has as yet failed to

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

specify or explain. One thing only may safely be assumed. Every natural process we last month watched in little then proceeded on a scale at least two thousand times as large. Our gurgling roadside gutter stream was a rushing sub-glacial torrent; the cavities left by the ice bodies which lingered last became the beds of lakes; the soil and gravel and sand we saw washed down and left in the lowlands became those ridges of gravel and hard-pan, those deposits of light, sandy soil, those upland bogs and marshes, cold and treeless, with which Lincoln to-day abounds.

Starting at this very hill on which Lincoln village stands, going out through yonder door and walking down by Sandy Pond, the geologist will to-day point out the line of gravel deposit left by the glacier where its ice-concealed streams tore down to the Sudbury, which then found and formed the channel wherein now it flows. First, there is Sandy Pond, a mere hollow among the hills, partly rimmed by glacial rubbish; then there are the Concord woods, all ridged with glacial kames and knolls, between and among which lie yet other ponds; next, sixty feet below Sandy Pond, though not a mile away, is Walden, a deep ice-block cavity, among the gravels; finally, a succession of ridges, swamps, bogs, swales and hollows, — still freshly bearing the imprints of the glacier, — until we emerge on Fairhaven-bay, the shallow and confined residuum of what was once a lake of depth and compass. As the crow flies, Fairhaven-bay is but a short two hundred yards from Walden, and, measured centre to centre, two

A MILESTONE PLANTED

miles from Sandy Pond ; but, under the mysterious workings of glacial force, there is a drop of sixty feet between Sandy Pond and Walden, and of an hundred between it and the Sudbury. And all the intermediate space is so fresh from the formative power, so clearly marked by it, that though we fail in our daily walks to note it, a thousand years are there but as yesterday and as a watch in the night.¹

So it was and is ; and, because of it, the Lincoln of to-day is a Massachusetts hill region. In Mr. Wheeler's forceful, if homely, words, "not a tubful of water" flows into the town, — every drop that filters through its soil or falls from the clouds upon it always has sought, and now seeks, an outlet from it. Hence its history. Originally, the backwoods, the outlying districts, "the Farms," as such districts were then called, of several adjacent towns, out of them it was carved and made up. Concord and Lexington and Weston each contributed, even though grudgingly, a share. In fact, the tradition is that by those dwelling in the mother communities Lincoln was long known not by that name, but was somewhat derisively designated "Niptown," being made up, it was alleged, of remnants bitten off, as it were, from each.

But of the three territorial entities thus despoiled, one alone, Concord, can in the Massachusetts nomenclature be classed as a mother town. Settled, because of its well-watered site and broad bottom lands, in 1635, Concord was in the same year incor-

¹ See Appendix A, pp. 113-126.

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

porated, thirteenth in seniority among Massachusetts towns. Cambridge and Watertown bordered it on the east; to the west was the unpeopled wilderness. What afterwards became Lexington was then known as Cambridge Farms, — the outlying back region of what a year later (1636) became the college town. But almost sixty years were to pass before an independent existence, as Lexington, was to be given that remote region, first (1691) as a precinct, then (1713) as a municipality. Watertown was in every sense of the term a Massachusetts mother town. Not until 1713 was Weston cut off from it. Thus, after 1713, Concord, Lexington and Weston — one mother and two daughter towns — adjoined each other, and where they met was the hill portion of each; — an outlying, then inaccessible and, consequently, undesirable region, somewhat elevated, not well drained, heavily wooded and with an inferior soil, — where not cold and boggy, light and friable. In a word, it was a glacial detritus, and not an alluvial deposit. So, naturally enough, Lincoln, the hill tract of the three towns, was peopled last, nor thickly peopled at that. But at length the fulness of time came to it also.

It is one of the commonplaces of our Massachusetts history that those who first established themselves here as families, — fathers, mothers and children, — and not as mere adventurers, came to Plymouth in 1620, or to Salem in 1628, or to Boston in 1630, to found a “plantation religious,” — church and town were one in the beginning, and

A MILESTONE PLANTED

thenceforth advanced hand in hand. The church represented and comprised not only the religious aspirations and spiritual existence, but the social life also; the town, the material, the educational and political. The meeting-house, as its name implied, was common ground; for in those days all was sanctified in a way, and nothing was peculiarly sanctified. So, theology and religion permeating life, church and town met under one roof-tree. There was no consecrated church edifice, and no distinctive town-hall, — only the Meeting-house. Naturally, as the inhabitants occupying the back lands, — the Farms, — the common hill country of Concord and Lexington and Weston, — increased in number, they became more and more conscious of their isolation. It must have been great, — as we without much exaggeration would consider it, unbearable. So far as I have been able to discover, for there are no maps of that period, and the records are very scanty, after the incorporation of Weston (1713) and before that of Lincoln (1754) there were but two East and West roads running through all this region, with one North and South road. In the case of Concord, the earliest way opened, seems to have been from Watertown, through what is now Lexington, by the old Virginia road, so called, through Lincoln's northern limits, to the junction of the Sudbury and Assabet rivers, beyond.¹ Speaking generally, in those times

¹ See Albert E. Wood's paper "The Plantation of Musketequid" (p. 20), in the publications of the Concord Antiquarian Society.

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

the bridle path followed the Indian trail ; the farm-way the bridle path ; the road, then, was developed out of what had been the farm-way ; and, in due time, the thoroughfare, or highway, followed. The railroad, when at last it came, was, as a general thing, apt to keep close to the original trail.

From Boston the settlement of Massachusetts radiated ; and, in that settlement, Boston continued to be the centre of gravitation. But, at the time of the incorporation of Lincoln, and for two and forty years after that event, Boston was, and remained, strictly a peninsula. We to-day, as our fathers before us, are so accustomed to reach the city's centre by a direct route, road or rail, through Arlington, or Waltham, and Cambridge, that it is not easy to realize that this has not always been the line of intercourse, — that it is, in fact, a modern invention. Such, however, is the case ; nor is it possible to get a clear idea of the origin and development of Lincoln's system of roads without first ridding the mind of that to which it is accustomed as part of its daily life. Lincoln's roads originated, and were developed, with an eye to Boston : but, until 1786, the only unbroken thoroughfare into Boston was through Roxbury, over the Neck, as it was called. The single other regular means of communication was the Charlestown ferry, provided in 1631 ; and, later, become a link in the great Coast-road of 1639, from Salem to Plymouth. Thus for one whole century and two thirds of another, following the settlement of Massachusetts, — three fifths of the whole time since elapsed, — every

A MILESTONE PLANTED

vehicle that went out of Boston, or into Boston, except over the ice in winter, passed through Roxbury and along what is now Washington Street. Foot-passengers, and, at a later day, those on horseback probably, were ferried over from Charlestown; but everything on wheels or runners, even from the Essex towns, found its roundabout way Boston-ward over the Neck. Until 1783, people passing between Boston and Cambridge even, unless they sailed or rowed over, went through Brookline. Thus Judge Sewell records how, on July 4, 1711, he "went to the Commencement by water in a sloop;" though, in 1720, he drove out through Roxbury, but had a pleasant passage home by water, and "landed at the bottom of the Common." When, fifty-five years later, the British troops marched through Lincoln to Concord, they were carried over from Boston by boats to what is now East Cambridge, and, on their return, they made their way to Charlestown. I have referred to Judge Sewell, and his Commencements at Cambridge. The Judge was a good deal of a traveller about Massachusetts, but he records one visit only to Concord. That was on Wednesday, May 14, 1712; and he went as a delegate from the church of Boston to the ordination of the Rev. John Whiting. He made the journey in a hired calash; and, starting from his house in Boston at five o'clock in the morning, he got to Concord at ten. Coming back, he left Concord at half after three, and "Return'd into my own House a very little before Nine. *Laus Deo.*"

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

Boston being thus the great objective, it naturally followed that, as new roads or ways were opened in Lincoln, they almost uniformly tended towards either Charlestown or Roxbury, on the way to Boston, and not at all to Cambridge. The earliest map we have upon which the roads of the period anterior to 1800 are indicated, is an English military map of 1775. The original and subsequent lines of communication can thereon be traced. The north road in Lincoln then went by way of Prospect Hill to Charlestown; the south road ran through Weston to Watertown; there crossing the Charles, it passed through Brookline to Roxbury. A more direct road through Cambridge, and over Cambridgeport bridge, was opened in 1793; while what was at the time referred to as that "gigantic undertaking the Mill Dam," the extension of Beacon Street to Brookline, was not completed until 1820. So far as Lincoln was concerned, the Mill Dam, following West Boston bridge, at last did away with Charlestown and Roxbury as thoroughfares to Boston.¹

In this comparatively remote region, lying between the two natural routes to Boston, — elevated, tree-grown and secluded, — a sparse population dwelt, and, somehow, extracted from a niggard soil the wherewithal on which to live. Needless to say there were in those days no stage-coaches; no daily newspapers; no post-offices or mails; no places where men congregated; for Lincoln, — I am speaking of the period before 1750, — there was not even a corner

¹ See Appendix B, pp. 127-132.

A MILESTONE PLANTED

grocery or a cross-road variety store. It was a work-a-day life in the woods all the year round for those whose lot was there cast, — with Boston, their nearest market-town, some twenty miles away. How they continued to exist, much more accumulate substance, I have found it difficult to make out. Wood they had for fuel; corn they grew, and from it made meal; the pork and beef barrels were in the storehouse; their cloth was home-spun; of groceries and West India goods they used but little, our necessities being luxuries with them; and, for household utensils, they depended on the passing peddler, or the occasional journey by cart or sleigh to Boston. In case of illness there was no near-by physician; for childbirth no nurse; the simplest drugs and medicines were hardly procurable. There were few books, and absolutely no libraries; no printing-press, much less a news stand. A surveyor by calling, who in 1821 published what he designated a topographical sketch of the country immediately about Boston, has left this description of Lincoln; and, be it remembered, it was written in the stage-coach period, nearly seventy years after the incorporation of the town, and when many additional public ways and turnpikes had been laid out: "The old road [Trapelo] leading to the town of Lincoln, for the last six miles, is crooked, narrow, and hilly, little travelled on and much neglected. The roads within the limits of the town are generally uneven and in bad repair. The soil is coarse and rocky, a great portion whereof is covered with wood, and not more than one third of the

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

town under culture.”¹ Certainly not an alluring description ; yet at the time when it was written two generations of inhabitants had already passed away since the incorporation of Lincoln, and the War of Independence was as remote from the people then alive as the War of Secession is from us.

The situation I have sought thus rapidly to picture had existed from the beginning. Custom made it enduring ; but, as population increased, people became restive. A craving was felt. A full century before the incorporation of Lincoln was discussed, the Great and General Court of Massachusetts Bay had proclaimed it as their first “duty to provide that all places and people, within their gates, should be supplied with an able and faithful minister of God’s holy word ;” and now, in August, 1744, divers of those residing in this, the easterly part of Concord, the northerly part of Weston and the westerly part of Lexington, represented to that same Great and General Court that they labored “under great difficulties and inconveniences by reason of their distance from their respective places of public worship in said towns, their families being many of them numerous, in the winter season more especially ;” and, accordingly, they petitioned to be set off as a separate precinct, to the end that “the public worship of God might, by them, be more comfortably, constantly and universally attended upon.” The prayer was certainly reasonable ; for, as the signers of it went on to assert, many of them lived “four, and some five miles dis-

¹ J. G. Hales, *Survey of Boston and Vicinity* (1821), p. 68.

A MILESTONE PLANTED

tant from " their places of public worship ; whereas, if the petition was granted, there would be " but few inhabitants two miles and a quarter from the center " of the proposed precinct.

Circumstanced as we to-day are, we do not even remotely realize what all this meant ; but, to those instructed, the words used are in their simplicity redundant of pathos. They reveal a community cut off from everything which to us makes life worth living. Essentially a simple, a moral and a religious race, the seclusion in which they perforce passed their lives bordered close on that solitude which leads to mental atrophy. They had, of course, their pleasures and pastimes, such as they were ; for it was neither a gloomy nor a joyless race. There were the house-raising, the pig-stickings and the corn-huskings ; Thanksgiving came, as well as Fast-day : but, like his English forbears, the New Englander took his pleasure rather sadly. Into it also he carried an abiding sense of the obligations under which he drew breath, and the hereafter which awaited him. Thus the church to which he belonged, and the Sabbath concourse at the meeting-house were about all either social or æsthetic that existence had to offer. According to our ideas, it was not much ; but, to them, it was everything.

Thus it was with Lincoln, as it was with all the little New England civic communities, — the history of the church is the early history of the town. Not only were the two blended, but the former absorbed the latter. On the earliest plan of the township

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

which has come down to us, that made by Samuel Hoar just forty years after its incorporation, the "meeting-house" is the one building designated; and when Hales, twenty-five years later made his surveys, he described the "principal settlements" as grouped around the meeting-house. Naturally enough, therefore, the church being its all, the first acts of the "distinct and separate Precinct," eight years before the town came into being, related to the meeting-house, and the securing the services of "some meet person" therein "publicly to preach the word of God."

Of that earliest meeting-house, referred to in April, 1747, as "already built," no description has come down to us. It seems to have stood, and served its purpose, for over a century, indeed until 1857, or easily within the memory of those now living; but no sketch or picture of it taken on the spot and at the time is extant. In its latest form also it differed in all essential respects from the more primitive building of 1747, which appears to have been a sufficiently large, but somewhat barn-like structure, foursquare, two stories in height, and surmounted by a sloping ridge-pole roof. In the very early days, in fact immediately after the incorporation of 1754, provision was made for a belfry, and, subsequently, for a steeple; and for entrances and porches at the front, and on the two sides. The names, twenty-two in number, of those who contributed, whether in money, material or labor, to the construction of the primitive building, have come down to us,— a

A MILESTONE PLANTED

species of original town roster. Headed by Benjamin Brown, in it is found the familiar Lincoln nomenclature from the first page of its records to that just written, — Munroe, Pierce, Brooks, Wheeler and Brown; though Farrar, Hartwell, Baker and Smith do not there appear. Curiously enough, and indicative of the prudential spirit of the period, in the conveyance to the precinct of the edifice, together with the land on which it stood, the “glass in said House” was specifically and carefully excepted. The windows and sashes apparently did not go with the site and structure; and the precinct forthwith voted to assess itself in the sum of £250, “in bills of credit of the new tenor,” to defray the necessary charges in further finishing “the edifice.” Eleven months later, the meeting-house meanwhile having apparently been improved and completed, Mr. William Lawrence was chosen as “gospel minister,” receiving twenty-two out of twenty-nine votes. His settlement was characteristic of the period. He was to have outright £800, “old tenor,” to garnish his establishment, and afterwards an annual salary of £400 “according to old tenor bills.” But those were the dreary days of provincial paper money. The currency was in process of readjustment on a hard-money basis, and the bills in use circulated at a rate of about eleven paper to one silver. A livelihood of £400 “according to old tenor bills” represented, therefore, a somewhat precarious and uncertain support; and Mr. Lawrence not unnaturally stipulated that his salary should be regulated by the

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

prices "of some of the necessaries of life." The articles then enumerated tell us clearly what the eighteenth century population of the town produced, and upon what those composing it lived:— Indian corn was the staple, rated at fifteen shillings, old tenor, per bushel; rye, one pound, old tenor, per bushel; pork, one shilling and eight pence per pound; beef, one shilling per pound. The minister was also to have delivered to him "at his house, thirty cords of wood, annually, for his fire." What do these figures mean, — £800, and £400 "according to old tenor bills;" Indian corn at fifteen shillings per bushel; rye at one pound per bushel, — wood thirty cords?

This is history! Those figures carry us back directly into the homes of a people. With them under our eyes, we can sit down beneath the roof-trees; we stand at the hearthstones. Interpreting those first precinct votes in the language, and measuring them by the standards of our time, — for they are expressed in a familiar tongue but in forgotten terms, — doing this, we get down to the daily lives of our colonial period, — a period which in Lincoln lasted as long as its first meeting-house stood. But of this, more presently.

First, however, to return for a moment to Lincoln town, successor to Concord second precinct. We observe its birth on the twenty-third day of April, and refer to the opening lines of the first page of the earliest volume of our records as authority for so doing. On the other hand, the act of incorporation passed both legislative bodies April 19. This fact, only recently come to light, has led to further research

The Samuel Hartwell House
Residence of Messrs. Edward and Francis McHugh
(p. 216)



A MILESTONE PLANTED

among the archives of the Commonwealth, as a result whereof it appears that Lincoln was very directly connected with a not uninteresting incident in Massachusetts provincial history in a way which has heretofore escaped the notice of its historians. Space and time do not admit of full treatment here. Suffice it to say that between 1740 and 1760 the incorporation of towns, carrying with it the right of representation, was, for reasons of state, discouraged. During that period only four new towns were organized; in all other cases, some twenty-two in number, districts were created with all the powers and rights of towns, save name and representation. But the 1754 session of the General Court was in this respect exceptional, inasmuch as three new towns were then incorporated. Of the three Lincoln was one, Greenwich and Petersham being the other two. Governor Shirley had himself inaugurated what may be called the district policy; and, at his instance, instructions covering the case had in 1743 been sent out by the Lords of Trade. Subsequently, while Governor Shirley himself was in England, the matter was wrangled over between the Legislature and Lieutenant-Governor Phipps, who, in the absence of the governor, represented the Crown. Chambers Russell then took a hand in the matter. An energetic man, he had for some time been involved in a controversy with the people of Concord. He wanted a public way laid out through his estate; the present road from Concord to Weston, by Walden Pond. Concord opposed the laying out "tooth and nail."

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

So he threw his influence in with the inhabitants of the remoter parts of the three adjoining towns, seeking incorporation. The Russells were a power in the Province. Chambers's father, Daniel Russell, was of the Council ; his brother, James, was a member of the House of Representatives ; he himself was a justice of the Superior Court of Judicature, as the highest legal tribunal of the Province was then denominated. In August, 1753, Governor Shirley had returned to Massachusetts after an absence of three years ; and, meeting the General Court in December, was not successful in his dealings with it. Hutchinson says in his history that when he asked some allowance to be made him for the time he was away, the legislative body returned "an angry message, and not only refused to enlarge the grant, but gave this reason for it, that if his services and their payment since his appointment to the government could be fully stated, the balance would be in their favor." Having measures of his own — a fort on the Kennebec, and instructed delegates to the Albany Convention then about to be held — much at heart, his excellency was in no position to oppose the wishes of the Assembly on matters of lesser consequence. The Great and General Court met on March 28, 1754, and the petition of Chambers Russell and others for the incorporation of Lincoln was that day presented. Somewhat in disregard of rule and precedent, the measure was immediately pushed through all the legislative stages ; and, the opposition of the three towns curtailed of territory to the contrary not-

A MILESTONE PLANTED

withstanding, the act, in face of sundry adverse petitions, passed both houses within three weeks of its presentation. This was on April 19. It then went to the governor. His instructions adverse to it were explicit; he himself had inspired them. There was, however, no help; so he chose the lesser of two evils. He seems to have held the measure some days under advisement; but apparently signed it on the 23d, and it then became a law. The original parchment has disappeared. It cannot be found on the files of the office of the secretary of the Commonwealth; but the first town-clerk of Lincoln, in opening his book of records, spread on it the certified copy of the act sent him by the deputy secretary, the act, as thus copied, bearing date "April the 23d, Anno Dom. 1754." No time was lost in organization. James Minot, of Concord, was a member of the Council. The legislative session closed on the 23d, and Mr. Minot seems to have carried the act home with him, the ink of the governor's signature hardly dry upon it. The next day he issued his precept for a town-meeting. Two days later it was held; and the town organization of Lincoln thus dates from the 26th day of April, 1754.

On the 26th of May, 1746, one month only lacking of eight full years before, the first meeting of Concord's second precinct had been held at the house of Edward Flint. The evolution was now complete; the precinct had become a town: and, as was proper and in accordance with the custom of that time, the first town-meeting was held in the meeting-house.

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

Judging by patronymics, the officers then selected might have been selected yesterday, — Ephraim Flint, Ephraim Hartwell, Samuel Farrar, John Hoar, John Garfield, Joshua Brooks, Benjamin Monroe, John Adams, Josiah Parks, Edmund Wheeler, John Billings. From that day to this, the continuity has been unbroken.

I have just said that, in the case of Lincoln, the history of the church is the early history of the town, — the former absorbed the latter. The story of the Lincoln church has been told, and well and sufficiently told. It has been told also in a scholarly way by men in every essential respect far better qualified for the task than am I. I do not propose to repeat what Mr. Richardson and Mr. Bradley and Mr. Porter have so recently set forth, and so graphically narrated. They have exhausted that field. I do, however, propose to picture, in so far as I can, the earlier life of the town as seen through its connection with the church; for, only in that way, can it be reproduced and made visible. I begin, therefore, with the precinct's earlier ministerial settlements.

William Lawrence, the first minister of the Lincoln church, belonged to the widely-known family whose name is as deeply stamped on the map of Kansas as on that of Massachusetts. Born at Groton, in 1723, he was graduated at Harvard in the class of 1743. On the 7th of December, 1748, he was ordained as the first settled minister of Lincoln and, a little more than a year later, on the 7th of February, 1750, he was, in his own quaint language, "married

A MILESTONE PLANTED

To a young Lady whose Name was Love Addams, Daughter of John & Love Addams.”¹

Mr. Lawrence ministered here hard upon a third of a century, or more than five years over the church of the second Concord precinct, and, for the twenty-six years following those five, over this Lincoln congregation. He died in the odor of sanctity, and, it is said, of loyalty, in the midst of our revolutionary troubles, on the 11th of April, 1780. He left his widow, Love, with nine children, three sons and six daughters, the youngest of eight years. Mrs. Love Lawrence lived to an extreme age, and far into the following century, dying, January 3, 1820, here on Lincoln hill, to which she had come as a bride nearly seventy years before. In the early days of the town, Chambers Russell, we are told, was “the most distinguished resident of Lincoln,” as unquestionably he was the most well-to-do; for no one was wealthy in our sense of the term. His mansion still stands just south of the railroad, and in the fields about it are noble pasture oaks which even in his day must have been large.² Next to Chambers Russell in consideration unquestionably came the minister, he also a Harvard graduate, reported to be “a good thinker, a vigorous writer, and an instructive preacher.” He was certainly an industrious writer, for it is recorded of him that he wrote on an average seventy sermons a year, and that he derived from the Gospel of St. Matthew texts for

¹ See Appendix C, pp. 132-135.

² See Appendix D, pp. 135-146.

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

no less than 212 discourses, while the Gospels of Luke and John, and the First Epistle of Peter supplied him with 295 more. There is in this statement something pathetic and depressing; for it suggests an industry conscientious and sustained, and yet so exceedingly profitless. Here was a man, educated, and, presumably, refined in his way, — a student and a thinker, — but remote from the world and buried in colonial seclusion, cut off from any contact with living thought or access to current literature, spider-like, perpetually evolving sermons, not from stones but from his inner consciousness. Seventy sermons a year produced under such conditions! In the thought there is something distinctly appalling. Almost had it been better to have ground in Gaza's prison-house! — but, as the Sabbath discourses were all they had, supplying the needs filled for us by theatres, lectures, concerts, newspapers and books, eighteenth century parishioners were, doubtless, exacting. So the unfortunate minister drudged along, eking out weekly his sermon and a half, till at last the end came. To the investigator of later times, however, living in a wholly different stage of development, there is also something exasperating, not to say irritating, in such fecundity of the commonplace. Why could it not have occurred to Mr. Lawrence to find tongues in trees, and books in the running brooks, so telling us something of Lincoln? I have not examined these discourses myself; life — at least my life — is not long enough to delve in eighteenth century pulpit utterances: but one who

A MILESTONE PLANTED

did dip to a moderate extent into the Lawrence manuscripts assures us that, though expressed in a somewhat conventional style, — how, under the circumstances of composition, could it have been otherwise? — they show “a careful exegesis, a calm, logical method,” and “an earnest purpose;” but, and here comes in the irritating proviso, in them is found “no allusion to passing events.” They are Dead Sea apples, — “all ashes to the taste.” A single occasional discourse, descriptive to us of the preacher’s surroundings, his interests, his people and their pursuits, would in value have far outweighed to us whole barrels of abstract discourses, though in them “the Beatitudes receive far more specific attention than the Decalogue.”

Let us now turn to the minister’s home. Goldsmith, in his “Deserted Village,” tells us of the Auburn curate : —

“A man he was to all the country dear
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.”

Measured in “hard money,” or, as we phrase it, in specie, the settlement and annual stipend of the Rev. William Lawrence does not seem to have risen to even this modest competence. Those were days of a depreciated paper currency, — bills of the “old tenor,” bills of the “new tenor,” were outstanding, with, at the close, continental money. Some ten years after the settlement of Mr. Lawrence, the Massachusetts monetary system was reformed, and put on a stable basis, through the

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

financial skill and strong business sense of the much, and unjustly, maligned Governor Thomas Hutchinson; and the bills of the "old tenor" were then called in, and redeemed, at about fourteen per cent. of their nominal value, — or, more exactly, at 7.5 to 1. The £800 voted Mr. Lawrence at his settlement in 1747 represented, therefore, approximately £115 in silver at \$3.33 a pound, or an aggregate sum in our money of \$365; while the annual stipend of £400 was reduced to about £55, Massachusetts, or, approximately, \$185 a year. If these figures represent the real state of Mr. Lawrence's financial resources, they are certainly suggestive. Computed in staples, — the market quotations of corn and rye, beef and pork furnishing the standards of value, — what, compared with the present, was the relative purchasing power of this annual stipend of \$185 "hard money"? Indian corn, for instance, seems to have been valued at about 30 cents a bushel, and rye at 45 cents; while pork was rated at about four cents a pound, and beef at three cents. As corn is now quoted at an average price of about 42 cents a bushel, and rye at 53 cents, while pork is 12 cents per pound, and beef 10 cents, the purchasing power of money, measured in food staples, compared with its present purchasing power, would seem to have been from half as much again to four and even five times as much.¹

¹ When, after the death of Mr. Lawrence, the Rev. Charles Stearns was, in 1781, invited to succeed him, the salary offered was £80, Massachusetts, a year, in "hard money," or \$266, and this was, pre-

A MILESTONE PLANTED

Clearly, then, the Rev. William Lawrence must have been what is now known as a forehanded man; though his helpmate, or, as he termed her, his "yoke-fellow," may well have been a large factor in his prudential affairs. Indeed, she is portrayed to us as not only of "stately mien and benign countenance," but also "a wife of uncommon wisdom and prudence." The worldly outcome of the pair was certainly suggestive.¹ Something, it is true, came to Mr. Law-

sumably, an increase on the salary previously paid to Mr. Lawrence. The custom of paying the minister his salary on a standard of staple prices continued until the close of the eighteenth century. Thus the report of a committee appointed in 1797 to reach an understanding with Mr. Stearns contains the following:—

"That from and after the 7th day of November inst: during the time that he [Mr. Stearns] shall remain our Gospel Minister, his Annual Salary continue to be Eighty pounds, at all times when the Current price of Indian Corn is at three shillings per Bushell, Rye at four shillings and Beef at twenty Shillings per hundred, and Pork at thirty-three Shillings and four pence per hundred w't, all of Right good Quality — that the sum or amount of said Salary shall be increased or diminished as the Current price of those Articles shall rise or fall, from time to time, one fourth part of the Salary to be computed on each of those Articles. And that the Selectmen of the Town shall make the said Computation, with the said Charles Stearns, in the beginning of November annually. This being the contract of the Specie part of his the said Charles Stearns' Salary, the Allowance of Wood [15 cords] remaining as heretofore allowed by the Town — And that the payment of the said Salary to the said Charles Stearns be made semi-annually by the Treasurer." (Town Records, November 6, 1797.) Measured by purchasing power, the value of the money unit was then four to five times what it now is; measured by cost of living, a salary of \$233 may have been, approximately, the equivalent of a salary of \$1200 a year now; but life was much simpler generally.

¹ The thrift and business instinct of the Rev. Mr. Lawrence and his spouse seem to have excited notice during his life; for, in his anniver-

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

rence in the way of inheritance; but it was not much, and consisted chiefly of farming land in Groton. Yet, "passing rich" on that salary of £60, Massachusetts, a year, he and his spouse Love lived, and obviously prospered; for they brought up, educated and married a family of nine children, six of whom were daughters. And when, a minister of one church for over thirty years, William Lawrence wrote himself to a death-bed, he breathed his last in his house here on Lincoln hill, the possessor of what is described as "a good farm of thirty-nine acres connected with the homestead, extending down to [Sandy] pond, besides eighteen acres known then as the 'Oliver land'—since called the Lawrence pasture—seven acres of 'mead land,' and some ten acres of 'flint land.' Considerable property was also left in Groton and Townsend." The dwelling-house is thus described: "It was a low-studded two-story building . . . a modest abode, with whitewashed walls and sanded floors and plain furniture. There was but one carpet in the house, and that was in the 'west chamber,'" the chamber looking towards

sary discourse (p. 22) Mr. Bradley, the successor of Mr. Lawrence in the sixth remove, reports a legend to the following effect: "Toward the end of his ministry one of [Mr. Lawrence's] flock, remarking upon his evident prosperity, asked him in a jesting way how it was that he got on so well. To which Mr. Lawrence replied, 'By minding my own business, and letting yours alone.'" The incident is apocryphal; but it is given as illustrating Mr. Lawrence's "sense of humor." It may, however, perhaps be questioned whether the "member of his flock," to whom the reply was addressed, saw at once the humorous aspect of the retort.

A MILESTONE PLANTED

Concord. "The parlor contained a mahogany table, a walnut desk, a little round tea-table, six leathern-seated chairs, a few books of divinity, and the family Bible. . . . The 'common room' had an eight-day clock, a looking-glass, and a light-stand. . . . The kitchen had the usual capacious fireplace, with its blazing light reflected from double rows of shining pewter." From the parlor we pass into the minister's study,—the work room in which the busy pen wrote out those seventy sermons in the average year. In it were some two hundred volumes, largely quartos and folios,—sermons, theology and commentaries; those forgotten gravestones of a buried past of which Hallam, the English historian, wrote—"They belong no more to man, but to the worm, the moth, and the spider. Their dark and ribbed backs, their yellow leaves, their thousand folio pages, do not more repel us than the unprofitableness of their substance." Of general literature there was little. Poetry was represented by the wholly forgotten Blackmore, and the lighter prose by eight volumes of the "Spectator." Of history there was little,—the recently published "Massachusetts" of Thomas Hutchinson, and the ubiquitous Rollin, that also then a new work. But among the first Lincoln minister's collections one searches in vain for the names of Shakespeare or Dryden or Bunyan or Pope or De Foe, or even for that of the Puritan laureate, John Milton.

And now, having made the acquaintance of the minister and his wife in their dwelling, let us walk

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

down the hill to the meeting-house, at the cross-roads. However it may have been in the beginning and in precinct days, one of the first acts of Lincoln town was to provide for the "building a steeple for the hanging a bell for the town's use." "The old Meeting-house," we are told, "was nearly square, and was entered by three porches, the front porch being on the southerly side. The [square] tower in which the bell was hung, and on which the spire stood, was at the westerly end, as the gables ran, and another porch at the easterly end, a part of which was occupied by the stocks, made of heavy oaken planks." ¹ Inside, the body of the edifice was filled with long benches, — the women sitting on one side, the men on the other. On the outside of these, and against the walls, were pews, built by permission and at the cost of the owners thereof, — Chambers Russell being the first privileged "to choose a place for his pew in the meeting-house where he pleases, and build it when he pleases." He selected the space on the right of the front entrance, nearest the door. From time to time permission was asked, and formally given, to construct windows at the cost and for the benefit of privileged pew owners, through which the proprietor, we are told, wearying with the discourse, would sometimes stand and view the outer

¹ Drake, in his *Old Landmarks of Boston* (p. 92), says: "In front of the old meeting-house stood the whipping-post, and probably the stocks. . . . Both were used as a means of enforcing attendance, or punishing offences against the church, and their location at its very portal served, no doubt, as a gentle reminder to the congregation."

A MILESTONE PLANTED

world, his back to pulpit, sounding-board and minister. In the early days, when printed books were scarce, it was the custom, after the minister gave out the hymn, for him — or for the precentor, as he was designated in the Church of England hierarchy, here called chorister — to read the psalm line by line to the congregation, which then sang it. In Lincoln this practice was discontinued in 1789; but, eighteen years earlier, in 1771, forty-two persons “who had attained a good understanding in the rules of singing” were, by vote of the town, seated together as a choir on the lower floor. While the experiment apparently gave general satisfaction, to Mr. Lawrence’s successor, Dr. Charles Stearns, it was a source of special pleasure; for, among his other endowments, that faithful divine seems to have been blessed with an ear, as well as a soul, for music. On this topic he even warmed into eloquence; and, though it must be admitted extracts from sermons do not as a rule tend to enliven, there are passages in one discourse of his which throw such gleams of light on several points of interest that quotation at length is justified. The sermon in question was preached here in Lincoln, and on this site, upon the 19th of April, 1792, — as near as may be a century and twelve years since, — at “An Exhibition of Sacred Music.” Not a soul then living in Lincoln now survives. Addressing the “brethren and sisters of the choir,” Mr. Stearns exclaimed, “With pleasure have we beheld your zeal, and the animated diligence of your teacher. We have often had our ears refreshed by


THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

your agreeable performances. . . . When sounds bold and strong have set forth the majesty, the power and eternity of God, when lofty notes celebrated his glories 'which transcend the sky,' when menacing tones have shown the dangers of the wicked 'on slippery rocks ready to fall into ruin,' when tender and plaintive accents called our attention to 'Jesus nailed to the tree,' when voices softer than the gentlest breeze expressed the care of Jesus over his flock, 'hearing their prayers, and wiping their tears away,' such touches, so true to nature, could not fail. Mute attention, expressive features, and melting eyes declared the sensations of the assembly. To you we owe the revival of sacred music in this place, which had well-nigh slept in silence. So long had our harps hung upon the willows, that we began to fear that they would be wholly useless. But the songs of Zion are revived, and sweeter than before."

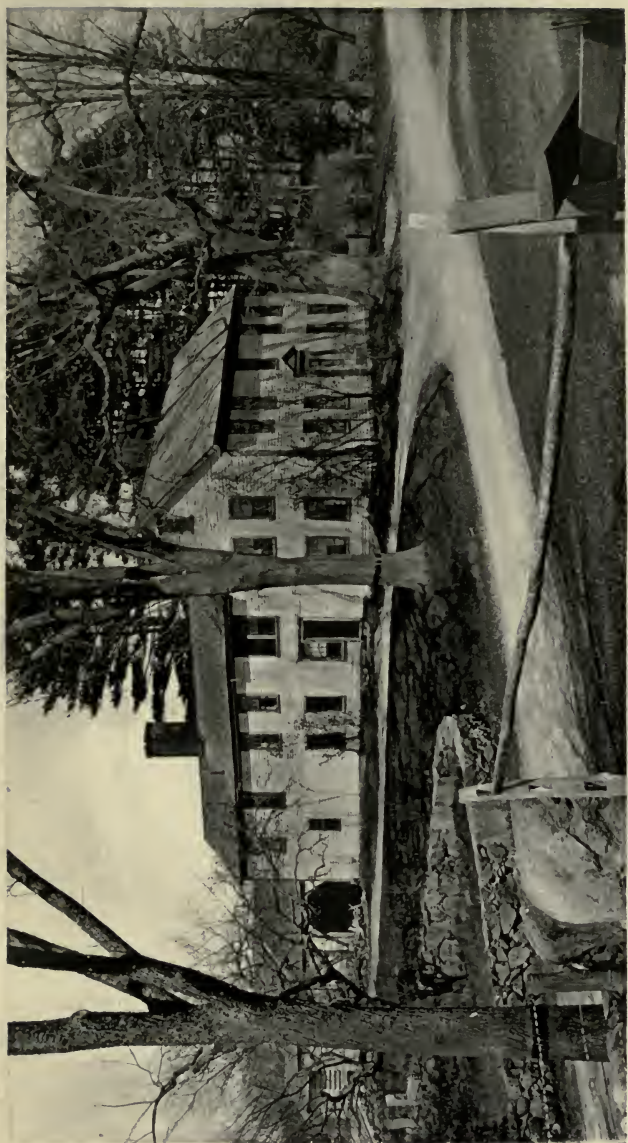
But in this same discourse of Mr. Stearns there are other passages of much significance. The worthy minister not only actually quotes familiar lines from the "Merchant of Venice," — and apparently from memory, as he fails to quote correctly, — but he cites James Thomson's now forgotten poem of "Summer" as evidence of the high estimation in which the bard of Avon was then held by all Britons: —

"Is not wild Shakespeare thine and Nature's boast?"

It was Charles Lamb who in one of the "Essays of Elia" confessed to being wholly devoid of an ear for



The Farrar House
(p. 216)



A MILESTONE PLANTED

music, — to save his life, he could not have turned the most familiar of airs, — a not uncommon deficiency; and now Mr. Stearns, by nature tolerant, threw the veil of an all-enveloping charity even over Charles Lamb, and those in this respect his like. Finally, he flashes a gleam of suggestive light upon the manners and bearing of some who would seem even at that period to have attended the sanctuary in a spirit the reverse of devout edification. The passage is as delightful as it is quaint: “From the ease with which minds, susceptible of the pleasures of musick, receive moral and religious impressions, some have been led to consider insensibility to musick as the sign of a bad heart. Shakespeare, whom the people of Britain almost adore, and consider as an oracle in the knowledge of human nature,¹ saith, —

‘He that hath no musick in himself,
And is not mov’d with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons.’²

“Yet let us while we enjoy the pleasures of musick, be charitable to those who are deprived of them. Reason tells us that dullness to the charms of musick is no more evidence of a bad heart than to be deaf, blind, or dumb. In some cases it is a natural defect. In others, a habit of sedateness has quenched the fire

¹ *Vide Thomson's Seasons*, “Summer,” ver. 1563.

² The correct reading is,

“The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov’d by concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.”

Merchant of Venice, Act V, Sc. 1.

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

of imagination. It is related of a German mathematician, that attending the King of Prussia's opera, where musick was in its highest perfection, he busied himself in measuring the height and breadth of the room, and in calculating the distance to which the human voice might be distinctly heard. Then, when he had done this, finding nothing else entertaining for him, he left the audience abruptly. Such an instance, to the lovers of the Muse, will seem almost miraculous.

“Yet this person behaved himself much better than many others, who, not less insensible, are yet less innocent. They disturb the most sublime performances, in honor of Christ and of God, by moving from place to place in the assembly, by jesting, laughing and tumult. If indeed it be, that such have no relish for sacred musick, they ought, in point of civility, not to disturb the holy pleasures of others.”

To return to the choir — the forty-two persons “who had attained a good understanding in the rules of singing;” — these were at first assigned seats in the rear of the main floor, although galleries had already been built around three sides of the interior; but not until a later day were the ceilings under the floors of these galleries plastered. Occupied during the hours of Sabbath service, mostly by boys, or by the town poor, and its Africans, the galleries were looked upon as undesirable, — to sit in them was an indication of inferiority. So, not until after the town had been forty years incorporated, and the church had at

A MILESTONE PLANTED

last given a hesitating consent to the innovation of a bass viol to assist the singers, could the choir be reconciled to a place in the gallery, facing the pulpit. Shattuck, in his history of Concord, asserts that, in Lincoln, the reading of the Scriptures was first introduced as a part of the Sunday exercises by Mr. Lawrence, in 1763; and, in 1768, a short prayer before the reading. Later, and in the Stearns pastorate, the services were much the same as those with which we are familiar — the short and long prayers, the singing of the psalms, and a discourse by the pastor, the assigned limit of which last was, however, not thirty minutes, as now, but a full hour.

Such were the meeting-house and the services; the audience,—all the inhabitants of the town! The Sabbath was the day of leisure,—the holiday of the week, though a very silent and solemn one,—the single break in that life-long monotony. It is a thing of history now, remembered only by those in the decline of life; the Civil War is the dividing line: but no one who passed a childhood during the first half of the last century can fail to recall that Sunday stillness,—a quiet so intense, so unbroken, that even animal life seemed to observe it; so complete that it was actually audible. The bicycle, the carriage and the automobile have made of it a tradition; but it prevailed here in Lincoln for a whole century after incorporation, and, during that period, the meeting-house was for those then here dwelling all that the town-hall, the theatre, the lecture-room,

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

the library, the Sunday paper and the periodical are to us of the world as it now is. Of the six hundred and ninety persons who composed the population of the town at its incorporation, probably five hundred usually gathered for worship. The old and the young, the rich and the poor, the bond and the free, the wise and the simple, the halt and the lame, the blind and the palsied, — all were at meeting. They came on foot and on horseback. There were no carriages in those days ; but, summer and winter, farm wagons and rude country-side vehicles trooped in, laden with those of both sexes and all ages, the dog trotting demurely alongside, and, on rare occasions, to the huge delight of the boys in the gallery, indulging in unseemly fights, to the great disturbance of worshippers. To keep dogs out of the meeting-house during divine service was in this country, as in England, not infrequently made the function of a special officer. But, even on the Sabbath, "goin' to meetin'" served other ends than worship. It was the time and place of social gathering. The old meeting-house was then the centre of a lively scene, people gathering in groups around the three porches, the sheds on both sides of the road would be full of vehicles while others were hitched to neighboring posts, and often the flanks of the hill were dotted with wagons. On rainy Sundays Dr. Stearns, they used to asseverate, could be depended upon to preach his best. Going to meeting, those dwelling more remotely

* Mr. Porter's Discourse, *Proceedings on the One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary*, p. 76.

A MILESTONE PLANTED

shut up their houses, took with them their food, and made a day of it. These were those Sabbath "noonings" to which Mr. Bradley, in his anniversary discourse, properly and truly refers,¹ as not the least important feature of the Lord's day. It was "the only occasion during the week when the scattered neighbors had an opportunity of exchanging" greetings and news; and there is no sort of question that "this friendly hour had as much influence as any enactment of the State in securing the general attendance of all inhabitants at the meeting-house from Sunday to Sunday." In the case of Lincoln, moreover, it was this which decided the placing of the meeting-house, and, subsequently, the site of the village. Lincoln hill was not convenient; it was not on the line of least resistance for travel; it was not in the beginning accessible: but it was central; it was almost equidistant from the two great thoroughfares which crossed the precinct near its northern and southern limits. Even now, a century and a half after the town's incorporation, there is not a single dwelling on either the Walden road or the Sandy Pond road for a space of a mile and a half between the westernmost dwellings of Lincoln and the easternmost of Concord. It was then much the same in the direction of Weston and Lexington. Thus the one great wish of that community was to fix on some common central spot where once a week they could congregate. This they found on the southern slope of Lincoln hill; and there they placed

¹ *Proceedings on the One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary*, p. 27.

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

the meeting-house. It was in the beginning a mere site. There was not, so far as I have been able to ascertain, a single established public way affording access to it. It could be reached only on sufferance and through farm lanes, and by private ways. This, of course, was soon remedied, and, ultimately, the village grew up at the cross-roads; but, unlike almost any other Massachusetts town in that respect, Lincoln village has no cause whatever for its being except the one forgotten fact that, a hundred and fifty years ago, it was a central point for the Sabbath gathering of a scattered population, few of whom lived more than "two miles and a quarter" therefrom.

Here, then, they met in every season of the year, — spring and autumn, summer and winter. In the winter it could not have been otherwise than trying. The ways were bad and heavy; the meeting-house unwarmed; out-of-door movement was under embargo. Later, when air-tight stoves came into use, great pieces of peat were stowed away in them to keep a slow, safe fire in the deserted house till the return of the family, as the short winter day drew towards nightfall. How the congregation bore the deadly chilliness of the barn-like edifice it is not easy to understand. The introduction of stoves was agitated here in Lincoln during the earlier years of the last century, but Dr. Stearns, then pastor, set his face against the innovation. It might extend life and reduce the cases of lung fever, as pneumonia was called, but the fathers had not found any heating

A MILESTONE PLANTED

apparatus necessary, and the world got along very well then ; so he hoped no appliances for heating would be introduced as long as he lived.¹ During the winter, therefore, those who could not find a friendly shelter in the scattered dwellings about the hill, did not attend meeting, — they remained perforce at home ; but it was otherwise during half the year at least. Then, in spring, summer, or autumn, weather permitting, all the youth of Lincoln wandered in parties along the roads and through the meadows, down by Sandy Pond and the brooklets, and there the young men met the maidens, and through generations the most momentous question of life was then wont to be put, and the answer to it given. By the older and more sedate, the news of the day was canvassed, and the issues of politics debated ; on the porch and about the meeting-house — there, during the first year of the life of the town, the bloody defeat of Braddock was discussed ; and,

¹ Mr. Porter's Discourse, p. 75. Dr. Stearns died July 26, 1826. The warrant for the next annual town-meeting bore date February 19, 1827. In it was the following : —

“ Article 7. To know the pleasure of the Town respecting the Stove lately put up in the Publick Meetinghouse — Whether the Town will Defray the Expense of the same, or any part thereof, or give leave to have it remain where it is, or adopt any measures respecting said stove, and provid wood for the same, also provid Storage for the wood in the Meetinghouse as the Town see fit and say how it shall be taken care of and by whom. . . .

“ Voted to have the Stove remain in the Publick Meetinghouse in Lincoln where it now is, and voted the Congregational or religious society in said Town pay the Expence of said Stove. Also voted the selectmen provide wood, and a place for the storage of the wood to be used or burnt when necessary to have fire in said Stove.”

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

a little later, the events and vicissitudes of the Seven Years' War. Then, in 1757, the massacre of Fort George, and, in 1758, the repulse of Abercrombie at Ticonderoga spread a panic through Massachusetts, a thrill of which doubtless found expression at Lincoln; Wolfe's death on the Plains of Abraham followed, with the fall of Quebec and the English conquest of Canada; and, at last, before the town was yet in its "teens," came the close of the "old French War." Subsequently, in 1765, the Stamp Act was uppermost in mind, with that long succession of issues culminating for Lincoln with the 19th of April, 1775. Then, for the only time in its history as a town, the smoke of an enemy's camp-fire curled up within Lincoln limits.

In every way, that revolutionary period seems to have been one of sore tribulation for the town; and, as was always apt to be the case, the trouble centred on the meeting-house porch, and there found expression. It was a civil trouble; and, as was traditionally proper, the Church was divided against itself. The Rev. Mr. Lawrence was even suspected of insufficient patriotism. To such a ripeness did this suspicion grow, that, greatly to his indignation, his private letters were tampered with by the so-called Committee of Safety. A crisis seems to have been reached during the autumn of 1774, — the months following the Boston tea-party, and the closing of the port of Boston. One Sabbath morning during that season, the Lincoln air, tense with excitement, was, it is said, full of rumors. The people gathered

A MILESTONE PLANTED

about the meeting-house at an unwonted hour, and there was talk of not allowing the minister to enter his pulpit. More neighborly and wiser counsels prevailed; but the closing years of the Lawrence pastorate were troubled. Indeed, the unhappy minister seems to have been worried into his grave; for, while he died in April, 1780, only a year previous he had been arraigned at three successive church meetings because of "a jealousy" that he had "not been friendly to his country in respect to the contest between Great Britain and America." After much wrangling it had been decided "by a great majority" to "drop the affair in dispute," the "circumstances and particular instances" alleged appearing on examination "trifling and insufficient."¹ That Mr. Lawrence was a Tory has been denied, and certainly was not proven: but it is clear that he was far from being an ardent patriot; and, at a time when his parishioners were thoroughly aroused by great events transpiring, he "halted for a time between two opinions, and allowed his trumpet to give an uncertain sound."

But, as I have said, the story of Lincoln church

¹ *The One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary Proceedings*, p. 23. The Rev. Micah Lawrence, a cousin of William Lawrence, a graduate of Harvard in the class of 1759, who taught school in Lincoln for a time shortly after graduation, was a pronounced loyalist. R. M. Lawrence's *Historical Sketches*, p. 84. Chambers Russell was dead, but his nephew, Dr. Charles Russell, who had inherited his uncle's place in Lincoln, practising here as a physician, was a pronounced Tory, and in 1775 went to Martinique. He left Lincoln on the 19th of April, 1775, — an extremely suggestive coincidence.

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

has been written ; and for me now to repeat it would be but to tell once more an already twice-told tale. Yet Lincoln was first organized as a church precinct, and its political incorporation did not greatly alter the original purpose. For a whole century the history of its church was the history of Lincoln ; and, as contrasted with other and neighboring towns, — its sisters of the Massachusetts family, — I cannot here find, after its first pastorate, anything distinctive. The initial period — the Lawrence régime, if it may be so termed — was individual, and more or less perturbed : but it carried the town practically through the revolutionary troubles, for the second pastor was not installed (November 7, 1781) until a month after that momentous 19th of October which witnessed the surrender at Yorktown. Thenceforth, and for nearly ninety years, the life of Lincoln presented no features peculiar to itself. Its story is one of monotonous existence, — the slow development of a Massachusetts community, exclusively agricultural. It can be studied in the records of its town-meetings, its schools, and its churches ; and, perhaps, most clearly of all, in the annual tax levy.

In his poem entitled “ The Deacon’s Masterpiece, or The Wonderful ‘ One-Hoss Shay, ’ ” — and that famous conveyance, let me in passing observe, was built, we are told, in the year (1755) following the incorporation of your town, — it and Lincoln thus came into organized being within nineteen months of each other, — in his well-known poem, I was saying, Dr. Holmes remarks, truly enough, —

A MILESTONE PLANTED

“ Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer ; ”

and so it is always interesting, and usually suggestive, to revert to an exact century since. This being 1904, what was Lincoln's record in 1804? Let us hunt it up in the town-books. Lincoln then had a population of 740 souls; it now has 1100. Its entire annual appropriations in 1804, exclusive of the minister's salary and the rent of his house, amounted to \$1410, or \$1.90 to each inhabitant; they last year aggregated \$21,673, or \$19.70 to each inhabitant, almost exactly a tenfold increase. The school system of the town then involved an annual outlay of \$500; last year it cost \$6500. For maintenance of its roads the town voted in 1804 the sum of \$400; this year it calls for \$4000, last year it cost \$6000. Our poor and insane last year cost us \$1000; in 1804 the sum of \$500 was required. But of this item in town expenditure I shall have more to say presently. Meanwhile, looking over the lists of officials of the two years a century apart, it is curious to observe how the same names appear. In 1804 they had seven town-meetings; we last year got along with three. A century ago Samuel Hoar was, when present, the moderator; in his absence, Deacon Samuel Farrar. None of the name of Hoar now live in Lincoln; but it is inseparably associated with the mother town, and the Samuel Hoar of the present generation was selected to address you today; only when he, after long deliberation and with

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

strongly expressed regret, felt constrained to decline, did I assume the duty. It was well; for he has since fallen by the wayside. Ten days only have passed since we witnessed his obsequies.¹

Recurring to the record of 1804, a Wheeler was then town-clerk. A Brooks was a selectman; while among the other officials appear the names of Flint, Bemis, Baker, Hartwell, and Tarbell. Samuel Hoar that year represented the town in the General Court, having received twenty-seven votes as against thirteen thrown for Samuel Farrar, and two for Captain J. Hartwell. But 1804 was also the year of a national election, and Thomas Jefferson was chosen for a second term. Prior to 1804 the Massachusetts presidential electors had, as a rule, been named by the General Court, as was the early practice in most of the States; but, in 1804, they were chosen directly by the people. Throughout the troubled period of the Napoleonic wars, Lincoln seems to have been a strong Republican, or Anti-Federalist, town; so, this year, its vote was sixty-six for the Jefferson ticket, to eighteen for the electors pledged to vote for Charles C. Pinckney, the candidate of the Federalists.

¹ Both Senator George Frisbie Hoar and Samuel Hoar were invited to deliver the address on this occasion. Each felt obliged to decline:— Senator Hoar, who had passed much of his earlier life in Lincoln, and entertained a feeling of warm affection for the town, because of that failing health which proved premonitory of his death on the 30th of the following September; Samuel Hoar, then in his sixtieth year, was taken suddenly ill, with a cerebral difficulty, early in April preceding this anniversary, and, dying at Concord on Monday, the 17th of that month, was there buried on the 13th.

A MILESTONE PLANTED

A hundred years ago no steps had yet been taken to separate church from state. As it had been from the beginning, so was it still — congregation and town were one; and, in 1804, stimulated probably by the minister, there was in Lincoln, not a religious or political movement, but, much less open to question, a singing revival. At the same time the interior arrangements of the meeting-house were in question. So the two matters, taken up together, were dealt with comprehensively, — in a large way, as we would express it. In the first place, an appropriation was voted for the “incouragement of Church Music;” and, next, a special gallery was planned, “to convene the singers.” The town was, however, thrifty; the period of municipal extravagance was still in the remote future, and it was planned that the alterations in the interior of the meeting-house were not only to pay for themselves, but should bring a handsome surplus into the treasury. The votes then passed in town-meeting, the reports made and the action taken, are curiously illustrative of the little republic, and the business-like way in which its affairs were managed. To-day, they constitute a study in polity.¹

¹ December 12, 1803 (vol. ii, p. 494): “Voted, to do something to incourage Church music in this place.” Then, “Voted, that the sum of Fifty Dollars be assessed and paid by the inhabitants of this Town for the incouragement of Church Music.” Then, “Voted to choose a Committee to take from the Treasury and lay out the fifty dollars to the best advantage to incourage singing — and made choice of Sam’l Hoar, Esq., Thos. Wheeler, Capt. Abner Mather, Elij. Fisk and Eleazer Brooks, Jr.”

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

As a result of the simply planned meeting-house alterations, sixteen additional pews were provided, "twelve Pews in the Gallery in said House which are numbered and four Pews on the lower floor;" and all these it was ordered "shall be sold at public Vendue to the highest bidder." They were so sold, the town-meeting adjourning that the auction might take place.

The financial outcome of the "Vendue" seems to have exceeded the most sanguine expectations.

May 7, 1804: "Voted, to accommodate the Singing Society with convenient seats in the Front Gallery."

"To act on a Refer'd Article, which is to hear the report of their Committee Chosen by the Town, for the purpose of viewing the Meeting House in order that the Singers may be accommodated with convenient seats."

The Committee report as follows: "We the Subscribers being Chosen a Committee at the last Town Meeting in order to see which is the best way to finish the front gallery in order to convene the singers, and to take under consideration the first article—beg leave to report as follows:—It is our opinion that it is best to Build a Porch in the front of the Meeting House 12 feet Square and 14 feet Posts, and to swell the front Gallery, and build two convenient seats for the Singers—and to Build a row of Pews round the Galleries, and to alter the porch Doors in the Galleries so as to have them in the center of the porches and to have an Alley to divide the Side Galleries—also to build four Pews below. We have calculated the probable expense will be 450 Dollars and it is probable the Pews will fetch 900 Dollars the Ballance in favor of the Town is 450 Dollars, all which is humbly submitted.

"Voted, To accept the Report of their Committee.

"Voted, To choose a Committee of Seven to carry into effect the subject matter of the above Report.

"Made Choice of Sam'l Hoar, Esq., Dea'n Sam'l Farrar, Major Sam'l Hastings, Mr. Isaac Munro, Doct'r G. Tarbell, Mr. Abner Wheeler & Lt. Elijah Fiske."

The Codman House
(p. 135)



A MILESTONE PLANTED

It was, it must be admitted, a good deal like selling boxes in a modern city opera-house; but the demand for special Sabbath church privileges was, in the Lincoln of 1804, unquestionably brisk. The committee having the matter in charge had "calculated" the expense of the improvements at \$450, and the receipts from the sale of new pews at \$900; resulting in a "Ballance in favor of the Town" of \$450. The transaction in fact, when the "Vendue" finished, was found to have netted the town a profit of no less than \$762.35. At the "Vendue," Mr. Amos Bemis — a family name since associated in another and larger way with Lincoln's public edifices — seems to have become the owner of one of the pews in the gallery; for, the sale having taken place on the 10th of September, the warrant for the next town-meeting, called for the 5th of November, contained the following article: — "4th. To see if the Town will give Liberty to Mr. Amos Bemis to put in a Window in his Pew in the Gallery in the Northwest corner of the Meeting house, agreeable to his request." And presently the following vote was passed, and recorded: — "4th Article. Granted Mr. Amos Bemis Liberty to put a Window in his Pew in the Gallery as Requested."

Such were the questions which engaged the attention of the town an hundred years ago; such the scale of its expenditure. Nor, for a quarter of a century, did any change take place. At last, in 1829 the separation of state from church was effected, and thereafter the prudential affairs of the parish did not

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

affect those of the town.¹ Accordingly, from 1830 to the present time, we have an unbroken record of

¹ The Rev. Elijah Demond succeeded Dr. Stearns. He was the last pastor called under the old system, and prior to the total separation of church from town. The change in relations of pastor and people which had already taken place is apparent in the vote in the Lincoln records. The town now did not seek to settle a pastor; it hired a preacher. The article in the warrant, and the vote, were as follows:—

September 5, 1827 — “2d. To see if the Town will Concur with the Church in giving Rev. Mr. Elijah Demond an invitation to Settle over them as their Gospel Minister, and if so, to vote what they will give him for Sallery, annually, and what encouragement other ways they will give. . . .

“Voted, to give Rev. Elijah Demond an invitation to settle over the Church and people of this Town as their Gospel Minister.

“Also voted to pay him for Sallery, annually five hundred and fifty dollars, so long as he performs his Ministerial labours in this Town, with the provision, that the connection may be dissolved, by either party giving the other, six months notice.”

On the 11th of the following month (October) another town-meeting was held, the warrant for which contained the following article — “2nd, To see if the Town will make any alterations in the conditions of the call which they voted to give Rev. Mr. Demond at their last meeting or act anything respecting the same, and in case he shall accept the call, to make proper arrangement for his installation. . . .

“Voted, to dispence with that part of the condition in the Invitation voted to Rev. Mr. Elijah Demond at the last Town meeting which provides for the dissolution of connection by either party giving the other six months notice

“Then voted to reconsider the last vote

“then voted. That the conditions of the call given to the Rev'd Mr. Demond by this Town at their last meeting be so far altered, that a morgungity of two-thirds of the legal voters shall be necessary, on the part of the Town, to cause a disolution of the connection, and should such a majority ever be obtained; or should their Minister, on his part, give notice of his desire of dismission, in either case, a Councill of Ministers and delegates from other Churches shall be called to advise thereon. . . .

“Then Rev'd Mr. Demond excepted the call voted him the last

A MILESTONE PLANTED

the amounts annually raised by taxation. It is curious and suggestive. During the five years between 1834 and 1839 inclusive, the average annual levy was \$1,878.58. The first century of town life closed, unnoticed and uncommemorated, in 1854. During the five ensuing years (1856-1860) the average annual levy was \$4100. The increase of public expenditure during nearly the lifetime of a generation, on account of roads, schools and all the incidents of corporate existence, had been but \$2200 per annum. Then came the Civil War with its continuous calls for men. It was an altogether exceptional period. Yet the money burden that terrible conflict imposed on Lincoln was not considerable,—it amounted in the aggregate to only \$15,000, the average levy for the five years 1861 to 1865, inclusive, being \$7,113.80, or \$3000 more than during the previous similar period. Then, for the next ten years or so, town affairs resumed the even tenor of their ancient way, and not until 1870 is a change observable. Then, first in the history of the town whether in time of peace or in time of war, the annual tax levy passed the ten thousand dollar mark, not again to fall below it. The older and simpler existence had come to a natural close, though one gradually approached, and Lincoln entered on a new and more highly developed life.

Let us for a moment recur to the first period, that anterior to 1870, and its annual tax levies. Very

meeting, with the above mentioned alterations as they are proposed, and voted in his presents, at this meeting.”

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

simple as compared with those of more recent years, they reveal a niggard expenditure and a most rigid scrutiny. The amounts are small; the accounting exact. Every item was jealously observed. The three great heads of outgo were the roads, the schools, and the support of the poor; and it is very noticeable how large a proportion, as compared with the present, the cost of maintaining the poor bore to the total outgo. It now constitutes one twenty-fifth part of it, or only 4 per cent.; in 1833, seventy years ago, it constituted 23 per cent.; and, in 1860, 8 per cent. How explain this? Lincoln was a sparsely peopled town; but its people were homogeneous, thrifty, and fairly well-to-do. As such communities went, it was moral and temperate, — neither so moral nor so temperate as now, but in both respects probably above the average of the time. In its population was no appreciable foreign element;¹ substantially, it was pure American stock. Whence then this pauperism? The answer is not far to seek; nor is the page which reveals it pleasant reading. It is a page now happily closed.

In those times, as now, the demented were classed with the poor. I have already alluded to the fact that in its earliest period Lincoln was without any physician who would now rank as educated. Later, the estimable, as well as educated, Dr. Charles Rus-

¹ Even as late as 1875, — twenty years after the opening of the Fitchburg railroad, — no less than 77 per cent. of those inhabiting Lincoln were of American birth. The town-born constituted 34 per cent. of the whole.

A MILESTONE PLANTED

sell served the little community in that capacity ; he, however, was driven away as a Tory in April, 1775, and, five years later, died in exile. But, apart from physicians, surgeons or trained nurses, I have been unable to find any evidence of a drug-store in the eighteenth century Lincoln, much less of a hospital. The town was without an almshouse also ; for, though provision for an almshouse was at one time made through the bequest of a public-spirited townsman, a mere two-room tenement was forthcoming ; and this, after trial of the experiment, was discontinued. Needless then to say that Lincoln neither had an asylum for the insane within its limits, nor access to one elsewhere. There is a curious theory sometimes advanced that insanity is in New England steadily increasing ; and, in support of this disturbing contention, the statistics of former times are compared with those of the present. In point of fact there are no statistics of those former times. Now the insane are carefully gathered together, enumerated, and scientifically cared for ; then, they were ignored or neglected, and often brutally abused. They were allowed, if harmless, to wander in the streets, — the village idiots ; or they were herded in the almshouse, if there chanced to be an almshouse. Some years ago I found in the records of Braintree a vote appropriating money to one Samuel Spear to “ build a little house seven foot long and five foot wide, and set it by his house to secure his sister, good wife Witty, being distracted, and provide for her.” The wretched lunatic was housed like a dog, in a ken-

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

nel by her brother's door. And again, by another town-record entry of a later day, Josiah Owen was voted "Twenty pounds money provided he gives bond under his hand to cleare the Towne forever of Ebenezer Owen's distracted daughter." What, under these circumstances, became of the unfortunate girl, presumably Josiah's orphan niece, it is perhaps as well not to inquire. But, as respects the care of its poor and insane, Lincoln then pursued the usual course. With its records I am less familiar than with the records of other Massachusetts towns not dissimilar, and so cannot quote chapter and verse; but in the records of Weymouth I once came across the following action of the town-meeting of March 11, 1771: "Voted to sell the Poor that are maintained by the Town for this present year at a Vendue to the lowest bidder." This tells the whole story, — a lamentation, and an ancient tale of wrong! ¹

¹ In the *North American Review* for January, 1849 (vol. lvi, pp. 171-191), is an article entitled "Insanity in Massachusetts," written by the celebrated Dr. S. G. Howe. In it he describes in detail some cases of treatment of the insane which he had himself "witnessed, during the last three months, in places within thirty miles of Boston." He found the demented of both sexes "in the almshouses, shut up in cold and cheerless rooms, sometimes chained to the walls, often confined in narrow cages, without a chair or bed, and with nothing but the straw on which they lie down like the brutes." He cites with painful particularity cases exactly parallel to those of "good wife Witty Spear" and "Ebenezer Owen's distracted daughter." Nor was this eighteenth century treatment; it was the practice of sixty years ago. The cases were, moreover, in no way exceptional. Dr. Howe asserted that if "allowed to make extracts from the journal of a friend, who has traversed every part of Massachusetts on an errand of mercy . . . we could fill a volume." Yet Massachusetts was then already

A MILESTONE PLANTED

Lincoln, in the earlier period,—that ideal age of gold so commonly referred to as the “good old times,”—having no almshouse or asylum, farmed out its poor and insane. They were annually put up at auction, and their care intrusted to whoever agreed to assume it,—undertook to feed, lodge, clothe and warm the wretched outcasts,—at the lowest rate. Last year, with an appropriation on that account less than twice as large as its average appropriation on the same account seventy years ago, Lincoln cared for four insane dependent upon it; the previous year for six. Beyond these it had no paupers to support;—only tramps to entertain! Nor are our records now disfigured, as then they were, by long lists of entries notifying those without visible means of support at once to return to the place whence they came. Judging by the record, eighteenth century charity certainly began at home; as also it was indisputably cold. So, through all those years Lincoln’s appropriation of \$400, or thereabouts, a year, covered not only its charge for pauperism, but the cost for it of almshouse, hospi-

far in advance among communities, American or foreign, in care of the insane. Elsewhere in the same paper (p. 183) Dr. Howe says: “Under the name of economy, the insane and idiots of our own country have been and are now (1843) kept in a state of physical degradation which is painful to them and demoralizing to others. In many towns their keeping for one year is hired out at public auction, in town-meeting, to the man who will agree to keep souls and bodies together for the smallest number of dollars and cents.” Selectmen had even made it matter of boast that they had “kept town paupers alive three hundred and sixty-five days upon eight cents and five mills per day.”

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

tal, and asylum. Viewed in that light, it cannot be called extravagance; but the character of the care bestowed admits of question.

Turning from the poor and the insane to the schools, the record is not much better. Upon "the little red school-house" period, sometimes so greatly lamented, it is not necessary to dilate. In the case of Lincoln, it is pre-natal, — a part of the histories of Concord and Lexington and Weston. Referring to the conditions then prevailing, and the educational methods in vogue, the historian of Lincoln — and he was sufficiently near to speak thereof with knowledge — exclaims: "What pen shall describe the schools, the teaching, the poverty of the appliances of learning? Lead pencils, steel pens, and ruled paper were unknown. The exercises consisted of reading, spelling, the study of arithmetic, and learning to write. These exercises, and the discipline of the school — which was usually in accordance with the maxim of Solomon — occupied the sessions."

But this, in justice be it distinctly understood, was in the earlier and provincial period, — a period pre-historic, — beyond the memory of the oldest living inhabitant. With the installation into the pastorate of the Rev. Charles Stearns, Lincoln seems to have entered on a new educational life. This was in 1781, before the close of the War of Independence; and the impetus then given was not thereafter suffered to die wholly away. Shattuck, who wrote as early as 1835, or nine years only after Mr. Stearns's death,

A MILESTONE PLANTED

bears his testimony that Lincoln had always given liberal support to her common schools, and adds that she had been "rewarded in the distinguished character of her educated sons;" and the number of those among them who were graduates of Harvard is, in the case of a town which never up to the close of the nineteenth century numbered a population of twelve hundred, certainly most creditable.¹ Among the names of the teachers of Lincoln's grammar school are to be found those of Timothy Farrar, the centenarian jurist of New Hampshire, born here in 1747; of Fisher Ames, the orator-statesman, born in Dedham in 1758; and of Jacob Bigelow, the eminent physician who subsequently revolutionized the practice of medicine, born in Sudbury in 1787. These are great names to inscribe over the portal of one rural school, — names to feel pride in. But, according to Mr. Porter,² another bearer of a great name bore emphatic testimony to the literary atmosphere which prevailed in Lincoln, when, in the early forties, Theodore Parker publicly informed the residents of Lexington that the "little town on the hill yonder [Lincoln] has long main-

¹ Mr. Wheeler gives (Hurd's *Middlesex*, vol. ii, pp. 627-631) a list of Lincoln college graduates from the incorporation of the town to 1886. They number thirty-one in all, of whom twenty took degrees at Harvard, four at Amherst, three at Brown, three at Dartmouth, and one at Williams. The name of Farrar occurs most frequently in the list, ten having graduated between 1755 and 1839. The Hartwells follow with four. Samuel Hoar graduated at Harvard in 1802; Professor John Farrar in 1803. Both were prepared for college at Dr. Stearns's Liberal School.

² *One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of First Church*, p. 94.

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

tained so high a standard that Lexington has depended upon her for many of its teachers." Lincoln never rose to that grade in population which imposed on her as a town the obligation of a Latin School, but, in 1793, Mr. Stearns and others instituted here a "liberal school," as it was denominated. We are told that the old laird of Auchinleck contemptuously said of the famous Dr. Johnson that "he keppit a schule and cau'd it an Academy;" the reverse was the case with Mr. Stearns and his associates, for they installed an academy, and modestly called it a school. But what, in this respect, Mr. Stearns did has already been gratefully recorded, and I shall not repeat what others, far better informed, have in this respect said.¹ But there is reason to claim that, throughout the first half of the last century, — and Mr. Stearns, be it remembered, did not die until 1826, — the schools of Lincoln were exceptionally good. In the veracious record of his famous voyages, Captain Lemuel Gulliver tells us that the King of Brobdingnag "gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together." The sphere of duty and of influence of Charles Stearns

¹ See Mr. Bradley's "Historical Discourse" (pp. 33, 34), and Sermon by Rev. E. G. Porter (pp. 69, 70, 94), in *Proceedings on Observance of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary*; also Mr. Wheeler's "Lincoln" in Hurd's *History of Middlesex County*, vol. ii, pp. 632, 633.

A MILESTONE PLANTED

was not large, but within that sphere what Dr. Johnson wrote of another might be recorded of him:—

“His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void:
And sure the eternal Master found
His single talent well employ'd.”

The second pastor of the Lincoln church did more than make “two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before;” he found the schools of the community to which he ministered poor, and he left them comparatively good. What greater service could he have rendered his people?

But before dismissing the schools of that earlier period, I cannot refrain from quoting the following excellent precepts, laid down as long ago as 1817 for the guidance of Lincoln teachers and pupils. There is about them a quaintness and simplicity in these days refreshing:—“In respect to the internal order of Schools, the Committee recommend that the Masters insist on *Good Order* and *enforce it* by such prudent measures as shall be likely to produce that effect. That they strongly recommend to the scholars' attention cleanliness of person and decency of dress, and that the scholars make it known to their parents and Guardians that it is expected of them. It is highly approved by the Committee that the Masters do whatever is in their power to preserve and promote good morals and decent and polite behaviour among the Students. That each school be reduced

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

to as few classes as may be convenient, and that in each class the Students take their rank according to Merit, particularly in spelling."

But, when all is said, the record of Lincoln in all these respects, though quaint and graphic and instructive in its way, is but the record of well-nigh innumerable other towns somewhat similarly placed. The schools were simple and ungraded; the school-houses mean, bare and remote; the teaching in them was, perhaps, unscientific; but the annual tuition of each scholar cost five dollars, whereas now it costs twenty-five. The roads were poor and unfit for heavy teaming; but the traffic over them was light, and the cost of their maintenance nominal. All this, however, is not history; no more history than the daily diary of him who keeps a shop, or cultivates a farm. From neither the last nor the first can anything new or of value be educed. But what else is there to record? In his very sympathetic, as well as scholarly address, — for it was not, as there denominated, a "Sermon," — delivered here now six years since, my friend, — now, alas, dead, — the Rev. Edward G. Porter, observed that "Lincoln's part in the French war, in the Revolution, and in our subsequent wars, remains yet to be fully written." I do not think so. The story has been told, — carefully told, and by those who have studied the subject in each detail, — eloquently told from every point of view. A tablet by the wayside on the old Lexington-Concord road commemorates the fact that it was in Lincoln Paul Revere's ride on the night of April 18, 1775, was

A MILESTONE PLANTED

brought to a close; and a more modest affidavit tells us that, next day, Abijah Pierce, of Lincoln, "colonel of the minute-men," went up to Concord bridge "armed with nothing but a cane." But it is when one goes beyond the general and formal record of the day and comes in contact with its particular incidents, that April, 1775, lives again, and we realize not only what real men and women had their being here, but we feel again as they felt. For instance, in April, 1850, Concord celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of its famous fight. Two survivors of the day were then present, Jonathan Harrington, of Lexington, of the age of ninety-two, and Amos Baker, of Lincoln, then ninety-four. Four years later, in March, 1854, I remember being present at the funeral of Jonathan Harrington, the last survivor of Lexington fight; for Amos Baker had died here in Lincoln three months after the 1850 anniversary at Concord. He lies just opposite us now, in the family tomb, on the edge of the old burying-ground. But, three days after that celebration of 1850 they recorded his recollection of what had occurred seventy-five years before;¹ and it is instinct with life. He told how his "brother Nathaniel was then paying his addresses to the girl whom he afterwards married;" and, on the evening before the fight, was at the house on the Lexington road where she was staying. They must have been late callers in those days, for he there received the alarm from Dr. Prescott, who, the

¹ "Oration by Robert Rantoul, Jr., and Account of the Union Celebration at Concord, Nineteenth April, 1850," pp. 133-135.

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

inscription on the tablet tells us, did not escape the British outpost, and ride that way, until after two o'clock in the morning. Coming home, and alarming his family, the father and five sons, with one son-in-law, — six Bakers and one Hosmer, — that morning “joined the Lincoln company at the Brook, by Flint’s, now Sandy, Pond, near the house of Zachary Smith.” Amos there “loaded his gun with two balls, — ounce balls, — and powder accordingly.” He saw the British troops move up towards Concord common, and “the sun shone very bright on their bayonets and guns;” they had just marched through Lincoln. According to his own recollection, he was the only man from Lincoln who had a bayonet. His father got it “in the time of the French war.” But the men with bayonets were put in the front when they made ready to march down to the bridge, because it was not certain whether the British would fire, or whether they would charge bayonets without firing. “Then they saw the smoke of the town house, and Major Buttrick said — ‘ Will you stand here, and see them burn the town down?’ And the order was given to march, and we all marched down without any further argument. The British had got up two of the planks of the bridge. There were two soldiers killed at the bridge. I saw them when I went over the bridge lying, side by side, dead. Colonel Abijah Pierce got the gun of one of them, and armed himself with it. Joshua Brooks, of Lincoln, was at the bridge, and was struck with a ball that cut through his hat, and drew blood on his forehead, and it looked

The Garfield House
Residence of Mr. George R. Wheeler
(p. 218)



A MILESTONE PLANTED

as if it was cut with a knife. When we had fired at the bridge, and killed the British, Noah Parkhurst, of Lincoln, who was my right-hand man, said—‘Now, the war has begun, and no one knows when it will end.’” So Amos Baker, who followed the pursuit back to Lexington meeting-house, closes with this reflection on his feelings during that long, fatiguing experience: — “I verily believe that I felt better that day, take it all the day through, than if I had staid at home.” This is history; and, racy of the soil, it is characteristic of the people and of the time. Fighting before their own lintels and over their own hearthstones, Jacob Baker, a veteran of the French wars and then a man of fifty-four, accompanied by his five sons and the husband of his daughter, join the mustering minute-men of Lincoln up by the outlet of Sandy Pond; and, armed with the old flint-lock King’s-arms and fowling-pieces, they hurry to Concord common, in time to see the glistening arms of the invading troops as they march in solid ranks up the road from Lexington. The very names of the father and his sons, biblical all, are characteristic of time and place, — Jacob, the father, and again a Jacob; then Samuel, James, Nathaniel and Amos, with a brother-in-law Daniel; and they assembled at the house of Zachary, later occupied by Jonas; the Colonel was Abijah; and, during the engagement, Amos’s right-hand man was Noah, while Joshua was struck by a bullet.

Again, eighty-seven years later, and during the Civil War, one would look far to find a more typical

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

or creditable individual case and record than that of George Weston, of Lincoln stock, and one of Lincoln's quota. A Harvard graduate, his story has been well, and perhaps sufficiently, told; for he was of a goodly company.¹ Two years only a graduate, just entering on professional life, physically unequal to the hardships necessarily incident to all active military service, under every family inducement to remain at home, he enlisted from an overruling sense of obligation. But in him, as in so many others, pluck supplying the lack of physical stamina, he proved faithful to the end.

And yet there was another side to the record both in the War of Independence and in the Civil War. That other side, too, was developed in the case of Weston, and emphasized in one of his utterances, by chance handed down to us. His entrance into the service had been peculiarly creditable to him. For a young man to enlist, or rush into the training camp, during the summer and autumn of 1861, called for no courage, bespoke no sense of sacrifice or duty; on the contrary, the restraint lay in not yielding to the universal military craze. As in the case of George Weston, many who then held back showed in so doing a suitable regard for home and domestic obligations. It was not so a year later. The glamour was now gone; and, after the terrible fighting before Richmond and Washington in June, July and August, 1862, war showed itself for what it was, — something very grim. The tinsel was gone; recruits

¹ *Harvard Memorial Biographies*, vol. ii, pp. 199-206.

A MILESTONE PLANTED

were sorely needed ; enlistments had stopped.¹ Then it was, five days before Antietam, in September, 1862, just as the first draft was about to be ordered, that Weston stepped to the front. He volunteered. He did so, as he said at the time, because others, his friends and classmates, had gone to their deaths "just because I, and such as I, were not in our places to help them." Not from impulse did he act, but goaded to the sacrifice by that terrible New England conscience.

Such was an individual case ; nor did it stand alone. But there was another side to that great experience ; a seamy side, and one now generally

¹ The "craze" had passed away even before the close of the summer of 1861. "The black disaster of Bull Run still overshadowed the North. The five regiments in camp [in Massachusetts] lacked some 1700 men, and yet the daily returns from the recruiting officers for four of the regiments showed a total enlistment from the 14th to the 16th of August of only four men." (H. G. Pearson, *Life of J. A. Andrew*, vol. i, p. 244.) A year later, and at the time young Weston volunteered, the situation was much worse. Even in early June, 1862, the militia organizations would not respond to an emergency call. Governor Andrew then wrote : "*It was not so a year since.* No one was reluctant. No one stipulated for short terms. Twenty regiments eagerly pressed for leave to go for any term however indefinite. Now, a battery Co. whose enlistment began a week yesterday has not 85 men. And they are only enlisting for *Six Months*. The war looks to be of indefinite length." (*Ib.*, vol. ii, p. 23.) As the struggle progressed the difficulties in procuring voluntary enlistments steadily increased, and the character of those enlisting deteriorated. Finally the filling of contingents became a recognized business, and passed into the hands of a set of brokers and crimps, of whom as a class it is said, "The sum total of honesty among them was probably as small as in any set of men to be found outside prison." (*Ib.*, p. 144.)

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

passed over in silence, — quietly ignored, in fact. Yet it was the side from which the lesson of greater value to posterity is to be drawn. The mistakes — stupid, unscientific, cruel, costly — of 1778 and 1862 should not be repeated; and that they may not be repeated, they must be coldly set forth and emphasized strongly. The plain, historic fact is that, individual instances like that of George Weston apart, after the first outburst of excitement which carried the whole Baker family to Concord had subsided, the record of Lincoln, as of Lincoln's sister towns, whether in the War of Independence¹ or in the Civil War, is in my judgment not one to dwell upon with feelings of complacency. As a whole, and when studied in the hard, matter-of-fact entries of your town-books, it is far from being a record

¹ The record of Lincoln in the War of Independence was worked up with great labor and assiduity by Mr. Wheeler, and a list of the town's revolutionary soldiers is to be found in Hurd's *Middlesex* (vol. ii, pp. 620-624). The list is, however, admittedly imperfect and incomplete. The only deduction to be drawn from it is that the war was carried on in a most ineffective and extravagant way as respects both men and money. Enlistments were voluntary; terms of service varied; extravagant bounties were paid. But it is also apparent that, in proportion to population and wealth, the War of Independence weighed far more heavily than the Civil War on the resources of the community. It lasted twice as long; there was no large floating and foreign population to draw on for recruits; the means of transportation were limited; the material at command was small. Mr. Wheeler says that in 1781 the town, with a population of 750, paid £73 10 s. "hard money," or \$255, to each of twelve men enlisting for three years in the Continental service. This represented for that single year one man in twelve of the entire arms-bearing population of the town; and \$255 in specie then would have been the equivalent of at least \$1500 in currency during the Civil War.

A MILESTONE PLANTED

either of eager patriotism or of unthinking self-sacrifice.

But here bear with me for a moment while I indulge in a brief disquisition; as, perchance, what I have just said may grate harshly on the ears of some, offending their most cherished preconceptions. Briefly, between 1861 and 1865 I served myself through years of actual warfare, and, since, I have searched somewhat deeply into our records of that period. My study has emphasized my recollection; so, on this subject, I feel. I have come to think that neither in our War of Independence nor in our Civil War did Massachusetts, or our Massachusetts towns, evince a military instinct, or rise to an equality with the occasion. In other words, I hold that no community has any right to go to war unless it is prepared to make war in a way at once scientific, business-like, and effective. To pursue any different course is to the last degree wasteful, dangerous, bloody, foolish. Yet this is what Massachusetts, and the Massachusetts towns, did in both their great recent war ordeals. The course pursued was as little creditable to their intelligence, as to their sense of thrift in money, or of the sanctitude of blood. In each case there was at first a great outburst of zeal and patriotism,—a rush to arms. Then followed coolness and huckstering. With the memory of the first outburst,—Lexington, in the one case, Sumter, in the other,—occasions like this are resonant; that only is dwelt upon. What ensued is ignored; but your record-books tell the story. The only strenu-

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

ous effort was the effort to escape military service ; food for powder was purchased in open market, and at a price advancing by leaps and bounds. The fact is that neither in 1778 nor in 1862 did the young men rush to the colors ; nor would the community order and submit to a draft. Patriotism was sold and bought. Flesh-and-blood was so much a pound, — twelve dollars, being, if I remember right, the top quotation. We carried, it is true, both struggles through to triumphant conclusions ; but was this method of doing it creditable, or economical, or humane ? Was it a thing to be proud of or to dilate on ? I hold it was not. If others here think it was, I commend to their consideration the pages of the Lincoln town-books. It would, in 1780 and in 1863, have been immensely creditable to Lincoln did it therein appear that, in view of the war, the men were divided and enrolled by ages, — the married and the unmarried, brothers and sole supports of mothers, — and the draft had then been rigidly and swiftly enforced. If a community elects war, its young men should be made to go to war. So doing should not be a matter of choice or of bargaining. Had this severe, scientific and logical course been adopted, and ruthlessly pursued either in 1776 or in 1861, I risk nothing in asserting that both the War of Independence and the Civil War would have cost in time, in treasure, in anguish and in blood, but a tithe of what they did cost. As it was, you sent forward the bounty-bought refuse of the city slums and county jails to associate with your George Westons if they survived, or to take their

A MILESTONE PLANTED

places when they fell ; while, by the system of replenishment in vogue, you compelled those at the front to undergo eight campaigns instead of four, and to fight two indecisive battles where one vigorously followed up should have sufficed. Were it germane to the history of Lincoln, I could myself tell you of bitter experiences with those latter-day substitutes for soldiers.

One fact, however, should ever be borne in mind, — a fact already referred to, and which I now would emphasize. Once only during the last two centuries has an armed enemy crossed Lincoln's borders. The struggles in which, since her incorporation, she has been called upon to contribute, whether in money or in blood, have been remote ; nor, as such things go, were her sacrifices in them really considerable. During the whole four years of our great civil conflict, for instance, Lincoln's entire quota amounted to not more than one in ten of her population, and of that actual population, — from among her own denizens, — it is open to question whether even one in twenty was sent by her to the front. Of her assessed valuation, the conflict of which so much is said cost her less than two dollars in a hundred. She did not see her hearths devastated, nor was death's bitter cup pressed home to her own lips ; she never felt the cruel stress and wicked waste of instant, grim-visaged war. Had that lot indeed been hers, it does not for a moment admit of doubt, the spirit of April, 1775, would have again flamed forth ; and, while as then, every arms-bearing man would have been found in

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

the ranks, her substance would have been poured out like water spilt upon the plain.

On this topic enough has in my judgment been said. In other respects, the roster — and it is a creditable one — of the town's conspicuous sons has been compiled by one conscientious investigator,¹ and eloquent mention made of certain of the more eminent among them by another, now recognized as past master of this description of tribute.² Later, the general principles involved in our two great crises of national development were adequately outlined and emphasized by an orator very competent for the task, when, on the 26th of May, 1892, you dedicated your town-hall.³ Nothing on these topics has been left for this occasion.

It is otherwise as respects your system of water supply. That undertaking, and its slow development, were not only events in Lincoln's story, but their treatment by one competent for the task, who, having been present at the town-meetings, was personally familiar with the men concerned and had watched the course of events, — their treatment by such a person might, I say, be made a study as full of life and humor and character as Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford." The development was initiated in 1872, and for thirty years thereafter it not only supplied a portion of the community with water, but the whole of

¹ *The Lincoln Church Manual*, by Rev. H. J. Richardson, 1872.

² Senator George F. Hoar, *Proceedings at the Dedication of the Lincoln Library*, August 5, 1864.

³ William Everett, LL.D., of Quincy.

A MILESTONE PLANTED

it with an ever-present bone of unflinching contention. Indeed, echoes of that contention have not yet wholly died away,—their rumble is at times distinctly heard. Nor is that surprising; for I doubt if state or nation afford another instance of a like burden assumed by a purely rural community numbering but eight hundred souls, and those scattered over some seventeen square miles of territory, with no thickly peopled centres. The act was one of genuine statesmanship; as such it implied in those who promoted it not only courage and foresight, but an absolute confidence in destiny. That in reality it was a move of self-protection, if not of self-preservation, is now apparent. But, in 1872, this was far from apparent; and Lincoln's birthright was then threatened. An offshoot of Concord in part, Lincoln was in imminent danger of having Concord preëempt Sandy Pond; and, with it, a priority in right over Lincoln's great reservoir of one of God's most precious gifts to man.

Of the two whose prescience, shrewdness and assiduity then saved for Lincoln its patrimony,—prevented the sacrifice thereof without even the proverbial mess-of-pottage return therefor,—both were within ten years still active in the town's affairs. To see them, and coöperate with them, was my privilege. One, the traditional town-clerk, has now gone before;¹ the other yet remains, wholly withdrawn from active participation in those proceedings over

¹ James Lorin Chapin, died March 1, 1902. Born, 1823. Settled in Lincoln in 1845. Chairman of the Board of Selectmen and Town Treasurer, 1868 to 1876. Town Clerk, 1878 to 1902.

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

which through so many years he exercised an influence no less beneficial than potent. They were men of a type of which this age produces few, — a type, let me add, peculiar to New England and its town governments. Shrewd, humorous, crabbed perhaps at times and in a way, they were public-spirited, as careful of the interests of the town as of their own, — the county politicians and the village statesmen. Individual in type, the outcome of New England conditions, of an antique mould, the last of the race, lingering among us from the stage-coach period, are now fast disappearing. They will soon be extinct, and the world so much the poorer; for, to men of that peculiar stamp, the railroad was as fatal as was civilization to those denizens of the forest, their long-time predecessors. As for us who have succeeded them, —

“ground in yonder social mill,
We rub each other’s angles down,
And merge in [one same] form and gloss,
The picturesque of man and man.”

I have referred to the dedication of your Town-Hall in 1892, and Dr. Everett’s inspiring address on that occasion. But there is another utterance in the report of what occurred that day which to my mind strikes a note of deeper significance. One to the manner born, — oppressed, it would appear, by a certain sense of solemnity very proper to the day, — being called upon, thus then expressed himself: “This town has, in a manner, reached a turning of the ways. Changes have taken place within it during the past

A MILESTONE PLANTED

few years greater than for a long period in its previous history. A new Library, the removal of the old Church and Town-Hall, and the erection of new and more elegant buildings in the place of each, have much altered the appearance of the middle of the town as I have always known it. Many a venerable form familiar to this spot has gone down, and out of sight. As I view these buildings, as I look over this audience, consisting as it does largely of Lincoln people, I see not the Lincoln of my boyhood; instead, the old buildings gone, almost all of the old faces gone, and their loved and honored names one by one lettered on slabs of stone down in the valley and on the hillside. Instead of the old buildings and the old faces, modern structures and an unfamiliar street." Coming from the source it did, there was in this something suggestive, not to say pathetic. Born in Lincoln of the old Lincoln stock, he who uttered those words had passed here his boyhood, had gone to the school, had watched the town-meeting and hearkened to the village debates, had sat under the ministrations of the Richardson pastorate. Having made his home elsewhere, he had come back to Lincoln to take part in the ceremonies of the occasion. A distant echo of Rip Van Winkle pervaded what he said, — a suggestion of bewilderment, an undertone of reminiscence and sadness. It was, moreover, as he said. The change he referred to had indeed taken place; it was deep-reaching and wide: moreover, in outward expression at least, it was sudden and recent; — the modern church edifice, — no

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

longer a meeting-house, — the town-hall, and the new library building, all grouped together on the familiar cross-roads, emphasized the existence of another and different community. Old Lincoln had passed forever away!

The fact was there. Yet I have sought in vain for any mention of that change, or reference to its cause, in the historical sketches of the town, — whether that contributed by Mr. Wheeler, or in the occasional utterances of Senator Hoar, or of Dr. Everett, or in the Manual prepared by Mr. Richardson, or in the discourses of Mr. Bradley and Mr. Porter. The change, and the cause of it, however, when once considered, both are and were obvious enough, — apparent indeed to all men; so apparent, so very obvious and commonplace, and so gradual, that, perhaps, they were not thought worthy of notice.

The Fitchburg railroad, as it was called, — the outcome of the energy of Colonel Alvah Crocker, that typical New Englander, active in body and in mind, untiring in movement, and voluble in speech, “A Steam-Engine in Breeches,” as he was sometimes not over respectfully denominated, — the Fitchburg railroad was formally opened for traffic to Waltham, December 20, 1843. Fourteen months later, March 5, 1845, — the day after the inauguration at Washington of President James K. Polk, — the first locomotive, with Alvah Crocker on it, ran into Fitchburg. On the 17th of the previous June — Bunker Hill day — the road as far as Concord had been put in operation; and Lincoln, conse-

A MILESTONE PLANTED

quently, since that day, had been in railroad communication with Boston. The 17th of June, 1844, marks the single great epoch in the modern history of the town. The great change then began, — a change slow in movement, and for years not outwardly perceptible; but, so far as Lincoln was concerned, far reaching and all involving; a change replete with interest for the philosopher, the historian and the economist. This, indeed, and the building of the original meeting-house, are the only two really parting-of-the-way events in the Lincoln record.

Much, first and last, has been written and said of King Philip's War, of Queen Anne's War, and of the old French War; of the fall of Quebec, of the War of Independence, and of the incidents of the 19th of April along the old Lexington and Concord road. The War of Secession, and Lincoln's contributions to it in men and in money, have also not been forgotten. And yet, if only reflected on, it will be seen that not one of those really great historical landmarks even perceptibly affected the conditions of this place, or the mode of life of its people. These were exactly the same after those epochal events, one and all, as before. Take, for instance, the War of Independence, or, for that matter, the War of Secession, — the ride of Paul Revere, or the firing on Sumter; — great events, dramatic, and of far-reaching political moment, — but how did they affect Lincoln? After them, as before, the people here year by year, season in and season out, pursued the even tenor of their ways, — a path monotonous

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

from cradle to grave. I have herein sought to picture it as it dragged along through school and field, forest and kitchen,—the plow, the axe, the wash-tub and the oven;—the Sabbath ever the only break in life, the meeting-house its single centre. Those people were born, married, brought forth, and died; and one generation resembled another. Their entire biographies may be read on their gravestones. How did Quebec, or Bunker Hill, or Gettysburg, affect them? The generation which followed the War of Independence differed in no respect from that which took part in Queen Anne's War, or that which bore the brunt of Philip's Indian fighting. With them there was, it is true, a gradual increase in worldly possessions; a bettering of material conditions: but it was so very gradual as to be from year to year imperceptible; between generations, scarcely noticeable. The schools may have improved, though, before the Stearns pastorate, it would be difficult to point out exactly in what respect. There was an increase in the number of thoroughfares, as in the volume of traffic upon them: but in essentials those thoroughfares were the same, and, prior to 1870, it may safely be said that, judged by the standard this generation has attained unto, the people of Lincoln did not know what a good road was. The highway tax was a levy paid in kind. Yearly, on town-meeting day, prices were fixed for labor, or the use of teams;¹ and, at the rates thus

¹ "Voted and granted the sum of sixty pounds to be laid out as usual in the repairs of highways and bridges in current year; and

The Nelson House
(p. 219)



A MILESTONE PLANTED

established, those liable discharged their dues. Traditions yet survive of the way in which the Rev. Charles Stearns, D. D., — that, in person, Falstaffian divine, — with hoe and shovel, and by the sweat of his brow, worked out his tax in company with those composing his flock. He too, it is profanely said, then larded the lean earth as he walked along.

The roads corresponded with the methods in use for their maintenance. Deep in mud in the spring, deep in dust in the summer, the so-called public ways were deep in snow in winter. In the autumn only were they passable. All this the War of Independence did not better, — did not in any way change. Schools and roads and church observances, — the food, the dress, the domestic life, or the means of livelihood of that people, — continued to be as immemorially they had been. And so the faint echoes of distant battles died gently away without introducing into Lincoln a book or a paper, much less an industry or a new means of livelihood, or a breath of stronger and more varied life, or any increase of intercourse with the outer world. Not until 1825 did the town even boast a post-office; ¹ and the early history of that office throws a queer gleam of light on Lincoln at, so to speak, the half-

three shillings per day to be allowed to each man that doth a sufficient day's work, and the same sum for a sufficient team till the 10th of September — and but 1s 6d per day from the said 10th of September to the end of the year." Records, March 2, 1795.

¹ The South Lincoln post-office was not established until 1872, seven years after the close of the Civil War. That struggle does not seem to have influenced Lincoln in any way.

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

way house between its starting-point and the point now reached. The railroad was only twenty years in the future, yet the place had not got going. The office was established, and one David S. Jones made postmaster, January 24, 1825. Its total receipts for the first five months of its existence were \$14.35. Postmaster Jones then seems to have become wearied and discouraged, or delinquent, for no returns appear during the year ensuing. At last, in July, 1827, the office showed signs of renewed life. Luke Gates assumed charge of it; and, during the ensuing full fiscal year, its receipts amounted to no less a sum than \$47.62, an average of \$3.97 a month. Even after the railroad was opened, the single daily mail was for years carried over the road to and from the station by a man on foot,—nor was he thereby over-burdened! Such was Lincoln seventy-five years after its incorporation, and when the Declaration of Independence had been celebrated for a half century. That instrument, and the stirring events which marked its proclamation, had not produced any discernible effect on the Massachusetts hill community.

But at last the railroad; that changed all! And now Lincoln's history once more becomes interesting,—an economical study, indeed, of small, perhaps, but profound, significance; for it illustrates to a remarkable degree the truth of the teachings of Adam Smith,—his faith in the benefits sure to follow the removal of every restriction on trade. Events, however, even in these latter days,—those succeeding the Declaration,—move slowly. Smith's book

A MILESTONE PLANTED

first saw the light in 1776, — sixty-eight years before the railroad from Boston to Fitchburg was opened through Lincoln. If, when that road was opened, the veil could have been lifted, and the economical significance of the event revealed, it would have called for a very robust faith in the fundamental truth of the Scotch professor's new-fangled theories to have foreseen for Lincoln anything but a future of ruin and desolation, — abandoned farms and rotting roof-trees. What did the railroad signify? — not perhaps at once, but in the slow progress and final result of an inevitable development, — a development those who looked on at the opening were to live to witness and to study; for the man now of three-score and ten was already then in his eleventh year. That opening meant for Lincoln the complete casting down of her trade barriers. Those dwelling in Lincoln were thereafter to be subjected, as respects every source of livelihood, to an unrestrained competition from each quarter of the compass — the boundless and fertile West, the frost-covered North, the genial South, and even from the barren sea. And there was not one single article which Lincoln then produced which could not be produced elsewhere under more favorable conditions. Those articles — staples of life — were henceforth to be transported by rail and “dumped,” to use the word now in vogue, not only on the markets open to Lincoln, but on Lincoln itself. Take, for instance, Lincoln's traditional products, — those enumerated in the Lawrence settlement of 1748, — cord-wood,

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

Indian corn, rye, pork and beef. How could Lincoln, hauling its wood over country roads, hope to compete in Boston market with wood brought by the train-load from New Hampshire and Maine? How much less could it compete with coal from Pennsylvania? Every child here knows that to-day coal has driven wood as fuel out of every house in Lincoln. A wood fire is a luxury. And Indian corn, and rye? How could Lincoln, on its rugged hillsides and with its thin upland soil, compete with the rich virgin plains of Illinois, where cereals of fabulous size and productiveness grew of themselves, — where fertilizers were wasted? And so with cattle and swine. In the States west of the Lakes, they were raised in herds and droves, living on the plenty of the land; here they must be nurtured, singly and toilfully, sheltered and fed, and ceaselessly cared for. Nor was it any better with the choicer fruits of the earth, — the apple, the peach, the cherry and the strawberry. If the valley of the Mohawk, the uplands of Ohio, and the plains of Indiana and Illinois made wheat instead of meal the staff of life, so New Jersey and Delaware rushed into the production of peaches and berries under conditions which made Lincoln's competition seemingly hopeless, flooding every accessible market. At the same time apples, potatoes and carrots, produced in the great belt reaching from Maine to Michigan, poured in by the train-load. It was, too, a case of absolute free-trade. There was no tariff barrier anywhere. The cost of transportation alone had to be taken into

A MILESTONE PLANTED

account; — the farm wagon from Lincoln ran over the highway against the freight train from the Hudson over the railroad. Lincoln had no protection!

Fortunately, the situation was not realized, and the change came gradually. As it developed, the unexpected occurred, — it usually does occur! In other words, the abandoned farms, the vacant homesteads, the falling roof-trees, did not materialize. On the contrary, and in due time, there resulted, as I have said, a most interesting illustration of the truth of Smith's teachings. An alert, enterprising and energetic community proved equal to the emergency; and Lincoln, quietly, insensibly almost, adjusting itself to the gradual change of conditions, instead of lapsing into everlasting ruin, grew yearly more prosperous, more populous, more intelligent and more moral. Were statistics attainable, and did time and space permit, it would be curious to follow this change through its intricate channels. Unlike many other towns, Lincoln could not diversify its occupations. Nature debarred it from so doing. It was a farming town, and, moreover, a hill town; as such it had no source of power, nor any natural advantage. It could not, like Lowell, become a mill-centre; nor a boot and shoe factory, like Brockton; it could not go into the manufacture of whips, like Topsfield, nor even of base-balls, like Natick. From the conditions of its origin, it was, and had to remain, exclusively agricultural. As such, apparently, it was doomed. How did it escape its doom? — for, unquestionably, the doom was escaped. It escaped simply by force of

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

intelligence, and because it had to. In the first place, under the so-called "dumping" process, its markets developed an unexpected sustaining power. They even seemed to like it, and thrive under it. Contrary to all prognostications of evil and ruin, a plentiful supply of all the goods of the earth, at prices ruinously low for the home producers thereof, had a most stimulating effect, and centres of industry — each a new market in itself — began to develop with ever increasing rapidity. With wealth and population arose new and undreamed-of demands; the luxury of yesterday became the necessity of to-day. Take a few homely examples, articles known as garden-truck, — asparagus, lettuce and cucumbers; before the railroad, these were raised in Lincoln only for home use, and the two latter had, as the first has still, their season. In that season they were cheap and plentiful; out of that season, money could not buy them. How is it now? Lincoln has simply gone into their manufacture, regardless of season; they are made artificially, under glass. Plentiful throughout the year, the demand for them is incessant; and they cost hardly more in December than in June. The asparagus and strawberry beds have displaced the field of Indian corn, just as wheaten bread has driven out the loaf of meal and rye. And so to-day, by a natural process, Lincoln, without protection, with no external aid or tariff barrier, has quietly adjusted itself to changed conditions; and, even as an agricultural town in a community of absolutely unrestricted free-trade in all agricultural products, is more prosperous

A MILESTONE PLANTED

than ever before. Even wood, — cord-wood, — the traditional product of the axe and wood lot, — the competition of Maine and New Hampshire beyond the State, and of Berkshire and Franklin within, has not destroyed its value ; nor has coal displaced it as fuel. Though the range and the stove have supplanted the open fireplace, the product of the forest still reigns supreme as the fuel of wealth ; and, at the beginning of the twentieth century, more cord-wood goes annually out of Lincoln to seek a market in Waltham, Watertown and Boston than went out at the end of the eighteenth century. Truly, it would have made glad the heart of Adam Smith could he have studied this illustration of the truth of the strange doctrine he taught ! As Hamlet long ago observed in quite another connection, — “ This was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof.”

Thus Lincoln passed, and successfully as slowly passed, through its ordeal of change, — its great revolution. Beginning with June 17, 1844, the outcome of the ordeal and result of the change were fitly commemorated in the utterance — instinctive and somewhat bewildered — I have just quoted from the lips of one of its sons on the 26th of May, 1892. More than forty-eight years had elapsed since the locomotive had forced its way by the banks of Walden, — over one third of Lincoln’s whole municipal life !

The story of the past is told. It remains to frame the message to the future. To be complete, the inscription on the milestone must speak of us, and of

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

the spot on which the column has to-day halted, as well as of the past and of the road thus far traversed. How about the Lincoln that now is? And, whatever the future may have in store, I am fain to say that, in my own belief, Lincoln in all its century and a half of history has not seen better days. The post-office, the railroad, the library, the daily newspaper, and the improved school have all done their work; and the result bears witness for itself. Nowhere — yes! absolutely nowhere — do I see signs of deterioration. As compared with a century ago, — much more as compared with the anniversary we celebrate, — Lincoln is more populous, more intelligent, wealthier, more temperate and more moral. While of those classed as rich there may within its limits be a larger number, within those limits there are fewer really poor. With us, the needy are housed; the sick are cared for; the insane receive treatment. The man in Lincoln of all its people least well-to-do when injured to-day has bestowed on his case, without cost to him, a science and skill which, a century ago, wealth could not command. Again, the tippling-room has been closed. In his historical discourse of six years ago, Mr. Bradley threw a queer gleam of light on what may well enough be referred to as the drinking usages in vogue a century and a quarter since. When the Rev. William Lawrence died, his congregation made proper provision for his obsequies. That provision included the following items: one barrel of cider, five quarts malt and some hops, one gallon wine, one gallon rum, seven pounds of sugar,

A MILESTONE PLANTED

and one half pound of tea. Nineteen months later, the Rev. Charles Stearns was installed as successor to Mr. Lawrence. Like provision was then also made for this more propitious event. In that provision were included nine gallons of wine ; five of rum ; tea, coffee and chocolate one pound each. One pound of tea to fourteen gallons of rum and wine is irresistibly suggestive of the proportions between Falstaff's sack and bread. In 1778, during the death agony of the continental currency, a joint meeting was held of committees representing the several towns of Concord, Billerica, Lexington, Weston, Stow, Bedford, Acton and Lincoln, and they attempted the impossible feat of establishing prices at which all commodities in general use should be sold. Among the prices thus established were the following to govern inn-holders : Mug of West India phlip, 15 shillings ; ditto, New England, 12 shillings ; Toddy, in proportion. Bowl of Punch, not set. And all this is so set down in Lincoln's Book of Records ! But when the consumption of rum in those days is under discussion, it is not a question of temperance. The most profitable trade of all country stores was in spirits, and all — ministers, doctors, farmers and squires — made use of it in about the same degree. They habitually ate salted meat ; and habitually quenched the resulting thirst with rum.¹ In the

¹ See the curious facts and statistics given on this subject by Albert E. Wood in his paper published by the Concord Antiquarian Society, entitled "How our Great Grandfathers Lived." Those mentioned therein, Mr. Wood, Mr. Barrett, Mr. Wheeler, etc., were as much Lincoln as Concord men.

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

stage-coach days there was a house of call at every great road crossing; and the remains of three old taverns, each of which once ran its open bar, are still to be seen on the Lancaster road, on the old turn-pike, and in the centre of the town. By way of contrast, the Lincoln of to-day, in town-meeting assembled now seven weeks ago, without a single dissenting voice, directed its clerk to cast one ballot for the order prohibiting during the year all sales of spirits within Lincoln limits!

Other times; other men; other customs! Are we, indeed, as some maintain, degenerate? As did those of the earlier period when, on the 7th of November, 1781, the Rev. Charles Stearns was installed as minister of the town, and pastor of the church which gathered in the meeting-house which preceded this edifice, we to-day are observing an occasion of interest. A century and twenty-two years have since elapsed. Presently, after the formal ceremonies of the day, we also, as did they, will sit down at the tables, and partake of the flesh-pots. Now imagine, were such an imagination possible, countenanced by my esteemed friend, Mr. Moorfield Storey, as presiding officer of the day, a proportionate recurrence to the menu, or bill of fare, of November 7, 1781. We would have to dispose of at least a couple of barrels of cider, approximately a hogshead of wine, a barrel more or less of rum, and, possibly, as much as one pound of tea. More accustomed than we to heady beverages, they had no organ in those days; only a bass viol. But, as we

A MILESTONE PLANTED

dwell in imagination on the possibility I have suggested, we can picture Mr. Storey, at the close of the coming entertainment, leading off with an organ accompaniment in that, to us, familiar air which relates to what will occur in the "old town to-night," and to the carmine in which it will appear clad when to-morrow's sun rises. But, as I have already said, — other times! — other customs! Either we, as respects potations, are degenerate, or there were giants in those days.

To return to our theme.

In other respects, also, the character of the town has changed, — not revolutionized, it has changed significantly. No longer purely agricultural, it has become more and more a residence and, so to speak, bedroom community: — that is, while fifty years ago no one¹ lived here and yet pursued his daily vocation — earned his living — elsewhere, many do so now; and the number is steadily increasing. The town-meeting, that great feature of Massachusetts life, is no longer a gathering of yeomen, — children of the soil and exacting their livelihood from it. But it is still the genuine town-meeting, — the assembly of a little commonwealth, in which all are equal, all freemen, all Americans.

And here let me for a moment speak of myself, and my own experience and impressions; not im-

¹ I am informed that, forty years ago, a single Lincoln resident, and one only, Edward Stearns, earned his living in Boston, making daily trips each way between home and place of occupation. Some fifty do so now.

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

possibly they may have an interest — the interest of novelty and freshness — even to those here dwelling three generations hence. Very distinctly do I remember my own first town-meeting in Lincoln, its surprise and delight. It was ten years ago, — the 5th of March, 1894. I had then been less than four months a resident ; and, a year before, had never but once set foot in Lincoln. In 1879, I think it was, I came here one day officially, as member of the Board of Railroad Commissioners, to investigate the circumstances of a death at the grade-crossing next east of the station. With that single exception, I had never been in Lincoln, except on a train in movement. At last, on an almost fairy-like day in May, — a day most fortunate for me, — I was on the spur of the moment induced to come out, and look at a place bordering on Fairhaven-bay, then for sale. I came. It was the 20th of May, and Thoreau's "Pleasant Meadows," Fairhaven-bay, and the stretching valley of the Sudbury with the Maynard hills beyond, lay basking in the fresh spring sunlight, and their germinal perfection. I saw what I wanted made ready to my hand ; and, moved by a reckless impulse, I made myself its master on the spot. I have since come to regard my so doing as an inspiration ; as such, thanking God for it ! Just six months after I here made my home. Presently town-meeting day came round. At town-meetings, I was no novice. I had, in fact, attended them for 250 years ; at first in Braintree, — though there in the persons of my ancestors, — but, more

A MILESTONE PLANTED

recently, in Quincy myself. In them also I had habitually taken an active part. A day of change came, — a change I greatly deplored ; it was, however, inevitable, and, as such, in it I silently acquiesced. Quincy outgrew town government. A large alien population by degrees came in, and secret organizations made themselves felt, perverting the old town-meeting to factional ends. I saw the system break down ; and its break-down grieved me. Then Quincy became a city, — a suburban municipality. And at once almost I woke to a consciousness of the fact that the home of my youth and my earlier manhood was gone, — gone, never to return ! Its whole individuality seemed departed. It was the same place outwardly in all essential respects ; but I was a stranger in it. Its traditions no longer held ; spiritually it was defunct. It might be a “live” city to others ; to me it was a dead town. I walked its streets a ghost, — superfluous, lagged. Where all had once been neighbors and familiar, I now knew few ; and fewer still seemed to know me. So, cutting the knot, though with a sharp pang, I betook myself elsewhere. And now town-meeting day had come in the place of my new abode.

As I need not say, since the period of De Tocqueville, — that is, for sixty years, — the New England town-meeting has, as a political institution, been world renowned ; and, familiar as I myself was with it and its methods, I remember well my silent surprise when one day the late John Fiske, an authority on New England history, informed me, in an inci-

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

dental sort of way, that he had never been present at one. I could hardly have been more surprised had some eminent practising surgeon told me that he had never witnessed a dissection. Now it so happened that in March, 1894, an English friend of mine was here, and he had expressed a wish to see a genuine New England town-meeting; so I told him that, would he come to Lincoln, I thought I could gratify him. I had never been to one there, but I imagined I knew what it would be like. He gladly accepted my invitation, and together we went, — both strangers. Very vividly do I recall his curiosity, amusement and delight. For myself, I felt at home at once. I was back among my native surroundings. A new-comer, I naturally took no part; but the plain, orderly, common-sense procedure, the rough, manly equality, the give-and-take of town-meeting, were all there, and there in perfection. It was not the crowded hall and swaying, shouting mass to which I had of late years grown accustomed at Quincy; it was the genuine village gathering of the earlier, and, in that respect, the infinitely better time. I recognized instinctively every familiar character, though not one face or name did I know; — there was the moderator, sufficiently skilled in parliamentary law and the conduct of business; and, by him, the traditional town-clerk. On the front bench was the chairman of the selectmen; and the shrewd, humorous squire at his side. The leader of the opposition was not far to seek; nor the village demagogue; nor the town-meeting orator; nor the town-meeting

The Flint House
(p. 222)



A MILESTONE PLANTED

bore. The prober into the details and mysteries of the town-book was also in evidence. I knew them all; I felt myself one of them. Not so my English friend. To him it was novel, and yet not altogether strange. It was the Commons House of Parliament in little; and, watching it with the deepest interest, he later in discussion referred to Mr. Samuel Hartwell, then chairman of the selectmen, as the "Chancellor of the Exchequer," and to the list of appropriations as the "Budget;" while Mr. Wheeler became the "Speaker," and the town-clerk remained his wonder and admiration. It was, I am fain to say, a typical town-meeting; one I was glad to have witnessed by a foreigner of intelligence. It showed our New England institutions in their home, and at work.

It has been so since. As it stands to-day, I bear witness that Lincoln town government represents that form of government in a shape approaching perfection. Made up almost exclusively of Americans, traditionally accustomed to the forms, not so large as to be unwieldy and yet large enough to have an element of uncertainty as to outcome in it, the voting roll of the entire town can be called in ten minutes, and the annual warrant is disposed of at a single session.

What more remains to be said? What further message can be sent down for delivery to a future generation, as it plants yet another milestone? I think of little. The record of these days, unlike those we are here to commemorate, is full, and he who runs may read. It will tell of a town no longer remote; and one to which the fact that it is set upon

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

a hill is a commendation, not a drawback. The natural beauties of Lincoln are plain to see, whether you float along the Sudbury, or, from the summit of the hill, view the broad stretch of rolling and wooded country off to Wachusett and the hills of New Hampshire, or walk or drive through its forest-lined roads. The population is not dense, and Nature still holds its own. As a community it is neither large nor wealthy. The statistics tell us that we number but one inhabitant to some seven and two thirds¹ acres, and our worldly possessions are estimated at \$2000 to each inhabitant. The map tells the story of our roads; the succession of town-books is the record of our finances, our schools and our library. As a community we are not torn by dissensions; though, in this respect, it was not always so. Indeed, I am told that, from a time which memory and tradition fail to recall, the Lincoln of former days was rent in twain, — divided as a house about to fall. But it did not fall; on the contrary it seemed to thrive through contention. Old residents, — men whose recollections run far back of this railroad epoch, assure me that the North and South feud was an inheritance from other generations, and a condition of affairs which long ago ceased to exist. To a certain extent it was Homeric, for it flavored of the muster-fields and the New England Olympic games. It was a rivalry of runners and wrestlers — of those throwing the hammer, and those shooting at the

¹ Inhabitants, 1127; acres, 8500. See Wheeler, in Drake's *Middlesex*, vol. i, p. 34.

A MILESTONE PLANTED

butts. There were giants then ; and the giants of the South, it is asserted, contended, not unsuccessfully, with those of the North. Hence jealousies and heart-burnings ; and these became chronic, and hereditary. Gradually, the issues changed ; but the feud remained. What it was all about, no one seemed to know ; and, curiously enough, no one now refers to it except in a humorous way. But, as between North and South, this town was, prior to 1890, the nation in miniature. The railroad was Lincoln's Mason-and-Dixon's line. So bitter, I am assured, was the feeling, that it was sufficient for one section to desire anything to have the other unalterably opposed to it ; and when, moreover, in town-meeting the North and Centre carried an issue over the South, the meeting-house bell was rung in noisy triumph. It was a very parlous period ; but, like most such periods, it wore itself gradually away. I have, moreover, been told that one distinctly alleviating influence — again Homeric — was the appearance at school from the South of the daughter, passing fair, of one of the oldest and most distinctive families in that section. This maiden, — quite a Lincoln Briseis, — found favor in the eyes of the young men of the Centre and North, and they by degrees came to think that conditions could not be altogether bad or hopeless among a people of whom this was the consummate flower. And so, gentler sentiments assuming sway, they at last began to ask the why and the wherefore of it all. When my time began it was over ; but I am assured that, while it lasted, — and

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

it lasted long, — it was a great and classic feud. The opportunity was not lacking ; the theme was there ; the village Homer only failed us.

But now there is peace and good-will in town-meetings, where we still adhere to the institutions of our fathers. While liberal in expenditure, the town is not extravagant ; nor, in these days of so-called "graft," does any breath of calumny attach to those by whom our public affairs are administered. That with us more than with others the limit of improvement has been reached, we do not believe ; meanwhile, as it addresses itself with confidence to the future, a reasonable contentment dwells within Lincoln's borders.

And so ends the anniversary. The milestone is planted ; the record is inscribed upon it. We have looked back over the road we have travelled ; we have surveyed the land in which we dwell ; the holiday approaches its close. With to-morrow's sun we will gather together, old and young, and, once more shouldering our burdens, resume the line of march. The road of the future will doubtless, as did that of the past, lead over hill as well as through dale ; but, when the next resting-place is reached, let us set out in the hope that our descendants may say it has been not less well with them than it was with us and with our fathers. It is a goodly land ; and may they in their day feel blest in its possession, no less than do we in ours.

APPENDIX A

(Page 27)

FIFTY years ago, at the close of the first century of Lincoln's incorporated life, no study whatever had been made of the geology of Middlesex County. Since then, and especially of recent years, it has been gone over repeatedly with care, and the marks of the student's hammer are everywhere to be found. Many data have been collected, and certain conclusions reached. These have interest in themselves; but, not improbably, their chief value hereafter will be found as a basis of comparison; for hitherto the geologists have found recurring occasion to revise the conclusions theretofore confidently reached. The ice age, for instance, was first fixed at an antiquity measured in years by the hundreds of thousands; since gradually contracted to the more reasonable period given in the text. So also as respects variations of the polar axis. That the theories, beliefs and conclusions now held will undergo similar, though continually diminishing, modification, scarcely admits of doubt. The rocks and deposits of Lincoln afford an interesting field of study. The following memorandum of results concerning it, and them, up to this time reached, has been prepared by Mr. J. W. Goldthwait of the Harvard University Geological Department. In its field it, also, is of the milestone character.

The geology of an area like Lincoln involves the study of two rather different kinds of things, — (*a*) the bed rock, or solid foundation, of the region, and (*b*) the surface features;

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

namely, the shapes given to the hills and valleys by erosion of rain and rivers and by the old North American ice sheet, and the deposits of rock waste, chiefly of glacial origin, which have been spread over the bed rock surface so as generally to conceal it. In other words, geology includes not only the study of rocks but the study of everything which is usually called the "ground." Its object is to understand the origin of these things,— how they were produced, and what they really mean. In this paper, then, a certain order will be followed; the features of geological interest will be considered roughly in order of their age, the bed rock history first, then the history of the development of the topography, and last of all the effects of the great ice sheet.

BED ROCK GEOLOGY

The rock mass, of which we see occasional outcropping ledges about the town, is composed of

(a) Ancient seashore sediments, barely recognizable as such, because they have been so completely transformed or "metamorphosed" by compression, squeezing, and the action of subterranean heat.

(b) Other metamorphic rocks, including some which probably broke their way up into these old sediments in a molten state some time before the great metamorphism took place, for they share it; and some which may represent the old original sea floor on which the sediments were laid down.

(c) Rocks, once molten or "igneous," which found their way into the others as subterranean lavas, but after the rocks of the first two groups had been metamorphosed.

It may be well to take these up in order, to see something of their history.

The first two groups have already been spoken of as "metamorphic" rocks. Under this head come all rocks

APPENDIX

which have undergone great transformation in their physical and mineralogical make-up, by reason of that intense heat and pressure which seems to be continually exerted on the earth's crust while the earth cools and shrinks. It is believed to be chiefly this constant shrinkage that gives rise to great wrinklings of the earth's crust, determining the location of mountain ranges. Wherever wrinkling of this sort has gone on, the rocks show the effects of it to a greater or less extent. One result is the upturning and folding of the rocks ; but when the process is long continued the rocks suffer also great changes of structure, — their component crystals or grains are rearranged, flattened out and fused, and new minerals may be born. A rock thus transformed, or metamorphosed, often has a distinct banding or "foliation" in a direction perpendicular to that of compression. Gneisses and schists are two great classes of foliated rocks, — the former being massive and firm, and the latter splitting easily along the foliation. Whether a certain gneiss, or a certain schist, was originally a sedimentary deposit or a molten rock mass is often very hard to tell. Other metamorphic rocks, however, such as quartzite and marble, which need not have foliation, are clearly derived from stratified or sedimentary deposits. In Lincoln several sorts of metamorphic rocks appear at the surface ; but only one or two need be mentioned.*

Quartzite occurs in several parts of the township, but the main belt is in the southeastern part, along the back of Mount Tabor. The area in which quartzite ledges occur is from a quarter to a half mile wide, and can be traced in a southwest direction as far as Reeves' Hill in Wayland. Quartzite is a hard firm rock, always light colored — bluish or pinkish — and sugary in texture. It was probably once a sandstone, or rock formed from thick beds of sand hardened by pressure of overlaying deposits ; but by metamor-

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

phism the original sand grains have been fused, and partly turned into minute quartz crystals. The quartzite is at least six hundred feet thick.

Half a mile southwest of Sandy Pond is a ledge of marble, a rock which is of local interest more from its rarity than anything else. It is a nearly white rock, crystallized with a fine grain. Marble of this sort is re-crystallized limestone, originally a calcareous shell or slime deposit collected on the sea floor, and later consolidated by the weight of beds laid down on top of it. Both heat and the action of percolating waters bring about the crystallization of the mass first into limestone and, later, into thoroughly crystallized marble. On account of its organic origin marble might be expected to contain fossils; but often the metamorphism has entirely obliterated them, as seems to be the case with the Lincoln rock. At several places in this locality the rock has been quarried, and where it is thus freshly exposed one can see plainly the way the original beds have been folded. The thickness of the formation is about two hundred feet.

What may once have been a subterranean lava, forced into the sediments, is a broad belt of hornblende-schist almost a mile wide, running in a northeast-southwest direction through Sandy Pond. This is a rock of dark gray color and variable texture, containing a good deal of the black mineral called hornblende, as well as mica and the two common light-colored minerals, quartz and feldspar. The mass of rock itself, and the foliated structure of it, run from northeast to southwest, showing that the squeezing took place in a direction northwest-southeast. This trend of foliation of the rocks, indeed, occurs clear across Massachusetts, indicating that the wrinkling of the rocks accompanied the formation of the Appalachian mountain system, or at least of a part of it.

APPENDIX

A belt of granite stretches in a northeast-southwest direction along the northwest border of the township, from the head of Meade Brook to the vicinity of Walden Pond. Since granite is composed of different minerals crystallized out in much the same manner that any substance like molten sugar crystallizes on cooling, it is believed that the rock mass was once hot and plastic, like lava, but that it cooled slowly to a solid state,— so slowly that distinct crystals were developed. Lavas from volcanoes cool too fast for such a complete crystallization as this, because they are on the surface. Granites and other coarse-grained igneous rocks are thought to have been formed deep down below the earth's surface, and to be visible now because long-continued erosion has brought the surface far down through the original rock mass. The presence of mica in abundance in the Lincoln granite makes it a true granite, according to accepted terminology, whereas the so-called "granites" of Quincy and Rockport, which have no mica, are not true granites, but hornblende-granites. One noticeable feature in the Lincoln rock is the occurrence of irregular veins or tongues of coarse-grained quartz and feldspar rock called "pegmatite," which shoot through the granite in every direction. It is possible that this Lincoln granite is the oldest rock in the township, and represents the rock floor on which the marine sediments (since metamorphosed into quartzite, marble, and schist) were spread. This, however, is hardly more than a conjecture.

Another northeast-southwest belt of rock, running through the township from Beaver Pond to the old turnpike west of Mount Tabor, is of hornblende-gneiss. The rock varies greatly in appearance, but is usually grayish or pinkish where weathered, with more or less foliation. In intimate association with it is a black rock called diabase, which occurs in bands sometimes sharply marked off from the gneiss,

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

and sometimes blended with it along the contact. This mixture of gneiss and diabase seems to be a very firm resistant rock, for it makes the ridge of high ground northeast of Beaver Pond. Softer rocks on either side have been worn down to form the valleys.

Of several other sorts of rock that are known to occur in Lincoln, only two need be mentioned. Both of these occur in straight strips, or "dikes," where fissures in the main rock mass were opened and filled with lava, which cooled there into firm rock. Diabase, or "trap" dikes, occur sparingly in the eastern part of the town. They are black where freshly broken, but weather with a brownish surface. "Aplite" dikes occur in a hill three quarters of a mile southwest of Sandy Pond, south of North Street. These are light colored, and made up of quartz and feldspar. The aplite and diabase of these dikes are the two youngest rocks of the region, because they fill fissures in the others, — that is, because they "cut" the gneisses, schists, etc.

Concerning the age of the rocks, very little can be said. Obscure markings in the marble bear a resemblance to fossil pteropods like some found at Nahant. If these are truly fossils, the rocks belong to the "Lower Cambrian" period; but it is very doubtful. At any rate, the gneisses, schists, quartzite and marble are very old, for they have undergone great metamorphism; and, after that, they have been invaded at different times by igneous rocks of different sorts, including last of all the dike-rocks, diabase and aplite. The bed rock history, then, is a complex series of events, including the accumulation of thick beds of sediments under water, the compression and upheaval of them by mountain-building forces by which the rocks have been completely metamorphosed, and the intrusion of subterranean lavas into the mass both before and after the mountain-building

APPENDIX

process was most active. All this probably involves many millions of years.

SURFACE FORM

The form of the hills and valleys hereabouts has been determined by two great geological agencies of erosion, — water and ice, acting with some regard to the rock structure into which they have deeply carved. Although the shape and trend of the hills of Lincoln may seem at first sight to show little regularity, a careful inspection will bring out the fact of a rather persistent northeast-southwest trend of hills and valleys. So far as this pattern holds good, it doubtless shows the control of rock structure; for the northeast-southwest rock belts already spoken of are not all equally resistant to the destructive action of rain and rivers, and consequently the harder belts are left standing up as hills or ridges.

Another feature about the topography, but one which would hardly be appreciated except when it is seen from the top of one of the higher hills of the town, is the relative accordance in height of the hills. Here, in the eastern part of the State, it is not very striking; for, though the hills rise to the same general height, they are far apart and have rather rounded summits. Farther west, however, in the Berkshires, where the hilltops cover a greater part of the total area, their accordance is very marked, and a view of the landscape shows a rather flat skyline. A much more perfect case of such a flattish upland country occurs in Brittany, a widely accepted explanation for it being that the region, probably originally mountainous, was worn down lower and lower, by natural process of erosion by atmosphere, rain and rivers, until it became nearly flat, — a “peneplain,” — and stood close to sea level; that it was then tilted up to form a low plateau, and the rivers, with steep-

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

ened slopes and renewed energy, cut down their valleys beneath the plateau level. In the case of New England the complexly folded structure of the rocks and their extreme metamorphism indicate that at one time the whole region was mountainous. The present low-rolling topography is not at all appropriate to such a complex rock structure. Apparently the mountains were worn down to a gently rolling country, and then the peneplain was tilted up, and again somewhat cut into by streams. Since the upland skyline rises steadily towards the northwest, the uplift of the peneplain must have been greatest in that part, so as to give the greatest slant towards the southeast. So the rather flat skyline that one sees from the top of the Lincoln hills may represent an old peneplain, while the valleys of to-day record the work of the streams since the peneplain was uplifted. Wachusett and other hills that rise far above the general upland level are considered to be residual masses, never worn down to the peneplain, because they are composed of harder rock and were situated near the headwaters of the streams that reduced the surface of the country. These abnormally high hills have been named "monadnocks," after the New Hampshire example. The reduction of the surface to the peneplain is placed by geologists in "Cretaceous" time; for all the rock waste produced by the wearing down of the mountains to the lowland must have been swept seaward, and deposited as sediment along the coast; and cretaceous strata occur on Long Island, Martha's Vineyard and elsewhere, which seem to be part of this waste.

One more topographic feature should be mentioned, before considering the work of the ice sheet on Lincoln topography. It is the long steep rock escarpment that runs along the eastern boundary of the township, from Mount Tabor southward as far as Kendall Green. The unusual

APPENDIX

straightness of this escarpment and its steepness suggest that it is a somewhat worn "fault-scarp," or cliff produced by the upheaval of the whole rock mass on one side of a deep fracture, — the fracture in this case running somewhere along the base of the cliff, and the uplifted block being on the western side of it. The suggestion of faulting is strengthened by the fact that near the supposed fracture or "fault line" (east of Mount Tabor, on the eastern side of the Cambridge reservoir) the diorite rock of that region is cut by two fractures along which there has been some slipping and displacement, polishing of the rock surfaces along the planes of fracture, giving what are called "slickensides." These two fault planes run northeast-southwest, or roughly parallel to the escarpment, and so they may be minor fractures of a parallel set.

GLACIAL HISTORY

At the beginning of the glacial period — probably a score or even scores of thousands of years ago — New England had already gone through the geological history just outlined. The rock foundation had been built piece by piece, it had been wrinkled up into mountains, worn down to a lowland, then raised to a slanting position, and extensively cut into again by streams. Over this low upland of hills and valleys came the North American ice sheet, scraping away all the soil, planing the surface down into firm rock, tearing and plucking blocks from exposed ledges, and thus changing the shape of the surface to a considerable degree. When later the ice sheet melted back, the rubbish that it had collected was spread out in deposits of different sorts over the rock surface, and New England took on the appearance that it has to-day.

The nature of the ice sheet can be appreciated by reading one of the several good accounts of it, like G. F. Wright's

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

“The Great Ice Age.” The North American glacier was unlike modern Alpine glaciers in that it was not confined to the valleys but covered the whole region, so that not even Mount Washington stuck up through the ice fields. Ours was a “continental glacier,” like the Greenland ice cap. Its centre of accumulation, or rather its centres, for it had three, were near Hudson’s Bay; and starting at these points it spread out radially in all directions, as an advancing sheet, until it covered the northern part of the United States, including all of New England as far south as Long Island, Martha’s Vineyard and Nantucket. The cause of the glacial period has been discussed for many years, and is still in dispute; but one apparently good explanation is that the Gulf Stream was turned from its course by a wrinkling up of the sea bottom, and the climate of North America was thereby modified to one of great snow precipitation. Deflection of currents is known to have occurred in other cases, as for instance the Japan current, which was shut out of Behring Sea when the Aleutian Island ridge was upheaved; and, in a case like that, the climate would probably be seriously affected.

The work that the ice sheet did, however, is much better understood. In Lincoln it left its marks in several ways.

In the first place, the form of the hills shows glacial action. The northwest sides have gentle slopes, and the few outcrops there are low and rounded; the southeast slopes, on the other hand, are abrupt and ragged, with more abundant outcrops. The ice moved over the country from north-northwest to south-southeast, and, as it ascended the hills, it smoothed the “struck” side but tore or “plucked” away blocks from the leeward side. Where a rock surface has been recently stripped of soil it may be fresh enough to show not only the smoothness peculiar to glaciated surfaces but also the scratches or “striæ” made by boulders or

The Dr. Russell House
Residence of Misses L. Jennie and Elizabeth Chapin
(p. 223)



APPENDIX

pebbles drawn across the surface by the ice. In both large and small ways, then, the erosive action of the ice sheet is illustrated.

Glacial boulders, or "erratics," are also evidence of the ice age. They are merely blocks of rock that were torn up by the ice and carried along, suffering a good deal of rounding and smoothing as they went; and, finally, as the ice melted away, tumbling or settling to the ground. Often they are very large, as for instance one within sight of Walden road, on the old Baker farm. Most of the boulders in Lincoln are made of rock similar to the bed rock near by, so they probably have travelled only a short distance. Pegmatite, diorite, and granite are the most abundant.

Boulders are of course only the larger fragments of rubbish left by the ice sheet. If we leave out the alluvium, which is glacial rubbish worked over in recent times by streams, all the soil cover belongs to glacial deposits of one sort or another. Some of it is "ground moraine," or "till," deposited directly by the plastic ice wherever the ice currents were too weak to carry off the supply of waste; and other parts of it are gravel deposits derived from the ice sheet, but laid down through the agency of streams while the ice sheet melted away.

Till occurs abundantly throughout the higher ground, in patches or sheets; it is piled up rather thickly on the northern sides of many of the hills, for instance, the one northeast and the one southwest of Sandy Pond. Without the glacial deposits, these two hills would probably trend more definitely in a northeast-southwest direction, following the rock structure; but the ice moving across them in a nearly perpendicular direction has given them a north-south trend. The hill halfway between the village and the station is a "drumlin," or high mound of till, lenticular in shape. Hagar Hill in South Lincoln is another. There seem to be

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

no other true drumlins in the town, although they occur throughout the State, and are very common in and around Boston Harbor. These drumlins bear the same relation to the ice sheet that sand bars bear to a river, or sand dunes bear to winds; they are accumulations of waste brought about by the local inability of the ice currents to carry the load given them.

Glacial gravels occur in Lincoln almost wholly on the lower ground, in the valleys. Their two usual forms of occurrence are "eskers" and "sand plains."

Eskers are winding ridges of gravel built by streams that ran on the ground in tunnels under the ice, or in cañons between ice walls. Under certain conditions of velocity and supply of gravel such a stream would upraise its bed, laying down gravel along its course; and when the ice melted away, and the supporting walls of the tunnel vanished, the gravels on either side of the old stream bed would slide down, giving it the form of a steep-sided ridge. Eskers occur along the valley of Stony Brook above and below Beaver Pond. There are others in the northern part of the town, running from Sandy Pond road southwest across Goose Pond to Lake Walden, and thence southwards. Another esker runs near the railroad south of Lincoln station. They are curiously shaped ridges, and often passed as Indian mounds in the early days before the glacial period was thought of. "Serpent ridges" they are sometimes called, on account of their winding courses.

Sand plains are delta-like deposits built by streams, which issued from the ice into a body of standing water at the ice front. Their flat top is the most striking element of form. Instead of being fan-shaped, like ordinary deltas, they are usually semi-elliptical in outline. Instead of reaching back to higher ground, in the way that ordinary deltas extend back to the shore of the lake in which they were built, sand

APPENDIX

deltas are usually bounded by an abrupt slope — an “ice-contact slope” — because the delta was built forward from against the ice, and the ice subsequently melted back and caused the edge of the delta to slump down. From this back-slope the flat top of a plain slopes gently forward to the front border, which is often lobate in form, like an ordinary delta. One sand delta occurs near Massachusetts Avenue just south of Wellhead Pond. It has a good steep ice-contact slope on the northern side, marking the position of the front of the retreating ice at the time it was built.

The best plains, however, lie in the southwestern part of the township, west of the station. Two very fine plains in this area — partly in Wayland — are important members of an extensive series of deltas built in an extinct glacial lake that occupied the greater part of the basin of the Sudbury River while the ice sheet was retreating north, with its east-west front damming the northward flowing drainage. The gravel deposits near Lake Walden, and the plain cut by the railroad near Baker Bridge come into the same group of lake deposits. The most interesting feature of these deltas is the fact that though all of them between Wayland village and Lake Walden were probably formed in a single lake — glacial Lake Sudbury — at a time when its level was constant and controlled by the level of an outlet that passed down Cherry Brook, the deltas do not occur at the same altitude; they measure separately all the way from 160 feet above sea level at Wayland to 195 feet at Walden. When it is seen, moreover, that the increase in height of deltas going north is exactly proportionate to their distance apart, it looks very much as if the whole region had been tilted up on the north since the ice sheet left it, so as to make the extinct water-plane slant southward at the rate of about six feet a mile. Such a movement of the region is not at all improbable,

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

as it is known to have occurred elsewhere in the glaciated area, as near as western New York, and has been suspected in New England because of certain "raised beaches" along the coast, at Cape Ann and Mount Desert. In Scandinavia, too, the land has risen since an ice sheet melted off from it. Probably the removal of the weight of a thick ice sheet is itself sufficient to account for earth movements of this sort.

One of the outlets of glacial Lake Sudbury in the later stages of its short life seems to have been across the divide near Wellhead, and south down Hobbs' Brook. Evidence of this is found in a small area of smooth bare rock, rounded as if waterworn by a torrential stream, which occurs by the side of the reservoir near Weston Street and just south of Concord Avenue. It looks very much as if a strong river had once swept over the ledges at this point, rounding their edges in a way that Hobbs' Brook with its present volume could never have done. Down Hobbs' Brook below the reservoir, also, there is a stretch of extremely bouldery ground which suggests that the old river swept over the till deposit at this point, carried with it all the clay, pebbles, and cobblestones, and left only the pavement of boulders.

In the ten thousand years or so since the ice age, remarkably little change seems to have been brought about in the form of the glacial deposits. The complete foresting of the country, followed by the de-foresting and settlement of it within historic times, has certainly produced a very different looking region from that which the ice sheet left; but during all this the rains and streams seem hardly to have touched the deltas, or to have gullied the till on the hillsides. Very little soil has accumulated on the sand plains, too; and probably because of the ease with which decaying vegetable growth can be carried down in solution through porous sands.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX B

(Page 32)

As stated in the text, the first contemporaneous map, or plan, of Lincoln was that prepared by a committee appointed by a vote of the town in accordance with a Resolve of the General Court passed in 1794. Of this committee Samuel Hoar was chairman, and the plan prepared by him was reproduced in the published "Proceedings in Observance of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Organization of the First Church" (p. 100). A mere outline sketch, it is familiar, and its reproduction is unnecessary. Upon it the bounds, the public ways in existence in 1794, and the principal watercourses, are indicated. The earliest known general map of the region about Boston, in any degree contemporaneous or at all authentic in detail, is that entitled "The Seat of War in New England by an American Volunteer," published in London between February, 1775, and April, 1777. This map also is referred to in the text (p. 32) and was reproduced, in somewhat reduced facsimile, in 1902, by Dr. S. A. Green in his "Ten Facsimile Reproductions Relating to New England" (p. 43). On this map Lincoln does not appear; though Concord, Weston, Lexington and Bedford are all indicated, and the roads through Lincoln are laid down. There is no authentic contemporaneous map of Concord prior to the incorporation of Lincoln. Such a map was, however, prepared by William Wheeler, in 1884, from data contained in the records, and published in Charles H. Walcott's "Concord in the Colonial Period." On it are indicated, also, the boundary lines of Lincoln when incorporated, as affecting the territories of Concord, Lexington and Weston, showing the actual and proportional area taken

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

from each town; also the roads laid out prior to incorporation. This map, necessarily in some degree conjectural, is of great interest in connection with Lincoln, and is here reproduced.

To trace the origin of each road, and the changes subsequently made in it, is difficult in the case of any Massachusetts town at all old. Lincoln is no exception to the rule. It can generally be done; but doing it involves infinite patience, and almost endless labor. A careful study of both county and town records must be made, including orders of Court, the conveyances of real estate, and the wills on file in the probate offices. Not only are the entries in the town-books both obscure and deceptive, but the metes and bounds given were generally of a very perishable nature, — a white oak tree, a pile of stones or even fence rails, the corner of a barn, or the holding of some person whose name has died out.

As stated in the text (p. 32), Boston being both the point from which development worked its way out, and the principal objective of trade and travel, all the original roads and ways naturally formed themselves on the most convenient lines, usually those of least resistance, in connection with the main thoroughfares from and to Boston. Prior to the incorporation of Lincoln the only wagon way to Boston was by the old Worcester road, which was reached from Concord by way of Sudbury or Watertown. The Bay Road, as it was called, through the north part of Lincoln and Lexington, went to Charlestown. The line of the Bay Road was substantially that of the historic Lexington-Concord route, modified, straightened, and, in places, relocated to meet growing requirements. The origin and development of the southern road were more complicated. Formerly known as the Sudbury Way, this road, for one going from Boston to Concord, left the Worcester artery at what is

APPENDIX

now Wayland Centre, but, originally, Sudbury meeting-house ; for, incorporated as Sudbury in 1637, and becoming East Sudbury in 1780, that locality was set off and christened Wayland as recently as 1835. The way then ran almost due north, through the woods, to Concord. On it still stands the seventeenth century Farrar house.

A highway from Watertown to Concord was laid out, we are told,¹ in 1638. This road, running in a west by north direction, — the present Waltham North Avenue, — joined the Sudbury Way, immediately north of the Farrar homestead, and, turning north and then again west, crossed the brook. Thence, Walcott says, “ the most ancient road,” long since wholly discontinued, turned sharply after passing the old eighteenth century Baker homestead, crossed the deep ravine between Walden and Fairhaven-bay, south of the Fitchburg railroad filling, and thence found its way to Concord, emerging from the woods at the settlement now known as Hubbardsville. The present direct line of road from Concord to Waltham, skirting the north bank of Walden and paralleling the Fitchburg railroad from Baker’s Bridge through the Codman place, was not laid out until a much later period. Indeed, the separation of Lincoln from Concord, and its incorporation as an independent town, was to no small extent due, as related in the text, to a controversy between Chambers Russell and the inhabitants of the mother town over the laying out through his place of this more direct route to Waltham and Boston. Since 1754 it has constituted the southern artery of the town ; the section of road from Baker’s Bridge to the brook having been laid out when the road at that point was relocated in 1843, at the time the Fitchburg railroad was under construction.

The old Waltham road was continued across the Sudbury Way to Lee’s Bridge and Nine-acre Corner in 1760,

¹ Walcott’s *Concord in Colonial Days*, p. 80.

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

after the incorporation of the town, and subsequent to the laying out of the more direct Waltham road, north of Walden. Later, in the turnpike and stage-coach period, between 1790 and 1845, the southern, or lower artery, was known in Lincoln as the Lancaster stage-road, while the corresponding east and west route through the north of the township—avoiding the intermediate high ground on which the village of Lincoln stands—became known as the Keene stage-road. These two were the original travelled ways of Lincoln,—its spinal columns; and, so far as the plans and maps show, they were the only county roads, so-called, in the Lincoln territory until long after the incorporation of the town. As in Concord, there were numerous drift-ways, farm-ways, and private ways for the accommodation of owners of land; and these from time to time were by town-meeting action made public ways. Afterwards, as already said, they were frequently discontinued and vacated. In the Samuel Hoar plan of 1794 only the county roads are indicated; but a large number of these subordinate and intersecting town ways had already been voted. The road from Lincoln Centre to Walden Pond, and so to Concord, seems to have been laid out at an early day; that from Flint's, or Sandy, Pond to Concord, direct, though indicated on Walcott's "colonial period" map, was not formally laid out until about 1810. It probably existed prior to that time as a travelled woodway. What is now the great intersecting artery of the town, the road from Lincoln village to the railroad station, and thence to the intersection of the old Watertown road, was, until after 1850, a mere country cross-road, comparatively little used. It was straightened out and rebuilt in 1894. Prior to that time it connected with the Tower Road to Weston over what had been the dam of a water power, on the brook from Sandy to Beaver Pond. In the early days South Lincoln was familiarly

APPENDIX

known as Watertowne Corner, and was largely held under two grants, the Bulkeley, now Codman, of 750 acres, and the Stow, now Farrar, of 666 acres. Flint's farm, 750 acres, lay east of Sandy Pond, on Lincoln hill.

Many of the most ancient ways have lapsed, and long since reverted to private ownership. They can now only with difficulty be traced. This, for instance, has been the case with the original Watertown connection with the Concord-Lexington road, on the north side of Lincoln hill; also with the Concord-Waltham road, south of Lake Walden. The names of localities, as well as roads and ways, have also lapsed, or passed out of use; while others have been substituted for them. Some remain, but have to a large extent lost their significance. For instance, in the cases already cited, the Bay Road and the Sudbury Way. The Tower Road and the Trapelo Road are examples of ways still called after families once living on them, long since gone. But, in brief, the three controlling influences in the case of Lincoln road development were (1) access to the meeting-house; (2) access to Boston, as described in the text; and (3) access to the railroad station. The meeting-house influence made itself felt between 1747 and 1760; the changes incident to the more direct route opened to Boston by the building of the Cambridge bridges were gradually worked out between 1790 and 1820; and, finally, the changes which followed the opening of the railroad, begun in 1843, were not completed until 1894.

It is greatly to be regretted that from the beginning a different usage has not prevailed. Metes, bounds and indications should have been more monumental in character; and every edifice erected, public or private, should have its date of origin upon it. It is merely a matter of usage, involving little trouble and small additional expense. The old provincial milestones, referred to in the text, with initials,

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

dates and distances cut upon them, have now great antiquarian interest; they are carefully preserved. It would be the same with edifices, had the custom of marking them prevailed. In a town which had a true appreciation of its history and traditions, every finger-board would serve as a record. No stone post would be planted as a mete or bound which did not bear an indication of its purpose, together with the date of its planting.

APPENDIX C

(Page 43)

ADAMS, BROOKS, SMITH

MR. LAWRENCE spells his young wife's maiden name with a double "d." That marriage, more than a century and a half ago, caused me for obvious reasons to feel a family interest in the Rev. William Lawrence. Love Adams was, it seems, a daughter of one John Adams, a name — spelled always with a single "d" — which frequently appears in the Concord and Lincoln records. The marriage of William Lawrence to Love Adams, the daughter of the Concord John Adams, took place on the 7th of January, 1750. Nearly fifteen years later, on the 25th of October, 1764, another John Adams, living in Braintree, was married at Weymouth to Abigail Smith, the daughter of William Smith, pastor of the church in that town. I chance to be one of the offspring of that union; and the John Adams then married was a descendant in the fourth generation of a certain Henry Adams who came, it is said, from Devonshire, England, in 1633, with his eight sons, scattering a numerous progeny over the entire land. In his Church Manual of 1872 (p. 57) the Rev. Henry Jackson Richardson, the

APPENDIX

fifth successor of William Lawrence (1860-92), states that the Concord John Adams was a great-grandson of that same Henry Adams, and, accordingly, a cousin, though far removed, of the John of Braintree. A similar statement as to the descent of John, of Concord, from the Braintree Henry, is made by Robert M. Lawrence, M. D., in his volume (p. 73), published in 1888, entitled "Historical Sketches of Some Members of the Lawrence Family." Both Mr. Richardson and Dr. Lawrence seem to have accepted, and, without independent investigation, followed Shattuck, in his "History of Concord, and Thayer, in his "Memorial of the Thayer and Adams Families," with whom the statement apparently originated. To the same effect in the Genealogy of the Minot family¹ it is stated that "Captain Daniel Adams lived in the south part of Lincoln, then within the limits of Concord, on the road from Waltham to Stow. He was the son of Joseph, and grandson of John Adams, one of the eight sons of Henry of Quincy." His brother John lived near the centre of Lincoln, married Love Minot, and their daughter Lucy married Rev. William Lawrence, of Lincoln. These are very direct statements; but James Savage, after the manner of genealogists, quite discredits them. He characteristically remarks² that John, of Cambridge, was son of Henry, the first, "as amiable credulity would assume, is highly improbable, since he came [to Massachusetts] twenty years, or a little less, after that great progenitor, and so long outlived him." This John, of Cambridge, was the progenitor of Mistress Love [Adams] Lawrence. But the doubt thus thrown on the Henry Adams descent is less conclusive than Savage supposed. Henry Adams, of Braintree, certainly had a son, John, born in England about 1624. That son survived his father, who died in 1644. Tradition has it, a son returned

¹ *New England Genealogical and Antiquarian Register*, 1847, p. 176.

² *Genealogical Dictionary*, vol. i, p. 11.

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

to England with his mother and sister, named Ursula. The mother there died; not impossibly the son may have come back to New England, settling in Cambridge, where he died in 1706, "at an advanced age," about eighty-five, thus outliving Henry Adams no less than sixty years. In age John of Cambridge thus corresponds with John, the son of Henry. The identity cannot be established positively; but the weight of evidence is in its favor. The Rev. Andrew N. Adams is non-committal on this point. In his elaborate "Adams History" (p. 958) he says: "Considering the conflict, or contrariety of opinion, and the doubt which naturally attaches to absence of direct evidence, the writer has decided to give what he has been able to gather of the record and history of 'John of Cambridge,' . . . leaving it to every reader to form his own belief as to the identity of John of Cambridge with the son of Henry of Braintree." Adams is one of the more common Anglo-Saxon names. There were certainly two, and not improbably several, bearing the name in Cambridge, Watertown, and Concord in colonial times; and, while connection may in some cases have existed, and the probabilities may even favor such a connection, it cannot be positively asserted. There was a George of Watertown, a John of Cambridge, and a Robert of Newbury, as well as a Henry of Braintree. They, as well as others of the name, all came to New England between 1630 and 1655.

In the matter of connection with the Lincoln stock, I was more fortunate on the distaff side. My mother, Abigail Brown Brooks, was the eleventh, and youngest, child of Peter Chardon Brooks, of Medford. Mr. Brooks (1767-1849) was a descendant in the fourth generation of Caleb Brooks, the son of Thomas Brooks, who came over in, or before, 1631, and settled first in Watertown and then in Concord. Joshua, another son of Thomas Brooks, established himself in Concord, and from him, in the fourth

APPENDIX

generation, was descended the General Eleazer Brooks, of revolutionary fame (1727-1806). On the mother's side, consequently, I am the cousin, seven times removed, of the descendants of General Eleazer Brooks, now living in Lincoln.

Furthermore, Mr. Wheeler in his sketch of Lincoln in Hurd's "History of Middlesex County" (vol. ii, p. 624) says that "Captain William Smith, son of the Rev. William Smith of Weymouth, commanded a company in Colonel Nixon's regiment at Cambridge in 1775, and in Colonel Brooks's regiment in 1776." I have always understood also that William Smith commanded the company of Lincoln Minute-men. The Rev. William Smith of Weymouth was of Charlestown descent; but in some way he became the possessor of a farm in Lincoln. He had a son, William, and several daughters, among them Abigail, who became Mrs. John Adams. Presumably, the son settled on his father's Lincoln farm; and, if so, he was, in 1775, a man of twenty-nine. Of him little is recorded. The name is so common that I do not feel assured the Captain William Smith of Lincoln was the brother of Abigail Adams. Such, however, is unquestionably the Lincoln tradition.

APPENDIX D

(Page 43)

CODMAN PLACE

THIS estate, and the colonial mansion upon it, would afford in itself, and in connection with the Russell family, ample material for a monograph, both characteristic and interesting. It is the story of a family of the provincial days, the owners of a considerable landed property in a Mas-

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

sachusetts country town, and the occupants for generations of a typical colonial house. In that house were collected much furniture, and many objects of art. Distinctly belonging to the gentry of the provincial period, this family bore its full share in the vicissitudes of the revolutionary period, going into exile and suffering forfeiture of property. Its records, and the letters exchanged between its members, would afford an interesting contribution to eighteenth century history. Such a sketch, however, including as it should, to be at all complete, numerous maps, plans, illustrations and copies of family pictures, could not properly be made part of a town commemoration. It should be prepared independently; and the present Ogden Codman has accumulated all the material necessary to a work of great interest individually, as well as in connection with the town of Lincoln.

Chambers Russell was the son of Daniel Russell, and was born July 4, 1713. He was graduated at Harvard in the class of 1731. Subsequently he studied law with John Reed, a prominent member of the provincial bar of that period, and shortly after being admitted to the bar he became engaged in public business. April 2, 1738, he married Mary, daughter of Francis Wheelwright, merchant, she being also a granddaughter of Gov. Dudley. His wife died in 1762, in the forty-fifth year of her age. They had no children. The death of his wife was a severe blow to him; and, being out of health, he was advised to cross the Atlantic. He sailed for London in October, 1766; and died in England, November 24 of the same year, having barely survived the passage.¹ The following quaint notice of him

¹ According to Lincoln records, which the authorities (Shattuck, p. 317) have all followed, Chambers Russell died at Guildford, Surrey, England, November 24, 1767. This is obviously an error, inasmuch as mention of his death "on the 24th day of November last, in the 54th year of his age" is found in the *Massachusetts Gazette* of January 15, 1767, and in the *Boston Post Boy and Advertiser* of four

The Foster House
Residence of Moorfield Storey, Esq.
(p. 224)



APPENDIX

subsequently appeared in the Massachusetts "Gazette" of January 15, 1767:—

"By Capt. Dixey from London we have received the melancholy news of the death of the late Hon. Chambers Russell, Esq., who, after a short illness of three days, departed this life in Guildford in Surrey, on the 24th day of November last in the 54th year of his age.

"A gentleman who's truly upright and amiable character, in public and private life, had justly endeared him to all who had any knowledge of him, but more especially to those who were favored with his particular friendship and intimacy. In the year 1746 he received, unexpected and unsolicited, His Majesty's commission, appointing him Judge of the Court of Vice Admiralty for the Provinces of the Massachusetts Bay and New Hampshire, and the Colony of Rhode Island, which he held until a few years ago, when, Rhode Island being made a separate District, he was commissioned for the two provinces only, in which station he continued until his decease. He was for several years one of the Justices of the Inferior Court of Common Pleas, for the County of Middlesex, and in the year 1752 he was removed from that Bench, and appointed one of the Justices of the Superior Court of Judicature of this Province, which important office he sustained till his death. In the space of about 26 years he was almost uninterruptedly chosen by the towns of Charlestown, Concord or Lincoln to represent them at the General Court, and in the years 1756 and 1760, he was elected one of the members of His Majesty's Honorable Council, after which he voluntarily resigned his seat at the Board, and was again chosen Representative of the town of

days later, January 19. As he was born July 4, 1743, he was fifty-three on July 4, 1766, and in the following November he was "in the 54th year of his age." Had he died, as recorded in the Lincoln town-books,¹ November 24, 1767, he would have died in his fifty-fifth year.

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

Lincoln. In these several stations he discharged the trust reposed in him with great ability and the most unsullied integrity, — ever maintaining a sacred regard for the laws and constitution of his country and the rights and liberties of his fellow subjects, avoiding with scrupulous conscientiousness whatever might have a possible tendency to warp or bias his judgment, and always giving the surest evidence of his unalterable intention and endeavor to make the Rule of Right the governing principle of all his actions.

“In private life his character shone with distinguished luster. He exhibited an example of the most tender conjugal affection, during a course of many years, in which he was happy in a most agreeable, sensible and virtuous consort.

“He was an uncommonly kind and indulgent Master, ever considering and treating his slaves as entitled to the rights of humanity, and making them in all respects as happy as was consistent with their state. As a proof of his just and humane sentiments in this respect, it may not be amiss to mention that in his last will he has made special provision that none of his slaves shall be sold, but in case any of them through age or other bodily infirmity become useless, they shall be comfortably supported out of his estate during their natural lives.

“All the inhabitants of the county and towns in which he resided are witnesses of his numerous acts of generosity and beneficence, both of a public and private nature, and it may be said of him in an eminent sense that ‘he delivered the poor that cried and the fatherless and him that had none to help him.’ The blessings of him that was ready to perish came upon him — he was eyes to the blind, feet to the lame, and a father to the poor.

“His hospitality was such that friends and strangers who visited him, were received and entertained with a cheerful

APPENDIX

open liberality which denoted a real sense of obligation on his part. In his friendships he was warm and sincere, and such were the favorable allowances which his candor made for the frailties of humanity that even an injury never prevented his bounty and kind offices to the author of it.

“To conclude the outline of this truly worthy character, it may with justice be said that in the death of Judge Russell his country has lost a disinterested patriot, his intimates an amiable companion, and mankind a sure and hearty friend.

The man who by his steady course
Has happiness insured,
When earth's foundations shake, shall stand
By Providence secured.”

In a foot-note to Quincy's "Reports," pp. 232, 233, is the following reference to his associate, Judge Russell, made by Chief Justice Thomas Hutchinson in course of his charge to the Grand Jury at the March Term of the Superior Court of Judicature VII George III (1767):—

“Before I say Anything to the Grand Jury, it is highly proper that I should take Notice of the Death of One of the Judges of this Court. I have no Talent for it, and am an Enemy to traducing and vilifying the Characters of Men, when alive, and of flattering them when dead. Yet Justice to Judge Russell obliges me to say Something of his Death. Every one who knew him in private Life, must acknowledge him a most amiable Man. I scarce ever knew his Equal. He might be truly characterized as a Lover of Mankind, and no higher Character can, I think, be given of any One. Nothing more need be said to recommend him, *especially at this Time.*

“The several Posts of Honour which he bore, he sustained with Dignity. As a Legislator, I had an Opportunity to observe his Conduct, both as a Member of the

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

Council and House of Representatives. And I know that he ever engaged on that Side which had Truth and Justice for its Support. As a Judge of the Admiralty, his Conduct was most unexceptionable. And I believe none of his Decrees, but met with universal Approbation, except at Times, when Party-spirit and Animosities ran high, and made it a Thing impossible, for any Judge, in any Department, to give Satisfaction. His Conduct in this Court — I appeal to the Gentlemen of the Bar — was such as pronounced him the Judge, and a Man of strict Integrity. Although we all have some Byass, — 't is impossible for human Nature to be without, — yet if he had any Byass, it was ever in Favour of Virtue.

“Justice has been done this worthy Character, already, in publick, in an unexceptionable and elegant Manner.¹ The best Use that we can make, is to follow his Path and imitate his Virtues; especially, as we all must shortly follow him to give our Account to the Judge of us all.”

Brief biographical sketches of Chambers Russell, or references to him, are to be found in Shattuck's "Concord" (p. 317), in Richardson's "Church Manual" (p. 92), in Hurd's "History of Middlesex County" (vol. ii, p. 636), and in the "Proceedings of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Church Anniversary" (p. 63). A print from the portrait by Copley is also included in the "Proceedings." Allusions and references to him are contained in John Adams's "Works," vol. ii, p. 333, and iv, pp. 5, 72, 73. Also in Quincy's "Reports," p. 427.

The Chambers Russell estate, now the property of his collateral descendant, is believed to be a part of the original Bulkeley grants, made at the time of the settlement of Concord. Of these grants there seem to have been two, one of three hundred acres "towards Cambridge," and one to

¹ Referring to the foregoing notice in the Massachusetts *Gazette*.

APPENDIX

Grace Bulkeley of seven hundred and fifty acres. The seven hundred and fifty acre grant is thought to have included what is now known as the Codman place. It lay between Sandy Pond, Lake Walden and Fairhaven-bay, and was intersected in the beginning by the Concord-Sudbury road ; at a later day (1754) by the Lincoln-Waltham road ; and, finally (1844) by the right-of-way of the Fitchburg railroad. It originally included most of the holdings now (1904) belonging to Henry S. Warner, H. L. Higginson, George Baker and C. F. Adams, as well as the Codman place.

The original Bulkeley grant, made prior to 1665, after passing through various hands, was purchased, in whole or part, by Charles Chambers, of Charlestown. He built on it the large, colonial mansion house, still standing, for Chambers Russell, the eldest son of his only child Rebecca, to whom he, by his will, left the property. This Charles Chambers was a man of prominence in the Province, coming to Massachusetts from Lincolnshire, England, about 1688, and dying in Charlestown, his place of residence, in 1743. Coming over when a young man of twenty-seven, he was for many years a member of the Council of the Province, and a judge of the Court of Common Pleas. He was twice married; and by his second wife, Rebecca Patefield, had one child, Rebecca, born March 31, 1691, who subsequently married Daniel Russell. He also lived in Charlestown. Born in 1685, Daniel Russell, like Charles Chambers, was many years a member of the Council, and for over fifty years treasurer of Middlesex County. By his wife, Rebecca Chambers, Daniel Russell had nine children, the second of which, Chambers, was born July 4, 1713. His mother, Mrs. Daniel Russell, died in 1729, fourteen years before the death of her father, the owner of the Lincoln property. Chambers Russell himself, passing his youth at Charlestown, entered Harvard at four-

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

teen, and was graduated in the class of 1731. At that time it was the practice to print the names of those composing the class, not, as now, in alphabetical order, but the place of each was assigned arbitrarily, and in accordance with the social estimate in which his family was held. For instance, John Adams was graduated in 1755, twenty-four years after Chambers Russell. Alphabetically his name would have been first on the list of his class; the fourteenth place in twenty-four was assigned to him. Alphabetically, Chambers Russell would appear twenty-fourth in his class of thirty-four; he does appear first. The esteem in which both the Russell and the Chambers families were held is shown in this assignment.

Soon after graduation Chambers Russell settled in that part of Lincoln then belonging to Concord, on his grandfather's farm. He married seven years later, in his twenty-fifth year; and, probably, the original L shaped house had then already been built. After Lincoln was set-off and incorporated Chambers Russell was eight times sent to represent it in the General Court. He was appointed a judge of the Court of Common Pleas in 1747, and also of Vice Admiralty; in 1752 he was commissioned as judge of the Superior Court of Judicature, then the tribunal of final appeal. In August, 1762, his wife died, in Lincoln, never having borne children. Upon the death of Mrs. Russell, described at some length in the town-book of records as "the virtuous consort" etc., Judge Russell, then already it would seem in failing health, reluctantly decided to visit England. Dying there, he was buried in Bunhill Fields, London, where a monument in his memory subsequently stood. Having no children, he bequeathed his place in Lincoln to his nephew Charles Russell, the son of his younger brother, James (1715-1758). Charles Russell, born in Charlestown in 1738, was graduated in 1757, his

APPENDIX

name appearing sixth in a class numbering twenty-six. Studying medicine, first in this country and subsequently in England, he received (1765) a doctor's degree from the University of Aberdeen. Returning to Massachusetts he settled as a physician in Lincoln, his uncle having left to him the farm. He then (1768) married Elizabeth Vassall, of Cambridge, by whom he had five children, all born in Lincoln. An eminent man in his profession, and in every way a useful citizen, Dr. Charles Russell was, in politics, a Tory and loyalist, and subsequently an exile. Lincoln, as the Rev. William Lawrence had occasion at that time to know, was patriotic in sentiment; and, probably, Dr. Russell had been made to realize that his neighbors viewed him with suspicion. In any event, he is said to have left Lincoln in the midst of the excitement of April 19, 1775. He then, temporarily, exchanged dwellings with Henderson Inches, a merchant resident in Boston, who was as anxious to move out of that town, then besieged, as Dr. Russell was anxious to move into it. Shortly after, he sailed for the island of Antigua, in the West Indies, where Mrs. Vassall, his mother-in-law, had inherited plantations. All the Vassalls were loyalists. Placed in charge of the hospital established at Antigua for the prisoners of war from the States, he demeaned himself in that position most creditably, and his countrymen under his charge were open in their expressions of gratitude. He died at Antigua in May, 1780, while the war was yet going on, and at about the time of the capture of Charleston by Lord Cornwallis, a few months previous to the Benedict Arnold treason; his widow and children, later, returned to Massachusetts. Meanwhile, when in March, 1776, the British evacuated Boston, Mr. Inches returned to his house there from Lincoln. Apparently the Russell house remained unoccupied, until James Russell, the father of Dr. Charles, moved into it from his place of refuge at Dunstable; for,

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

at the time of the battle of Bunker Hill, Charlestown had been burned, and James Russell's house destroyed. The house and farm at Lincoln were the property of his son, a loyalist refugee, proscribed under the Banishment Act of 1778. The son's estate was confiscated; and, December 10, 1777, agency of it had been granted to Elnathan Jones, of Concord.

A new complication involving the title to the Lincoln property now arose. When Chambers Russell was making his arrangements for going to England, in 1766, he mortgaged his house and farm to John Hancock to secure a loan of £3000, or \$10,000. James Russell was executor of Chambers Russell, and he now came forward, with evidence that this mortgage, never having been discharged, was an existing lien on the estate. His son, Chambers Russell, second of the name, and a brother of Dr. Charles, thereupon purchased the equity of redemption, and in 1784 discharged the mortgage. He thus became by purchase the owner of the confiscated farm, which had belonged to his brother.

The younger Chambers Russell was born in Charlestown in 1755. A merchant by calling, he accumulated a handsome fortune, and died in Charleston, S. C., in 1790. He left the Lincoln estate to his nephew, Charles Russell Codman, the son of his youngest sister, Margaret (1757-1789), who had married John Codman, Jr., of Boston.

It was now that the Russell place passed into the Codman family. John Codman, Jr. (1755-1803), finding that the estate of his brother-in-law, the younger Chambers Russell, would be insufficient to meet the legacies in his will without selling the place at Lincoln, decided to pay the legacies himself, and take the place. He did so, occupying the mansion house, which he remodelled and enlarged, as a country residence. Dying, he bequeathed the property to

APPENDIX

his second son, Charles Russell Codman, carrying out his brother-in-law's wishes in that respect.

Charles Russell Codman, born in Boston, December 19, 1784, was not yet of age when he inherited the Lincoln property,—the fifth in descent from Charles Chambers. He came of age in 1805, and shortly after divided the farm, selling the northern portion of it, on which stood the old farmhouse, in which Dr. Stearns for years lived, to Amos Bemis, in 1807. The southern, and larger, portion, on which stood the mansion, the slaves' quarters, and the principal farm structures, including the farmhouse, he conveyed May 23, 1807, to Charles De Wolf, a member of the well-known Rhode Island family of that name. The Chambers Russell estate now changed ownership frequently. Charles De Wolf, having bought it in May, 1807, in 1812 conveyed it to Andrew Homer, of Boston. Andrew Homer in his turn conveyed it in 1816 to James Percival. He died at Lincoln in 1826; and in 1835 his executors sold the "Codman farm" to C. F. Minns, a merchant of Boston. Mr. Minns died at Lincoln in 1841; and, under date of November 14, 1862, his widow and children conveyed the property, described as "a certain farm in Lincoln, called the Codman place," to Ogden Codman, the son of the Charles Russell Codman, who, fifty-five years before, had sold the place to Charles De Wolf. Ogden Codman was owner of it forty-two years, dying in Lincoln October 25, 1904. He was the tenth in ownership of the mansion since it was built, *circa* 1710, the successive occupants having been as follows:—

Charles Chambers,	to 1743
Chambers Russell,	1743 to 1767
Charles Russell,	1767 to 1775
Chambers Russell,	1781 to 1790

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

John Codman,	1790 to 1803
Charles Russell Codman,	1803 to 1807
Charles De Wolf,	1807 to 1812
Andrew Homer,	1812 to 1816
James Percival,	1816 to 1835
Constant F. Minns,	1835 to 1862
Ogden Codman,	1862 to 1904

Ogden Codman, the recent owner of the place, was a descendant of Charles Chambers, of Daniel Russell, and of John Codman; but not of Judge Chambers Russell, nor of Dr. Charles Russell. Chambers Russell, so closely associated in every way with the origin and development of Lincoln, left no progeny. Ogden Codman was also the eleventh owner of the place in succession, whether by descent, bequest or purchase, from Charles Chambers, the whole period covering, approximately, two centuries.

ANNIVERSARY POEM

BY JULIUS E. EVELETH

NESTLING close and secure among the grand New
England hills,
Where the breezes softly laden bear sweet per-
fumes all the day,
Lies a gem of rustic beauty with its rocks and flow-
ing rills,
And lakes of silvery water rich with shadows soft
and gray.

The wooded sloping hillsides, the fields of green and
brown,
The pastures specked with cattle so placid and
content,
The spires that point to heaven and mark the rural
town,
The plowman's cheery laughter on work or plea-
sure bent ;

All speak of peace and plenty, the charm of country
life ;
No eager thirst for riches, the canker that doth
spoil,
Content to dwell with nature apart from the hum
and strife,
The richest lord of the manor ; a tiller of the soil.

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

A home for sturdy yeomen of the type that left the
shore

Of the far-off mother country, the land that gave
them birth,

To breathe the air of freedom that was richly held in
store

Awaited the glad coming of these noble sons of
earth.

No easy task befell them to fix the ground for
seed,

To clear the tangled wild-wood and hew the logs
of pine ;

The autumn's yellow ripeness was sorely in their
need,

The tasselled corn to harvest and fruit of running
vine.

The whirr of flying arrow, the clang of bended
bow,

Oft broke upon the quiet and darkness of the
night;

The war-whoop's warning signal marked the coming
of the foe ;

To defend, the only watchword, no coward's
thought of flight.

The rigors of the winter, the need of warmth and
food,

Only fanned the flaming ardor, nor quenched the
firm desire ;

ANNIVERSARY POEM

The danger that lay waiting in the darkness of the
wood,

Knit the bond of friendship closer as the steel is
forged by fire.

A band of godly people where duty grew apace,
With courage of conviction and purpose not in
vain,

These sons of Pilgrim Fathers, the peers of any race,
With nerves of steely texture and strength of heart
and brain,

Pursued the even tenor of the thrifty husbandman,
Believing that the harvest would follow without fail
The labor of the seed-time, nor cease in nature's plan
To reward with sure abundance the threshing of
the flail.

Years pass in rhythmic order, the sun, the moon, the
star

Fail not to keep their orbit and light by day and
night ;

The hoary frosts of winter leave trace of seam and
scar,

The whitened locks grow thinner and dimness
mars the sight.

Clouds fleck the fair horizon, there are murmurs in
the air

Which speak of dire oppression from far off over
seas.

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

The tyrant's hungry coffers must fatten, foul or
fair,

Resistance, to the mandate, is borne on every
breeze.

The blood that coursed the veins of men who
sought a shore,

Of barren rock and forest gloom, sweet liberty to
gain,

Still filled the brain and swelled the heart with cour-
age as of yore,

And needed but a spark to fire rebellion's lurid
train.

More lurid grew the western sky as sunset marked
the hour

Of daylight's fading glory and the coming of the
night.

So darker grew the future, as the crushing sense of
power

Obscured the light of freedom ; the hope of peace
took flight.

The plowshare and the musket grew friendly side
by side,

To mould and turn the furrow and answer to the
sound

Of the distant rolling drums, as a warning to pro-
vide

'Gainst the coming of the foe, and defend the
sacred ground.

The Dr. Stearns House
Residence of Mr. Cyrus Grosvenor Smith
(p. 225)



ANNIVERSARY POEM

The brows of men grew sterner at the thought of
coming strife,
And their hearts grew only stronger, as they felt
the patriots' thrill;
To gain the priceless treasure meant sacrifice of life,
The honored graves of martyrs were theirs to
bravely fill.

When on that fateful morning the drum-beat called
to arms
The minute men of Concord and the brotherhood
of towns,
And beside the flowing river from off the peaceful
farms
A host of patriots gathered in response to martial
sounds ;

None braver stood or truer, than the noble valiant few
From the hamlet on the border, first to greet the
rising sun ;
Where Revere, the peerless rider 'neath the mid-
night's falling dew
Was halted on his mission ; but the noble work
was done.

The news went flying onward as another horseman
sped,
O'er wall and rocky pasture in the darkness of
the night,
And aroused the soldier farmers as he bravely
dashed ahead.
They needed only warning to follow in the flight.

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

The muffled hoof-beats sounded along the winding
road

Of Lincoln's northern border on that starlit April
night.

No thought of backward turning, the gallant Pres-
cott rode

A herald with a summons, a champion of the right.

Responsive to the warning, alert and eager men,

In the name of God and Freedom, and the hearth
they held so dear,

Went forth to battle nobly, nor thought they where
or when

The summons might be waiting to call them
home from here.

The daylight of the morrow as it tinged the eastern
sky

Like a prayer and benediction fell on hearts with
passion tossed;

The sunset's purple shadows closed a day, when do
or die

The angel had recorded. The Rubicon was
crossed.

Historian, sage, and poet tell the story of that day

And recall the noble valor the minute men dis-
played;

A righteous cause demanded they bravely meet the
fray

And trust the God of battles, 'gainst the odds so
great arrayed.

ANNIVERSARY POEM

Brave men went down in glory, and Lincoln's soil
drank deep

Of the sacred blood of martyrs that were sacri-
ficed for right.

Her tablets mark with honor the hallowed spots we
keep

In sacred recollection through the ages' waning
light.

Ere a century had recorded its span of passing
years,

The flag, the sacred emblem that crowns a nation's
life,

The prize of hope's fruition of sacrifice and tears,

In danger drooped its colors ; there was need to
save the life.

Again the call resounded throughout the stricken
land

For defenders of Old Glory. Responsive to the
sound,

The sons of men who battled, that liberty might
stand,

Left plow within the furrow and seedlings in the
ground.

On the hillside sleeps the warrior, a gray stone marks
the spot,

Moss-grown and stained with ages, a relic of the
past.

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

On the plain, away down yonder, no gallant deed
forgot,

Sweetly rests the flag defender, — his memory will
last.

The pine trees whisper softly and bid the soldier
sleep,

The starry dome of heaven, the roof that shelters
him,

The oak trees' spreading branches, brave sentinels,
will keep

The vigils of the sleeper through ages faint and
dim.

The birds of joyous springtime will sing their songs
of mirth,

The buds will burst their fetters and clothe the
naked trees,

The grasses of the meadow, the gifts of mother
earth,

Will wave in rhythmic motion, caressed by every
breeze.

The fruit will follow blossom and ripen as of
yore,

The harvest follow seeding 'neath the autumn's
golden sun,

The chilling frosts of winter will wither as be-
fore,

The dawning follow darkness and mark the day
begun.

ANNIVERSARY POEM

Peace reigns within our border and plenty is our
store.

No cloud-lines mar the future, time softens all the
past.

We have met to clothe with honor the heroes gone
before,

And recall their deeds of valor, — such deeds for-
ever last.

To claim this noble kinship is the heritage by blood
Of the living sons of freemen who battled for the
right.

A greeting, men of Lincoln, you stand where patri-
ots stood.

This is your honored birthday, midway the cen-
tury's flight.

ANTHEM

GOD OF OUR FATHERS

RUDYARD KIPLING

GOD of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine,
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart :
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

Far called our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire ;
Lo ! all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre ;
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,

ANTHEM

Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law,
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord !

THE BANQUET



THE BANQUET

ADDRESS OF MOORFIELD STOREY, ESQ.

WE are met to celebrate the one hundred and fiftieth birthday of this pleasant town, and are glad to welcome at our table so many of our friends.

It has been, I confess, somewhat painful to be met at the very threshold of our celebration by the suggestion, made doubtless by persons jealous of our venerable age, or who perhaps were not invited to our feast, that we do not know our own birthday, and that Lincoln was really born on April 19th and not on April 23d. Our ancestors, however, were a long-headed race, and having the right denied to us as individuals of choosing their own birthday, they selected the 23d, and for the best of reasons. They foresaw that our neighbors, Concord and Lexington, would want the 19th for purposes of their own, and they decided wisely that the burden would be too heavy for one day, if it were at once the birthday of a town like Lincoln and of a new nation like the United States, and therefore they postponed the birth of Lincoln till the 23d, and made due entry of the fact upon the records of the town, our family Bible. Hence Lincoln has its own day, and in true neighborly spirit leaves Lexington and Concord to discuss which owns the 19th, without pressing its own much older claim.

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

I have felt that the honor of presiding at this dinner should have been given to some one older than I, for though appearances are against me, and might mislead the unthinking, I am really among the youngest citizens of Lincoln. As such I am only five years old, and wholly unable to imagine how one feels at one hundred and fifty. Indeed, as I rose to address you, I could not help thinking of the old and excellent rule so often impressed upon us all, that children should be seen rather than heard. But though I have lived among you so short a time, I must admit that elsewhere I am placed among the grandsires, and it is more than forty years since I first learned to know and love Lincoln. I was then a boy in college, and spent many a holiday in walking to Concord over the turnpike or the Trapelo Road, and often in later years when tired I have rested myself by driving over the same peaceful ways.

Lincoln is the centre of a region which has changed little in half a century. It still preserves the simplicity, the dignity, the character of the old Middlesex County, of which Massachusetts has always been so proud, and we who dwell here should congratulate ourselves that, while we are near enough to get the benefits, we have escaped the contamination of a great city. The simple homelike houses of this old New England town are not called upon to blush by neighbors painted and decorated in the fantastic fashions with which men slander the fair name of Queen Anne. The speculative builder has not laid out our fields in lots, cut down our trees, or disfigured our roads with boxes of apart-

THE BANQUET

ments, those poor apologies for homes. Men dwell in the houses in which their fathers dwelt, succeed to the places of their fathers in the community, take up their burdens when they lay them down, and thus give to our society a stability which is unhappily too rare in our rapidly shifting American life where, in the words of Lowell, "Time obliterates the labor and often the names of yesterday." Here we know that from the same doors have come forth for generations the same qualities, the same contributions to the life of the town, the same family characteristics. The dwellers in the homes of their fathers, the sons of these honorable families, inherit something which is not known among the changing population of a city or its suburbs: something which adds a value, a dignity, a serenity to life which nothing can replace. They have a stake in the community of priceless value to the public weal. It is in towns like this that the high traditions of New England are preserved, that the spirit of ordered freedom is left alive.

One by one these landmarks of the days and the life which made Massachusetts what she is, are overwhelmed by the crowd of strangers who follow the convenient lines of modern transportation and lead the frivolous, pleasure-seeking lives that are so much desired in our country to-day. Let us while we may preserve for Lincoln her unique position among the neighbors of a great city, that our children may know what manner of life was led by those who laid the foundations of our state, and in a New England town-meeting may learn the principles of free government.

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

But I am violating the sound rule which I have quoted, and setting a bad example to those whom you are hoping to hear, by talking too long.

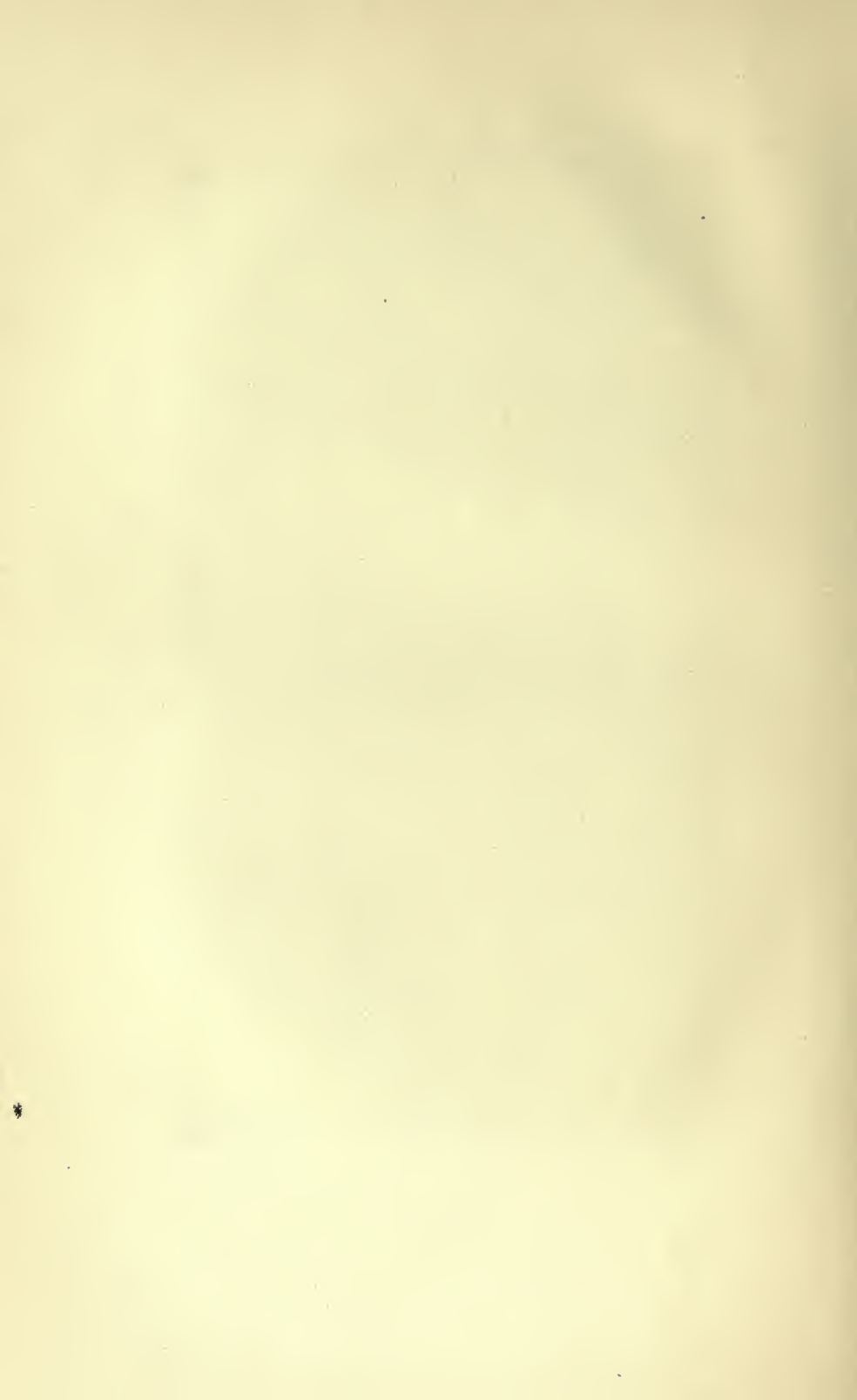
Our first thought on our birthday should be of our mother, and we as pious children of Massachusetts naturally turn to her who gave us birth one hundred and fifty years ago. I hope she will give us her blessing now through the lips of her young but eminent son, whom she has set over all her other children. He needs no introduction, and so I may only with great pleasure present to you his Excellency, Governor Bates.

REMARKS BY GOVERNOR JOHN L. BATES

MR. TOASTMASTER AND FELLOW CITIZENS: The thing which most impresses one coming from the great city that is so near, is to find how comparatively untouched this town is by the encroachments of modern activities. Not that your people lack enterprise, push, and energy, but that it has been exhibited at a distance, and they have kept this place free from business, from manufactures, from trade, kept it in the condition that it has been for one hundred and fifty years, — a retreat, beautiful as nature can make it, and uninjured by man. In its physical aspect it thus presents a picture of the Commonwealth as it was a century and a half ago, or as it was on that first Patriot's Day, the anniversary of which we have so recently celebrated, the 19th of April, 1775.

The Hoar House
Residence of Mr. Edward W. Pope
(p. 225)





THE BANQUET

What has this community to celebrate on this its one hundred and fiftieth natal day? Communities celebrate great progress, and they celebrate great deeds. I find that a large increase of population, the multiplication of building upon building, the gathering to a common centre of mill and forge and manufactory, enormous strides in business, and the accumulation of wealth, are often spoken of by communities in a way that indicates their pride in such things. But Lincoln has not largely increased in population. It is one of the very few towns within our Commonwealth that has no manufactures whatever within its precincts. Here there are no busy marts for barter or for trade, and here, while there is no indication of want on the part of any of your citizens, there certainly have not been large accumulations of wealth, except as such accumulations have been brought here by those who, attracted by the beauty of your hills, have come to dwell among you. But in great deeds and in manner of living, and in the achievements of self-government, you have all to celebrate that any ideal community can celebrate. In peace you have maintained the principles of self-government, and ruled yourselves wisely, and with credit taken part in the larger deliberations of the representative bodies of the state and nation. From your people, and from those who look back to Lincoln as the place of their ancestry, have come many of the leaders in the world of thought, and in the national life. When war has sounded its alarm, your citizens have not been back-

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

ward. They have given more than the quota assigned to them in every struggle in which the nation has participated. Hired men among them? Yes, there may have been, but not so with the majority. Towns that have to hire men do not send beyond their quota to the fields of battle. The 19th of April, 1775, was a day when the affairs of the people of this land had reached a crisis. The company of minutemen from Lincoln was ready at Concord Bridge when the time came for action; and as the liberties of America were born in the fortitude of the men who resisted the British invasion on that morning, a resistance in which Lincoln had a noble and effective part, so is the name of Lincoln to be associated with those of Concord and Lexington by a grateful people.

So to-day we celebrate one hundred and fifty years of independent thought, one hundred and fifty years of peaceful living, one hundred and fifty years of patriotic service, one hundred and fifty years of contented life. This town has in the life of its citizens shown that Pope was wrong when he wrote that

“Man never is, but always to be, blessed.”

Here in the valleys and on the slopes of the hills have been the homes of contented, happy people. Here has been taught the lesson that happiness is not to be found in busy strife, or in ambitious pursuits, but in the satisfaction that comes from simple living in contact with nature, seeking to have the

THE BANQUET

genuine rather than the artificial, the real rather than the unreal.

So on this day perhaps there is no better lesson than that which comes from the contemplation of the virtues of the people who redeemed this land from a wilderness and made it their abode. As one who brings out the old furniture from the attic or the cellar or the loft of the barn, and brushes off the dust and the mould, is impressed by the beauty of the old design, by its grace and character, so should we on such occasions as these study the rugged virtues of the fathers of old and grow stronger, better, and wiser as we contemplate that patriotism that never failed, that courage that was never daunted, that simple faith that was never staggered, and that sweet contentment of mind that caused their lives to flow on "like the rivers through the woodlands darkened by the shadows of earth, but reflecting the image of heaven."

MR. STOREY. — We are greatly indebted to our townsman, Mr. Adams, for the admirable address to which we have listened to-day. It will be remembered as a permanent contribution to the annals of the town, and in the name of all its inhabitants present and to come I am glad to give him our warmest thanks. I am sure that this very fresh experience of his speech will only make you anxious to hear from him again, and I therefore ask him if he will not add to our obligations by a few words now.

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

(By Mr. Adams's request his remarks at the Banquet are not printed in the Proceedings, as he felt he had occupied sufficient space by his speech in the afternoon.)

MR. STOREY.—I came among you as a farmer, anxious to try my hand at a new enterprise, and inspired by the high ideal which my friend Mr. Brooks set before me at my first town-meeting when he said, "One farmer is worth more than six lawyers." I have had much experience since then, and have learned how thorny is the path which one, who has had the misfortune to be bred a lawyer, must tread before he becomes a really triumphant farmer. Even the assessors mocked my efforts when they refused to assess my land as a farm, though I assured them that I was conscientiously doing my best to make a farm of it, and that I thought my failure to make any money by it was punishment enough without their fining me besides.

It is natural, therefore, that I should respect the men who succeed where I have failed, and I had not been here long before the contrast between my precarious asparagus bed and the acres of asparagus on Mr. Baker's farm excited my admiration. I hope Mr. Baker will tell me and the Governor — for I fancy we are the poorest farmers here — something about farming, or perhaps better give us some reminiscences of the farming town in which his family has so long held an honorable place.

THE BANQUET

REMARKS OF MR. GEORGE M. BAKER

MR. PRESIDENT: I am proud to represent the Baker name here.

John Baker and Elizabeth his wife came from Old England to New England with six children and settled in Concord, since then called the south-western part of Lincoln, near Baker Bridge railroad station. They had four children born in what is now Lincoln. They came about 1729.

Jacob, one of the sons born in England in 1722, married Grace Billings, born across the road opposite my place, now owned by C. F. Adams. The cellar where the house stood is now to be seen. The Billings family had large holdings of land. Jacob built the old Baker house now owned by Mr. Adams. They had a large family, three sons of which, Jacob, Nathaniel, and Amos, settled in Lincoln.

Jacob, born 1744, settled on the farm now owned by Major Higginson. Nathaniel, born 1746 (my grandfather), and Amos, born 1756 (grandfather of James E. Baker), both settled on the old Baker farm. One occupied the east end of the house, the other the west end. Each kept a horse, cows, and an ox; they put the oxen together and worked them when they needed them.

They did their work together, dividing the products when harvested; mowing and raking their hay, then dividing in the field and carrying to the separate barns. They brought the wood to the door, prepared

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

it for the fire, and their wives divided it. They carried on the farm together till my grandfather was eighty years old. Both had good families of children. Who will say they did not live happy and profitable lives? I have been told by their descendants that they never had a word of contention. Their large families did not make them less happy, a lesson for *this* generation. When my grandfather was eighty, he sold out to James, a son of Amos, the father of the present James E.

Nathaniel left three daughters and a son — Jacob, my father. He bought and settled on the farm now occupied by myself and Walter F. and family. He came here at eighty and died at ninety-two. He awoke as usual and said he would not “get up just yet.” When some one went to his room soon after, it was found that he had passed away in sleep. I was about twelve years old when he died. I was attached to him and he to me. He was blind several years. I read to him from the Bible. I do not remember a single cross word from him.

Jacob, my father, was killed at the railroad crossing below Lincoln station, at the age of seventy-two. He had four daughters and a son; my sisters were all older than myself, and three of them are still living.

There are left myself, my son W. F., and his two sons to represent one branch of the Baker name.

Now if there is time I would like to refer to some of the characteristics of our ancestors as I remember them:

THE BANQUET

1st. They were temperate in food, drink, and habits.

2d. They were industrious.

3d. They were a frugal people, so they had few paupers to support.

4th. They were modest, but jealous of their rights, as when their soil was invaded by a foreign foe.

5th. They were inclined to mind their own business. My father took me with him when a small boy to a neighbor's to purchase some grass. While he and the neighbor were discussing the trade, a stranger to my father volunteered his services to the neighbor. My father looked him in the face and said, "Mister, I have got a good living by minding my own business." I need not say the stranger retired. I got a lesson I never forgot.

6th. They supported good roads. There were two thoroughfares through the length of the town over which the stages ran, and all the freight going north was teamed over these two roads, which was a great tax to the town till the Fitchburg Railroad was built.

7th. They supported good schools that stood high among the schools of the State; and although kept in little modest houses and taught mostly by graduates of these schools, they turned out men and women who were good citizens here, and those who went away were successful, some of them returning to spend their last days in their old town and making the town handsome presents.

8th. They elected faithful servants to care for

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

public affairs. The office sought the man and not the man the office. They had no defaulters.

9th. They were a law-abiding community ; they never supported a law office.

10th. They were a Sabbath-keeping people.

11th. Class distinction and gossip have not been nurtured among us. These are the bane of society, like rust on metals or vermin on vegetation, destroying the peace and happiness of society.

By following these traits I think we have been a peaceful, prosperous, and happy people. May we continue in them ! Happiness is the one desire of *every* human being, but sought in many ways. Be true and honest to self and others is the best way to secure it. The poet says, " Love God, love truth, love virtue, and be happy."

And now I think I hear the builders of this little republic unite in saying, " We are proud and happy that we are stones in the building. We earnestly hope that no stones that enter into the structure will vaunt themselves above us the foundation stones ; we are all happy in the part we played. No magic tool was used to fit us for our places ; we were fitted for our work by our inheritance, we were prepared in the ' meeting-house ' and the ' little red school-house. ' Our motto is ' Truth. ' "

MR. STOREY. — There are few if any names that have been associated longer with Lincoln than that of Flint, and no man of New England blood can contemplate the homestead with the venerable elm, that

THE BANQUET

has sheltered so many generations, without a feeling of admiration and keen sympathy for the sturdy stock that has for so many years taken an honorable part in the life of this town. I hope Mr. Francis Flint will say a few words as its representative.

REMARKS BY MR. FRANCIS FLINT

MR. PRESIDENT: I rise with much diffidence to speak of my ancestry and town, yet I am proud of both. We trace our family lineage back to Thomas Flint, who came over from Matlock, in Derbyshire, England, about 1636. We have made some inquiries there with the hope of tracing our genealogy farther back, but without success. Possibly it may be just as well, for I once heard my father say that he had never heard of a Flint's being hanged. Matlock is now one of the fine watering-places in Old England, and a relative who recently visited that region seemed at a loss to understand what could have induced "Father Thomas" to leave such a beautiful spot, to come to this howling wilderness. I suppose the simple answer would be, *He was a Puritan*. Soon after his arrival we find him on Governor Winthrop's Council. Later he moved to Concord, where he died about 1653. His will was the first one recorded in the Middlesex County Records at Cambridge. His son secured a large tract of land, over seven hundred acres, including Sandy or Flint Pond. This tract doubtless included Lincoln Centre and the present

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

Flint homestead, which, *I think*, has never passed out of the family name during these two hundred and fifty years.

If you ask what of the Flints on that memorable day, the 19th of April, 1775, I simply say the chronicles of the family inform us that my grandfather Ephraim, then about thirty years old, shouldered his musket, and as one of the results captured a British soldier at Lexington, and took him home with him, where he worked some time on the farm of his captor *peacefully*. Later, during the War of 1812, General James Miller achieved considerable renown at the Battle of Lundy's Lane on the Canadian frontier. When his superior asked him if he could capture a redoubt, he answered, "I'll try, sir," and accomplished it. He married my father's sister. These are our military achievements.

In the records I find very little desire for political honors or office. Evidently the fact that "Father Thomas" was on Governor Winthrop's Council brought sufficient glory to several generations. I quieted my conscience concerning my county and city duties by serving one term on the jury at court, and one term on the school committee of the city of Cambridge. In this hurried sketch I have not touched upon the Bemis side of our ancestry, partly because, while they were of Puritan stock, their ancestor coming to Watertown in 1640, they were not connected with this town until long afterwards. Of my Uncle George F. Bemis I need not speak in this building or to this company. Of my mother I

THE BANQUET

simply say, she was one of the choicest specimens of lovely Christian motherhood this town has produced, and that is saying a good deal. Of the passing generation, it is perhaps needless for me to speak in this presence. Of the six children that grew up, only three remain, and we have all passed the allotted term of threescore years and ten. We were required to attend church and Sunday-school regularly, and I am glad of it. It established a foundation on which after life was more safely builded.

Regarding the town, it is certainly a good thing for children to have a pride and interest in the place of their birth. I can hardly remember the time when we were not taught that Lincoln was a fine town. It was occasionally called in my boyhood *Niptown* to belittle it. But on a public occasion one of our witty young men translated that word to the satisfaction of us all, giving as a toast "Niptown, nipped off the best end of three or four other towns."

As a boy I was proud of our school at the Centre. I remember one fine teacher from Harvard College. He taught us arithmetic, algebra, geometry, only stopping at trigonometry in mathematics, had the boys declaim periodically, and closed the term with an exhibition of orations and dialogues in our town-hall to a crowded house. How many district schools in the country at that time could show such a record?

In my class in mathematics there were five very bright girls and one boy, and though it was my favorite study, yet I had to work hard to keep in

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

sight of them ; and you may remember, some of you younger men, that at that susceptible age the sight is of much account. Four of those five girls have passed on. Some of them married and left children that are an honor to your town.

Now a word of your future. Possibly you will ere long bring back the High School and gather more of your children into it, even if it raises your tax rate a fraction of a dollar from \$8 or \$9 per thousand toward the \$17 or \$18 per thousand that we have to pay in Cambridge.

As to temperance, seemingly you are fairly safe if the late reports from your town are true — safer perhaps than in my early boyhood, when Medford rum and molasses was the favorite tonic with some of the help.

Your Board of Selectmen should be comparatively safe while you have a Flint on it, for he is of good old Whig descent, and you, Mr. President, are familiar with that product.

MR. STOREY.— As I admired Mr. Baker's asparagus, so when we had our agricultural fair a year or two ago I admired Mr. Farrar's apples, which I could not help comparing with my own inferior fruit. Nor was I encouraged when he told me that my farm used to be the best fruit farm in the county. Degeneracy is not a thing to be proud of. No Lincoln festival would be complete without a good many Farrars, and I am sure that Mr. E. R. Farrar will give us some reminiscences that will interest us all.

THE BANQUET

REMARKS BY MR. EDWARD R. FARRAR

MR. TOASTMASTER: There have been many changes in one hundred and fifty years. My great-grandfather was tithing-man in Lincoln, and it was one of his duties to stop all passers-by on the Sabbath, and if they were not going for the minister or the doctor, they were turned back. We may not choose to follow all their ideas. They served their God the best they knew, and to my mind that was what gave strength to the Puritan character. If we wish to keep up the credit of the New England character, we must see to it that we do not go to the other extreme, and become too careless in the service of our Lord, or in the keeping of his Sabbath.

I feel honored that my ancestors had a part in the settlement of the town, and in the management of its affairs, and in obtaining the independence of our country.

My wish is that the future of this town may be such that it will be an honor to the generations that are to follow.

MR. STOREY. — The town of Lincoln, like every other Massachusetts town, has owed much to the ministers who have lived their lives here, and without large salaries or the fame which comes to those who preach in great cities have with single-hearted devotion given themselves to the work which here as everywhere has waited for their hands. Among them

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

all there has been no one more worthy of the sincere respect and affection with which we regard him than Mr. Bradley, who I hope will speak to us.

REMARKS BY REVEREND EDWARD E. BRADLEY

MR. TOASTMASTER AND FRIENDS: I want to add my word of appreciation to those already spoken for the oration of the afternoon. Until one has tried his hand at it, he cannot appreciate how great a task it is to reconstruct the past out of such scanty materials as are available for our history. Such an address as this represents not simply the special preparation made for this occasion, but years of labor devoted to similar investigations in other localities.

Mr. Adams has given us a clear picture of the economic side of the life of our town, and I know of no facts that contradict those that he has brought before us. But he has not told us the whole story. There is a good deal more that might be said and that ought to be said for the social and the spiritual side of the life of those early days. I had occasion a few years since to examine the records of the church, and I read all the documents that I could find bearing on its history both in its own records and in other writings; and I found there facts that would go far to relieve the monotonous and commonplace character of the life of the town in its early days as it was set before us this afternoon. I found there

Residence of Mr. Julius E. Eveleth



THE BANQUET

the records of the labors of the six ministers of the church, all of them equipped with the best learning of the time, and faithful in the discharge of their office ; while the fact that there were but six ministers here during a period of one hundred and forty-five years speaks much for the character of their ministry as well as for the character of the people. Such roads as there were then, whether highways or cart-paths, served to bring the people to church on the Sabbath from the outskirts of the town ; and if the worship of the Sabbath was the principal occasion for bringing the people together, it was one that was faithfully and profitably improved.

We were reminded in the anniversary ode that was read this afternoon, and also in the Governor's remarks this evening, of the farmer patriots of our early history, the minute-men who were ready to take up arms and go forth at a moment's notice to defend their homes. They were men of sturdy character and unflinching courage ; we were brought up to venerate them, and I hope the day is far distant when we shall cease to do so. The spirit and the manly bearing of the minute-man have been finely preserved for us in bronze in the statue at the bridge in Concord and in the, if possible, more virile figure of Captain Parker in Lexington. But I do not hesitate to say that we in Lincoln have seen a finer representation of the spirit of the minute-man than either Mr. French or Mr. Kitson has given us, for we have seen it in life, in flesh and blood. I believe that you will agree with me when I say that the spirit of

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

the minute-man has been reproduced in a remarkable degree in the life of one whom we ourselves have known, the lamented James Farrar, who died just ten years ago the seventeenth day of next month.

Most of us who are here to-night remember well the situation of our town ten years ago, and the feeling of uneasiness that was abroad because of the midnight visits of a burglar. Many of our homes had been visited by him, and the rest of us felt that our turn might come at any time. It was not a very pleasant frame of mind to be in. Men were anxious, women were timid. It was to bring such a condition of things to an end that James Farrar sacrificed his life. I never could reconcile myself to his going unarmed in pursuit of a man who, he might have known, was armed and prepared to kill. But barring that, no one can admire too highly the fidelity and the courage shown by him in seeking to bring this man to justice. As Attorney-General Knowlton said at the time, "Never bullet sped to cleaner, braver, truer heart." He was a man of as near spotless character as it is our fortune often to see. He took an active part in the life of the town, both as a citizen and as a public official. He was a leader in his own neighborhood in all matters, whether religious, social, or athletic. Yet at all times and in all places he kept himself unspotted from the world. I do not desire, I do not need to enlarge upon his virtues; I desire but to recall him to your minds at this time, and to pay my tribute of respect and affection to his memory. He has gone from us,

THE BANQUET

but he belongs still to us ; for his name is upon the roll of those who have given their lives for the town.

MR. STOREY. — For the first time in ninety years Concord has celebrated her anniversary this week without the aid that she has learned to expect from the family of Hoar. The sudden and premature death of Samuel Hoar, which has saddened the whole town of Concord and left a heartache in the breast of many a friend outside, has robbed us of two guests, for we had hoped that both he and his uncle might come to speak for the ancient line which was cradled in this town. Let us assure our senator, whose life has lately been clouded by great affliction which he might well have hoped to be spared, that the citizens of this town have not forgotten him or his family, and that they feel the warmest sympathy for them all.

It is well at least once in one hundred and fifty years that our vanity should be chastened by hearing the candid opinion of some impartial neighbor. There was a time when Lincoln would have found it hard to discover such a critic, since the neighboring towns, out of whose flesh she was carved, did not regard the process with entire approval, and town division has never been popular since. I hope, however, that time has healed the wound and that I may safely run the risk of asking a word from Concord, for whom surely no one has a better right to speak than one whose name is forever associated with it, my friend Mr. Emerson.

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

REMARKS BY DR. EDWARD WALDO
EMERSON

MR. CHAIRMAN, FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS: I have been asked to answer for Concord here to-night, and I do not feel abashed, for am I not still at home? Is not this a part of Old Concord? It surely was so in its beginnings and thereafter for one hundred and nine years; then, for ten years, Concord's second precinct before the final separation, simply for convenience' sake.

These dwellers on the eastern hills of Old Concord apparently always showed a marked independence. Their elevation seems to have made them overlook trifles such as the people in the neighboring plain minded, for in 1751 the church in Lincoln, but newly established, voted to admit all persons who may be dismissed from the church at Concord. I have always felt glad to know that this asylum was open in case of need. This same independence of thought — upward tendency, shall I say? — influenced your people in things physical, for later they held that water could better, or had better, run uphill.

But however, on common days, a healthy independence has held the mother and daughter towns apart, they have never forgotten their blood relationship in time of trouble. We know that our common ancestors were comrades in the defence of eastern Massachusetts in King Philip's War, and in the next

THE BANQUET

century fought together against the French and Indians. On the great Nineteenth of April blood proved thicker than water, when our first help in dire extremity came from Lincoln. Your Captain Eleazer Brooks, wisely brave, gave timely counsel when some, more brave than experienced, urged that the handful of minute-men should abide the issue of fight with eight hundred regulars on the Common, — which could only have resulted in another massacre like that in Lexington, — and thus influenced the happy outcome of the day by causing the withdrawal of the Provincial force to Buttrick's Hill, to wait the arrival of an adequate force. This was a service of vital importance.

In the War of the Rebellion three Lincoln men went in Captain Prescott's company in April, 1861, four in Captain Barrett's company of the 47th Regiment, M. V. M., five more were furnished by this town to the three years' companies of Captains Prescott and Bowers of the 32d Regiment. During the last fifteen years of the past century the "Concord Artillery," then Company I, 6th Regiment, M. V. M., had your young men in its ranks, and when the war with Spain broke out you furnished us a good officer and three men.¹ Thus, in five wars, the youth of these hills have done service shoulder to shoulder with their neighbors of the plain.

Possibly in this connection I ought to recognize the services of a small but select body of cavalry, in

¹ A fifth man from the town enlisted in the U. S. Volunteer Battalion of Engineers.

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

uniform now green, now red, who, moved by knowledge which we have not of some secret foe which infests our borders — what he is like we can't guess, but he leaves a scent of anise or paregoric — have lately ridden into Concord to hunt him, at some danger to their lives and limbs.

I have spoken of Lincoln's sharing with Concord the perils of war, but the old town owes much to her in peace. I have told what one of your Brooks family did for us on a day of battle, but through the nineteenth century that name did honor to Concord in the persons of a father and son, respected and loved, — the Squire and the Judge. The son, the grandsons, and the great-grandsons of your Samuel Hoar of the days of the Revolution have been our strength and our pride for nearly a hundred years. The race of Wheeler has brought up the average of good citizenship in both towns, and fortunately is not failing in the land. Though the Farrars mainly hold by Lincoln, they worship in Concord, and one of that name dwells among us, and quietly puts us to bed when our days' works are all done. Let me pay a tribute in passing to some Lincoln men who are gone: to the brave young man who, losing his life, freed us from midnight danger and loss; to my old schoolmate, Dr. George Tarbell, a good doctor and devoted servant of good causes; to the memory of your scholar, Stearns Wheeler, from whose young promise my father and his friend Henry Thoreau hoped so much.

May I lay claim to personal relation with Lincoln, for I lived here through two pleasant summers? I

THE BANQUET

say *here*, but part of the house was in Lincoln and part in Wayland ; the line ran through the dining-table. So in case of emergency I could have fled from your jurisdiction to its other side. Your farmer constable, Mr. Sam Farrar, called, but in his kindness of heart kept his weapons of office concealed, and talked pleasantly of flowers.

Now I believe you will allow me to say a word, at the beginning of a new chapter of Lincoln's life, and I believe it will be taken kindly from a neighbor, for it is on a subject which has come very near to us both ; but Concord has had to deal with it for a quarter of a century, and you only for a few years.

Both towns were, until lately, almost purely agricultural, and their people within my recollection used to lead the simple lives such as Mr. Baker has described, mainly within their own borders, though each had one or more ministers, doctors and lawyers and a few traders, and the farmers went to the city with their produce. Now the railroad and the crowding of the cities has changed that. Both of our towns are becoming more and more suburban.

Naturally when new names and new ways come into old towns there is a temporary dislocation felt by both parties. The old residents who value and continue the ways and standards of their ancestors may be anxious and disturbed. The newcomers, brought up under different conditions, may not be quite prepared to live on old-time country principles. We felt this in our town, as doubtless you do here. Now because we went through all this, — as you are doing

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

now,—and seem to be coming through pretty well, I trust to your good nature to let me say a few words to the new and the old elements: first, to the old stock. We found that the new infusion, coming in, as it did gradually enough to be assimilated, did us good. In loyal pride in the town, and in zealous and unpaid service of her interests, many of the newcomers have vied with the best of the old leaders. More than that, they have waked us up and contributed good ideas and methods. Most of them have honored the best standards of the old town, yet these must grow and broaden with that growth. So give the newcomers a welcome and a chance.

Now to the new settlers may I say, Do not come to Lincoln to enjoy its quiet, its air, and its scenery, and lead your lives apart from it. Live in a simple country town in simple country ways, and don't spoil the place by enhancing class distinctions and living in a style which may make your neighbors uncomfortable. There are many wholesome lessons to be learned from a fine independent old New England village,— to simplify life and so have more time for real living, to serve yourselves more, and to come into sound and helpful touch with town affairs. Learn the sweetness of good neighborhood.

Ten years ago I visited the beautiful Lincoln which, high on its hill, looks over the lowlands on England's eastern coast. The high towers of the Cathedral have many grotesques carved in stone by the old monks, and from one of them came the proverb "The Devil looks over Lincoln." But we

THE BANQUET

here will believe that, in his mischievous walks on earth, the Devil *overlooks* Lincoln.

MR. STOREY.—As a young citizen I feel the need of support from men approaching my own age, and I shall therefore ask my senior by some years, the Rev. Dr. DeNormandie, to tell us how he has succeeded as a Lincoln farmer, and why it is that incubators select the most inconvenient moments to explode. When I think how suddenly one's hopes are blighted by such a calamity, I can think of nothing more closely approaching the reaction than the experience of the man who was asked why his legs were bowed and replied, "I went up in a balloon and walked back."

REMARKS BY REV. JAMES DENORMANDIE, D. D.

MR. PRESIDENT: I am much gratified to be regarded as enough of a citizen of Lincoln to be invited to this interesting anniversary, and to be asked to say a word at this banquet.

Some strange fatality has steadily beset my endeavor to live a part of the year among you, but I trust year by year that whatever has prevented may be removed, and that before long the time may come when I can really be one of your townsmen.

I am not sure, sir, that I have in my nature any spirit of envy or jealousy. I am not sure that I know

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

of any one whose lot I envy. I envy no man his wealth. I envy no man his public position. I might perhaps at times have a passing wish that I might have the intellectual gifts of some to whom I have listened ; that I might have been the discoverer or inventor of some helpful thing for humanity ; that I might, for example, have the gift of our distinguished historian to-day, to take the dry facts of a century and a half, and weave them into such an attractive form, uniting the wisdom of a statesman to the faith of a prophet. I might be forgiven, perhaps, if I had just a passing shadow of disappointment that he should have so much larger a congregation than we ministers do when we preach in the Lincoln churches, or for indulging in the reflection that if Mr. Adams were now announced to speak to-morrow, he might have even a larger congregation than to-day. I might have a momentary feeling of envy in thinking of all the strong words that you, sir, have uttered in defence of the lofty ideals of our republic.

But I believe I am without envy — and yet, if I had the spirit, there are two classes I can think of toward whom I might show it. One is the persons who can, without haste, or anxiety, or pressure, or nervousness, quietly get up on Sunday morning and go to church. That is something of which we ministers know nothing. If I ever have an opportunity to worship out of the pulpit, I feel how helpful, how delightful it is, and wonder every one does not long to go to church. It is only when I am in the pulpit that I sometimes wonder why so many go.

THE BANQUET

The other is the persons who can escape from the confusion of the great city's life to the charms of a life in the country. Think of it: to be aroused every morning by five or six o'clock by the shouts or bells of the hucksters which cease not until ten at night; of "fresh mackerel," which have known nothing of their native element for the last fortnight; of "fresh vegetables," which have been a week on the way from the South, and another week on their slow journey through all the dirty and dusty streets of the city; of the three grades of eggs so plainly advertised at all the grocery stores — "strictly fresh eggs," "fresh eggs," and "eggs" — and if the first means any eggs laid within the present year, what must the last be? Really, sir, I think that most of the inhabitants of the city have lost the power to distinguish what anything fresh means. And then to think of escaping from all these — from the dust and smells, and tumult and selfishness, and harshness and unsympathizing crowd — to the quiet restfulness and sweet odors of our Lincoln air and our Lincoln scenes, the voices of our Lincoln birds, the silence of our woods, the promise of our fruitful fields, is like entering into the joy and peace of the Island of the Blest.

I always like to recall the correspondence between Adams and Jefferson in the closing year of their life, when the animosities of politics were burned out and these two statesmen of our heroic age wrote about their religious views and their literary tastes, — it seems to me about the most beautiful thing in American literature; and I like to recall what Jeffer-

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

son used to say of his life at Monticello, when his writings are interspersed with remarks about his fields and his crops, his clover, and wheat, and flowers, and his holding to the view "that those who labor in the earth are the chosen people of God."

There is a charm and a helpfulness about a life closer to nature, and amidst her great movements, which the city cannot give: you are oppressed and burdened, you are overwhelmed by your perplexities and mysteries; you think no one can have such a hard lot as yours; life seems more than you can bear; and how you are steadied and calmed by the silent and mighty processes of nature! The stars which look down upon you so peacefully; the undisturbed revolution of the seasons; the swelling buds of these spring days; the great trees which boast not of their strength; the vines which cling so tenderly around them; the grateful shade of the forest; the earth which never forgets to return its harvests; the tiny seeds growing to massive proportions of plant and tree, — what never-ceasing delight, what quiet assurance of some Overguiding Power and Care and Love, what serenity, what courage, does it all give. "Nothing for me is too early nor too late which is in due time for thee, O Universe," said the ancient philosopher. I would say, just altering a little the words of Kipling:

" God gave all men all earth to love,
But since man's heart is small,
Ordains for each one spot shall prove
Beloved over all.

THE BANQUET

Each to his choice, but I rejoice
The lot has fallen to me
In a fair ground, in a fair ground
In Lincoln with its beauty."

MR. STOREY.—Dr. DeNormandie, I suspect, is not really so young as he looks and feels, so I am going to call upon one whom both he and I know to be really young, and yet who has long and delightful associations with Lincoln inherited from his father, who was for so many years a well-known and much respected man among you, Mr. George C. Hodges.

REMARKS BY GEORGE CLARENDON HODGES, ESQ.

MR. TOASTMASTER, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :
The phrase in which you asked me to come here to-night and say a good word for the town betrayed the newness of your conversion. Sir—had you been an older story in Lincoln you would have known that no one could or would dare say aught but a good word for her. It is true that we fight one another joyously and happily,—that is a family privilege,—but let any one attack the town, and our personal engagements are suspended until the common enemy is routed.

Evidences of that loyalty you will see all about you, in the Public Library, the church, this very hall, and in the scholarship at Harvard College to

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

which Lincoln's sons have always the preference— all the gifts of her loving children. And a like spirit is found in a charge upon the town seal, of the old chestnut-tree under which her boys and girls have grown to usefulness and maturity.

And so conservative are we, so adherent to sound tradition and precedent, that we maintain one hereditary office, that of clerk, and the annals of the town for sixty years have been and are the records of one family. How well we all remember— those of us, that is, not too hopelessly young in years or residence to remember anything— the first incumbent of the office from that family, — the dear old doctor. It is safe to say that no consideration of selfishness ever influenced an act of his life among us. Through his "long days of labor and nights devoid of ease" his friendly services and great skill were always at the command of the poor and needy not only of his own town but also of the whole county. And so great was his skill, so devoted his attention, that a leading member of his own profession, speaking of his death, said: "Middlesex County has lost the best family physician I ever knew." It is but a small tribute to his memory that we thus refer to him in our day of celebration, but we do so for our own sake. Lincoln's list of benefactors were sadly incomplete without the name of Dr. Chapin.

Yet do not think that our conservatism and pride amount to self-sufficiency — we have heard that there are other counties almost as good, other towns nearly as wholesome, other people quite as wise.

Residence of Messrs. Francis and Charles S. Smith
(p. 227)





THE BANQUET

All we do claim is foresight. When we were getting ready to disclose our age and then boast about it, we looked over the field, descended into Norfolk County, and annexed and made our very own the best she had, and, as a result, we have carried off a most successful celebration without the help of any outsiders — any outsiders, I say, for His Excellency the Governor is the property of the whole Commonwealth and has a home in every town within its borders.

MR. STOREY. — And now it is time that this part of our festival was over, and that the real questions of the day should begin, for we all hope that the young people, upon whom the hopes of the town for the next century rest, will have only the pleasantest memories of the town, whether on its birthdays or any other, and may never associate a thought of tedium with any of its celebrations.

By virtue of the authority in me vested, I now declare this session adjourned to meet again in this hall after a decent interval, and to dance the new century in.

LETTERS

LETTERS

FROM MR. LEWIS E. SMITH

MOORFIELD STOREY, ESQ.,

Dear Sir, — I have the pleasure to receive a note from you, representing the committee for celebrating the one hundred fiftieth anniversary of the town of Lincoln, requesting me to say a few words at the dinner as the representative of the Brooks family. Regretting not being able to be present, I send a few notes which I hope may be suited to the occasion.

These items of history were received from my grandfather, Colonel Daniel Brooks, in the home of my early years. He was descended in direct line from Joshua, one of the early settlers of Concord, through Daniel, Job, and John.

He went to Concord on the morning of the 19th of April, 1775, being a lad of fourteen years, saw the British soldiers cut down the flagstaff of the Provincials, watched the progress of events, and saw the beginning of the hasty retreat. Two years after, at the age of sixteen, he enlisted in the Continental Army and served a long term. The money received for this service he invested in a wood-lot of six acres, on the east side of Sandy Pond, which is now owned by his granddaughter, Mrs. James L. Chapin.

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

In 1812 he was captain of the Lincoln militia company, and afterwards he was colonel of the Middlesex militia. The town records show the offices he held in which he was associated with the ancestors of President Garfield. The town of Lincoln proudly honors his memory on Decoration Day.

The town of Concord, from which Lincoln was taken in 1754, is said to be the oldest inland town in America. The Brookses were among the first settlers. Tradition says they spent the first winter in houses or caves dug into the long hill which bordered the great road to Lexington, since a noted place, as here the Concord grape originated, or was developed by Mr. Bull. Here Bronson Alcott lived while in Concord. The building of the Concord School of Philosophy was above on the hill, and the home of Ralph Waldo Emerson was scarce a quarter of a mile distant.

From these settlers at the time of the Revolution were descended fourteen families of Brookses, who lived on farms in the north part of Lincoln with but few other names among them, so the wife was called Mrs. with the first name of her husband, the name Brooks being considered superfluous.

The Brooks tavern, on the site of the present residence of Mr. Samuel Hartwell, was the centre of the Brooks village, all the families being not more than a half mile distant. In the decade from 1835 to 1845 the writer recollects the heads of ten families then living, whose Bible names indicate their staunch Puritan origin, — Aaron, Asa, Daniel, Eleazar, In-

LETTERS

crease, Isaac, Job, Joshua, Thomas, Timothy. With these we record the names of the distinguished lawyers living in Concord, Nathan Brooks and his son George M. Brooks.

In the time of these men the Brooks village was a place of business importance. A large tannery and a currier's shop gave employment to many hands. The Brooks tavern, being on the thoroughfare from Boston called the Great Road, is said to have had the largest patronage of any hostelry out of Boston. Its large stables, covered driveways, sheds and buildings of great variety, made a picture which would be a choice one for a modern photographer.

Passing the old North Schoolhouse, which then welcomed within its brick walls between 50 and 60 scholars, were to be seen, at nearly all hours of the day, large teams of six and eight horses, innumerable wagons and carriages. In the winter a score or more of two-horse pungs from Vermont or New Hampshire often made the journey together. The four-horse mail stage, with Boston, Keene, Brattleboro, and U. S. M. inscribed in large letters, represented the transportation of those times.

Monday was cattle market day at Brighton. The latter part of each week the fields were filled with droves of horned cattle, sheep and swine, and occasionally might be seen on the road 50 or 75 horses in pairs attached to a rope between them. In short, this road represented the transportation which now belongs to the Fitchburg Railroad, not then built.

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

At the present a few persons remain in the north part of Lincoln to represent the name of Brooks. Most of the descendants are scattered in the great West, where many have occupied positions of honor and usefulness. Some have served the country with distinction in the civil war. It would be a pleasure to recount their successes did time permit. We may be sure that all are proud of their Concord and Lincoln ancestry, whose history is replete with interesting reminiscences and praiseworthy incidents.

LEWIS E. SMITH,

Grandson of Colonel Daniel Brooks.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., April 18, 1904.

FROM EDWIN M. STEARNS

WINTHROP, April 21, 1904.

MOORFIELD STOREY, ESQ.,

AND CITIZENS OF LINCOLN:

Deeply I regret that bodily infirmities may prevent my attendance at the anniversary celebration on the 23d inst. English history informs us that the portion of Britain between the Wash and the Humber, from whence came the pioneers of Lincoln, was wrested from the Britons and permanently occupied by the Teutonic tribe of Eng's or Engles; hence they were of strictly English origin. Hence, also, the real significance and true pronunciation of Eng-land, so perversely spoken Ingglund by the English people, who to this day mispronounce St. Johns as Sinjins, and commit many similar linguistic offences. That, in their

LETTERS

evolutionary struggles with the atrocious orthography and pronunciation of Old Eng-land, and with the rugged rocks and erratic climate of New Eng-land, they came out intelligent and stalwart Yankees redounds immensely to their credit, and speaks volumes for their endurance.

They appear to have been a hardy, industrious, frugal, thriving people, and to have transmitted these qualities to their numerous descendants, their families averaging from eight to ten children. By the time that incorporation seemed desirable, they must have been in comfortable circumstances, and able to assume municipal responsibilities.

My Lincoln pedigree on the paternal side begins with my grandfather, Rev. Charles Stearns, D. D., who commenced preaching there in 1780, continuing until his death in 1826. Opportunely, his ministry occurred at a period when the entire town was his parish, and every man was taxed to support the minister, and when everybody went to church twice on Sunday; also, when such "divinity did hedge" a Doctor of Divinity that his presence was considered a benediction, and his utterances oracular. As he died before I was two years old, the only reminiscence of him that I am able to relate was his reported saying to my mother, "I thank you for that beautiful child." Much of my boyhood having passed among his surviving contemporaries, I well remember the reverence and esteem with which his memory was cherished.

Although prominent among the preachers of his

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

time and venerated by his parishioners, it was equally as a scholar, scientist, founder, and preceptor of the private literary and dramatic school which he conducted with great success for several years, also because of his fitting so many young men for college, that Dr. Stearns left so permanent an impress upon the social atmosphere of Lincoln. His advent in Lincoln inaugurated an era of intelligence equally potent with the material epoch coincident with the completion of the railroad. It may be of interest to note in this connection that, as he was born in 1753 and died in 1826, and I was born in 1825, the sum of our ages thus overlapping covers the entire one hundred fifty years of Lincoln's corporate existence. If, apparently, the following phase of clerical life in those days would sound better, if omitted, I can only say that my "hopeless and incurable veracity" would not permit any suppression or evasion of pertinent facts. As a rule, those old-time reverend gentlemen seldom undertook to preach a sermon without their preliminary toddy. Indeed, it was considered such a necessity that when my father commenced preaching my mother received the following injunction from Grandmother Stearns, viz., "Betsey, never allow Daniel to go into the pulpit until he has had his rum." The town records exhibit the quantities of wines and liquors required for installation or funereal purposes in those godly times.

Although I was born in Dorchester on Meeting House Hill, where my father taught school in 1825, and afterwards lived on Cape Cod until I was four-

LETTERS

teen, I spent a portion of nearly every year in Lincoln, and grew up familiar with the primitive conditions then prevailing. With scarcely an exception, all household and farming implements now in use have either been invented or radically changed since I can remember. There were no friction matches, cooking stoves, nor furnaces, no horserakes, mowing, sewing nor washing machines, in fact, hardly anything now considered a necessity. Laborers worked from sun to sun without thinking of a claim for shorter hours, although occasionally one was made for longer rations.

A marked distinction between farming methods now and then consists in the substitution of horses for oxen. Formerly, the carting of heavy loads to Boston was done by oxen, the driver trudging all the way on foot beside his team. When I was sixteen years old, I drove with oxen a load of wood for sale to Boston. Foolishly rejecting my first offer, I waited five hours for another and lesser one. Because of this delay, it was "sundown" when I left the city. At Brighton Corner I drove the team under a shed, and went into a "victualling cellar" to warm myself. Unconsciously, I remained so long that the cattle, becoming impatient, started for home. Consequently, I ran two miles before overtaking them. We reached home at about 9 P. M., the trip lasting twenty-two hours. Other equally brilliant experiences during my intercourse with oxen might be related. I think oxen were considered more hardy than horses, more powerful and less expensive. On

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

most farms the ground was so rocky that the slower pace of oxen, while plowing, saved many a dig in the ribs and broken plow. Again, when oxen became superannuated they could be fattened for beef, while a worn-out horse was valuable only for his hide.

During my farming career peach culture attained its maximum. I am confirmed in stating that one year Lincoln raised more peaches than all the rest of the State. Their excellence of quality and flavor has never been surpassed. They had their delicious and profitable day. Then came the "Yellows" and destroyed them all. This, together with the advent of the railroad, diverted the farmers' attention to raising strawberries, asparagus, and cucumbers for pickles; also from butter and cheese to selling milk to the milkmen from Lexington. So that when Sandy Pond was tapped we furnished Concord with water and Lexington with milk, while Lincoln hill served as the moral and physical barrier which prevented the two fluids from mingling in that cerulean quality of "Richness," with which the renowned Mr. Squeers of Dotheboy's Hall regaled the inmates of that classical institution.

Although Hudson's "History of Lexington" traces my maternal ancestry to the time of Alfred the Great, when the Munroes were already a powerful clan, the Lincoln Munroes were the descendants of William Munroe of Lexington, who was one of Cromwell's prisoners of war, sent to this country and sold into a limited slavery. He afterwards bought his freedom, was married three times, and became

LETTERS

the father of thirteen children. Among them was my mother's great-grandfather, Benjamin Munroe, who was one of the twenty-two persons who built the first meeting-house in Lincoln for both sacred and secular convocations. I have seen town-meetings held in the Dennis meeting-house—and an election of militia officers conducted from the 'Deacon's Seat,' under the pulpit front in the Lincoln meeting-house. Colonel William Foster, who presided, still lives in Waltham, aged eighty-nine.

The house in which my mother was born, in the East District, was situated near a spring, now shaded by a copse of willows growing from a stake driven into the ground by myself about sixty years ago. My grandfather, Isaac Munroe, moved the house nearer the highway, and lived in it until he died, aged eighty-four; after which my father, Rev. Daniel M. Stearns, formerly of Dennis, Mass., occupied the place. He, dying at the age of fifty-four, left my mother, née Betsey Munroe, with three sons and a daughter, myself the oldest child. The others died of consumption before they were twenty-one. Upon being threatened with the same disease, I decided to try a change of climate; so with my wife and mother we removed to southern Illinois in 1857. Thus ended my residence in Lincoln. Nothing of my old home remains. It was burned years ago. A new road runs through the old farm, avoiding the steep hill down which I have taken many a midnight ride with startling velocity in my big wagon on the way to Boston market. My horse, apparently afraid of

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

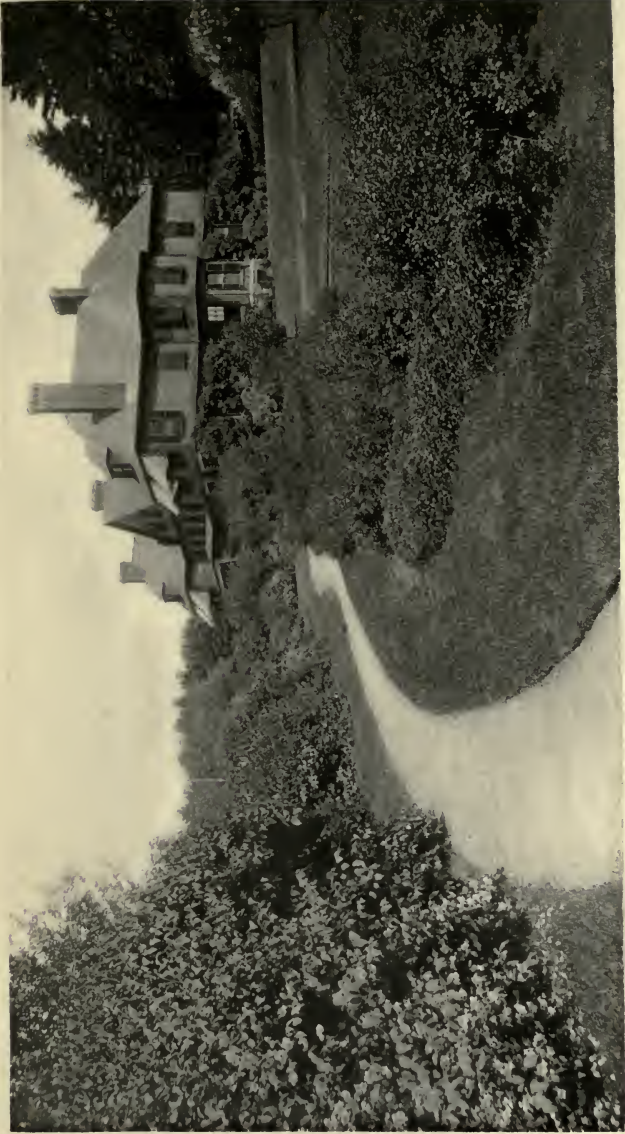
being run over by the heavy load, would not budge at any other rate of speed. Had not the animal proved sure-footed, how far I might have been projected through the boundless realms of space still remains to be computed.

As my first appearance in society when only six years old, visiting at my Grandfather Munroe's, serves to introduce one of the old-time methods of social enjoyment, it may have appropriate mention here. Every winter it was incumbent upon each family to give a neighborhood party. All the neighbors were invited. Other society parties consisted of congenial friends. The ladies would arrive in the afternoon, and the gentlemen would come to tea and spend the evening, sometimes remaining as late as nine o'clock. At early candle-light supper would be served, almost invariably consisting of milk toast of baker's bread, — then styled brickloaf, more because of its shape than of its consistency, also various kinds of pies, preserves and cakes. All sat around the room holding the comestibles in their laps, — a ticklish job for the men, of course. On this occasion I was to pass around the cream and sugar, on a little waiter. Alas for juvenile ambition, I upset the cream upon the floor! Ordinarily, in such cases the dog was called to lick it up. Consequently, I frantically screamed, "Call Dick! Call Dick!" As everybody laughed heartily at my mishap, it proved the most hilarious episode of the evening.

As a farmer, my life in Lincoln was an inconspicuous combination of rigid economy, frequent

Residence of Charles Francis Adams, Esq.

(p. 229)



LETTERS

bereavement, hard work, and good times, I always having a strong inclination toward the latter. I was an ardent Whig as long as the party lasted. I have an impression that one year, 1840, Lincoln voted 96 Whig to 3 Democrat. It was frequently near that proportion. I played the big fiddle, and afterward the organ, which Mr. Charles L. Tarbell and myself purchased for the Unitarian Society; and a savage specimen of a crude reed organ it was, to be sure. I officiated as constable one year, and as moderator one afternoon, rendering such peculiar and complete satisfaction that I was never solicited to serve in either capacity again. As secretary of the Lyceum for several years, I posted notices each Sunday in winter, that on Tuesday evening a lecture might be *expected*. Occasionally it so remained. Before the town-hall was erected, the Lyceum was conducted in the Centre schoolhouse, where came many such eminent lecturers as Emerson, Thoreau, and others.

Some sessions of the Lyceum were devoted to debates, which pleased those as young as myself better than lectures. Sometimes after adjournment, a number of young men, instigated by an irrepresible yearning for supplemental knowledge, would remain, poring over certain unbound volumes of ancient history, quaintly illustrated with highly colored portraits of kings, queens, and their attendants, also representations of antique weapons and agricultural implements, together with symbols of that romantic affinity between hearts and diamonds so ardently indicated by the magnitude and brilliancy

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

of engagement solitaires. This, of course, entailed an extra expense for lights and fuel. The house was lighted by a few small tin petticoat lamps, possibly burning fifteen cents' worth of oil of an evening. The aforesaid extravagance, being discovered, was criticised at a subsequent meeting, by one who sarcastically proposed that in addition to fire and lights, champagne and cigars be furnished. Whereupon I made a motion that the gentleman be constituted a committee of one to provide such refreshments at his own expense. The proposition was adopted with tumultuous applause.

As the following is an historic fact, I deem it excusable to claim credit for having devised means for establishing the first high school in Lincoln. The town having built a two-storied town-hall, — now Chapin's store, — many citizens were desirous of opening a high school on the first floor. Although several auxiliary contributions were proffered, the estimated expense was greater than the voters were willing to assume. As each district was tenacious of its proportion of the school fund, the enterprise "hung fire" until a satisfactory method of dividing the amount was worked out by the subscriber and proposed by him in town-meeting. It being then and there adopted, the high school was assured and, not long after, was established.

As the town records are not likely to corroborate the aforesaid, I will say that Brigadier-General James Jones, Jr., was moderator for the first time in his life when the matter was decided. He, being unfamiliar

LETTERS

with the parliamentary courtesy which entitles the originator of a proposition to the chairmanship of a resultant committee, failed to put me on the committee to which the business was entrusted. Therefore my name might not appear in that connection.

But when we young folks wanted a dancing school in the town-hall, the combat deepened. A number of very excellent people who had danced when they were young had "lived to see the folly of it." They therefore objected to exposing us to a similar disastrous experience. As noticeably they had emerged from the ordeal in such fine condition, we decided we would risk the consequences. The matter was vigorously contested in several town-meetings without our securing permission to use the hall. Whereupon, I drew up a paper as follows: "We, the undersigned, legal voters of the town of Lincoln, hereby testify that we have no objection to granting the use of the town-hall for dancing parties properly conducted." A majority of the voters having signed the document, the Selectmen let us have the hall. The dancing school was on its legs right away.

The Lincoln district schools of my time were four in number. Their curriculum consisted of the three Rs, geography, grammar, and United States history, together with a class in natural philosophy. Also astronomy from a book entitled "The Geography of the Heavens," wherein we were quite as much interested in the mythology of the constellations as in the statistics of the stars. Quite a smattering of English literature could be acquired from the reading

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

books then in vogue. We had some such eminent teachers as Dr. Thomas Hill, afterwards president of Harvard, Alexander W. Thayer, many years United States consul at Trieste, also many other undergraduates from Harvard, together with considerable equally efficient home talent of both sexes. Indeed it was not uncommon for farmers' sons and daughters to step directly from the pupil's bench up to the teacher's desk. Others took preparatory courses of instruction in normal schools, academies, etc. I know of Lincoln's furnishing teachers to Concord, Lexington, Waltham, Boston, and Charlestown — possibly to other towns. I attended school in the typical old red schoolhouse in the East District.

At that time fifty full-blooded Yankee scholars regularly assembled in that old "shooting gallery for young ideas." Did we have fun? Echo answers FUN. Nearly every week in winter we had a party. Some teachers did not think our scholarship was much improved thereby. Others joined with us, and contributed to the enjoyment. That venerable edifice was supplanted by a white one, which, in turn, has disappeared.

Public interest in the schools was most conspicuous on Examination Day, when a full attendance of friends and parents was assured. The children in their Sunday clothes were on their mettle to excel, and the teachers were on tenter-hooks, lest something should go amiss, as everything incorrect or superficial caught a chill when Mr. Abel Wheeler catechised. The chair on which Dr. Stearns always sat

LETTERS

when the East District School was examined was an heirloom in my old home as long as I remained in Lincoln. I wish its present domicile was known. The interchangeable School District Library proved a very useful and attractive adjunct to the schools. Though not of Carnegie proportion, its well-selected volumes were of more intrinsic value than stacks of the ephemeral literature with which empty heads are now content to stuff themselves.

Was it Dr. Holmes who counselled against tracing one's ancestry too remotely, lest the family line should unfortunately terminate in a noose? The Stearns genealogists discreetly end their investigations with a certain Archbishop of York, which sounds well for those who, like myself, are of clerical descent. The genial doctor also advises those proposing to be born to advertise about sixty years beforehand for a pair of satisfactory grandparents. Having selected my ancestors, as aforesaid, with the consequent results, and having fortunately located them in Lincoln, I remain

Very truly yours,
(Signed) EDWIN M. STEARNS.

HISTORICAL NOTES
ON THE
ILLUSTRATIONS

HISTORICAL NOTES ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS

THE TOWN HALL Frontispiece
See "Dedication of the New Town House in
Lincoln, Mass'tts, May 26, 1892." Boston, T.
R. Marvin & Son, 1893.

FIRST PARISH CHURCH page 1
See "Historical Manual of the Church of
Christ in Lincoln, Mass." Boston, Tolman &
White, 1872. "Proceedings in Observance of the
One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the
Organization of the First Parish Church in Lin-
coln, Mass'tts, Aug. 21st and Sept. 4th, 1898."
Cambridge, The University Press, 1899.

THE LIBRARY 9
See "Proceedings at the Dedication of the
Lincoln Library, Aug. 5th, 1884." Cambridge,
John Wilson & Son, 1884.

THE UNITARIAN CHURCH 9
On August 12, 1841, a Unitarian Congregational
Society was formed in Lincoln by the following
persons : —

Leonard Hoar
Albert G. Spaulding
Francis Newhall
George H. Wheeler
Solomon Foster

Charles Brown
Rufus Morse
Francis S. Bemis
William Foster
Albert Hagar

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

Daniel M. Stearns	Samuel Thwing
Charles L. Tarbell	William Warren
Cyrus Brown	Isaac Munroe
Elijah Fiske	William F. Wheeler
Charles Wheeler	Asa Spaulding
Abel Wheeler	Abijah Benjamin
Leonard Hoar, Jr.	

In November of the following year the Meeting House was finished and dedicated, and the Rev. Samuel Ripley of Waltham was asked to be the minister.

THE WILLIAM HARTWELL HOUSE 24

William Hartwell and his wife Susan came to Concord and settled on this farm in 1636, probably having come from England in that year. This house, either the whole or a part of it, is the original house that he built, and is believed to date from the year 1636. William Hartwell was born in 1600 and died in 1690. It was near this house that some of the hardest fighting of the day on the 19th of April, 1775, occurred. This place remained in the possession of the family until 1861, Mr. Samuel H. Pierce being the last to occupy it.

THE SAMUEL HARTWELL HOUSE 38

This house was built by Samuel Hartwell, brother or son of William Hartwell, the first settler of that name in Concord, and was occupied by the family until 1875, Mr. John R. Hartwell being the last owner.

THE FARRAR HOMESTEAD 52

The front and main part of this house was built in 1692 by George Farrar — the first to dwell on

NOTES ON ILLUSTRATIONS

the place. He was son of Jacob Farrar who was killed in King Philip's war, and grandson of Jacob Farrar who came to Lancaster, Mass., in 1642, and was one of the founders of that town. They were "descendants of Gualkeline de Ferrariis, a Norman of distinction, attached to William, Duke of Normandy, before the invasion of 1066, and Henry de Farrars his son, who was the first of the family who settled in England, and whose name is on the Roll of the Battle Abbey."

Among those who were born in this house, and part or all of whose life was spent here, have been :

Samuel Farrar, who in 1773 was chairman of the first Committee of Correspondence, member of the first Provincial Congress, and took part in the battle at Concord.

Rev. Stephen Farrar, who was the first minister of New Ipswich, N. H., and who served there more than fifty years.

Hon. Timothy Farrar, who was judge of the courts in New Hampshire for forty-six years, being appointed Chief Justice of the Superior Court in 1802 ; he lived to be one hundred and one years, seven months, and twelve days, being the oldest person buried in Mount Auburn.

Captain Samuel Farrar, who was captain of the militia, and served with his company at the battle at Concord, helped fortify Dorchester Heights, and was afterward captain of a company of Volunteers who enlisted for the war, being present at the surrender of Burgoyne.

Samuel Farrar, Esq., Harvard, 1797. "Tutor, Harvard College, 1800-01. Settled in Andover as

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

lawyer, 1801. Trustee of Phillips Academy, 1802-40. Treasurer, 1803-40. Librarian of Seminary 33 years. Trustee of Abbot Academy, 1828-51. First President of Andover Bank, 1826-56. Deacon of Seminary church, 1816-64. Constantly and thoroughly identified with the interests of the Academy and Seminary, and a liberal benefactor to both; superintended all the buildings for the institutions in his time; conceived the plan of the 'Teachers' Seminary.'" (From "Biographical Catalogue of Phillips Academy.")

Professor John Farrar, LL. D., professor of Natural Philosophy and Mathematics in Harvard College for about thirty years, and publisher of a dozen college text books.

George Farrar, a lawyer in Charlestown.

The house has furnished a deacon in the Lincoln church for one hundred and forty-five years, and men active in service in town affairs. The road leading past the house was originally called Sudbury Way, and was in existence in 1648. The house is now occupied by Miss Mary B. Farrar and her brothers Samuel and Edward R. Farrar.

THE GARFIELD HOUSE 80

The land on which the Garfield house stands was purchased of Samuel Tainter by Benjamin Garfield in 1702-03. The farm contained one hundred and twenty acres.

In his will, dated May 22, 1717, he gives said land to his son Thomas Garfield, who undoubtedly built and occupied this house. "Thomas Garfield in his will, dated January 27th, 1752, bequeaths to his son Thomas Garfield, 'all my lands

NOTES ON ILLUSTRATIONS

and buildings in said Weston, and in Concord adjoining thereto.' This house is situated at the end of a grass-grown lane about forty rods from the high road leading from Lincoln to Waltham and two miles from the centre of Lincoln. It is a secluded spot of great beauty. The house, a square, unpainted, two-story house with a great chimney in the middle, stands surrounded by old elms and apple trees, in a tract of fertile meadow, with the Lincoln hill in the distance." The house remained in the possession of his descendants until 1850. It is now owned and occupied by Mr. George R. Wheeler.

(See "Pres. Garfield's New England Ancestry," by George F. Hoar. Worcester, Mass., Charles Hamilton, 1882.)

THE NELSON HOUSE 94

The first Nelson house was built in the westerly part of Lexington early in the eighteenth century by Thomas Nelson, who came from Rowley. Only the cellar hole filled with field stones now remains to mark the site, a short distance east from the second Nelson house, the subject of this sketch, which is still standing. Thomas Nelson probably built this house also, his land being set off from Lexington when Lincoln became a town in 1754; his son Josiah was then but twenty-eight years of age. The house was thoroughly built, with heavy oaken frame and large chimney containing a brick oven and three fireplaces. It stands upon the north side of the old road that was then used as the main highway from Boston to Concord, and has remained in the possession of the Nelson

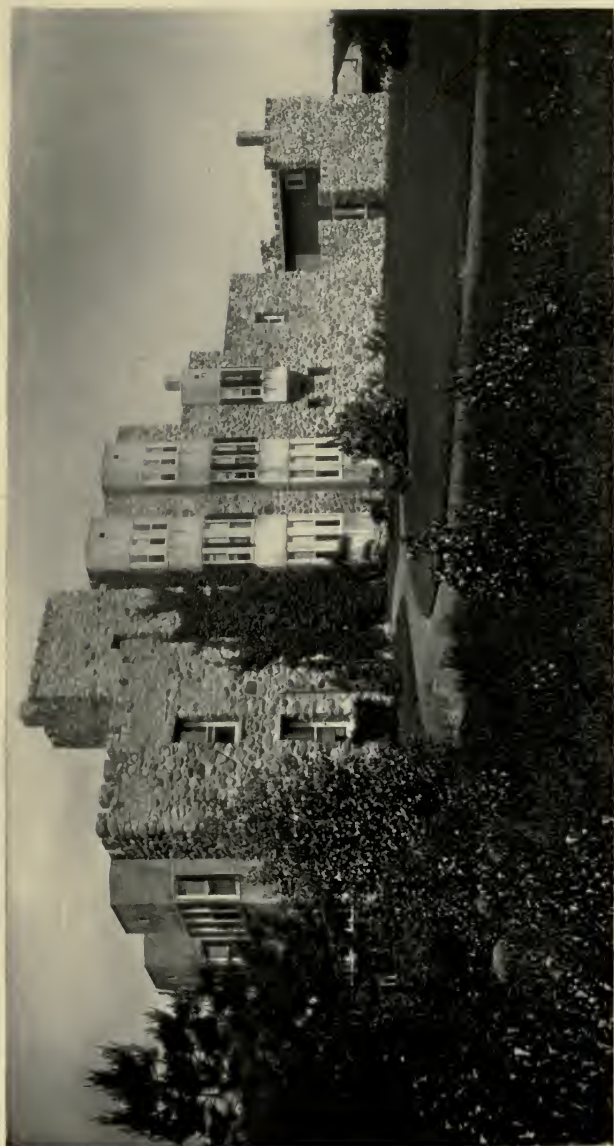
THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

family to the present time, though it has been unoccupied for nearly forty years.

The following is a tradition as handed down to George Nelson, the grandson of Josiah Nelson :—

“ On the 19th of April, 1775, at about 2 o'clock in the morning, Josiah Nelson, who had been appointed a minuteman to keep watch and notify Bedford when the British spies were coming, was awakened by his wife, who told him that she heard voices of persons going by and that he had better go out and inquire if they had heard anything about the British. He arose, slipped on his breeches and hurried out without shoes or hat, and was soon among a party of fifteen or sixteen horsemen who were riding toward Boston. It is said that Paul Revere was a prisoner with this party. Josiah Nelson, thinking they were some neighbors going to market, ran in among the horsemen before he looked up to make sure who they were, and called out, ‘ Have you heard anything about when the Regulars are coming out ? ’ One of the men, who was a British officer, drew his sword and said, ‘ God —— you, we will let you know when they are coming, ’ and struck him on the head, cutting a gash three inches long. They then said, ‘ You are our prisoner and must come along with us, ’ and he was made to walk between the soldiers. When they were a short distance below the Hastings house he told them he could n't walk as fast as they rode, for he was lame. They said they could n't ride as slow as he walked, for they were in a hurry, so they left him with three men. When he began to talk with these men he found they

Brendan
Residence of Mrs. George Ropes



NOTES ON ILLUSTRATIONS

were men of his acquaintance, Tories, who had been to Concord to show the spies where the ammunition was stored. They told him if he would go home and not light a light, they would let him go, but if he lighted a light they would burn his house over his head. He went back to his house, lighted a candle and had his wife bind up his head, then he loaded his horse pistols and saddled the old mare, put on the pistols and followed after the soldiers toward Lexington. When he reached the top of the hill just west of the town, he heard them firing on the Common. He knew then that the Regulars had surely come, so he took the road to the left and rode to Bedford to notify that town, as he was appointed to do. During that day the women went into the woods and stayed there till night."

"A man named William Thorning was hiding in a hole in the field, a short distance west of the Nelson house, on the afternoon of April 19, 1775. When the British in retreat passed along the road opposite where he lay he fired into the ranks. A volley was fired in reply, the bullets cutting up the ground about him. He ran for the woods but was met by the flank guard, who fired at him, but he was not hit. After the British had gone along he came out from the woods and ran up behind a large boulder, which stands just west of the Nelson house, and fired into the ranks again."

There is a tradition that two British soldiers were buried on the knoll across the road, southeast of the Nelson house, which is still called "The Soldiers' Graves."

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

THE FLINT HOUSE 108

Thomas Flint, born 1603, came from Matlock, Derbyshire, England, to Boston in 1635, and removed to Concord in 1637. He settled near the middle of the town somewhere along the river. He was a representative of the General Court of Massachusetts 1638-41, and Governor's Assistant (or Councillor) from 1641-53, the time of his death.

The following entry in the Records of the Colony of the Massachusetts Bay in New England under the date of May 28, 1661, shows the estimation in which his public service was held:—

“The court considering that Mr. Thomas Flynt, deceased, served the Country in the magistracy & other public capacities, & some whiles after publicke allowanc was payd unto the magistrates & had no recompense nor any graunt of lands, & that ye sd Mr. Flynt left a widow & numerous family, many whereof were in minority, . . . Judg Meete to graunt to the widow of ye deceased Mr. Flint & her sonne John, Eight hundred acres of land. . . .”

Ephraim Flint, son of Thomas Flint, born 1642, settled in the part of Concord now included in Lincoln, and was the owner of a large tract of land. The bounds of a portion of his real estate are thus given:—

“750 acres of upland and meadow, more or less, bounded on the South East by the town bounding line; eastwardly by John Farwell's land: on the North by Nath. Stone and William Hartwell's, and from thence to the South end of the

NOTES ON ILLUSTRATIONS

meadow, called ye great meadow. adjoining to upland belonging to Sergeant. Tho. Wheeler: and from thence by a straight line to ye great pond. belonging to ye sayd Eph. Flint, and from this pond to Beaver pond by the brookes running out of sayd ponds. and from thence by a straight line to ye town bound line. Feb. 25th, 1680-81.

J. BUCKLEY.”

This farm has been owned, after Ephraim Flint, successively by his nephew Edward Flint, b. 1685, grandson of Thomas Flint; by his nephew Ephraim Flint, b. 1713, great-grandson of Thomas Flint; by his son of the same name, b. 1744; by his son of the same name, b. 1782, d. 1871; by his son George Flint.

The original homestead on this land was on the site of the house now occupied by Miss Julia A. Bemis. There are no records available to show when the site of the present homestead was first occupied, or when the present house was built.

THE DR. RUSSELL HOUSE 122

This house was occupied by Dr. Richard Russell, who was born in Charlestown, Mass., and baptized February 24, 1750-51. “He served an apprenticeship at the tanner’s trade with Deacon Joshua Brooks in Lincoln. On the morning of the day he became of age he rose early, washed his hands thoroughly and made a vow never to put them into a tan yard again. He immediately commenced the study of medicine and subse-

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

quently practiced in Lincoln." He married, July 28, 1777, at Lincoln, Elizabeth, daughter of Nathan and Rebecca (Adams) Brown of Lincoln. Dr. Russell was drowned by the upsetting of a boat in Beaver Pond, August 12, 1796. His wife survived him till May 18, 1838.

Dr. Russell had nine children, the youngest of whom, George, born September 23, 1795, graduated from the Harvard Medical School in 1820 and practiced medicine here for a number of years, also occupying this house.

After Dr. Russell removed from Lincoln Dr. Henry C. Chapin, just graduated from the medical school, came to Lincoln, and in 1856 bought this house. Rapidly winning the confidence of the people, his circuit soon came to embrace several of the adjoining towns, and the testimony of one who knew him well is that no night was so dark or stormy, no distance so great and no weariness so exhausting that he failed cheerfully and promptly to respond to the call of the suffering. The rich and the poor were alike the objects of his conscientious and patient care, although often in the case of the latter he well knew that no compensation could be rendered. This ministry of faithful service lasted for more than fifty years, his death occurring in 1896. His two daughters, Miss L. Jennie and Miss Elizabeth Chapin, now occupy the house.

THE FOSTER HOUSE 136

Solomon Foster bought this farm of Benjamin Munroe in 1784, and built a house upon the present site, into which he moved in 1785. The

NOTES ON ILLUSTRATIONS

house was remodeled in 1841, the old house forming the L of the new. The place remained in the possession of the family until 1891. It was sold in that year to Mr. John B. Sawin, who sold it in 1893 to Mr. William S. Briggs, who sold it in 1897 to its present owner. In 1898 the house was again remodeled, a part of the original homestead of 1785 being preserved in the present house.

THE DR. STEARNS HOUSE 150

This house was built by Dr. Charles Stearns, minister of the town from 1780 to 1826. The house was substantially built with unusually well finished interior. The tradition is that Dr. Stearns found it a too expensive house for him to live in with his growing family, — he had eleven children, though all did not live to grow up, — so that he felt obliged to sell it. Its subsequent owners were Captain Cole, George Weston, Calvin Smith, and Cyrus G. Smith, its present owner.

THE HOAR HOUSE 164

The pedigree of the American branch of the Hoar family begins with Charles Hoare of Gloucester, England, no clue to his parentage having been found. His son, Charles, was sheriff of Gloucester in 1634. He was a man of large wealth and greatly respected. He died in England in 1638, and his widow, Joanna, came to this country with five of his children about the year 1640. His son, John, was the ancestor of the Hoars who settled in Lincoln. It is believed that he married Alice Lisle, a daughter of Lady Alicia Lisle, about whom there is interesting history connected with the time of Cromwell and James II.

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

His grandson, John, the great-grandson of Charles, Sheriff of Gloucester, was the first of the family to settle in Lincoln, then Lexington. During the French and Indian war, in 1748, he was taken prisoner and remained a captive among the Indians for three months. His son, Samuel, was born in Lincoln in 1743. He was a lieutenant in the Revolutionary War, took part in the battle of Saratoga, was many years a magistrate of Middlesex County, representative from Lincoln in the legislature, state senator and member of the Constitutional Convention in 1820. He married Susanna Pierce, daughter of Colonel Abijah Pierce of Lincoln. It was said of him, "He lived all the beatitudes daily." He built the house now standing near the centre of the town on the road to Weston, in 1818, from timber blown down in the great September gale of 1815. His grandson, Samuel Hoar Pierce (whose father changed his name from Hoar to Pierce in 1811), was the last member of the family to own the house, and his brother, John H. Pierce, built (in 1900) the colonial house on the opposite side of the road on land belonging to the family for over one hundred years. Another grandson, George Grosvenor Tarbell, built and gave to the town its library.

Of the children of Samuel Hoar his son Samuel became the most prominent. He was born in Lincoln in 1778, brought up on his father's farm in the east part of the town, and fitted for college by the Rev. Charles Stearns. He graduated from Harvard in 1802. He became one of the most eminent lawyers at the Middlesex Bar. He mar-

NOTES ON ILLUSTRATIONS

ried the daughter of Roger Sherman and lived in Concord, where his sons, Ebenezer Rockwood, Edward Sherman, and George Frisbie, were born. Senator Hoar took great pride in saying, "My grandfather, two great grandfathers, and three of my father's uncles were at Concord Bridge in the Lincoln company, of which my grandfather, Samuel Hoar, was lieutenant, on the 19th of April, 1775."

THE SMITH HOUSE 192

This farm lies in the westerly part of Lincoln on the borders of Sandy Pond, whose shore it follows for a fourth of its circumference. The Pond and its brook, which flows from its southeast corner, have been distinguishing bound-marks in the farm deeds. In early deeds it appears as the Great Pond to distinguish it from the smaller ponds about. Its mile length justly entitles it to that designation. Next it is called Flint's Pond, from the family which owned the land eastward from the brook. This name in turn gave way to Sandy Pond, which was suggested by one of its dominant characteristics, giving to the fine sheet of water more individuality than could come from any attachment to the personality of a man or group of men, and permitting it to develop a history of its own. This name has persisted, and is the common appellation to-day, though the name Forest Lake, coming from another natural though more general characteristic, has had some prominence.

"Beautiful for situation" easily applies to any such location as distinguishes this farm. Hill, plain, and water give variety of contour. Forests, pastures, meadows, and tilled fields give added

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

beauty and variety. The most conspicuous mark for many years has been an acre of ancient and lofty pines on a steep hillside, overlooking the farm and furnishing a landmark for all the country around.

The location of the house argued practical sense and an appreciation of the beautiful on the part of early owners. It stood, facing the south, just below a sheltering hillock on the borders of the pond, and at the same time afforded glimpses of the water and its setting in two directions. The old house was burned in 1877 and was replaced by the present structure.

The farm, of more than 125 acres, has been in the Smith family for five generations. Zacheriah, who was of the fifth generation from Thomas Smith, a proprietor in Watertown from 1637 to 1693, had it of the Dakin family in 1788. It passed from Zacheriah to Jonas in 1829, and from Jonas to Francis in 1850, and its active interests are now in the hands of his son Charles and his grandson Sumner. It was in the Dakin family for three generations. Simon had it of Nathaniel Hobart in 1702. It was deeded to Samuel in 1773, and passed to Samuel, Jr., in 1775. Nathaniel Hobart, or Hubbard, was apparently the only one of the name to hold the land. It was deeded to him by Ebenezer Prout in 1700 and 1701, and then for the first time the original tract appears in its entirety. The old farm contained some 800 acres, extending from the "Great Pond" to "Beaver Pond," and with it, the deed says, went one eighth of the common-land of Concord, thus

NOTES ON ILLUSTRATIONS

taking us back to the old English custom by which one might hold both individual property and an interest in common or undivided land, a relic of the old relation of chief and tradesman, and pointing out also the origin of our New England "commons." The farm was in the Prout family for two generations. Timothy, the father of Ebenezer, was the first of the family to hold it. He had it, in 1671, of Peter Bulkley, a London apothecary, who evidently inherited it from his father, Peter Bulkley, the first minister of Concord. It is an interesting fact, tending to show how this immediate vicinity was populated in the seventeenth century, that in the year 1686 the Indians deeded to Peter Bulkley and another a large tract of land in another part of the town of Concord, and in this connection to remember that until the year 1754 the history of Concord in part is the history of what, after that date, was the town of Lincoln. Beginning with the deed of Ebenezer Prout and running backward to at least 1698, the land is distinguished as Goble's farm, but whether from some accidental circumstance, or because some Goble had the farm before Minister Bulkley, has not been discovered.

A dozen generations have lived their history into the farm. It could tell interesting tales if we could interpret its word. We are to-day influenced for better or worse by what these earlier generations did or left undone.

THE ADAMS HOUSE 206

This house, in the southwest portion of the town, overlooks Fairhaven Bay. It stands not

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

far from the Concord-Lincoln line. It was built by Mr. William A. Burnham, previously a resident of Boston, in 1890; and was occupied by him and his family during the summers of 1891 and 1892. The property was purchased by Mr. Charles Francis Adams, previously of Quincy, in May, 1893, and first occupied by his family as their place of residence in the autumn of 1894.

Originally the bulk of the present (1905) holding was known as the Baker Farm, and Henry D. Thoreau devoted a chapter of his *Walden* to it under that name. The farm seems to have been a part of the original Concord township bordering on Fairhaven Bay, and adjoining the Bulkeley grant on the east and the Stow grant on the south, but not itself allotted in bulk. It passed into the hands of the Baker family about 1740, and was held by that family through four generations, and until sold to Mr. Burnham, in 1888. The old Baker homestead, built about 1740, and facing the original road from Concord to Sudbury, still stands near the entrance to the avenue leading to the more modern house.

A portion of the Baker farm, bordering on Fairhaven Bay, was known as Pleasant Meadow, and is referred to as such by Thoreau. Mr. Burnham so called the place. That name not appealing to Mr. Adams, who subsequently added considerable tracts of woodland to the original farm, the entire holding was called by him Birnam Wood.

THE PAUL REVERE TABLET 233

It has always been a well-established historical fact that, in the early morning hours of April 19,

NOTES ON ILLUSTRATIONS

1775, Colonel Paul Revere, on his celebrated ride from Charlestown through Lexington on the way to Concord, was stopped within Lincoln limits. He there encountered a mounted British patrol, and was by it detained, proceeding no farther. The exact spot where this occurred is not fixed either as matter of record or by tradition. Among the people of Lincoln, however, especially those living in the vicinity of the North road, there had long been a feeling that the town should provide some suitable memorial of the event. Mr. Lorenzo E. Brooks especially interested himself, and an article relating to the matter was at his instance inserted in the warrant for the Annual Town Meeting of 1895. (Article XVII.) No action was then taken upon it. Two years later the selectmen referred to the subject in their Report. (Town-book, 1897-98, p. 36.) They said that while it might "not be absolutely certain where the exact spot is, the erection of said tablet should be made in accordance with the best information possible." The matter was accordingly again brought before the town, and, at the adjourned meeting of April 7, 1897, the sum of one hundred dollars was appropriated to be expended by the Public Improvement Committee in procuring and erecting "a monument, with a suitable inscription thereon to designate the place." (Town-book, 1897-98, p. 19.) The state highway was at that time in course of construction, and the Committee on Public Improvements deferred taking any action until it was completed, meanwhile suggesting to the town some doubts whether, in view of the

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

uncertainties of the case, "a memorial at the point indicated is altogether desirable." (Town-book, 1897-98, p. 66.) The wish of those advocating the memorial was, however, so clearly expressed by Mr. Brooks, and so emphasized, that immediately after the work on that portion of the state highway was completed, the committee addressed itself to the duty assigned to it. The exact locality, as nearly as it could be ascertained, had first to be fixed. The Rev. Edward G. Porter, formerly pastor of the Lexington church, was on this point the best informed authority. His assistance was asked, and, in May, 1898, the committee, in company with Mr. Porter, made a thorough examination of the ground. They found that, since 1775, the road east of the point generally designated as that where Revere and his companions were halted, had been re-located, and the lower land north of the road bore marks of considerable change, as the result of drainage and cultivation. By following the course of the original road, and careful examination of the neighboring ground, it became apparent, however, where a patrol sent on such a military errand would unquestionably have posted itself. This locality, concerning the correctness of which it could be a question of only a few yards at most, was accordingly selected as the site for the memorial. The stone to which the bronze tablet is bolted is Quincy granite. It was put in position April 18, 1899. (Town-book, 1898-99, pp. 64, 65.) The inscription on the tablet, prepared by the committee, is as follows : —

AT THIS POINT,
ON THE OLD CONCORD ROAD AS IT THEN WAS,
BEHIND THE MIDNIGHT HIDE OF
THE REVERE.

HE HAD, AT ABOUT TWO O'CLOCK OF THE MORNING
OF APRIL 19, 1775, THE LIGHT BEING CLEAR AND THE
MOON IN ITS THIRD QUARTER, GOT THUS FAR ON HIS
WAY FROM LEICESTER TO CONCORD, ALANDING IN
THE DARK NIGHT, AS HE WENT, WITH HIM AND HIS
COMPANIONS, THE HALL DAWES, OF BOSTON, AND DR.
SAMUEL PRESCOTT, OF CONCORD, WITH ABOUT FIFTY
OTHERS, A BRITISH PATROL, WHO HAD TAKEN
THE MIDDLE OF THE HIND OF THE ROAD DAWES,
TO HINDRANCE HIS ESCAPE. PRESCOTT,
CLEARING UP THE WALL, AND FOLLOWING IN PATH
CAME TO HIM THROUGH THE LOW GROUND, RECOVERED
THE HIGHWAY AT WOODS FURTHER ON, AND GAVE THE
ALARM AT CONCORD. HE NEVER TRIED TO REACH THE
REVERE'S HIDE, BUT WAS HIT AND TAKEN BY
SEVERAL OF THE BRITISH AND CARRIED TO THE PALACE
OF THE KING AND KEPT THERE ABOUT FIVE HOURS.
HE WAS CARRIED BY THE PAYROLL TO
TO LEXINGTON, WHERE RELEASED BY
MORNING JOHN HANCOCK AND
THAT HE MET OF LEXINGTON, BARBERS,
BROWN AND LORING, STOPPED AT AN EARLIER
HOUR OF THE NIGHT BY THE SAME PATROL,
WERE ALSO TAKEN BACK WITH REVERE.

The Paul Revere Tablet
(p. 230)

NOTES ON ILLUSTRATIONS

AT THIS POINT,
ON THE OLD CONCORD ROAD AS IT THEN WAS,
ENDED THE MIDNIGHT RIDE OF
PAUL REVERE.

HE HAD, AT ABOUT TWO O'CLOCK OF THE MORNING OF APRIL 19, 1775, THE NIGHT BEING CLEAR AND THE MOON IN ITS THIRD QUARTER, GOT THUS FAR ON HIS WAY FROM LEXINGTON TO CONCORD, ALARMING THE INHABITANTS AS HE WENT, WHEN HE AND HIS COMPANIONS, WILLIAM DAWES, OF BOSTON, AND DR. SAMUEL PRESCOTT, OF CONCORD, WERE SUDDENLY HALTED BY A BRITISH PATROL, WHO HAD STATIONED THEMSELVES AT THIS BEND OF THE ROAD. DAWES, TURNING BACK, MADE HIS ESCAPE. PRESCOTT, CLEARING THE STONE WALL, AND FOLLOWING A PATH KNOWN TO HIM THROUGH THE LOW GROUND, REGAINED THE HIGHWAY AT A POINT FURTHER ON, AND GAVE THE ALARM AT CONCORD. REVERE TRIED TO REACH THE NEIGHBORING WOOD, BUT WAS INTERCEPTED BY A PARTY OF OFFICERS ACCOMPANYING THE PATROL, DETAINED AND KEPT IN ARREST. PRESENTLY HE WAS CARRIED BY THE PATROL BACK TO LEXINGTON, THERE RELEASED, AND THAT MORNING JOINED HANCOCK AND ADAMS.

THREE MEN OF LEXINGTON, SANDERSON, BROWN AND LORING, STOPPED AT AN EARLIER HOUR OF THE NIGHT BY THE SAME PATROL, WERE ALSO TAKEN BACK WITH REVERE.

ROLL OF SOLDIERS

ROLL OF SOLDIERS

REVOLUTIONARY WAR

List of a company of minute-men under the command of Captain William Smith in Colonel Abijah Peirce's regiment of minute-men, who entered the service April 19, 1775:—

Abbott, Joseph	Farrar, Samuel	Parks, James
Abbott, Nehemiah	Fiske, David	Parks, John
Adams, Abel	Foster, Jacob	Parks, Jonas
Adams, Joel	Gage, Jonathan	Parks, Willard
Baker, Jacob, Jr.	Gage, Isaac	Parks, William
Baker, James	Gearfield, John	Peirce, Abraham
Baker, Nathaniel	Gove, Nathaniel	Peirce, Joseph
Billings, Daniel	Harrington, Daniel	Reed, Artemas
Billings, Nathan	Hartwell, Isaac	Smith, Jesse
Billings, Timothy	Hartwell, John	Smith, Jonathan
Blodgett, Thomas	Hartwell, Samuel	Smith, William
Brooks, Benjamin	Hoar, Samuel	Stone, Gregory, Jr.
Brooks, Joshua, Jr.	Hosmer, Daniel	Tidd, Nathan
Brown, Daniel	Hosmer, William	Thorning, John
Brown, Ebenezer	Mason, Elijah	Wellington, Elijah
Brown, Nathan, Jr.	Mason, Joseph	Wesson, John
Child, Daniel	Mead, Abijah	Wesson, John, Jr.
Child, Joshua, Jr.	Munroe, Abijah	Wheat, Joseph
Dakin, Samuel, Jr.	Parks, Abraham	Wheeler, Enos
Farrar, Humphrey	Parks, Ebenezer	Whitney, Solomon

List of a company of militia commanded by Captain John Hartwell in Colonel Eleazar Brooks's regiment, called down for the fortifying of the Dorchester Hills, March 4, 1776:—

Abbott, Joseph	Adams, Edward	Baker, Nathaniel
Abbott, Nehemiah	Adams, James	Billings, Daniel
Adams, Abel	Bacon, Noah	Billings, Joseph
Adams, Bulkley	Baker, Amos	Billings, Timothy

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

Bond, Samuel	Farrar, Humphrey	Parks, Eleazar
Bowman, Edmund	Farrar, Samuel	Parks, Isaac
Brooks, Ephraim	Foster, Jacob	Parks, Josiah
Brooks, Ephraim, Jr.	Foster, Jonathan	Parks, Willard
Brooks, Joshua	Flint, Ephraim	Pierce, Isaac
Brooks, Noah	Hartwell, Isaac	Pierce, Joseph
Brooks, Stephen	Hartwell, John	Pierce, Joseph, Jr.
Brooks, Timothy	Hartwell, Samuel	Savage, Jube
Brown, Daniel	Hoar, Samuel	Stone, Gregory
Brown, Ephraim	Lander, John	Stone, Joshua
Brown, Nathan	Mason, Jonas	Stone, Timothy
Child, Abel	Middlesex, Salem	Tidd, Nathan
Child, Amos	Miles, James	Weston, Nathan
Child, Elisha	Munroe, Abijah	Wheat, Joseph
Child, Joshua	Munroe, Isaac	Wheeler, Enos
Dakin, Samuel	Parks, Benjamin	Willington, Elisha

List of men who served at other times in the war for a longer or shorter period:—

Abbott, Abiel	Brooks, Abner	Farrar, Samuel
Abbott, Joseph, Jr.	Brooks, Benjamin	Farrar, John
Adams, Amos	Brooks, Daniel	Farrar, Nehemiah
Adams, Asa	Brooks, Eleazer	Farrar, Zebediah
Adams, James, Jr.	Brooks, Joshua, Jr.	Flint, John
Adams, Joel	Brooks, Levi	Gage, Isaac
Adams, Joseph	Brooks, Noah	Gage, Jonathan
Allen, Phineas	Brooks, Stephen	Garfield, Abraham
Avery, Samuel	Brooks, Timothy	Garfield, John
Bacon, Joseph	Brown, Benjamin	Gove, John
Bacon, Samuel	Brown, Ebenezer	Hagar, John
Baker, Samuel	Brown, Joseph	Harrington, Daniel
Billings, Abel	Brown, Timothy	Hoar, Brister
Billings, Israel	Cabot, Edward	Hoar, Leonard
Billings, Joseph, Jr.	Child, Daniel	Hoar, Samuel
Billings, Nathan	Colborn, Joseph	Knowlton, Jeremiah
Bond, Jonas	Colborn, Nathaniel	Lawrence, William, Jr.
Bond, William	Conant, John	Mason, Elijah
Brooks, Aaron	Farrar, Daniel	Mason, Joseph, Jr.

ROLL OF SOLDIERS

Mathias, Abner	Parks, Jonas	Thorning, John
Mead, Abijah	Parks, Joseph	Thorning, William
Mead, Jonathan	Parks, Leonard	Tower, Jonathan, Jr.
Mead, Tilly	Pierce, Abijah	Weston, Abraham
Merriam, James	Pierce, Abraham	Weston, Daniel
Munroe, Josiah	Pierce, Jonas	Weston, John
Munroe, Micah	Reed, Artemas	Weston, Jonathan
Nelson, Josiah	Richardson, Abner	Weston, Zechariah
Page, Jonathan	Robinson, Keen	Wheeler, Edmund
Parker, Joseph	Sharon, Peter	Wheeler, John
Parks, Aaron	Smith, Jesse	Whitney, Solomon
Parks, David	Smith, Jonathan	Whittaker, Jonas
Parks, James	Smith, William	Willington, Elijah
Parks, John		

WAR OF 1812

Babcock, Rufus	Esty, Stephen	Jones, William
Billings, John	Hayden, Artemas	Miller, James
Brownell, John	Hoar, Leonard, Jr.	Nelson, John
Coburn, James W.	Hoar, William	Weston, Daniel
Davis, David A.		

CIVIL WAR

Aitkins, John	Green, Henry C.	Phillips, James A.
Bemis, Frank E.	Hartshorn, Geo. A.	Russell, Isaac
Brown, Francis C.	Hayden, James F.	Sherman, Geo. E.
Buckley, John	Hayden, Thomas W.	Smith, Jabez
Bussey, Benjamin F.	Haynes, Daniel F.	Snell, Charles E.
Calvey, George B.	Haynes, Edward	Stone, Cornelius
Cousins, Nathaniel F.	Hill, James	Stone, Edward
Deering, Eugene	Hoar, Franklin	Tasker, John
Freeman, James B.	Jenkins, Silas	Walker, James A.
Fulsom, George W.	Johnson, Albert	Warren, Henry
Gay, Howard E.	Jones, Franklin	Washburn, Albert
Golding, James H.	Linaugh, Thomas	Wellington, Elijah J
Gorman, Stephen	Messer, William	West, James E.
Graves, Ezekiel E.	Parker, Thomas J	Weston, Geo. F.

THE TOWN OF LINCOLN

SPANISH WAR

Brooks, Wallace M. Foreman, Charles F. Moller, Joseph V.
Corrigan, James Hart, Joseph S. Snelling, Howard
Dempsey, John J.

NOTE. — The lists of soldiers who served in the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, and the Civil War are taken from William F. Wheeler's carefully prepared lists in his sketch of Lincoln in the "History of Middlesex County," compiled by Hurd, Vol. II.

Information concerning the soldiers who served in the Spanish War can be obtained at the Adjutant General's office in the State House.

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