

A MILESTONE
PLANTED

Address of
CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS
at Lincoln, Massachusetts
April 23, 1904
on the
One Hundred and Fiftieth
Anniversary of the
Incorporation of
the Town



The Chambers Russell house
(circa 1730)



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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-

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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 ;

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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,

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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-

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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

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

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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. 105-118.

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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.

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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 Sewall, 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.*"

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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. 119-124.

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 store-house ; 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 [Tra-pelo] 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

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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-raisings, 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

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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

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."

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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.

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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. 124-127.

² See Appendix D, pp. 127-138.

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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-

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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

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.

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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,

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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.¹ Going to meeting, those dwelling more remotely

¹ 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.

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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.”

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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.

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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 11th 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.”

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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."

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 North-west 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

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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

† 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.”

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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-

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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!'

' 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.”

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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.

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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.

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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

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

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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 Richmônd 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.)

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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-

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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 unyielding 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 preempt 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 cooperate 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.

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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

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.

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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,

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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 hill-sides 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 toilsomely, 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 Westfield, 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

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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.

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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 potatoes, 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.

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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-

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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

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

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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 18)

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;

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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-

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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,

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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-

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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

A MILESTONE PLANTED

“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

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

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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,

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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 23)

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

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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.

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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,

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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 34)

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.

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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 34)

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-

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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

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, 1713, 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.

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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-

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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,

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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

A MILESTONE PLANTED

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.

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